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<th>Percentage</th>
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<tr>
<td>70%</td>
<td>Improved Radiance</td>
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<td>80%</td>
<td>More Comfortable Skin</td>
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<tr>
<td>92%</td>
<td>Improved Skin Texture</td>
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THE UNSINKABLE JENNIFER ANISTON
The silent center of a Category 5 media hurricane, Jennifer Aniston is finally speaking out. In Malibu and Chicago, where she’s filming *The Break-Up*, Aniston opens up to Leslie Bennetts about why she is divorcing Brad Pitt, the shock of seeing him with Angelina Jolie, and how she’s dealt with the pain. Photographs by Mario Testino.

THE WIDOW’S STORY
On her wedding anniversary, Marian Fontana took her son to kindergarten and hurried to meet her husband, Dave, a New York City firefighter whose shift had just ended. The date was September 11, 2001. In an excerpt from her memoir, Fontana looks back at the days of horror and heroism that followed. Photograph by Gasper Tringale.

A WEISZ CHOICE
Tom Munro and Michael Hogan spotlight Rachel Weisz, who is loved and lost (by Ralph Fiennes) in the film version of John le Carré’s thriller *The Constant Gardener*.

BETTING THE BANK
After Morgan Stanley’s $10 billion merger with Dean Witter in 1997, lawsuits, plunging stock prices, and a management exodus nearly brought the financial giant to its knees. Eight former executives pinned the blame on C.E.O. Philip Purcell and vowed to stop him. Vicky Ward reports on the Wall Street war that ended Purcell’s reign. Photographs by Harry Benson and Todd Eberle.

ONE GLOVE AT A TIME
Wayne Maser and Jim Windolf spotlight Dita Von Teese, whose exquisite burlesque act is all the rage.

TWO WILD AND CRAZY MOGULS
In Tallinn, Estonia, the caffeine-fueled geeks behind the file-sharing phenomenon Kazaa are busy ramping up Skype, a free, wireless, Internet-based phone service. Brett Forrest finds Skype’s Niklas Zennström and Janus Friis one step ahead of Google, Yahoo, and the other big guns. Photographs by Jonas Karlsson.
YOUR LEFT HAND PLANS AHEAD.
YOUR RIGHT HAND PLANS FOR ANYTHING. YOUR LEFT HAND ARRIVES ON TIME. YOUR RIGHT HAND KNOWS JUST HOW LATE IS FASHIONABLE. YOUR LEFT HAND GETS IT DONE. YOUR RIGHT HAND SHOWS THE WORLD HOW IT’S REALLY DONE. WOMEN OF THE WORLD, RAISE YOUR RIGHT HAND.

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A DIAMOND IS FOREVER
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

360 SENTIMENTAL BEAUTY Designer Cath Kidston tapped into London’s nesting instinct with her homemade prints and housewares. Now she’s got shops in New York and Santa Monica, and a big following in Japan. Laura Jacobs meets the queen of comfort chic. Photographs by Chris Craymer.

366 WAR OF THE WORLDS When heavyweight champ Joe Louis and former titleholder Max Schmeling entered the ring at Yankee Stadium in 1938, it was America again Germany, black against white, freedom against Fascism. In an excerpt from his new book, David Margolick delves a punch-by-punch account of the fight to end all fights.

FANFAIR


COLUMNS

230 MY RED-STATE ODYSSEY A lot of ink has been spilled into the chasm between “blue” and “red” America, but Christopher Hitchens’s journey below the Mason-Dixon Line separates NASCAR clichés from the South’s true passions. Illustration by Eric Hanson.

240 DEBBIE DOES BARNES & NOBLE With X-rated talents such as Jenna Jameson, Traci Lords, and Jerry Butler baring their inner selves, James Wolcott dissects a new literary genre: the porn-star memoir.

250 DID SOMEONE SAY SAFRA? In this month’s diary, Dominick Dunne learns that a closed case—the 1999 death of billionaire Edmond Safra—has been raising eyebrows again, thanks to a novel, Empress Bianca, and a true-crim book, 13 Mystères de la Côte. Photograph by Lloyd Ziff.

256 ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROYCE Enough with the sanctimonious twaddle about protecting sources, writes Michael Wolff: Karl Rove’s leak to Time was the tip of a nasty iceberg, and the media helped suppress the biggest story of Bush’s presidency. Illustration by Philip Burke.

TWEE FOR TWO
CATH KIDSTON AND HER LAKELAND TERRIER, STANLEY . . . 360
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264 AN INCONVENIENT PATRIOT Naturalized American Sibel Edmonds went to work as an F.B.I. translator after 9/11. But she says she was fired for sounding the alarm about a colleague’s suspicious behavior, then silenced by the “state-secrets privilege.” As Edmonds prepares a Supreme Court appeal, David Rose reveals why she’s such a threat to the status quo. Photographs by Henry Leutwyler.

284 L.A. CENTURY Matt Tyrnauer leafs through Tim Street-Porter’s new photography book, Los Angeles, an eyeful of the architectural fantasies that could only have happened there.

303 THE RECRUITERS’ WAR It’s a different kind of hell for military recruiters “trolling” strip malls and high schools in an increasingly desperate effort to fill their quotas. With army and Marine sources, Michael Bronn lays bare a system of manipulation, fraud, and, in one case, fatal pressure. Portraits by Harry Benson.

SPECIAL SECTION FOLLOWING PAGE 286

THE 50 GREATEST FILMS Noir (Chinatown), romantic (Casablanca), thrilling (North by Northwest)—and even downright idiotic (Old School): Vanity Fair lists the 50 (plus one) best films of all time, A to Z, with the scoop on how and why.

VANITIES

321 KILCHER RISING STAR Ed Coaster gushes about his very public romance with statuesque saloonkeeper Amy Sacco. Wisteria Lane’s resident hunk, Jesse Metcalfe, blushes for George Wayne.

ET CETERA

94 THE 2005 V.F. ESSAY CONTEST
128 EDITOR’S LETTER
136 CONTRIBUTORS
156 LETTERS Weighing “Deep Throat”
228 PLANETARIUM Switch off the cell phone, Virgo
400 CREDITS
402 PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE Karl Lagerfeld
On Monday, June 6, 2005, Armani Black Code and Vanity Fair teamed up to sponsor the New York premiere of the new Sony Pictures Classics release Heights, held at the Paris Theatre, and an exclusive after-party at Frederick’s. The VIP evening drew the film’s stars, including Glenn Close, James Marsden, and Elizabeth Banks, as well as celebrities such as Michael Musto, Famke Janssen, and Sam Waterston. Guests enjoyed Bombay Sapphire cocktails and took away gift bags filled with Bombay Sapphire items and a bottle of Armani Black Code.

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FASHION MEETS LITERATURE
On March 31, 2005, Adrienne Vittadini at the Riverside Square Mall in New Jersey and Vanity Fair hosted an exclusive reading by Susan Fales-Hill, acclaimed author of Always Wear Joy: My Mother Bold and Beautiful. An intimate group of fashion and literature enthusiasts gathered at the Adrienne Vittadini store to meet the writer, sip champagne, shop the Adrienne Vittadini collections, and take home copies of Always Wear Joy with their purchases.

A CLASSIC TURNS 100
The talent. The beauty. The smoldering mystique. Greta Garbo is a classic who took herself out of Hollywood and left her audience forever hungering for more. This September, upon the 100th anniversary of her birth, Turner Classic Movies returns this elusive icon to the spotlight. The month-long tribute features the world TV premiere of the new original documentary Garbo, from filmmaker and cinema historian Kevin Brownlow, on Tuesday, September 6, at 8 P.M. ET. For details and schedules, visit turnerclassicmovies.com.

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AIDS DOESN'T KILL STYLISH PEOPLE

if they use a condom.

-Kenneth Cole

NEW YORK - What's really material? That's a question we must ask every day as we face the
More than 30 years ago, young people across the country staged sit-ins for civil rights, got up and protested against a misguided, undeclared war, and actually gave a damn if a president lied to them. Although a lot has changed since then, there are still racial divides, and America is once again mired in a largely controversial war. Back in the 1960s and 70s, a similar climate motivated great numbers of young people to act, organize, and take to the streets in defiance. Today it seems as if younger Americans are content to watch their MTV, fiddle with their game players, follow the love lives of Brad, Jen, Jessica, and Paris, and assume the hard work is being done for them by others. What has changed? Is it simply that we do not have motivating factors such as a draft or Kent State to bring us together, to anger us? What is going on inside the minds of American youth today?

THE 2005 VANITY FAIR ESSAY CONTEST
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In 1,500 words or fewer, explain what is on the minds of America’s youth. The grand prize is $15,000, a week at a writers’ retreat in Tuscany, and a Montblanc Meisterstück 149 fountain pen. Second prize is $5,000 and a Montblanc Bohème fountain pen. Third prize is $1,000 and a Montblanc StarWalker Fine Liner. All entries must be received no later than September 30, 2005. For details, rules, and conditions, please visit www.vanityfair.com.
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Politicizing Terror

When terrorists set off four bombs in Central London on July 7, the U.S. Department of Homeland Security raised its color-coded alert level to orange for America’s mass-transit systems. The last time the terrorist alert had been raised from yellow to orange was in August 2004, just three months before the presidential election. It stayed orange until November 10, eight days after the presidential election. Skeptics who believed this alert was politically motivated—that is to say convenient for the president—had cause for suspicion. It would seem to have been a safe political bet that voters all weirded out by alarms of impending attack would be much more inclined to retain a sitting president—especially a self-described “war” president—than an untested combatant. And, as we know, the bet paid off.

Former Homeland Security czar Tom Ridge remained the dutiful Bush & Co. team player throughout his tenure. Once he left the organization, however, he became increasingly forthcoming. “More often than not,” he told USA Today earlier this year, “we were the least inclined to raise [the alert level].” Sometimes we disagreed with the intelligence assessment. . . . There were times when some people were really aggressive about raising it, and we said, ‘For that?’”

The heightened alert that truly raised eyebrows was last August’s, when financial institutions in New York, Washington, and Newark, New Jersey, were pinpointed as the targets of supposed al-Qaeda threats. This certainly got people who work in those buildings all jiggly. The orange alert came just three days after the Democratic convention, conveniently brushing news of it to the inside pages of most newspapers. And it came the day before First Lady Laura Bush and her twin daughters were scheduled to drop by the Citigroup building in New York, one of the structures specifically mentioned in the alert. The visit, not surprisingly, went off without incident. Do you really think the president would put his wife and daughters in harm’s way, even during the final days of an election? As expected, the pages of many U.S. newspapers next day ran photographs of the ladies braving the dangers of downtown, and American voters were with the sort of image Britons had of the Queen Mother when she visited London’s East End as it was being bulldozed during the German Blitz of World War II. Never let it be said that President Bush is not the president’s chief political strategist.

In this issue, Michael Wolff tackles the growing hoo-ha over the second-greatest asset, Karl Rove. The scandal, known variously as Rovegate, Leakgate, or C.I.A.-gate, is proving to be a political whodunit in search of a catchy title and a third act. The White House has a warranted reputation for riding out political scandal. But in the White House pressroom, normally a placid meet-and-greet of approval-seeking koi fish, there are traces of blood in the water.

Because the plotline of this drama is relatively simple, and because the story actually involves journalists, the Washington press appears to be on the hunt. Did Rove or his colleagues illegal Valerie Plame to reporters as a covert C.I.A. operative in order to get revenge on her husband, former ambassador Joe Wilson? Who had run afoul of Rove after he undercut a cornerstone of the administration’s rationale for going to war against Iraq by debunking White House’s claim that Saddam Hussein had attempted to purchase uranium yellowcake from Niger. The Justice Department appointed prosecutor looking into the matter has sent one analyst to jail for not telling him who told her about Plame. (She is Judith Miller of The New York Times, in the Joan of Arc role: a lifetime.) Time’s White House correspondent Matt Cooper, who was willing to make a similar stand, had his position eliminated when his boss, Time Inc. editor in chief Norman Pearlstine, decided the company was not above the law and therefore operated coordinated with the prosecutor, handing over Cooper’s notes. We take the position Why a journalist go to jail to protect Rove? And he makes a pretty convincing meal of it.

The rub in the relationship between the major news business and Washington is that 30-plus years ago—when the press was ing the government by publishing the Pentagon Papers, or running Nixon administration to ground during Watergate—the three networks and their news divisions, along with Time Inc., were by today’s standards owned by mom-and-pop operations. Now they are all cogs in the machinery of far-flung entertainment complexes that rely on federal permission to complete their extensive growth plans. The owners of these media properties bask in the glow of prestige jewels give off. And their quality helps raise other ships in the porate armada—the big-time media equivalent of the articles in today’s papers. This being the case, the people who own these assets, which democracy virtually amount to public trusts, should realize that standing up for the principles of those assets—journalists’ being allowed to protect their sources, for one—is not just a cost of doing business. In the long run, it is good business.

Revealing Beauty

ON THE COVER
MARIO TESTINO, whose iconic images have included pictures of Princess Diana, Madonna, Cameron Diaz, Gwyneth Paltrow, Keira Knightley, and Prince William, photographed Jennifer Aniston for this month’s issue. “I have been given the opportunity to shoot Jennifer several times for *Vanity Fair,*” he says, “and she has never looked as good as she does now. There was an intensity on this shoot which allowed me to get something unusual.” Born in Lima, Peru, but based in London since the late 70s, Testino has established himself as one of the world’s foremost celebrity photographers. His books include *Front Row/Back Stage, An Objections?, Alive, and Party,* and his work was the subject of a touring exhibition, “Mario Testino: Portraits,” which premiered at the National Portrait Gallery in London in 2002. As well as shooting for magazines such as *Vanity Fair, Vogue,* and *The F Word,* Testino has also been a creative force behind provocative ad campaigns at Gucci, Burberry, Ralph Lauren, and Calvin Klein.

After losing her husband, an F.D.N.Y. Squad 1 firefighter, at the World Trade Center on 9/11, MARIAN FONTANA was propelled to the fore as an advocate for the firefighting community, forming the 9/11 Widows’ and Victims’ Family Association. The group is actively involved in the 9/11 memorial process. “We just got a grant to open up a visitors’ center and museum, located on Liberty Island, across from Ground Zero,” Fontana says. The project will break ground in March 2006. “Right now we are organizing it, slated to start in October or November. We wanted to provide a firsthand account by residents, retired firefighters, and police who were actually at the site.” An excerpt from Fontana’s upcoming book, *A Widow’s Walk* (Simon & Schuster), begins on page 3.

In his first article for *Vanity Fair,* MICHAEL BRON a former producer for *60 Minutes I,* looks at the increasing pressures facing military recruiters (“The Recruiters’ War,” page 303), and the somber tragic effects of their profession.

Not normally prone to complain, these career soldiers felt compelled to express the misgivings, considering the country’s current recruiting crisis. “The military is the core of all these guys’ lives, and it’s something for them to criticize it,” Bronner says. “Most of them told me they’ve loved the military and most of what they’ve done there. They spoke with a strange mix of pride and shame.”

Leaving her post in London to join *V.F.* as a monthly contributing travel editor, VICTORIA MATHER arrives with a résumé that includes work as a reporter for the BBC, CBS, and NBC; film critic for *The Daily Telegraph,* and travel editor for *Tatler.* At *Tatler,* Mather created the annual *Tatler* Travel Guide, including the “101 best hotels.” She brings her expertise to *V.F.* for the first time this month, taking readers on a journey to one of her favorite places: the Maldives (“Marvelous Maldives,” page 198). “I love anywhere I don’t have to wear shoes,” she says. The negative side to visiting all these fabulous destinations, Mather explains, is the airports. “They are hell nowadays. Private jet is the only way upward.”

CONTINUED ON PAGE 137
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The stars of House of D: Robin Williams, Zelda Williams, Téo Leoni, and David Duchovny.

AN EXCLUSIVE AFFAIR
On April 10, 2005, Di MODOLO and Vanity Fair joined forces to host a celebrity-studded screening of House of D, the new Lion's Gate Films release written and directed by David Duchovny, and an exclusive after-party. Held in New York City, the VIP event gathered more than 300 guests, including House of D cast members David Duchovny, Téo Leoni, Robin Williams, Anton Yelchin, and Zelda Williams, as well as Robert De Niro, Jane Rosenthal, Ellen Barkin, Griffin Dunne, Ben Stiller, and Christine Taylor.

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SALUTING FILM
On April 28, 2005, Budweiser's Tony Panturo presented the 2005 Budweiser Filmmaker Discovery Award to Matt Nie in honor of his documentary, Good Stuff: The Story of a Man, a Dream, and a Whole Lotta Kites. More than 350 guests gathered at New York's Tribeca Rooftop for the celebratory event, hosted by Budweiser, TriggerStreet.com, and Vanity Fair. The crowd enjoyed Budweiser, cocktails, and hors d'oeuvres, as well as music spun by a DJ, while saluting a talented young filmmaker.
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Nearly five years ago, contributing editor **LESLIE BENNETTS** interviewed a newly married Jennifer Aniston for the May 2001 cover. She met her again last year when profiling Aniston’s then husband, Brad Pitt. This month Bennetts revisits the star under very different circumstances. “This has been a terrible year for Aniston, but she’s handled it with enormous grace and self-restraint,” she says. “She hasn’t been given enough credit for how classy her behavior has been, despite outrageous provocations.” Bennetts is certain Aniston will end up wiser and happier in the long run. “She’s gone through this ordeal with her head held high, her values securely in place, and her self-respect intact. She has a lot to feel proud about.”

Three years ago, **BRETT FORREST** arrived in Moscow for a short trip and decided to stay. “I came on a visit—you know, Red Square, the books, the Soviet crack-up. I had no idea what went on here among what they call the Zolotoye Molodyozh—the Golden Youth,” Forrest says. “When I was fortunate enough to drawn into it as some element of international flavor, there was no stopping me.” He shares his itch for travel and spontaneity with subjects of his piece this month, the creators of the file-sharing company Kazaa. Forrest is also writing a novel based on his experiences in Eastern Europe, which is tentatively titled *Moscow Is Hell.*

Though contributing editor **LAURA JACOBS** has written about dozens of designers, she was unfamiliar with the work of home-decor guru Cath Kidston. But as she headed to London for this month’s piece “Sentimental Beauty,” on page 360, Jacobs considered her innocence a blessing. “I came into it completely open to the product, and I could look at it with a clear eye.” Upon their meeting, Jacobs instantly understood Kidston’s empire. “It’s the houses of Cath’s childhood reborn in a contemporary way. She’s attracting every generation, and they’re all drawn to different aspects of line.” Jacobs, who has been writing for *V.F.* for more than a decade, took notice Kidston’s personal approach to business as well. “Empire building doesn’t drive her, wants a shop that excites people—a shop people will never forget.”
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According to contributing editor DAVID MARGOLICK, a few decisive minutes in history can serve as the best window for understanding an era. Such is the case with the 1938 heavyweight bout between Joe Louis and Max Schmeling, the story of which is excerpted this month from Margolick's latest book, Beyond Glory: Joe Louis vs. Max Schmeling, and a World on the Brink (Knopf). "That battle encapsulates many of the themes that have always interested me: civil rights, sports, Nazi culture, World War II, New York City, the politics of the 1930s, and the relationship between Jews and blacks," Margolick. "Like Strange Fruit [his book on the anti-lynching song that Billie Holiday made famous], this is about two minutes of history. It's a fascinating notion: focusing a very small chunk of time and then writing about all the emanations from that one moment in the book, which is fascinating to me." 

Having covered parties in Havana, Saint-Tropez, Marrakech, and Gs for Vanity Fair in the past, KRISTA STEWART WARD had no problem turning out this month's international social calendar, which appears on page 214. "Today's jet-setters don't mind changing time zones to attend a big party," she says. "They're social gypsies who grew up migrating at the same flight patterns." A Morn from Orange County, California, she says that "this was not exactly see-saw nature for me—though it's not hard to get used to it." Stewart Ward is writing a book on the economic and social history of the jet set. Newly married, she divides her time between Los Angeles and New York City.
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Featuring our exclusive formula with Botafirm, a patented blend of hexapeptide and botanicals, for younger looking skin. Light coverage won’t settle into fine lines and wrinkles.

LOOK FOR THIS BOX IN-STORE
As a journalist with an affinity for exposing unsettling realities, contributing editor DAVID ROSEN has a particular admiration for those who seek to do so in their respective fields, such as former F.B.I. translator Sibel Edmonds, the subject of his article “An Inconvenient Patriot,” who he met while on tour for his book Guantánamo: The War on Human Rights, last November. “When I started as a writer in Britain 25 years ago, one saw America as much more open,” Rose remarks. “It was a better climate for those who wanted to draw attention to wrongdoing in or by officialdom. Now it seems things have changed.”

When contributing photographer HARRY BENSON traveled to the United States with the Beatles in 1964, the Scottish lensman never made his return flight home. Instead he stayed Stateside, freeze-framing American history—from pop and movie stars to politicians and civilians—with the snap of a shutter. This month, the former Life-magazine staffer captured the subjects of Michael Bronner’s story, “The Recruiters’ War.” “I’ve done military stories, and every military story has been very military. General Schwarzkopf even allowed me to travel with him in his helicopter during the Gulf War,” Benson says. “But this was different. It was a sad story. All of the people were passionate about the military, but their passion had turned into despair.” A mother was proud to have her son a Marine, but then everything turned aw

Assistant editor FRED TURNER has shepherded some of the most memorable articles to be printed in this magazine since he arrived in 2002, as deputy to senior articles editor Don Stumpf. “Whether it’s doing research or talking with the writers, it’s fascinating to be involved on a story from concept to publication to know the story behind the story and to help mold it,” says Turner. As an inveterate outdoorsman—he rowed on the Harvard lightweight crew team and is an avid mountain climber—Turner remembers working on Ned Zeman’s ASME-nominated piece, “The Man Who Loved Grizzlies,” with particular fondness. Combining his insatiable thirst for adventure with his passion for journalism, Turner aspires to write about the wilderness and teach environmental history.

THE WATERGATE
Infused with the glamour of the illustrious people who have passed through its doors, the Watergate is the height of refinement. Combining renowned styling with beautifully transformed interiors, the Watergate will offer 104 impecably appointed residences for the most discriminating buyers. River views, a world-class restaurant, and an elite spa are among the privileges that will be enjoyed by the few who can make the Watergate their new residence. For more information, visit thewatergate.com.
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Navigate life
One day, you wake up, you’re 40... but you don’t look it.

This morning, your skin is smooth, signs of fatigue have disappeared and wrinkles are fast asleep. The most beautiful gift we can give ourselves is more years of youthfulness, thanks to Clarins Extra-Firming treatments and their powerful age-control benefits. You wake up and you’re simply beautiful.

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Extra-Firming Day and Night Creams, innovative advanced age control that helps protect fragile skin cells to reveal a younger-looking complexion. A bouquet of rare and potent botanicals in the day cream (Euglena, White Tea, Succory Dock-Cress) provide energy and promote skin firmness. Vitamin E and Alfalfa in the night cream help revitalize and renew, so skin is more youthful-looking upon waking.

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It's a fact.  
With Clarins, life's more beautiful.

Extra-Firming Day Cream  
Tests showed up to an 87% reduction in the appearance of lines and wrinkles.

Extra-Firming Night Cream  
Tests showed up to an 87% increase in skin firmness.

*In tests using instrumental measurement, the above results were confirmed after 4 weeks of use.*
WEIGHING ‘DEEP THROAT’

Mark Felt: American hero or snitch?; Edward Klein’s excerpt infuriates; Tehran is no Mexico City; Rove casts a spell; split over Jackson; and more.

M ark Felt is a great man [“I’m the Guy They Called Deep Throat,” by John D. O’Connor, July]. He is a true American hero. He stood up for what is right and just in unjust times. Who knows what stunts Richard Nixon would have pulled in the remainder of his second presidential term? People such as Felt make me proud to be an American.

SAUDIA J. ABDULLAH
Chicago, Illinois

I AM THANKFUL to Mark Felt for finally admitting he was “Deep Throat.” “Courage” and “patriot” are words that will always be linked to his name.

JAN ZOCH
Denver, Colorado

MARK FELT WAS, is, and always will be known as a snitch. He passed on confidential F.B.I. information to two reporters who made a good living from it.

As an F.B.I. agent, he was supposed to be trustworthy. He is not the hero everyone is trying to make him out to be.

As a devout follower of Watergate I was deeply disheartened to find out that Deep Throat was nothing more than an angry, frustrated F.B.I. protégé of J. Edgar Hoover’s. I had, for all these years, hoped that he would turn out to be someone of great character, such as Daniel Ellsberg, who risked going to jail for 115 years to bring us the truth about the Vietnam War. He really is an American hero. Mr. Felt is not. He is a man who betrayed the citizen of this country by engaging in “black bag” practices while working for the F.B.I.

Moreover, Mr. Felt’s admission obviously caught The Washington Post, Bob Woodward, and Carl Bernstein completely off guard. For this deliberate snub he should be most ashamed. These men stayed faithful to the arrangement they had with Mr. Felt for 30 years. They deserved better.

DAWN PIZZORNO HANSEN
Las Vegas, Nevada

I AM THE WHISTLEBLOWER in the case of “American Taliban” John Walker Lindh. As a Justice Department ethics attorney, I advised against interrogating Lindh without his counsel. After the F.B.I. questioned him anyway, I advised that the interview might have to be sealed and used only for intelligence-gathering purposes. I wrote more than a dozen e-mails regarding the legality of Lindh’s interrogation.

After I inadvertently learned that the judge in the case had requested copies of the Justice Department’s internal correspondence and that this court order, which was deliberately concealed from me, was only selectively compiled with—only two of my e-mails were turned over—I tried to correct the situation. I discovered that my e-mails were missing from the office file, and went to great lengths to resurrect them from my computer’s archives in order to give them to my boss. Then I resigned.

Months later, continued on page 139.

THE ULTIMATE WHISTLE-BLOWER

W. Mark Felt, photographed on April 29, 2005.

THE DAY MARK FELT was identified as Deep Throat, I heard a radio commentator wonder how many Americans cared. I wondered, too. Last year, I submitted a letter to a popular magazine—not a newsmagazine per se but one that regularly draws upon the events of the day. One of the magazine’s editors called. She was baffled by a reference to “Deep Throat” in my letter. “The Watergate source,” I clarified. Awkward silence. It shortly became apparent not only that this young editor was utterly ignorant of Bob Woodward’s garage informant, but also that she had only the dimmest notion of what “Watergate” referred to. Sure, it’s been more than 30 years, but holy cow.

DAVID ENGLISH
Somerville, Massachusetts

DOES MARK FELT’S daughter, Joan, who by my calculations, was approximately 30 years old when Nixon resigned, honestly expect anyone to believe that she didn’t recognize Bob Woodward’s name, even after he identified himself in a journal from The Washington Post? Please!

LORETTA RAY
Santa Monica, California

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Months later, continued on page 139.
Fashion and music collide on a star-studded night of style and sound

Legendary performances by
DESTINY'S CHILD
DURAN DURAN
BILLY IDOL
ALICIA KEYS
TIM McGRAW
NELLY
GWEN STEFANI
JOSS STONE
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and many more

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9
9 P.M. Eastern/8 P.M. Central

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GREY GOOSE TOASTS ICONOCLASTS™

Sundance Channel and Grey Goose Entertainment present Iconoclasts, a series of intimate, unpredictable portraits of ground breakers who have transformed our culture through their passions. Get an inside look at their lives from fellow creative pioneers and discover how their work has raised the bar on excellence. Iconoclasts premiers in November, only on Sundance Channel. For more information and details, go to iconoclaststv.com.

Look for the special insert in this issue for a sneak peek at some of the iconoclasts featured on the show. Then check out the November issue to learn more about these other personalities.

ULTIMATE ICONOCLASTS SWEEPSTAKES

Tell us who you feel most deserves the title “Iconoclast!” Revel him or her and be entered for a chance to win a trip for two to Los Angeles to attend the Iconoclasts gala premiere, including a two-night stay courtesy of W Hotels, round-trip airfare for two, and a $2,000 shopping spree.

Pack your bags and get ready to be the toast of the town. Log on to iconoclaststv.com to enter and for full official rules.

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Must be 21 years of age or older to enter and a legal resident of one of the 50 United States or the District of Columbia at the date of entry. Not valid in California, outside the 50 United States, or outside the District of Columbia or otherwise prohibited by law. Sweepstakes start 8/15/05 and all entries must be received by 9/30/05 at 12:00 PM EST on 9/30/05. Winner will be selected at random. Entrants who have won any prize in an on-site or off-site retail alcoholic beverage business are ineligible to enter, and may enter sweepstakes rules, go to iconoclaststv.com.

SIDING WITH HILLARY

I HAVE BEEN a loyal Vanity Fair subscriber for 20 years. I love your magazine and normally read it cover to cover. I was appalled, however, by the inclusion of the excerpt from Edward Klein’s book, Hillary Clinton’s “Hillary’s Way,” July. Basically, the book is nothing more than a hit piece on a distinguished senator who has devoted many years of her life to public service.

To run an excerpt from this book is, frankly, beneath the dignity of your publication. You can do much better, and I hope you remember that for future issues.

JEFFREY STEWART
Los Angeles, California

I CANNOT refrain from expressing my sincere disgust with your decision to excerpt Edward Klein’s Hillary Clinton screed. Badly written, laughably researched, and utterly scurrilous, the book isn’t fit for print, let alone to be showcased in your magazine.

RICHARD BRAUN
New York, New York

MAY I EXPRESS my deep disappointment with your poor choice to include an excerpt from Edward Klein’s book. It’s bad enough that you would publish such drivel, but to hype it so gleefully on your cover, as if you had some great scoop, was pathetic.

BARBARA ILLES
Santa Monica, California

AS AN ELECTED OFFICIAL, a former chief of staff to U.S. senator Pat Moynihan, and a former press secretary to D.C. mayor Anthony A. Williams, I have mud-wrestled hundreds of reporters on a wide range of issues for nearly 25 years. During this time, I have never come across a journalist who began research on a book with such a firm and pre-determined point of view.

When Edward Klein spoke with me, I could sense his disappointment when I could not confirm the many salacious and negative allegations that he had so meagerly collected.

I am sorry to learn that I have been recognized in the acknowledgments section of the book. I am a strong supporter of Senator Hillary Clinton’s. I think she is a terrific senator and one of the finest political minds in modern politics. New Yorkers are lucky to have her in their corner.

The Ed Kleins of the world keep good people from wanting to get involved in public life, lest they be subjected to the kind of trashing that he has become so famous for.

TONY BULLOCK
Washington, D.C.

I AM EXTREMELY UPSET that you chose to promote the trashy book on Senator Hillary Clinton. What a dishonor to a brilliant public official. I do not understand why the mainstream media allow these kinds of smear campaigns to flourish.

AMY GLASS
New York, New York

I WAS VERY DISAPPOINTED to read an excerpt from Edward Klein’s book on Hillary Clinton. As a subscriber, I have come to expect a much higher standard of reliability and credibility in your articles.

SCOTT McNABB
Ada, Michigan

I AM a (generally very satisfied) subscriber. I know that many people will register their disgust with your stooping to print from this execrable book. I just want to make sure I am among them.

JOHN WOODING
Kew Gardens, New York

EDWARD KLEIN RESPONDS:

More often than not, critics on shaky ground prefer to hurl invective rather than deal with substance. And so it comes as no surprise that my detractors have avoided engaging with the substance of the excerpt in Vanity Fair, which dealt with the unflattering opinion held by Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan and his wife, Elizabeth, of Hillary Clinton. I interviewed Liz Moynihan—a woman whom I have known for more than 30 years—on September 17, 2003. According to the transcript of our conversation, when I told Liz I was writing a book on Hillary, the first words out of her mouth were: “I can’t stand her.”

I interviewed Tony Ballock on two occasions—March 2 and March 11, 2004—and be confirmed that the Moynihans indeed had a negative view of Hillary. “Pat wasn’t pleased by the idea of Hillary,” continued on page 174.
DONALD J PLINER
MADE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF ITALY
FALL
into
REBA
A QUESTION OF IRAN

I AM WRITING TO COMMENT on a recent article by Christopher Hitchens entitled “Iran’s Waiting Game” [July]. I would like to thank Mr. Hitchens for writing about how Iranians truly feel both inside and outside of Iran and what they want for the future of their country. In today’s Western media, astute articles like his are, unfortunately, a rarity.

My first comment is about Mr. Hitchens’ apparent fascination with meeting a Khomeini. Iranians do not regard Hossein Khomeini—whose grandfather was an humane terrorist and Islamist Fascist with complete disregard for Iran and its people, culture, and heritage—with such awe.

My second comment is with respect to Hossein Khomeini’s concerns about Mr. Reza Pahlavi’s potential claim to the throne. In short, nobody cares what Hossein Khomeini thinks, nor is he in any position to ask whether Pahlavi’s descendants should give up their claim to the throne. Regardless of any mistakes that dynasty might have made, its kings did help build Iran, not the Islamic Republic of Iran. Ultimately, it is for the people to decide what political capacity certain individuals will have in the new Iran once they have removed the Khomeinis from their soil.

SHEDA VASSEGHI
Washington, D.C.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS’S piece about his last visit to Iran brought me to my knees. Never has a piece written about the current state of Iran reverberated so strongly or been so deftly accurate. His grasp of our beautiful, complex, tormented, and dy-
kate spade
NEW YORK
shoes handbags glasses
EACH MONTH, YOU TURN TO VANITY FAIR FOR THE LATEST ON THE PEOPLE, PLACES, AND THINGS THAT ARE SETTING THE TRENDS.

NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO GIVE US THE SCOOP.

Do your friends come to you for the most up-to-the-minute information on everything from the arts and fashion to entertainment and politics? If the answer is yes, then Vanity Fair wants you for its A-List Panel. Log on to iceology.com/VF/A-ListPanel and you'll have the chance to share your thoughts and opinions through periodic surveys and polls, as well as receive updates on exclusive Vanity Fair events and programs.

When you sign up, you'll be entered into a drawing to win a copy of the best-selling book Oscar Night: 75 Years of Hollywood Parties, from the editors of Vanity Fair.

Visit iceology.com/VF/A-ListPanel and join today.
a few moments before our annual Lincoln-Reagan Day Dinner. I was taken aback by his charm and his passion. As someone who has become rather skeptical of President Bush, I attempted to take everything Mr. Rove said about his employer with a grain of salt. This became impossible. Over the half-hour that he spent with us students, and through the course of his speech to the 200-plus attendees during dinner, I became enamored and enchanted. Never before have I seen this kind of straightforward, intelligent charm. How refreshing to read Mr. Wolff’s point of view—exasperation and admiration. His description of Rove as “strictly out of Ayn Rand” was spot-on. I haven’t been this inspired since Atlas Shrugged.

SABRINA HOLLAND
Butte, Montana

AS LONG AS KARL ROVE continues in the role of master puppeteer of public policy in this administration, the American public, not just Democrats, should be afraid—very afraid.

CARYL J. FRAWLEY
Louisville, Kentucky

MICHAEL WOLFF’S PIECE on Karl Rove feeds the liberal compulsion to blame someone, anyone, for the shriveling support for their ideas. They simply cannot accept that it’s due to their weak candidates, their anti-Americanism, their anti-family initiatives, their U.N. coddling, and their anti-religious rhetoric. No, instead they blame Rove.

Is it that difficult for them to come to grips with the fact that conservatives actually uphold the values they profess, and vote for the candidates that best exemplify them? Or do liberals honestly believe that 62 million Bush voters were simply mesmerized by Rove?

MICHAEL J. NELSON
Minneapolis, Minnesota

BEYOND THE VERDICT

TALENT, STAR-STUDDED SUPPORT, expensive attorneys, cadres of henchmen who do his bidding—all of this aside, Michael Jackson is still nothing but a pedophile who preys on young boys [“C.S.I. Neverland,” by Maureen Orth, July]. Give it another 5 to 10 years, he’ll be back on trial again for the same reasons. Obviously, the man does not want to take no for an answer. Stay tuned.

J. MICHAEL OLSON
Houston, Texas

MICHAEL JACKSON’S acquittal must have surprised many of Maureen Orth’s readers. But it was the weakness of the prosecution’s case, not Jackson’s celebrity, that led to the verdict.

Orth omits critical information favorable to Jackson throughout her article. She neglects to mention anywhere that the accuser testified that he was molested after the Martin Bashir documentary aired, when the focus of the world was on Jackson. She also fails to tell readers that the accuser’s testimony about the dates and number of times he was allegedly molested differed markedly from what he had previously told investigators.

While Orth’s brand of journalism is certainly popular, is it really fair to omit key facts when a man is on trial and his life, reputation, and family are on the line?

CAROLINE ZANE
Rochester, New York

MAUREEN ORTH RESPONDS: My article states that the accuser’s mother testified that Michael Jackson had his assistant call her “out of the blue” to invite the family to Neverland, where the boy was filmed by Martin Bashir for the documentary without her knowledge; she did not learn about her son’s appearance until after the documentary was aired in Europe and she was contacted by tabloid reporters. I also report that there was no further contact with the family until Jackson summoned them to Miami for a press conference that never took place. Thus it is implicit that the molestations would have taken place after the documentary aired.

As for the accuser changing his story about the times and numbers of the molestations, the prosecution changed the time line of the molestations from the first charges to the indictment after they found more evidence, principally the rebuttal video, to narrow the time line. The boy always said he distinctly remembered being molested twice; he was vague about other times he felt had occurred, mostly because he was drunk from liquor he said Jackson had plied him with. The prosecution went with the two molestations he said he remembered in detail.

THOUGH I WAS DISAPPOINTED by Maureen Orth’s story, I would like to commend the photo editor for the collage of Jackson photos that accompanied the article. The collage offered a persuasive interpretation of the events.

JACQUELINE C. JONES
Dillon, South Carolina

SLAVES TO CHOCOLATE

READERS OF YOUR JUNE EXCERPT from Michael Finkel’s book True Story: Murder, Memoir, Mea Culpa [“The Journalist and the Murderer”] may be left with the mistaken impression that the worst forms of child labor, including child trafficking on cocoa farms in the Ivory Coast, are exaggerated. Unfortunately, this is not the case, and I would like to clarify some of the facts surrounding this...
MaxMara
TAKING FIFTH
Pale Male rebuilds his and Lola's nest on the façade of the apartment building at 927 Fifth Avenue, in Manhattan, February 16, 2005.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 180 important issue.
According to a 2002 independent study, funded in part by the chocolate industry, there are at least 200,000 child workers laboring in hazardous and inhumane conditions on Ivorian cocoa farms. A significant number are the victims of child trafficking. Official bodies, including the United Nations Security Council, the International Organization for Migration, the International Labour Organization, and the U.S. State Department, have corroborated these facts.
The situation for trafficked and migrant children in West Africa is complicated by the fact that they are often unaware of the transactions involved in their movement. While some children do migrate willingly, there is no question that both groups find themselves working in exploitative situations.
Along with other organizations, Save the Children Canada has been instrumental in exposing and responding to the problems of child trafficking, exploitation, and abuse in West African cocoa production. Working closely with U.S. and Canadian chocolate-industry leaders, government officials, nongovernmental organizations, and media, we are strengthening child-protection policies and mechanisms, re-integrating and educating affected children, and addressing the root causes, such as poverty, of the vulnerability of some children to trafficking.
Save the Children Canada is supportive of children expressing their thoughts to the media, if they wish to share them. From our experience, we have learned that listening is the key to successfully interviewing children. A child may have a true story to tell, but there is no point in telling it to someone who is not listening. In this case, Finkel appears not to have listened well enough to the children he said he interviewed.

RITA S. KARAKAS
C.E.O., Save the Children Canada
Toronto, Ontario

FIFTH AVENUE'S BOLDFACED BIRDS
YOUR ARTICLE ["Ruffled Feathers on Fifth Avenue," by Frank DiGiacomo, July] about the actions taken against Pale Male and his mate, Lola, almost made me ill. What is wrong with these self-important people that they could not find a way to enjoy these hawks, who were merely trying to nest and raise their young?
This is a sad statement on the rich and out-of-touch, who don't seem to care that there are other inhabitants of this earth besides themselves.

NANCY ROBERTS
Houston, Texas

IN HIS ENTERTAINING and engrossing article, Frank DiGiacomo writes that Le Monde “dubbed Pale Male New York's ‘faucon fétiche,’ or hawk fetish.”
A “faucon fétiche” is a fetish hawk, not a hawk fetish. The 1973 Petit Larousse French dictionary defines “fétiche” as an
“object or animal to which are attributed supernatural powers; beneficial to the owner.” Clearly, *Le Monde* was describing Pale Male as a talisman of New York.

RICHARD HARRIS
Los Angeles, California

“RUFFLED FEATHERS ON FIFTH AVENUE” is just another example of some people who have too much time on their hands. I read Vanity Fair for the human-interest stories that delve deep into the lives of people, famous or not. Thirteen pages on red-tailed hawks was a waste of time and space. Get a grip, people—they’re just birds.

JAN LINTON
Ponchatoula, Louisiana

I WAS RIVETED by your article on Pale Male. I found it to be absolutely fascinating—so detailed, so well researched, and very well written. I even tore out one of the beautiful photographs to keep.

JIMMY CANNON
Los Angeles, California

A CLASS ACT

I READ WITH INTEREST and admiration Graydon Carter’s tribute to Henry Grunwald (“A Saint, More than Less,” May). Mr. Grunwald was a member of the board of the Metropolitan Opera Guild, which publishes *Opera News*, and was a longtime member of our publications committee. His tact and elegance—and the consummate grace with which he gave advice—will be sorely missed by everyone here. He was a class act, and your essay captured him perfectly.

F. PAUL DRISCOLL
Editor in chief, *Opera News*
New York, New York

ALL ABOUT NICOLE

THANK YOU for Ingrid Sischy’s nuanced and thoroughly engaging portrait of Nicole Kidman (“Spellbound,” July). I must, however, take issue with the text on your cover. With a subject as fascinating as Ms. Kidman (and a writer as insightful as Ms. Sischy), why did *Vanity Fair* feel it necessary to misrepresent the contents of the article? Unless my copy was missing a page, Ms. Kidman never “bares her soul about . . . Tom’s new flame.” Quite the contrary. The Nicole Kidman depicted in your article is the last person from whom one would expect this sort of lowbrow disclosure. As Ms. Sischy herself notes, “Kidman is too careful and too disciplined, to have addressed the subject [of Tom and Katie’s public displays of affection] directly.” The only possible reference to the new couple came, by the author’s own admission, during a much broader discussion of “set-up photography,” when Kidman reflects, “In terms of your life, if you start to exploit it, then what’s real, and what’s not? What’s yours, and what isn’t?” This is hardly baring one’s soul.

Ironically, while praising Ms. Kidman for her integrity and professionalism, *Vanity Fair* had no qualms about misrepresenting her comments.

LAURA TOWNSEND
Chicago, Illinois

THANK YOU for the incredibly pleasing article “Spellbound.” I feel at peace knowing that a writer has finally been able to portray Nicole Kidman’s beautiful soul.

MARQUELLE OLSON
Phoenix, Arizona

OLD ENOUGH TO DRIVE, OLD ENOUGH TO WRITE

I SAW the announcement of your essay contest in the August issue of *Vanity Fair*. I am 17 years old (going on 18 in October), and the subject “What’s on the minds of America’s youth today?” intrigued me. As an “American youth,” I thought that it would be the perfect topic for me to write an essay on. However, I was discouraged to read that entrants must be over the age of 18. Why create an essay topic that focuses on America’s youth if you’re not going to give the youth a chance to respond? No offense, but you cannot learn what’s going on in the minds of young people from middle-aged adults. By not allowing us to write on this subject, you are missing the door on the chance to hear our voice.

LEILA KANDRET
Cape Canaveral, Florida

CORRECTIONS: On page 125 of the July issue (“Hillary’s Way,” by Edward Klein), the chronology of the revelation that Hillary Clinton has a Jewish relative was incorrect. The existence of Clinton’s Jewish step-grandfather was made public prior to Clinton’s on-stage embracaje of Saeb Erekat. On page 104 of the June issue (“London Calling [and Dibbing],” by Dominick Dunne), we incorrectly reported the kinship between King Edward VII and Prince Charles. King Edward VII is Charles’ great-great-grandfather.

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 FAIR@neodata.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmall@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*. 
A new look of firmness and spring for skin.

NEWS: The power to firm skin in a new, improved formula that feels lighter, absorbs faster.

PROOF: 77% who tried it saw new firmness or elasticity in just 4 weeks.

FACT: Copper, a natural collagen-building mineral essential for firm skin, diminishes with age. Visibly Firm™ with Active Copper® is clinically proven to gently replenish copper.

Neutrogena
Visibly Firm
night cream

Neutrogena
DERMATOLOGIST RECOMMENDED
neutrogena.com
Ivana Good Time

Ivana Trump in 1992 at the Mar-a-Lago estate in Palm Beach, Florida. This is one of many images captured by photographer Eric Boman in his new coffee-table book, Dames. For more, turn to page 206.
30 Things to Do in September


2. **Screen**: Movies in the Rockies. The annual Telluride Film Festival starts today.

3. **Paddle**: The 72nd annual International Canoe Classic, a three-day, 120-mile race on the Saint-Maurice River, in Quebec, that begins today. Look out for Serge Corbin, who has won 23 times.

4. **Add**: To your collection. The Soissons Art Festival, which features more than 1,200 artists, ends tomorrow in California.

5. **Wear**: White. After Labor Day, fashion dictates that you put it all away until Memorial Day. Happy Labor Day.

6. **Go**: From rags to riches. The Pretty Woman: 15th Anniversary Special Edition DVD is released today.

7. **Chow Down**: An o-Kobe-beef slider or o snapper toca at the Stanton Social, the new restaurant in town on Manhattan's Lower East Side.


9. **Don't**: Be afraid to let it all hang loose. Jeremy Irons introduces Madame Butterfly at the New York City Opera.

10. **Combine**: Your travel needs and cinephilia. The Solenta International Film Festival opens today in Trieste, Italy.

11. **Honor**: The 9/11 victims by celebrating universal humanity during the third annual music festival sponsored by the September Concert Foundation in New York City.

12. **Sing**: "It's a Small World" in Chinese. Disneyland Hong Kong opens to the public today.

13. **Go Back**: To the Mushroom Kingdom and rescue Princess Peach Tutadsool. Nintendo's Super Mario Bros. was released 20 years ago.


15. **Talk**: Trash with the cast of The Great American Trailer Park Musical. The production, starring a few of Broadway's heaviest weights, opens at New York's Dodger Stages.

16. **See**: The brazen comedy trio of the Nellie Oleson at the Cavern Club Theater, in Silverlake, California. It's high-octane high camp.

17. **Wish**: You owned Teri Hatcher's dress. The 57th Annual Emmy Awards take place tomorrow night at Shrine Auditorium, in Los Angeles.

18. **Moo**: The 20th anniversary Farm Aid Concert, featuring Willie Nelson, Neil Young, John Mellencamp, and the Dave Matthews Band, hits the stage at the Tweeter Center, in Chicago.

19. **Praise**: Television's goddess. The Oprah Winfrey Show begins its 20th season today.


21. **Grab**: A stein and oompah-pah. Munich, Germany's 172nd annual Oktoberfest is in full swing until October 3.

22. **Lace Up**: Attend the Gala Preview party for "Icons of Elegance: Influential Shoe Designers of the 20th Century." at the Bata Shoe Museum, in Toronto.

23. **Be Swept Away**: By the genius of Bernard Herrmann and Leonard Bernstein! Don't miss the American Film Institute's "100 Years of Film Scores," at the Hollywood Bowl.

24. **Strum**: With Steve Martin as he hosts a "Banjo Jam" as part of the sixth annual New Yorker Festival, in Manhattan.

25. **Please**: Plácido, and join him to celebrate the L.A. Opera's 20th season.

26. **Watch**: Bob Dylan give his first full-length interview in 20 years, in Martin Scorsese's film biography No Direction Home on PBS.


28. **Marvel**: At Isca Greenfield-Sanders's exhibition of oil paintings and watercolors, which incorporate anonymous family snapshots, at the John Berggruen Gallery, in San Francisco.

29. **Attune**: Your ears. The Los Angeles Philharmonic's Opening Night Gala brings Beethoven back to the Walt Disney Concert Hall tonight.

30. **Step**: Into an altered environment. Sculptor Martin Westwood deconstructs a car showroom especially for the Tate Britain's Art Now series.
Take a walk on the wild side
offer you the most heart-thumping, blood-stirring new fiction of the season. A sweeping multi-generational mini-series guaranteed to Nielsen through the roof sets souls, tempers, and ambitions afame in Rick Moody's sublime and truly American tale The Diviners (Little, Brown). The unequivocal master of historical fiction, E. L. Doctorow, is back; this time he's on The March (Random House) in the Civil War era. Readers will fight Tooth and Claw (Viking) for T. C. Boyle's newest pack of rogue short stories. Despondent over the loss of his leg, J. M. Coetzee's Slow Man (Viking) searches for comfort and meaning in the universe. Salman Rushdie continues to delight in Shalimar the Clown (Random House). Wade Rubinstein's richly imagined debut novel, Gullboy (Counterpoint), is set in Coney Island and stars a hero who is part boy, part bird. Paging Jonathan Livingston Seagull! Your dream pen pal is here!

Also this month: In his gimlet-eyed memoir, The Tender Bar (Hyperion), J. R. Moehringer lovingly and affectingly toasts a boyhood spent on a barstool. Tracy Kidder's memoir of the Vietnam War, My Detachment (Random House), captures the workaday reality of war the movies miss. Nick Foulkes tastefully tailors the life of Edwardian gentleman and luxury-goods tycoon Alfred Dunhill (Flammarion). Shrimper turned activist Diane Wilson was labeled An Unreasonable Woman (Chelsea Green) for fighting the giant chemical company polluting the waters of Texas—then she won. Nudge your darling tot into the land of Nod with Geoffrey Kloske and Barry Blitt's magical Once upon a Time, the End (Atheneum). Quelle bliss.

And in short order: Hilary Spurling sketches the life of Matisse the Master (Knopf). Flowers, celebrities, and rock stars are among the Rare Birds (Powerhouse) captured by photographer Amanda de Cadenet. Lynn Freed's essays take on Reading, Writing, and Leaving Home (Harcourt). Jayne Merkel builds up the great modernist architect Eero Saarinen (Phaidon). After reading 100 novels Jane Smiley expounds on 13 Ways of Looking at the Novel (Knopf). Director Norman Jewison renews through 40 years to capture how This Terrible Business Has Been Good to Me (Thomas Dunne). B. B. King, the elder statesman of the blues (with Dick Waterman on backup), shares pics, music, and mementos that make up The B. B. King Treasures (Bulfinch). Oh, honey child!
Your potential. Our passion.

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Marvelous Maldives

VICTORIA MATHER TRAVELS TO THE SPECTACULARLY REMOTE ISLANDS OFF THE INDIAN COAST

My butler's name is Saddam Hussein and he makes a mean Bloody Mary. I am lying on fat pillows in the prow of a full-bellied wooden boat, and ahead, across Tiffany-blue sea, lies a castaway paradise, Reethi Rah, an island resort (owned by One&Only) with 12 perfect sickle beaches of pashmina-soft sand. Below me are more than 30 varieties of butterfly fish, from the Teardrop to the Gorgeous Gussy. Around me are 1,190 fantasy islands, making up a nation that is 99 percent water and 1 percent lotus-eating, for the Maldives are an archipelago of coral specks in the Indian Ocean, one of the least polluted seas in the world, where miracles happen.

First, the Maldives survived the tsunami with comparatively little damage. For a country that, it is estimated, will be gone by 2100 due to global warming, where no atoll is more than six feet above sea level, this seemed extraordinary. Yet it is partly because the Maldives are a vast submarine mountain range, with atolls rising steeply from the deep, each island with its own protective fringing reef, that the Maldives did survive. The writer Richard Curtis (Four Weddings and a Funeral) told me that when he was here the water rose so high that he suddenly saw his baby son, Spike, splashing in water up to his chin, but fortunately the water never gathered momentum because the reefs protected the island from crashing waves.

Second, the Maldives most notably produce fish and coconuts, yet they have more Krug, more iPods, more wireless technology, more butlers, more Bose sound systems, more cold towels, more-more-more per fantasy island than seemingly anywhere else in the world. They started with nothing and have become everything that is luxurious: it is a sensational secret. The combined thread count of the Frette sheets would be in the millions.

Imagine arriving at Male airport, stepping straight onto your dhoni, that wooden boat which is the leitmotif of the islands, and being handed an iPod (all your favorite music already on it). Bose headphones, and a split of Moët with a straw.

You are, magically, in your floating bedroom, with a shower, with a Frette-swathed bed, with Saddam the butler—aged 19, with a groovy spiked haircut and telepathic powers about one's desires—in route to an adorable island resort, Dhoni Mighili, where each of its six dhonis is twinned with a simple beach bungalow (not so simple, actually—four have their own pools),

PARADISE FOUND
Clockwise from top left: Soneva Gili restaurant and bar; spa by Espa at Reethi Rah; aerial views of Huvafen Fushi.
IT’S YOUR SCENTS OF DISTINCTION.
-KENNETH COLE

The new men's fragrance. KENNETH COLE signature
should you ever wish to leave the boat. Whoever previously heard of a double-bedroom holiday? Saddam comes with you, butting like no one has buttled since Jeeves. (Saddam Hussein is as common a name as John Smith around these parts.)

The Huvafen Fushi resort is pure James Bond—with a $750,000 wine inventory that includes Château Pétrus, fiber-optic-lit pools in the water villas over the seas, and red Smeg fridges that can be stocked with any champagne, from Krug to Cristal. This is sexy. When did you last have 12 different flavors of coffee to choose from, including voluto, arpeggio, and ristretto, all of which sound like the arias you can access on your iPod docking station in the bedroom?

Which brings us back to the Reethi Rah hotel, the king of the heap, the blank canvases on which the new, non-tsunami-intimidated fantasy is painted. The creation of billionaire Sol Kerzner, the hot spot to which Jade Jagger had to go, it is the island of the perfect sickle beaches, with perfect Japanese food and 10 coconut-tree climbers to make sure no nuts from 14,000 coconut trees fall on your head. Dom Pérignon is the champagne by the glass at the bar; Tapasake is the hip Japanese restaurant (Nobu, eat your heart out). The Spa health center is philosophical-nutritional. The gym includes one of the first kinesis studios in the world; the divemaster is a blond god; the restaurant Fanditha is perfect Saint-Tropez. Post-tsunami, life’s cracking on.

The point of the Maldives is that, because they’ve been left alone, no temples/Prada outlets, they are brilliantly up for the contemporary sybarite. The Soneva Gili resort has a new, private rock-star reserve with a waterslide. Here, we’re in the world of finding Nemo therapeutically—head down and you’re bonding with clown fish, head up and it’s sushi.
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AGNONA
Great Dames
ERIC BOMAN'S WOMEN OF SUBSTANCE AND STYLE

otanically speaking,” says photographer Eric Boman, “a dame is on the other end of the scale from the shrinking violet.” And he should know: between stints as a fashion, garden, and interiors photographer, Boman has been capturing the likenesses of accomplished women for nearly three decades. In Dames (Vendome), his aptly named first published collection of portraits, Boman’s subjects are found doing, or not doing, things in their natural habitat—stretched out on sofas (Alba Clemente and Inés de la Fressange), striding across closely cropped lawns (Caroline Baehm), arranging flowers (Barbara de Kwiatkowski), and, as is destiny for some, feeding chickens in a taffeta ball gown (Sandy Pittman). These women are not the product of a stylist’s imagination, though many appear to be facing into a headwind of hair spray. Of Barbara Walters, Boman says, she’s “not someone you can push around too much.” And there’s Dewi Sukarno, wife of the Indonesian strongman, who “has one expression she likes, so she gives it to you all the time.” Being a photographer has allowed Boman, born in Sweden, to explore widely—“I wanted to be a small fish in a big pond because the swimming is so much better,” he explains. And dames hold a special fascination for men who are not interested in them romantically. For those who are, he points out, they “can be quite a handful.”

—EDWARD HELMORE

A Cut Above
CELEBRATING 10 YEARS OF KILLER FILMS

Independent film pioneer Christine Vachon, 43, knew making movies was her calling when she saw Todd Haynes’s experimental 43-minute film, Superstar: The Karen Carpenter Story, depicted with Barbie dolls. “It was so funny and heartbreaking and provocative and so unlike anything I’d ever seen, it kind of showed me what was possible. I pretty much told Todd, ‘I want to be your producer.’” In 1995, Vachon partnered with fellow producer Pamela Koffler to form Killer Films, and in 2001, Katie Roemel, a former unpaid intern, joined them as a third partner. The dynamic trio has worked with auteurs as diverse as Haynes, Robert Altman, Todd Solondz, Mary Harron, and John Waters, and has produced the award-winning films Velvet Goldmine, Boys Don’t Cry, and Far from Heaven. This month, Killer Films will be honored with a retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Over the past decade, the company has stayed true to its manifesto—to produce visionary independent films—making Vachon as synonymous with Sundance as Robert Redford is. “First-time films tend to be the culmination of an insane amount of passion and drive,” explains Vachon, a champion of ingénue writer-directors. “Watching a first-time director finally get their vision put on celluloid reminds me why this whole process is so great.”

—KRISTA SMITH

Outside Flashback
PONYBOY AND SODAPOP RETURN TO THE SCREEN

Having recently re-edited and improved his botched masterpiece Apocalypse Now, Francis Ford Coppola now answers one of his prayers by touching up one of the more curious works in his canon: The Outsiders, his faithful 1983 adaptation of the young-adult perennial about teenage class warfare written by S. E. Hinton when she herself was only 17. It showed: young hoodlums read Gone with the Wind, have wussy names like Ponyboy and Dally, and are dreamy in every sense of the word. Still, the book has a hothouse teenage integrity, which Coppola honored by shooting the film, set in Tulsa in the early 60s, as if it were the swooniest and most important of 50s melodramas. As the late Vincent Canby put it in The New York Times, “Think of a remake of Rebel Without a Cause directed by someone under the delusion he’s D. W. Griffith shooting The Birth of a Nation.” Of course, that delusion (and wasn’t Nicholas Ray under the same one while directing Rebel) is what gives the movie its not inconsiderable charm. The new version, now called The Outsiders—The Complete Novel, adds 22 minutes of footage to modest effect. The real draws are (a) a new soundtrack of vintage rock ‘n’ roll that gives the movie a hormonal, crutch-level backbeat it badly needed, and (b) the chance to revisit a cast of young pups in various states of discovery who, for better or worse, went on to dominate 80s Hollywood: Matt Dillon, Rob Lowe, Patrick Swayze, Diane Lane, Emilio Estevez, Ralph Macchio, C. Thomas Howell. In a small part, Tom Cruise backflips off a couple of beat-up cars as if they were Oprah’s couch. Did he subsequently curse those fuckers? with vitamins and exercise? (Rating: 4.5) —BRUCE HANDY
Alice’s Wonderland

TEMPELLEY’S LATEST VENTURE

always made stuff,” says designer Alice Templerley. She is sitting upstairs from her Notting Hill studio in the apartment she shares with her husband. Lars von Bemningen, managing director of Temperley London. There isn’t a stitch of space that’s not cluttered with hangings, shoes, boots; lavishly embroidered, bejeweled, and beaded dresses spill from wardrobes; long velvet sofas are clad in Alice’s appliqué cushions—everywhere profusion, exotic color, organized chaos. “I had big sacks of remnants from Liberty and made quilted waistcoats for my brother and hats with chickens on them. I sold beaded earrings out of the cider shop at my parents’ farm starting when I was 10. People felt so sorry for me they bought them.” Temperley’s more recent clients, including Gwyneth Paltrow, Sarah Jessica Parker, Scarlett Johansson, and Kate Winslet, are drawn not by pity but rather by her whimsical and romantic creations. The business she started out of a hotel room five years ago with her husband and her sister, Mary Templerley, has skyrocketed from annual sales of $250,000 to $8 million. As well as preparing for her first New York show, Alice is working on expanding her signature eclecticism to a line of home furnishings, and this September will see the launch of her new venture with Penhaligon’s, for whom she has designed the ultimate travel kit, including bag, vanity case, clock, and wallet. The rich, plum-colored leather is hand-embroidered and appliquéd in black and gold with Art Deco details, and each piece “will be an object to treasure.” Next the Temperleys will open a shop in L.A. Alice and Mary look like country girls—their beauty more wildflower meadow than cultivated—and their designs are a reflection of their homespun style. Despite her celebrity fans, Alice says, “We’re real people dressing real people. We have a vision and we want longevity.” Lars knows the secret of their success. “Alice can change the way women feel about themselves in the way Coco Chanel did,” he says. “It’s what a great designer can do, and she’s only at the start.”

—TAMASIN DAY-LEWIS

Ghost Show

THE MET HIGHLIGHTS PHOTOGRAPHY’S DARK SIDE

Is it magic or manipulation, paranormal phenomena or phooey? “The Perfect Medium: Photography and the Occult,” which opens at New York’s Metropolitan Museum of Art later this month, presents images from the 1860s to World War II, an otherworldly illustration of the intersection of photography, spiritualism, and technology. The chemical magic of the darkroom collides with the New Age era, delivering images of auras and ectoplasm, and raising questions about photography’s relationship to the truth. Divided into three sections, the exhibition begins with the Spiritualist movement, which began in the 1850s and embraced the idea that the dead are able to contact the living. The “vital forces” section depicts thoughts, feelings, and dreams—often using a photographic plate without a camera. “In the mid-19th century, photographers were associated with magic or alchemy—creating mysterious images that had never been seen before,” says Mia Fineman, research associate at the museum. “At the beginning, people didn’t know what photography could and couldn’t depict.” With the perfect combination of chemistry and hocus-pocus, the final section focuses on séances, experiments with levitation, and the production of ectoplasm. “Whether they are genuine or fabricated records of phenomena,” says Pierre Apraxine, the exhibition’s head curator, “these images disturb.”

—A.M. HOMES
Cole Haan

shoes, handbags, coats
Holla Back
RESPECT, REPRESENT, REMIX

When the biggest names in hip-hop (in the words of Be Cool) “stop hating, start participating,” the results are this month’s hottest tracks. Kanye West, utilizing the talents of legendary producer Jon Brion, Jay-Z, Common, and Jamie Foxx, and sampling Shirley Bassey, Otis Redding, Etta James, and Ray Charles, defies the doubters with the fantastic Late Registration, his follow-up to the Grammy-winning The College Dropout. Mary J. Blige got together with the Game for the hugely popular download “DA MVP,” and worked with Dr. Dre, the Neptunes, and the Black Eyed Peas’ Will I Am, for her forthcoming The Breakthrough. Houston rapper Paul Wall’s The People’s Champ has guests T.I. and Freeway. Eminem produced and, along with D12, Nate Dogg, and Talib Kweli, shows up on Bulletproof, the debut from Detroit rapper Hush. Self-admitted redneck Bubba Sparxxx (whom Eminem has referred to as the other talented white rapper) releases his country-flavored Space Mountain, on Big Boi’s new label. Juvenile’s Reality Check features rhythmic, explicit lyrics and contributions from Ludacris and Brian McKnight. Jay-Z introduces his new R&B star, Teairra Mari, on her Roc-A-Fella Records Presents Teairra Mari: Blackalicious The Craft, the group’s first CD in three years, has guests Floetry and George Clinton. And, perhaps the most sampled musician of the last 20 years, George Clinton and the P-Funk Allstars release the two-CD How Late Do You Have 2 B 4 U R Absent?, with appearances by Prince and Bobby Womack.

Hot Tracks
Lisa Robinson

F for his first recording following his marriage to Gwen Stefani and the breakup of his band, Bush, Gavin Rossdale opted not to put out a sappy, sensitive solo disc; instead, Institute is hard, heavy, guitar-based rock. Sheryl Crow’s Wildflower has catchy songs, impeccable production, and sparkling vocals. Fresh from their “rivalry” with the more “artistic” (read volatile) Brian Jonestown Massacre in the hit documentary Dig!, the Dandy Warhols drop some of the irony and step it up with the sexy, feedback-tinged Odditorium or Warlords of Mars. Black Rebel Motorcycle Club’s Howl is a timeless, joyous ode to rock, blues, and gospel. On Electric Blue Watermelon, the North Mississippi Allstars get back to what they do best: raw, rocking blues with a crazed edge. Charlie Sexton has been touring with Bob Dylan for the past three years and the influence is obvious on Cruel and Gentle Things, the first disc in 10 years from the Austin guitarist. Booker T. & the MG’s guitarist Steve Cropper gets production credit for The Soul Truth, the new one from astounding blues singer Shemekia Copeland. Jamaican duo Sly and Robbie team up with Sinéad O’Connor for Throw Down Your Arms, an album of roots-reggae covers. Also out: Carly Simon’s gorgeous Moonlight Serenade, her Richard Perry–produced album of standards; Sigur Ros’ sweeping, ethereal Takk; Sonny Rollins’ live concert recording Without a Song (The 9/11 Concert); and All One, the new album from Krishna Das, a four-part mantra suite with a 70-person choir and a 20-piece orchestra.

An indispensable education for all you fans of the Strokes, Interpol, and the Yeah Yeah Yeahs is Richard Hell’s Sports—21 of his “greatest hits” with various bands, including Television, the Heartbreakers, and the Voidoids. Also edifying: re-issues of the Stooges’ early albums. No Direction Home: The Soundtrack is the seventh in Bob Dylan’s Bootleg Series and accompanies Martin Scorsese’s long-awaited, two-part American Masters Dylan documentary. In addition, Bob Dylan: Live at the Gaslight 1962 will be conveniently on sale to baby-boomer caffeine consumers at Starbucks. Rosanne Cash releases three expanded CDs from the past 25 years. Try for the Sun: The Journey of Donovan is a three-CD/DVD set, and The Essential Frank Sinatra with Tommy Dorsey and His Orchestra includes 44 tunes that helped define the big-band era.

When you’ve loved and lost the way Frank has, then you know what life’s about.
The new Jetta was already pretty fetching. Then the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety performed a few little “tests” on its front, rear and side. The result? The new Jetta received the best side-impact crash-performance score ever given to a car in its class. Of course, to us, its beauty has always been more than skin-deep. On the road of life there are passengers and there are drivers.

**Opening Season**

The return of fall heralds charity balls, polo matches, pheasant shoots, and more than enough excuses to start cocktailng at noon. Kristina Stewart Ward rounds up the season's international social calendar.

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**September 3, Scotland**

The **Braemar Gathering**. For 900 years, large Highland men in kilts have been competing in a testosterone-filled day of Scottish-clan sports. Tossing the caber, throwing the hammer, putting the stone, sprinting, and long leaping are among the offerings taken in by guests—including members of the royal family, who show up in native attire and grimace through a day set to an interminable bagpipe soundtrack.

**September 8-11, Blenheim Palace, England**

London may have just nabbed the 2012 Olympic bid, but the British horsesey set has the jump on hosting an international sporting crowd. For the first time in eight years, England will preside over the **European Eventing Championships**, allowing local nabobs to take in world-class dressage, show jumping, and cross-country racing.

**September 18, Greenwich, Connecticut**

The whistle blows at the annual **Harvard-Yale polo game** at Conyers Farm. Any players wishing to trash-talk must do so in iambic pentameter.

**September 19, New York City**

The preppy set, including a number of Rockefellers and Roosevelts, dress up in slinky gowns and crisp tuxedos and discuss trust funds and winning the genetic lottery at New York's most blue-blooded of fundraisers, at the Museum of the City of New York.

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**September 21, New York City**

Melissa Etheridge performs at the New Yorkers for Children gala, which this year honors Russell Simmons and is chaired by Oscar de la Renta and Jerry Seinfeld.

**September 30, Los Angeles**

Gertrude Stein has nothing on the ladies' luncheon that the **Natural Resources Defense Council's Elizabeth Wiatt** has made into an annual event.

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**October 1-9, Saint-Tropez**

Les **Voiles de Saint-Tropez** is the classic sailboat regatta created by Patrice de Colmont, owner of celebrity-soaked Club 55 and a man not afraid to tell Jack Nicholson he'll be waiting an hour for his favorite table to be vacated by King Juan Carlos of Spain. Patrice uses his considerable pull to gather international mogul-sailors for this annual event.

**October 15, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii**

**Ironman** is the punishing half-day competition comprising a 2.4-mile swim, 112-mile bike ride, and 26.2-mile run. It was dreamed up in 1978 by a group of Hawaiian runners who were debating which category of athletes—swimmers, cyclists, or runners—was the most fit. It seems that they decided all of the above. About a dozen "Half Ironman" races now play out worldwide over the course of the year.

**October 15, the Plains, Virginia**

Washington, D.C.'s denizens mix it up with 30,000 others at the **International Gold Cup** horse race, where Thoroughbreds compete for the crown-shaped trophy donated to the event in 1903 by King Alfonso XIII of Spain.

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**The Catwalk**

Fashion reigns for 40 days and 40 nights on the five-city tour of ready-to-wear collections:

- New York (September 9-16)
- London (September 18-22)
- Milan (September 24-October 2)
- Paris (October 3-11)
- Los Angeles (October 16-25)

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**The Catwalk continued on page 220**
I LOVE SALVATORE
All the best for your family.

Time for a treat.
October 22-23, Boston

Hunky Ivy League rowers converge on Boston’s Charles River for the Head of the Charles, a weekend of Preppy Handbook without irony. On the sidelines, corduroyed young men hook up with girls in pearls; think of it as America’s version of European royal-family inbreeding.

October 26, New York City

Monaco’s Prince Albert succeeded his father earlier this year as monarch of the pint-size principality and, in so doing, justified the intense social climbing that has long fueled his family’s New York-based charity event, the Princess Grace Foundation Awards. Mothers with eligible daughters have been pawning off their spawn to the newly enthroned prince for years now, and they think it’s high time Monaco crowned a new American princess.

October 31, Hollywood

Jacqui Getty’s annual Halloween party set the stakes high last year, with the SoCal society swan cajoling 400 guests, most of them celebrities, into dressing in stageworthy costumes. Heather Graham went as Wonder Woman, Lisa Eisner as Phyllis Diller, Kirsten Dunst as an Amish girl, and no fewer than two Johns and Yokos staged bed-ins.

November 6, New York City

Two million New Yorkers line the streets for the ING New York City Marathon, which takes over the city with 30,000 runners pumped up on carbs from the Tavern on the Green pasta dinner the night before. P. Diddy famously ran the race two years ago (DIDDY RUNS THE CITY), and sponsor ING— in an effort to make sure nobody upstages this year’s event in the flash department—has added fireworks to the pre-race evening roster.

November 19-December 10, Palermo, Argentina

Argentina’s most famous exports (those rakish heartthrob polo players) take time off from the paycheck polo circuit to return to the motherland and truncate another in the sport’s premier annual competition, the Argentine Polo Championship. (No fat-cat patrons are allowed to muck up the game; this is for real players only.)

Late November, Paris

The Debutantes Ball at the Hôtel de Crillon seems to have cornered the global market on the patrician auction block most commonly known as the debutante ball. About two dozen teenagers are presented in couture ball gowns before a handpicked crop of 300 suitable suitors and the girls’ boldfaced-name parents. This year’s offerings are rumored to include Ashley Bush, sister of Lauren Bush, who debuted in 2000, as did daughters of Gloria von Thurn und Taxis, Mariel Hemingway, Silvio Berlusconi, I. M. Pei, Patty Hearst, David Tang, and Anna Wintour.

November 26, London

Scottish reel season (yes, there is such a thing) runs from September through May, with the London Reels, PGT Reels, and Hampshire Reels all bowing to the St. Andrew’s Ball, at Banqueting House, as Lord of the Dance. Unless you already know the Inverness Country Dance, the Strip the Willow, and the 15 other regimented dances, you ought to stay on the sidelines or buy the unintentionally hilarious cribnotes: The Swinging Sporrans Reel Guide.
A world from Mississippi, a young man listens to Delta blues on the BBC. He feels its intent. Appreciates its ethos. Unwilling to just mimic those legendary riffs, he takes a hand at reworking them; and at 17, Eric Clapton takes his passion for blues to London. Over 45 albums later, the end of his career is nowhere in sight. Just like Mississippi’s delta from the center of Ripley.
WELCOME TO THE LUXURY HYBRID.

It's not just the debut of a new car, but of a new category. Lexus engineers have combined the attributes of a luxury sedan with the remarkable fuel economy and low emissions that only hybrid technology can provide. The result is a vehicle that offers you the best of both, without asking you to sacrifice anything. A V6 engine delivers the power of a V8 while producing only a fraction of the emissions associated with a standard SUV. Yet, this hybrid is also every inch a Lexus, sparing nothing in the way of your comforts and conveniences. Making it what may indeed be the first vehicle of its kind. One that treats you, and the world you live in, with equal respect. To learn more about our pursuit of perfection, please visit us online at lexus.com.

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Like Teen Spirit
L.A.'S THE LIKE PLAYS PEDIGREED ROCK

Rock 'n' roll is fun for all ages, but it’s probably more fun when the people onstage aren’t eligible for Social Security benefits. By that logic, Los Angeles’s The Like is really fun. Although graduating from high school has cast the band members some of the kid-sister appeal they had when they recorded their song “(So I’ll Sit Here) Waiting” for the soundtrack of Catherine Hardwicke’s bad-seed drama Thirteen (2003), their median age still hasn’t topped 20. So how have these three youngsters managed to get no less than Geffen Records to release their first full-length CD, Are You Thinking What I'm Thinking?, on September 13? At first, you might suspect their dods of having rigged the whole thing. After all, drummer Tennessee Thomas’s father, Pete, plays drums with Elvis Costello; bassist Charlotte Froom’s dad, Mitchell, is a big-name producer; and guitarist and front woman Z Berg, who turned 19 in June, is the offspring of Tony Berg, A&R man who brought Beck to Geffen back in 1993. But, as Z Berg notes, there’s a limit to how much success belongs to the young women themselves, who have been converting legions of fans with their energetic brand of power pop while on tour with fellow Angelenas Mara 5 and Phantom Planet. “Maroon 5 is our band’s B.F.F.,” Berg says, although she denies that she and the group’s bassist, Mickey Madden, are on item, as visitors to www.likethelike.com have been speculating. Does this mean there’s hope for all those Admiring teenage boys out there? “I’m not single,” she says, “but my boyfriend isn’t famous.”

—MICHAEL HOGAN

1. “Love Love Love”—Glass Candy & the Shattered Theatre
2. “Relax”—The Dandy Warhols
3. “Nowhere Girl”—B-movie
4. “Fade to Grey”—Visage
5. “Shelter Your Needs”—Juliette & the Licks
6. “Stigmata Martyr”—Bauhaus

ON THE DOWNLOAD

Cervando Maldonado, the superstar hairstylist at L.A.’s hot new salon, Neil George, is as much in demand as his celebrity clients, who have included Sofia Coppola, Drea de Matteo, Gina Gershon, and Dennis Quaid. A favorite among those who bank on their looks, Cervando is inspired not only by his bond, Licorice 6, but also by his favorite downloaded songs . . .

1. “Love Love Love”—Glass Candy & the Shattered Theatre
2. “Relax”—The Dandy Warhols
3. “Nowhere Girl”—B-movie
4. “Fade to Grey”—Visage
5. “Shelter Your Needs”—Juliette & the Licks
6. “Stigmata Martyr”—Bauhaus

Innocence and Experience
MARCEL DZAMA COMES IN FROM THE COLD

Part A. A. Milne, part Hieronymus Bosch, Marcel Dzama’s delicately rendered miniatures caress the eye with their gentle lines and soothing palette . . . and then they bite, as their cruel, violent, psychosexual mysteries come into focus. The pictures, on view in September (along with several soft-sculpture costumes) at New York’s David Zwirner gallery, have earned Dzama a devoted and unassailably hip following: fans range from Dave Eggers, whose McSweeney’s Books is set to publish a second collection of the artist’s work, to Beck, whose latest album features a Dzama drawing on the cover and who hired him to direct an upcoming video. The artist attributes his work’s aura of naïvety to his upbringing in Winnipeg, Canada. “Being so isolated gives you a kind of innocence,” explains Dzama, who reluctantly decamped for New York’s East Village last year after suffering through an especially savage winter. He became very interested in art at age 10, as a form of therapy, he says, after “something happened to me” involving a babysitter. Eventually, he won notice as part of a tight-knit collective, the Royal Art Lodge, the members of which he still collaborates with via mail. He works at night, when the creepy-cute creatures who populate his drawings—the bats and bears, long-necked cats and tree men, flappers and gangsters and Lynch mobs—are at their most active . . . and their most unruly.

—AARON GELL

Too Cool for School
The Like (Z Berg, Tennessee Thomas, and Charlotte Froom), photographed in Malibu on July 1, 2005.
He's a fan.
Organic Beauty
The bright, fresh packaging of Grassroots, a new bath-and-body brand debuting this month, is appealing enough to make you want to gather up every product. Wholesome, naturally sourced, and color-free, the line is designed to pamper everyone in the family. Among the favorite essentials are: In Perfect Condition, a moisturizing shampoo and conditioner with pineapple and grapefruit extracts; That’s It!, a skin-softening facial cleanser with olive butter, bergamot, and geranium; Firm Offer, a toning body lotion with French seaweed; and Jump for Joy, a cool leg-and-foot gel with spearmint. Best Seat in the House, a protective balm for sensitive areas made with safflower and jojoba and olive oils, is part of the baby-care line. And even Fido gets to join in on some good clean fun with Pet Project, a shampoo for furry coats with cedar and orange. Grassroots makes getting ready for any day a pure joy.
—PUNCH HUTTON

Beauty by Design
MAKEUP INSPIRED BY COCO’S PALACE
Karl isn’t the only genius making women beautiful chez Chanel. For 25 years, the house’s maquil-tage dream team has shared both the same business card and the same vision for the future of cosmetics. Dominique Moncortois, international director of Chanel makeup creation, was trained by Coco herself when he joined Chanel, in 1969;
Heidi Morawetz, director of the makeup studio (now housed in a new, light-filled atelier on the Place Vendôme), has a background in art and design. Together, they are responsible for Star Products, the company’s limited-edition gems that fuse high technology and haute couture. Entering what they call the age of “makeup fiction,” they borrow techniques from the food, automobile, and aerospace industries to mimic iconic Chanel textiles, from interwoven satin ribbons to nubby tweed.
The Coromandel lacquer screens that decorated Mlle. Chanel’s apartment have lent their chinoiserie motifs to exquisite, one-of-a-kind compacts, available now, featuring gold, black, and scarlet powders laser-cut into an elaborate scroll design. “It’s a timeless pattern,” says Morawetz, “but without modern technology and engineering, it would have been impossible. Having that allows us to dream.”
—CHRISTINE MULKIE

GROOMING PRODUCTS
Shampoo POLO BLACK HAIR & BODY WASH
Moisturizer None
Toothpaste Whatever I can find.
Soap Whatever I can find.
Razor Gillette M3Power

CLOTHES
Jeans Diesel
Watch Rolex
Boxers or briefs? Commando
Riding boots Facelâme

ELECTRONICS
Cell phone T-Mobile Sidekick II
Computer Apple
Television Plasma
Stereo iPod

HOME
Where do you live?
Whatever polo takes me.
Car Porsche

HOW MANY HORSES DO YOU HAVE?
Over 100.

FAVORITE PLACES IN THE WORLD
Argentina, N.Y.C., and Malibu

NECESSARY EXTRAVAGANCE
My art studio.

BEVERAGES
Bottled water Evian
Coffee Mate—or Yerba Mate,
an Argentinean tea that one drinks with a metal straw.
Beer Quilmes

Nacho Figueras, photographed at Two Trees Stables, in Bridgehampton, New York, on July 8, 2005.

Above, Coco Chanel in her 31 Rue Cambon flat in 1937; right, Coromandels de Chanel.

MY STUFF
NACHO FIGUERAS

HOT LOOKS
Miss Dior Chérie is a modern twist on Dior’s classic scent…. Strike a chord with Clé de Peau Beauté’s limited-edition Compact Yeux et Lèvres—a trio of eye colors and duo of lip hues…. Slip Prada Beauty’s leather-encased, dual-action Hydrating Compact Powder S.P.F. 15 into your handbag before you hit the town…. You’ll wake up looking refreshed after applying Shiseido’s wrinkle-preventing Bio-Performance Super Restoring Cream…. It’s way in style to pamper yourself with Michael Kors White Luxe Collection’s Hydrating Body Mist and Bath Oil.
You need to get away from the crowds, the noise, and all the other trappings of whatever public or social life you’ve been leading up to this point. With the ruler of your solar 5th house now entering your solar 12th, you must have quiet. Solitude will give you the time to do justice to creative projects and the space to work through your grief over lost friends. Also, you’re about to enter into more intimate relationships. That calls for privacy, since you don’t like people to know you have any emotions at all.

Gwen Stefani

Only when you’ve banged your head on the wall for long enough do you realize that you may have gone about things the wrong way. At that point, you stop fighting so hard for recognition, the favor of higher-ups, and a breakthrough in the bureaucratic logjam. With Saturn finally moving off your midheaven sign, everything you’ve sought is finally yours. Was all the struggle and aggravation worth it? We’ll soon see. At least you can start living your life again.

Dennis Miller

If you look back over the past 15 years, you’ll see that this is the moment you’ve been working toward. As the natural ruler of your 10th house begins its culmination in your solar chart, all the seeds you’ve planted are ready for harvest, giving you the chance either to establish yourself for the rest of your life or to re-invent yourself and make a spectacular comeback. If, however, you’ve been fretting away all your time on cheap, escapist fantasies, the way some less evolved Scorpions have, your naughty escapades will be exposed for all to see.

Sagittarius Nov. 22-Dec. 21

A poor little caterpillar freaking out from claustrophobia inside a suffocating cocoon would probably find it hard to cheer up when told that it would soon become a beautiful butterfly. Until the transformation happens, that is. So it is with Sagittarians. Your waiting is over. You can now break free of the cramped little limbo you’ve been living in. Except for a few minor details that have to be worked out before year’s end, financial hassles are behind you, and you can finally spread your wings. You’re actually going to live. Huh?

Kate Spade

When people are released from commitments that have monopolized their attention and loyalty, they often feel compelled to explore aspects of creativity or sexuality that have been suppressed. Whether you are 18 or 81, you should be feeling such an urgent desire for experience as your planetary ruler begins a two-and-a-half-year transit of your solar 8th house. A couple of things that might hold you up now are (1) complex deals that arise from mingling your finances with those of another person, and (2) your old friend: dread of the future.

Aquarius Jan. 20-Feb. 18

If you’ve been staying healthy, as well as practicing and perfecting your craft, you should be ready to let the world see what you’ve been working on. Saturn’s appearance on the western horizon of your solar astrological chart represents a unique opportunity to show your stuff; but it presents some big challenges too. You are about to learn exactly what you can handle in a deep relationship with another. It is scary to be vulnerable and to acknowledge how much you need people—and it’s even scarier to find out what you’re really attracted to..

VIRGO Aug. 23-Sept. 22

Sophia Loren

You’ve got your solar 12th house transit moving into your solar 1st, and while you may not be ready for this new phase of your life, you should be getting ready. The two years ahead will bring a lot of surprises, but you can handle it. You’ve got the strength to go through anything that comes your way.

Libra Sept. 23-Oct. 23

Gwen Stefani

As foolhardy as it may seem, for an Aries love is all there is. Emotional commitments can be terrifying, but the power of a planet in your 5th house is much greater than your fears of getting hurt or rejected. You’ve simply got to march onto that stage, knees knocking, teeth chattering, and let the whole world know that you are proud to be putting your heart on the line. This is exactly why everyone admires your sign. Even if what you’re doing is crazy, you’re always brave enough to go first.

Scorpio Oct. 24-Nov. 21

Dennis Miller

You’re probably already thinking about where you’re from and how profoundly your childhood has shaped your life. Even your hometown is beckoning, and you long for a security you may not have had a chance to enjoy in your youth. The past will get examined and resolved once and for all now as you try to lay down a new foundation and create a real home. Whether you are a cultural icon or a regular person, when your 4th house becomes prominent in your solar chart, you need the family you’re still trying to escape from.

Sagittarius Nov. 22-Dec. 21

Jamey Faxon

Since you have been put on earth to master the art of honest communication, this is the time to rise to the occasion, now that the ruler of your 8th house has entered your solar 3rd. If you want your genius to be recognized (and you do), you’ve got to be aware of two important points: (1) your interests are so astoundingly wide and your attention span so painfully short that you can be scattered and incomplete, and (2) you have serious difficulties following through with people, keeping in touch with them, and not cutting them off without a word.

Capricorn Dec. 22-Jan. 19

Jackie Robinson

Those who have a healthy sense of prosperity and the abundant flow of resources in the world are truly blessed. If you can approach life with such an attitude, you won’t suffer those agonizing moments of fiscal hysteria that plague so many Cancrians. Second-house planetary transits, however, give you pause and get you thinking about budgets, rising costs, and all the other economic issues that interfere with New Age beliefs in the universe’s infinite bounty. No matter what milk or oil costs, you’ll still end up pretty darned rich.

Aquarius Jan. 20-Feb. 18

L. Ron Hubbard

Pisces Feb. 19-March 20

Whether you’re a philosopher who believes that the body is just a temporary vessel housing an immutable soul or you’re one of those Pisceans who are more interested in sampling the latest esoteric brand of vodka, this is a period when you should pay greater attention to the link between mental attitude and physical health. That is the essence of the 6th house. While you might want to spend more time in a hammock than in an office, the period coming up will require consistent diligence, not emotional self-indulgence.

Aries March 21-April 19

Jennifer Gammer

Libra Sept. 23-Oct. 23

L. Ron Hubbard

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Dear Ketel One Drinker
Please handle your bottle of Ketel One with care.
It contains over three hundred years of history.
My Red-State Odyssey

From the clichés (NASCAR weekend in Virginia) to the contradictions (Evelyn Waugh’s library in Texas), the South still rises to its ideals, its limits, and the occasion. Despite living for 23 years below the Mason-Dixon Line, the author discovers he has much to learn about the psychic partition between the two Americas.

It isn’t recent, this psychic partition between the red and the blue states of our Union. One hundred years after the Emancipation Proclamation, the late Daniel Patrick Moynihan—a quintessential northeastern big-city boy, even if he was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma—was an assistant secretary in the “New Frontier” administration when he heard the news that his president had been shot dead in Dallas. While everyone else in Washington was rushing around, shouting importantly about going to the shelters or about “the loss of American innocence,” Moynihan called everyone he knew. The main thing, he insisted, was to “get Oswald out of Dallas.” If anything happened to him while he was in the custody of the Dallas P.D., the tragedy and the mystery would last forever. Before everything, before anything, secure the prisoner Oswald.

That’s it, in a way, for a lot of people I know. The states of the former Confederacy are not quite American. The inhabitants—of course one strives to avoid cliché, let alone the deadly word “stereotype”—are perhaps slightly too much given to dark thoughts and bloody recreations; to snickering at out-of-state license plates in the intervals of their offenses against chastity with either domestic animals or (the fact must be faced) with members of their immediate families. An area where all politics is yokel.

Moynihan’s suggestive choice of phrase was later to be echoed very quickly, when, in 1964, Lyndon Johnson had to defend his tragic and accidental incumbency against Barry Goldwater. Senator Goldwater had been visiting New York, where he tried to cash an Arizona check and to his fury was refused. It might be better for all concerned, he harrumphed, if the northeastern seaboard were sawed off the country and allowed to float away. He was later
by his great-grandfather (and built to be 14 feet higher than the original. in Washington), "I always say I'm from Texas."

Like Molière’s M. Jourdain in Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, who was astonished to find that he had been speaking prose all his life, I was startled to realize when I embarked on this voyage that I have lived in the South for 23 years, or for most of my adult life. The Mason-Dixon Line is well to the north of us Washingtonians, dividing the country where Maryland becomes Pennsylvania and just below the stretch of high ground consecrated to Gettysburg. Aspects of the District of Columbia are Dixie-ish enough: it gets very hot and muggy in the summer, and its neighborhoods are very segregated. Its very existence is the result of a dinner-table carve-up between Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton, whereby Hamilton got his national debt-consolidation scheme and the Virginian slavers got a huge land deal for a plot of swamp. But our memorials tend to commemorate the Union more than the Confederacy, and we have the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, and at election times in the District they weigh the votes rather than count them, and the Democrats always win either way.

Opinions differ about how far you have to drive into Virginia before you have entered the South proper. Some say Fredericksburg, hometown of the great Florence King, author of Wasp, Where Is Thy acy, and its sylvan streets and squares, enclosing Monument Avenue and the massive statues of Lee and Davis and Jackson, are as firmly genteel and traditional as the heart could wish. (The recent addition of a silly statue of Arthur Ashe, waving a tennis racket while the others flourish their swords and banners and cannons, is exactly the sort of gesture that has allowed southern courtesy to survive.) I have come here to bypass the chivalry and head straight to the NASCAR event. All right—NASCAR has its chivalry, too. Its heroes are known as “gladiators with radiators.”

You often notice, in the South, that people don’t at all mind if they live up to their own clichés and stereotypes. In the environs of the Richmond International Raceway, stretching to the horizon, are great tracts of pickups and trailers, fuming with barbecue and hot dogs and surrounded by flags. Old Glory predominates, but quite often the Stars and Bars is flown as well (though always underneath) or separately. I got close-up to one freestanding Confederate flag, to find that it had the face of Hank Williams Jr. on it, and the refrain of his song “If the South Woulda Won, We’d a Had It Made,” I liked the tone of self-parody. The black flag of the POW/MIA movement is frequent. The tailgates groan with huge coolers, and groan even more when proud, gigantic rear ends are added. People wear shorts who shouldn’t even wear jeans. Tattoos—often belligerent—are not uncommon. T-shirts featuring the late Dale Earnhardt, the Galahad of NASCAR chivalry, who went into a wall at 160 m.p.h. in 2001, are everywhere. Should you desire to remove the right to bear arms from

T-shirts featuring the late Dale Earnhardt, the Galahad of NASCAR chivalry, who went into a wall at 160 m.p.h. in 2001, are everywhere."

Singing? “Redneck” is only a rude word for Wasp. In any case, I have long believed that the acronym certainly doesn’t need its W and barely needs its P. (William F. Buckley Jr. is Wasp despite being Irish and Catholic; George Wallace could never have achieved Waspdom in spite of being aggressively white, Angle-Saxon, and Protestant. That’s because Wasp is a term of class, not ethnicity—another trick you can learn in D.C.)

Anyway, by the time you hit Richmond the argument is over, and the South has begun. Here was the capital of the Confederacy, and we’re not going to let you remove our right to bear arms."

STOCK PHOTO Drivers and their pit crews anticipate the NASCAR Nextel Cup Series Virginia 500, in Martinsville, Virginia, April 13, 2003.
Embraced by a couple of guys near the beer stand, I soon came to appreciate that they were using me the way drunks use lampposts: in other words, more for support than illumination. Charlie's hard-like pallor was enhanced by the closing stages of a spectacular intake of fuel—he swayed gigantically as he leaned on my shoulder and sobbed out the story of his one-man rig: "Haul any slacking thing," he said brokenly. "Any slacking thing." He was just on that cusp between instant friendship and instant menace. His friend Mike was lean and wolfish and rather handsome, and able to talk quite fast as long as he employed the crutch of obscenity. In short order, I found that he got on well with the "sand people"—local Arab immigrants—who ran the gas stations, had a child with a Puerto Rican girl, owned three guns, couldn't get along with black males who were any younger than he, and had a father and grandfather who had seen service. (He wouldn't join up himself, because the Iraq war was "just for a fuckin' barrel of oil.") For all that, I doubt he was a swing voter. He was a carpenter, and when one of his favorite drivers had switched sponsorship from Home Depot to Lowe's, he took his business right along to the new sponsor. "The thing to know about NASCAR fans," said Jerry Reid, a local enthusiast and sportswriter, "is that if their man was endorsed by Viagrá they'd start taking it even if they didn't need it." When the race is over, the victor does a lap of honor in the opposite direction—a NASCAR tradition hallowed ever since Alan Kulwicki started it 17 years ago. He was later to die in a plane crash, of all things, the plane belonging to his sponsor, namely Hooters. In his honor, this gesture is called "the Polish victory lap."

West Virginia went the other way in the Civil War, cleft from Virginia and staying with the Union. And as you push deeper into the hills, you start to pick up the kinds of songs that make you know you are in territory that was once fought over. Naturally, you get a lot of self-pitying wails from country-music types. ("If you play one of these backwards," I was told, "you eventually get sober and then you get your car, your dog, and your wife back.") But there's some fire-breathing defiance too, as from Lee Greenwood's 1984 smash, "God Bless the U.S.A." now played at Republican conventions.

This time, though, I am in search of the genteel. At the Greenbrier resort, in White Sulphur Springs, you need a coat and tie to dine, and many of the staff are descended from previous staff. Verdancy is the keynote, with thick woods and immaculate lawns and golf courses stretching toward the misty Allegheny Mountains. In a cottage on the grounds, five pre-Civil War presidents (Van Buren, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, and Tyler) passed agreeable summer vacations while beaux and belles came to take the waters. It's easy to see—from the southern perspective, and if things had gone the other way just a teeny, tiny bit—how natural it would have been to have the capital of the United States in, say, Richmond. As it is, if things had gone just a teeny, tiny bit the other way during the Cold War, the Capitol of the United States would have been at the Greenbrier. In complete secrecy, during the Eisenhower administration, a provision of the legislation was built in a deep shelter right beside this palatial hotel. The bunkers...
GREY GOOSE TOASTS ICONOCLASTS™

Premiering in November, Sundance Channel and Grey Goose Entertainment present ICONOCLASTS, a series of intimate, unpredictable portraits of ground shakers who have transformed our culture through their passions. Get an inside look at their lives from fellow creative pioneers, and discover how their work has raised the bar on excellence.
ICONOCLASTS

A SIX-PART ORIGINAL SERIES PREMIERING IN NOVEMBER ONLY ON SUNDANCE CHANNEL

"ICONOCLASTS explores the intersection where two great talents meet—and where creativity comes alive."

-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER ROBERT REDFORD

Tune in and take a journey with some of today's most provocative personalities as they explore the passions and aspirations of the innovators, rule breakers and ground shakers who inspire them. Meet three of the six creative pairings featured on the show. These are the ICONOCLASTS.

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Sundance CHANNEL

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I was startled to realize when I embarked on this voyage that I have lived in the South for 23 years, or for most of my adult life.
Schoolchildren in Texas have to recite the pledge to the Texas flag every morning, just after the Pledge of Allegiance.

One always strives to avoid “land of contrast” clichés, but in Texas the more people live up to their reputation, the more they don’t. And the more it stays the same, the more it changes. You may be surprised to know that the famous bumper sticker DON’T MESS WITH TEXAS, now seen on the back of many a pickup that is also INSURED BY SMITH & WESSON, was originally a green slogan, for a statewide anti-littering campaign. I went to call on Kinky Friedman, at his combination ranch and animal-rescue center in the fabulously beautiful Hill Country outside Austin. The Lone Star State’s most famous Jew and bohemian, now running for governor on a platform to be determined, was full of praise for the cowboy spirit. “Cowboy” is a great word. Gandhi was a cowboy, Jesus was a cowboy, Mandela was a cowboy: stand-up guys.” The improbability of this formulation is underlined by the fact that less than 2 percent of Texans now work with ambulant cows in any capacity.

Texas’s other great living writer, John Graves—author of the wonderful Goodbye to a River—also lives way out the hell and gone, near Glen Rose. He has a respect for the grain and grit of the Texan character, and for the Calvinism that enabled those raw settlers to survive and grow in a harsh land, but now that Calvinism isn’t needed for that purpose, it can be a slight pain in the ass. “I wish I lived in a world,” he says softly, “where it was possible to be religious and think at the same time.” A few miles down the road from his place there stands the Creation Evidence Museum: a pathetic freak show featuring organisms allegedly so complex that they must have been invented and let loose by the divine hand all in one day...

Texas has a land border that is 1,254 miles in length, so appeals to the frontier spirit seldom fall on deaf ears, and by the year 2025 a majority of the state’s population may be Hispanic. But then, even the word “cowboy” originally comes from vaquero and is a Spanish imperial idea. You can see the reaction, though, in an emerging town like Plano, just outside Dallas. Here, rows and rows of new villa-style housing, punctuated by churches, schools, and the mandatory football fields, are creating a whole new white, observant, affluent constituency. This, and the linear re-directing plan that goes along with it, is one of the building blocks of the intended future Republican majority. (Ten years ago, the Texas Democrats had both houses and the governorship; now they can only whistle at how fast the state has metamorphosed from blue to red.)

I chose Atlanta for my last stop, intending to make a side trip to the town of Kennesaw, where local law makes gun ownership mandatory. (“An armed society is a polite society,” as some like to say.) But I ended up concentrating on Professor Eugene Genovese, the former Marxist from Brooklyn who with his scholarly wife, Elizabeth, has moved south and become the pre-eminent historian of the area. I suppose I was looking for an encapsulating sentence: at all events they furnished me with one. Eugene had been praising some work on the South by the historian Eric Foner, who is a New Yorker to his fingertips, when his wife broke in to say, “It’s not that good. It lacks the tragic sense.”

And that was it, in a phrase. Never quite able to get over a lost past, never quite at ease with the federal government (though very much at ease with the armed forces), and just not quite large enough to impose itself on the rest of the country, the South keeps on “reviving” and redefining itself, always pushing at its limits and limitations—and always finding them.
Shoes to go with skirt.
Skirt to go with blouse.
Blouse to go with lipstick.
Lipstick to go with Jack.

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Debbie Does Barnes & Noble

The porn-star memoir is gaining steam, even legitimacy, with Jenna Jameson, Traci Lords, and Christy Canyon among those sharing tales of surviving the XXX life.

Our author explores the conventions—deprived childhood, sordid on-set details, drug use, and uplifting finale—of a burgeoning literary genre.

As a cultural explorer and literary sleuth, I am always on lookout for exciting developments in the world of letters—for fresh voices with “something to say.” No fooling, I am. And I believe I have discovered the contours of a new genre of nonfiction, one that has yet to receive its cultural due and perhaps never will: the tawdry porn-star memoir. As pornography’s popularity has mainstreamed out of its once mole-like existence, the porn-star memoir has graduated from cheap paperbacks released by no-name publishers to Judith Regan high-profile schlocktaculars. A genre that should be investigated with an open mind and with a dispenser of antibacterial wipes handy, the porn-star memoir packs the center-stage, spotlight “1” of the confessional memoir, the celebrity memoir, and the recovery memoir into one overnight kit. Each tell-all reflects the personality or absence thereof of the porn star who buckled down to bare the hidden recesses of their “inner me” to a tape recorder.

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claimed features as Ali Boobie and the 40 D’s and Leave It to Cleavage, is a scattergun blast of anecdotes from an earnest goofball who compares a co-star’s vacant eyes to an “aquarium with no fish inside.” In Lights, Camera, Sex!, Christy Canyon, whose résumé includes The Incredible Edible Christy Canyon and On Golden Blonde, reveals herself as a bouncy ding-a-ling who arrives on the scene without much schoolin’. She is mystified upon hearing co-star Traci Lords described as “a chameleon,” wondering, “Wasn’t that a flower?” No, Miss Lords was no flower; she was closer to a rampaging Venus flytrap in her jailbait prime (flashing a fake ID, she started in porn at the age of 15), chewing up platoons of men and spitting out the fish bones. Her self-portrait, Underneath It All, is rendered in blush pastels to convey the wise softening of a “sexual terrorist” who has made peace with her past. Jenna Jameson’s best-seller, How to Make Love Like a Porn Star—a Judith Regan production—is as spangled, inflated, and high-strutting as its star’s show-horse persona. (The book also bears the sweaty paw prints of collaborator Neil Strauss, a former New York Times reviewer who is no doubt culpable for absurdly arty-farty chapter titles such as “A Liquid Prisoner Pent in Walls of Glass” and “The Gentle Closure of My Breast.”) An oral memoir, Legs McNeil and Jennifer Osborne’s The Other Hollywood, also from ReganBooks, presents a choral history of porn, a mosaic of sound bites.

Put them together and a pattern emerges, a basic DNA. Each porn-star memoir is different, but all are constructed with the same building blocks:

- A DEPRIVED CHILDHOOD. Not economically deprived, though growing up poor and being made fun of can contribute to societal shame and a lack of self-worth. No, it’s emotional deprivation that sets the stage for insatiable attention-getting later on, producing the ravenousness for sex, drugs, and fame that rocket-propels show-offs toward early flameout. Although the mothers in porn-star memoirs tend to be ineffectual and derelict, it’s a cold, neglectful, belittling, ne’er-do-well, distant (take your pick) father that appears to be a sure indicator for a career in porn. Jerry Butler’s father was the type who always criticized—pick, pick, pick. Daddy Dearest was blind to Butler’s sensitive emoiting in Roommates, an earlyish porn film that actually had something resembling plot and human psychology—no, “all he did was point out my faults.” Jenna Jameson and her brother had to raise each other after their mother’s death, Dad being too busy working and cutting around: “The problem wasn’t that he didn’t care about me; it was that he didn’t know how to show it.” Christy Canyon—she too had an emotionally AWOL dad. She flops about for the next two decades “searching for a father figure in all of the wrong people…. Any man that crossed my path was fodder for a father figure.” And she found some pretty sorry fodder.

More traumatizing and branding is childhood molestation or rape, violations that blight girls’ self-image and trust in other people (particularly men) through adolescence and beyond. Traci Lords reports being raped at the age of 10 for nude Polards taken by “Tim North” (as if that pseudonym is going to fool anybody), Lords thinks about her father as her breasts are being ogled. “I pictured myself naked and spread-eagled in one of his girlie magazines. Would he love me then?” Jenna Jameson poses spread-eagled as a bold way to get her dad’s attention, aiming to appear in the sort of strokers “my father used to have around the house, like Penthouse or Hustler.” Sounds like a classy dude. Christy Canyon—who draws a vivid cartoon of South, with his cowboy duds and Dippity-do pom-pomader (“He looked like Howdy Doody on a real bad acid trip”)—is more forthright when she tags hostility as the driving force behind her decision to oil up for a soft-core-magazine layout. “This was the ultimate ‘fuck you’ to the parents who cast me aside….” Daddy’s little girl buck naked for the world to jack off to.

- ADOPTION OF A NEW IDENTITY. Once in the business, every porn performer must choose whether to stick with his or her given name or go incognito. John Holmes, he with the log between his legs, bore the indignity of being marketed as “Johnny Wadd.” The savvier performers shun dumb puns and single entendres to adopt showbiz handles that permit them (temporarily, at least) to lead a double life, aliases that offer the psychological escape hatch of being able to tell themselves, “It’s not ‘me’ doing those things on the set, it’s my alter ego, who just happens to share the same body and Social Security number.” In Traci Lord’s case, her porn name incorporated a multiple identity. “I took [Hawaii Five-O star] Jack Lord’s surname. In my mind, his Steve McGarrett was the perfect fantasy father. I added an ‘s’ to Lord because there were three of us: Nora (my birth name), Kristie (my fake ID name), and now Traci (the girl everyone wanted).” Paul Siederman reinvented himself as Jerry Butler in homage to the soul singer whose hit “Only the Strong Survive” he found inspirational. Jenna Massoli adopted Jameson as her last name as a rebel yell. “It was the name of a whiskey, and whiskey was rock and roll. Jenna Jameson, alcoholic, rock and roller. Right on.”

- WAR STORIES FROM THE SET. There’s no apprenticeship in porn. No boot camp for nervous recruits. You’re thrown naked into the gladiator ring to prove your mettle, and three weeks in the business gives you enough experience to accumulate quite a bushel of colorful anecdotes and pungent impressions. Three years as a porn thespian and you’re a regular Gielgud, full of lore. Jerry Butler left a trail of bad feel-
Female performers harbor their own existential dread: the revolting prospect of working with (worse, under) Ron Jeremy. A roly-poly, well-endowed veteran of the porn scene and the subject of the recent documentary Porn Star: The Legend of Ron Jeremy, he is fondly nicknamed “the Hedgehog.” But there are those who fail to see the sexual charm of a human-size hedgehog, her haunted head than Traci Lords, who psychs herself for a lesbian grudge match with Ginger Lynn (whom she loathes as only one porn diva can loathe another) by telling herself, Hey, it still beats having to service a “fleshy hairball” like Ron Jeremy. Later, suffering a combination jet-lag and porn-withdrawal hallucinatory spiral, Lords is pitchforked in her dreams by detachable body parts. “I saw dicks everywhere—dicks and fat faces and, Ron Jeremy eyes. It made me crazy.”

- **HOLLYWOOD-MOVIE-STAR CAMEO APPEARANCES.** Like Andy Warhol’s Factory, the porn industry is a parodic, parasitic, yet homage-paying mimicry of the Hollywood studio system, with its own auteurs. A-list contract players, hype machines, mythomania, etc. The twin kingdoms of Hollywood and the Valley (the San Fernando Valley, where most West Coast porn blossoms) overlap, and fraternization is the result. The late Sammy Davis Jr. was an avid, hands-on porn fan, helping himself to Linda Lovelace and partying with Marilyn Chambers. Nicolas Cage was a familiar face at the strip club where Jenna Jameson worked the pole, his distinct aroma (“kind of like the distilled sweat of homeless people”) arriving before he did. Pauly Shore had an on-and-off relationship with porn princess Savannah, who once declared on the set, “Pauly and I share the same brain,” to which someone quipped, “Well, who’s using it now?” Savannah later committed suicide, shooting herself in the head with a Beretta after a car accident that would have scarred her ice-white face and with it her ability to make a porn living. The aftermath of her death ushers us to the next staple of the porn-star memoir.

- **THE CAUTIONARY TALE UNHEEDED.** The porn scene has a grievous casualty list of stars who met early demise through drugs, depression, or consorting with dealers, gangsters, Vegas vultures, “suitcase pimps” (boyfriends of female porn stars who become their managers, gofers, and hustlers), and other chin-stubbable lowlifes. John Holmes—whose eyewitnessing of a drug-related multiple homicide inspired the movies Boogie Nights and Wonderland—died of AIDS, as have a number of lesser-knowns. Preceding Savannah, Shanna Grant, a creamy export from Minnesota, put a gun to her head. As did Cal Jammer, whose meltdown became the dramatic core of Susan Faludi’s chapter on porn in Stiffed: The Betrayal of the American Man.

It can’t be said these tragedies, despite their immediate shock effect, scared anyone

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**The savvier performers shun dumb puns to adopt showbiz handles.**

endowed or not. He’s never quite mastered even the Neanderthal rudiments of grooming and etiquette, compelling some actresses to apply motivational psychology to get themselves through the ordeal. Making her first porn loop, Ginger Lynn realizes that Jeremy will be her inaugural partner. “I looked at him, and I almost left. Then I thought, ‘You know what? If I can do it with this guy, I can do it with anybody.’” On Christy Canyon’s first shoot, she’s agog at the sight of “the hairiest set of butts I had ever seen.” Hairy-butt-cheeks turns around, and it’s Jeremy, guarding the buffet table against poachers. No one had the specter of His Hairiness lodged deeper in

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FOLLOWS with his memoir by dishing his leading ladies with less than gentlemanly discretion. Aside from the aforementioned empty aquarium, one gal porn fails to keep her personal hygiene in tip-top condition (he compares an intimate part of her to “an unclean birdcage”), and others are bitchy psychos. Paired with Ken-doll porn stalwart Peter North, Christy Canyon learns that there’s one part of his anatomy that’s strictly No Trespassing:

“Can I just tell you one thing Christy,” Deep concern set in his brown eyes. [Punctuation and proofreading are not the book’s strong points.] “It’s really the only thing you have to know about me in a sex scene.”

“Of course you can tell me.” Maybe he was going to tell me that he easily formed a crush on girls that looked like me.

“Do not touch my hair.” . . . He glanced in the mirror. “It takes me a long time to get my hair like this, and if anybody touches it in a sex scene, I lose all of my concentration.”

I didn’t want that on my conscience. “I promise you Peter, I will not touch your hair.”

It is more than vanity that makes Peter North a coif queen. Performance anxiety for professional penises such as North compels them to dial out any distraction that might result in the worst mortification that can befall a porn stud: an inopportune softy. Making a fanciful analogy worthy of a metaphysical poet, Jerry Butler compares erectile dysfunction to bottled-up legislation: “Sometimes your dick becomes like Congress. Even though the President puts a bill in to become law, Congress still has to vote on it. Sometimes your penis stalls on the bill.”

And the porn set is a pitiless forum. It demands that all erections be swiftly enacted. Porn shoots are fast, pressure-cooker, and cheapskate, leaving little time to baby a male performer suffering from what Kingsley Amis called “a crinkler.” Christy Canyon recounts the sad tale of a rookie who gets ratted when the director barks at him like a drill sergeant: under the cruel hot lights, he—wits. “Johnny tried to cover up his privates with a hand. A finger would have done the trick.” Christy administers to him as best she can, but as his shrinkage worsens, her solicitude curdles into disgust. “Suddenly I was sick of this overgrown Baby-Huey.” Ditto the director, who films the rest of the scene soft-core and pays Johnny only half what he was promised, telling him he’s lucky to be getting that. Away he slinks, into obscurity, perhaps enlisting in the French Foreign Legion, where men go to forget.
straight in the porn community. Crack pipes continued to be lit. As in rock 'n' roll, where some traditionalists still subscribe to the "live fast, die young, and leave behind a beautiful corpse" philosophy, no one in porn ever really seems to be deterred by someone else's downfall. The burned-out Holmes was written off as a dead man walking long before he finally timbered over. Savannah was so widely detested for her prima-donna antics that pornstars were celebrating—"Ding Dong! The Witch is dead"—even before her last breath left her.

Reading these memoirs and the collective testimonies in *The Other Hollywood*, I'm amazed that the casual toll from drugs and AIDS isn't sky-higher, given the reckless and wanton ingestion on the part of nearly everyone testifying. Alcohol, cocaine, heroin, crack, and crystal meth blaze through porn workers' bodies, burning through nearly every dollar they make. As Jerry Butler, who inhaled most of his porn proceeds, perceptively notes, "When you make a dirty dollar, you spend it fast." Drugs damage their immune system and bipolarize their moods, spiking the highs higher and the lows lower. Unlike in the music biz, the rationale can't be flown that drugs spur creativity and fling open the doors of perception into lighting dimensions. No, the purpose of high-powered drugs for most porn performers is to numb themselves, enabling them to burrly fast-forward through the punishment they're putting their bodies through so that their minds can't catch up with the consequences until much later, assuming they live that long.

Most do. It is a testament to human resilience that most porn performers manage to conserve enough flickering filaments of self-preservation to pull out of the kamikaze dive before fatal impact, kick their drug jones, and level off to re-enter civilian life, mend broken bonds, and end their memoirs on an uplifting church chord. The fade-out chapter of the typical porn-star memoir is the rosy glow of . . .

* Tender Mercies and Reconciliation.

This is the most life-affirming part of the porn memoir and the most reliably boring, since cracking up one's life always makes for more eventful narrative than patching the pieces back together and reciting the valuable lessons one has learned. The wild child, tamed and somewhat chastened, returns to the fold, discovers cozy domesticity, and that's the cue for a round of tearful hugs. Jenna Jameson reconciles with her pop and with her estranged brother, whom she had blackballed from her life for stealing her meth. Christy Canyon, whose career disgusted her parents, finally makes peace with dear old horny dad, reaching out to him as he lies in a medicated haze in a hospital bed. In return, he asks if she knows porn star Nina Hartley. Yes, she's nice, Canyon says. "She has the nicest hind quarters I've ever seen," muses Dad before dropping off again into snoring dreamland. Father-daughter chats are different in porn.

To illustrate that a porn career needn't preclude storybook romance and monogamy, Jameson's, Canyon's, and Lord's memoirs feature photos of the subjects snuggling with their wonderful lambie-pie husbands. Leave it to Jerry Butler to pee on the parade. At the end of *Rare Talent*, he serenades his wife with sweet words and kisses the porn business good-bye to dedicate himself to being a good family man. But in the revised edition, a few pages later, he sheepishly confesses, "I'm back in porno." It's an addiction he can't kick, and he has no illusions about the roadkill the addiction leaves in its wake: "You see underpaid, overworked girls who are doing anal, and a lot of them are be-

Each porn-star memoir is different, but all are constructed with the same building blocks.

ing coerced into it—nobody's actually being pistol whipped—people pistol whip themselves [his italics]—they are victims of their own carelessness, and self-aggression, and excuses."

In a different sense, though, women are being pistol-whipped in porn, smacked senseless. Mistreated worse than they were when Butler was writing. In terms of production techniques, two years mark key infection points in porn. The first was 1982, when X-rated producers abandoned celluloid for videotape. The other pivotal year was 1998, when Viagra was introduced. Perceived anxiety, begone!—as porn males were able to mount and wield what's known in the trade as "Redi-Wood." True, it drains porn studs of animation (the telltale signs of a Viagra clone being, according to a 2001 article in the *Los Angeles Times*, a flushed face and a glazed expression), but they're not hired to sparkle. The job they hired on to do doesn't require subtlety, and Viagra converts their business end into a blunt object. The psychological relief and staying power afforded porn men by Viagra has resulted in a grueling strain on porn women, whose bodies are pounded by battering rams in scenes that can drag on for years—Couple this with anal sex's no longer being a specialty in a porn career (as it was during the 70s) but the marauding norm, and the wear and tear on the body amounts to consensual rape. Porn actresses are getting more routinely roughed up than ever on-camera. Even oral sex has become invasive. One of the stronger trends in porn is the choking gagging throat-jamming of the actresses by these Viagra sluggers, and "money shots" culminating in semen swallowing, sometimes from multiple donors. The porn actress as sink drain. Or spittoon.

This isn't to propose that porn be criminalized and put to the crusader's sword, only that it not be sentimentalized and glamorized, lionized as an exalted ski jump into diamond riches and personal empowerment. There are lots of other professions, vocations, and avenues for self-expression that don't entail having your butt pounding like Oma-aha Beach by relative strangers. I suspect the reason *The Other Hollywood* didn't enjoy the strong sales and critical hoo-aha of *How to Make Love Like a Porn Star* is that it chipped away the silver finish and showed the layers of grime and mobster influence in the industry, the cruddy accretion. You finish the book in need of a Karen Silkwood power shower. But precisely because Jameson's book made the bigger noise, it has established the template for porn-star exposés queuing for takeoff. Porn star Sunset Thomas just announced the forthcoming publication of her life story, in which, according to her online press release, "she welcomes the reader behind the scenes of her most notorious adult films and into the alternately seedy and posh gentlemen's clubs where she headlines." (The poses one serve free peanuts.) "She is unshy in her account of the industry's harsh realities, but takes personal responsibility for all of her decisions, and traces her progress from naïve co-dependent to mother and, finally, to savvy business woman in full control of her destiny." Yeah, right. Well, at least she's got a catchy title for the book, one that could serve as a bumper sticker for the entire genre and as the proud emblem for our Paris Hiltonized celebrity culture: *American Whore*. □

SEPTEMBER 2005

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Did Someone Say Safra?

Some cases just don’t get cold, and the mysterious death of billionaire Edmond Safra is one. In France, a true-crime book challenges the official verdict, while the London publishers of a new novel called *Empress Bianca*, by Lady Colin Campbell, have pulped it, after threats from Safra’s widow, Lily.

Some crime stories simply refuse to die, even after a trial and a guilty verdict. So it is with the gruesome death of Edmond Safra, the billionaire banker, who was asphyxiated, along with one of his nurses, Vivian Torrente, in a fire in his Monte Carlo penthouse in December 1999. The case made international headlines then and again in 2002, during the trial in Monte Carlo of Ted Maher, Safra’s American male nurse, who was found guilty of setting the fire that caused the two deaths, and who was sentenced to 10 years in prison. I covered the trial for this magazine. After that, people stopped talking about the Safra affair. It became old news. But suddenly it is being called to mind again with the publication of two books, a novel and a collection of articles about crimes on the Riviera, which I’ll come to shortly.

In 2003, in a bizarre episode that never rang true to me, Maher and Luigi Ciardelli, his Italian cellmate in the Monaco prison, sawed through the metal bars on their window, lowered themselves down the outer walls, and escaped. Ciardelli, who had had nothing to do with the Safra case, took off for San Remo, Italy, and Maher headed for Nice. Maher was caught almost immediately, after making a call to his estranged wife, Heidi Maher, in New York State, and asking for her credit-card number. Heidi immediately notified CBS, which was doing a 48 Hours special on the Safra case, and CBS called the segment producer, who happened to be in Monte Carlo, staying at the Hôtel de Paris. Although hours had elapsed since the breakout, the prison was totally unaware of the daring escape of two prisoners—one of them serving time for causing the death of a renowned international banker—until a call came in from an Anglican priest who had been informed of the escape by Maher’s sister. I have always had difficulty imagining how two men could saw through metal bars and go down the walls of a prison without being detected or at least missed. The director of the prison was subsequently suspended. As for Maher, since he was caught in Nice, he was put in a French prison, but he was eventually returned to Monaco, where he will stand trial once more, for escaping. I plan to attend that trial, which is scheduled to start as soon as Luigi Ciardelli is returned to Monaco from the Italian prison where he is currently being held. In the meantime, he is fighting extradition. The sentence for the escape will be one additional year in jail.

I have been told that a new Ted Maher is emerging, with a whole different frame of mind than he exhibited at the time of his trial. He is no longer the forlorn, slightly mad figure he seemed then, and he has replaced his original Monaco lawyers with a Monegasque criminal attorney named Frank Michel. Michael
When does news end and publicity begin?

The conversation is waiting.
Griffith, the American lawyer who entered the case a year after Safra’s death, remains in charge of Maher’s defense. Griffith informs me that Maher insists there were two assailants in the penthouse the night of the fire—which is what he originally claimed—and he totally repudiates the confession he signed in French, a language he did not speak, as well as his prior assertion that he had inflicted knife wounds on himself that night. According to Griffith, Maher also has things to say, should he be interviewed, about his employment with the Safras. Recently, in his cell, he has been reading one of the books I mentioned above, a novel entitled Empress Bianca, by

Lady Colin Campbell, the author, has written several books about Princess Diana, including The Real Diana, which will be published in the United States this month. Empress Bianca, her first novel, is dedicated to Christina Fanto, the niece of the second of Lily Safra’s four husbands, Freddie Monteverde, an electronics magnate of immense wealth. Monteverde suffered from manic depression, and when he committed suicide under very mysterious circumstances—with two bullets in the chest—he left his widow a fortune estimated at $230 million. Christina Fanto died two years ago. Her mother, Rosita Fanto, was Freddie Monteverde’s sister.

Like many other rich people, Lily Safra has assembled a sort of court around her. This circle of friends are fiercely loyal to her, and they were outraged by Lady Colin Campbell’s book. “The author has just stolen her life story,” said one indignantly. In an interview printed in London’s Sunday Telegraph on July 10, Charlotte Edwards discussed with the author the controversy the book was causing and asked her directly if the character of Bianca was based on Lily Safra. Lady Colin Campbell answered, “I am loath to say if it was or wasn’t. I don’t want to narrow the field by discounting people. . . . It didn’t come out of my imagination. . . . I have no fear of hearing from anybody.”

The article, which drew specific parallels between the real person and the fictional character, promptly got faxed around the so-.
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sifer, the head of Bliss, explained to me that a small press such as Arcadia could not afford a lengthy legal battle. "Our investors want us to settle now, which we'll do." He added, "If Georgie [Lady Colin Campbell] takes it further—sounds like she will—it will be interesting to see who steps into what witness box." It is my understanding that Lady Colin Campbell may actually sue Lily Safra, on the grounds that she is being deprived of her income and foreign sales from the book, which she considers a work of fiction.

At approximately the same time, a friend in Paris called to tell me that, without any previous notice, another book with material about the Safra affair had just been published in France, called 13 Mysterie de la Co"e (13 Mysteries of the Riviera), by journalist Roger-Louis Bianchini, the author of books such as Mafia, Money and Politics. One section deals at length with the irregularities and inconsistencies in the Edmond Safra case.

For example, Safra was known for being obsessed with his personal safety, and his chief of security, Samuel Cohen, known as Schmulik, a former Mossad agent Safra paid $1,000 a day, led an elite team of 25 guards, who were billeted at La Leopolda, the Safras' magnificent estate, located 20 minutes outside Monte Carlo. One of the most puzzling aspects of the case is that not a single guard was on duty at the penthouse on the night of Safra's death. "Madame didn't want me to tend to the security of this apartment in Monaco," Cohen is quoted as saying. When Cohen finally arrived at La Leopolda that night with the keys to the Safra apartment, the Monaco police commissioner barred him from entering the apartment and handcuffed him—when he still could have perhaps saved Safra. The commissioner, Bianchini reports, was subsequently transferred out of the Monaco force because of his alleged links to the Russian Mafia.

Bianchini also says that the sophisticated alarm system, designed to detect any intruders in the Safra apartment, had not been working for two weeks. The security cameras in the building were working on the night of the fire, but when the police sat down to study them, they found that the videotapes had been erased. In addition, the fire that Ted Maher started in a wastebasket—which he did, he later claimed, to create a situation in which he could emerge as his employer's savior—turns out not to have been the only fire. Bianchini writes that experts found a second fire, and traces of the very flammable liquid ethanol, in the nurses' station. A few days earlier, a guard had reported signs of another fire and traces of ethanol in the garage of the building—which could very well have been a rehearsal for the real fire. Bianchini concludes, "At this point in my investigation, the elements undermining the official theory according to which Ted Maher acted alone are already impressive. And sufficient to raise the possibility that he was an accomplice in a veritable organization."

Lily Safra's name has been very much in the news of late. Her social triumphs and philanthropic activities have been well reported. She was recently honored at elaborate events at the Pompidou Center, in Paris, at the New York Public Library, and at the Library of Congress. Kevin Chaffee wrote in his society column in The Washington Times that Mrs. Safra was allegedly a third of a composite character named Carla Cole in Jane Stanton Hitchcock's latest novel, One Dangerous Lady, in which I am also a character. An upcoming event of artistic importance will be Lily Safra's sale at Sotheby's on November 3 and 4 of art and antiques collected by her and her husband over a period of 30 years; those objects are expected to fetch $25 million. In virtually every announcement of the auction, it is stated that the late Mr. Safra died in a fire started by his nurse Ted Maher. "Collecting was one of our great loves," Lily Safra is quoted as saying. "Since Edmond's passing, I have devoted much of my time to developing the work of his Philanthropic Foundation. My interests have changed a great deal in consequence. . . . Each one of the pieces was purchased with care and respect. They all had special places in our homes around the world, and I hope their new owners will treasure them as we did."

I'm going to close this diary entry with a word about the passing of a terrific New York lady, Nan Kempner, whom my colleague Bob Colangelo proli"ed so beautifully in the April issue of Vanity Fair. Everyone knew Nan was dying. The very few people who were allowed in to see her in the last weeks passed on the news of her worsening condition. When the end came, on July 3, there was true sorrow in the social ranks of New York and, I'm sure, London, Paris, Rome, Saint-Moritz, Aspen, and the Bahamas. Our mutual friend Nancy Biddle called me early the next morning and said, "Nan died last night." I then called Jill Carter in Beverly Hills to talk about Nan. They had been friends since they were little girls in San Francisco. It was at Jill's house that I met Nan, in 1960. I have pictures of her in my scrapbooks taken back then. Her marriage to the banker Thomas Kempner had its public ups and downs, but they persevered and it endured. Three years ago, they gave one of the great private balls in New York in recent memory to celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary.

A Nanless Manhattan—what is the town to do? And what will the couture business be without her? I'll never sit in the back room of Swifty's again without thinking of Nan. It was her favorite restaurant, and she always had the same table. The unexpected part of this
day was that she was so damned nice. You'd think that someone that glittering would be cold or acerbic, but Nan never was.
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ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROVE

The revelation that Karl Rove was \textit{Time}'s “double super secret” source for the outing of C.I.A. operative Valerie Plame started the unfolding of a much bigger story: what the White House did to sell the Iraq war. And the greatest irony of Rovegate?

That the press was part of the cover-up

There was, all of a sudden, a sense of ... quiet.
Possibly awe.
Possibly panic.

Days after it was out, after it was everywhere—my 17-year-old daughter was haughtily criticizing me for not knowing Rove was the culprit (I said, “I knew, I knew, really, I knew”)—\textit{The New York Times} was still silent on the matter.

At the White House, it took the better part of a week from the initial reports that \textit{Time} reporter Matt Cooper had indeed spoken to Karl Rove for the press corps to question Scott McClellan, the president’s spokesman, with any insistence—\textit{but, but ... Scott ..., you said ... the president said ...}

The sheer fabulousness of it seemed to give everybody pause. News professionals often have to be hit over the head relentlessly with one of the biggest stories of their careers to understand it’s actually one of the biggest stories of their careers. Nobody believed that the president’s right-hand man, his brain, his Haldeman and Ehrlichman rolled into one, his id and superego, would leave his fingerprints ... everywhere.

But Rove did it—he did what he said he didn’t do, what the president said he’d fire Rove or anyone else in his administration for doing. Pissed off about former ambassador Joseph Wilson’s criticism of the Bush line on weapons of mass destruction and its rationale for war, Rove whispered to reporters about Wilson’s wife, C.I.A. operative Valerie Plame. He did the deed that has stuck to the Bush administration however much it has tried to casually brush it off (McClellan: “I said it’s totally ridiculous”). It isn’t, obviously, that everybody didn’t pretty much assume Rove had a hand here—but everybody was hip enough to know that you wouldn’t ever, ever in a million years, tie him to it. Not Karl.

So a day passed, then two, then three, then four—this was a story that, in full view, the media just ignored—before it started to dawn on everyone that the president’s president might be cooked. Indeed, that the president was probably going to have to fire his brain’s ass, or stonewall long and hard.

That the curse of the second term had
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Nobody believed that Rove, the president’s right-hand man, his Haldeman and Ehrlichman, would leave his fingerprints everywhere.

Daniel Ellsberg, who leaked the Pentagon Papers more than 30 years ago (Colson had his operatives break into Ellsberg’s psychiatrist’s office). But Rich doesn’t continue the parallel: the Times would not have been able to print the true story about the hounding of Ellsberg because its source would have been Colson himself. With Colson as the source, the Times might not even have printed the Pentagon Papers; rather, the Times might have just written a Colson-sourced story about a guy with psychiatric problems stealing a mother lode of top-secret information.

You always want to tell the story instead of having the story told about you. Valerie Plame’s husband, Joseph Wilson, was trying to tell a story—that the administration was making a nonsense case about Saddam buying uranium in Africa. So Karl Rove told a get-even story about Joseph Wilson.

If you are the narrator (no matter how unreliable), you are in control. And better yet, if you are the secret narrator, or even better, a “double super secret” narrator, the status Matt Cooper accorded Rove, you get extra-special control. Because nobody can tell that you told. People will even go to jail to make sure you don’t go to jail. Cool.

There exists the possibility that all of the journalists here, each of them literal-minded in the way that reporters so often are, could not untangle the ironies. Possibly none of them quite thought it through that this source, precisely by being the source, became the biggest story going.

They all seemed to have just thought that a source is a source. And a source is a source who, unrevealed, will continue to be a source. And if the biggest source in town is my source, that makes me the biggest-swinging-dick reporter in town. And, ipso facto, if my source is outed and goes to jail, then I’m no longer the reporter with the biggest source and dick in town. But if I protect my source, as I’ve sworn to do, he’ll owe me big, and I’ll have an even bigger dick.

It may be, too, that Karl Rove, among the greatest media minds of a generation, anticipated all this self-dealing. That the real story here, the real black-bag operation, is that Karl Rove understands exactly how the media will act—in its own interest; even going to jail in its own interest—and he’s therefore able to get the media to do more or less what he wants it to do.

So, possibly, this begins to explain something of the remarkable five years of relative accommodation and largely peaceful coexistence between the media and the Bush administration: Karl Rove has been everybody’s source. Smart, beguiling, as penultimate a source as you could ever have in Washington. You’ve nailed the story if you’ve got Karl.

It is worthwhile in the deconstruction of who is actually at fault, of whose principles and moral values trump, to point out the extent to which virtually everyone in this story, and not just Rove, is full of baloney.

There is Time’s Matt Cooper, a very decent fellow of my acquaintance (married, it is impossible in the ironies department not to note, to Mandy Grumwald, whose father, Henry, ran Time magazine, where Cooper works, in an era when the government was not so sharp when it came to the media, and who, herself, is a very sharp media political consultant who has advised both Clintons, and who has, it is likely, done some leaking herself), marching with seeming stoicism to his protect-my-source jail cell. But who, beyond ritual denial, seemed awfully relieved when his bosses took it upon themselves to release his notes and name his source (perhaps he felt a little guilty about his secret). And then, when that didn’t get him excused, he announced a breathless last-minute release from his source, which turned out to be, according to Robert D. Luskin, Rove’s lawyer, nothing but a reconfirmation of the
The source now wasn’t a disgruntled bureaucrat. This source wasn’t unhappy with the government. This source was the government.

And then Judy Miller, and her curious case as the only party (so far) in jail. She was famously full of baloney about the W.M.D.—in fact, she retailed the Bush administration’s baloney. On the other hand, do did almost everybody else. As it happens, she seems in fact not to have eaten the Wilson-Plame-story baloney. She reported it, but didn’t write it. But then, how would the prosecutor have known about her unwritten story? Hmmm . . .

What do special prosecutors do all day? Aren’t they on a budget? What kind of hours do they keep? How long do they take for lunch? Beyond the self-aggrandizing baloney, how come this couldn’t have been wrapped up in, say, a few months?

Everybody’s working his side of the street.

And Rove. How did he think he’d get away with it?

Now, I’ve argued recently in these pages that the ability to get away with it is among the highest political skills of the age. And one would certainly be foolish to underestimate the skills of the most successful political professional of the age.

Still. Whether or not he knowingly and intentionally put the shit into Valerie Plame, or whether he was just chatting in his usual fashion of gossip and suggestion and innuendo and, by the by, while trying to slash Wilson just happened to cut Plame’s liver out, isn’t really the point. The big problem—as always—is the cover-up.

Once you’re caught in the cover-up, you’re caught with your pants down.

We’ve got Karl’s flat denial. We’ve got the president, however he might now try to equivocate, saying he’ll fire anybody who’s been involved. Now we’ve got Cooper’s e-mail that identifies Rove as a lying dissembler who stood silent while other people needlessly expended effort and money and went to jail. Boom.

Karl must have been thinking that this is America and the courts would never let reporters go to jail for protecting their sources—so he’d be safe.

Or he was thinking this is just basic media management and he’s managed himself and the president and a host of other semi-reprobates out of big-time media trouble before, so, hey.

But the game moves on. It’s not just the Democrats who are out for Rove. Every ambitious Republican would love to get rid of him—nobody wants Rove choosing someone else to be the next Republican nominee.

And the media. The genie is out. The larger story here, the one that will emerge as reliably as the sun, is about who else spoke to Karl. The window is opening on the disinformation and manipulation and media intimidation that went on in the White House. The full Monty is about how these guys sold Iraq—it’ll all come out.

The embarrassment here for Washington journalists is huge—and will get bigger still. It is not just that the White House lied, but that the Washington press corps lined up for these lies.

So here’s my advice to every news organization: give the story to somebody who doesn’t know from the White House (remember, Woodward and Bernstein were off the city desk). After all, it seems responsible to assume that any reporter who’s ever had contact with the White House may have been compromised. We should fairly assume that this White House, which has supposedly been so tight, so secret, so suspicious of the media, has actually been dispensing baloney like crazy under its double-super-secret rules—the more you dish, the more the media sucks up to you, the more you’re in control.

It explains so much.
An empty refrigerator turns into a great excuse.

Fine china and silver make a surprise appearance.

And voilà, Kung Pao chicken becomes Le Kung Pao chicken.
Love of country led Sibel Edmonds to become a translator for the F.B.I. following 9/11. But everything changed when she accused a colleague of covering up illicit activity involving Turkish nationals. Fired after sounding the alarm, she's now fighting for the ideals that made her an American, and threatening some very powerful people.
Star Safety System™ of five standard safety features and an NHTSA 5-star crash-test rating.* Incredible versatility and an available V6. The Highlander lets you pick up where you left off before you had kids. And the Highlander is available featuring Hybrid Synergy Drive®. toyota.com

of Ankara, did most of the talking. Matthew recalls, "He was pretty outspoken, pretty outgoing—about meeting his wife in Turkey, and about his job. He was in weapons procurement." Like Matthew, he was older than his wife, who had been born about a year before Sibel.

According to Sibel, Douglas asked if she and Matthew were involved with the local Turkish community, and whether they were members of two of its organized groups—the American-Turkish Council (A.T.C.) and the Assembly of Turkish American Associations (A.T.A.A.). "He said the A.T.C. was a good organization to belong to," Matthew says. "It could help to ensure that we could retire early and live well, which was just what he and his wife planned to do. I said I was aware of the organization, but I thought you had to be in a relevant business in order to join.

"Then he pointed at Sibel and said, 'All you have to do is tell them who you work for and what you do and you will get in very quickly.'" Matthew could see that his wife was far from comfortable: "She tried to change the conversation to the weather and such-like." But the Dickersons, says Matthew, steered it back to what they called their "network of high-level friends." Some, they said, worked at the Turkish Embassy in Washington. "They said they even went shopping weekly for [one of them] at a Mediterranean market," Matthew says. "They used to take him special Turkish bread."

Before long, the Dickersons left. At the time, Matthew says, he found it "a strange conversation for the first time you meet a couple. Why would someone I'd never met say such things?"

Only Sibel knew just how strange. A large part of her work at the F.B.I. involved listening to the wiretapped conversations of people who were targets of counterintelligence investigations. As she would later tell investigators from the Justice Department's Office of the Inspector General (O.I.G.) and the U.S. Congress, some of those targets were Turkish officials the Dickersons had described as high-level friends. In Sibel's view, the Dickersons had asked the Edmondses to befriend F.B.I. suspects. (In August 2002, Melek Can Dickerson called Sibel's allegations "preposterous, ludicrous and slanderous.")

Sibel also recalled hearing wiretaps indicating that Turkish Embassy targets frequently spoke to staff members at the A.T.C., one of the organizations the Dickersons allegedly wanted her and her husband to join. Sibel later told the O.I.G. she assumed that the A.T.C.'s board—which is chaired by Brent Scowcroft, President George H. W. Bush's national-security adviser—knew nothing of the use to which it was being put. But the wiretaps suggested to her that the Washington office of the A.T.C. was being used as a front for criminal activity.

Sibel and Matthew stood at the window of their oak-paneled hallway and watched the Dickersons leave. Sibel's Sunday had been ruined.

Immediately and in the weeks that followed, Sibel Edmonds tried to persuade her bosses to investigate the Dickersons. There was more to her suspicions than their peculiar Sunday visit. According to documents filed by Edmonds's lawyers, Sibel believed Melek Can Dickerson had leaked information to one or more targets of an F.B.I. investigation, and had tried to prevent Edmonds from listening to wiretaps of F.B.I. targets herself. But instead of carrying out a thorough investigation of her allegations, at the end of March 2002 the F.B.I. fired Edmonds.

Edmonds is not the first avowed national-security whistle-blower to suffer retaliation at the hands of a government bureaucracy that feels threatened or embarrassed. But being fired is one thing. Edmonds has also been prevented from proceeding with her court challenge or even speaking with complete freedom about the case.

On top of the usual prohibition against disclosing classified information, the Bush administration has-smothered her case beneath the all-encompassing blanket of the "state-secrets privilege"—a Draconian and rarely used legal weapon that allows the government, merely by asserting a risk to national security, to prevent the lawsuits Edmonds has filed contesting her treatment from being heard in court at all. According to the Department of Justice, to allow Edmonds her day in court, even at a closed hearing attended only by personnel with full security clearance, "could reasonably be expected to cause serious damage to the foreign policy and national security of the United States."

Using the state-secrets privilege in this fashion is unusual, says Edmonds's attorney Ann Beeson, of the American Civil Liberties Union. "It also begs a question: Just what in the world is the government trying to hide?"

It may be more than another embarrassing security scandal. One counterintelligence official familiar with Edmonds's case has told Vanity Fair that the F.B.I. opened an investigation into covert activity by Turkish nationals in the late 1990s. That inquiry found evidence, mainly via wiretaps, of attempts to corrupt senior American politicians in at least two major cities—Washington and Chicago. Toward the end of 2001, Edmonds was asked to translate some of the thousands of calls that had been recorded by this operation, some dating back to 1997.

Edmonds has given confidential testimony inside a secure Sensitive Compartmented Information Facility on several occasions: to congressional staffs, to investigators from the O.I.G., and to staff from the 9/11 commission. Sources familiar with this testimony say that, in addition to her allegations about the Dickersons, she reported hearing Turkish wiretap targets boast that they had a covert relationship with a very senior politician indeed—Dennis Hastert, Republican congressman from Illinois and Speaker of the House since 1999. The targets reportedly discussed giving Hastert tens of thousands of dollars in surreptitious payments in exchange for political favors and information. "The Dickersons," says one official familiar with the case, "are only the tip of the iceberg."

It's safe to say that Edmonds inherited her fearless obstinacy from her father, Rasin Deniz, who died in 2000. Born in the Tabriz region of northwestern Iran, many of whose natives speak Farsi (Persian), Turkish, and Azerbaijani, he was one of the Middle East's leading reconstructive surgeons, but his forthright liberal and secular opinions brought him into a series of conflicts with the local regimes. One of Sibel's earliest memories is of a search of her family's house in Tehran by members of SAVAK, the Shah's secret police, who were looking for left-wing books. Later, in 1981, came a terrifying evening after the Ayatollah Khomeini's Islamic revolution, when Sibel was 11. She was waiting in the car while her father went into a restaurant for takeout. By the time Deniz returned, his vehicle had been boxed in by government S.U.V.'s, and Sibel was surrounded by black-clad revolutionary
guards, who announced they were taking her to jail because her headscarf was insufficiently modest.

"My father showed his ID and asked them, 'Do you know who I am?,'" Sibel says. "He had been doing pro bono work in the slums of southern Tehran for years, and now it was the height of the Iran-Iraq war. He told them, 'I have treated so many of your brothers. If you take my daughter, next time I have one in my operating room who needs an amputation at the wrist, I will cut his arm off at the shoulder. They let me go.'"

It was time to get out. As soon as he could, Deniz abandoned his property and his post as head of the burn center at one of Tehran's most prestigious hospitals, and the family fled to Turkey.

When Sibel was 17, she wrote a paper for a high-school competition. Her chosen subject was Turkey's censorship laws, and why it was wrong to ban books and jail dissenting writers. Her principal was outraged, she says, and asked her father to get her to write something else. Deniz refused, but the incident caused a family crisis. "My uncle was mayor of Istanbul, and suddenly my essay was being discussed at an emergency meeting of the whole Deniz tribe. My dad was the only one who supported what I'd done. That was the last straw for me. I decided to take a break and go to the United States. I came here and fell in love with a lot of things—freedom. Now I wonder: was it just an illusion?"

Sibel enrolled at a college in Maryland, where she studied English and hotel management; later, she received bachelor's degrees at George Washington University in criminal justice and psychology, and worked with juvenile offenders. In 1992, at age 22, she had married Matthew Edmonds, a divorced retail-technology consultant who had lived in Virginia all his life.

For a long time, they lived an idyllic, carefree life. They bought their house in Alexandria, and Sibel transformed it into an airy, spacious haven, with marble floors, a library, and breathtaking views across the Potomac River to Washington. Matthew had always wanted to visit Russia, and at Sibel's suggestion they spent three months in St. Petersburg, working with a children's hospital charity run by the cellist Mstislav Rostropovich. Sibel's family visited America often, and she and Matthew spent their summers at a cottage they had bought in Bodrum, Turkey, on the Aegean coast.

"People said we wouldn't last two years," Sibel says. "And here we still are, nearly 13 years on. A lot of people who go through the kind of experiences I've had find they put a huge strain on their marriage. Matthew is my rock. I couldn't have done it without him."

In 1978, when Sibel was eight and the Islamists' violent prelude to the Iranian revolution was just beginning, a bomb went off in a movie theater next to her elementary school. "I can remember sitting in a car, seeing the rescuers pulling charred bodies out of the fire. Then, on September 11, to see this thing happening here, across the ocean—it brought it all back. They put out a call for translators, and I thought, Maybe I can help stop this from happening again."

He translation department Edmonds joined was housed in a huge, L-shaped room in the F.B.I.'s Washington field office. Some 200 to 300 translators sat in this vast, open space, listening with headphones to digitally recorded wiretaps. The job carried heavy responsibilities. "You are the front line," Edmonds says. "You are the filter for every piece of intelligence which comes in foreign languages. It's down to you to decide what's important—pertinent—as the F.B.I. calls it—and what's not. You decide what requires verbatim translation, what can be summarized, and what should be marked 'not pertinent' and left alone. By the time this material reaches the agents and analysts, you've already decided what they're going to get. To get this right requires a broad background of cultural and political knowledge: 'If you're simply a linguist, you won't be able to discern these differences.'"

She was surprised to discover that until her arrival the F.B.I. had employed no Turkish-language specialists at all. In early October she was joined by a second Turkish translator, who had been hired despite his having failed language-proficiency tests.

Several weeks later, a third Turkish speaker joined the department: Melek Can Dickerson. In her application for the job, she wrote that she had not previously worked in America. In fact, however, she had spent two years as an intern at an organization that figured in many of the wiretaps—the American-Turkish Council.

Much later, after Edmonds was fired, the F.B.I. gave briefings to the House and Senate. One source who was present says bureau officials admitted that Dickerson had concealed her history with the A.T.C., not only in writing but also when interviewed as part of her background security check. In addition, the officials conceded that Dickerson began a friendship at the A.T.C. with one of the F.B.I.'s targets. "They confirmed that when she got to the bureau she was supposed to be listening to his calls," says one congressional source. "To me, that was like asking a friend of a mobster to listen to him ordering hits. She
might have an allegiance problem. But they seemed not to get it, ... They blew off their friendship as 'just a social thing.' They told us, 'They had been colleagues at work, after all.'

Sho rightly after the house visit from the Dickersons, Sibel conveyed her version of the event to her supervisor, Mike Feghali—first orally and then in writing. The "supervisory language specialist" responsible for linguists working in several Middle Eastern languages, Feghali is a Lebanese-American who had previously been an F.B.I. Arabic translator for many years. Edmonds says he told her not to worry. Toward the end of December, Edmonds was absorbed in a translation when Dickerson approached her desk. She swiftly got to the point.

To monitor every call on every line at a large institution such as the Turkish Embassy in Washington would not be feasible. Inevitably, the F.B.I. listens more carefully to the phones used by its targets, such as the Dickersons' purported friend. In the past, the assignment of lines to each translator had always been random: Edmonds might have found herself listening to a potentially significant conversation by a counter-intelligence target one minute and an innocuous discussion about some diplomatic party the next. Now, however, according to Edmonds, Dickerson suggested changing this system, so that each Turkish speaker would be permanently responsible for certain lines. She produced a list of names and numbers, together with her proposals for dividing them up. As Edmonds would later tell her F.B.I. bosses and congressional investigators, Dickerson had assigned the American-Turkish Council and three other "high-value" diplomatic targets, including her friend, to herself.

Edmonds found this arrangement very questionable. But she says that Dickerson spent a large part of that afternoon talking with Feghali inside his office. The next day he announced in an e-mail that he had decided to assign the Turkish wiretaps on exactly the basis recommended by Dickerson.

Like all the translators, Edmonds was effectively working with two, parallel lines of management: Feghali and the senior translation-department bosses above him, on the one hand, and, on the other, the investigators and agents who actually used the material she translated. Early in the new year, 2002, Edmonds says, she discovered that Dennis Saccher, the F.B.I.'s special agent in charge of Turkish counterintelligence, had developed his own, quite separate concerns about Dickerson.

On the morning of January 14, Sibel says, Saccher asked Edmonds into his cramped cubicle on the fifth floor. 'On his desk were printouts from the F.B.I. language department database. They showed that on numerous occasions Dickerson had marked calls involving her friend and other counterintelligence targets as "not pertinent," or had submitted only brief summaries stating that they contained nothing of interest. Some of these calls had a duration of more than 15 minutes. Saccher asked Edmonds why she was no longer working on these targets' conversations. She explained the new division of labor, and went on to tell him about the Dickersons' visit the previous month. Saccher was appalled, Edmonds says, telling her, "It sounds like espionage to me." Saccher asked Edmonds and a colleague, Kevin Taskasen, to go back into the F.B.I.'s digital wiretap archive and listen to some of the calls that Dickerson had marked "not pertinent," and to re-translate as many as they could. Saccher suggested that they all meet with Feghali in a conference room on Friday, February 1. First, however, Edmonds and Taskasen should go to Saccher's office for a short pre-meeting—to review their findings and to discuss how to handle Feghali.

Edmonds had time to listen to numerous calls before the Friday meeting, and some of them sounded important. According to her later secure testimony, in one conversation, recorded shortly after Dickerson reserved the targets' calls for herself, a Turkish official spoke directly to a U.S. State Department staffer. They agreed that the State Department staff would send a representative at an appointed time to the American-Turkish Council office, at 1111 14th Street NW, where he would be given $7,000 in cash. "She told us she'd heard mention of exchanges of information, dead drops—that kind of thing," a congressional source says. "It was mostly money in exchange for secrets." (A spokesperson for the A.T.C. denies that the organization has ever been involved in espionage or illegal payments. And a spokesperson for the Assembly of Turkish American Associations said that to suggest the group was involved with espionage or illegal payments is "ridiculous.")

Another call allegedly discussed a payment to a Pentagon official, who seemed to be involved in weapons-procurement negotiations. Yet another implied that Turkish groups had been installing doctoral students at U.S. research institutions in order to acquire information about black-market nuclear weapons. In fact, much of what Edmonds reportedly heard seemed to concern not state espionage but criminal activity. There was talk, she told investigators, of laundering the profits of large-scale drug deals and of selling classified military technologies to the highest bidder.

Before entering the F.B.I. building for their Friday meeting with Saccher, Edmonds and Taskasen stood for a while on the sidewalk, smoking cigarettes. "Afterwards, we went directly to Saccher's office," Edmonds says. "We talked for a little while, and he said he'd see us downstairs for the meeting with Feghali a few minutes later, at nine A.M." They were barely out of the elevator when Feghali intercepted them. He didn't know they had just come from Saccher's office.

"Come on, we're going to start the meeting," he said. "By the way, Dennis Saccher can't be there. He's been sent out somewhere into the field." Later, Edmonds says, she called Saccher on the internal phone.

"Why the hell did you cancel?" she asked. Bewildered, he told her that immediately after she and Taskasen had left his office Feghali phoned him, saying that the conference room was already in use, and that the meeting would have to be postponed.

Edmonds says Saccher also told her that he had been ordered not to touch the case by his own superiors, who called it a "can of worms." Despite his role as special agent in charge of Turkish counterintelligence, he had even been forbidden to obtain copies of her translations. Saccher had two small children and a settled life in Washington. If he dared to complain, Edmonds says, he risked being assigned "to some fucked-up office in the land of tornadoes."

Instead, Edmonds was ushered into the windowless office of Feghali's colleague, translation-department supervisor Stephanie Bryan. Investigating possible espionage was not a task for which Bryan had been trained or equipped.

Bryan heard Edmonds out and told her to set down her allegations in a confidential memo. Edmonds says that Bryan approved of her writing it at home. Edmonds
Edmonds says that the F.B.I.'s response to her was beginning to shift from indifference to outright retaliation. On February 13, the day after her interview with the bureau security office, three agents came to her home and seized the computer she shared with her husband. "I hadn't had time to back up the data, and I told them that most of my business was on that computer," Matthew Edmonds says.

"An agent called the next morning," Matthew says. "He told me, 'Everything on your computer is destroyed, and we didn't back it up.' They were playing games. When I got the computer back, they had wiped everything. Four days later, I got a CD-ROM with it all backed up." A lifelong conservative Republican, Matthew was being shocked into changing his worldview. "I was so naive. I mean, what do you do if you think your colleague might be a spy? You go to the F.B.I. I thought if Sibel's supervisor wasn't fixing this problem she should go to his superior, and so on up the chain. Someone would eventually fix it. I was never a cynical person. I am now."

While the agents were examining the Edmondses' computer, Mike Feghali was writing a memo for his own managers, stating "there was no basis" for Sibel's allegations. A day earlier, an F.B.I. security officer had interviewed Dickerson. A report issued by the O.I.G. in January 2005 states, "The Security Officer did not challenge the co-worker [Dickerson] with respect to any information the co-worker provided, although that information was not consistent with F.B.I. records. In addition . . . he did not review other crucial F.B.I. records, which would have supported some of Edmonds' allegations." Instead, he treated her claims as "performance issues," and "seemed not to appreciate or investigate the allegation that a co-worker may have been committing espionage."

According to a congressional source, the fact that Edmonds was a mere contract linguist, rather than an agent, made her claims less palatable. "They seemed to be saying, 'We don't need someone like this making trouble,'" the source says. "Yet, to her credit, she really did go up through the chain of command: to her boss, his boss, and so on."

Edmonds reached the top of the language-section management on February 22, when she met with supervisory special agent Tom Frields, a gray-haired veteran who was approaching the end of a long bureau career. At first it seemed he was trying to set her mind at rest: "He told me, 'I just want to assure you that everything is fine, and as far as you're concerned, your work on this matter is done,'" Edmonds
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says. "I told him, 'No, it's not fine. My family is worried about possible threats to their safety in Turkey.' His face went through a transformation. He warned me that these issues were classified at the highest level and must not be disclosed to anyone. He started to interrogate me: Who had I told? He said if it was anyone unauthorized he could have me arrested."

Edmond's meeting with Frieds on the 22nd was probably her last chance to save her job. The inspector general's 2005 report disclosed, "Immediately after the meeting, [Frieds] began to explore whether the F.B.I. had the option to cease using Edmonds as a contract linguist."

Four days later the bureau's contracting unit told him, "If it was determined that [she] was unsuitable, the F.B.I. would have sufficient reason to terminate her contract."

Stymied by Frieds, Edmonds tried to go still higher, and on March 7 she was granted an audience with James Caruso, the F.B.I.'s deputy assistant director for counterterrorism and counter-intelligence. Edmonds says he listened politely for more than an hour but took no notes and asked no questions. Afterward, Matthew picked her up and they drove to the Capital Grille for an early lunch. It was only 11:30 and the restaurant was still empty, but as the Edmondses began to study their menus, they saw two men in suits pull up outside in an F.B.I.-issue S.U.V. They came inside and sat down at the next table.

"They just sat and stared at Sibel," Mathew says. "They took out their cell phones, opened them, and put them on the table. They didn't eat or drink—just sat, staring at Sibel, the whole time we were there." Modified cell phones, Sibel knew, are commonly used by bureau agents as a means of making covert recordings.

That afternoon, Sibel wrote to two official bodies with powers to investigate the F.B.I.—the Justice Department's internal-affairs division, known as the Office of Professional Responsibility, and its independent watchdog, the O.I.G. She went on to send faxes to the Senate Intelligence Committee and Senators Charles Grassley, Republican from Iowa, and Patrick Leahy, Democrat from Vermont, asking were vague and nonspecific: "The Polygraph Unit Chief admitted that questions directly on point could have been asked but were not." Nevertheless, they and for a long time afterward, the F.B.I. "continued to rely on the [Dickerson] polygraph as support for its position that Edmonds' allegations were unfounded."

Dickerson's polygraph test, however unsatisfactory, seems to have sealed Edmonds' fate at the F.B.I. The following afternoon, she was asked to wait in Stephanie Bryan's office. "Feeling saw me sitting there and leaned across the doorway," Edmonds says. "He tapped his watch and said, 'In less than an hour you will be fired. you whore.'" A few minutes later, she was summoned to a meeting with Frieds. They were joined by Bryan and George Stukenbroeker, the chief of personnel security and the man in charge of investigating her case. Edmonds had violated every security rule in the book, Stukenbroeker said. A hulking security guard arrived to help escort her from the building. Edmonds asked if she could return to her desk to retrieve some photos, including shots of her late father of which she had no copies. Bryan refused, saying, "You'll never set foot in the F.B.I. again."

Bryan promised to forward both of whom sit on the Senate Judiciary Committee, to say that she had found evidence of possible national-security breaches.

On March 8, Sibel appeared at a dingy little office in Washington's Chinatown, where she was polygraphed. According to the 2005 inspector general's report, the purpose of this examination was to discover whether she had made unauthorized disclosures of classified information. "She was not deceptive in her answers," the O.I.G. reported.

Dickerson was polygraphed two weeks later, on March 21, and she too was deemed to have passed. But, according to an official cited in the report, the questions she was asked were vague and nonspecific: "The Polygraph Unit Chief admitted that questions directly on point could have been asked but were not." Nevertheless, they and for a long time afterward, the F.B.I. "continued to rely on the [Dickerson] polygraph as support for its position that Edmonds' allegations were unfounded."

Dickerson's polygraph test, however unsatisfactory, seems to have sealed Edmonds' fate at the F.B.I. The following afternoon, she was asked to wait in Stephanie Bryan's office. "Feeling saw me sitting there and leaned across the doorway," Edmonds says. "He tapped his watch and said, 'In less than an hour you will be fired. you whore.'" A few minutes later, she was summoned to a meeting with Frieds. They were joined by Bryan and George Stukenbroeker, the chief of personnel security and the man in charge of investigating her case. Edmonds had violated every security rule in the book, Stukenbroeker said. A hulking security guard arrived to help escort her from the building. Edmonds asked if she could return to her desk to retrieve some photos, including shots of her late father of which she had no copies. Bryan refused, saying, "You'll never set foot in the F.B.I. again."

Bryan promised to forward them, says Edmonds, who never got the photos back. Edmonds looked at Frieds. "You are only making your wrongdoing worse, and my case stronger. I will see you very soon," she told him. According to Edmonds, Frieds replied, "Soon maybe, but it will be in jail. I'll see you in jail."

(Mathew was waiting outside. "I'm not a crybaby," Sibel says. "But as I got into my husband's car that afternoon I was in floods, shaking."

As soon as she had returned home from the February meeting where Dickerson allegedly cautioned her not to endanger her family in Turkey, Sibel called her mother and sister in Istanbul, even though it was the middle of the night there. Sibel...
is the oldest of three sisters. The youngest was studying in America and living with the Edmondses in Alexandria, but the middle sister—whose name Edmonds wishes to protect—was enjoying a successful career at an international travel company based in Istanbul. The 29-year-old was also engaged to be married. Within days of receiving Sibel’s call, she flew with her mother to Washington.

Early in April, Sibel and Matthew were having lunch in their favorite Thai restaurant in Old Town Alexandria—a precious chance, with their house now fully occupied by Sibel’s family, to share a private moment together. “My cell phone rang,” Sibel says. “It was my middle sister. She said something really bad had happened and I must come back at once.”

The sister’s Istanbul neighbor had just phoned, saying that two policemen had knocked on her door, asking for the sister’s whereabouts. They would not disclose the reason, saying only that it was an “intelligence matter.” They also left a document, and submitted a claim for damages for the violation of Edmonds’s constitutional rights. By August he was ready to depose Douglas and Melek Can Dickerson. But before their scheduled deposition, the couple abruptly left the country. Douglas had been assigned to an air-force job in Belgium. Virgil Magee, a U.S. Air Force spokesman in Belgium, confirms that Dickerson remains on active duty in Europe, but refuses to say exactly where.

That fall, Attorney General John Ashcroft tried to wipe out Edmonds’s legal action by invoking the state-secrets privilege. This, derived from English common law, has never been the subject of any congressional vote or statute. Normally, says Ann Beeson of the A.C.L.U, it is used by the government when it wants to resist the legal “discovery” in court of a specific piece of evidence that it fears might harm national security if publicized. But in Edmonds’s case Ashcroft argued that the very subject of her lawsuit was a state secret. To air her claims in front of federal judges would jeopardize national security.

This, Beeson says, had distinct advantages for the F.B.I. and the Department of Justice: it meant they did not have to contest the merits of her claims. Moreover, the substance of the arguments they used to justify this level of secrecy was and is secret itself. The full version of Ashcroft’s declaration invoking the privilege, filed on October 18, 2002, was classified, and in public the case for blocking Edmonds’s action rested on the mere assertion that it would be damaging to proceed. Later, in 2004, the law firm Motley Rice sought to depose her for a pending case on behalf of the families of 9/11 victims. Immediately, Ashcroft asserted the privilege again. Motley Rice submitted a list of questions it wanted to ask Edmonds, almost all of which were prohibited. Among them: “When and where were you born?”, “What languages do you speak?”, and “Where did you go to school?”

Edmonds still wanted to fight, and to challenge Ashcroft in court. But over the next few months, the relationship with her lawyers began to suffer. “Let’s face it, taking on the D.O.J. is no joke, especially in Washington,” Edmonds says.

It was the absolute low point. “I tried to find another firm,” she says, “but as soon as I mentioned the state-secrets privilege, it was like, ‘Turn around, go back, and by the way the clock is running at $450 an hour.’ I must have been turned away by 20 firms.”

The Dickersons, the Justice Department, and the F.B.I. and its relevant personnel declined to comment for this article. In August 2002, Melek Can Dickerson told the Chicago Tribune, “both the F.B.I. and the Department of Justice have conducted separate investigations of [Edmonds’s] claims. … They fired her and, interestingly, they continued my contract.”

Edmonds’s treatment by the F.B.I. seems to fit two baleful patterns: the first is the bureau’s refusal to address potentially disastrous internal-security flaws; the second is a general tendency among national-security agencies to retaliate against whistle-blowers.

Amid the lush greenery of his parents’ garden in Plattsmouth, Nebraska, former F.B.I. senior intelligence-operations specialist John Cole describes how these institutional inclinations combined to destroy his career. Now 44, Cole joined the F.B.I. in 1985. By the late 1990s, he was running undercover operations in the Washington area, focusing on counterterrorism and counter-intelligence. Later, while also playing a key role in the 9/11 investigation, he became the F.B.I.’s national counter-intelligence program manager for India, Afghanistan, and Pakistan.

Early in the fall of 2001, Cole was asked to assess whether a woman who had applied to work as a translator of Urdu, Pakistan’s national language, might pose a risk to security. “The personnel security officer said she thought there was something that didn’t seem right,” Cole says. “I went through the file and it stuck out a mile: she was the daughter of a retired Pakistani general who had been their military attaché in Washington.” He adds that, to his knowledge, “Every single military attaché they’ve ever assigned has been a known intelligence officer.”

After September 11, this association looked especially risky. The Pakistani intelligence service had trained and supported the Taliban in Afghanistan, and still
One Name Apparently Stood Out—A Man the Turkish callers referred to as "Denny Boy." It was House Speaker Dennis Hastert.

Cole is one of about 50 current and former members of the F.B.I., C.I.A., National Security Agency, and other bodies who have made contact recently with Sibel Edmonds. Another is Mike German, one of the bravest and most successful counterterrorism agents in the bureau's history, who penetrated a neo-Nazi gang in Los Angeles and a militia group in Seattle and brought them to justice.

German made his bed of nails in 2002, when he was asked to get involved in an investigation into a suspected cell of Islamist terrorists. "I came down and reviewed the case, and it was a complete mess," he says. "There were violations of F.B.I. policy and violations of the law. As someone who had been through successful terrorism prosecutions, I knew you couldn't afford to make mistakes."

Like Cole, German says he thought himself obliged to report what was going wrong, not to penalize other agents but in the hope of putting it right. "I thought the bureau would do the right thing: that the case would get back on track, and we'd get the opportunity to take action against the bad guys involved." Instead, he says, he faced the familiar litany of escalating retaliation—including an internal investigation of his own work on the terrorism-cell case. "Bear in mind that only a handful of people have ever infiltrated terrorist groups," German says. "You'd think that after 9/11 they might have been interested in that. But word came back to me that I'd never get a counterterrorist case again." He resigned from the bureau in June 2004.

As I talked to whistle-blowers, I had the impression that those treated the worst were among the brightest and best. There could be no clearer example than Russ Tice, an 18-year intelligence veteran who has worked for the Pentagon's Defense Intelligence Agency (D.I.A.) and America's eavesdroppers, the National Security Agency. "I dealt with the super-sensitive stuff," he says. "I obviously can't talk about it, but I had operational roles in both Afghanistan and Iraq."

It was at the D.I.A. in the spring of 2001 that he wrote a report setting down his suspicions about a junior colleague, a Chinese-American who Tice says was living a lavish lifestyle beyond her apparent means. Although she was supposed to be working on a doctorate, he noticed her repeatedly in the office, late at night, reading classified material on an agency computer. "It's not like I obsessed over the issue," Tice says. "I did my job, and then 9/11 happened, and I was a very busy boy."

He moved to the N.S.A. toward the end of 2002. The trigger for his downfall the following April was the arrest of Katrina Leung, the F.B.I. informant accused of spying for China while having an affair with a bureau agent. It prompted Tice to send a classified e-mail to the D.I.A. security section, commenting that the Leung case showed that the F.B.I. was "incompetent."
The implication was that the D.I.A. could prove its competence by fully investigating the junior colleague.

Tice, a big, powerful man with a forthright manner, has to pause to control his emotions when he describes what happened as a consequence. "I was sent for an emergency psychiatric evaluation. I took all the computer tests and passed them with flying colors. But then the shrink says he believes I'm unbalanced. Later he said I'm suffering from 'paranoid ideation.'"

He was examined by an independent psychiatrist, who "found no evidence of mental disorder." But he had already been denied access to secure places at the N.S.A. As a result, this highly commended technical-espionage expert was put to work in the N.S.A.'s motor pool, "wiping snow off cars, vacuuming them," and driving people around. People looked at me like I had bubonic plague." (The D.I.A. did not respond to a request for comment, and an N.S.A. spokesperson said the agency does not discuss personnel matters.)

After about eight months of this purgatory, apparently an attempt to persuade him to resign, he was placed on "administrative leave." Like other whistle-blowers, he tried and failed to get his agency's leadership to redress his treatment. In August 2004, Tice wrote letters to members of the House and Senate. Six days later, the N.S.A. began the formal process which would lead to his getting fired, and to having his clearance revoked permanently. "What happened to me was total Stalin-era tactics," he says. "Everyone I know or ever worked with says I'm perfectly sane. Yet I just don't know what to do next. I've been in intelligence all my life, but without a security clearance, I can't practice my trade."
Hastert's campaign funds in small checks. Under Federal Election Commission rules, donations of less than $200 are not required to be itemized in public filings.

Hastert himself was never heard in the

Company amounted to $483,000. In contrast, un-itemed contributions in the same period to the committee run on behalf of the House majority leader, Tom DeLay, Republican of Texas, were only $99,000. An analysis of the filings of four other senior Republicans shows that only one, Clay Shaw, of Florida, declared a higher total in un-itemed donations than Hastert over the same period: $552,000. The other three declared far less. Energy and Commerce Committee chairman Joe Barton, of Texas, claimed $265,000; Armed Services Committee chairman Duncan Hunter, of California, got $212,000; and Ways and Means Committee chairman Bill Thomas, of California, recorded $110,000.

Edmonds reportedly added that the recordings also contained repeated references to Hastert's flip-flop in 2000, over an issue which remains of intense concern to the Turkish government—the continuing campaign to have Congress designate the killings of Armenians in Turkey between 1915 and 1923 a genocide. For many years, attempts had been made to get the House to pass a genocide resolution, but they never got anywhere until August 2000, when Hastert, as Speaker, announced that he would give it his backing and see that it received a full House vote. He had a clear political reason, as analysts noted at the time: a California Republican incumbent, locked in a tight congressional race, was looking to win over his district's large Armenian community. Thanks to Hastert, the resolution, vehemently opposed by the Turks, passed the International Relations Committee by a large majority. Then, on October 19, 19 minutes before the full House vote, Hastert withdrew it.

At the time, he explained his decision by saying that he had received a letter from President Clinton arguing that the genocide resolution, if passed, would harm U.S. interests. Again, the reported content of the Chicago wiretaps may well have been sheer bravado, and there is no evidence that any payment was ever made to Hastert or his campaign. Nevertheless, a senior official at the Turkish Consulate is said to have claimed in one recording that the price for Hastert to withdraw the resolution would have been at least $500,000.

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man withdrew the genocide resolution only because of the approach from Clinton, “and to insinuate anything else just doesn’t make any sense.” He adds that Hastert has no affiliation with the A.T.C. or other groups reportedly mentioned in the wiretaps: “He does not know these organizations.” Hastert “is unaware of Turkish interests making donations,” the spokesman says, and his staff “has not seen any pattern of donors with foreign names.”

For more than two years after Edmonds was fired, the Office of the Inspector General’s inquiry ground on. At last, in July 2004, its report was completed—and promptly labeled classified at the behest of the F.B.I. It took months of further pressure before a redacted, unclassified version was finally issued, in January 2005. It seemed to provide stunning vindication of Edmonds’s credibility.

“Many of Edmonds’ core allegations relating to the co-worker [Melek Can Dickerson] were supported by either documentary evidence or witnesses,” the report said. “We believe that the F.B.I. should have investigated the allegations more thoroughly.”

The F.B.I. had justified firing Edmonds on the grounds that she had a “disruptive effect,” the report went on. However, “this disruption related primarily to Edmonds’ aggressive pursuit of her allegations of misconduct, which the F.B.I. did not believe were supported and which it did not adequately investigate. In fact, as we described throughout our report, many of her allegations had bases in fact,” the report read. “We believe . . . that the F.B.I. did not take them seriously enough, and that her allegations were, in fact, the most significant factor in the F.B.I.’s decision to terminate her services.”

Meanwhile, Edmonds had new lawyers: the A.C.L.U.’s Ann Beeson, who is leading the challenge to the state-secrets privilege, and Mark Zaid, a private attorney who specializes in national-security issues. Zaid has filed a $10 million tort suit, citing the threats to Edmonds’s family, her inability to look after her real-estate and business interests in Turkey, and a series of articles in the Turkish press that have vilified her.

In July 2004, a federal district court had ruled in favor of the government’s use of the state-secrets privilege. Like Ashcroft’s declaration, its opinion contained no specific facts. Next came a bizarre hearing in the D.C. appeals court in April 2005. The room was cleared of reporters while Beeson spoke for 15 minutes. Then Beeson and Edmonds were also expelled to make way for the Department of Justice’s lawyers, who addressed the judges in secret. Two weeks later, the court rejected Edmonds’s appeal, without expanding on the district court’s opinion. At press time, she was set to file a brief with the U.S. Supreme Court. If the court agrees to take the case, the government’s reasons for its actions may finally be forced into the open; legal experts say the Supreme Court has never allowed secret arguments.

A week after the April appeal hearing, Edmonds gathered more than 30 whistle-blowers from the F.B.I., C.I.A., National Security Agency, Department of Homeland Security, and other agencies to brief staffers from the House and Senate. Among the whistle-blowers were Daniel Ellsberg, who leaked the Pentagon Papers to the New York Times in 1971, and Coleen Rowley, the F.B.I. agent from Minneapolis who complained that Washington ignored local agents who in August 2001 had raised concerns about a flight student named Zacarias Moussaoui, who has since admitted to being an al-Qaeda terrorist.

Many of those present had unearthed apparent breaches of national security; many said their careers had been wrecked as a result. At a press conference after the briefings, Congressman Edward Markey, Democrat of Massachusetts, praised Edmonds and her colleagues as “national heroes,” pledging that he would introduce a bill to make it a crime for any agency manager to retaliate against such individuals. Afterward, the whistle-blowers mingled over hors d’oeuvres and explored their common ground and experiences. By July, they were working to formalize their association as a not-for-profit campaign group, the National Security Whistleblowers Coalition. “When they took on Sibel,” says Mike German, who is now the coalition’s congressional liaison, “they made the wrong woman mad.”

“I’m going to keep pushing this as long as I can, but I’m not going to get obsessive,” Edmonds says. “There’s other things I want to do with my life. But the day the Iranians tried to arrest me, my father told me, ‘Sibel, you live your life once. How do you choose to live? According to your principles, or if you’re afraid? I have never forgotten those words’.”

"AS WE DESCRIBED THROUGHOUT OUR REPORT, MANY OF [EDMONDS'S] ALLEGATIONS HAD BASES IN FACT," THE O.I.G. STATED.
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n his 1995 book, The Los Angeles House, photographer Tim Street-Porter makes a trenchant observation about design in the city he has documented for three decades. “The diverse architectural heritage of L.A. has not been influenced by the usual legacy of neoclassical architecture,” he writes. “Its residential design has been shaped by emotional concerns: by romance, by fantasy and a sense of freedom, by the city’s wildly varied topography, and by the arrival of architects,
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primarily from Europe and the East Coasts, who introduced both new movements in architecture and their own personal visions to the region." On the one hand, the city is an urban-planning disaster—a former Eden of orange groves and unspoiled beaches, now a riot of smog-choked freeways and mini-mall sprawl. Frederick Law Olmsted Jr.'s ring of parks, commissioned by the city fathers in the 1920s, was ultimately scrapped, and L.A. entered a sad descent to real-estate-development hell. Ubiquitous housing tracts in the flats. McMansions massed at the foothills. In both environments, mutant Cape Cod homes share cramped quarters with tile-roofed faux haciendas. And on the outskirts, a tangle of In-N-Out Burger signs and golden arches.

But, for all the brutality of the post-WWII development, there was room for major inspiration, driven, in large part, by the greatest architectural minds of the last century, many of whom settled in Southern California, attracted by a rich client base (Hollywood, oil, aerospace), lots of cheap empty land, a great climate (N.B.: no matter what the season, there are almost no bugs), and the challenge of working with a blank slate. In his new book, *Los Angeles* (Rizzoli), out this month, Street-Porter presents a fresh, epic look at the architectural wonders of his adopted city (he moved there from England in 1977): the public buildings and private homes, many of them built by Frank Lloyd Wright, Richard Neutra, Rudolph Schindler, John Lautner, Charles and Ray Eames, Richard Meier, and Frank Gehry (as well as a cast of less famous but no less inspired characters such as John Woolf and Tony Duquette). Gehry, Southern California's reigning resident genius, is perhaps the best case study presented in *Los Angeles*. His 1970s work is utterly off the grid, wild and woolly, out of nowhere. His 80s work, more refined, is still fueled by fantasy; oddly shaped pavilions scattered on a lot for a rich client in Brentwood. The Norton House, in Venice, features a small writing studio in the form of a glass-walled lifeguard tower. And now there is Walt Disney Concert Hall, the best building in the city, not only an architectural triumph but also the epitome of the romance, fantasy, and freedom in design that could exist in only one American place: the city of angles.
The Recruiters’ War

Under increasingly intense pressure to fill their quotas and “make mission,” army and Marine recruiters have been enlisting kids who don’t meet basic physical, moral, and educational standards. Angry at a system that is wrecking lives, families, and the military, 10 recruiters reveal just how corrupted—and in one case deadly—the job has become.

BY MICHAEL BRONNER

Near the western edge of North Carolina, bright-green kudzu vine spills like water down the hillsides of the Great Smoky Mountains. The kudzu seems to close in on the landscape at dusk. That’s when Tim Queen likes to run, 10 to 15 miles at a time on country roads—training ground for the Marine Tim once hoped to become.

He’s a tough kid. He ranks “cliff-jumping off of waterfalls” high among his hobbies. He’s from a tough place: Cherokee County is one of the poorest, most sparsely populated parts of North Carolina, hill country where the descendants of Scotch-Irish settlers still speak with a unique southern brogue that takes some getting used to. (It’s also where Eric Rudolph, the accused serial bomber of two abortion clinics, a lesbian nightclub, and Centennial Olympic Park, in Atlanta, lived off the land—and, some say, the sympathy of the locals—for five years as a fugitive before being caught.)

Tim was raised in a small home on seven acres with a brother and two sisters. His father, John, works on the production line at an auto-parts manufacturer. His mother, Sheilah, works at the local trout-processing plant, Carolina Mountain. Like most families in the area, the Queens are capable people, getting by on very little. They grow a lot of their own food—squash, cucumbers, okra, corn, beans, tomatoes, onions, pumpkins, radishes, and watermelons, all out back of their house.

In the spring of 2000, just out of high school, Tim was working part-time with his mom at the trout plant and taking welding classes at the community college. One morning, two Marine Corps recruiters arrived on campus in their dress blues and set up a
“Out of 75 kids I put in the Marine Corps, 70 of them were fraudulent enlistments.”
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cessful lives in the gray and goes into the black pretty often…. There’s no way to recruit within the rules and be successful.”

A former Marine recruiter from Dallas put it more bluntly: “Everybody frauds contracts. It’s just a matter of coaching that kid to keep his mouth shut. Everybody does it. It doesn’t matter what service. We all did it. They can sit there and tell you they haven’t done it, but they’re full of shit.”

R eports of patterns of unethical recruiting have surfaced in the news lately, coinciding with low enlistment and a decline in public support for the war in Iraq, but underhanded methods pre-date the war, recruiters say. In extensive and progressively more candid interviews over a period of a year, 10 current and former recruiters with some 90 years’ experience among them in the army and the Marine Corps—the two regular forces having the most
duty (as opposed to volunteering) than in previous years, including many veterans of the combat in Iraq. Anger that recruiting is killing their careers, wrecking their home lives, and ultimately undermining the military services they say they dedicated their lives to is the main reason the recruiters gave for speaking out, though most did so on the condition of anonymity (the current recruiters for obvious reasons, and the former to protect their pensions and their colleagues still serving).

The heart of the problem, recruiters say, is the system itself. Like traffic cops, recruiters work on a monthly quota system, and the pressure to produce is intense. This year, the Marine Corps plans to ship just over 39,000 new troops to boot camp (up by about 2,000 from 2004), while the army’s 2005 goal is 80,000 new soldiers (up from 77,000 last year). For the 2,650 Marine recruiters and their 7,500 counterparts in the army, those goals land in their cubicles

The drill instructors wanted to know what was wrong with Tim, and they didn’t ask nicely.

trouble recruiting now because of the war—provided detailed accounts of a long-standing array of unethical and, they said, widely used recruiting practices that violate the Uniform Code of Military Justice and echo the infractions Sergeant Massey described. They provided strikingly similar accounts despite being stationed in five different states. (I also spoke with several of the recruits involved, who confirmed the stories.) The abuses they outlined—from instructing recruits to lie about serious medical conditions to coaching illegal-drug users on how to pass urine tests and even bribing screeners at enlistment processing centers to push unqualified recruits through the system—have become much more frequent as the public has grown increasingly leery of the war in Iraq. Army figures support that. Allegations of recruiting improprieties almost doubled from 2000 to 2004, with some 957 last year.

Yet despite the rise in allegations, the number of army recruiters who have been “involuntarily reassigned” has declined since the war began. Not only can the military not afford to lose recruiters, but more troops are being ordered onto recruiting

like cannonballs. For every Marine recruiter, “making mission” means signing an average 2.5 new recruits a month. In the army, the quota is two a month. That may sound easy enough, but when I suggested as much to a number of recruiters, the depth of their frustration was palpable.

Last March the army announced it missed its monthly recruiting goal for the first time in five years—shipping 27 percent fewer active-duty troops to boot camp than slated in its mission. The slide continued from there, with the army missing its mission for the next four months. “Today’s conditions represent the most challenging conditions we have seen in recruiting in my 33 years in this uniform,” Major General Michael Rochelle, the head of the army’s recruiting command, said in a recent press conference. He evoked combat imagery—“a very, very intense fight”—to convey the urgency of stagning the hemorrhaging of the all-volunteer army.

At press time, the Marine Corps was still shipping enough recruits to boot camp, but admitted that for the first time in 10 years it had failed to sign its quota of new troops to put in the pool from which it draws for boot camp. (In May the Marine Corps stopped making its contracting numbers available to reporters.) The situation is even worse when it comes to weekend warriors. The National Guard and five out of the country’s six military reserve units have reported deficits. The Army Reserve, which missed its mission for five consecutive months earlier this year, is so overextended, wrote the Army Reserve’s chief,
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Morale is in the gutter. Since October 2002 some 30 recruiters have gone AWOL.

“A lot of the kids that want to go just don’t qualify,” said another Marine Corps recruiter, summing up the problem. However, on “Mission Day”—the monthly deadline when quotas come due—there are no excuses. Failure to make mission, recruiters say, can mean a dizzying onslaught of reprimands, threats of demotion, and assorted punitive training assignments (including brutal physical-fitness sessions). Talk to a recruiter from any force for more than five minutes and you’re bound to hear the recruiters’ mantra: “It’s the toughest job in the military short of combat.” In one recent case, an unsuccessful Marine Corps recruiter died on duty in an auto accident his fellow recruiters describe as inseparable from their job’s intense pressure.

“We call it a snowball effect. You know, it starts out small and it gets bigger and bigger.”

“Contacts to Contacts” mapping out the odds for recruiters, and they’re daunting: it takes from 120 to 150 contacts with potential recruits to yield, after a long process of meetings and screenings, one good man or woman who finally “accedes” into the army. A by-the-book recruiter can apply for waivers for applicants with disqualifying factors, but waivers can take a long time to process, so they’re worthless to a recruiter who needs to put up numbers right away. As Sergeant Massey told me, “I didn’t have time to mess around with waivers.”

Lieutenant Colonel Weaver wasn’t familiar with Tim Queen’s medical history, but after hearing a description of what had happened to Tim, he said that covering up medical problems can cause both. “There are lots of cases where kids want to be in the service, and whether they’re encouraged to or they do so on their own, they’re not truthful and attempt to conceal any medical problems,” he said, but added, “In this case, it’s hard for me to imagine.” Nevertheless, a doctor at Meps in Charlotte questioned Tim Queen. Tim swore his oath and got on the bus for basic training at Parris Island.

T he first day of basic training was great, Tim told me. He spent it with other recruits memorizing their general orders. The trouble started the second day, when drill instructors lined them up to issue them machine guns. Tim was given one, but it was taken away a few hours later. Watching him struggle to stand at attention, the drill instructors wanted to know what was wrong with Tim, and they didn’t ask nicely.

“Was the doctor drunk or stoned when he gave you the test?” Tim quoted the drill instructor as wanting to know when Tim explained that he’d passed his physicals at Meps and the brain scan back home. “I told ’em I shouldn’t be having no problem out there, because I’d talked to everyone in the past . . . that I’d told my recruiter and everything, and all the people at Meps. But they told me I didn’t have a choice—they could send me home.”

Despite having spotted Tim Queen’s condition the instant they lined him up, the drill instructors nonetheless accused him of having somehow concealed his medical problems from his recruiters and the doctors at Meps. They informed him that he was to sign papers conceding that he’d defrauded the Marine Corps, accept an “Other than Honorable” discharge, and board the next bus home. Tim
refused. "I told them I didn't lie to the Marine Corps, that the Marine Corps lied to me. That I wasn't fraudulent, they was. And that I wasn't quitting them, they was quitting me. I was angry. I didn't make no bones about it, either."

Tim was confined to the barracks, except for meals. After several days, he shaved off his eyebrows (to scare the guards, he told me) and informed the guards that he was "having dreams." He wrote a letter home to his family on Marine Corps stationery: "Wish I'd listened [to what] you tried to tell me... People here believe me to be insane. One doctor told me my twitching was a result of constant anger... I'm not really [a] fraud... You believe anyone will buy a story like mine? I hope so." He added that he hoped his father was going to church, assuring his mom he had a Bible with him, and instructed his little sister not to watch too much TV.

After 25 days, the Marine Corps gave Tim Queen $100 and an "Other than Honorable" discharge, and put him on a bus home.

"I was 80 percent sure this was the way it was going to turn out," Tim's father, John, told me over coffee recently. Humiliated, Tim refused to leave the house for several weeks after he got home, John said, except at night, when he'd sneak out and run. "He'd run from Peachtree to Haysville and back," the father said, describing a route 20 miles long. "Timmy feels like he's let the town of Andrews down."

Tim Queen's case, and Taylor subsequently addressed a stern letter to the Pentagon: "I am calling on the Marine Corps to take a serious look at the possibility of recruiter misconduct in this case. It seems to me that this is a much more likely possibility than that an unsophisticated teenager with two easily noticeable medical conditions [his twitch and stutter] would engage in deceptive practices in an effort to lie his way into the Marine Corps." Taylor "strongly" recommended that the Marine Corps give Tim Queen a formal apology, pay him for his month of service, and adjust his discharge status from "Other than Honorable" to "Uncharacterized." The Marine Corps did none of the above, though it did launch an investigation into Tim Queen's recruitment.

Back in Asheville, Sergeant Massey told me, my gunnery sergeant, having been made aware of the investigation, sent him back to Andrews on a mission: not to apologize to the Queen family, but rather to try to recruit Tim's younger brother, Jason. "Takes some pretty big huevos, huh?" Massey said when he recounted the story. Did they really think the brother would join after what happened to Tim, I asked him. "No. It was just to fuck with the Queens."

The Marine Corps declined to discuss any specific allegations of recruiter misconduct, but responded in writing to questions I submitted. "Our screening and enlistment process is composed of many checks and balances in order to ensure we accept only the most qualified applicants," wrote Major David Griesmer, a public-affairs officer. "If any fraud or discrepancies are noted at any point during the processing period, the issue is traced back to the recruiter who enlisted the individual."

Sergeant Massey's former boss, Tim Dalhouse, now a master sergeant and no longer on recruiting duty, said he did not remember the specifics of Tim Queen's case and told me he was never questioned in the investigation. Dalhouse insisted that neither he nor Jimmy Massey did anything wrong in recruiting Tim Queen. "I'm trained as an aircraft mechanic. How would I know if a kid has a medical problem?" Dalhouse said. "We're like trained monkeys. We ask the questions and let the doctors make the determination, so I'm absolutely opposed to you holding a recruiter ac-

"People don't want to join. We put recruiters on the street and ask them to do the impossible."

He feels he let the family down. I mean, he won't tell you that, but really he does. I think it's still part of his everyday life. I think he thinks about it every day." (Tim now works with his father on the line at the auto-parts plant.)

Andrews, North Carolina, is a small town, and word about what happened to Tim spread through the community. "I'm slow to anger, but I was very upset," the Cherokee County sheriff, Keith Lovin, told me, lowering his boots from his desk, suddenly intense. He's known Tim Queen from church since Tim was a kid. "I mean, Tim cannot stand still," Sheriff Lovin said, incredulous to this day. "If they're missing things like this, what other kinds of emotional or psychological things are they missing? Kind of makes you wonder who's got the gun, don't it?"

Sheriff Lovin contacted his congressman, Charles Taylor, about
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I t was a rainy Sunday in the rural Southeast. I'd arranged to meet a highly decorated army recruiter currently serving in a town of 10,000 about two hours from the nearest city. It's a depressed area, with a third of the town's stores boarded up. The local recruiting offices sit side by side in a 50s red-brick ranch-style strip mall. Sergeant First Class Peters was waiting for me in the parking lot, smoking. He's been in the army more than 20 years and is a winner of both the Army Recruiter Ring and the Glen E. Morrell Award, the highest honors in army recruiting. These days, though, he said he's disgusted—with his job, with his chain of command, and with himself. "Peters" is not the sergeant's real name, and this was not an authorized visit.

"The one thing I like about this job is actually sitting down and showing somebody that, 'Look, I know you're living in the slums, and I can show you a way out,'" he said when we sat down inside his office. "I can show you a way to better your future, teach you a job, and give you something to hold on to," he continued, as if talking to a potential recruit. "That white picket fence and that home you've always wanted is there. All you have to do is pick your ass up and come in here and talk to me." He looked haggard. These days, hardly anyone is coming in to talk to Sergeant Peters. For the first time in his career, he's missing his quota month after month.

Most army recruiting stations have a poster on which pictures of the recruits for the current year are affixed. It's called "the future-soldiers board." In Sergeant Peters's station, it's on the wall behind his desk, and on this day it was looking bleak. There were only 11 new recruits on the board. He swiveled around and started tapping photographs with his index finger. "Yes. Yes. No. . . Yes. Yes. . . No," and on. He was pointing out which new recruits went into the army despite having "pissed hot" for drugs. It's 7 of 11.

"There's a lot of illegal-drug use in this area," he explained. Methylamphetamines and marijuana are the ones he sees the most.


R ecruits from all the armed forces are given an official drug test at MEPS before they ship to boot camp. If they "piss hot" at MEPS they are disqualified from the military for 45 days to a year, depending on the drug, and then have to retest to get in. If anyone in the army gives recruiters home urine-test kits so they can test recruits who are clean before sending them to MEPS, the recruiter's job is Peters's, and doesn't mean they're not using drugs, only now they've stopped using them long enough to get through the drug test at MEPS.

"We'll give them a urine-analysis test just prior to getting in the car and driving down to MEPS," Peters said. If they test positive he tells them: "Dude, you're hot. Go over there and get you some of this and clean yourself up" before trying another day. (By "this" he means herbal detox products sold in health-food stores, though he claims drinking a gallon of water a day works just as well.)

"Does it happen? Every day. Every single day. Especially here. There's a case of marijuana or meth use in this office every day." Drugs aren't Sergeant Peters's only hindrance. Recruits for all the armed forces have to fill out an elaborate medical history at MEPS when they first join. A list of 75 conditions and medical procedures—from bee-sting allergies to back surgery—follow the header query "HAVE YOU EVER HAD OR DO YOU NOW HAVE . . ." If the recruit checks "Yes" on any one of these, that delays—and could derail—his enlistment. For the recruiter, this means the recruit ultimately doesn't count toward his monthly quota. The key, nearly every army and Marine Corps recruiter I spoke to, is to coach the recruit to answer "No" on all of them—to the point where, as one recruiter put it, "even if you ask him his own name he'll answer 'No.'" If a problem is discovered later at basic training, the recruiter is technically off the hook because the recruit is the one who lied on the form.

I n terms of female recruits, Sergeant Peters said, one of the biggest problems is single mothers' wanting to enlist. Being a single mom is a nonstarter for becoming a soldier—no exceptions—unless she has given up custody of her child. It's strictly out of bounds for an army recruiter to advise a woman to give up custody, but, as Peters explained, he can (and does) show her the regulations that spell out what would have to be done in order for her to get in. "Here's how it would go," he said, pulling the regulations from his desk and speaking to me as if I were a single mother: "Read this. I didn't tell you about it because I'm not authorized to tell you about it, but I can ask you to read. This paragraph states what you need to do:

The U.S. Army recognizes that some persons for personal reasons have given up custody of a child or children... If an applicant is without a spouse and the child or children have been placed in the custody of the other parent or another adult by court order prior to application for enlistment, and the applicant is not required to pay support for more than two dependents, then the applicant is eligible to process for enlistment. [A.R. 601-210]

"If you come back two days later and say, 'I gave up custody of my child,' or if the individual comes in and says, 'Hey, I changed my mind, I've never been pregnant, I never had a child . . . Well, O.K.,'" Peters said. "I would say 3 out of 10 single mothers who pass through this office lie about their child's status to get in."

Recruits who are taking (or have taken) Ritalin or antidepressants are among the most common examples recruiters gave of enlistedees who can be disqualified if their medical histories become known. Having taken Ritalin after age 12 used to be a frequent disqualifier, but after a change in standards last year a recruit can now enlist if a doctor certifies that the recruit has been off the drug for a full year and has done well academically without it.

Another recruiter I interviewed, Staff Sergeant "Eriksen," a highly decorated former army station commander (who also asked that his real name not be used), described how he would regularly stop just short of advising outright a kid currently taking Ritalin to take himself off it. (The scenario he laid out dovetailed with those provided by other recruiters I spoke with about both Ritalin and antidepressants such as Prozac).

"Here's what I'm gonna tell you, Johnny," Staff Sergeant Eriksen said, as if to the recruit. "If you go there and tell the doctor you're taking this, he's going to tell you you're not qualified. Now, do you think this drug really does anything for you? Because if you go and tell them you're taking it, you're not going to be allowed to join." Eriksen then told me, "So, you're skirting the issue but de-
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over the message. You're telling the kid to say no without telling the kid to say no... I guarantee that right now if a kid comes into a recruiting station and says he's taking Ritalin or antidepressants he's going to get told, "No you're not."

Lieutenant Colonel Weaver, the air-force doctor and deputy director of MEPS medical policy, was exasperated when I recounted this story. "Typically, Ritalin is given for attention-deficit disorder or hyperactive disorder, and that kid wouldn't do well—wouldn't be successful most likely—in a combat environment, where they need to stay on focus and stay on task in a very stressful situation," he said in a tone that suggested this was not the first time he was hearing of recruiters' encouraging enlistees to lie about their medical histories.

"If we could communicate en masse to all of the recruiters and convince them that checking 'Yes' on a pre-screen does not automatically keep a person out, we'd be much better off. Sure, it's going to make things more complicated. We're going to want medical documentation. We're going to take a little more time. But it comes back to who we want out there in a potentially highly stressful combat situation."

Staff Sergeant Eriksen said most recruiters will go out of their way to avoid anything that might make their job "more complicated." That means pre-empting the need for waivers by coaching recruits to just say no.

"Heart murmur—that's another good example," Eriksen continued without breaking his stride. "Kid says, 'I have a heart murmur.' 'Really? Have you ever heard it? [He shook his head instructionally.] Well, then, how do you know you have a heart murmur?'" Presumably, the kid then checks "No" on the survey.

"If a kid does anything more athletic than playing Xbox, you tell him it's obvious you don't have a medical problem, because it would have done you in by now," a former Marine recruiter from Little Rock offered as a bottom line.

One of Sergeant Eriksen's more outrageous fraudulent enlistments, he recalled, involved advising a young recruit to explain away a long, zigzagging abdominal scar by telling the doctors at MEPS that he'd fallen off his bike. In reality, he'd fallen off a ladd-der and caught his stomach on a jagged piece of metal. It lacerated his liver and intestines, requiring emergency surgery. He also fractured his skull, suffering a major concussion and losing all sense of taste and smell. "He would have been absolutely disqualified," Eriksen said. "I knew the doc would try and disqualify him just from looking at that scar." With the bike story, however, it would be the recruit's word against the doctor's. "By then I was so used to the game I said, 'Look, here's the deal. You say this: This is how it happened. This is when it happened. This is the hospital I went to.'" Eriksen said he gave the recruit a letter from a local hospital that destroys its records after several years so the recruit could explain why he had no records of being treated for the "bike accident." Did the screeners at MEPS really fall for that, I asked. "They knew," he said. "Come on. The counselors at MEPS are all ex-recruiters and station commanders. They all know. It's a great big game. Everybody knows. Nobody says." The recruit involved, who served two and a half years, confirmed this story to me.

Over the year he spent on recruiting before his death, Lowry would become a desperate Marine.

In May, after a high-school student in Denver won national headlines with a tape recording he had made of army recruiters advising him on how best to create a fake high-school diploma and mask his marijuana habit with an over-the-counter detoxification product (the student had identified himself as a dope-smoking dropout), General Rochelle, the head of the army's recruiting command, called a nationwide "stand-down" day for all of the army's recruiters. Meeting with their local commanders, recruiters were given special "leadership" training. They were also shown scenes from Hollywood war movies in which soldiers distinguished themselves with honor and integrity. The recruiters then re-\n
For Del Murphy, like so many wartime military moms, desolation arrived with strange headlights in her driveway. It was 8:30 p.m., three days before Christmas 2003. Her 26-year-old son, Billy William Lowry, a Ma-
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The Corps sergeant, had been killed just a few hours earlier. Among the circumstances that set Lowry’s death apart from the daily tally of American servicemen killed in the line of duty these days are that the uniformed officer at Del Murphy’s door was not a Marine but a Texas state trooper, and that her son, whom she called William, died not on a dusty road in Fallujah but on a stretch of U.S. Interstate 30 between Dallas and Little Rock.

It’s a distinction that means everything to Del Murphy, who thought her son was safe on the home front. Sergeant Lowry was a recruiter.

“The Marine Corps killed my son,” she said, her voice even with pain and anger as we sat on her front porch in Jewett, Texas, watching a freight train roll by. She’s not alone in that belief. Several of Lowry’s former colleagues agreed.

After five years in the Marine Corps, Lowry volunteered to be a recruiter when he re-upped in late 2002 for eight more years. At the time, he was full of bluster, telling his mom he’d win the stripes of a staff sergeant, the next rank up, in half the time it might otherwise take.

“Oh, he was gonna knock ‘em dead,” Murphy said, instantly animated by the memory. “By God, he was gonna go up there and show them how it was done, and he was gonna get that stripe, and, man, he was gonna have as many stripes as an NCO [non-commissioned officer] could have by the time he retired.”

He never got his promotion.

Over the year he spent on recruiting duty before his death, Lowry would become a desperate Marine, teetering constantly on the verge of losing his career and his family. He’d put in 12-, 14-, 16-hour workdays, often seven days a week, trying to make mission. He didn’t come close and would be punished repeatedly for failing, ordered to make 11-hour drives round-trip between Little Rock and his command in Dallas so he could be told to do better. Ultimately, the pressures of Lowry’s situation would coalesce into a perfect storm, laying bare a sense of relentlessness felt by all of the recruiters I spoke with, both current and former, and providing a snapshot of how some recruiters spiral into patterns of predatory recruiting.

Lowry had been assigned to the recruiting office in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, a substation 45 minutes south of the larger Little Rock office. “Positively Pine Bluff” is the town’s motto, but among Little Rock recruiters it’s considered an awful place to find kids to put in the military. A high-poverty urban enclave surrounded by cotton fields and pine forest, Pine Bluff has been ranked among America’s “10 Worst Places to Live” due to high rates of violence and drug crime. The larger Little Rock metropolitan area ranks among the country’s Top 25 “asthma capitals,” and asthma is among the biggest medical disqualifiers in all the armed forces. Many Pine Bluff residents feel the town’s asthma problem is augmented by two of the town’s main fixtures: an International Paper mill, from which billowing plumes stretch out over the landscape, and the Pine Bluff Arsenal, a military facility where 3,850 tons of chemical weapons—mustard gas and liquid nerve agents like VX—are being incrementally incinerated in compliance with international treaties.

Lowry was sent to Pine Bluff as the replacement for a hotshot field recruiter, Staff Sergeant Steven Whitfield, who’d just been promoted to station commander in Little Rock and would now be Lowry’s boss. Whitfield, by all accounts, is an easy talker, relaxed and personable—requisite traits in a good recruiter. Of equal importance in this case, former Little Rock recruiters said, is that Whitfield, like the majority of people in Pine Bluff, is black. “Every white guy down there failed,” said one, a white guy who, indeed, had failed.

Generally, the Marine Corps tries to make a good match in terms of ethnicity and language when placing recruiters, but with Lowry the pairing was way off. On his birth certificate and other official documents, Lowry is listed as Native American. His father is a Lumbee Indian. His mother is white. “I think they were expecting a dark-eyed, dark-haired, dark-skinned Native American.” Murphy said as she showed me the life-size enlargement of Lowry’s Marine Corps mug shot which hangs above the fireplace in her home. Lowry was six feet three inches and blond with hazel eyes.

“He wasn’t just Caucasian, he was pale-faced,” one of his former colleagues explained. But Lowry’s biggest problem may have been more subtle. “The guy just didn’t have the gift of gab,” another recruiter said, and in recruiting, gab is everything.

The Pine Bluff substation is “a one-man fighting hole”—a tiny office at the far extremity of the local mall, down where the shops trail off into “Excuse Our Dust” construction walls and bad light. Lowry was out there on his own with no immediate supervision. His territory covered all of southern Arkansas—more than 6,000 square miles. He’d get to the office before eight A.M. for paperwork, spend the rest of the day in the car visiting several of the 20 high schools in his area, then put in more hours back in the office going up and down high-school phone directories, dialing one teenager after another well into the night, hoping to make an appointment.

Cold-calling high-school kids at home is now a ubiquitous recruiting tactic, thanks to a clause buried deep within the No Child Left Behind Act. The law’s Section 9528, lobbied hard for by the Pentagon, is a mandate that public high schools provide military recruiters with the names, addresses, and home phone numbers of all juniors and seniors—information high schools have traditionally guarded as private—unless parents write a letter opting out. Non-compliant high schools risk losing government funding (and several principals have received visits from high-ranking officers from various services to make that clear).

In June, the Pentagon went a step further, contracting a private marketing firm to compile a database of high-school students aged 16 to 18 and all college students—listing personal information from birth dates to Social Security numbers, grade-point averages, ethnicities, e-mail addresses, and interests—to help identify potential recruits. There is growing opposition among parents to these lists, but recruiters consider them invaluable. Not that they helped Lowry much—it seemed he just couldn’t connect with the local kids. But he wasn’t allowed to leave the office and go home to his wife, Natalie, and their baby until he had at least three appointments confirmed for the following day, a task which often took as many as 150 calls. The threat of being fired hung constantly over his head.

It’s a vicious cycle,” said Staff Sergeant Eriksen, the army station commander who supervised several young recruiters just like Lowry. “You’re not producing, so they make you work more hours. And you’re going to be discouraged and more tired, so it’s harder to recruit. And then you fail even further and they make you work more hours. And it’s really a quick slide…. Then you’ve got your family on top of that, since you’re working 16
Cold-calling high-school kids at home is now a ubiquitous recruiting tactic.

a seven a.m. PT. session, they’d have to leave at midnight. “That’s after working all day. It’s ‘Get there, get back, get to work.’”

“Sometimes they’d call you in and scream at you for five minutes,” said another who had to make several of these drives. “Sometimes nobody would talk to you. You’d sit there for hours, then they’d just turn you around and send you back.”

In November 2003, Mission Day was the day before Thanksgiving, and the Little Rock Recruiting Station had come up short again. The entire station—five recruiters and the station commander—was ordered to Dallas for what one of the Marines on the trip characterized as “a group ass-chewing.” The six men left early that morning. Upon arrival, they were read a formal reprimand and sent on a punishing five-mile run through the streets of Dallas. They were then turned around and sent home, exhausted, around nine that night. Before they left, an angry recruiter spoke up. “One day someone’s going to die on the road, and it’s going to be your fault,” he said to his commanding officer, according to Marines who witnessed it. In the words of one, the officer “looked him in the eye and said, ‘No, we won’t. If you guys will just make mission we won’t have to go through this stuff.’” On the drive home, some of the Marines, who were taking turns driving, began to fall asleep at the wheel, several told me. That night, they coined a prescient term for this particular punishment: “the Death Drive.”

Less than a month after the Thanksgiving trip, Sergeant Lowry was ordered to Dallas again “to address certain personal problems that had been brought to the attention of the command,” according to a letter from the Marine Corps to his mother’s congressman, Jeb Hensarling, written after Lowry's death. A young Marine helping out temporarily at the Little Rock station was told to jump in the van and go with Lowry to keep him company. They spent nearly the entire day waiting outside the sergeant major’s office, unable to leave even for lunch. When the sergeant major finally called Lowry in, a Marine who worked in the Dallas office told me, you could hear the upbraiding all the way down the hall. “He was yelling at him that he was a piece of shit and he was going to get him fired from recruiting duty and all that. They ran that kid through the wringer that day, man, pretty bad.”

Lowry died a few hours later, asleep in the reclined passenger seat when the younger Marine—who was not authorized to drive the van, according to former recruiters from the Little Rock station—fell asleep at the wheel and rolled it. “That could have been any one of us,” one of Lowry’s fellow recruiters told me. “It was only a matter of time.” (The driver survived and is still in the Marine Corps.)

The exact reason or reasons Lowry was called in that day are hard to pin down because the Marine Corps has divulged very little about his case (even after several specific requests for this arti-
at 11:51 on the night after Billy William Lowry died on his way home to Little Rock, Captain Darrell Allen, the executive officer at the Dallas command, sent himself an e-mail (first obtained by the CBS affiliate in Dallas). Allen had just hung up the phone with one of Lowry’s fellow recruiters in Little Rock, a staff sergeant named Derrick Hammond, who’d been ordered to go to the morgue the night before to identify Lowry’s body. “He sounded shaken up and distraught and he was obviously emotional,” Allen wrote. “I did not sense that he’d been drinking. He was clear in his communications to me.”

The e-mail catalogued a torrent of pent-up frustration, which Allen listed “in no particular order”:

[Hammond] expressed anger for what he called frequent death drives, pain drives, and suicide drives to Dallas. …

He stated that he had brought these dangerous drives to the command’s attention before and that nothing was done about it. …

He expressed that he believes Recruiting Duty does not value a life, family, or the person like in the Fleet [the main body of the Marine Corps]. Here it’s all about mission and nothing else matters. …

He stated his desire was to get the Marine Corps to look into this and fix it before we kill others.

Nine months after the accident, Del Murphy received a copy of the letter the Marine Corps sent to her congressman describing the findings of the inquiry into her son’s death. It was written by a U.S. Marine Corps colonel named Christopher O’Connor, deputy legislative assistant to the commandant. After expressing condolences to the family, O’Connor outlines various policies and general facts of the case and, at letter’s end, concludes that the recruiting command in Dallas “was not unreasonable in expecting Sergeant Lowry would safely complete the drive back to Little Rock.” The letter says, among other things, that Lowry was offered a hotel room in Dallas for the night but declined, saying he wanted to get home to his family instead. It’s an assertion Lowry’s mother, among others, insists is untrue.

I read the complete letter to several of Lowry’s former recruiting colleagues, two of whom testified in the investigation. Each characterized the inquiry as whitewash and strongly took issue with several key elements of the Marine Corps’s account, chief among them its assertion that Lowry declined a hotel room and returned to Little Rock of his own volition.

“I stood in the hallway, and he told me he’d been ordered to drive back,” a former Marine who worked in the Dallas office told me. “They can stand there all day and tell me you and whoever that they offered him a hotel room and it’s a lie. I talked to him before he left that night. I know what he told me.”

In separate interviews, two former Little Rock Marines gave nearly identical accounts. “After Lowry, yes, we’d stay the night,” one said. “Before that, no. It was drive there, get back, get to work.” The whole station was particularly angry about the accident because they all saw it coming. “I mean, every one of us wrecked government vehicles at one time or another,” said one. He was a pallbearer at Lowry’s funeral.

Sitting on her porch in Jewett, Texas, Del Murphy told me she wanted nothing from the Marine Corps but an honest reckoning of what happened with her son. “I want to see the person who told him to get into that truck and drive back to Little Rock—I want to see him apologize to me and his wife and his father. That’s it,” she said. “William had done something wrong, and they were holding him responsible. And I want them held to the same standard that they were holding him to.” She began to cry. “I don’t think that’s a lot. I want him to look me in the face. I just want to see who changed my life forever.”

I submitted detailed questions to the Marine Corps about the circumstances surrounding Lowry’s death, but the Corps declined to comment. I also filed a Freedom of Information Request on Lowry’s case in September 2004. At press time, it remained unfulfilled.

Early on while researching this piece, I received a small white padded packing envelope, unsolicited, in the mail. A large gold ring with a green stone tumbled out when I opened it. There was no note, just the ring.

“U.S. Army—1775” is inscribed around the stone, “U.S. Army—RECRUITER” around a molded eagle, amid laurel leaves, in smaller letters on the side. It’s the U.S. Army Recruiter Ring, the coveted commendation awarded to the top army recruiters. The sender was Staff Sergeant Eriksson, the former army station commander.

It was an awkward gesture. I wasn’t sure what to make of it. I sent him an e-mail thanking him for showing it to me. He responded the next day:

“Glad you received the ring,” he wrote.

Please keep it. If it’ll help you remember this whole story, and eventually see that it gets told, it’s served a far better purpose than that for which it was intended. …

Upon reflection I cannot understand why I wanted it so badly. I honestly never want to see it again. I sacrificed so much in pursuit of it, my time with my family, my time in pursuit of higher education, a part of my honor. …

I can look back and see where I accomplished some good in several people’s lives, but after time my whole perspective shifted into seeing recruits simply as numbers and no longer as real people. The mission of the station became my whole life, and everything else was secondary, including my own personal honor. □
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Q'ORIANKA KILCHER

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 15, actor-singer.
PROVENANCE: Hawaii. THE NEW FACE: Discover Kilcher (as Pocahontas) through the eyes of Colin Farrell (as John Smith) in Terrence Malick’s The New World this fall. PRETTY WOMAN: When her photo landed on Steven Spielberg’s desk, she was described as “an Indian Julia Roberts.” Spielberg decided she was too young for his mini-series Into the West, so she found her way to Malick. ROBBIN’ THE PAPOOSE: “Terry was genius. I wasn’t allowed to meet Colin until I do in the film. All of a sudden Terry says to Colin, ‘O.K., now kiss her.’ In the script it says Pocahontas’s face turns pale. It worked out so great because my face did turn pale. Who wouldn’t want to have Colin Farrell as their first kiss?” And Christian Bale, who plays John Rolfe, as her second. LET THE EAGLE SOAR: Q’orianka, whose name means “golden eagle,” says her passion is music—she’s recording a CD inspired by her life-changing experiences on Malick’s set. 

KRISTA SMITH
Dear Graydon:

Big news: I am about to become a very rich man. On my most recent flight home from the Swiss hospital clinic, I sat next to a fellow, Dr. LaClaire Herlihy, who’s made a fortune off a religious publishing business called Hyperdulia. When I got to talking, he figured out who I was from my social networking site and he asked me if I’d ever considered writing a Christian novel. Before we landed at J.F.K., we had a deal for a three-book series about a hero who’s a stand against evil. We talked for hours about the project, and he even gave me the name of a contact who could help me get the book deal. I’m so excited about this opportunity! I can’t wait to start writing.

Best wishes,

Ed
the most talked-about comedy in ages

- NEWSWEEK.COM

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SHOWTIME

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Richard Johnson
Coaster Sacked
Peripatetic bachelor author Edwin John Coaster has fallen hard—for none other than stylish club queen Amy Sacco. The leggy blonde stunner invited Coaster to a dinner at her new 23rd Street bistro, Better. Before the night was over, and before the onlookers were gawking as the couple commandeered furiously at a corner table, "They were in a full-body clinch," reports Fear ragenvor. "She was in her lap, pouring shots of Blantons bourbon down her throat."

Ed 'n' Amy's Peep Show
Special Hamptons edition
To judge from their behavior at the Mercedes-Benz Polo Challenge in Bridgehampton, blustery but bad boy Ed Coaster and towering nightlife glamazon Amy Sacco had better get a room—fast. The couple's famous PDA's reached new heights at the polo event, at which a clearly "refreshed" Coaster passionately lunged for his much younger girlfriend, inadvertently toppling her into a mud puddle and falling on top of her. Undeterred by the filth, the couple proceeded to passionately kiss on the ground, "like something out of From Here to Eternity," according to one onlooker.

Edwin Coaster
8/5/05

See attached. Sweet Jesus! Any ideas how to fix this?

EYEFRAI

Oh, tra-la-lee and fiddle-dee-dee! One of our most eligible bachelors and one of our most eligible bachelorettes have made it official: over the weekend, my old pal Edwin Coaster asked for the hand of his de-lovely love of barely six weeks, Miss Amy Sacco. The Jersey beauty agreed, and a wedding is planned for the winter months on St. Barths, with Graydon Carter as best man. "Amy drinks as much as Ed does, and he can't keep his hands off of her," says our witness. Sounds like the very definition of love. Oh hahahahaha.

EDWIN COASTER

HYPERDILIA HOUSE
"BLESSED ARE THOSE WHO HUNGER AND THIRST FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS, FOR THEY WILL BE FILLED." MATTHEW 5:6

July 29, 2005

Dear Edwin:

In light of your recent, very public activities with that young salonkeeper, we have decided that it is not in the best interests of Hyperdilia House to publish the "Name of Blasphemy" series. There is good in you, Edwin, I can tell, but, for as long as you continue to consort with that particular element of society, I don't think that the readers in our Exile's Shelf club will be receptive to your work.

I nevertheless wish you the very best on your journey through life, and hope that you can find some room for faith in it.

Yours,

F. LaGrazi Herlich
Going yard with Jesse Metcalfe

Millions swoon over Jesse Metcalfe, the sweaty hedge trimmer and paramour of Eva Longoria on Desperate Housewives. Our correspondent was interested in getting to the bottom of some pressing topics with the former model and soap actor—among them: his alleged college music career, his unibrow, and the unusual prominence of his pectoral muscles.

George Wayne: Is it true that whilst you were in college you fronted a band called the Butt Plug?
Jesse Metcalfe: Called what?!
G.W. The Butt Plug. Yes or no?
J.M. Who am I talking to right now?
G.W. George Wayne.
J.M. From Vanity Fair?
G.W. Yes.
J.M. Are you kidding me?
G.W. No.
J.M. And that’s your first question to me? I feel like I’m in the twilight zone.
G.W. Don’t you have a sense of humor?
J.M. I guess not the same one as yours. But, no, I was never in a band called the Butt Plug.
G.W. During the early days of your career—your pizza-for-breakfast-lunch-and-dinner days—what did you do to make ends meet?
J.M. I was basically studying film at New York University. I wanted to be a director. And I used to model.
G.W. Did you finish N.Y.U.?
J.M. I left school after my junior year because I got a job on a soap opera called Passions.
G.W. So you wanted to direct but ended up being an actor. Is that what happened?
J.M. Well, since I was modeling, I did some commercials in New York, and I ended up getting an agent, who sent me out on an open call for this soap opera, and that’s how I got into the business.
G.W. So what’s your favorite “chemistry” flick? One movie that inspires because of the chemistry between two actors?
J.M. That’s a tough question.
G.W. Well, let’s just say on Desperate Housewives, after all, the sparks between you and Eva Longoria are phenomenal.
J.M. We have some good chemistry. I think it’s also because we’re good friends off the set.

G.W. Definitely. The two of you together on the screen—it just lights up! And there is no question where the story line is going next season. Obviously she is carrying your child.
J.M. Not necessarily.
G.W. I’m going with my instincts, and you are going to be a daddy. And obviously you will be getting more prime time. What is it like for you now? For instance, you go out to have a meal at Dan Tana’s. Is everyone staring at you and mauling you? Is it just crazy?
J.M. It’s definitely fun, but I’m trying to stay grounded and focused, because there are a lot of things I want to do. Desperate Housewives is not going to be my life’s achievement.
G.W. Where do you get your eyebrows pared?
J.M. I do them myself. I pluck them myself. I’d have a unibrow if I didn’t pluck my eyebrows.
G.W. I don’t understand why people make such a big deal about unibrows. I think they are sexy. What is your heritage?
J.M. I’m half Italian, quarter Portuguese, quarter French.
G.W. A real mongrel, huh?
J.M. A mutt.
G.W. A beautiful mutt. What would you say is your greatest weakness?
J.M. I don’t know.
G.W. Maybe it’s the fact that you can’t take a joke. What is your middle name, Jesse?
J.M. Eden. My parents were hippies.
G.W. Who is your wingman?
J.M. Probably Ryan Cook.
G.W. Who the fuck is Ryan Cook?
J.M. He’s a club promoter in L.A. and he’s also the drummer in my band. He’s my partner in crime.
G.W. What are you doing while on hiatus?
J.M. Hopefully I’ll be working on a movie.
G.W. Well, whatever you do, just don’t do a John Waters movie. That would be the death knell.
J.M. No John Waters movie? I was thinking Pecker: Part II.
G.W. No. That’s my point. Hello! Edward “Pecker” Furlong, where are you? Well, at least you are still rated the actor with the sexiest pecs on TV.
J.M. That’s a little cheesy.
G.W. You know what, Jesse Metcalfe? Just go with the fucking flow, and stop taking yourself so seriously. You have great tits—so what? Get over yourself!
GUMBUSTIBLE
THE CURIOUSLY STRONG GUM
“A man divorcing would never be accused of choosing career over children. That really pissed me off. I’ve never in my life said I didn’t want to have children. I did and I do and I will! I want to have it all.”

—Jennifer Aniston
FRIEND IN NEED

Jennifer Aniston, photographed on June 16, 2005, in Malibu, California, where she has been staying alone, seeing only close friends. “When things happen, the tribe gathers around and lifts you up.”

The Unsinkable
The whole world watched as her “perfect” marriage fell apart, and her closest friends knew what really happened. Now, in Jennifer Aniston’s first interview since she split from Brad Pitt, she spills her heart, and some tears, to LESLIE BENNETTS, sharing her shock and confusion over Pitt’s liaison with Angelina Jolie, her desire for a family, and her deep, conflicting emotions (anger, hurt, exasperation, tenderness) toward the man she still loves.
When Jennifer Aniston opens the door to the Malibu bungalow she's been holed up in lately, she gives me a radiant smile and an effusive hello.

Then she bursts into tears.

We have scarcely sat down in the living room, a serene little haven simply furnished with cushy white sofas and white flowers and white candles, when her face crumples. She is instantly aghast.

"I haven't been feeling emotionally lately, really I haven't," she wails, fluttering her hands like Rachel Green in distress, except that this time it isn't funny.

Other than the 24-hour security detail guarding her safety, Aniston is all alone in the modest rental where she has camped out while dealing with the end of her marriage to Brad Pitt—and its devastating aftermath, which has been far worse than the actual split. The last few months have brought an endless nightmare of hurtful headlines about her soon-to-be-ex-husband, along with blatantly fraudulent stories about herself, in the tabloids and supermarket gossip magazines. Pursued around the clock by the rabid paparazzi she refers to as "ratfyzes," she is ambushed even on her own deck by photographers who lurk on the beach outside her door, spying on her every move.

As she squeezes her eyes shut in an effort to stop crying, the scene provides a painful contrast with the last time we met. Little more than a year ago, I interviewed Pitt at the Beverly Hills mansion that he and Aniston had just spent two years renovating. A testament to both his passion for architecture and the couple's hopeful vision of their shared future, the beautiful old house awaited only a baby in a bassinet to complete a picture-perfect existence.

When I left, they both walked me out to my car. Their home, its windows lit and welcoming, glowed in the twilight. As we said our good-byes, Pitt and Aniston leaned together in the driveway, arms twined around each other. Her head rested trustingly on his buff chest, still pumped up from his rigorous training to play the warrior Achilles in Troy.

They seemed the most fortunate couple imaginable—two beautiful superstars who had hit the jackpot, earning not only fame and riches but also an enduring love. Their fans had long been captivated by the romance of America's Sweetheart and the Sexiest Man in the World, and now they were ready to begin a thrilling new chapter. Aniston's 10-year run on Friends was ending, and she and Pitt had vowed to start a family when her stupendously successful television series was finished.

Pitt's final words to me reinforced the impression of convivial bliss: "I'm happier than I've ever been." But the ensuing months brought an onslaught of rumors that he had gotten involved with Angelina Jolie while filming Mr. & Mrs. Smith. Instead of the joyful announcement many had anticipated from the Pitts, there was only silence. The New Year began with photographs of the beautiful couple strolling hand in hand along the beach on Anguilla, looking relaxed and happy. Immediately the buzz shifted, rhapsodic re-appraisals of the state of their union.

And then came the oh-so-civilized announcement, on Jan 7, that Jennifer Aniston and Brad Pitt were separating—that parting was "the result of much thoughtful consideration," that it was not caused by "any of the speculation reported by the tabloids," and that they would remain "committed and close friends with great love and admiration for one another."

If Pitt had kept a low profile in the months to come, that may even have turned out to be true. Instead, the ominous drumbeat of gossip began to crescendo as he and Jolie rendezvoused in exotic locales, still denying that they were an item. With the paparazzi snapping away, Pitt stepped into what looked suspiciously like a paternal role with Jolie's adopted Cambodian son, Maddox.

"It was extremely hurtful to Jen that he was seen with another woman so quickly after they were separated," says Andrea Delvald, an actress who has been one of Aniston's closest friends since they were teenagers.

Instead of being reviled as The Other Woman, Jolie pounced on an energetic round of appearances as a goodwill ambassador for the United Nations—and then trumped it with that public-relations bonanza by adopting another orphaned African girl whose parents had died of AIDS. In the blink of an eye, the twice-divorced Jolie—previously known as a tattooed vixen with a taste for bisexuality, heroin, brotherly incest, me-first institutions, and wearing her husband's blood—had morphed into a globe-trotting humanitarian who seemed to be channeling Audrey Hepburn.

For the 36-year-old Aniston, who had expected to spend past year being pregnant, the pain of watching this spectacle was compounded by vicious rumors about herself. As misogy, if they were false, sensationalistic stories claimed the real reason the marriage ended was that Aniston refused to have Pitt's baby because she was too ambitious to care only about her career.

Even now, that sexist slur makes her face darken. "A divorce would never be accused of choosing career over child," she says. "That really pissed me off. I've never in my life said I didn't want to have children. I did and I do and I will. It's women that inspire me are the ones who have careers and children; why would I want to limit myself? I've always wanted children, and I would never give up that experience for a career. I want to have it all."

Aniston's intimates note acidly that Pitt could have done more to refute the mean-spirited rumor that his wife wouldn't bear child, which reinforced the impression that he had good cause to leave her for Earth Mother Jolie. To some, this looks like hypocrisy.

"When Brad and Jen were in the marriage, having a baby was not his priority—ever," says one mutual friend. "It was an abstract desire for him, whereas for Jen it was much more immediate. So is there a part of Brad that's diabolical? Did he think, I need to get out of this marriage, but I want to come out smelling like a rose, so I'm going to let Jen be cast as the ultra-feminist and I'm going to get cast as the poor husband who couldn't get a baby and so had to move on?"

As the image wars raged in the gossip media, a heartbroken Aniston retreated to her Malibu hideaway to lick her wounds in text continued on page 395. Photographs continued on page 336.
I can't say I was one of the ntwigots of my year, she says of the photos.

"I was one of the most interesting of my year, she says of the photos.

In Kenya, of Jolie and Pitt she says of the photos.

"It was one of the highlights of my year, she says of the photos.

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"He can do—whatever. We're divorced, and
Aniston says she still expects to find domestic bliss: “In five years I would hope to be married and have a kid.”
GOSSIP FODDER

Every week seems to bring a new tabloid twist in the saga of Brad, Jen, and Angelina, but Aniston says she's been careful to avoid the coverage: "That stuff is just toxic for me right now."
“It was a beautiful, complicated relationship. The sad thing, for me, is the way it’s been reduced to a Hollywood cliché.”
The Widow's Story

It's her wedding anniversary. She takes her five-year-old to his second day of kindergarten. In 10 minutes she'll be meeting her husband, Dave, a Brooklyn firefighter whose shift just ended, at the local coffee shop. It's the morning of September 11, 2001 ... Four years later, in an excerpt from her astonishing new memoir, MARIAN FONTANA shares the hours and weeks that followed and her strange new identity as a symbol of grief.
S

eptember 11, 2001, was my eighth wedding anniversary. My husband, Dave, a firefighter with Squad 1 in Brooklyn, loved to tell people we'd been married on "9-11." That morning my eyes creaked open at 8:15. I rushed around our Park Slope apartment, waking our son, Aidan, afraid he'd be late to his second day of kindergarten. I called the firehouse and made plans to meet Dave; his shift was just ending and we were spending the day at the Whitney Museum. I was thrilled he was truly ready to go—as the only firefighter at Squad who lived in the neighborhood, he often let the other guys leave before him so they could begin their commutes to Long Island, Rockaway, and Staten Island.

"O.K., I'll see you at Connecticut Muffin in 10 minutes," I said, and hung up. That's it. No profound discussions. I can't even remember if I told him I loved him.

I am surprised Dave isn't already waiting for me when I arrive at Connecticut Muffin. I wait outside, smiling in guilty pleasure at the thought of a day alone with him. I notice people around me speaking animatedly. I hear the words "airplane" and "Twin Towers." People begin pointing at a plume of smoke cutting across the sky like a black arrow.

My neighbor and friend Lori suddenly appears in front of me.

"A plane crashed into the Twin Towers," she says.

I picture a small biplane wedged into the top of the tower like a candle pushed into a cake. I wonder for an instant if Dave went. After all, he would never want to miss a fire and I'm sure Squad 1 would go. Squad 1 is first of seven squads that, along with five rescue companies, handle confined-space rescues, collapses, hazardous-material spills, terrorist incidents, and more.

No, he's not there, I tell myself. He said he was done. It's our anniversary. "I think Dave might be waiting for me at home," I say, and head back to our apartment. Lori insists on coming with me. "Dave?" I yell down the hall, but everything is eerily quiet. Lori turns on the television, and I am stunned to see the top of one of the towers engulfed in flames like a giant metal matchstick. My heart beats faster as I notice the second tower is also on fire.

The phone rings. Thank goodness, I think, it's Dave. But it is Mila, my friend from college who lives nearby. "Marian, please tell me Dave is with you."

"I don't know where Dave is ... I think he might be there." Fear and doubt make my voice shaky.

"What would he be doing there?"

"He'd be running in, I guess ... up the steps ... to save people." I imagine him running, his tired legs carrying a hundred pounds of equipment, the heat from the tower banking down like a heavy blanket.

Suddenly, a low rumble is emitted from the television. Cinders pour out like fireworks of dust, ash, and metal. I drop phone and watch in disbelief as the south tower falls. The tricles of my heart start to pulse, popping and ripping, exploding in my chest. I clutch my heart, but it is as futile as trying to stop the ocean.

"Oh my God. He's dead. He's gone!" I scream, sinking the rug, trying to grasp one of the million thoughts speed through my head.

"No. You don't know that," Lori says helplessly. "I'm sure he's still fine. He's probably helping people." Lori tries to sound calm but her hands are shaking when she picks up the phone. I want to believe her, but I know he is gone.

I am scared to avert my eyes from the television, as if it were the only connection I have to Dave. Lori is talking to Mila, and I am blinking to keep the tears from blurring the images on it. Reporters are yelling into the cameras, shocked, their faces crumpled in ash. Images of Dave speed through my head: Jones Beach, when we kissed under the green striped umbrella, massaging my feet while we watch TV, that argument on the R train, that snowball fight in front of the dorm, iced coffee in the backyard, rhubarb pie on the Irish coast, the crease in his should' er the way his fingers feel, his dimples, yoga, hands, legs. I stop the film, my face hot and wet from crying. I feel Lori squeeze my hand. I head over to the red phone in the kitchen. Dave bores it when he first got on the job. It is a call box that says "9-1-1" on the outside. I pull open the door and frantically dial the firehouse and am not surprised when it's busy. I press Redial and will Dave's voice to answer. I would do anything to hear it now, deep and quiet.

Answer, goddammit. Don't you dare be on that truck, Dave. I hang up and pace across the living room, staring confusedly at the television. My mind races as fast as my feet, back and forth, back and forth, faster and faster. I pace as if my footsteps could turn back the clock, rewind what has happened. The phone rings and I dive for it.

"Hello?" I say expectantly.

"It's Jason," he says in his bass voice. He's my best friend from college and a neighbor.

"JASON!" I yell, noticing that I sound more like a hysterical, overwrought woman than myself.

"You have to help me! I can't—" I screech, out of breath as if I have run a long distance.

"Marian, calm down. He might not even be there. You just have to calm down. I'm coming over right now."

I hang up and pace again, covering my eyes with two curtains of fingers. I try to wipe away what I have seen. I run to the phone again and dial the firehouse. Still
I contemplate walking there, but I feel as if someone were tugging my knees from behind.

"Do you think the school is safe?" Lori asks, worry wrinkling her face, and I realize I have not even thought about Aidan. maybe I should pick up the kids," she says. I try to focus on what she is saying, but my mind feels as if I have 12 radio stations playing at once. I press my hand to my head, trying to recall who was working with Dave the night before. If he's with experienced guys, he'll be safe, I tell myself. Lieutenant Mike Osito, Lieutenant Eddie D'Atri. What about Bobby West? As good as it gets, with 22 years on the job in a busy house, they are talented firefighters who protect their men and would never put themselves in a situation that was too dangerous. Dave babbles can get to a phone. That's why he hasn't called. He missed me less than three months ago that he would always call. On June 17, 2001, I was five p.m. on Father's Day and Dave still hadn't called. Always called at least once during his 12-hour shift. I heard report on the news first. There were firefighters missing. A building had collapsed after an explosion in a hardware store in As- na, Queens. At least one firefighter was trapped inside the burning building. Two others were buried in the rubble. The reporter NY1, the local cable news channel, was standing in front of the news rig when the cable cut out. I vaguely remembered her telling me he was going to work at another company that day. My landlord heard me crying from upstairs, and sent her ghter down to keep an eye on Aidan. She put a shot of whiskey in my shaking hands while her husband tried to fix my cable. I waited and waited, until the phone finally rang.

"This is the worst day of my life," Dave said. his voice cracked as he tried not to cry. I could barely talk, I was so relieved. I thanked God. I told Dave I loved him. "I gotta go. I'm on this guy's cell and he hasn't called his wife yet. We found two guys . . . I gotta go."

"I'm so glad you're O.K.," I whimpered.

"Me too. I'm sorry I scared you. I promise if anything like this happens again, I'll call. If you don't hear from me in 20 minutes, then you can worry. O.K.?"

10:08 A.M.

It has been nine minutes since the south tower collapsed. I will have 11 more minutes to hope that he went to get me an anniversary present instead of jumping on the truck. I run to the phone again, press Redial, and, miraculously, someone answers.

"Who's this?"

"It's Jimmy Lopez, Marian." He is one of the new guys, short and stocky with hazelnut-colored skin.

"Is Dave there?" I ask. Just say yes. Please, please say yes.

"I think they're out on a run," he says reluctantly.

I am scared to avert my eyes from the television, as if it were the only connection I have to Dave.

10:26 A.M.

The doorbell finally rings and Jason enters, his brown eyes wide with apprehension. I shake my head in disbelief and collapse into his arms, sobbing. He is one of only a few who know the thick onion layers that constitute my 17 years with Dave.

"I know it looks bad, but you don't know yet," he says, and I turn my head back and forth, clutching my heart to keep it from breaking into smaller and smaller pieces. He guides me over to the couch and squeezes my hand as we watch TV.

"Did you call the firehouse?"

"Dave went," I cry.

"He might not have even gotten there..."
yet. I’m sure there was a lot of traffic.” And, as if that had been some terrible cue line, we watch in horror as the second tower falls, almost inevitably mimicking the first.

“OH MY GOD!” Lori screams, but I am already on my knees on my thick purple carpet, only this time it is a desperate act of prayer. There is nothing else to do. After a few bewildered moments, Lori and Jason kneel with me, and we hold hands in a circle. The shrieks of panicked people echo from the TV as we bow our heads, praying silently.

“Our Father who art in heaven. / Hallowed be thy name . . .” I make pacts, treaties, promises, and vows to God in exchange for Dave’s life.

On the television, the giant puff of smoke from the collapsed second tower rises like a wave to meet the first as the acrid smell of burning plastic begins to float through my window screen. I sit on the edge of the couch and stare at the TV, transfixed. Firefighters pass by the cameras dazed, bloodied, and covered in dust. The cameras film onlookers staring up at the devastation, hands clasped across their mouths, and I realize I am one of them, watching, in collective horror, the world change forever.

2:12 P.M.

We’ve called every E.R. in the tri-state area. They are poised and waiting, but they tell us hardly anyone is coming in. The rooms are almost empty. I look at the garden, which is covered in a fine white dust that falls like rain. I try to imagine my life without Dave, but every time I do, my stomach drops as if I am on the very top of a Ferris wheel. Jason is on the phone in the kitchen, making arrangements for Aidan to go to my friend Caren’s house around the corner.

“Caren says he can stay as long as he wants,” Jason tells me, heading outside. Lori has left to get her kids. “She said he can sleep over there if you want.” I nod, the tears falling again. I can’t let Aidan see me falling apart, and a few hours of obliviousness is a beautiful gift. Jason reaches for me, and I sob onto his bony shoulder, every muscle tightening. “What am I going to do?” I wait at the thought of telling Aidan his father is gone.

12:24 A.M.

Firefighter Tony Edwards and Lieutenant Dennis Farrell from Squad 1 arrive looking fatigued and uncharacteristically official. I have imagined this day I pictured myself answering the door, perplexed as to why the company has arrived. A captain steps forward, and it suddenly dawns on me why they are here. I clap my hand to my mouth. The captain announces Dave died trying to save a child. I could see myself in vivid detail, crying out. I could feel the pain when I collapse in the hall, the rush of adrenaline in my chest, the drop in my stomach. None of it came close to the sonic blast that I feel now.

The couch sinks under Tony’s weight as he lowers himself beside me. Next to Dave, with arms the size of small children. To is the largest guy in Squad. He cannot look at me, his small brown eyes bloodshot, his bunker gear covered with white dust. Lieutenant Farrell sighs and silently sits on the edge of my blue wing chair. Unlike Tony, Dennis is small and compact, with blond hair and a dark tan making him look much younger than his 51 years.
We didn’t find any of the guys,” Tony begins, wringing his big
ds. “The whole company is missing. The rig was parked on
17th Street, but we don’t know where they went. It’s just unbe-
lievable. Nobody knows where anyone is. It took us hours just to
ring out who was even there. The place looked like the moon.”

It’s hard to explain what it’s like.”

They have the roster there, don’t they?” I ask, staring hard
at the side of his head.

“Yeah,” he says, “but some guys came from home, or stayed from a
sage of tours.”

How many?” I ask, and Tony tightens his mouth.
Eleven or 12.”

But . . . I don’t understand—even with the other rig, it’s eight
hours at most, right?” I say indignantly, sure they got their num-
ber wrong. How could almost half the company be gone?

I know, but it was the change of tours, you know, like Dave
don’t even workin’, and there are guys who came from home—
hen Siller was halfway home, heard it on his scanner, and
ed around—ya know?”

How many firefighters in all are missing?” I ask Tony, who
s at me for the first time, his face riddled with confusion and
A lot,” he says.

The enormity of it all begins to hit me. I have only been think-
of myself, but there are others, countless others, and there are
ably firefighters like Tony and Dennis all over the tristate area
ing in wives’ homes at this very moment.

10:48 a.m.

parents finally arrive, their faces desperate and swollen. My
her runs down the hall, her arms outstretched. “We were up all
t,” she says, her face round, her amber eyes filled with con-

“Dad couldn’t stop crying,” she says. “I have never seen him
his.” She sighs, blowing her already red nose with a tissue from
ocket as my dad enters the hall, slumped and exhausted.
Where’s Aidan?” my mother asks, wiping her hand through
coarse black hair.

He slept over at a friend’s. I have to go get him . . .” I am
denly ashamed at how little I have thought of Aidan these
24 hours.

11:15 a.m.

sun outside is blinding, and I am shocked that people are
ing around, buying coffee, going to work. How dare the world
inue when so many people are suffering? My father puts his
arm around me and starts to cry again, his head dropped
one of his hands.

“I’m sorry,” he says, his voice scratchy and higher than usu-
I can’t stop.”

No. It’s good,” I say, handing him a tissue. “This is fucking sad.
 Yeah, but we need to think about Aidan. What are you going
?” he asks, and I stop to light a cigarette. Thankfully, my
ays nothing about my new habit.

“I’m going to tell him the truth,” I decide as we turn onto Sev-
 Avenue.
tively opens a path, letting Ed and me through. The wide engine door is raised, and the apparatus floor looks so empty I feel as if I were standing at the bottom of a drained pool.

I walk across the room, to the opposite hall, where a chalkboard lists the names of the men working: Esposito, Garvey, Bicher, Butler, Carroll. Next to the board, an easel stands where 12 8-by-10 photos of the missing firefighters are taped in neat rows onto a white poster board. The headshots are from a group photograph taken at a fire that year: the names Peter Carroll, Tommy Butler, Jim Amato, Robert Cordice, Brian Bicher, Mike Esposito, Mike Russo, Eddie D’Atri, Steve Siller, Matt Garvey, Gary Box, and Dave Fontana are written under the photos. Seeing Dave’s name makes my stomach lurch, as if I were falling. Dave Fontana. Dave, what are you doing up there? You were supposed to come home. You said you would be careful. You promised.

7:10 P.M.

Joe O’Donnell, a firefighter from the squad, leads Ed and me up the steep steps to the top floor of the firehouse, where the lockers are. The room is dimly lit and the walls painted an industrial green. Dark wood lockers line each wall, and some gym equipment and weights sit at the far end.

“It’s a mess. We just haven’t been here,” Joe says apologetically, picking up shirts along the way. Each locker door is decorated with postcards, pictures, porn, and bumper stickers. We stop at Dave’s, in the middle on the right; it has nothing but a postcard of Jones Beach on the door. Pictures of Aidan and me line the inside, and an Irish flag hangs under a mirror. A low bookshelf stands against the wall with study books from his lieutenant’s test lined up neatly. On the top of each shelf there are four coffee cans full of change sorted by coin type. I smile, remembering how much Dave loved change. What to me were the crumbs of disappearing dollars, Dave saw as college funds, possible vacations, and our dream house. I take his denim coat off the hanger and pull it around me, engulfing myself in his musky smell. It is large, like a blanket, with “Squad 1” embroidered in thick yellow letters on the back. Inside one pocket, I find his old brown wallet, and my heart leaps when I feel the chunky circle of his wedding ring in the other. He told me he never wore it at fires, for fear it would get caught or melt in the heat. It is simple and solid, a thick shining band with “This and my heart” etched deep into its silver.

SEPTEMBER 23, 11:30 P.M.

The cell phone the Fire Department gave me for emergencies rings. I brace myself for more bad news. One of the guys from Squad is on the other end.

“Listen,” he says in a voice so serious it makes me gulp, “I’m sorry to bother you with this, but I know you’re in the neighborhood and everything…”

“What?”

“A chief came by and told us they’re closing Squad.”


“Why?”

“I dunno. Special Operations lost so many guys, they’re sayin’ they don’t have enough trained men to fill the spots. They’re gonna send us to firehouses around Manhattan.”

“They can’t do that!” I yell, the lava rising higher.

“That’s the department for ya. Kick us when we’re down.”

“I haven’t even cleaned out his locker!” I say.

“Nobody has. It’s only been two days.”

A WEISZ CHOICE

The Constant Gardener, directed by Fernando Meirelles (City of God) and based on the 2000 novel by John le Carré, is that rare film—one with a brain, a heart, and a conscience. Rachel Weisz, best known as the sexy archaeologist of The Mummy and its sequel, gives a searing performance as Tessa Quayle, a crusading activist in fishnet stockings whose commitment to humanity causes her husband, a flower-tending diplomat played by Ralph Fiennes, to doubt her commitment to him. After she’s found murdered in a remote part of Kenya, he discovers that what she’d been hiding had been not an affair but an investigation into a conspiracy involving Big Pharma, the British High Commission, and thousands of sick Nairobi slum dwellers. “I love that the love story and the political thriller are intertwined, so that if one didn’t work the other wouldn’t work,” says Weisz. The cast and crew spent nearly two months filming in Kenya, which Weisz describes as “magical,” and she says acting opposite Fiennes was a blast: “I love to improvise, and he loves to improvise, so it was just a jam session in Africa. Some of the best lines in the film were jazz that came out of his mouth.” Weisz’s next movie, due out later this year, is The Fountain, in which she and Hugh Jackman play the same pair of lovers in three different settings: Spain in the 16th century, America today, and outer space in the distant future. The director is Weisz’s real-life fiancé, Darren Aronofsky. “It was great,” Weisz says of working with her future husband. “He met the actress and I met the director, which is something we don’t get to see around the house.”

—MICHAEL HOGAN
Rachel Weisz, who stars in Focus Features' The Constant Gardener, opening August 26, was photographed in New York City on July 8, 2005.
Eager to seal their $10 billion merger, Morgan Stanley C.E.O. John Mack handed Dean Witter's Philip Purcell the reins of the combined financial behemoth in 1997. A few years later, or so the plan went, Purcell would hand them back. Instead, he tightened his grip, while the company hemorrhaged top talent, saw its stock plummet, and reeled from a series of high-profile lawsuits. Vicky Ward gets the bitter blow-by-blow of how a band of former Morgan Stanley executives known as “the Group of Eight”—with an unintended assist from Ronald Perelman—finally ousted Purcell in June and returned Mack to the throne.

Although he didn’t know it, the beginning of the end for Morgan Stanley chairman and C.E.O. Philip Purcell, 61, came on January 12, 2005, at a memorial service at Riverside Church, on Manhattan’s Upper West Side. The service was held to celebrate the life of Richard “Dick” Fisher, the beloved former chairman of the investment-banking firm, who had died suddenly of prostate cancer at age 68. The church was crowded, since Fisher’s interests extended well beyond the realm of finance. Chairman of the boards of Rockefeller University, the Urban Institute, and Bard College, he was often described as a Renaissance man. Even the description, according to Robert “Scottie” Scott, 59, a former Morgan Stanley president, “does not do him justice.”

At the front of the church, a section was roped off for V.I.P.s who included New York City mayor Michael Bloomberg a philanthropist and former Chase president David Rockefeller. Purcell, who is six feet five, arrived early and sat in the front row. The other 10 members of the Morgan Stanley board who were not present, however, something that many firm veterans found shocking. “It was completely inappropriate for the board not to come,” says Scott.

It was Fisher, along with Morgan Stanley’s then C.E.O., Jo Mack, who in 1997 had stepped aside to let Purcell run the fir
POWER OF POWER

Stanley's Manhattan headquarters. Opposite, from left: former Stanley chairman Philip Purcell; John Mack; financier and Revlon founder Ronald Perelman; former Morgan co-president Stephen Crawford; interim president Zoe Cruz.
after a $10 billion merger of Morgan Stanley and the retail brokerage company Dean Witter, where Purcell had been C.E.O. Mack, now 60, was a charismatic former bond trader who had risen through Morgan Stanley’s ranks over 29 years to become Fisher’s protégé and obvious successor. At the time of the merger he agreed—against Fisher’s advice—to take the number-two job of president. Meanwhile, Purcell, a former management consultant who had spent much of his career in Chicago and had far less Wall Street experience than Mack, became C.E.O. of the combined company.

Mack explained to his disappointed troops that he felt that the good of the firm ought to outweigh his personal ambition. And, in any event, according to Mack’s inner circle of colleagues, Purcell had agreed on a handshake (witnessed by Fisher) that in a few years Mack would succeed to the top spot. (Purcell now insists that there was no handshake deal. “There was, however, a succession plan,” he says, “and John knew that he was my recommended successor.”) One story that made the rounds at the time, which offended many of the Dean Witter people, had a senior executive at a rival firm telling Mack, “Don’t worry, you’ll have Purcell out within three weeks.”

But after the merger Purcell steadily tightened his grip on the firm that he, in his management-consultant idiom, preferred to call “the company.” Eventually, he forced out Fisher, Mack, many of Mack’s senior allies, and most of the board members chosen by Fisher and Mack, until only 2 of the 11-member board were seen as not connected to him—although Purcell and some of the directors would often insist this was not so. (Mack went on to run competitor Credit Suisse First Boston and in 2005 accepted the chairmanship of Pequot Capital, a $6.5 billion hedge fund. On June 30, it was announced that he will return to Morgan Stanley as chairman and C.E.O.)

During this reshuffling Morgan Stanley’s stock price plummeted from a high of $110 in 2000 to $49 by the early summer of 2005, and the company’s “white shoe” reputation had been gravely scuffed in a series of discrimination lawsuits and costly tussles with regulators. But that was not the worst of it. The rift between the Morgan Stanley side and the Dean Witter side did not close. The Morgan Stanley people believed that Purcell had transformed a meritocratic culture, described by one former top executive as “Carmelot before Arthur lost his way,” into one of fear and anxiety. “You are either with me or against me,” Purcell reportedly told a departing senior executive, echoing both President Bush and Darth Vader. (Purcell says he “would never make things so personal.”) The Dean Witter people, however, thought the old Morgan Stanley culture so cutthroat that it was “more akin to Renaissance Florence than a meritocracy,” says a colleague of Purcell’s.

Current and former employees said that they feared losing stock options because of the Draconian enforcement of contracts, and also that phone calls were monitored for disloyalty. One person who left the firm says he was told that if he or even his wife spoke ill of Morgan Stanley he’d “lose everything.”

When, recently, another executive wanted to question a decision made by the board, he was too nervous to raise his hand during the presentation. “I’d have been fired,” he says. According to a former employee, Purcell let it be known he did not feedback even from clients. In fact, in his eight years at the helm of Morgan Stanley he rarely visited clients and then only reluctantly. (Purcell says this is not true.) He would tell people that the job was to strategize (though his detractors nicknamed his management style “analysis/paralysis”).

It was in this charged climate that Morgan Stanley employed past and present, paused in January to remember Fisher: a who’d regularly visited clients, who was known for listening rather than talking, who’d invited argument and even considered it an intrinsic part of the culture. “Morgan Stanley was never loss for talkers, so maybe that’s how he became a good listener, he got lots of practice,” Robert Scott told the assembled masses, in one of four eulogies. Significantly, Fisher’s widow, Jew, who once ran Morgan Stanley’s P.R. department, had not let Purcell to speak at the service.

After the memorial, in the reception area outside the church, Scott and many other senior Morgan managers stopped to talk about Fisher’s death and what it meant. “We reflect on how much the firm had changed that people were no longer having the experiences that we had all had and benefited from,” Scott says. “The regret most often expressed was that there had been this transition from a meritocratic organization that seemed to be based on other things. Suddenly, political skill seemed more valuable than financial acumen.”

S. Parker Gilbert, a former Morgan Stanley chairman, and six other former senior employees, who among them own 11 million Morgan Stanley shares, decided then and there that they were to speak up. “The company” seemed to them to be in chaos; the Dean Witter and Morgan Stanley businesses had not been properly integrated, and though analysts debated it, general consensus on Wall Street was that the Dean Witter brokerage and Discover credit-card businesses were hampering the old Morgan Stanley investment-banking-and-securities side of the firm.

According to a Merrill Lynch presentation last May, Morgan Stanley brokers were far behind Merrill’s and Citi’s. Another survey ranked the Dean Witter brokerage as one of seven. Also looming was a lawsuit by the nancier and Revlon chief Ronald Perelman. Perelman alleged that he’d been fraudulently misled on the 1998 sale of R.C. equipment maker Coleman (in which he owned an 82 percent stake) to Sunbeam, which went bankrupt in 2001—costing Perelman $680 million, since part of the transaction had been in Sunbeam stock. In May a Florida jury ruled that Morgan Stanley was guilty of fraud and, pending an appeal, would have to pay at least $1.45 billion, plus, it emerged in June, $130 million in interest.

To the Group of Eight, as Scott, Gilbert, and their fellows so often called—or “the grumpy old men”—there was a simple solution to the problems. Philip Purcell had brought the on, and Philip Purcell had to go. They believed it was Tony’s hope of saving the firm they had worked so hard build.

After meeting again in early March and enlisting the help of Morgan Stanley’s erstwhile investment-banking chief Rob Greenhill, the Group of Eight wrote a private letter to the boa
ne of the people who’d quit left a voice mail: “I just heard the news: the Evil Empire has fallen.”

plaining about the firm's decline in reputation and performance. They requested the removal of Purcell as C.E.O. and the formation on the board of three outside directors with experience in financial services, including one in institutional securities and another in the retail-securities business.

On the 39th floor at Morgan Stanley, on Broadway in Times Square, Purcell went into overdrive after he received the letter. According to a former employee, Purcell, chief administrative officer Stephen Crawford, chief legal counsel Don Kempf, and Marty Lipton, the veteran Wall Street lawyer who was retained by both the Morgan Stanley board and Purcell personally, “disappeared into a black hole for the next day.”

That Friday we got the impression Purcell was meeting with closest allies on the management committee—the men who brought him from Dean Witter in the 1997 merger,” says a source. Then, over the weekend, Purcell called the rest of the management team—those who had worked for Morgan Stanley previously and were not part of the firm's senior management. The calls were said to consist of nothing other than Purcell saying, “We have a problem.”

“People assumed that, being younger, Crawford was less of a threat to Purcell,” says one person. Crawford was far less popular than Purcell, but, unlike Purcell, he had had a close relationship with Morgan Stanley for years—and therefore, according to some, he was virtually alone among Morgan Stanley senior employees in having a relationship with the board. (A source claims, “Purcell kept the management committee in the dark for months.”)

“All they said was, ‘We have a problem.’” said a source. “The signs were there for months, but no one knew anything about it.”

“Then, the story changed,” said a source. “Purcell said he had a plan to deal with the problem. But no one knew what the plan was, and no one knew if it worked.”

“Purcell had been saying that, for the past year, he was trying to fix Morgan Stanley,” said a source. “But no one knew how, or if it worked.”

“Then, the story changed again,” said a source. “Purcell said he had a plan to deal with the problem. But no one knew what the plan was, and no one knew if it worked.”

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ONE GLOVE AT A TIME
With a fan club that includes Marc Jacobs, Elton John, and Christian Louboutin, Dita Von Teese is giving burlesque a sweetly seductive second life and, JIM WINDOLF writes, more than a touch of class.

*Miss Von Teese (not her real name!), photographed in New York City on June 28, 2005.*
THE mundane reality genre has overtaken not only your television set but the adult-entertainment industry too. Girls are going wild, and their boyfriends equipped with tiny DVD cameras, are catching the as they do-do that voodoo that they do so well, or poor... doesn't matter. These dimly lit, story-free productions make *Deep Throat* look like *Gone with the Wind*.

And so, with every *1 Night in Paris* and other movies of its ilk, a little more of the old bedroom mystery peeled away.

But just when you thought all was lost, along comes burlesque superheroine Dita Von Teese, a curvaceous, alabaster-skinned, raven-haired, immaculately coiffed stripper with a fondness for retro fashions and the attention to detail to do it right. Dita doesn't bump, she doesn't grind, and she certainly doesn't do that thing with the pole. She doesn't even quite take it all off, stripping down, with subtlety and a sense of stagecraft, to G-string and pasties, and leaving the rest to the imagination.

“I’ve danced nude in the past with my feather fan because that’s how Sally Rand”
ONICALLY,

Perhaps,

Vogue

named

On Teese

004’s 13th-

best-dressed

woman

in the

world.
Niklas Zennström and Janus Friis are the twin geek stars of “disruptive technology.” First their file-sharing program, Kazaa, soared from Napster’s ashes. For their second act, the Scandinavian team has plans to rewire the planet—wirelessly—with their Internet phone service, Skype. And it is free. No wonder Yahoo, Google, and the other heavy guns want their number.

Traveling from an industry conference in Cannes to Skype’s tech headquarters in Tallinn, Estonia, BRETT FORREST meets the elusive entrepreneurs who are transforming the way the world communicates.

Two Wild and...
Janus Friis and Niklas Zennström have set their sights on the world's telecom giants. They were photographed at London's Kings Club on April 8, 2005.

Crazy Moguls
ome people don't like change. Change doesn't much care.

But when you're the guys doing the changing, manners still count. Let them down easy. Speak in code, as if a kid were in the room. Refer to the pivotal event as the "Y meeting," and make sure no one is listening in. Have a quick look around the café, where the dark-goggled figures are staring blanks into the light.

It's full sun in Cannes, February, with the sea at dignified ripple and the crêpe dealers yawning flecks of spit into the chocolate. Meantime, the boutique streets are floating in color-coded nametags. Gray-haired conventioneers roam in suits the shade of gloom, taking stock of the future all around them. It comes fast, and how odd it can look. A few of the old industrialists wear the hands-free cords of their cell phones plugged into one ear and looped over the other, bringing a bar across the face like a football helmet's. Sometimes it's better to exit the game.

You can be old for only so long. And when you're sucking wind off the squeaky-kneed $300 billion telephone industry, then old may as well be dead. A great change is already on its way.

The figures plotting the shift, in this Cannes café, are slope-shouldered and Scandinavian, one six feet four, the other six-five. Niklas Zennström and Janus Friis have traveled to France as part of their continuing effort to hijack the way the world communicates. In 2000, these Internet radicals created Kazaa, the file-sharing company that helped sabotage the record industry. With their new program, Skype, all they want to do is commandeer all the phones in the world. Equipped with boyish energy and one lazy eye each, the partners divide their days among London, Luxembourg, and subzero Estonia, where Skype rolls out—with very little overhead and without that Silicon Valley chatter. Zennström and Friis believe they have cracked the code that will rewire the planet, wirelessly.

The time for their Y meeting has arrived, and the two delegates march past the red Ferrari, parked flagrantly outside the door, and into the beach-street hotel. The bar here hangs sweaty with the sex reek of money rubbing together, the high clatter of capital bouncing off the four walls. Strangers approach. "I'll be watching for you," says one teeth-showing suntan. A man in tasseled loafer proclaims "this whole thing" to be "massive." The principals slip the clutches, keeping it all ice cold, until at last there is Y, taking the form of three men rather like the others.

A fresh coat of gleam covers the gums as the introductions go round, the bows going semi-deep. But when it comes to the last man, a great panic shakes through the Y group. This person is an outsider, a member of the press. Like a rich girl in the wrong neighborhood, the lead agent from Yahoo clutches the rope around his neck. He shoves his trade-show nametag under cover of suit coat. Officially, then, this meeting hasn't taken place, and, ficially, no one in this room of touch-tone power needs to worry over that big sleep coming on.

It's the first night of this once-a-year paddock session for international mobile-communications cartel, and already it's clear who wears the pretty dress. Skype is the word, and those who don't sweat it or want a piece of it appear to constitute a dwindling minority. Simply, Skype is a virtually bug-free computer program that allows you to make telephone calls over the Internet anywhere in the world. Skype is not the only company of its type, nor was it the first. But people who know about these things lieve that nearly all phone calls will soon run over the Internet even cellular calls, and that little, 140-employee Skype will force world's telephone giants to accept the new religion or be sown routed—and probably both. Skype calls transmit as clearly as regular calls, and, you see, they are free.

Voice over Internet Protocol, or VoIP, separates your voice into small pieces, transmits it like an email, then reconstitutes it for the person on the receiving end. All the big companies have already jumped into VoIP, avoiding the F.C.C. tolls and fees that were to make regular phone service as expensive as it is. Some say it may be too late to stop Skype from becoming the broadband Ma Bell.

ight is getting on when three Korean girls in negligé cocktail dresses slip through the crowd carrying electric violins on their way to the stage. The yacht yaws to port as the group steps into a number that no one can understand. This isn't the only song in town. The boat is on yacht row, made up here for the 3G World Congress. Stately seagoing tubs rented to BlackBer-Y, LG, Philips, Cisco Systems, Siemens, Toshiba, and other firms of varying size and ambition bob in one another's faint wake. Flaky hors d'oeuvres issue all down the line.

If you were to scan the group on this yacht (rented by P.D.A./mobile-phone producer I-Mate, which, like Motorola, has signed a deal to pre-package its models with Skype) and the guess who is responsible for all the noise in Cannes, you would be forgiven for choosing the violinists. Over in the corner, a linguist tiff continues.

"Danish is bastardized Swedish," says Zennström, who is from Sweden.

"Yes, well, Swedish is a derivative of Danish," says Friis, from Denmark.

The two code talkers sit on a creamy leather couch, looking very much like just about anybody, rather than the grenade-tossing principals of a revolution. Yet that is how they have been regarded since 2000—as revolutionaries by some, rubbish-bin raccoons by others—the year all technophiles caught their scent.

That was a different uprising. We all remember Napster, the free music-swapping Internet program that ultimately received lying from the record industry. Once Napster fell, Kazaa raised the flag, quickly going on to become the most downloaded software on the brief time line of the Internet: 390 million total downloads, with three billion files traded per month.

Having what amounts to roughly every citizen of America on board, plus another 95 million, would seem to cue the part. But Zennström, 39 (married, no kids), and Friis, 29 (single couldn't enjoy the moment. In October 2001, the member companies of the Motion Picture Association (continued on page 3)
With their new program, Skype, all they want to do is commandeer all the phones in the world.
Cath Kidston®

Sentimental
Capturing the idyll of her English idyll childhood with humble polka-dot tea towels, flower-print pup tents, and “Bunny’s Ear” paint, Cath Kidston has built a growing lifestyle empire.

With the opening of Kidston’s second U.S. store, in Santa Monica, URA JACOBS learns how the designer’s mix of cozy classic and whimsical modern edge has taken her from a Notting Hill junk shop into Martha Stewart territory.

KIDSTON AROUND
Cath Kidston on the terrace of her Gloucestershire home, May 15, 2005. Opposite, the designer’s Wimbledon shop, which opened last year.
The best-selling item is a cotton tea towel, pink with white polka dots. Carnation, the pink is called, after the flower with no pretensions. The polka dots are not too big and not too small, and the space between them feels amiable, proper—they're polka dots with a sunny disposition. This pink tea towel never was and never will be in fashion; hence, it will never be out of fashion.

During the 1980s, when the mode for new money was homes grandiose with polished mahoganies and marble halls—a gilded return to Brideshead Revisited style spurred by the majestic mini-series of 1981—an egg timer was ticking in the kitchen, an idea waiting to hatch. It had to do with English houses: not the vaulted formal rooms, but the simpler ones upstairs; not the showy chinoiserie drawing room, but the bedroom with rose-print curtains, the bathroom with shiny white paint, the sitting room with the knitted throw. In Brideshead terms, it was Nanny Hawkins's cozy rabbit hutch near the roof. In decorating terms, it was backstairs, what the English call "behind the green baize door." Could you build a burgeoning housewares empire on something as humble as a polka-dot tea towel? Or an ironing-board cover in big red cabbage roses? Or aprons, bibs, book bags, and laundry bags in good old kitchenable oilcloth?

Cath Kidston has.

The idea was that ticking away, well, it was actually a memory, a child's treasury of images begging to be revisited, reborn. In fact, Kidston seems to have been imprinted with rooms. "I can't remember all sorts of things," she confesses. "But I remember every single print from my house when I was a child. The lilacs in the guest bedroom, the magnolia chintz in the nursery, very pale-pink walls. My home and my grandmother's home, they weren't all these dark, very over-decorated places. It was much prettier, lighter, simpler, and airier. I wanted to go back to all of that style of thing, but in my own way, to take it and re-do it."

"The Hons' meeting-place was an unused linen cupboard at the top of the house," wrote Nancy Mitford in The Pursuit of Love, her 1945 novel about a landed family that is a little world unto itself. "Here we would sit, huddled up on the slatted shelves, and talk for hours about life and death." It was a Hons'-cupboard upbringings for Cath Kidston, a blue-eyed childhood, rural, rich, Victorian-strait about manners and meals, but full of ponies and rabbits and woods, and dominated by a beloved Georgian house in Hampshire, which was in turn dominated by a beloved father, Archie Kidston.

He came from a Glasgow family of Scottish shipping tycoons, owners of the Clyde Shipping Company (one of the first builders of steamships), and though he was a banker in London, Kidston also served as chairman of Clyde, which was now making tugboats instead of ships. Archie Kidston was social, full of fun, a man who came at things his own way. It was his idea to invite Beauty, the family donkey, into the living room for tea: she came often until the day she committed a faux pas on the coco-

Christmas decoration. It was basically basic Martha Stewart—recycling things that you had about your house.

When Cath was 19, Archie Kidston, 50, died of a brain tumor. "It was a bomb shock," says Cath, "having been so look after and protected to suddenly have it. It was tough." As the loss of a father weren't traumatic enough, the illness had caught the family in a bad phase financially. A recent stock-market crash plus Kidston's always generous spending on the family meant there was very little money left when he died. The idyll was over.

C

ath hadn't been brought to think of a career and a mite she was overwhelmed lost. With what inheritance she received, she bought small flat in London and took herself to art school, only to leave after half a year because she couldn't afford the fees. Casting about, Cath embarked on a series of sales jobs in shops. "They didn't stretch one's mind. But I had no knowledge. Now and then I tried to start a business. I member buying yards of Airtex cotton [fa
Kidston's Gloucestershire home; her pillows adorn the garden bench. 
*Opposite:* top, the kitchen features Cath Kidston dish towels and pot holders; bottom, an assortment of pillows in the garden house.
with holes in it] to make shirts, having an old shirt, but then not quite seeing it through and the Airtex sitting there.” What Cath did learn is that she loved selling, “that little thing of chatting someone and pushing something and then you strike.”

Meanwhile, her childhood obsession with re-doing her room, along with her love of colors evocative of that childhood, re-asserted itself in her little flat and caught the attention of friends. Would help them decorate their houses? A column began to show. At 24, Cath got a job—first meaningful one—working with Joss Haslam, a dealer in antique textiles. She began to learn the ins and outs of fabric—nature, its history, the market—and also opened out her next move: to land a position with a top London decorator. It took her a year to find that job, but when she did, she had the best. In 1984 the renowned Nicholas Haslam, famous for his joystick, on-the-top rooms, hired no-experience Cath as his assistant. But why?

“Because she was such fun,” says Haslam. “She was so young when she came, so she was sort of wide-eyed and bouncy. It’s a full of strange, mad ideas, but still with a touch of old-fashioned sense of things, too.”

“I thought it was a whole new world for me,” says Cath. “I was very rare, Nicky. I was a true one.” And again, in a way, quite like my father. Working with Nicky, things began to fall into place. Confidence that came to me as I began to work and understand I could do something and enjoy it.”

And already, even then, Haslam remembers, there were glimmers of the future, Cath thinking about how her past might be pulled into the present. “She wanted to make modern what she’d known all her life. She wanted to brighten things up.”

After three years with Haslam, Cath was ready to be a decorator on her own. She was looking forward to selling, “I’d always been interested in concepts, and I had this idea I would shop that would be everything for windows—no one’s got a shop like that. It was like an antique shop of curtains, and it was kind of cool, tiebacks and tassels. It was really fun to begin with, and I worked with a partner who’s a friend of mine.”

McKinney-Kidston, situated just off the King’s Road, was the base for Cath’s new decorating business. She did windows for walk-in clients, and big projects for big names, working with Lucy Ferry, for instance, and socialites John and Sally Aspinall. She did the country estate of media mogul Kerry Packer and his wife, Roz, as well as their 300-foot yacht. In between there were many private houses. After five years surrounded by swags and pelmets, however, “I was kind of done. It was an idea that worked, but I didn’t feel I could take it any further. Once you’ve designed an amount of curtain poles…”

In 1992, Cath sold her share in the business to Shona McKinney. Later that year, furniture piled up on the pavement, and it was like £20 for a cupboard. I hate all that fake French antiques, and here was real, proper furniture. An old pine cupboard. And you could buy stuff like that for nothing. So I filled my shop with junk from my dog-walking, painting cupboards with glossy paint. It looked great.”

And inside one of those cupboards, in the back, a scrap, a prize. “I found a wonderful old rose wallpaper, and it was just what I wanted. No one was producing that kind of thing, this old-fashioned, proper, real kind of print. I had to re-draw it so I wasn’t just copying it. I brought out this rose wallpaper and started with that.”

As for textiles, Cath had always tried to decorate with vintage fabrics, but getting enough yardage was a problem. On a holiday trip to Eastern Europe, Cath found a wow of a fabric—stripes of gingham with little rosebuds—and ordered it in three colors, spending a continued on page 312
On the eve of World War II, in an America hooked on boxing, came a fight that embodied the greatest conflicts of its day: black against white, democracy against Fascism, Jew against Nazi. Which is why, on June 22, 1938, at 10 p.m., much of the world held its breath as radios everywhere broadcast the match between world heavyweight champion Joe Louis and former titleholder Max Schmeling. In an excerpt from his new book, DAVID MARGOLICK recalls the epic baggage that the young American and his German opponent took into Yankee Stadium—and the stunning outcome.
WHO'S THE BIGGER MAN?

Joe Louis, right, greets Max Schmeling at Louis's training camp, in New Jersey, 1936. Opposite, Harlem residents tune in to Louis's victory in 1938.
On the morning of June 22, 1938, the New York Journal-American plastered an enormous cartoon across the front page of its sports section. "Ringside Tonight!" it blared. It depicted a crowded, darkened stadium, topped by flags silhouetted against the evening sky, surrounding a small, illuminated square. Inside that square were two tiny figures, one black, one white, heading toward each other with their arms raised, poised to punch. Sitting by the ropes was a giant anthropomorphic globe, with oversized bug eyes and furrowed brow, holding a small sign. MAIN BOUT: JOE LOUIS U.S. VS. MAX SCHMELING GERMANY, it read.

Had you picked up any other newspaper that day, in Berlin or London or Paris or Tokyo or Johannesburg or Buenos Aires or Warsaw or Moscow, the message would have been the same. Something extraordinary, something planetary, was about to happen in New York. Around 10 P.M., a timekeeper would strike a small bell, and much of a world still unaccustomed to acting in unison would come to attention. Inside Yankee Stadium, nearly 70,000 fans would lean forward in their seats. Outside, a hundred million people or more, probably the largest audience for anything in history, would gather around their radios. It was all for a prizefight. And until it ended, little else would matter.

"Wars, involving the fate of nations, rage elsewhere on this globe," The New York Mirror had declared that morning, "but the eyes of the world will be focused tonight on a two-man battle in a ribbon of light stabbing the darkness of the Yankee Stadium." Der Angriff, the mouthpiece of Nazi propaganda minister Joseph Goebbels, shared little with the Mirror, a Hearst tabloid read primarily by working-class Jews. But on this point at least, it agreed. "On this day," it observed, "two men will hold an entire world in the utmost tension." Twenty million Germans would be listening to the fight, even though it would be three A.M. in Berlin when the gong sounded and the Nazi announcer came over the air. Much of Germany simply would not go to bed; curfews had been waived and bars would remain open. Five months before "The Night of Broken Glass," the pogrom that would signal the end of any remaining semblance of normal Jewish life in Germany, the Nazi state would experience what one German newspaper called "The Night of Bright Windows."

Once, the fight game had been a sport of back rooms and lowlifes, gamblers and thugs. But in the Jazz Age it had become legal, respectable, glamorous, omnipresent. Its male, working-class constituency expanded to the wealthy, to intellectuals, to women—particularly society women. Epic contests attracted tens of thousands of people and, in two instances in the 1920s, each pitting Jack Dempsey against Gene Tunney, more than 100,000. The kingdom calling itself "Fistiana" reached into nearly every city, neighborhood, and town; each had its own arenas, boxing clubs, and favorite sons. On any given night in New York, fans could choose up to a dozen fights in as many venues, pitting Irishmen against Jews against Italians against Poles. Unique among the sports, boxing crystallized the ethnic, racial, and political tensions of its times.

But even to veteran boxing writers, this fight, between a 24-year-old black American and a German almost 9 years his senior, between the reigning world heavyweight champion and the former titleholder who'd beaten him in June 1936, was unlike any other. It was not just black against white, which was combustible enough in Jim Crow America, but youth versus age; raw talent and instinct versus experience; freedom versus Fascism; and, since Joe Louis stood ready to take on and humiliate the Führer in a way few Western politicians had thus far proved to be, the Jews versus Adolf Hitler, whose enthusiastic embrace of Schmeling had turned the political but acqui-

Adapted from Beyond Glory: Joe Louis vs. Max Schmeling, and a World on the Brink, by David Margolick, to be published next month by Alfred A. Knopf; © 2005 by the author.
A 1927 portrait of Schmeling. Inset, Schmeling, who became an icon to the Nazis, hits the heavy bag in front of spectators, 1930s.

How many people, like Schmeling, had cabled congratulations to Franklin Roosevelt, then received a wedding present from Hitler?
As many as half a million people celebrated on Harlem's streets. "Let them be happy," New York's police chief decreed.
bankers and brokers, merchant princes, industrial sports, journalists, writers, figures of prominence in the various fields of sports, champions of the past and present in the ring, stars of the stage and screen—everybody, it seems," would be at ringside. The New York Times predicted. Also in the mix would be a plentiful assortment of garment workers and untants, floozies and demimondaines. In the bleachers would be many ring fans who had rarely attended big fights here, but who had now dug down deep into their pockets and cookie jars, plundering their relief checks, pawned the little they owned, to pull for the dark speck in distance.

By 10 o'clock, the streets in most American cities would be deserted. With open windows offering the only respite from summertime heat and humidity, the sounds of the fight and float out of homes and apartments, out into the streets, reverberating and empty courtyards. In movie theaters and restaurants, at baseball games and political rallies and dances, the fight would be piped in. Four months later, when the racehorse Seabiscuit beat War Admiral, perhaps 40 million Americans would be listening. Tonight, 60 million would be, nearly half of the country's population, far more than had ever heard of Franklin D. Roosevelt's fireside chats. Anyone missing the action could catch all about every conceivable aspect of it the next morning; by one estimate, the journalists had gathered at Yankee Stadium than at Versailles for the end of World War I.

Then as now, New York City was too sprawling and too imperturbable to bend very much to very much in its midst. The place swallowed up sporting events, no matter the magnitude. "World Series scarcely cause a crush on the subway," one sports writer observed two days before the fight. "Olympic tryouts go on unheeded. International tennis matches are just murmurs in the city's roar." But to a French reporter, New York City before a big fight was like champagne: bubbly and alive. And no fight had ever consumed New York like this one. By one count the city had more visitors than at any time since the Democratic convention of 1924. Hotels, restaurants, and nightclubs were jammed. Jack Dempsey's restaurant, in the boxing district near Madison Square Garden known as Jacobs Beach—in homage to the man who ran boxing in New York—expected an extra $10,000 a night in business.

More blacks had flooded into New York than ever before. Since all of Harlem's hostels were filled, and since hotels downtown were either too expensive or too discriminatory, many of these visitors were sleeping in lobbies or in their cars. Whatever prosperity black America could muster was on display, either on wheels or on their backs or in the hands of bookies. "If Joe loses, and no one here even thinks that, so many tears will flow down Seventh and Lenox avenues that it will seem like a Mississippi River flood," The Amsterdam News reported. "On the other hand, if Joe wins, more liquor will be consumed than there is in 'Ole Man Ribber.'" But the black community was hedging its bets, too. Louis had burned them the last time he'd faced Schmeling, knocked out by a 10-to-1 underdog in the 12th round. He had since won the crown and was now the favorite, but still there was the fear that the studious, methodical German had his number. The Harlem one black visitor encountered before the fight was quiet, fearful—as if, he wrote, everyone were in prayer.

A n estimated 2,000 Germans had come to New York for the bout, many aboard mighty German ocean liners such as the Bremen or the Europa, swastikas flying from their masts. All were fired up by pre-fight coverage in the Nazi press, which held that Schmeling was simply too superior to Louis, both as a boxer and as a man, to lose. By now, Schmeling had been boxing professionally for more than a decade; from 1930 to 1932, he'd been champion. Several times, his career had been pronounced dead, but always, through skill, discipline, and tenacity, he had clawed his way back. And as politics roiled his homeland, his footprint was fancier than anything he showed in the ring. He had made the transition from Weimar democracy to Nazi Germany without a stumble, replacing friends who had fled—Jews, artists, intellectuals—with a new crop in better odor with the regime. How many people, like him, had cabled congratulations to Franklin Roosevelt when he was elected president, then, only a few months later, received a wedding present from Adolf Hitler?

As a professional, Schmeling served what the Nazis considered the wrong god: himself. He was also dark and brooding, with an almost Asian cast, a far cry from the lithe and cheery Aryan blonds Leni Riefenstahl favored for her films. But the Führer had extolled boxing in Mein Kampf; the courage, resolve, speed, and cold-blooded calculation that made for good boxers made for good soldiers too. And in his ability to confound his critics, to rebound from defeat, to prevail by sheer force of character and will, Schmeling had
come to embody the Nazi vision of a rea-
scent Reich. That was how the Nazis por-
trayed him in the state-controlled press, and
far from resisting. Schmeling basked in their
praise.

But in the United States, boxing meant
New York, and New York, especially
New York boxing, meant Jews. Jews were
the promoters, including the promoter of
tonight’s fight, Mike Jacobs. Many boxers,
including champions in several divisions,
were Jewish. So were many of the trainers,
writers, cut men, equipment manufacturers.
So, too, was an enormous percentage of the
fans-half or more at the biggest fights. So,
too, were most of the fight managers, includ-
ing Schmeling’s own, one of boxing’s most
colorful characters, Joe “Yussel the Muscle”
Jacobs (who was unrelated to Mike). After
a Schmeling victory in Germany three years
earlier, Jacobs, cigar in hand, had given the
Nazi salute in the ring, mortifying Jews and
Nazis alike. Shortly after coming to power,
Hitler had banned Jews from anything hav-
ing to do with German boxing. German box-
cors couldn’t even see Jewish dentists. But
the Nazis were pragmatists. Letting Schmeling
keep Yussel, at least for business outside
Germany, they realized, was the cost of doing
business in New York, and they allowed it
to happen, especially since Schmeling paid
him only a pittance.

For five years now, New York’s Jewish
fans had watched Schmeling warily. When-
ever he arrived, newsmen peppered him
with questions about his homeland, particu-
larly about the catastrophe that had already
befallen German Jews. Always, his response
was the same: the horror stories were exag-
ggerated. Things were good in Germany, and
getting better. Then he would change the
subject, insisting he was a sportsman, not
a politician. With a New York Jewish man-
ger sanitizing and shielding him, it worked
for a while. But over time many American
Jews had come to consider Schmeling as
much a German product as Krupp steel,
someone whose purses helped prop up a
financially strapped tyranny, and they de-
cided to boycott his fights. With that in
mind, Mike Jacobs had weighed moving to-
night’s bout to somewhere, like Chicago,
where there were fewer Jews. But he’d opted
to go ahead; the Jews, he concluded, were
too eager to see Louis slaughter Schmeling
ever to stay away. Such hatred only made
Germany embrace Schmeling more tena-
ciously. The morning of the fight Hitler had
sent him a telegram, wishing good luck to
the future champion.

That Schmeling was fighting a black man
only upped the symbolic ante. All whites,
the Nazis asserted, were in Schmeling’s cor-
ner that night, not just in Germany but in the
American South, Australia, South Amer-
ica, and South Africa. German commenta-
tors repeatedly charged that, as with the
Berlin Olympics two years earlier, the Unit-
ed States was more concerned with winning
than with upholding the honor of the white
race. So that task, they said, had fallen to
Germany, and to Schmeling.

Historically, boxing had not been much
better to blacks than any other segment
of segregated America. True, Jack Johnson
had broken through, holding the heavyweight
crown from 1908 to 1915, but his antics—
taunting his opponents, flaunting his wealth,
associating conspicuously with white women
of low repute—had scandalized white and
black America alike; never again, the boxing
powers decreed, would there be a black
heavyweight champion. Traditionally, box-
ing had cast blacks as fall guys and clowns.
Interracial contests were still rare enough to
have a name: “mixed bouts.” Things would
change, one black columnist wrote, only
when white promoters thought a black fight-
er could lift lagging attendance. That was
why when John Roxborough and Julian
Black, the numbers kingpins in Detroit and
Chicago who managed Louis, asked Jack
Blackburn to train their young charge in
1934 he had only one question for them:
“Is he white or colored?” “Well, if he’s as
good as you say he is I don’t want any part
of him,” declared Blackburn, once a great
black boxer himself, upon getting his answer.
“He’ll never be able to get any fights.”

But Louis, born in Alabama, raised in
Detroit, introduced professionally in Chica-
go, was simply too good a boxer, and too
good for boxing, to keep down. The sport
was down in the dumps. Dempsey and
Tunney had retired, and succeeding title-
holders, Schmeling among them, had little
box-office appeal even before the Depres-
sion depleted American bankrolls. Louis,
by contrast, was a precise and devastating
puncher with both hands, and, as Damon
Runyon once noted, “the public loves a
puncher, white, black, yellow or green.” He
invariably scored knockouts, clean and
quick, ferocious and unequivocal. When
Louis came along, prejudice and avarice
squared off, and that was even more of a
mismatch than most of his fights. One of
Louis’s earliest champions, the Chicago
Tribune, had it about right: Louis was sup-
plying “vitamins C, A, S and H” to an
undernourished sport.

Tales of Louis’s talent soon spread east.
When he made his first trip to New York,
in May 1935, to take on former champion
Primo Carnera, the redcaps at Grand Cen-
tral Terminal carried him off the train. He
won that fight easily. Three months later,
before 95,000 people at Yankee Stadium—
the largest sports crowd there before or
since—he knocked out another former title-
holder, Max Baer. So nonchalant was
about it all that he’d gotten married only
hours before the fight. The question was
whether Louis would get a shot at his
weight champion James J. Braddock, or
whether he’d win it, but when.

Louis was simple, uneducated, and
culculative, though with an odd cap-
to reduce his thoughts to pithy truisms
all of his violence in the ring, he was gay
and passive outside it. But in his very p
ness, black people saw all of the things they wished: dignity, decency, ac-
tivity, courage. It made Louis the perfec-
vehicle for their dreams; he could be, was,
whatever they wanted him to be. He became idolized as no black man had
been. In the black weeklies, which chron-
his life lavishly, he was compared to Bo
T. Washington, the biblical David, even
sus Christ. Parents named their children
fter him. Poets wrote poems and music
composed songs about him. Preachers
one dey would have pridefighting crooked
Christian extolled him from the pulp;
Tales hung pictures of him in their part
Even Jesse Owens, the only black athlet
rival him in fame and accomplishment,
came in his exalted presence just and
awestruck fan.

The sports pages pegged Louis’s roof
at 76 inches. In fact, it was global. L
blacks everywhere—not just in Amer
but in the Caribbean, South America,
Africa—think lofty and heretical though
he could shatter racial barriers, perh
those barriers weren’t so formidable af
(In South Africa a young Nelson Man
followed Louis closely, and became a b
himself.) It even extended across racial li
More had been written about him in
previous few years, Runyon had obsen
than about anyone except Charles A. L
bergh. A midwestern professor asked his
ents to identify John L. Lewis, Joe Lo
and Sinclair Lewis; few had heard of the
or leader or the author, but nearly all kn
the “Brown Bomber.” (So popular had
become that sportswriters had recently sc
ned calling the New York Yankees “the Bro
Bombers.”)

Louis’s appeal was not entirely accid
by temperament and design, he was
to be everything Jack Johnson was not:
ified, gentle, self-effacing, unhateful.
While whites sometimes patronized him
“a big, superbly built Negro youth, who
born to listen to jazz music, eat a lot of
chicken, play ball with the gang on the
ner and never do a lick of heavy work
could escape” was how Bill Corum of a
New York Evening Journal described
they generally liked him. “There is not
iota of feeling that the Negro is an in
ioper, and that if we cannot have a w
American at the top, the division is in the drums," Nat Fleischer wrote in the pages of his hugely influential publication, The
Ring magazine, a month before the fight.

Louis is an American, and a darn good one at that." One black columnist estimated
that no two of three white southerners were favoring Louis to beat Schmeling, though
nately, he admitted, because Schmeling was most unpopular white ever to take on a
black man.

The fight was supposed to have been just one more rung on Louis's climb to the top. When he fought Louis in 1936, a
twenty-four-year-old Schmeling who had fought the electric chair months earlier. But
in 1937, Schmeling's technique—Louis knocked him out after 12 rounds, leaving himself
in a right cross—the
1-1 underdog picked
Louis apart, knocking
him out in the 12th
round. Reporters who
had strained to describe
Schmeling's greatness and
Schmeling's predicament
duly needed another
metaphor. "Some
day the sphinx will talk,
pyramids will crumble,
the oceans will stand
in their places," Joe Williams of the
New York World-Telegram wrote at ringside.

Help. In early 1937, for instance, after Mayor Fiorello La Guardia urged that the upcoming
New York World's Fair include a "chamber of horrors" on Nazi Germany—featuring a
display on the "brown-shirted fanatic who is now menacing the peace of the world"—
the Nazi press denounced him as a "shameless Jew lout," and called New York "Jew
York," the most "un-American city in the country." Schmeling would now find "Jew
York" increasingly inhospitable.

By contrast, even in defeat, and even after
black athletes excelled at the Berlin Olympics, Louis's magnetism endured. "A
carload of Jesse Owens, Ralph Metcalfe, Cornelius Johnsons and others could not
attract as much attention as Joe Louis's
driver," the Baltimore Afro-American
day. Both Braddock and Mike Jacobs knew the
real money lay in fighting Louis, not
Schmeling. When Braddock pleaded injury—
the diagnosis varied: arthritis in several
places, an injured pinkie (or left arm), a
growth between two of his fingers, all suspect
coming from the indestructible "Cinderella Man"—the Braddock-Schmeling fight
was put off until June 1937. That gave Jacobs and Braddock's manager, Joe Gould,
ample time to figure out how to escape from the contract with Schmeling, and sign up
with Louis instead.

The Jewish boycott, while real, provided the
perfect excuse. The Nazis, for whom
boxing had become a vehicle for statecraft
and international legitimacy, tried to bring
the fight to Berlin, promising Braddock what
was, for Germany's cash-starved economy, an astonishing amount of money. But to no
avail: Braddock would fight Louis in Chicago,
in June of 1937, instead.

"With the Fuhrer this
afternoon," Goebbles wrote
in his diary in late May.
"Question if we, ourselves,
in the event that
Braddock chickens out,
should declare Schme-
ling world champion. I
say yes to it. The Ameri-
cans are the most cor-
rupt people on earth." Schmeling, who trained
and even weighed in for
a fight that would clearly
never happen, returned angrily to Germany. He'd
been wronged, but his
plight elicited little Amer-
ican sympathy. Shunning him, wrote Joe
Williams of the World-Telegram, was "akin
to boycotting smallpox."

Louis, predictably, knocked out Braddock,
and a new era, for boxing and for race rela-
tions, had begun: for the first time, Ameri-
can had a heavyweight champion whom
blacks and whites could share. But Louis
had earned his crown with an asterisk attached to it. Until he beat Schmeling, he wasn't really
champion. Besides, he had a score to settle:
Schmeling had punched him after the bell
ending one of the rounds in their fight and,
far from apologizing to him, had accused Louis of fouling him intentionally. It was not easy
to make the easygoing Louis hate anyone, but Schmeling had succeeded. "His
burning desire for revenge is so deeply imbued within his heart that I believe it will
overshadow any other emotion that Joe might have," wrote Chester Washington of
The Pittsburgh Courier, one of the black
weeklies that followed Louis's every move and
mood. In the fall of 1937, the two verbally
Louis vs. Schmeling

agreed to fight the following June. The world
had months to contemplate, and to savor,
and to debate, what would happen.

In May 1938, Schmeling returned to the
U.S. to train, in the Adirondack hamlet
of Speculator, New York. Years later, in his
highly selective and misleading memoirs,
he would describe the virulent hostility he en-
countered in New York City, but at the time
he insisted that anti-Nazi feeling had abated
in America, and that he felt completely at home
here. Still, reporters found his training camp
far more regimented, paranoid, and Nazi-
ized than his previous operations. To go there
from free and easy Pompton Lakes, New Jer-
y, where Louis was training, was “like step-
ning from this enlightened republic into one
of the totalitarian states,” wrote the influential
Dan Parker in The New York Mirror. “One
expects to see brown-shirted soldiers popping
out from behind every telegraph pole with a
‘Heil Hitler!’ challenge.” To Parker, Schme-
ling’s house in Speculator was an outpost of
Nazi Germany, encircled by barbed wire and
state troopers. And Schmeling himself was
encircled by Germans: his longtime trainer,
Max Machon; Arno Hellmis, who covered
boxing for the leading Nazi newspapers and
did the play-by-play for his fights; Heinz Dit-
gens, owner of Schmeling’s favorite sports
bar in Berlin; and Willi Lehmann, a Berlin
restaurateur always quick to stress that he—
unlike his namesake, Governor Herbert Leh-
man of New York—wasn’t Jewish.

The largely apolitical American sports press
generally focused far more on Schmeling’s
form than his convictions, though he opened
up a bit with the man from The Chicago Times.
“Make no mistake, Max Schmeling is Fuehrer:
Hitler’s greatest booster,” this reporter
wrote. “Ve haff no strikes in Germany,”
Schmeling told him. “Most everybody has
job. Times are goot. Ve have one only union.
Ve haff only one party. Everybody agreeable.
Everybody happy.” “Both he and Machon
sincerely believe Hitler is Germany’s man of
destiny,” the reporter noted. On racial issues,
Schmeling was normally conciliatory, or at
least diplomatic. But to another Chicago re-
porter, he spoke once with unusual bluntness.
“The black dynasty of pugilism must come to
an end,” he declared. In the mainstream
press, no one picked up on Schmeling’s com-
ments; the white press hid Schmeling’s racism,
one irate black columnist wrote, because its
racial ideas and Hitler’s were the same.

As the fight loomed, people made their
predictions. Yankee slugger Joe DiMag-
gio picked Louis, while his teammate Lou
Gehrig went with Schmeling. (Babe Ruth,
now coaching first base for the Brooklyn
Dodgers, did, too.) The comedian Henny
Youngman picked Louis. So did the ventri-
loquist Edgar Bergen, but Charlie McCar-
thy picked Schmeling. The actor Robert
Taylor picked Schmeling, but both Amos
and Andy, of the famous radio team, picked
Louis. Among other past heavyweight cham-
pions, Jack Johnson, who had become one
of Louis’s greatest detractors, picked Schme-
leng; Jimmy Braddock picked Louis; Jack
Dempsey picked both, while Gene Tunney
picked neither. Thirty thousand people en-
tered Der Angriff’s fight pool; not surpris-
ingly, they favored Schmeling 100 to 1. On
the morning of June 22, fight previews in the
German papers had to compete with Goeb-
bel’s speech the previous day at the Olympic
Stadium, in which he’d pledged to 120,000
frenzied followers to drive the Jews out of
Berlin. But in many cities Schmeling got far
higher billing.

Convinced that Mike Jacobs hoped to
rattle him with a long train ride, Schmeling
drew down to New York, a means of travel
still unorthodox and risky enough to violate
his contract. Meanwhile, visitors arrived by
car, air, train, and ship. When the British
heavyweight champion Tommy Farr stepped
off the Queen Mary, he spotted a crowd
around another celebrity passenger: Joseph
P. Kennedy, father of a future president and,
at the time, the American ambassador to the
Court of St. James.’s. “Who’s he gonna fight?”
Farr asked. Five thousand people gathered
outside Madison Square Garden for the
weigh-in, held early in the afternoon. By five,
several thousand people were waiting outside
the stadium to buy general-admission tickets,
at $3.50 apiece; a recap was first in line, a
cook second. Thousands more made their
way north, “in purring limousines, grinding
cabs, and up from the subway slots in great
spouting geyers of humanity,” reported The
New York Mirror. From the window of her
apartment in the Sugar Hill section of Har-
lem, Louis’s young wife, Marva, could see the
stadium and the enormous procession mak-
ing its way there by car and bus and on foot.
Outside the stadium, fans found demonstra-
tors from the Communist Party hand-
ing out leaflets. “SCHMELING STANDS FOR
NAZISM,” they declared. “NAZISM MEANS BAR-
BARISM. SO WE AMERICANS ALL PULL WITH
OUR JOE LOUIS, WIN OR LOSE!” Swells from
the Brook and the Lynx clubs, along with
the patrons of chic restaurants such as ‘21’ and
the Colony, arrived en masse; 20 or 30 people
from the River Club, all dressed to the nines,
came by boat via the East River, docking not
far from the stadium. “A Gatsby sort of at-
mosphere” was how a participant later char-
erized the scene. The evening was cool,
with a pleasant breeze, just chilly enough for
women to wear light wraps over their sum-
mer finery. The air was filled with the scent
of the gardenias that many of them wore.

At ringside, actress Tallulah Bankhead
and her husband sat in front of Schmeling fans. Socialite Evelyn Walsh
Lean, wearing the Hope diamond, was es-
crated by the Herald Tribune’s society col-
umnist, Lucius Beebe; F.B.I. chief J. Ed
Hoover was escorted by his longtime de-
(reputed boyfriend) Clyde Toils
Mayor La Guardia was one of the late-
cers. There were black performers galore:
Calloway and Bill Robinson, as well as
Mills and Nicholas Brothers, Louis A
strong, Ethel Waters, Jimmy Rushing. J in-
man Duke Ellington had postponed his
surgery just to come. Jack Johnson wore
derby hat, blue serge suit, and cane. Du
a largely segregated time, there were s-
tling splotches of integration; at what of
function in American society—or Ameri-
ca’s history, for that matter—could Mrs. J
Roborough and Mrs. Julian Black, the bro-
wives of Louis’s black managers, sit just
hind tycoon Vincent Astor and his par
“A sea of faces,” the Afro-American corre-
spondent wrote in wonder. “Black faces,
white faces, white faces: a of folk.
Richly dressed, shabbily frocked,
cen dresses, furs worth a king’s ranso-
elite, the hoi polloi.”

“Prancing and dancing as a Man o’ War
at the bit,” according to another reporter.
Farr picked the segregated black press, Randy Dixon
the Philadelphia Tribune, Louis was first
enter the ring, at two minutes to 10. His
caption was rather tame, perhaps beca
so many of his fans were so far off. T
years earlier, Louis had stepped into the r
guidly, nonchalantly, indifferently. N
drenched from warming up in his dres
room, he radiated a tense energy. The
as Schmeling. Years later, he comar his
walk to the ring that night to running
haul. Though 25 policemen escorted hi
he wrote, he’d been pelted by cigarette but
banana peels, and paper cups, and pull
atowel over his head for protection. But
porters on the scene saw nothing of the so
and were actually struck by how warmly
was received. “No challenger in memory
the oldest scribes was ever given such a
ome,” one veteran friend written.

By 10 o’lock New York time, the mul
tudes were gathered worldwide around their radios. Writer and civil-rights ac-
W. E. B. Du Bois listened in Atlanta, an
folsinger Woody Guthrie in Santa F
Young Jim Carter, the future presiden
t listened with the field hands outside his
ther’s house in Plains, Georgia. Joe Louis
father, long assumed dead until surfaced
after the Braddock fight, listened in south
western Alabama, at the Searey State Ho-
pital for the Negro Insane. “Good even
ladies and gentlemen, the two principals
the greatest bout in a generation are in t
declared Ed Thorgersen on NBC, yielding the microphone to Clem McPhly, the horse-racing announcer who handled the play-by-play. In Germany, tary music came over the radio, then from across the Atlantic, then the voice of Arno Hellmis. "Hallo Berlin... Hallo Deutschland... Hallo Deutschland. Hier als Yankee Stadium in New York," he said. "The moment has finally come... it isn't a stadium anymore... This is an flowing, feverish melting pot full of pass- let loose, and if one should throw a punch I am sure the whole stadium with all people will be blown up into the air with single explosion... A fever rages in the soul of all these people."

As the bell rang twice, a man in a tuxedo in to speak from the center of the ring. A portentous, stentorian roar well known to all fight Harry Balogh called up one of the celebrity boxers to the center, and then got to the center. "This is the feature attraction, 15 rounds, the world's heavyweight championship," he began. Elgiving 193, wearing purple trunks, outstanding corner for heavyweight home the former heavyweight holder, Max Schmeling. His pronunciation was impeccable: "Mox Schmeying - Schmeling arose from a tool, gathered his robe, and faced forward a few steps, his gloved right hand to his chest, and bowed bow in court European fashion. The crowd roared, and Schmeling said, Two more times now the bell sounded tiery summoning the house back to its. "Weighing 198 and three-quarters, facing black trunks, the famous Detroit Bomber, world's heavyweight champion, Joe Louis. Louis arose, skipped out steps, then turned around. There were cheers of cheers, but mixed in were some -some undoubtedly racial, some just as charm for the favorite, some Schmeling boosters, some for Louis'sently disappointing performances. The referee, one embittered black reporter wrote restrict," saw fit to give Schmeling a Nazi, greater hand than he did an American born champion."

The referee, Arthur Donovan, then summoned the two men to the center of the ring with their seconds and gave them their instructions. "Now let's go," he concluded. "May the best man win." "The old slow of boxing, 'May the best man win,' and an about to start, with this Yankee Stadi-

ing happened, except an ineffable surge of mass anticipation. "This is the million-dollar thrill of sports," one reporter explained. "This is a second pregnant with drama and suspense, and no matter how often it occurs you never forget the strange shivers that sweep over you. This is The Big Fight." And after two years of waiting, this was the biggest big fight of them all. Throughout the stadium, people leaned forward, straining to see; "160,000 knees became uncontrollable," one reporter wrote. Meanwhile, a hush descend- ed upon the world. Nowhere were things quieter than in black America; "14 million brown men, women and children cussed and prayed in 14 million ways for Joe to come through," wrote Frank Marshall Davis of the Associated Negro Press. "Probably never before in American history were so many black voices silent."

A notoriously slow starter, apt to give himself a few rounds to measure his foe, Schmeling walked out of his corner matter-of-factly, like a businessman going to an appointment. Louis, who normally shuffled out deliberately, all but bounded out, meeting Schmeling three-quarters of the way across the ring. The two had feinted for only seven seconds before Louis hit, and hurt, Schmeling with a left jab, then threw two more that snapped the German's head back. Then came a left hook to the body, before the two briefly fell into a clinch. But within a flash, Louis had Schmeling against the ropes, connecting with a series of devastating blows to the head and body. Donovan had never seen anything like it: after that first left to the head, Schmeling's face seemed to swell out of proportion and turn a faint bluish green. The first right was so hard that Schmeling's head seemed to spin, then "bobbed up and down like a Halloween apple in a tub." The contest was not yet 30 seconds old.

Schmeling got in one punch, a blow to the jaw through Louis's lowered guard, but Louis had been backing away when it landed. Louis hesitated, but only for a second. Schmeling's face was already marked when, nearly a minute into the fight, Louis chased him back toward the ropes once more. Coming out of another clinch, he hit Schmeling again, then again with two more straight lefts to the face and a right to the temple before they clinched on the once. They broke apart. Louis stalked Schmeling, searching for an opening. Back to the ropes, he missed with a roundhouse left. Then he delivered a right uppercut, a left, and a punishing right to Schmeling's suddenly defenseless face. Schmeling staggered backward. As he twisted along the ropes to avoid more blows to his head, Louis, his gloves a brownish blur, landed a series of body punches—to the side, to the stomach, and then to the left kidney. It was entirely legal, though Schmeling—who had won the championship eight years earlier on a foul—would claim afterward that it was not. Even in the press box, where partisan cheering was forbidden, there were cries of excitement, astonishment, horror. Schmeling let out a high-pitched cry that echoed throughout the stadium. Some heard "Oh! Oh!" To others, it was "Genug! Genug!"—"Enough! Enough!" Many, Louis among them, thought it came not from Schmeling but from a woman at ringside. So terrifying it was—"half human, half animal," said the British boxing writer Peter
Louis vs. Schmeling

Wilson—that some fans reached instinctively for their hats, as if Louis had been about to come for them too.

Immovatized by the body blows, Schmeling then absorbed five colossal punches to his face. Framing his target with his left glove, Louis concluded the fusillade with two mighty rights. Schmeling collapsed halfway to the canvas. "Hitler's wilting pet looked like a soft piece of molasses candy left out in the sun." Richard Wright later wrote. By now, a minute and a half had passed.

Describing the carnage, Hellmis sounded, to one Jewish listener in Warsaw, as if it were he, and not Schmeling, who was taking Louis's blows. "Max! Go back!" he shouted. "For heaven's sake, Max! Max! Joe Louis! Stop him!" To another listener, this one in Prague, Hellmis's cries were "like the shrieking of a mother watching her son die." Though Schmeling technically remained on his feet, only the ropes were keeping him upright. Donovan shook Louis away and, his arms raised, began a count. When the German righted himself, Donovan cleared the way for Louis, who, expressionless as always, resumed his work. He stung Schmeling with another vicious right that sent him sprawling, then rolling over. "Louis attacks again!" shrieked Hellmis. "Why, that is madness!" "Schmeling is going down!" McCarthy exclaimed. "But he's held to his feet! Held to the ropes! Looks to his corner in helplessness! And Schmeling . . . is . . . down! Schmeling is down! The count is four. It's . . ." But it was the crowd's roars, muffled, dense, and thunderous, that really told the story, not what McCarthy managed to blurt out a second or two later. Black America could finally exhale. "Laughter roared through the land like mighty Niagara breaking through a cardboard dike," wrote Frank Marshall Davis.

"Joe Louis is in his corner," said Hellmis. "Steh auf! Maxe! Steh doch auf! Maxe!" he went on, lapsing into the colloquial form of his friend's name. "Get up, Max! Do get up, Max! Max! . . . No, he is down for good. . . . No, he gets up!" And Schmeling was up again, but only for an instant. Another powerful combination sent him again to his knees. By now, as Austen Lake wrote in the Boston Evening American, "a red drool dribbled from his lips and formed a crimson beard of bubbles on his chin." Schmeling was up quickly, this time at one. Louis was fighting, as another eyewitness put it, "as men have fought since men have borne hatred toward one another." "Right and left to the head!" McCarthy growled. "A left to the jaw! A right to the head! And Donovan is watching carefully! Louis measures him. Right to the body! A left hook to the jaw! And Schmeling is down!" For the third time, Schmeling was on the canvas. this time on his side, trying desperately to get up.

But now the action shifted to Max Mack. Twice already, Schmeling's trainer had reached for his towels only to be restrained by another of the German's seconds. This time he could not be, and he hurled the towel into the ring. Boxing's classic gesture of surrender was no longer recognized in New York; Donovan grabbed it, crumpled it up, and threw it contemptuously onto the green, velvet-covered ropes, where it hung in the same limp fashion Schmeling himself had only moments before. But when Mackon dashed into the ring, Donovan called the fight, two minutes and four seconds after it began. So fast had it happened that many people—the ones who'd gone to buy sandwiches, or turned around to dust off their seats, or stayed seated while someone in front of them stood up—missed it entirely. Bandleader Count Basie made the twin mistakes of dropping his hat, then bending over to pick it up. But few of them, or any of the others at Yankee Stadium that night, felt shortchanged. They could now say, and would for the rest of their lives, that they'd been there. Schmeling came to quickly, made his way across the ring, and threw an arm around Louis's shoulder. It was virtually the only glove he'd laid on him all night. Then he returned to his corner and cried.

I

n the stands there was bedlam. Tallulah Bankhead sprang up and turned to the Schmeling fans behind her. "I told you so, you sons of bitches!" she screamed. Inside 938 St. Nicholas Avenue, Marva Louis let out a squeal. Elsewhere, everywhere, people leapt up. "Beat the hell out of the damn German bastard!" W. E. B. DuBois, a lifelong Germanophile who rarely swore, shouted gleefully in Atlanta. In Hollywood, actress Bette Davis jumped up and down; she had won $66 in the Warner Bros. fighter pool. "Everybody danced and sang," Woody Guthrie wrote from Santa Fe. "I watched the people laugh, walk, sing, do all sorts of dances. I heard 'Hooray for Joe Louis!' 'To hell with Max Schmeling' in Indian, Mexican, Spanish, all kinds of white tongues." In Plains, the black field hands listening on James Earl Carter Sr.'s radio quietly thanked him for the privilege.

"Then," Jimmy Carter wrote, "our visitors walked silently out of the yard, crossed the road and the railroad tracks, entered the tenant house and closed the door. Then all hell broke loose, and their celebration lasted all night."

Schmeling, who collected $174,644 for his brief labor, returned to his dressing room, where he protested Louis's kidpunch, received condolences from his man friends and the German embassy to Washington, and nursed what turned to be two broken vertebrae. They last him in the hospital that night and were kept him there, immobilized, for the 10 days. Last time, he had gone home uneventfully on the Hindenburg; this time would be atop a stretcher, though hardly the obscurity and obloquy he later claimed. "Alright, Adolf, take him away," Joe liams wrote from ringside.

As for Louis, who earned $349,288, his normal adpian briefly gave way in dressing room that night to pure, unadulterated joy: as he put it, he was sure enough champion now. As many as a million people celebrated on Harlem's streets. "It is their night. Let them be happy," 23 York's police chief decreed. Similar celebrations—most boisterous but hardly a few violent and even fatal—broke out in black neighborhoods all over America. Suddenly, briefly, nothing seemed out of reach.

I

f blacks exulted, Jews—the free Jews of America and the doomed Jews of rope—weren't far behind. "If only Schmeling's collapse can be taken as a portent of the weakness of Nazism as a whole, troubles are almost over," one American Jewish paper editorialized. One Jew in Warsaw moved to poetry:

Hey Louis! You probably don't know What your punches mean to us You, in your anger, punched the Brown Shirts Straight in their hearts—K.O.

The next day, as young bootblacks at Lenox Avenue offered the "Joe Louis shine," it took only two minutes and four seconds—Louis slept in, then sent out for newspapers, then sat around some more. For him, it was the dawn of a new day, a new era, one of total dominance he could last a decade or more. The guy would beat him, Jack Dempsey declared. "is still playing marbles somewhere." A to a degree no one of his race had ever enjoyed, much of America, black and white, sang his praises. "Joe is on top of the p verbal heap today," one black columnist wrote. "On top of a heap higher than anyone he ever occupied before. It amounts to a throne." □

After a long struggle with tax collector drugs, and mental illness, Louis died of a heart attack in 1981. Schmeling, a pros and respected German businessman, quietly after a short illness on February 2005.
**Dita Von Teese**

**continued from page 354** did it," Dita says, looking the name of her favorite stripper in bygone days. "But even with her, sometimes a nipple would pop out. People can end seeing more than what you want them to see, so I don't dance nude so much anymore. Some people are even uneasy at the notion that you're removing a glove, because that insinuates..."

With her short, sweet, highly imaginative routines, Dita has lately been wowing crowds of people-designers Marc Jacobs, Isabel Marant, and Roland Mouret, and are perennially on the lookout for new fashion trends bubbling up from the underdog; celebrities such as Elton John, Jane Seeger, Cameron Diaz, Christina Aguilera, En Stefani, Carmen Electra, and Enrique Iglesias; and middle managers who want a romantic fantasy to go along with their chand-soda (and woody). See Dita douse herself with a green olive sponge while taking a very silky bath in a giant martini glass; see her naughtily take a ride upon a bejeweled wessel horse; see her stand tippy-toed on a hot Art Deco crescent moon as silver stars from a night sky. In a jaded time, she winks to remind her viewers that sex can be a fun even sublime experience, rather than a drab pursuit of sensation for its own sake.

Ironically, perhaps, Vogue named her 2004's 13th-hottest-dressed woman in the world. She rose to No. 2 style icon in a recent survey of 1,000 fashion-industry people conducted by Harper's & Queen. Not bad for a girl who started out a small-town blonde from Michigan named Heather Sweet. ("It's my real name, I swear," she says.) With that hot-trot billing, her looks, and her willingness to take off her clothes, she could have ended up a run-of-the-mill porn star (and did appear in a few XXX videos, among them Pin Ups 2 and Debauchery 8). But from an early age, this child of the 1970s found herself enchanted with the glamour of Hollywood's mid-century golden age. Heddy Lamarr, Rita Hayworth, Betty Grable, Marilyn Monroe, Cyd Charisse, and Gene Tierney were her gals, as well as the great Gypsy Rose Lee and pinup princess Bettie Page.

Asked how she developed her ideas about burlesque, Dita says, "I watched a lot of MGM musicals and I imagined what it could be like in my head. Then, later, when I actually saw some old burlesque footage, it was a little rough looking, and not quite as glamorous as I'd wanted it to be. So I had to learn it my own way. Sally Rand's act was a bit like what I do, but Tempest Storm and the other bump-and-grind girls and tassel-twirlers, that doesn't really suit my personality."

Now planning a December wedding with her intended, Goth-metal devil Marilyn Manson (who applies his own makeup with a heavier hand than she), Dita must be seen live to be properly appreciated. After toiling at burlesque events with names such as the Rubber Ball and Teaseorama, she has recently graduated to perform at corporate parties for Louis Vuitton, Garrard jewelers, and Martini & Rossi; at private functions for Jacobs and Louboutin; and at Elton John's Life Ball 2005 benefit. She has also gone into business selling her own perfumes, lipsticks, and shampoos.

**Counter-moguls**

**continued from page 355** of America and Recording Industry Association of America filed suit against Kazaa, claiming company was party to the straight theft copyrighted material. Zennström and Friis played it coy, claiming that they merely wanted to allow consenting adults to share their collections with one another, and that they were already pursuing licensing agreements. To be safe, they haven't touched on in America since 2002, preferring to let any argument for jurisdiction. Even so, the fall of 2003, a guy on a motorbike killed Zennström and his wife through London's Branhams Gardens clutching a subpoe-
Counter-moguls

for miles on this one, though today in Cannes he is juiced on only proper pulp. There’s no ounce of Elmer Gantry in him.

Zennström grew up paper-route obedient, both Mom and Dad teachers. Things may have changed during that exchange program that sent him to the University of Michigan, where he studied business and engineering, and watched a lot of football, between all the beers.

Friis fits the disrupter profile more closely, having left his Copenhagen high school for good at 16. Soon after he made it back from running around Bombay, he answered a want ad for a job at a Swedish long-distance company, which Zennström had placed. Over the next several years, Zennström carried Friis along to different projects in Amsterdam and Luxembourg City. Together they turned their backs on wages in 1999 and started kicking around the concept that became Kazaa, which they named after a restaurant.

The name Skype has no antecedent. Originally, the two settled on the name Skyper, but they learned that it belonged to a German paging service. Friis suggested dropping the last letter, arguing that it could then become a verb. As the company has attained greater footing, the name has allowed Zennström to reach for omnipresence. “We want it to become synonymous with Internet telephony,” he says. “I’ll Skype you later.”

After you have spent enough time with Zennström in a variety of settings and mental vapers, it becomes clear that he probably hasn’t raised his voice since he yelled, “Hey, I’m open,” in a high-school basketball game. And, even then, it was for common cause. This doe-eyed pose is not an act. All the same, Zennström consistently talks as though Skype is already snapping towels at the Three W Country Club with AOL, MSN, Google, eBay, Amazon, and Yahoo. There is also his doomsday talk over Verizon, Comcast, and the like, about how the fixed-line assets of these giants are “turning into a liability,” how the massive corporations will be “so stuck” when Internet calling goes standard, which should be, oh, any day now.

Zennström and Friis want to make Skype “the global telephone company,” and at last look, faith, unlike greed, was still permissible. With 150,000 downloads per day, 140 million total downloads, and 44 million registered users in all the countries in the world—after only two years in business—Skype stands as one of the fastest-growing Internet companies ever, volume-wise, on a quicker pace even than Kazaa.

In the 129 years since Bell first transmitted voice, the biggest innovation in telephones has been the switch from analog to digital in the 1950s. This next step should prove to be more jarring. If phone-calling becomes another free Internet service, like e-mail, then, Zennström predicts, today’s phone giants will become broadband sellers and nothing more, leaving Skype to connect the calls. All well and fine, but where’s the money?

If a call travels from one Skype user to another, it is free. If you call a non-Skype phone number, or if a non-Skype member calls you, you pay a fee starting at two to three cents per minute. The company charges for premium services such as voice mail. Already, these add-ons have generated more than $18 million in sales since being introduced in July 2004, and the company claims that the $20 million it received in two rounds of funding will be all the financing it ever needs. Skype does not advertise, going 100 percent guerrilla, and it has no billing department to speak of, as premium services are all prepaid. With such a model, the company maintains that financial success will come if only 5 percent of users pay for the extras.

It’s no look for Skype to rule the category, especially since competitors have flooded the market over the past year or so: traditional phone companies like Verizon and AT&T, cable/D.S.L. firms such as Time Warner Cable and Cablevision, and Internet-based newcomers such as Vonage. All of these companies have one main selling point over Skype—their Internet calling services allow you to use a normal telephone, while Skype still requires that you log on to your computer and communicate through a headset.

Skype believes that this point will boil off in the great tech advance, as its software has already begun to leap from the computer and onto the home and mobile phone, thanks largely to wireless technology. Also, most Web phone services cost between $25 and $35 per month, and they can be wildly complicated. Skype is free and wildly simple: download the software, plug in a headset, and dial. You’re up and calling in about 10 minutes.

Many argue that Skype won’t be able to compete with the vast resources of the phone companies, or that it will fail to fight off Microsoft, an assured future player. The Swede and the Dane point to the fact that they are targeting the entire world, rather than limiting their market to the U.S. and U.K., like their main competitors. When a game has only just begun, speculation comes by the bucket, and the vaccine drinkers aren’t hard to find, no matter whom they’re rooting for. "Maybe [the naysayers] are right, maybe we’re wrong," Zennström admits. "Well, actually, I know they’re wrong.”

Zennström and Friis may have history in mind, but they really want to build a company that makes money. Their main bogey over Kazaa hasn’t been strangers waving subpoenas in the dark of night, but the fact that after creating a gold-mine application they could find a way to make an honest dollar.

In awful brokerage, they got famous inste-

Here in Cannes, whispers precede them. They’re off the yacht and past the empty exhibition hall, where the movies get played that other convention, but where today does come by brochure and gratuitous back hicks Zennström and Friis avoid the human traveling without enclosure and lean their hands free to greet their many admirers. Recognition comes every few block.

"It’s great on the way up,” Friis says while noting unhappily that there aren’t many hotel-room keys arcing their way. “We need more attention from fat C.E.O’s.”

Also from theorists and futurists, who blood rushes to the extremity while they posit Skype as the fruition of some wild toga dream, where no one needs money, the sky is always without cloud, the computer having solved man’s every woe. "I thing I like about Skype is that it won the first time, it works," says Mikhail Itosa, a Greek who is director of computers at the MIT Media Lab, a boggy brain trust for 20 years. "I can’t explain to my mom back home that you have to configure your V.P.N."

The group sits at a table with Perrier close conversation, the engine of commerce loudly clucking all around. Bletsas prefers expond on Skype’s importance as some kind of human tool, a new wench, maybe, rather than just another means to fill the billfold. He is positioned at the vanguard of develop the so-called $100 computer, a project that would allow the world’s poorest to get on and, theoretically, even make free phone calls. “It’s a personal thing for me with Skype,” he says. "It’s the realization of our vision.”

Some vision is fuzzier than others. In Tallinn, Estonia, Skype’s technical HQ bunch of geeks are getting hammered, hung at one another in a second-story food hall.

These are Skype’s programmers and big strung I.T.-heads, erupting in great bursts of antisocial behavior, loaded up on defensiveness and bottom-shelf whiskey. Many of them, drunken or not, are thwarted in their social advances by an unshakable sum behavioral ineptitude. Presumably, they are enjoying one another’s company.

A white wind lashes Tallinn into a late December squeeze that only drinks can make you forget. There’s not much sun this high on the map, this deep in the dark book. But, for Zennström and Friis, their plenty of reason to stick around.

The big Soviet switchboard plugged some of its best computer scientists into the cedecades ago, and Tallinn, with its U.S.S.R. to-E.U. shuffle of centrally planned house projects and platinum-card retailers, reti-
All of this helps explain the zeal of Skype's geeks, who understand better than any handsfree-wearing conventioneer what all of this could mean. Even though their eagerness can get the better of them, there are some well-adjusted individuals in the ranks. As chief of the network's information systems, Edgar Maloverian, a Russian raised in Tallinn, endures the endocrine crush of having to stand on call at all hours, and for the slightest dashboard quirk. He is 31 years old, and he recently worked at a salary of $90,000 for a software company called FutureTrade, in San Diego. But when you have reached the beach, you have reached the end. “Too boring,” Maloverian says before downing 50 grams of clear drink and checking his phone for an update on the system, stubbing another smoke.

The unconventional becomes unremarkable within these boundaries. Skype is populated by a high percentage of college dropouts, as well as many who still have the chance, since they are still enrolled. Average age: 20-something. Besides programming proficiency, general abnormality provides the hook on incoming C.V.'s. Zennström and Friis hired one Swedish programmer, Zennstrom says, strictly because he worked an exchange program to Norway into another that sent him to Cornell. The con is very much admired, in accordance with the companywide plan to disrupt the world.

The geeks have moved on to Tallinn's walled Old City, where you will find the cobbledstone streets of Europe largely unmo- lentified. It's all cocaine-white inside the high-style Stereo Lounge. The banquettes. The cloud-dwelling girls. The Apple monitor up at the bar, which is connected wirelessly to the Internet, as it, seems, everything else is in Tallinn.

Wi-Fi represents the great enabler, which will take Skype off the laptop and place it onto the cell phone, where the world's billion and a half mobile-phone subscribers will be more apt to use it. To listen to the futurists, all cell phones will carry broadband capability, and homes and town centers will be equipped with Wi-Fi points throughout. In this way, you will be able to use an application like Skype via your cell phone no matter where you are, as though navigating one giant set of monkey bars. Many municipal governments are now considering subsidizing the construction of citywide Wi-Fi grids, ultimately leaving cities, not individuals, to pay for connection fees. Philadelphia, for one, has already begun building its own wireless network. And Wi-Fi, they tell us, will soon give way to something called WiMAX, which can transmit a signal as far away as 30 miles. “It's like Wi-Fi on steroids,” says Friis.

It's not steroids, but something is going Friis's system as his black fashion sneakers scuff up one of Stereo's vanilla tabletops. While Zennström fends off two drunks who paw at him for a job, his female assistant snores loudly at the table. Maloverian leaps from his seat and his full tumbler, hustling into the hallway to take a call and sort out the latest network hiccup.

This certainly doesn't look like a grouping that will lay the stick to the world's phone giants. But the big phone and Internet companies are sure to keep the locators fastened on Zennström and Friis, just as the record companies and their subpoena-toting bikers before them. This is why firms like Yahoo, Google, and AOL continue taking their meetings with Skype, and why they prefer to keep it quiet. All alliances will soon be made, the VoIP landscape carved up like Poland.

“These companies take a long time to move, but when they move, they move with force,” says Friis, who has climbed down from the table and palmed a fresh drink, shouting over the music, which is a pure white stream. “If Yahoo had come out with their own program a year ago, they would have squashed us. But now with our user base, we are regarded as not only an equal but as someone to reckon with. A year ago we had 15,000 downloads a day. Now we have 150,000 per day. We've seen this with Kazaa. It's a snowball and nothing can stop it.” With Skype propelling itself on its own momentum, its au- thors are trying to capitalize on the heat that has everyone calling for dates. They won't own up to what is it yet, but they say that their next piece of disruptive technology is close to com- pletion. “Here's a hint,” Friis says. “It's P2P”

The geeks have moved on more, this time to a darkened scum hole called Club Hollywood. It's past late, and one of the young programmers has engaged in an un- wise quarrel with a numb Viking at the coat check. Human behavior remains elusive.

On Hollywood's upper level, Zennström relaxes as his charges cannot, finding sprawl on a chair with three legs. His eyes focus, then refocus, as he attempts to stay until the last of his company has gone through the door. He looks cashed after all the hours, but at this long table sit many adherents who take their cues from him, listening in for whatever may come next.

“Don't you love The Godfather?” he says. “The best management movie ever.” Zennström sits up in his chair, rising to this mid- night condition. “That scene when the Don is in the hospital and Sonny is freaking out. Michael sits there and is totally calm and says he'll take out the cop. It's not personal, Sonny, it's strictly business.” In Hollywood it's hard to see, but you can tell that the Swede isn't talking just to talk.
Cath Kidston

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 365 third of her entire budget, $7,000. Due to a mix-up in translation, the entire stock arrived made up as bed linens. “Suddenly I was a bed-set heiress,” says Cath. She couldn’t afford to let the mistake sit around like that old Airtex. “So I made wash bags, coat hangers, ironing-board covers. I made all these products out of it and immediately they took off.”

Like the previous shop, this one was a base for Cath’s decorating business, which was still her main source of income. She named the shop Cath Kidston so clients would know where to find her. One client in particular needed to find her. Hugh Padgham, a record producer with a list including Sting, Phil Collins, David Bowie, Paul McCartney, and Melissa Etheridge, had called upon Cath back in 1990, when he required a bit of decorating in a house he’d just bought. Both had busy careers and, in those days, other involvements; the relationship was friendly, professional. Three years went by and Padgham needed new blinds. He was also single again. “I think I just thought,” he says, “you know, I quite fancy Cath, so why don’t I ask her out for lunch?”

“He asked me out to lunch quite out of the blue,” Cath says. She was 34 at the time. “I was quite pleased about that. But actually, when he asked me out, I was really involved in setting up this new company. Everything happened at once, as these things do.”

What happened at once was they fell in love.

“Well,” says Cath, “because we’d known each other before. It’s always nicer, isn’t it?”

“It’s a very close relationship,” says sister Janie of Cath and Padgham, who have been together for 12 years without marrying, because they haven’t gotten around to it. “It’s like Hugh came along, and he’s really her prince, and you know before then there had been a lot of frogs is all I’m going to say. She held out and she got the most fabulous guy. It was worth the wait.”

Cath thinks so, too. “He’s very straightforward, and very kind, and a very gentle person. He’s so not like the music business. He’s totally the opposite of arrogant. He’s won his Grammys, he’s made amazing records. And you’d never know from meeting him.”

Perhaps a year after the two moved in together (into the house Cath had decorated and immediately began changing) they were faced with the kind of test no one wants: Cath was diagnosed with breast cancer. It ran in her family, and her mother had died of it at age 62, but Cath was only 37. “I was lucky that I found it very early,” she says. “I had a mastectomy. I’m lopsided. Hugh doesn’t mind, and I can live with the way it is: this is what’s happened to me. This is my scar. And it’s enabled me—it’s freeing in that way—to risk, and to go for it.”

When asked to describe Cath in a word, Padgham says, “Beautiful.”

So she began taking risks. Cath could see the timing still wasn’t right, her idea not yet commercial. In the mid-90s, chiffon and flowers were still out of fashion. But people she respected came into the shop and understood what she was doing. And she herself saw “how it could work. I had the piece of wallpaper, the cupboard, a few things came together, and I thought, That’s such a nice, good look. That’s the way I want to do my house.”

But the yardage—the prints in her mind’s eye—was still missing. Cath began designing the fabrics no one else was making. One here, one there, the prints from her childhood but tweaked clean and modern, retro with a contemporary edge (or a contemporary wink at retro). The look has been thumbnailed umpteen ways, from “1930s Depression-era fantasy minus breadlines” to “fifties housewife” to “almost kitsch” to “Laurie Ashley for the 21st century.” Cath describes her vision as “old-fashioned nursery taste re-invented,” and then elaborates: “I like to go to the nursery wing of the country house. It’s much nicer, in my view. I just love things that aren’t overdone and overblown.” Even Cath’s palette—paint colors with names such as Spring Green, Snowdrop, Bunny’s Ear, all available in her shops—is redolent of the nursery.

Yet the way these colors mix in the prints transcends generation or age. Cath’s florals may recall the blown roses of old wallpaper, or splashy chintzes from the Dior 50s, or floating poppies from the Kenzo 70s, but they’re never too hot or too cold, with sky blues and pale greens cooling cherry reds and touches of tangerine. Where Martha Stewart is grayed Connecticut colors, rather Shaker, and Lilly Pulitzer is tropical fruit with a shot of vodka, Cath Kidston colors are, in her word, “blossomy,” garden hues softened by fine rain. It should come as no surprise that the Japanese, so visually sophisticated (and the company’s biggest wholesale customer), instantly “got” the levels on which Cath Kidston prints were working—the wink, the English whimsy, the wistful nostalgia that disappears into the design.

“It’s very carefully thought out, isn’t it?” says Nicky Haslam. “It’s not higgledy-piggledy, not just thrown together. It’s quite studied, but it doesn’t look it. I mean, she turned banality into a beauty.”

T there was no “Eureka!” moment, no fireworks that suddenly illuminated the future. There was, instead, slow, steady, organic growth. “It’s going to sound arrogant, this,” says Cath. “When I thought up the concept of it, I kind of had 100 percent that the concept would work. It just has so much sense. It was a question of keeping patient and waiting. And I thought, until I’m really wrong, I think I’m going to need. I’ve been brought up to believe it is a matter that I was going against the grain to hold on and just wait.”

In 1998, six years in, she stopped thinking. “I needed the decorating to bring in the cash. When I decided I could risk going up the decorating and rely on the business to bring in the income, that’s when I allowed myself to go do it. It was beginning to happen: I’m going to start doing a order catalogue, I’m going to do more for Cath’s, I’m going to really develop the business. It was now full-time design, both print product, and all that goes with it: finding the factories, crunching the numbers, seeing the store.

“The expansion happened naturally,” members Padgham. “It just became obvious that there were people flocking to shop from all parts of London. And it’s only if we open one in Chelsea, it would save the people coming here from Chelsea, it worked well.” And then it was Fulham and then Marylebone, and then Wimbledon. It was as if the market had been waiting for her.

To help manage the expansion, Cath went for the best. In November 2003 brough Michael Schultz as C.E.O. Cath Kidston and a year later hired Jo Staley as general manager. “I knew I needed extra help,” says Cath, “but it was difficult to find the right person, whoever really understood the business. Michael’s fantastic. And then I’ve got Jo. She’s incredible. She had worked in another chain of shops [L. Bennett].

Schultz had been with Urban Outfitters from its beginning, and for 15 years oversaw design, production, and sourcing, all with running the wholesale business. Wanting to do it all over again with a new company, he left Urban Outfitters in 2006 and began consulting for Lulu Guinness, English handbag designer. Through L. Bennett he met Cath, though he’d known her for years.

“It was probably in the mid-90s,” Schultz recalls. “It’s just one of those things. I lost it from the moment I saw the very first store.”

“Look at these things,” he says, gesturing toward fresh stock in the company’s New York showroom, on West 39th Street. “It’s just so well designed, so well executed. I love being able to see things that are signature, that work so well together, looked at all the fabric she was making and said, My God, this fabric is the equivalent of software. I can make it up into
you more things than we’re doing right now.”
Schultz begins many a sentence with
look at these,” because the company has
seemingly expanded from housewares
lifestyle and is even moving carefully into
ion, or, as Cath prefers to call it, “cloth-
There is now china and cutlery; print-
and pressed glassware; enamel lamps,
s, and saucepans; towels and linens;
pernets and canvas shoes—all done
signature colors and prints. Each season
company produces 1,500 items (that’s
—stock-keeping units—in retail lin-
ng Beach, Pets, Ironery, Nightwear, and even Camping.
ent tent in Pop Flowers flew out of the
es last season, hundreds of them. “No
had ever seen a tent print,” says Schultz.
The prints are obvi-
 key part of the
iness,” says Cath.
it as a shop and as
company what really
es me is . . . I mean,
just got those tins,
I’m mad for tins.
ink, Great, we can
ce tin. My dream for
shops is: if you walk
a vintage store you
er know what you’re
ing to find on the shelf.
nt a shop that’s like
, with all the new
ngs we’re designing
veloping, like a
ern version of an
ques mart. That’s
my
” Walking into
Kidston shop, you
feel you’ve stum-
someone’s colorful, slightly anarchic but
cozy cupboard.
The year 2004 was a big one for Cath
ston. The count was up to five London
ips (it’s now six) and concessions in
ney Nichols and Selfridges, with 500
ional wholesale accounts. The company’s
over was $10.5 million, and growing
 to 40 percent a year, with sales for 2005
ected to be $13 million. Staff was ap-
aching 100 employees worldwide. That
Cath Kidston crossed the pond, opening
,000-square-foot store on Mulberry
et in New York’s SoHo. In December
sold part of the business to a group of
ors, though she remains the largest
le shareholder.
I had so many people approaching me
wanting a bit of this,” she says. “People
thing out of the woodwork saying, ‘Oh,
could do a license.’ I suddenly thought,
got something quite valuable here. I’ve
 to look after. I had very good
people worked for me, and I could see that they
couldn’t—I couldn’t give them support and
growth unless I brought in extra help. I
 thought that actually it wouldn’t be a bad
idea. To share it.”

The day I meet Cath in her London of-
ice, she’s still a bit jet-lagged from a re-
cent trip to Santa Monica, where her newest
op, the second in the States, opened in
April. Cath doesn’t love the P.R. aspect of
her work. “I don’t like having my photo-
taken. I’m quite keen for the business to
be about the products, not about me—it’s the
team of people who work with me.” You can see she has the patrician
reticence of her upbringing. Tall, at five feet
nine inches, and as slim as a riding whip,
as if to say this is what life is really about.
These are the values (along with Padg-
ham’s request: “Please, yes, a bit less pink”) that Cath is bringing to the renova-
tion of a magical house in Chiswick, west of Lon-
don, where she, Padgham, and Padgham’s
daughter, Jess, now live. It is a late-17th-
century Queen Anne box on the banks of the
Thames (there are goslings on the lawn!),
and it has a yard in back that reaches to an
old brewery (the smell of hops is often in
the air). The house is only one room deep,
but it has heartbreakingly beautiful views
from every window, and a truly quirky dip
in one of the upstairs floors, which will stay.
The couple also owns an old stone house in
Gloucestershire, a much-photographed
country escape knee-
deep in gardens. I ask
about children.
“We tried to have chil-
dren after I had cancer,”
Cath answers, “but I
didn’t get pregnant. And
in the end we took a de-
cision from a health point
of view that it would be
better not to have chil-
dren. It’s something that’s
still very tough. I still rea-
ly mind that I haven't
had children. It is a rea-
sadness. But one just
has to get on. So I admit
that the business is like
a child to me.
“I almost feel it’s just
beginning, actually. Now
I’ve this team of people,
it’s really, really started.
You know, I’m so excit-
ed about the biscuit tins.
I’ve wanted to do printed biscuit tins for
years, but I haven’t known how. And I’ve got
a whole backlog of ideas I can now develop.
And what about this other new prod-
uct? This tiny, quilted, utterly adorable,
and slightly mad . . .
“An egg cozy. It warms your egg. You
make that out of scraps of fabric.”
Of course. Waste not, want not. And the
egg cozy goes with the tea cozy. Which
brings us back to the tea towel, a full circle
of life—goes-on and Rule, Britannia.
“I think there’s that kind of nesty, pro-
tected, homey feel that is in the shops,”
Cath says. “And we did have people com-
ment after 9/11. They said they come if
they want to feel comforted. I’m sure
therapist would tell you how I’m finding,
trying to find, what I had as a child and re-
creating that sense of security. I like making
a home, I’m a nester, and I think
lots of other people are like that, too.”

And there, in an eggshell, is Cath Kid-
ston.
Morgan Stanley

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35I closely with him, had never done that; he was more a strategist and number cruncher who had briefly been the C.F.O. before becoming chief administrative officer in 2004. (Purcell defends him, however: “In the last five years Steve has substantially improved Morgan Stanley’s financial capability, control environment, and risk management. He is enormously talented.”)

Tensions were further exacerbated when Scott Sipprelle, chairman and founder of Copper Arch Capital and a Morgan Stanley client responsible for millions of dollars’ worth of business, wrote a letter dated December 9, 2004, to the board, calling for the firm to undo the merger—in other words, spin off the Dean Witter and Discover Card businesses from the old Morgan Stanley. (The letter wasn’t passed on to the 14-member management committee until December 16, insiders say.) Sipprelle wrote that the “current stewards are blind to the root causes of the affliction,” and he enclosed a chart illustrating the ties that various members of the board had to one another, including overlapping country-club memberships.

A former senior executive said Purcell asked his management team to deride Sipprelle publicly. (Purcell denies doing so.) Several proceeded to point out to the financial press the flaws they saw in Sipprelle’s arguments. Zoe Cruz, 50, then head of the fixed-income unit and the most senior woman at the firm, went furthest, calling Sipprelle an “ass” in a meeting. (A source close to Purcell says she said this on her own.)

It seemed to count for little that Sipprelle (and his brother Dwight) used to work at the firm, or that Sipprelle currently owns 1.3 million shares of its stock. In the two weeks between receiving Sipprelle’s letter and sending it out to the management committee, Morgan Stanley announced that Purcell’s old boss Ed Brennan, 71, the former chairman of Sears, had joined the board. (A source says Brennan’s appointment was unrelated to the letter and was decided weeks before, when Brennan announced he was stepping down as chairman of American Airlines.)

On January 6, 2005, Sipprelle’s letter was leaked to The Wall Street Journal.

In February, Sipprelle complained publicly again—this time over the issue of Purcell’s pay, which was $22 million. Sipprelle noted that while Morgan Stanley’s stock declined 4 percent last year, the C.E.O.’s pay increased by 57 percent.

Thus, when Purcell received the Group of Eight’s letter, on March 3, it did not come in isolation, and he started looking for treachery among his lieutenants. “We knew the Group of Eight would not have written that letter if they had not felt they’d get a result—and to get a result they had to have internal support,” a board member told V.F. Another senior executive, who left Morgan Stanley in 2001, says it was known on the Street that Pandit had begun stirring up dissent once he realized it was unlikely he would be made C.E.O. (Pandit denied this.)

That weekend Purcell called Zoe Cruz. Cruz is generally viewed as candid—so much so that she has been nicknamed “Cruz Missile.” Reportedly, she and Pandit, her direct boss, did not always get along, and, unlike Havens, Cruz told Purcell she would be willing to be considered for the job of C.E.O.

Finally, after he’d called most of the management committee, Purcell called Pandit. Sources familiar with both men say that Purcell accused him of collaborating with the Group of Eight. (According to a source close to Purcell, Pandit denies doing so.) Supposedly, Purcell promised Pandit that if he “locked arms” and fully supported him, the issues in the Group of Eight’s letter could be easily resolved. Pandit allegedly said he felt that the letter had to go to the board because the trust between the two men had been broken. (A source close to Purcell says this is nonsense, as the board already had the letter.) Though Pandit said he would support Purcell, he refused to stand up in public and deride the Group of Eight’s letter.

Purcell then acted on Marty Lipton’s advice about how to proceed. Lipton, Purcell knew, is an expert on how to protect boards under attack; in 1991 he had advised the Sears board, then assailed by disgruntled shareholders, after the company had stumbled badly under Purcell’s mentor, Ed Brennan. A crisis was avoided temporarily, although Brennan ultimately had to resign in 1995. Lipton now told Purcell to set up a formal process, which he did: the board interviewed the firm’s management committee about who should succeed Purcell.

In her interview, Cruz reportedly said she would leave if Pandit were chosen as a successor. The Dean Witter people also chose not to endorse Pandit. Morgan Stanley president Stephen Newhouse, a veteran of 26 years, who was woken up in the middle of the night in China, said that he wanted what was best for the firm, and that he didn’t want to get into specifics about individuals; Pandit said the same thing. John Havens was never reached. Everyone the board spoke to believed that whatever they said would be kept confidential and would have no impact whatsoever on their careers.

That didn’t turn out to be the case. On March 28, following a meeting with Marty Lipton, Purcell told Pandit his job had been eliminated—but he did not say he was fired, and no paperwork was exchanged. Purcell also informed him there were two new co-presidents: Cruz and Steve Crawford, both of whom would shortly be elected to the board. (Cruz, when it happened, according to several colleagues, didn’t know she had been elected for just one year and Crawford for three.) John Havens was later summoned and told of the new co-president appointments. Given no words of encouragement, he went to see a lawyer and called a cell phone his lawyer’s office, saying, “I like I’ve been fired.”

“You’ve seen a lawyer. We’ll talk in morning,” said Purcell. The next thing Havens knew, Jerker Johansson, head of European equities, was given his job.

Soon, when it was clear he’d also be replaced in his job, Stephen Newhouse called Havens out the door.

Then came a flood of departures of high-level executives, led by head of global trading Guru Ramakrishnan, 40, who worked closely with Pandit. Many were prepared to leave all their money on the table rather than stay on in the new regime. (Generally, Morgan Stanley policy says you’re fully vested only after 20 years.) This, despite a rushed internal decision to pay retention bonuses (something at first denied by the firm, then admitted) and an announcement that seemed to many analysts like an ill-prepared last-minute flip-flop, which stated that the firm would look at spinning off Discover Card business and set about fully integrating the securities businesses—in other words, the same strategy proposed by Pandit.

But it didn’t close the floodgates.

By the end of June more than 50 senior figures, including well-known investment banker Joe Perella, had left. Besides the executives, hordes of brokers—whose departures were not chronicled in the press—also quit. The Group of Eight was appalled—indeed were most on Wall Street. In prote T. Rowe Price temporarily stopped trades with Morgan Stanley. Headhunters’ phones were ringing off the hook. Goldman Sachs Morgan’s main competitor, offered its employees $10,000 for every Morgan Stanley person they could hire away from the firm.

The Group of Eight wrote two more letters to the board, asking for a meeting; the first complained furiously at what was happening, calling it a “crisis”: “The loss of several key executives…because they were unwilling to swear loyalty to an ineffectual CEO is an outrage.” They wrote. In the next letter, in early April, the group suggested that all the dissenters be reinstated as at that Robert Scott, who felt he’d been sidelined by Purcell in 2003 and subsequently left, come back to run the bank. By then, the stakes had gotten so high that if letters were sent to the press at the same time they were sent to the board.

A source close to Purcell claims that...
Group of Eight had asked civilly for a settlement, instead of leaking their letters to press, it would have made all the difference. But Andrew Merrill, a spokesman for Group of Eight, retorts that their first request was utterly private, and that the board did not reply, and shortly afterward the management executives found themselves out in the cold.

Early June it was reported that the group of Eight had retained the services of a law firm, meaning that they were con- siding the option of a proxy vote among shareholders at the next annual meeting, in January 2006. Succumbing to pressure, board had changed certain rules in its by-laws: a 75 percent super-majority was no longer needed to fire the C.E.O.; rather, it is now 50 percent. The retirement age was made 72, instead of 70. Also, a universal term of one year for board members was introduced, thus bringing in Furse's and Crawford's voices in line.

Other than this, though, the board remained mute, and which it received heavy criticism both in the media and among shareholders. A board member later explained to V.F., “We were in a no-win situation.” Vikram Pandit was a very popular guy internally, so the board didn’t want to do a public character assassination and hurt why they’d choose others to be promoting above him. It would be wrong to think the board was doing Purcell’s bidding. The board was pushing him hard.”

In April, the Council of Institutional Investors, a group of pension funds which owns a large amount of Morgan Stanley shares, and for a meeting with Purcell. It was later reported that Calpers, a giant California pension fund, also contacted the board, expressing concern. But by late May—a prelude-report “quiet period”—no meeting neither had occurred. (Purcell and others every effort was made to meet with every institutional investor in this period.)

When the bombshell of the Perelman case with Florida state judge Elizabeth Maass that Morgan Stanley was guilty of fraud and owed the Revlon chief $1.58 billion. Her rulings criticized the bank in strong language, saying it had shown “willful and wanton abuse of its discovery obligations.” In early June it was clear that the company’s earnings, announced on June 22, were going to be lower than its competitors. (They were, falling 24 percent.) According to one board member, the pressure from shareholders became overwhelming. “We could have held out until the next annual meeting,” says this person, “but that would not have been the right thing to do.”

On the evening of Wednesday, June 8, the board called an emergency meeting in Chicago. Though reports vary as to who was the first to stick his neck out and urge action, several sources say it was Laura D’Andrea Tyson, dean of the London Business School, who apparently said she had had enough. A former Clinton-administration economist who hopes to work in the White House again someday, she had always felt like a fish out of water on this mostly white, male, conservative board, colleagues say. Despite Marty Lipton’s admonitions to stick together—though to do so was unprecedented—and was to cause further unhappiness among shareholders. “What Morgan Stanley needs most is someone who knows the organization inside out and can come in and fix it,” says a former senior executive. “To rule out most of the people who could do that is totally irresponsible.”

On Monday, June 13, Purcell announced his resignation at the morning meeting. Charles “Chuck” Knight, the former chairman of Emerson Electric and the head of the new search committee on the board, immediately followed with an announcement about who would not be considered for C.E.O.

When Purcell gave his speech, he was emotional. He blamed the media and a “jackass” of personal attacks, rather than the internal discord and fallen stock price. At the end, applause occurred, but outside the organization there was no such support. One of the people who’d quit the previous Friday left a euphoric voice mail on a former colleague’s machine. “I just heard the news: the Evil Empire has fallen. I’d like to think that in some small way we were part of the straw that broke the camel’s back—or these jackasses’ back, as the case may be.”

The question that many people now ask themselves is: How could one man bring one of America’s premier financial services franchises to its knees, single-handedly? This was echoed over and over during the reporting of this piece. (A source close to Purcell says any Dean Witter person filling the role of C.E.O. would have had difficulties with Morgan Stanley, and Purcell points out that the market capitalization of Morgan Stanley went from $22 billion to $3 billion after the merger.)

In hindsight, say many people, it’s easy to see how, but it wasn’t so easy at the time. Purcell, after all, is a strategist who thinks long-term. In his Dean Witter days he had a 10-year plan. “I don’t know if I ever met anyone who put a 10-year plan together,” one of his former colleagues reportedly remarked.

Purcell grew up in Salt Lake City, the son of an insurance executive. An avid athlete, he attended Notre Dame (where he is now on the board) and got master’s degrees at both the University of Chicago and the London School of Economics. In 1964 he married his high-school sweetheart, Anne, with whom he has seven sons, all grown. The
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couple moved to the Chicago suburb of Wilmette, and he rose through the ranks of McKinsey & Company, a management-consulting firm, where one of his clients was the mid-market retailer Sears.

Sears, under Edward Telling, hired Purcell to become head of planning. In 1981, Sears acquired Dean Witter, which sold stocks to a growing affluent middle class. In 1985, Purcell came up with what is generally considered to be the triumph of his career: Discover—a credit card for customers that earned them a rebate on purchases. The card had a rocky beginning, but soon became a great success. Dean Witter, Discover & Co. was spun off from Sears in 1993, with Purcell as its C.E.O. and chairman. Morgan Stanley advised on the transaction.

Thus began the relationship between the two companies. By the late 1990s the idea of the financial supermarket was coming into vogue (the Citigroup behemoth formed in 1998), and Dick Fisher and John Mack felt that if they added a retail outlet to their advisory business they'd have far greater distribution. “The advantage of merging with Dean Witter Discover was that it would mean relatively little bloodletting, since there was relatively little overlap,” says someone familiar with the talks.

Both men were so entranced with the idea that they didn't balk at Purcell's demands, including the installation of the Dean Witter chief legal officer, Christine Edwards, over the more qualified and more experienced Wall Street lawyer Jonathan Clark, who'd been Morgan Stanley's chief legal officer for three years. “I'm sure Christine is good at compliance and things that are important to a retail business,” says a former senior management executive from the Morgan Stanley side, “but a global institutional-securities firm, where the legal issues are really complicated? John Clark is a lot more experienced, and he's a great businessman.” Edwards and Purcell had a close friendship. “Her entire career she had followed him around until that point,” says a former high-ranking Dean Witter employee. Another Dean Witter person says, "They both had family in Chicago, but had apartments in New York City. They traveled back and forth together." A former, very senior Morgan Stanley person points out, "She was the only person allowed to answer him back in meetings with him.”

But Mack took the view that the deal needed to be done, and if there were a few personnel concessions, so what? It was a price he was willing to pay—and he set the example, stepping aside for what he thought would be just three years or so. Wall Street colleagues were astonished at the sacrifice.

One source says that KKR co-founder Henry Kravis called Mack to say, “I don't know any C.E.O. who'd do what you did.”

Fisher allegedly told his protégé before the merger was completed that he had misgivings, but Mack convinced him to proceed. (A Fisher family member says that he did not have doubts until after the merger.) Why didn’t Mack get the so-called handshake agreement with Purcell written down? “Mack is a former bond salesman who grew up through the ranks at Morgan Stanley,” says a former colleague of his. “He lives by a code that says your handshake is worth something. That's how the old Morgan Stanley was.”

But it wasn't too long before some in the Morgan Stanley camp began thinking that Purcell was not their kind of people, as they say. Soon after the merger, Purcell came to an informal meeting at the clubhouse of the Muirfield Village Golf Club, in Dublin, Ohio. Mack and Peter Karches, then the head of institutional securities and perhaps Mack's closest friend within the organization, were having breakfast when Purcell joined them. Purcell's clothing, according to someone who was there, stood out: a Panama hat, bright-red shirt, and ill-fitting shorts. Karches, who is renowned for being blunt, turned to Mack and said, "John, this is not going to work.”

The incident characterized the deep cultural rift that would tear apart Morgan Stanley for the next few years. "Hatfields and McCoys" and “White shoe meets white belt” were phrases bandied about to describe the incongruity between the customer-oriented Dean Witter employees and the Morgan Stanley elite. The Dean Witter crowd regarded the Morgan Stanley employees as arrogant snobs.

Shortly after the merger, Mack became the head of the retail side of the firm—theoretically, so he could gain the requisite experience for when he took over. In retrospect many saw it as a move to sideline him, since some of Mack's underlings—including, reportedly, Jim Higgins, head of Morgan Stanley's private-client group—tended to go around Mack and report directly to Purcell. Higgins went so far as to complain to Purcell when Mack dropped in unannounced on the brokers in Hayward, California, to see how they were doing. Purcell told him not to do this. "They [the brokers] want to be prepared... put on a coat and tie," a source says he told Mack.

But formality—and adherence to hierarchy—was Purcell's style. He built a lavish executive floor, but left the office of Dick Fisher, then chairman of the executive committee of the board, on the old executive floor, which many saw as a snub (although, evidently, Fisher did not). What was wounding to Fisher, however, was when he went to see the board as they were discussing Mack's resignation, and Purcell popped his head out the door to say the board didn't want to see him.

Purcell did not have an open-door policy and insisted that people make appointments with him, and he rarely visited clients. Indeed, anyone except his own lieutenants. Even though Morgan Stanley prided itself on being a “horizontal” institution—of words a place that was swarming with ent—Purcell would choose the top 50 employees and take them to an off-site meeting each year, as he'd done at Dean Witter. Didn't seem to get that at Morgan Stanley single individual could make or break a deal; it just wasn't like Dean Witter, who was all about volume,” says Robert Scott.

The Dean Witter faction, however, remained steadfast in its loyalty to Purcell. A posting on the job-search Web site, dated April 2005, reads, "Purcell made a lot of people a lot of money at the firm when we were public in 1981, and were allowed to buy shares at $17. It split twice and is in the 50s. Many of the brokers have been with the firm 20-25 years and Phil helped pay for those beach houses. They will lay down in traffic.”

At the time of the merger, Purcell wanted to pay himself, Mack, and senior executives incentive bonuses; Karches, an outspoken character, thought this ludicrous, even though he was a beneficiary. “We had this stock; that should have been incen- tive enough,” he said. (Purcell doesn't recall the incident.) Karches was not the kind of man to keep his opinions to himself. He felt Purcell was out of his depth—and he was not afraid to tell him so on an ongoing basis. At one point he said to him, "Just leave. You are the most incompetent manager I've ever been around.” (Purcell, according to sources, did not feel Karches's opinions were representative of a meritocracy, since Karches had worked for only one person, Jon Mack, all his career.)

Purcell, in turn, was thought to be afraid of Karches and eventually got rid of him. Mack, at the behest of Robert Scott, had asked Jim Higgins, head of Morgan Stanley's private client group, to be removed. "You gotta make a change with Higgins. Make him vice chairman. Let's put someone else in retail," Mack supposedly said. Purcell took a trip to Hawaii. On his return he told Mack, according to a source, that Higgins could go, but Karches had to as well—because of poor performance in technology. Mack was astounded. “Peter is one of the best managers I have. How can you tie him to Higgins?” allegedly said.

Purcell then reportedly told a senior Morgan Stanley executive that Goldman Sachs C.E.O. Henry Paulson and then Merrill Lynch C.E.O. David Komansky felt that Karches had performed poorly in meetings
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A remarkable turn of events, arguably one of the strangest in the history of cosmetics, women across the country are putting stretch-mark cream called StriVectin-SD on their face to diminish the appearance of fine lines and wrinkles on their face. And, if consumer sales are any indication, this product is a remarkable success. StriVectin-SD is nothing short of a miracle, as well as a growing number of papers indicating the product’s effectiveness. StriVectin-SD was discovered through a tube that finding a tube at your local pharmacy has become just possible. Has everyone gone mad? Not really.

StriVectin-SD is a stretch mark cream. It was developed by Dr. Daniel M. Mowrey, Ph.D., Klein-Becker’s Director of Scientific Affairs. The product was actually discovered by a group of dermatologists who were looking for a way to improve the appearance of stretch marks. The group tested various ingredients and finally settled on StriVectin-SD, which contains retinol, vitamin C, and placebo. The researchers found that the cream reduced the appearance of stretch marks in a significant way.

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Morgan Stanley

other investment banks—something that Karches and Komansky subsequently denied having said. Purcell paid off Karches handsomely—$50 million over three years, according to a source. “He gave me his extra money which I didn’t expect,” Karches says. In return, Karches was not to disparage the company for a set period. At their final meeting Karches, in his usual blunt style, said to Purcell, “Phil, don’t have the game for this business.” Purcell is said to have replied, “Don’t tell me what to do.”

The months went by, Mack grew increasingly frustrated as the members of the board on whom he’d been elected by the Morgan Stanley side of the merger resigned either because of age, such as Dick Fisher, or because unforeseen circumstances, as was the case of Diana “DeDe” Brooks, the former O. of Sotheby’s, who pleaded guilty to tax-ripping. Michael Miles, former C.E.O. of Blackbird Morris Companies and a friend of Purcell’s, was the head of the board’s nominating committee, and under his leadership the new board came to be seen by those perceived to have ties to Karches or McKinsey or Chicago, the home of Phil Purcell. By 2001 the ratio of Karches to Morgan Stanley board members stood at eight to three. When then Mack realized he was outvoted, and in January 2001 he resigned. By point he’d met with Purcell several times to discuss the issue of succession, and each time he’d made it clear that they had stonewalled. (A source close to Purcell says this was the third time that Mack had threatened to resign and this time the board decided to accept him.) According to a source, when the board met to discuss Mack’s resignation, it set a time when Purcell would announce that Laura D’Andrea Tyson, Mack’s ally, would be involved on a plane, unavailable. (Purcell says that the board was gathering as quickly as possible because the resignation occurred suddenly, and that every effort was made to include everyone.)

After Fisher tried unsuccessfully to speak to the board about Mack, he washed his hands of the place, say people close to him. Mack’s departure was not the only thing that troubled Fisher. By this time the firm had run a front-page of the newspapers and on for two years because of a high-profile racial-discrimination suit filed by an African-American former employee named Kristen Curry. The case caused immense damage to the firm’s reputation and an even bigger problem internally.

Curry had been a 23-year-old junior analyst at Morgan Stanley for less than a year in 1998 when it was discovered that he had posed nude for a photographer who then sold the pictures to a gay-porn magazine. The son of a Manhattan surgeon, he was a first-rate athlete, a serious pianist, and a Columbia graduate. Morgan Stanley fired him shortly afterward, claiming he’d abused expenses; Curry turned around and sued for $1.35 billion.

During the legal proceedings that unfolded, the D.A. learned that Morgan Stanley had paid a former friend of Curry’s, Charles Joseph Luethke, to set up a sting operation, in which Curry was arrested for plotting to plant racially charged messages in the Morgan Stanley e-mail system. In the ensuing brouhaha both Monroe Sonnenborn, a head securities lawyer, and Christine Edwards took the fall.

Few tears were shed within the company over Edwards’s departure. A stunningly attractive woman, she was widely resented for what some saw as her imperious attitude and her close relationship with Purcell. Several sources said that a high-ranking executive had spoken to Purcell about the problem and how it was affecting morale.

After Morgan Stanley, Edwards spent three years at Bank One, and is currently a partner in the firm Winston & Strawn, in Chicago. She was replaced by Donald Kempf, who was a senior partner in the Chicago office of the firm Kirkland & Ellis. “He was hired for one reason—to get Purcell out of that [Christian Curry] mess,” says someone involved with the legal proceedings at the time. Kempf obliged. The case was settled one week before Purcell and other Morgan Stanley executives were due to be deposed. Someone familiar with the matter has stated that Kempf was looking into setting up parameters so that questioning under oath would not include details of the executives’ private lives. Another source says that Curry suddenly became eager to settle because of events extraneous to the case that neither side will now talk about. Morgan Stanley paid $1 million to the National Urban League and stated that Curry was never paid a dime by them in the settlement.

What the board did and did not know over the past eight years is now a key question. Certainly, some critics ask why it did not push Purcell harder in the last three years as the stock plummeted and the bank’s reputation was severely diminished.

On top of the Curry case, it has paid a series of fines to regulators, as well as settling a class-action discrimination lawsuit stemming from a complaint filed by former Morgan Stanley bond saleswoman Allison Schieffelin, 44, who claimed she had been passed over for promotion. Several former senior female executives said that Morgan Stanley under Purcell had been a terrible place for women to work. (Purcell says he prides himself on the number of senior-level women employed by Discover.)

Last year Morgan Stanley settled with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, which brought the suit on behalf of Schieffelin and other female employees, for $54 million, rather than stand trial. This was the second-largest settlement the commission had ever reached with a company (the highest was $81 million, with Publix Super Markets, in 1997), and the first with a major securities firm.

Yet Purcell publicly remained unbowed, going so far as to remark to the attendees of an institutional-investor conference—which included a New York Times reporter—that retail investors need not be concerned by Morgan Stanley’s involvement in a $14 billion settlement the firm, along with nine other financial companies, paid to the Securities and Exchange Commission. (The case was based on claims that the firm’s reports misled investors.) S.E.C. chief William Donaldson responded by saying that Purcell’s remarks showed “a troubling lack of contrition.”

Over the years Purcell’s thick-skinned attitude has won him few friends and many detractors. Under him, the company ran through presidents—the number-two job—at a record pace: there were five in eight years. The day Mack left, in 2001, Purcell reportedly went to Robert Scott and said, “John’s quit. I would like you to become president, and you need to say yes right now because John will put out a press release, and I need to issue one, too.” Scott had little choice but to agree. (Purcell says there was no pressure on Scott to make a quick decision.)

But about a year into Scott’s tenure as president, he, like Karches before him, began telling Purcell to his face that he had lost his grip on the firm. Scott eventually found himself off the side on an organizational chart in Purcell’s office. “Does this mean I’m fired?” he asked. “I guess so,” said Purcell. Two months later, Scott resigned. He was replaced by Stephan Newhouse, who was thought to be more client-friendly than Purcell and thus a good complement. He lasted in the job less than two years.

As it happened, the Perelman case turned out to be Purcell’s final blunder. “It’s quite clear that here was a C.E.O. who did not even know that the ball was in play and did not set up a system where disputes involving significant amounts of money reached him,” says the head of one of the bank’s bigger private equity clients.

In 2003, Donald Kempf told then investment-banking division head Tarek Abdel-Meguid that Perelman was filing a suit for fraud. Kempf’s recommendation—unchar-
Morgan Stanley

characteristic, according to many sources—was
to settle, for $20 million. But several people
on the institutional side of the bank said
they didn’t want to do so. “Part of the prob-
lem was that no one felt like they wanted to
give a man like Ronald Perelman $20 mil-
lion,” says a high-ranking source.

Time after time during the discovery
process Morgan Stanley failed to produce
requested e-mails and relevant documenta-
tion it said it didn’t have—only to find them
later. In June 2004, a Morgan Stanley tech-
nology executive signed a document certi-
yfying that the company had turned over all
e-mails ordered by the court. However, the
firm later revealed that an employee had
stumbled upon 1,423 additional e-mail stor-
age tapes. In February, even more tapes were
unearthed.

By March 2005 the judge in the case,
Elizabeth Maass, was fed up; she took the
extremely unusual step of telling the jury that
Morgan Stanley had helped to defraud Perel-
man. Now all the jurors had to do was de-
cide whether Perelman had relied on Morgan
Stanley’s faulty information and lost money
because of it, as he claimed. From the per-
spective of someone close to Perelman’s legal
team, the behavior of Morgan Stanley was a
“classic case of the bully in the schoolyard
... they behaved with astonishing arrogance.”

Toward the end of the trial, which took
place in West Palm Beach, Florida, people
saw Kemp huddled with journalists in what
seemed, in retrospect, an attempt to save
Morgan Stanley’s reputation. It was too late.
On June 3, Kemp announced his retire-
ment after Shearman & Sterling senior part-
ner David Heleniak was hired in May to
report directly to Purcell. Lawyers all over
Wall Street shook their heads at such an ig-
nominous end for a lawyer that even former
adversaries consider one of the best. “It’s a
sad day that that guy had to take the fall
for something he’d never even believed in,”
commented a friend of his.

Meanwhile, for Purcell, too, the end was
drawing near, though he remained de-
termined to tough it out. “He still believes
the firm was on the right course under him,”
says a person close to him. “He took the
board’s decision badly.”

No sooner had Purcell resigned than a
close associate of Cruz’s began to cam-
paign for her to be C.E.O. It was reported in
*The New York Times*, and she told people
that she would have “some say” in the
board’s selection process. Names came up
and were dismissed: Robert Diamond,
president of Barclays; Citigroup’s executive-
committee chairman, Robert Rubin; and
Laurence Fink, the chairman of Black Rock,
who told the board they’d be better off con-
sidering Mack.

“Really, to fix this problem, all the divi-
sions and scars, it has to be someone who
knows the firm, who knows the business,”
said a veteran. “There’s really only one per-
son who can do it.”

And so, five years after he’d walked out,
John Mack, nicknamed “Mack the Knife,”
got the call many felt he should have got-
ten years earlier. Eventually, Charles Knight,
the head of the search committee, had to
reverse his position because of the over-
whelming support for Mack both inside
and outside the bank.

As the news seeped out that he might
come back, the stock price immediately
rose. “He’s one of the most challenging
people I’ve ever worked for. He’s terrific
with regulators, clients, the employees; he’s
passionate, he’s disciplined, he’s there for
everybody. If you looked up the antonym
to Phil Purcell in the dictionary, you’d
find John Mack’s face,” says one of his
former executives.

During negotiations, Mack hung on to
“If he’s going to do this, he’s got to re-
some of that board,” says a friend. It
was unclear at the time of this writing
how Mack was going to re-
form and stability. According
source, he made offers to Pandit, Ha-
and Newhouse, but it was not clear
he accepted. In part, this was be
on July 11, Zoe Cruz was appointed a
the company, and co-president Steve Craw-
announced he’d be resigning—along
with a $32 million package, previously ag-
ning to the board. Purcell’s severance pa-
age was an estimated $106 million, in-
cluding a $44 million bonus and retire-
ment package, as well as some previously
grant ed and options. Many people both in
side and outside the company were appalled
the board for signing off on these. “I don’t
believe that someone’s not going to
something [about it],” said [New York’s
attorney general Eliot] Spitzer, said
former senior executive. “The Morgan S
ley board of directors continues to give
italism a bad name,” Neil Barsky, a for-
Morgan Stanley analyst and a new head
manager, told *The Wall Street Journal*
(Mack quickly agreed to invoke a merit
standard for himself).

When asked recently how he felt at
his tenure at Morgan Stanley, Purcell rep
“I’m proud of what we’ve done. We’ve
enormous value for shareholders. And I’ve
ever confidence that this will contin
Meanwhile, there was a feeling of ex-
and optimism inside the Morgan S
ley building for the first time in years.
cept, that is, in one corner of the 39th fl
where Philip Purcell’s belongings had
ready been packed in boxes."

Jennifer Aniston

*Continued from page 334*

private, accompanied
only by her elderly corgi-terrier mix,
Norman, who spends most of his time
snoring on his dog bed. Public sympathy
seemed to be on her side; the Hollywood boutique
Kitson reported that its “Team Aniston”
T-shirts were outselling “Team Jolie” T-shirts
by a margin of 25 to 1. But that was cold com-
fort as Aniston was assaulted by one provo-
cation after another.

When the Pitts split up, Brad insisted he
didn’t sleep with Jolie, and Aniston accepted
his denial. “She wasn’t naïve,” says Kristin
Hahn, an executive at the Pitts’ production
company, Plan B. “She’s not suggesting she
didn’t know there was an enchantment, and
a friendship. But Brad was saying, ‘This is
not about another woman.’”

The moment he and Aniston separated,
however, he re-emerged in what looked like
a full-blown affair with Jolie. Struggling to
accept a separation she never wanted, Anis-
ton found that the “facts” she had been told
kept shifting like quicksand beneath her
feet. When I ask about that gracious, no-
one-is-to-blame announcement of their separ-
ation, she takes a deep breath. “What we
said was true—”

As I raise my eyebrows, she pauses for
a moment, and then adds carefully, “—as far
as I knew. We wrote it together, very con-
sciously, and felt very good about it. We ex-
ited this relationship as beautifully as we
entered it.”

All Aniston wanted then was to figure
out what happened; how did the happy
they’d planned drift so far off course? If
everything changed on April 29, when pho-
tographs broke of Brad and Angelina froli-
ing on the beach with Maddox at a roman
to resort in Africa. “The world was shock-
and I was shocked,” she says, still bend
over backward not to exorcise her ex.

But to say that this news was like po-
sing salt in the wound would understan
impact considerably; how about pour-
molten lava into the hole where someb
ripped your heart out?

And then things got worse.

The skies over Los Angeles are un-
acutely gray today, and the Pac
shimmers with an opalescent sheen.
though the weather is gloomy, the o

S E P T E M B E R  2 0
waves lap gently at the shoreline, making soil shushing sound that Aniston has said voicing soothing lately.

"That’s quite a backyard, in my opinion," she says as we stand on her deck, noting the hypnotic rhythm of the waves. "I’m able to go to the water’s edge—" she grins. "Not too loud. You don’t want it to think that you’re crazy. But it can certainly be cathartic."

She is wearing a white tank top and white string pants, with a vivid lavenisherry cardigan around her to ward off the unseasonable chill. Formidably toned legs, her body is in superb shape, but her laxed skin and megawatt smile looks fragile and wan.

She remains resolutely upbeat nonetheless, casting her current situation in the positive light possible. "It’s beautiful, I love it," she says. "I’ve always wanted to have a little Malibu beach house, it feels good. I’m enjoying simplifying life." though the bungalow was dark and cold when she first saw it, a quickieover has transformed it into a cozy nook that’s far more representative of Ton’s personal taste than the showy she and Pitt shared, where the décor featured hard edges and unforgiving tiles. "Brad and I used to joke that every piece of furniture was either a museum piece or just uncomfortable," Aniston says. "I definitely had his sense of style, and I still have my sense of style, and sometimes they clash. I wasn’t so much into that.

I mention Nicole Kidman’s quip after going up with Tom Cruise, when she was asked what she looked forward to in her new relationship. "And being with the diminutive husband who abruptly ended their marriage. "We’re wearing heels again," Kidman retorted.

I ask Aniston—who filed for divorce after 19 months and expects it to become final next week—what she’s enjoying about being on own. "I can have a comfortable couch," says with a wry smile.

The tabloids and celebrity gossip magazines, the soap-opera version of her life hones to hurtle along like a runaway train, rushing Aniston through major crises with ludicrous speed: Jen Is Devoted! Jen Is Furious! Jen Gets Revenge! Has a New Man! Jen Is Over Brad! of the stories are wrong. (No, Oprah Winfrey doesn’t try to get kid and Brad back together, Jen is not romantically involved with the Vaughn, her co-star in The Break-Up, nedy about a separating couple who me to live together, which they shot in L.A. over the summer.)

Other reports are just idiotically simple-minded, breathlessly advancing a plot that bears little resemblance to the long, complex, painful experience of getting over a divorce. While the tabloids insist on dividing Aniston’s emotions into neat, distinct chapters, the reality is that pain and denial and anger and resignation all blur together, sometimes at the same moment—and the lengthy process of mourning is nowhere near over.

"There are many stages of grief," she says. "It’s sad, something coming to an end. It cracks you open, in a way—cracks you open to feeling. When you try to avoid the pain, it creates greater pain. I’m a human being, having a human experience in front of the world. I wish it weren’t in front of the world. I try really hard to rise above it."

Aniston is struggling to find a deeper meaning in the public life. "I want to have some reason I called this into my life," she says. "I have to believe that—otherwise it’s just cruel."

Her friends are filled with admiration for the way she’s handled the whole mess. "This woman is basically having a root canal without anesthesia, but she’s really trying not to numb the pain or shove it under the rug," says Hahn. "She’s grown so much, and she continues to grow on a daily basis, because every time you think, ‘Well, I’ve dealt with this,’ there’s another hurdle to get over. It’s a bit Job-like at the moment."

Aniston’s response has been to retreat into her cocoon, "in an effort to take care of myself and my heart," she says. "I feel like I’m nesting. I love being home. I have friends that come over. My girlfriends I’ve had for 20 years. When things happen, the tribe gathers around and lifts you up. I’ve had lonely moments, sure, but I’m also enjoying being alone. There’s no question it takes getting used to: I’m a partnership person, and if something happens your instinct is to share it—but you’re no longer part of a couple. I definitely miss that. It’s sort of like Bambi—you’re trying to learn how to walk. You’re a little awkward; you stumble a little bit. The things you would do with your partner, you don’t do. It’s uncharted territory, but I think it’s good for me to be a solo person right now. You’re forced to re-discover yourself and take it to another level. If you can find a way to see the glass half full, these are the moments when you learn the most. I’ve had to re-introduce myself to myself in a way that’s different."

She doesn’t downplay the difficulties. "Am I lonely? Yes. Am I upset? Yes. Am I confused? Yes. Do I have my days when I’ve thrown a little pity party for myself? Absolutely. But I’m also doing really well," she says. "I’ve got an unbelievable support team, and I’m a tough cookie. I believe in therapy; I think it’s an incredible tool in educating the self on the self. I feel very strong. I’m really proud of how I’ve conducted myself."

A crucial part of Aniston’s strategy has been to ignore the putrid stew of rumor, speculation, and outright falsehood in the tabloid media. "It’s been very important for me not to read anything, not to see anything," she says. "It’s been my saving grace. That stuff is just toxic for me right now. I probably avoided a lot of suffering by not engaging in it, not reading, not watching."

She gestures toward Norman, who has roused himself for a moment to check on his mistress’s whereabouts. "It’s like those dog cones," she says, encircling her neck as if putting on one of the plastic cones prescribed by vets to prevent dogs from scratching their ears. "I have my imaginary dog cone on, so I don’t see anything. It just allows for a much more peaceful life."

Nevertheless, as Pitt publicly flaunted the instant family he had created with Jolie, the tableaux of their newfound togetherness were humiliating. "I would be a robot if I said I didn’t feel moments of anger, of hurt, of embarrassment," Aniston acknowledges.

But she tries to keep the lurid details to herself. "She is grieving, but she’s taken the high road," says Bendewald. "She’s mourning the death of a marriage, and she’s done it very privately. She can have her moments of rage, but she doesn’t want to out him, and that keeps her heart clear. She’s not bad-mouthing him. She doesn’t want to make him the villain and her the victim."

Indeed, Aniston vehemently rejects the interpretation that she was left for another woman. "I don’t feel like a victim," she says. "I’ve worked with this therapist for a long time, and her major focus is that you get one day of being a victim—and that’s it. Then we take responsibility for our own input. To live in a victim place is pointing a finger at someone else, as if you have no control. Relationships are two people; everyone is accountable. A lot goes into a relationship coming together, and a lot goes into a relationship falling apart. She’d say, ‘Even if it’s 98 percent the other person’s fault, it’s 2 percent yours, and that’s what we’re going to focus on.’ You can only clean up your side of the street."

These days, one index of recovery is the fact that Aniston’s sardonic humor is resurfacing. When I tell her that my 13-year-old son is a big fan of hers, she doesn’t miss a beat. "Is he single?" she asks, deadpan.

She’ll toss off a crack about Pitt’s startling transformation into a punky bleached
Jennifer Aniston

blond. “Billy Idol called—he wants his look back,” she murmurs with a sly smile.

By now she can even talk about those gut-wrenching photos of Jolie and Pitt in Kenya with mordant resignation rather than tears. “I can’t say it was one of the highlights of my year,” she says. “Who would deal with that and say, ‘Isn’t that sweet? That looks like fun?’ But shit happens. You joke and say, ‘What doesn’t kill you makes you stronger.’”

She sighs. “I feel like I’ve earned a superpower shield,” she says. Then, afraid of sounding grandiose, she adds, “I’m not comparing my suffering to other people’s suffering. Everybody has their own.”

Aniston’s friends were particularly horrified by W magazine’s 60-page photo spread featuring Pitt and Jolie as an early-1960s-style married couple with a brood of miniature blond Brads. “You want to shake the shit out of him and say, ‘Your timing sucks!’” says one. “He’s made some choices that have been tremendously insensitive.”

The W feature, which was entitled “Domestic Bliss,” couldn’t be blamed on the paparazzi; not only did Pitt conceptualize it, but he retained the international rights, so he actually profited from it. Aniston’s eyes widen in surprise when I mention that last fact, and she grimaces. “I didn’t know that,” she says. But she refuses to indulge herself in an angry reaction. “Is it odd timing? Yeah. But it’s not my life,” she says. “He makes his choices. He can do—whatever. We’re divorced, and you can see why.”

She shakes her head in exasperation. “I can also imagine Brad having absolutely no clue why people would be appalled by it,” she adds. “Brad is not mean-spirited; he would never intentionally try to rub something in my face. In hindsight, I can see him going, ‘Oh—I can see that that was inconiderate.’ But I know Brad. Brad would say, ‘That’s art!’”

She rolls her eyes, pretending to screw something into her forehead. “There’s a sensitivity chip that’s missing,” she says.

Aniston’s friends are amazed at her willingness to give Pitt the benefit of the doubt, but they basically agree with her assessment. “I don’t think he was trying to hurt Jen,” says Courteney Cox. Aniston’s dear friend and former co-star on Friends. “I don’t think that Brad is malicious, or a liar. The W thing was his idea, but I don’t think he thought that one through, about what it would look like to anyone else.”

Although Aniston remains determined not to lash out, she sometimes questions her own restraint. “Why am I protecting him?” she exclaimed to one friend, only to continue with what she sees as the dignified course of action.

“I’m not interested in taking public potshots,” she explains. “It’s not my concern anymore. What happened to him after the separation—it’s his life now. I’ve made a conscious effort not to add to the toxicity of this situation. I haven’t retaliated. I don’t want to be a part of it. I don’t have a halo that I’m polishing here; everyone has their personal thoughts. But I would much rather everyone move on. I am not defined by this relationship. I am not defined by the part they’re making me play in the triangle. It’s maddening to me. But I had a mom who was very angry about her divorce, and made shots, and I don’t want to play that out. If people are frustrated that I don’t want to do that, I’m sorry. I’m figuring this out as I go along. This is my first time at this particular picnic.”

As befits a storybook tale, the Pitts’ marriage was the first for both of them, and some of Aniston’s fondest memories are from the time they shared before the world discovered their romance. “We had so much fun falling in love,” she says wistfully. “It was so private; we kept it to ourselves for so long. It was something we were really proud of.”

But after the relationship became public, it was always difficult to reconcile their mythic image with the quotidian reality of their private life, which was more likely to involve watching television, ordering takeout, and having close friends over than swanning around on red carpets.

“We were put on a pedestal, but we were just a couple like anybody else,” Aniston says. “When we were home, we’d watch the shows we loved, and one time there was this program called It’s Good to Be Brad and Jen. It was all about us going to Scotland and Greece and having our matching S.U.V.s, and it wasn’t my life—I’d never even been to some of these places, but even I got sucked in. We’re sitting there saying, ‘Yeah, boy, it sure must be good to be Brad and Jen!’ So is it our responsibility to demystify this, to say, ‘This is not what it’s like—it’s not that fabulous, not that great?’ There’s no doubt our life is fortunate, but …”

But even golden couples struggle with the formidable challenges of marriage. “It’s like the ebb and flow of every relationship,” Aniston says. “It’s hard; it gets easy; it gets fun again. What’s hard to sustain is some ideal that it’s perfect. That’s ridiculous. What’s fantastic about marriage is getting through those ebbs and flows with the same person, and looking across the room and saying, ‘I’m still here. And I still love you.’ You re-meet, reconnect. You have marriages within marriages within marriage. That’s what I love about marriage. It’s what I want in marriage. It’s unfortunate we live in a very disposable society. There are moments where it looks like ‘Uh-oh, isn’t working!’—those are the most interesting, transformative moments. Most couples draw up divorce papers when they’re going on an amazing moment of deepening and enlightenment and connection.”

She sighs heavily and turns away to a Merit cigarette. “That’s not Brad’s thing,” she says, glum again. “We believe in different things, I guess. You can’t force a relationship, even if it’s your view of what you would like it to be conducted. Obviously two people leave a relationship because there’s a different thought pattern and a different way. My goal is to try and achieve a deep, committed relationship. That’s what I’m interested in, but it’s someone’s primitive, to be or not to be in or out of a relationship.”

“I think Jen wanted to work it out, if she didn’t think he wanted to work it out,” drea Bendewald observes. “I don’t think I knew what he wanted.”

Nevertheless, Aniston has only one word about her marriage. “I still feel lucky to have experienced it. I wouldn’t know what I know now if I hadn’t married to Brad,” she says. “I love Brad; I really love him. I will love him for the rest of my life. He’s a fantastic man. I don’t get any of it, and I’m not going to myself about it. We spent seven intense years together; we taught each other a lot—about healing, and about fun. We helped each other through a lot, and I really value that. It was a beautiful, complicated relationship. The sad thing, for me, was the way it’s been reduced to a Hollywood cliché—or maybe it’s just a human cliché. I have a lot of compassion for everyone involved through this.”

As for what went wrong, Aniston refuses any simplistic explanation. “It was just complicated,” she says. “Relations are complicated, whether they’re friendships or business relationships or personal relationships. I don’t think anybody’s marriage gets to a point where they say ‘We’ve got it!’ You’re two people constantly evolving, and there will be friction when those changes clash. There are those levels of growth—and when you start growing together, that’s when the problems happen.”

Friends say that it was always difficult for Aniston and Pitt to maintain the intensity they craved while juggling their demanding work schedules, which often required long separations. Those tensions notwithstanding, Aniston believed her marriage the real thing. “We both did,” she says.
although she’s not talking to Pitt these days, Aniston remains in regular contact with her mother, whom she loves dearly, and she doesn’t rule out a better relationship with Brad in the future. “I really do hope that someday we can be friends again,” she says.

She certainly doesn’t regret her four-and-a-half-year marriage—not even the million-dollar wedding with 50,000 flowers, a 40-member gospel choir, a Greek bouzouki band, and fireworks exploding over the Pacific. (“It was fantastic!” she says.) But she does have other regrets.

“There’s a lot I would probably do differently,” she says. “I’d take more vacations—getting away from work, enjoying each other in different environments. But there was always something preventing it; either he was working or I was.”

She made more profound mistakes as well. “I wouldn’t give over so much of myself, which I did at times,” she admits. “It was that thing about being a nurturer; I love taking care of people, and I definitely put his needs before mine sometimes. It’s seamless; somewhere along the way, you sort of lose yourself. You just don’t know when it happens. It’s such an insidious thing, you don’t really see where it started—and where you ended. There’s no one to blame but yourself. I’ve always been that way in relationships, even with my mom. It’s not the healthiest. I feel like I’ve broken the pattern now. I’ll never let myself down like that again. I feel like my sense of self is being strengthened because of it.”

Aniston’s unhappy family history colored her experience of marriage from the outset. “I come from a fighting family, and I had a tough time arguing,” she says. “Fighting scared me. I wouldn’t speak up for myself. That’s something I’ve learned; I will always speak my mind.”

In recent months, the process of healing from the breakup with Brad has also created a new openness to healing relations with her mother. Their estrangement began nearly a decade ago, when Nancy Aniston gossiped about Jennifer on a television show, and worsened when she tried to cash in on Jennifer’s fame by writing an appalling book called From Mother and Daughter to Friends. Jennifer severed all contact, but she is now re-assessing their relationship.

“We’ve exchanged messages,” she says. “Our doors are open. We’re taking baby steps. It’s a good thing.”

Although Aniston inured criticism for distancing herself from her mother, who did not attend her wedding, she offers no apologies. “I feel pretty good about the choices I’ve made. The choice of not speaking to Mom for a while—that’s ours. Nobody else has to understand it. The same thing with Brad and myself,” she says. “I wouldn’t change my childhood, I wouldn’t change my heartaches, I wouldn’t change my successes. I wouldn’t change any of it, because I really love who I am, and am continuing to become.

“Besides, it’s all in the past,” she adds. “This doesn’t kill you. You move on. You can’t let the devastation of a divorce take over and win—let it make you bitter, closed-off, angry, skeptical person. Then you’re just falling victim to it. You don’t want to shut your heart down. You don’t want to feel that when a marriage ends, your life is over. You can survive anything. Compared to what other people are surviving out there in the world, this is not so bad, in the grand scheme of things. Human endurance is unbelievable. Think of what mothers of soldiers have to rise above! Everything’s relative.”

She looks down at her firm, fit body. “Nothing’s broke,” she says.

Catching the quizzical look on my face, she concedes, “Maybe a little bruised.”
Jennifer Aniston

evening—and immediately regretted it. “I feel like I’ve fallen off the wagon,” she moans. Unfortunately, the first publication she picked up featured an insult from Kimberly Stewart, Rod’s party-girl daughter. “She said I’m homely,” Aniston says. “It literally ruined my night. I got my feelings very hurt, actually. That was my instant Karma.”

She has always fretted about her appearance, although that is often hard for others to believe. Posing for her Vanity Fair cover shoot, Aniston was equally fetching in French-dance-half-girl black stockings and in a half-open oversize shirt that evoked every man’s favorite just-rolled-out-of-bed look. With her tousled hair, cobalt-blue eyes, and dazzling smile, she seemed the ultimate adorable siren. Far from pining away in seclusion, she appeared to be sending a far more spirited message—like “Eat your heart out, Brad!”

But Aniston has never been able to reconcile the glamorous Jen on page or screen with the self-doubting woman she sees in the mirror, and the current tabloid coverage has exacerbated that gap. “It’s literally two different people—the real me, and the Jen they write about,” fighting back, “getting revenge—even everything I couldn’t be farther from wanting to do,” she says. “So I’m back on the wagon.”

When she arrived in Chicago to film The Break-Up, the gossip media, frantic for a new development, immediately plunged her into a torrid romance with her co-star, Vince Vaughn. This affair apparently does not exist.

“I adore Vince Vaughn, but I’m not going out with Vince Vaughn,” she says. “I barely know the guy. We’ve exchanged a wine-and-cheese basket for the start of the movie, and we’ve gone out to dinner with the director and other people. We’ve got to get to know each other.”

But is Aniston seeing him—or anyone else? “Nobody,” she says firmly. “I like a lot of people, but I am sooo not ‘in like’ with anybody. I am really enjoying being by myself. I’m excited that I know there’s somebody out there for me, but I am absolutely in no rush. This is all very fresh, very new. This was a seven-year-relationship that was very dear, very complicated, very special. I need to honor it.”

Aside from her initial flurry of tears, Aniston remains calm and thoughtful through hours of conversation with me over the course of several weeks. But there is one final topic to be addressed, and it’s the most hurtful of all. The rumor that Jolie is pregnant with Pitt’s child has swept around the world; some reports even have her finishing her first trimester.

When I ask Aniston about that, she looks as if I’ve stabbed her in the heart. Her eyes well up and spill over. Several long minutes go by as the tears keep rolling down her cheeks; she bites her lip, seemingly unable to speak. Finally she shakes her head; this subject is simply too excruciating to discuss.

“My worst fear is that Jen will have to face them having a baby together soon, because that would be beyond beyond painful,” says Kristin Hahn.

Fortunately, there are many other things to keep Aniston occupied these days. Although she took some time off after Friends ended, she has since shot several movies, and the coming months will bring a series of premiers. First up is Derailed, a thriller starring Aniston and Clive Owen as two married strangers who meet on a train and arrange a hotel-room tryst—only to have an armed man burst in, rape the woman, and beat the man and blackmail him, setting off a horrific chain of events. The film will make adultery look as appealing as Fatal Attraction did, according to Aniston: “It will be one of those movies you leave and say, ‘The affair thing? Main event!’”

Then there’s Rumor Has It, whose plot involves around a young reporter’s viction that The Graduate was based on family, and that she herself is adopted. Mark Ruffalo plays her fiancé, and Sheryl Lee MacLaine is the Mrs. Robinson character with Kevin Costner as the Benjamin Bradock who may or may not be Aniston’s father.

Yet another upcoming film is Friends with Money, in which Aniston portrays a pothead maid whose friends—played by Catherine Keener, Joan Cusack, and Frances McDormand—are all married and far more successful in life.

Aniston is also re-evaluating her future role at Plan B, the production company formed with Pitt and Brad Grey, who since become chairman of Paramount. It is now assuming the lead role at Plan B, Aniston says she will still produce more through the company.

“I’m excited about what the future holds,” she says. “I’m not a fortune-teller; I have no idea how it will play out. People say, ‘What are you going to do?’ I don’t know. I don’t have a lot of that love that I like.”

She is trying to outgrow some youth illusions. Prince Charming let her do and Aniston no longer believes in one true love. “I think there are many people, maybe soul mates,” she says.

But she still has faith in the redeemer power of love itself. “It’s out there,” she says. “It will happen. There’s an amazing person that’s wandering the streets right now who’s the father of my children. In five years, I hope to be married and have a kid. I still believe in marriage 100 percent. I think people say that they would never fall in love again, it’s like cutting off your nose because you’re afraid of your face. Why would you ever do that?”

She gives me a sheepish smile. “May it be a fairy tale, but I believe in happily ever after.”

9/11 Widow

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freakin’ weeks!”

“What told you this?” I ask, my mind racing.

“Chief Norman. He came by last night and told me and a bunch of the guys that they’re closing Squad. We’re goin’ over to Lynn Tierney’s house now.”

“Do you have Chief Norman’s number?” I ask him, and write it down. “This is bullshit. I’m gonna call a couple of friends. See what I can do.” I am pacing now, fast and furious, across the cracking linoleum floor.

“I think we should have a protest tomorrow.”

“We’re all going to Tim Stackpole’s funeral.”

“They found Timmy?”

“Yes, the other day. I thought you knew. It was in the papers.”

“Where was he found?”

“South tower, I think.” My mind makes a sharp turn. I know Dave is in the south tower. They are finally finding bodies there.

“What time’s his funeral?” I ask.

“Eleven o’clock. It’s in Marine Park. Call in the morning. One of us will drive you over.”

I hang up, my rage refueling me, giving me purpose. I call Dede, my friend on Th Street. We decide to start a phone chain the neighborhood. “We’ll have two rallies,” decide suddenly. “One at 3:30 so the kids can come. One at 6:30 so the press will have time to hear about it.” Adrenaline rushes through me like caffeine.

At my computer that night I e-mail Ch Norman’s phone number to my newly gathered list of 786 friends, family members, and business acquaintances.

It is after two in the morning when my sister, Leah, who arrived on the 12th at has been staying with me ever since, sig audibly. “Are you almost finished?” she asks.
A WIDOW'S PLEA

Marian Fontana at one of her many meetings with Mayor Giuliani, whom she confronted after 9/11 when firefighters were removed from the retrieval process at Ground Zero, and with whom she later worked as an advocate for the fire community.

I say nothing and in the window watch the magnified drip of a tear glide down my cheek.

"I really loved that guy," he says softly, the traffic moving again.

"If you really loved him," I say, sitting up and facing forward, "then you wouldn't let them close Squad."
9/11 Widow

from the back, and I move the microphone closer to my mouth. "My husband loved this neighborhood and he loved this firehouse," I continue. I clear my throat to try to keep my voice from quavering. "This place was his second home and now it has become mine." I see reporters writing furiously, and people taking pictures, and my former students holding signs that say SAVE SQUAD 1.

"Closing the Squad is a slap in the face not only to the men missing but to their surviving brothers who have been searching for them." I stop suddenly, my voice cracking, and I squeeze my lips closed trying not to cry. I feel Bernie's hand on my back as I try to breathe, but my chest feels as if it had a tight belt around it. I can feel Dave around me, inside me, with me, and the tears come, quiet and strong, dripping onto the sleeve of Dave's denim coat.

I look up again and see that my neighbors are crying, too. I step back up to the microphone and continue. "The firehouse has become my second family, and this neighborhood has been so amazing needs this family here. It is a special part of this special community. Thank you all so much."

"We love you!" someone yells from the audience as applause crescendos into a solid, deafening sound. Voices in the crowd begin chanting, "Squad 1. Squad 1. Squad 1." The energy is overpowering, like the force of a blast, and I can do nothing but stare dumbstruck and overwhelmed into the crowd. Finally, someone leads me to the side as City Comptroller Alan Hevesi and a horde of local politicians take the mike.

My sister grabs my shaking hand and pulls me toward the sitting room at the back of the firehouse, but we are intercepted by a blonde woman with teeth like Chiclets gum.

"Hi. I'm with ABC. Can I talk to you for just a sec?" Signaling Leah to go ahead, I stand awkwardly. "I just want to say how sorry I am. This has been such a hard time and my prayers are with you."

"Thank you," I mumble.

"Can I ask you to spell your name, please?" she says, stepping closer to me, the cameraman peeking behind her like a shy child. I notice other reporters inching toward me, some with microphones, others with long memo pads.

"Ma--"

"Don't look at the camera. Look at me," she warns, and I turn toward her again, trying hard not to glance at the wide, black lens pointed in my face.

"Why is it so important that Squad stay open?" she asks, her head tilting to the side.

"Well, we have not—there are 12 men missing altogether." I stutter angrily, stumbling over my words like a drunk.

"Your husband is one of them," she tries.

"Yes," I say more slowly, steadily myself. "My husband's locker is still full. I am still waiting to hear where he is, and I know if my husband knew that Squad 1 was closing, he would roll over in his grave if he had one." The reporter nods vigorously.

"Your husband's name is...?" she asks.

"Dave."

"How old was he?"

"He'd be 38 in three weeks." I am talking about him in the past tense. I guess this is what I have to do now. It feels wrong, like a grammatically incorrect sentence.

"Thirty-seven," she says into her microphone. "Have they found your husband yet?"

"No."

"How long was your husband a firefighter?"

"Ten years September 8th." "Is it possible to get a shot of your husband's locker?" the reporter asks brazenly. Thankfully, another reporter steps in, wielding a tiny tape recorder.

Five interviews later, Eric pulls me into the back room where eight of the guys sit. "What? I say defensively, eyeing Tony, who is smiling wryly.

"Nothing," Tony says. "Dave would be proud of you."

I bite my lip to keep the tears from coming again.

"You shouldn't even have to be doing this," Huey says.

"But we appreciate it... We can't say nothin' or the job will come back at us," another firefighter says.

"Well," I say, wiping my eyes. "I know this would kill Dave if he were here." Eric enters with a fax in his hand.

"Von Essen's saying that it was only a rumor. They never planned to close Squad," he mumbles.

"A rumor!" I say, snatchng the paper from his hand and reading. "They're backpedaling," I add, thinking of Dave. Dave, like most firefighters, had an inherent mistrust of "Headquarters" and the chiefs and commissioners who worked there.

"Are you gonna have the next rally?" Eric asks.

"Yeah," I say slowly, still reading, "because this doesn't say that you won't be dispersed all over the city. Hey, where's Leah?" I ask, suddenly realizing her absence.

"She went to Lento's with Jason," Tony says.

Dodging reporters, I head to Lento's, a dark pizzeria across the street.

"What took you so long?" my sister asks, sipping Jack Daniel's and ginger ale. I order a Cosmopolitan.

"How's Aidan doing?" I ask her expantly.

"He's fine. He went home with Mom and Dad. They're going to tuck him in. I take a deep breath and pull out a cigarette.

"You were amazing, honey," Jason says sincerely. "I don't know how you're doing this." My sister leans in and grabs the cigarette from my hand and lights it.

"Man, I was like, Who is this person? She takes a long drag and hands it back to me. On the TV perched in the corner of the bar, the same blonde newscaster magically appears standing in front of Squad 1.

"Ooh! Can you turn this up, please?" son says to the bartender, straightening, as I watch in disbelief as my image appears on the television. I look different than I picture myself, the lines of grief evident under my eyes, my flaws raw and exposed.

"Oh my God. I look like shit," I say, running my fingers through my hair, embarrassed.


NOVEMBER 1, 8 A.M.

The day after Halloween, Martha Beth one of the widows from Squad 1, calls "Marian, have you heard what happened? Her soft voice is full of ire.

"No," I say groggily, adjusting the cove on my bed.

"Mayor Giuliani and Commissioner Von Essen cut the firefighters from Groun Zero."

"What?" I say, bolting upright.

"They took them off the site. There only a few guys left, I think.""Why?" I ask, feeling the flush of outrage.

"I dunno. I thought you would know that's why I'm calling," she says, upset.

"I don't know... I'm barely awake...I'll find out," I say, furious. "I can't fuckin believe this. I want those guys looking for Dave." I hang up and start walking back and forth in the living room. This pacing had become familiar. This constant waiting, imagining my brain is spin art, the thought flying with centrifugal force all around me. I try to pin them down, to put them in an order.

1. I will look for Dave myself. I will dig through the rubble with my bare hands until I find him.

2. I will organize the families. We will go down to City Hall and protest.

3. I will go from firehouse to firehouse gathering firefighters, and we will march together to the site.

4. I will enlarge all the photos of the victims and place them all over City Hall.

5. I will call the mayor's office and F.D.N.Y headquarters and arrange a meeting.
Alone in my car en route to Mike Russo's wake, my mind blank, I can't focus on anything. I don't even answer my cell phone, which sits on the passenger seat mingling and ringing.

The front foyer of the funeral parlor is wide, with faded blue carpet. Crooked white elastic letters spell MIKE RUSSO—ROOM 2 on board in front. I pin my Squad patch on and follow some firefighters to a windowless room on the right.

Theresa Russo is standing in front of her husband's casket. She is carrying Mike junior, now 18 months old. He is a serious little boy with Theresa's small lips and stick-straight strawberry-blond hair. The rest of them looks like his father; the wiry build and eyes like two blue kaleidoscopes. Mike's parents stand next to Theresa, their faces long and sullen. Spotting me, Theresa smiles and signals me to come up to the front. I greet Mike's parents and his older brother Tony, who looks so much like Mike it is difficult not to gasp.

"You gotta see this," Theresa says, pulling me toward the back of the room, where wreath of golf clubs made from black and gray carnations stands more than five feet tall. I cup my hand over my mouth to file a giggle. "Wait. Look at this one," she says, chuckling, and she pulls me to another corner where a wreath of a Harley-Davidson motorcycle is so large it takes three easels to hold it up. Another wreath squeezed in next to it depicting a football scene the size of a blackboard.

A few weeks earlier, Theresa and I attended a wake that looked like a casting call for a "Sopranos" episode. We stood at the end of a long line of men in dark suits, with greased-back hair and gold pains. They were talking about meat in quick Staten Island accents.

"The ting is," said one, "people tink da meat is bad, but you gotta have some fat to fill it right."

"Yeah . . . marbleizin'," the second one said.

"What?"

"Marbleizin'. The fat. Like you said, it is as to be marbled."

"What the fuck are you talkin' about?"

"Fat! You was talkin' about fat and I appen to know somethin' about it. Dat's it."

"You got a fat freakin' head is what you got," the third one said, and Theresa and I tried not to giggle too loudly behind them. They went on and on like this as the line thinned through two rooms until we finally reached the large room where the casket stood. Funeral wreaths as big as cars stood round the room. A giant fire truck made from red and black carnations dominated the corner. I had seen these wreaths at most of the wakes, depicting everything the lost firefighter loved: footballs, American flags, surfboards, baseballs, cigars, logos of bands and movies.

"I do not want these at Mike's funeral," Theresa had said, motioning to a giant soccer ball on our right. We couldn't stop giggling as we made our way past 12 wreaths in all.

I guess no one got the memo," I say to Theresa before I start laughing out loud. Theresa is laughing too.

"We're gonna get into trouble," Theresa says, pulling me into the hall as some white-haired relatives turn to stare. She leads me to the back of the hall.

"What are you two laughing at?" Martha says, smiling. I dry my eyes and try to catch my breath.

"Those wreaths," Theresa says, wiping her own eyes with a tissue.

"Aren't they gorgeous?" Debbie says, and Theresa and I are laughing hard again. "You two are bad," Debbie says, smiling. "They're nice! I like them."

"We're going to hell," I say.

"I already have my passport," Debbie says, laughing now. Theresa chases Mike to a chair as he tries to climb it.

"Shall I organize a Merry Widows night?" I ask.

"Stop! I hate that word," Martha says.

"Well, come up with something better then!" I tease and, after a moment, gesture Martha to step away from the other women. When I have her in the corner, I lean in and whisper. "Martha, we have to talk," I say.

"Yeah, what are we gonna do about the site?"

"I'm going to call all the media connections I know. And I think we need a meeting. We need to get the widows together."

"Stop saying widows!" she says, pretending to cover her ears.

"I know, but I think if we do, we can have some political clout and get the firefighters back working on the site."

"Yeah, whatever it takes," she says. Suddenly I bite my lip and smile.

"What?" Martha asks. She can see my wheels turning. "What?"

"I'm going to print up some flyers tonight to give to whatever politicians are there at the funeral tomorrow."

"You can't do that! It's Mike's funeral!"

"I'll ask Theresa. She won't mind. We'll tell them the families are concerned and would like to dialogue."

"Marian!"

"C'mon . . . You have any better ideas?"

Martha shakes her head.

"O.K:. fine," she says quietly and we stand to head back into the wake room with Theresa, the words of the flyer already forming in my head.

November 6, 9:47 A.M.

I am speeding toward the church in Bayside, the flyers pressed into my black bag, my veins pulsing from too much caffeine. The widows from Squad are lining up on the steps when I arrive. I tiptoe in between them, kissing their cheeks and handing them flyers. Across the street, the politicians have already taken their places in front of the firefighters lined six rows deep. The deputy commissioner. Lynn Tierney, catches my eye, and I break through the crowd and cross over to greet her. I feel the crowd watching me, but I don't care. I need to talk to her before she leaves.

"We need to have a meeting," I say, handing her a flyer.

"I heard you were trying to get a group of widows together. I think that's great," Lynn says, handing me back my letter. She sounds like she's imagining a group of women sipping tea and crying over their husbands.

"We're all really upset about the firefighters," I continue, noticing Governor George Pataki's wife, Libby, turning to listen and Lynn shifting onto her other hip. "I think we need to get accurate information out to the families."

"I completely agree," Lynn says, her blue eyes flashing. "Why don't I call you tomorrow to set it up, cause we've been meaning to do this and I could use your help," she adds.

"Good," I say. I hear the bagpipes begin in the distance, so I run across the street and take my place on the steps, wiping the sweat off the back of my neck.

November 9, 7:05 P.M.

Lynn lives on 12th Street in a large factory building where they made clocks a century ago. Her apartment has exposed-brick walls, dark cavernous rooms, and high ceilings. Lynn had called yesterday, her voice as thick as a cinder block. "The mayor says he'll meet with you. Just a casual thing at my apartment, I think, since you're in Park Slope, too."

"Great," I'd said. "There'll just be a few of us."

"Make yourselves at home," she says now, quickly unloading groceries from plastic bags. She flutters around the kitchen, taking out glasses and bottles of wine.

"The mayor likes red, so I bought more of that," she says, digging through an overstuffed drawer for a bottle opener. Martha
and I glance at each other, and I wonder if she, like me, is thinking that this is all a farce and that the mayor is not going to come after all. The city is falling apart—why would he want to listen to a bunch of grief-stricken widows complain? ‘I guess he’s late. He had two funerals today. This schedule is just so intense,’ Lynn says, entering from her bedroom, where she has quickly changed into jeans and a long-sleeved shirt.

“I know. Too many funerals,” I say.

“Yeah, and it’s terrible that we can’t be at all of them. The mayor really wants to, but sometimes there are six or seven on the same day. What do you do? I mean—”

The buzzer interrupts her, and Lynn presses the intercom. I take a seat and help myself to a piece of salami and wait. The doorbell rings, and two large, graying men enter the apartment, looking past us. They mutter into small microphones on their lapels, and in a moment the mayor enters with Tom Von Essen close behind.

The mayor’s large forehead wrinkles as he smiles warmly, offering condolences and shaking hands with everyone. Tom Von Essen plops into one of the wing chairs, his red face lined with fatigue. The mayor chats casually with Lynn in the kitchen and then helps himself to a glass of wine. He eases himself into a chair next to Tom and leans back, looking expectantly at me. I sit up tall and begin.

“Thank you for coming, Mr. Mayor.”

“I’m glad to be here,” he says, leaning forward and taking a piece of bread.

“I’m sure you know this, but the families are concerned about how the site is being handled, particularly in regard to the firefighters.” He nods, fixing his eyes on mine, so I continue. “I think I speak for everyone when I tell you that we want the firefighters who were removed from the site last week to be put back where they belong. We don’t want our husbands scooped up, thrown in a truck, and found at a dump, when we know they can be found by their brothers on the site.” I bite my lip and lean back in my chair to let him know I am finished.

“Well, first of all, we don’t want any of your husbands to be found that way,” the mayor begins. He speaks casually, as if we had been friends for a long time. “The reason we made the choice to remove the firefighters is that a safety organization we’re working with has deemed the site unsafe. Now, maybe they’re wrong, but I don’t want to lose any more men if we don’t have to.”

“I don’t think any of us want anyone getting hurt, but these guys are trained to search. You funded them to learn confined-space rescue and collapse, and actually, except for a construction worker breaking his arm, there have been no injuries on the site since the recovery began.”

The mayor shakes his head and continues. “I was at the site today, and a grapple came within two inches of hitting a firefighter who was down in a hole and didn’t know the grapple was there. Now, if I hadn’t seen it with my own eyes, I would agree with you, but these rescue guys are fatigued and emotionally upset.”

“But no one’s gotten hurt,” I repeat, and Tom looks at the mayor with what seems like a combination of mild disgust and exasperation. I feel my palms sweat and wipe them against the soft arms of my chair, uncrossing and crossing my legs. “I’m sure you know there is a long-standing tradition in the Fire Department that you do not leave a fire until every last man is out. You can’t just remove these guys with all their friends still buried. Not to mention, we need them there. It’s just not right to take them off.”

“Listen, I don’t think anyone understands that more than Tom and I, and we certainly would not have made this decision if we didn’t feel like it was the right thing to do, Tom?” The commissioner shifts in his seat, rolling his head back, his eyes droopy with fatigue.

“Look, you got guys down there that haven’t gone home since the 11th, that are going to funerals and coming back to the site. There are fathers looking for sons, brothers looking for brothers. People aren’t thinking clearly—it’s just not safe. I mean, our guys are doing things down there that are—look, I won’t even go into it. They’re not used to working in a paramilitary fashion, the way police officers are.”

I feel Martha bristle next to me.

“I completely disagree. The entire make-up and training of the department are paramilitary,” I snap.

“Yeah, and many of the guys in the Fire Department are in the reserves,” Martha says, sitting up, her diminutive frame becoming slightly larger. “My husband was in the navy, and Tommy loved the Fire Department because it was paramilitary.”

I nod emphatically at Martha’s remark, which quiets both Tom and the mayor.

Two hours pass and we make our points over and over, refusing to back down. Tom grows silent, but the mayor continues, rolling up his sleeves. We bring up health issues, communication, the need for a place at Ground Zero where the families can go.

“Look, the men we lost—these men will never be replaced. I feel a sense of duty to your husbands to protect these firefighters down there. They are my employees. I mean, I lost a lot of friends that day, but he says, then looks at Tom, who is staring at the floor, his face tense. “I think we can safely put back some of the firefighters. Tom and I have been considering this. Maybe 50 firefighters onto the pike.”

“What about all of them?” I ask. “I think they all need to be put back.”

“We’ll start with 50 and see how it goes,” Tom says.

November 23, 2:45 P.M.

Since I listed my telephone number on the flyers, calls have been coming in nonstop. I try to answer panicked questions from family members and quell rumors about seagulls flying off with body parts in their beaks from Fresh Kills. Then calls I receive, the more issues arise. The fiancées of firefighters have received no money. The air quality at Ground Zero has worsened, and firefighters are getting sick. The Red Cross can’t find files. The fires are still burning. The firefighters have begun to argue with the police. Are there enough supplies for rescue workers? Is there enough staff at Fresh Kills? Is the medical examiner’s office collecting adequate DNA samples? While I make lists and return calls and my planet spins so fast I can barely think, the thought of Thanksgiving and my first holiday without Dave, sits like a moon in my peripheral vision, looming.

Nearly every week, the firefighters from Squad I call to tell me about free trips to places all over the world that I have never been, and while I politely refuse, I cannot believe how many people have mobilized in an endless ribbon of generosity that crosses borders and oceans.

One afternoon, while frantically searching for the cordless phone, I place my hand on my heart to feel it racing. Did I drink too much coffee? Was I running too fast? Why had this feeling become so familiar? I press the Page button on the phone base. Nothing. I sigh. Giving up, I go into the bathroom, the only room where I can get reception on my cell phone, and begin to check my messages. When I stand up from the toilet and lift the lid, I notice the phone sitting at the bottom of the toilet bowl, a small sunken ship. It is an SOS from a five-year-old. Since Dave died, I find it difficult to parent alone, like we are a triangle missing a corner. We stumble through our days. Aidan waking frightened in the night, hyperactive during the day. I feel the familiar wave of guilt pass over me and call the firehouse. A bunch of the families from Squad are taking their kids out of school to go to Hawaii next week. “Put us on the list.”
Hawaiian Air has chartered a 747 for the families of firefighters, police, and rescue workers. I scan the plane for friends in Squad. I immediately spot some of the dozens, who are sitting toward the back, and when the aircraft taxis down the runway, all fall silent. I know we are collectively imagining about our loved ones, how airplanes become the bullets that killed them. Fear quickens my breath again. I need something to do with my hands, so I tighten Aidan's seat belt and look across the aisle to my sister.

She appears less frightened than I am, the peak of her cheek pressed against the headrest, her fingers clenching the arms of her seat. We are picking up speed, running out of tarmac, and somehow the plane ascends, falling all logic as its massive weight climbs higher and higher into the air. It feels as if the whole plane were holding its breath.

"I see Daddy on the clouds!" Aidanells us coast above a blanket of white. "Look, mommy! I can see him!" People turn to see their faces contorted with pity. I bite my lip and look out of the small oval window. I half expect to see Dave, but all I see is clouds stretching like the ocean as far as the horizon. "See him?" Aidan asks eagerly, dreading my skin to the right thing to say.

"I don't see anything," I tell him, crying spite my efforts not to.

"He's right there," Aidan insists, pointing. A tear appears on my armrest, and I turn to see Mrs. Hetzel, the mother of one of the firefighters killed. She is sitting beside me with her daughter-in-law, Diane, and her three-year-old granddaughter.

"Thank you," I whisper, and she nods her head, her gray eyes wet from crying, too. She reaches forward and extends her hand to me to take. We sit this way for a long time, crying together while Aidan waves to imaginary father in the clouds.

I walk along the cobblestoned streets in front of City Hall for my last meeting with Mayor Giuliani, and I hate to admit, even to myself, that I am genuinely sad to see him go. I did not vote for him in the last election. Yet, as suspicious as I am, I have learned to trust him. I have heard of his stubbornness and dictatorial nature, but with our group he has rolled up his sleeves to help. I like the way he refers to the firefighters as "his men." even though I am often tempted to chime in, "Then why haven't you paid them what they're worth?" I find him charismatic and easy to talk to.

The meeting is in the West Wing of the building, my favorite room, with tall oil paintings of former mayors and a giant round conference table. I greet the usual 9/11-family group leaders. Mayor Giuliani enters with Tom and Lynn and all the staff. Even Judith Nathan, the mayor's girlfriend, is here to say good-bye. Mayor Giuliani kisses me on the cheek, making me face in the face as he usually does. I wonder if Dave, even more suspicious of politicians than I, would have come to like Mayor Giuliani. Or would he have considered me naive? I know it serves the politicians to be good to the families. Yet, I want to believe, even temporarily, that the mayor was genuinely changed by the events of September 11.

It has been interesting to watch each politician adopt a family leader like a pet. Senator Chuck Schumer and Governor Patarkache the Carter family. Eliot Spitzer likes Anthony Gardner. Hillary Clinton and Mayor Giuliani adopted me. Mayor Giuliani invites me to attend benefits and serve on the advisory board of the Twin Towers Fund. Hillary Clinton asks me to luncheons and calls to offer her help. I cautiously accept their invitations, careful not to align myself with anyone in particular. Through all the speeches and press conferences and meetings, I can never quite shake the feeling that I have stepped through the looking glass. I look around at the group leaders shuffling papers as they sit soberly around the table. We have become diplomats of grief, the faces of 9/11, and I wonder if any of us will return to the lives we once knew.

December 2, 8:07 A.M.

December 6, 9:30 A.M.

Tony Edwards persuades me to sign up for surfing lessons with some of the her families. I have always been afraid of the ocean, the waves like drunken men, waverful and unpredictable. I envied how reef Dave was in the water, his body beeing supple and light when he swam with ease of a dolphin. I tell our instructor, that, about Dave, how he was a lifeguard Jones Beach, how he swam and loved the ocean like an old friend.

It takes me a few tries, but eventually I end on the board and ride the waves. I take deep breath and smile, careful to stay balanced, to enjoy this feeling. I go over and over again. I don't want this sense of lightness to end, the water like salvation itself.

"My husband would be so proud of me," I tell John.

"Why don't I take Aidan?" he asks.

"He'll love it."

"I dunno... He's only five... He doesn't swim very well." I don't want to tell him how scared I am of losing Aidan, too, that he's all I have left in the world.

Aidan learns how to paddle and pop up, and in less than five minutes he is in the water with John. He is standing on his board, his arms outstretched, a slight smile on his face. I feel my heart racing with excitement. And John is cheering him on. I snap pictures, laughing and crying at the same time. It seems like every possible emotion is filling my heart, stretching it like an overblown balloon. I can feel Dave everywhere. The warm beach air is his breath, his voice whispering on the surf. For the first time I listen to him, my ears poise to hear his reedy voice when he says, "I am right here with you."
KARL LAGERFELD

Fashion icon Karl Lagerfeld, who designs for Chanel, Fendi, and his own Lagerfeld Gallery line— in addition to his work as a photographer and book publisher—has a secret: he loves what he does. Looking back on a career spanning half a century, the “Kaiser” indulges Proust, and us, with his thoughts on indifference, Monday mornings, and being quadrilingual.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
I am perfectly happy as long as I don’t ask myself if I am happy ...

What is your greatest fear?
To lose my health. A boring subject, but life is more fun when you feel great ...

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
I got used to even my bad traits. Indifference is one of them ... I still fight against it.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
I take people the way they are ... with me ... but that may be also a part of my indifference.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Manipulative religious hypocrisy.

On what occasion do you lie?
When it makes circumstances easier ...

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
I spend my life working on that subject ...

What is your greatest regret?
I have little regret for wrongdoings of my past. Just a little remorse sometimes ...

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My life is not over yet. There is no other way to answer such a question ...

What is your current state of mind?
Much more positive than I expected it to be at my age ...

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
It may sound strange: myself, or what I did with myself—how I manipulated myself.

What is your most treasured possession?
I fight against possessions. They victimize you ... if not, little worthless things I would not mention.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Ill health, unwanted loneliness, and—to be honest—to be poor; or the three together ...

Where would you like to live?
New York could be the next step ... but I am not a one-place person.

What is your favorite occupation?
My jobs: fashion, photography, publishing books. If not, time with my friends and daydreaming.

What do you most value in your friends?
I take them as they are. Family you get—friends you have to find ... Up to you to find the right friends without too much questioning.

Who are your favorite writers?
In what language? I like poets best, E. Dickinson (English), R. M. Rilke (German), Mallarmé (French), Leopardi (Italian). I speak no other languages and I don’t believe in translated poetry ...

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Virginia Woolf’s Orlando ...

Who are your heroes in real life?
There are a few, but I cannot mention them. Some people would be surprised not to be on the list—and others would be ... perhaps ...

What are your favorite names?
Tancrede (for boys), Allegra (for girls).

What is it that you most dislike?
Monday mornings ...

How would you like to die?
I hate the idea of death—I prefer to disappear ...
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Based on a true story, The Prize Winner of Defiance, Ohio is the tale of a woman who defies the odds to keep a roof over her family’s heads. Starring Julianne Moore, Woody Harrelson, and Laura Dern, the film follows Evelyn Ryan (Moore), a devoted housewife and mother of 10, as she applies her remarkable resourcefulness and uncommon wit in the profitable jingle contests popular in the 1950s and 1960s. A Go Fish Pictures release, the film opens in select theaters on September 30 and in additional theaters on October 14. Visit gofishpictures.com/prizewinner for more information.

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Monday, October 17
Herald Square, New York City, at 6 p.m.

Saturday, October 22
Roosevelt Field, Garden City, NY, at 2 p.m.
King of Prussia, PA, at 2 p.m.

Visit jnyintheclassroom.org for more information.

TAKE NOTE

This month, Topanga Canyon progeny Inara George hits the road with Idlewild, the group she lent her voice to for their latest single. George’s band comes equipped to rock, but as on her debut album, All Rise (Everloving), her lofty vocals and gorgeous songs will have you floating high above the clouds.

IN CONCERT WITH CHARITY

In celebration of the fourth annual Vanity Fair In Concert, Vanity Fair is hosting an online charity auction to benefit Step Up Women’s Network. Inspired by the star-studded concert events taking place in New York and Los Angeles, the auction gives fans the chance to bid on one-of-a-kind, music-inspired items. The auction begins on October 11 and lasts for 10 days. Log on to ebay.com/vanityfairmagazine for more details.
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THE INESCAPABLE PARIS  Paris Hilton has earned multi-media fame as a paparazzi-luring, nightclub-hopping, sex-tape-scandal-ensnared hotel heiress on the loose. What more is there to say? Plenty, as Krista Smith discovers: with her global branding empire and her Greek-shipping-heir fiancé, Hilton just might be doing the unexpected—growing up. Photographs by Mario Testino.

WATERGATE'S LAST CHAPTER  Vanity Fair's revelation of the long-concealed identity of “Deep Throat” caught the secret’s guardians by surprise. Recalling a tense day of decision as he, Bob Woodward, and the Washington Post top brass debated their response, Carl Bernstein explores the very different calculus of investigating scandal today.

THE AUSTRIAN CONNECTION  Jonas Karlsson and Jeremy Eichler spotlight Franz Welser-Möst, the Cleveland Orchestra's refreshingly un-Olympian music director.

WILD ABOUT HARRY'S  Mark Birley’s clubs have long been the aristocratic cornerstones of London nightlife, as much for their old-world perfectionism as for their exclusivity. But now, Vicky Ward reports, the future of “the jewel in the crown,” Harry’s Bar, is threatened by a clash of civilizations between Birley and his American tycoon partner, James Sherwood.

KID CROSBY  Kurt Markus and Brett Forrest spotlight Sidney Crosby, whose straight shot from high school to the N.H.L. is bringing hope to hockey fans.

THE HOUSE THAT ESTÉE BUILT  She began selling jars of homemade face cream in the 1930s. By the time she died, in April 2004, Estée Lauder had conquered the beauty business, become a major philanthropist, and founded a talented, passionate family dynasty. Talking to those who knew her best, Bob Colacello recalls Lauder’s irresistible force, her outrageous candor, and her love of cooking—weearing a hat, purse, and makeup, naturally.
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"ABSOLUTELY EXCESSIVE!" Oracle C.E.O. Larry Ellison knows it's all over-the-top: the private Japanese-style village, the America's Cup sailing team, the boat Rising Sun—which, at 454 feet, is now the longest privately owned yacht in the world. But, Matthew Symonds reveals, the Silicon Valley power player has struggled to keep pace with his own epic vision. Exclusive photographs by Jonathan Becker.

FANFAIR

133 31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE
Breezy days--The Standard Miami gets set to open. Elissa Schappell reviews Justine Lévy's latest. Emily Poenisch on Georgina Brandolini; David Kamp celebrates Union Square Cafe; Kevin Sessums on Jed Johnson. Punch Hutton sits in the good seats. Betty Bloomingdale remembers William Haines. Anne Fulenwider satisfies her George curiosity; Edward Helmore browses the Frieze Art Fair; Christine Muhlke accessorizes with Stacey Lapidus. John Brodie reads Ron Hogan; Bruce Handy reviews The Squid and the Whale and Good Night. And, Good Luck. Victoria Mather buys the hotel. Lisa Eisner gets into Luchavoom; Aaron Gell on girl bands; A. M. Homes on L.A.'s comic-book exhibition. Eve Epstein meets Olivia Chantecaille; My Stuff—Marc Newson; Dany Levy on foot guru Bastien Gonzalez.

COLUMNS

164 TRU GRIT Examining two Truman Capote biopics headed for theaters, James Wolcott shows how four murders led to a single masterpiece—In Cold Blood—that revealed both the depth of Capote's talent and the conflicts of his heart. Photographs by Brigitte Lacombe.

182 SCANDAL BY THE BOOK Dominick Dunne takes his diary to London this month, with two missions: interview Lord Conrad and Lady Barbara Black and watch the pulping of the controversial novel that had Lily Safra threatening legal action. Both led to surprise meetings, amid a whirl of parties. Photograph by Jason Bell.

194 BYE, BYE, BROADSHEET In a fevered circulation chase, England's venerable broadsheets have been shrinking to tabloid size on the assumption that small sells. But with breakfast-table reading going the way of five-o'clock cocktails, Michael Wolff wonders whether quality newspapers can keep from disappearing altogether. Portraits by Jillian Edelstein.
THERE'S NO REST FOR THE WICKED. UNTIL THE NEXT STOPLIGHT, ANYWAY. Stow the hardtop with just a touch. Settle into the French-seamed leather. And just try to resist the call of the 320-hp Northstar V8.

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208 A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH Marjorie Williams wrote indelible, acid-tipped portraits of Washington's power figures. But in 2001, after a lump in her abdomen turned into a death sentence (liver cancer, six months), she began documenting the strengths and foibles of a new subject—herself—as she fought for a miracle: three more years with her husband and young children.

228 WONDERFUL WORLD A century ago, Joseph Pulitzer's New York World was a nickel ticket to a colorful realm of adventure, progress, and entertainment, outselling all its rivals. An excerpt from the new book by Nicholson Baker and his wife, Margaret Brentano, who rescued what may be the last remaining set of original newspapers, offers a glimpse of its glories.

SPECIAL REPORT

243 THE NEW ESTABLISHMENT 2005 In V.F.'s 11th annual ranking of the 50 most powerful leaders of the Information Age, the top spot has been captured by a new generation. By the numbers and the lowdown, find out how Wal-Mart's H. Lee Scott Jr., News Corp.'s Rupert Murdoch, and Apple's Steve Jobs stack up against the guys at Google. Photo composite by Michael Elins.

VANITIES

265 SWEET MELISSA George Wayne shoots the s#%t with potty-mouthed family fave Bob Saget. David Kamp and Peter Richmond present the Pro Football Snob's Dictionary, Vol. 2. Intelligence Report: America at War, by Adam Leff and Richard Rushfield.
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Five-time Oscar® winner Francis Ford Coppola has added 22 minutes to The Outsiders, including a new beginning and new ending that are more true to S. E. Hinton's beloved book. The latest DVD, available September 20, has a new soundtrack and is filled with special features including commentaries, deleted scenes, documentary footage, and more. The movie's all-star cast includes C. Thomas Howell, Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, Ralph Macchio, Rob Lowe, Patrick Swayze, Emilio Estevez, and Tom Cruise.

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On October 18, Hilton Garden Inn will celebrate its 250th hotel, located at 48th Street and Eighth Avenue in Manhattan. Just like the other 249 Hilton Garden Inn hotels, this location will showcase offerings that make the brand the quintessential welcome sign for weary travelers. With amenity-rich features and friendly service at an affordable price, why stay anywhere else? For reservations, visit stayhgi.com.

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fresh american style

EYEWEAR
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Why should Dominick have all the fun? On a London morning in mid-July, a week and a half after the transit bombings, I found myself in Courtroom No. 13 of the Royal Courts of Justice as Vanity Fair defended itself in a libel action brought by the film director Roman Polanski, a fugitive from American justice who has been living in France for the past 27 years. That American magazine could be brought to trial in an English court by a man who resides in France is one of the many vagaries of the British legal system. But more of that later.

Sadly, there are lots of things I can't say in this column without upsetting the courts. I will say this about the British courts: in rig and finery, they do not disappoint. Court No. 13 was a beautiful Victorian paneled room, decorated to the hilt with wigs, flowing robes, barristers, solicitors, and lots of "If it pleases m'Lord" this and "Yes, m'Lord" that. Very Witness for the Prosecution, except, blessedly, with air-conditioning.

In the British court system, you have two kinds of lawyers for each side: the solicitor, who gathers the facts of the case, and the barrister, who delivers the argument. During the actual trial, the solicitors sit in the front row, and the barristers sit behind them, standing when addressing the judge or the jury. Unlike American courts, where many statements are interrupted with an "Objection," followed by an "Objection sustained" or an "Objection overruled" from the judge, English courts, or at least the one I attended, are much more mannered. Barristers for both sides delivered their cases and completed their cross-examinations calmly and virtually without interruption from the other camp. It probably does not play out as well on television, but up close it's more relaxed. Unless you are the plaintiff, or the defendant.

Where British libel law differs from American law is the area of burden of proof. In the U.S., it lies with the plaintiff; in the U.K., with the defendant. American law requires that the plaintiff prove not only that written statements are incorrect but also, in the case of a public figure, that the publication knew this when it printed them and thus did so with malice. British law requires the defendant to prove that what was printed was correct.

Our case hinged on a few sentences buried within a 17-page story about Elaine's, the famed New York City restaurant which celebrated its 40th anniversary two years ago. The story, which appeared in our July 2002 issue, was written by A. E. Hotchner, the distinguished journalist and author who has been Ernest Hemingway's pal and written a memoir of their friendship. Doig into the V.F. article was an anecdote by Lewis Lapham, the editor of Harper's magazine and an Elaine's regular, said that the only time he remembered the place being hushed was when Roman Polanski had walked in not long after the brutal murder of his wife, the actress Sharon Tate, in August 1969. According to Lapham, the director had stopped in New York while on his way from London to Los Angeles, where his wife's funeral was to be held. Lapham went on to relate how Polanski joined his table and sat himself between Lapham and a Scandinavian model who was there with Lapham's friend Edward Perlberg. Lapham claimed that he saw Polanski make a pass at the model, inviting the name of his wife as he did so. Polanski claimed the incident ever took place, and suit against the magazine in England for libel for the edition published there.

I first met Polanski a dozen or so years ago in Paris and have certainly admired his work as a director. We have friends in common, such as Robert Evans, who produced Polanski's film Chinatown and was head of production at Paramount when Polanski made Roman Polanski's Baby for the studio. At dinner one night in Los Angeles the year after the suit was filed, Warren Beatty, another of Polanski's friends, urged me to consider settling the case, arguing forcefully that Polanski truly believed the magazine had wronged him. A year and a half ago, at a dinner for Diane von Furstenberg in Paris, I talked with Polanski at length about the suit. We were still in the process of gathering our information, and I thought there might be a way of resolving it outside of court. There are some cases that are important to fight, but I didn't really think this was one of them. Except for the fact that, once our evidence had been collected, I believed the gist of our story was true, and I wasn't going to say otherwise.

I was buoyed by the fact that our chief witness would be Lapham himself, a patrician throwback to old-school editing values of intellect, curiosity, smoking, and drinking. He is a man of the utmost integrity.

Which brought us all to Courtroom No. 13, presided over the week by the Honorable Mr. Justice Eady, resplendent in his wig and silk robe with a sash and magnificent mutton cuffs. Our team comprised our solicitor, David Hooper, whom I had worked with for more than a decade, and our barrister, Tom Shilders, QC.—or Queen's Counsel. Shilders is the son of the former manager of Associated Newspapers, owners of the Daily Mail. He had a posh accent, and I was told that he owns his own cricket pitch—American terms, his own baseball diamond. Polanski was represented by John Kelsey-Fry, also a QC. He is a barrister with a background in criminal law who once prosecuted one of the Kray brothers. I liked him. I also liked the fact that he smoked. He looked a bit like Anthony Newley. And he looked like a man who wanted to win.

The jury selection produced what would continued on page...
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I felt that both Lapham and Perlberg proved to be solid, though witnesses. Lapham recounted the evening at Elaine’s in terms similar those which had appeared in the article. Confronted with the fact Polanski had flown directly from London to Los Angeles after hearing of his wife’s murder, Lapham admitted that it was impossible for incident to have occurred before the burial of Sharon Tate, that must have happened on Polanski’s way back to London. Perlberg friend of Lapham’s, is now a retired Wall Street executive. The London tabloids referred to him as “a financier.” He recalled the evening as well. He testified that he did not see or hear Polanski’s report advances on his date. But Perlberg said that he did recall Polanski sitting beside her and that she stood up suddenly and asked to be

Polanski said that he could barely recall a thing about his trip, New York during that period. (Indeed, in his earlier letters of complaint, he said he had no memory of having been in New York at all.) He was dependent on Farrow’s recollections. Our two writers spoke with confidence about what they saw and heard that night, they were rigorously cross-examined on the details of the evening.

Now is as good time as any to review why the man whose name we were accused of besmirching and on whose reputation the jury had to place a value could not be in the courtroom this week. In early 1977, Polanski, then 43, had been hired to photograph some girls for a French fashion magazine. He was directed to a young girl, whom he met with her mother at their home in Woodside Hills, in Los Angeles. The girl was 13. She had a dog and a pet bird. “I was rather disappointed,” Polanski wrote in his autobiography, “[She] was about my own height, slim and quite graceful, with an unexpectedly husky voice for her age, good-looking girl, but nothing sensational.

A week after that first encounter, Polanski dived back to the girl’s house in his rented Mercedes, and the pair went for a walk in the hills so that he could take some photographs. According to the girl’s subsequent grand-jury testimony, he told her to take off her top, and he shot her breasts. A few weeks later Polanski turned up at the house in Woodside Hills again and said that he was going to take her to see a friend and that he wanted to shoot some more pictures, but that they had to hurry because the afternoon light was fading.

The girl wanted to bring along a friend as a chaperone, she recalled in a recent interview, but Polanski talked her out of it. Her mother was unaware that she was alone with Polanski.

He drove her to his friend’s house and began photographing her. Polanski poured her a glass of Cristal champagne from a bottle he had found in the fridge and refilled her glass from time to time. Polanski then led her outside to take pictures of her in a Jacuzzi. He produced a yellow towel and they each took a part of a Qualaule. She said he urged her to remove more and more of her clothes until she was completely naked. According to the girl, Polanski began taking nude photos of her in the hot tub. And then he took his clothes off and joined her. When she attempted to grope her, she said, she rushed off and went inside to dry off. Polanski followed her into a bedroom, kissed her, and began perform oral sex on her. She said she asked him to stop several times, whereupon he began to have intercourse with her. When he discovered that she was not on the pill, Polanski, ever the gentleman, withdrew, and then proceeded to

Polanski, still handsome and animated at 71, was a superb witness. During his first day of testimony, he stood for a while and then politely asked the court’s permission to sit down. Ever the director, by the second day he was already seated when the testimony began, and the camera had seemingly been moved in closer, so that he appeared larger on the screen. On the witness stand, Polanski denied that he had tried to seduce the Scandinavian model, calling the anecdote “an abominable lie” which showed “callous indifference” to his wife’s murder. He admitted under cross-examination, however, that a month after his wife’s murder he had begun having sex again, on a casual basis. He also admitted that he had been in Elaine’s “around that period,” in August 1969, but said that the only time he had gone there he had been with Mia Farrow.

Farrow came to give testimony on his behalf, and her arrival caused a commotion both outside the courthouse and within Court No. 13. She is still child-like at 60 and came across as slightly dazed and waifish. Farrow, who in 1968 had starred in Rosemary’s Baby, recalled meeting Polanski at Elaine’s after Tate’s death. She testified that he was a wreck when she saw him. Asked if she had remained with him the whole night, Farrow said that she wasn’t sure, but that she thought then boyfriend, the conductor André Previn, had picked them up. According to her original statement, she thought they might have dropped Polanski off at his hotel, the Essex House, on Central Park South, before driving to the airport for a flight to Martha’s Vineyard. As most New Yorkers know, going from Elaine’s on Second Avenue and 88th Street, to Central Park South and then out to LaGuardia in time for a dusk flight to the Vineyard would have meant that her dinner with Polanski would probably have had to end in the early evening. (Note to midwestern readers: This would seem unlikely, as Elaine’s doesn’t start hopping until 9 or 10.)
sodomize the 13-year-old. Afterward, as he drove her home, the girl recalled, Polanski said: “Don’t tell your mother about this, and don’t tell your boyfriend, either. This is our secret.”

The case absolutely floored the American public, even in the sexually libertine days of the late 1970s. Polanski was indicted on six counts—including sodomy and rape by use of drugs. After negotiations, he was allowed to plead guilty to one count of unlawful sexual intercourse with a minor, and the other charges were dropped. He spent a total of 42 days in jail undergoing psychiatric tests before fleeing the country in fear of a stiff prison sentence.

Under English law, the jury in London was permitted to hear only the outline of the formal conviction and not the background to the offense as testified to by the girl in front of the grand jury. The details I’ve mentioned could not be published in the U.K. during Polanski’s suit against Vanity Fair, after the verdict, the reporting restrictions were lifted.

Thursday was the day for the barristers to wrap up their arguments. Polanski’s case essentially boiled down to his insistence that he could not have been so unfeeling as to use his late wife’s name in the manner described by Lapham. And that the director had been at Elaine’s, but that he had gone to the restaurant after Sharon Tate’s funeral and not before it, as our story had said. His lawyers further stated that the incident had not occurred at all and that the defense witnesses should not be believed. Our side agreed that we had gotten the timing on the story wrong, but maintained that the incident happened substantially as stated. Furthermore, Shields argued, Polanski did not have the sort of personal reputation that is capable of being sullied. He elaborated on this by pointing out that, since Polanski was suing in a British court, any damage to his reputation was limited to those readers living in England and Wales, countries Polanski had not visited for 27 years.

When the jury retired to deliberate, both sides repaired to the hallway outside the court, where they gathered in two groups. That morning, a mystery woman had appeared in court. Polanski had been represented by Debra Tate, Sharon’s sister, who sat in court for most of the trial, and later by his third wife, the actress Emmanuelle Seigner. But this woman was new. She had hair to her shoulders and bangs. She looked to be in her 40s or 50s and had an ample chest. But she was dressed like a little girl, in a shirt with a Peter Pan collar, buttoned up to the top, and a long skirt. We were interested in finding out who she was.

By that point, I was not feeling particularly encouraged. But as we headed to lunch, I had a moment’s uplift. A nice-looking older fellow who was part of the city’s maintenance crew was walking toward us, moving at a brisk pace and talking on a cell phone. Barely looking at me, he said “Love your magazine” as he passed. I turned around and said “Thanks!” He didn’t stop or even slow down.

The jury deliberations went into Friday. By lunchtime, we still didn’t have a verdict, and so my wife and I slipped out a back entrance and ducked into a pub across the street for a quick bite. The place was called the Seven Stars, named not for its food but for the seven provinces of Denmark. It had been named four centuries ago, long before the courts were built, when a river ran through the area. We walked in and were confronted by the publican, a sturdy, cheerful woman with claret-colored hair.

“Well, if it isn’t Mr. Graydon Carter himself,” she said, clearly a businesswoman who keeps abreast of the goings-on across the street. “Welcome to the Elaine’s of London!”

Her name was Roxy Beaujolais, and cast her arm out in a gesture meant to take me in the room. “And over here she said, “is our literary table.” She motioned in the direction of a small, circular table where two female office workers were polishing off lunch.

“Now, a gentleman such as your will, I expect, be wanting a table.”

I indicated that this was indeed case.

“Fine, then, let me show you to one of our terrace tables.” We walked out onto street, where on the narrowest of sidewalks was the narrowest of tables. We sat down.

The table wobbled. As Roxy was running through the specials, a cab pulled up, and through the window I could see the passenger. It was the mystery woman from the day before. She got out and Roxy rushed over to grab a hug and a kiss. She introduced us. “Mr. and Mrs. Graydon Carter, I’d like you to meet Marilyn Lownes.” We all said hello, and the mystery lady, now dressed much more provocatively than the day before, went into the pub. “You know who she don’t you?” Roxy asked. “No,” I replied. She said Marilyn was the wife of Victor Lownes, part owner and manager way back when the London Playboy Club, and a friend and consort of Polanski’s. Victor Lownes was ill and could not attend the trial in support of his old chum, and so his wife came in his stead.

Roxy indicated that Mrs. Lownes was a public figure in her own right. “You know why, don’t you?” I said I didn’t. “Why, she’s the first Playboy Playmate to go full-frontal. You know, the tits, the bush, the whole thing,” Roxy is a woman of rare candor and social observation.

The verdict was less entertaining than lunch. The jury found for Polanski and asked for damages of around $100,000, a quarter of the maximum the judge said was possible to award for very serious cases. The trial over, Lapham, Perlberg, and I left the Royal Courts of Justice. Ahead of us was the wall of reporters and photographers who had been there all week. Other days I had tried to walk straight ahead and not look too dopy. This time, I had to stop and give a comment. I said this: “I find it amazing that a man who lives in France can sue a magazine that is published in America in a British courtroom. As a father of four children—one of whom is a 12-year-old daughter—I find it outrageously preposterous that this story is considered defamatory, given the fact that Mr. Polanski can’t be here because he slept with a 13-year-old girl a quarter of a century ago. Nevertheless, it is interesting to see how the wheels of British justice move. I wish Mr. Polanski well. No, if you’ll excuse me, we have a magazine to put out.”

The final word on the case belonged to Samantha Geimer, the woman who said Polanski had raped and sodomized her those many years ago. Now a married mother of three and living in Hawaii, she had her own opinion of the verdict. “The libel case makes no sense,” she told The Mirror. “Surely a man like this hasn’t got a reputation to tarnish.”

I was stirred but not shaken by the verdict. Richard Ingranger, founder of Private Eye, essentially relinquisched the reins to Ian Hislop a younger man, not because he was tired of editing the magazine, but he told me once, but because he was tired of the libel suits. The landmark decision to allow plaintiffs to sue in England from the comfort of their own homes elsewhere will turn the country’s court system into a souk & those shopping their libel cases. I pray I never wind up in a British trial again. If I do, look out, Dominic! —GRAYDON CARTER
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Carl Bernstein

After reading a hurriedly faxed copy of John D. O'Connor's story, "I'm the Guy They Called Deep Throat," as it went to press for the July issue of V.F., contributing editor Carl Bernstein and his former Washington Post colleague Bob Woodward agreed reluctantly that there was no choice but to give up their secret of 33 years. In "Watergate's Last Chapter" (page 290), Bernstein describes the chaos and tension of that day. "The last thing I could have ever imagined writing for Vanity Fair would be an account of Deep Throat's unmasking," he says.

Mario Testino

Last month Mario Testino, one of the world's most sought-after celebrity and fashion photographers, added Jennifer Aniston to his extensive portfolio of V.F. covers. This month, Testino captured hotel heiress Paris Hilton for the magazine's prime real estate. "What amazed me most about her," he says, "was her natural sense of business for someone her age. She was very sure of herself and wasn’t afraid to work. And I was able to treat her just like a model because of her proportions." Testino recently edited Visionaire 46 Uncensored (Visionaire), a limited-edition fashion-and-art publication that showcases the work of artists such as Cecily Brown, Tracey Emin, and Tim Noble.

Jonathan Becker

For this month's feature on Larry Ellison ("Absolutely Excessive!") (page 316), Jonathan Becker traveled to the software mogul's 40-acre estate, in Northern California, then to the Mediterranean aboard Rising Sun, currently the world's longest privately owned yacht. "During my voyages throughout Larry Ellison's world," Becker says, "I couldn't help but think of my favorite fortune cookie: 'Some men dream of fortunes and others dream of cookies.'" Becker, a V.F. contributor for 22 years, was recently named photographer-at-large.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100
BLUE STATE INDEPENDENCE DAY
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Brigitte Lacombe

For James Wolcott’s piece this month, Brigitte Lacombe took her camera into the world of Truman Capote, focusing her lens on two actors who are playing the controversial America author in upcoming movies. She snapped shots of Toby Jones, who portrays Capote in Have You Heard and Philip Seymour Hoffman, who plays the writer in Capote. “I had seen Hoffman’s film two days before the shoot,” Lacombe says. “When you photograph someone after you’ve seen his work it’s so much more interesting.” Lacombe, whose pictures have appeared in Vanity Fair for 16 years, is working on a book called Travel/Personal, due out in 2006.

Krista Smith

West Coast editor Krista Smith admits to having been a little skeptical as she began her profile of Paris Hilton. “I think you’d be hard-pressed to find anyone who doesn’t have a preconceived notion of this girl.” But as Smith looked into her business deals, she found an empire in the making. “She plays a train wreck of a bimbo, but ask her a serious question and suddenly you find an articulate young woman,” Smith says. “She will stop at nothing short of Martha Stewart domination. This kind of fame isn’t circumstantial—she’s worked for it.” And what about that notorious vanity? “Put it this way: I’ve never met anyone who looks in the mirror as much, but then again, she rarely lives off-camera.”

New Establishment

Editor-at-large Matt Tyrnauer has overseen the New Establishment list (page 243) since the height of the dot-com craze, but he does not see Google, whose co-founders are ranked No. 1 this year, as another Netscape or Pets.com. “It’s amazing to see two 32-year-olds taunting Bill Gates and Microsoft,” Tyrnauer says. “For now, it is a David-versus-Goliath scenario.” The New Establishment is a year-round project, so as soon as the 2004 edition closed, work began on 2005’s, particularly for associate editor Heather Halberstadt, who heads the research effort and coordinates the reporting.

Contributors to this year’s list include Alan Deutschman, a senior writer at Fast Company; Richard Siklos, who recently joined The New York Times as its corporate media correspondent; V.F. contributing editor and LATimes.com senior editor Richard Rushfield; Craig Offman, a contributor to the Financial Times; Duff McDonald, who wrote about Hollywood and poker in V.F.’s March 2005 issue and also writes for Wired; and John Brodie, deputy editor of the men’s lifestyle magazine Best Life.
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In tests using instrumental measurement, the above results were confirmed after 4 weeks of use.
**Nicholson Baker**

Six years ago, novelist Nicholson Baker and his wife, Margaret Brentano, shown here at their home in Maine, bought original copies of the turn-of-the-century newspaper the New York World as a conservation project, but upon opening them, particularly the Sunday editions, they found themselves transfixed. “It was as if you got to spend months being in a Sunday 100 years ago,” Brentano says. “It was a miracle for a nickel, the tremendous thing that you could buy on Sundays,” Baker adds. “It was in color, it was funny and strange, and it had something everyone in the family could look at.” *The Week on Sunday*, with captions and notes by Brentano and an introduction by Baker, is on this month from Bulfinch Press and is excerpted beginning on page 22.

**Vicky Ward**

During her four years as a *V.F.* contributing editor, Vicky Ward’s assignments have taken her all over the U.S. and as far away as South Africa. But for this month’s article, about the battle between Mark Birley and James Sherwood over the future of the London club Harry’s Bar (page 300), she traveled home to England. “This is a quintessentially English story,” says Ward. “Harry’s Bar, which is considered the jewel in the crown, is not about minimalism. It’s about perfectionism; it’s good old English.” Meeting Birley, she says, reminded her of all the things she loves about the country in which she grew up—“charm, style, taking time to enjoy the good things in life.”

**Michael Wolff**

“If you are a newspaper person, London is your real home, the last place where the newspaper craft is truly practiced,” says contributing editor Michael Wolff, who has written for *The Guardian*, which is among the subjects of his column on page 194. If that paper is able to miniaturize its format without diminishing its stature or appeal, he says, it will be interesting to see how *The New York Times* or *The Wall Street Journal* responds. For Wolff, the dynamism of the industry in Britain belies announcements of its coming end. “Newspapers will go on for some time even in their death throes,” he says.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 103
Back then, if we had told you we have a network of more than 10,000 personal financial advisors, you wouldn’t have given it a thought. You will now.
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Marjorie Williams

Marjorie Williams, whose cancer memoir begins on page 208, was one of V.F.'s most respected and beloved—and feared—writers. Considered the magazine's own Jane Austen of the Potomac, she wrote profiles that helped illuminate an era and expose its most fascinating personalities. “A master of the political profile, Marjorie had that rare combination of old-school reporting smarts and newer-school social and psychological insight,” Graydon Carter wrote in his March 2005 Editor's Letter. “On top of this, she was a witty and graceful stylist—in short, what I’d like to think of as the beau ideal of a Vanity Fair writer.” A collection of Williams’s writing entitled The Woman at the Washington Zoo is due out this fall from PublicAffairs Books.

Bob Colacello

As a journalist for nearly 30 years, V.F. special correspondent Bob Colacello has befriended some of the most famous and well-respected women in international society. These include Nancy Reagan, Diana Vreeland, and the late Estée Lauder, whom he profiles on page 308 in a piece he considers an affectionate memoir rather than reportage. “Estée was as strong as they come,” Colacello, shown here with the cosmetics guru at an event in 1985, says. “But she was also very thoughtful and funny.” Through her, Colacello came to know the whole Lauder family. Estée’s son Ronald and his wife, Jo Carole, hosted the launch party to celebrate Colacello’s book Ronnie & Nancy: Their Path to the White House at the Neue Galerie last October.

James Wolcott

It’s rare for two movies to come out on the same subject, particularly a subject as rarefied as Truman Capote, contributing editor James Wolcott notes in his column on page 164. He suggests that Capote fascinates largely by contrast to a more diligent, tamer generation of young writers. “He was an original oddball,” Wolcott says, “a raconteur, and the type of literary personality that we’re not going to see again.” As for the movies, Bennett Miller’s Capote and Douglas McGrath’s Have You Heard?, Wolcott believes “people are making it out to be a contest between the two. But it’s not a matter of either/or—why not see both?”
MIXED ABOUT MARTHA

Readers debate the plight of the domestic diva; James Wolcott for president?; under Disney’s spell; Cruise needs control; Elle enchants; and more

Our “Big Post-Prison Interview” with Martha Stewart, in the August issue, lived up to the “big” designation [“The Prisoner of Bedford”]. Matt Tyrnauer provided excellent reporting on the chain of events that led to the verdict and sentencing, and an insightful review of how she is doing now. While her conviction, in my opinion, was a travesty of justice, since it appeared to be an attempt to throw her off the top of the business heap, it seems that her sojourn in Alderson has worked to benefit her personally. And while she should be free to do what she does best without the constraints of staying within the footprint of her home, it was refreshing to read that she is hitting her stride despite the ankle bracelet. I am looking forward to the new era of Martha Stewart.

CHERYL B. OWEN
Arlington, Virginia

I WAS VERY DISAPPOINTED to see a smiling photograph of Martha Stewart on your cover. Although I do not hold any grudges toward Ms. Stewart and I am sure that she has rightfully served her sentence. I feel it was inappropriate for your editorial staff to glorify her by featuring her so prominently in your August issue.

ROSE DISANTO
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

IN HIS WELL-WRITTEN and informative article on Martha Stewart, Matt Tyrnauer asked Ms. Stewart whether she feels she owes anyone an apology. Her response: “But I didn’t hurt a lot of people—the situation hurt a lot of people.”

Regardless of how one feels about Ms. Stewart’s guilt or innocence, or how Clinton-esquely one manages to slice, sterilize, or parse the facts of her case, Tyrnauer said it best: “On December 27, 2001, Stewart made the worst business decision of her career. Acting on a tip from Bacanovic… she sold 3,928 shares of ImClone’s stock the day before the [F.D.A.] said it would not approve ImClone’s main drug.”

It was not “the situation” that autho-
IT'S "THE BEST PARTY ON THE WEB."

—The Independent (U.K.)

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FROM JAMES WOLCOTT'S MUST-READ BLOG TO THE "DAILY DOSE" OF MUST-CLICK LINKS (TO VITAL SITES FOR GOSSIP, NEWS, CULTURE, AND OPINION), FROM MICHAEL LUTIN'S HOROSCOPE TO A FREEWHEELING ONLINE FORUM, VANITYFAIR.COM HAS GATHERED ALL THE STYLE, ALL THE DISH, AND ALL THE FUN ON ONE A-LIST SITE.
What a surprise—Martha Stewart on the cover of *Vanity Fair*. I guess in some cases crime does pay. Setting aside her die-hard and apparently forgiving fans, there are some of us who believe that being found guilty of a federal crime is definitely not cool. Stewart may know how to set a table and make darling Christmas ornaments, but she is most assuredly not a role model for honesty or high moral standards. In looking at her behavior leading up to her arrest and conviction, one sees primarily a self-motivated control freak. Now that she is near the end of her tawdry debacle, she would have shown far more class had she retreated from the public eye for a time.

**BETTE AMSLER**
Palm Springs, California

Matt Tyrnauer reported that the contestants from *The Apprentice, Martha Stewart* live in a loft designed in part by Gael Towey. In fact, as production designer of *The Apprentice*, I was responsible for the design of the loft. Receiving proper credit is essential in my line of work as a production designer.

**KELLY VAN PATTER**
Los Angeles, California

I am Martha Stewart’s age and a prep-school English teacher. Even after 35 years of teaching, it would take me another 14,925 years at my current salary to make approximately $1 billion. I certainly would not have thrown that away for $230,000, and I will never believe that Martha did. In no need of resurrection—although sacrificial lamb is an apt metaphor for her circumstance—she remains my hero.

**ANNE ROBINSON**
Fort Worth, Texas

The Phantom War

James Wolcott’s bare-knuckle condemnation of the media’s self-censorship regarding the Iraq occupation was spot-on [“To Live and Die in Iraq,” August]. The media have been complicit in the cover-up and the lies fed to the American people. My heart aches for the suffering Iraqi people, and I am ashamed of the misery and deaths our country has caused because it chose to go to war. Thank you, Mr. Wolcott, for revealing the horrendous truth in Iraq.

**ANNE BUCALO**
Lauderdale-by-the-Sea, Florida

A very big thank-you to James Wolcott for hitting the ugly truth right on the head: it is not only the Bush administration that is failing this country horribly but also the media watch—continued on page 122
Saks loves secret admirers.
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Expose 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.
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Now, this chef is getting a second chance.
But temptation is still on the menu.

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THERE ARE NOW 50 RED STATES
thanks to the National Debt.
-Kenneth Cole

NEW YORK - What's really material? That's a question we...
has somehow managed to keep me under its spell. For me, having seen Mickey at his best and very worst, Hickey’s article was pure candy: a deliciously wicked, yet strangely merciful, account that spotlights the silliness and sadness of our Disney heritage, while maintaining a kind respect for the original vision that inspired it all.

JULIE ROLLAND
Quincy-sous-Šénart, France

DAVE HICKEY’S over-analysis of Disney World was nothing short of idiotic. Disney World is a place for vacationing. Nothing more. Nothing less. I would venture to say that 99.9 percent of the people who visit the park are not thinking about Walt’s vision. These people are going there to have fun. It is a place where kids can be kids, and where adults can act like kids. We don’t look at the symbolism of Mickey Mouse. We don’t analyze everything we see.

Whether it really is the happiest place on earth or not doesn’t matter. For the 10 days that my family is there every year, it is the happiest place on earth for all of us.

LISA COOPER
Oakhurst, New Jersey

IN DESCRIBING the Carousel of Progress, Dave Hickey states that “a large circular platform is divided like a pie into six theatrical stages facing outward. The platform rotates . . . and the stages present themselves in sequence to the audience.”

In fact, the stages are stationary. It is the audience that rotates around the six-piece stage after each chapter of progress.

JIM POWERS
Rowley, Massachusetts

CRAZY OVER CRUISE

AS A SUFFERER of both pre- and postpartum depression, who has been successfully treated with drug therapy, I was relieved to read Dominick Dunne’s criticism of Tom Cruise (“Celebrities Behaving Madly,” August). Like Mr. Dunne, I had been an admirer of Cruise’s decorum in the public arena, up until the superstar’s unfair and uninformed judgment of Brooke Shields.

Cruise must know that his mega-celebrity status means that millions pay attention to him; therefore, he has a greater responsibil-

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF DISNEY

CONGRATULATIONS TO DAVE HICKEY on his wild, highly entertaining ride through the world of Disney (“Welcome to Dreamsville,” August).

From my early childhood in Southern California to a brief cast-member stint at the Disneyland Resort Paris to my current status as a “soccer mom,” the Magic Kingdom

No longer antonyms.
I HAVE enjoyed am destination back Roosevelt Celebrate the brightest lorealparis.com/fashionrocks newly amenities. enjoying of its historic thompsonhotels.com. how to itself. to hot Rocks. to Hollywood AND Hollywood AND History Fair to its.promotion a famed publicist, his defense marbles. it, Dunne: the force of celebrity with you, and your work perpetuates it.

HEATHER CONN
Vancouver, British Columbia

NO, MR. DUNNE, Tom Cruise has not lost his marbles. He lost (or rather fired) his publicist, Pat Kingsley, who had skillfully managed to convince the public that he had some marbles in the first place.

KATE SCHMICK
Portland, Oregon

I HAVE ALWAYS SUSPECTED the Academy Award voting swings not with the performances of the nominees but rather with the “feelings” of the voters themselves. Now, with Dominick Dunne’s latest column, I am vindicated. Dunne says that the movie A Beautiful Mind would not have been so special without Russell Crowe’s performance, yet he couldn’t vote for Crowe, given his offscreen behavior. I am deeply saddened by the notion that members of the Academy judge actors’ performances only in light of their private actions.

LISA DARR
Sherman Oaks, California

THE BUSINESS OF ELLE

AFTER READING MANY ARTICLES in Vanity Fair over the last 20 years, I was thrilled and, quite frankly, surprised at how much I enjoyed “And God Created Elle” [by Krista Smith, August]. I am a 39-year-old successful career woman with two small children who, like most teenage girls, grew up following her magazine covers. The grace, positive attitude, and sense of self-
of everything when he concluded to Di-Giacomo, “It wasn’t about the health and well-being of the birds. It was about what these birds mean to the people.” Mr. Cohen, it was about the birds.

PAIGE POWELL
Portland, Oregon

WOMEN AND RELIGION
I DO NOT BELIEVE in writing letters in response to letters to the editor, but Clare Oliver’s reply in August to James Wolcott’s article “Caution: Women Seething” [June] is so utterly beyond rationality that I must respond. Only a person who knows virtually nothing of the history of mankind or who has read just selected portions of the Jewish Bible, the Christian Bible, or the Koran could possibly have made the statement she did: “I do not know of a single religion that encourages female suppression.” Ms. Oliver needs not only to take a second look at the religious condemnations of women in those sources, but also to look about her today to see that men consistently demean women as chattels in keeping with the inhumane pronouncements within these so-called “holy” books. Humanists do not demean women, but religions do have the authority within their historic writings to do so, and very many of them do.

DONALD C. FELLER
Portland, Oregon

EMPIRE ON THE EDGE

THANKS for the interesting article on the board dynamics at the Guggenheim by Vicky Ward [“A House Divided,” August]. I grew up in upstate New York with Guggenheim director Tom Krens and considered him my best friend in grade school, high school, and early college. He’s always been an amazing person, with a fearless, expansive vision.

The story lines haven’t changed much over the years: the people who surround Krens wonder whether he is an arrogant egomaniac or a kindhearted, deeply artistic visionary. It makes me smile to watch people try to decipher this natural, personal mystery. I can only feel that if we hang in there with Krens on his global art adventures we will probably not regret it.

SCOTT HESS
Petaluma, California

THE ISSUES regarding the Guggenheim Museum in your August story highlight the concerns many of us as museum trustees face on a regular basis. We at the Museum Trustee Association have worked to further the concept that running a museum is a partnership between the director and the board of trustees and that volunteer trustees need to take their governance responsibilities very seriously. A disengaged board combined with a strong chairman of the board and a strong director locked in a battle of wills leads to the kinds of conflict discussed in your article. One hopes that the Guggenheim will learn from its recent experience and become a better-managed museum as a result.

JAMES McCREIGHT
Chairman, Museum Trustee Association
Washington, D.C.

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Halcyon Days
Overlooking Biscayne Bay,
the pool deck at the Standard Miami.
Photographed on July 7, 2005.
Sing it loud

at the Staples Center, in L.A. Perennial favorite Neil Diamond is back on tour (in L.A., September 29 to October 2). His new album, produced with Rick Rubin, debuts this fall.

Tour.

Open House New York showcases the city's historic and contemporary architecture and design sites—among which are private residences, art galleries, design studios, and landmarks throughout all five boroughs (ohny.org, October 8 and 9).

Buy the set.

Palm Pictures Directors Label DVD series, featuring music videos and work by Anton Corbijn, Jonathan Glazer, Mark Romanek, and Stéphane Sedanou, is out.

Row.

Head of the Charles, the annual competition in Cambridge, Massachusetts, is this weekend (October 22 and 23).

Get cracking

at the 16th Annual Stone Crab, Seafood & Wine Festival. The nation's top chefs and vintners gather at the Colony Beach & Tennis Resort, in Longboat Key, Florida, for cooking demonstrations, wine tasting, and a chefs' gala seven-course dinner (October 27 to 30).

Try it again.
The new N.H.L. season begins.

L.A. Fashion Week

The movie capital is determined to also be taken seriously as a fashion mecca. On the heels of 7th on Sixth, in N.Y.C., Smashbox Studios, in Culver City, hosts Mercedes-Benz Fashion Week (October 16 to 20).

Plié.

Ballets Russes, a documentary celebrating choreographers, designers, and composers such as Diaghilev, Balanchine, de Mille, and Picasso, who transformed ballet into a "true" art form, opens in N.Y.C. at the Film Forum.

Trick-or-treat. Happy Halloween.

OCTOBER 2005
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Microsoft
h! You pretty things! Robert Hofler exposes dirty-dealing agent Henry Wilson, famed for turning gay beefcake into teen-pin-up-boy gold. Not only was he The Man Who Invented Rock Hudson (Carroll & Graf), he also gave us dreamy Tab Hunter, who relives his own glory days in Tab Hunter Confidential (Algonquin).

John Berendt once again captures the marvelous seamy side of midnight society; this time it's tourist-seducing Venice, The City of Falling Angels (Penguin Press). The late, lovely Geoffrey Beene stitched Beene by Beene (Vendome), a remembrance of his 40 years in fashion, with exquisite detailing by Pamela A. Parmal and V.F. contributors James Wolcott and Laura Jacobs. In The Year of Magical Thinking (Knopf), Joan Didion ruminates on the sudden death of her husband—one week after her daughter's slip into a coma—with searing honesty and intensity. Solid-gold rock hagiographer Peter Guralnick's Dream Boogie (Little, Brown) recounts the life and times of soul legend Sam Cooke. AA Gill Is Away (Simon & Schuster) collects the caustically witty U.K. journalist and V.F. contributor's dispatches from far-flung locales. In Blood Relation (HarperCollins), Eric Konigsberg shears his family's black sheep, his great-uncle Heshy, a notorious Mafia hit man. Strange, beautiful, unsettling—Sally Mann uses 19th-century techniques to photograph the Deep South (Bullfinch). In A Crack in the Edge of the World (HarperCollins), Simon Winchester registers the damage of the great California quake of 1906. William Wright exposes the 1920 witch hunt of campus homosexuals by Harvard's Secret Court (St. Martin's).


David A. Hanks and Anne Hoy celebrate American Streamlined Design (Flemmation). William G. Borchert toasts the co-founder of Al-Anon in The Lois Wilson Story (Hazelden). Artist Sloane Tenen's puffball chicks are Going for the Bronze (Bloomsbury). Fifty female photographers document A Day in the Life of the American Woman (Bullfinch). Hint: it's not all bringing home the bacon, frying it up in a pan, and never, ever letting him forget he's a man ....
WHEN A GROWN MAN LIVES WITH HIS MOTHER,
that's

PATHETIC.

WHEN A GROWN MAN LIVES WITH HIS DEAD MOTHER,
that's

CLASSIC.

See *Psycho* during Hitchcock Week, October 24-30.
When I was a young girl I was invited to dinner at Jack Warner’s house, which William Haines had designed. I thought longingly, If I can ever have a house that looks anything like this . . . Later, Alfred and I went to dinner at Joan Crawford’s, and I loved her long, narrow dining room with no carpet. Also Haines’s work.

Our first house needed a decorator, so William Haines was engaged, just to do the library. We went to his Cañon Drive office. I was fearful of the design, Alfred of the cost. “The walls are going to be red, the floor black, the ceiling pink . . .” I gasped. “Now, Miss Newling . . .” he said, invoking my maiden name. As it turned out, the library was divine.

When our family grew, we bought a larger, old Mediterranean villa. It was a style I’d grown up in and didn’t want. Billy assured me I would have my California Palladian house. Calla Hill, our new home, was a great success. A rich lady with 10 children saw it and tried to hire Billy. He said, “Madam, you don’t need a house, you need a kennel.”

We adored him and went to his home for small dinners with interesting people. There was always his “friend,” Jimmie Shields, and his pal “Cranberry,” Billy’s name for Joan Crawford. I wanted to give dinners the way he did and I’d get the recipes from him the next day.

Billy gave me books on furniture and entertaining, educating me. By the time he did our present house he had digressed from the wonderful antiques in Jack Warner’s home and become famous for contemporary furniture. Billy designed a pair of coffee tables from an old lacquered chest—Thomas Chippendale would have approved.

In the early 60s it was difficult to invite two men who were living together for dinner, but Alfred adored Billy and Jimmie. “To hell with it. If anyone doesn’t like it, they don’t have to come,” he would say.

When Billy and I hadn’t seen each other we’d catch up by telephone. He loved to know the gossip. But then he stopped going out. He didn’t see anyone. We knew he was dying of cancer. I called him every Sunday. “Well, little girl, what’d you do this week?” His voice grew fainter, and then, on one sad Sunday, he said, “Well, little girl, this is probably the last time we’ll talk . . .”

When the Warner house was sold to David Geffen, I bought four Billy Haines chairs at auction. Later, David said, “I’d have given them to you.” In any case, now I have four chairs from my original dream house.

—BETSY BLOOMINGDALE WITH BURT BOYAR
New Pasha de Cartier Jewelry Collection
The adventures of Curious George have been etched in the memories of generations of children, but until now, the details of his very first journey—taken on the backs of his creators—have remained a secret. In June of 1940, only hours before the Nazis seized control of Paris, Margret and H. A. Rey built two bicycles from spare parts, packed a few belongings (including one very important manuscript), and rode through the South of France for three days, beginning a trip that would take them to Portugal, Rio de Janeiro, and, eventually, New York. Using H.A.’s personal papers, children’s author Louise Borden has lovingly pieced together the story, illustrated by Allan Drummond, in The Journey That Saved Curious George (Houghton Mifflin). The tale ends happily: not only did the Reys escape the Nazis, but George escaped his original name, Fifi. —ANNE FULENWIDER

FANS OF GEORGE

Above, cover art from Curious George, 1941; right, H. A. and Margret Rey at a book signing, circa 1945.

Once upon a time, art fairs were where the business of art took place and places that artists, not wishing to appear to be too interested in money, tended to avoid. But now that we’re as excited by the deal as the idea, art fairs have become not only arty but also highly social. Nowhere is this more apparent than at the Frieze Art Fair, the Cartier-sponsored, Caprice-catered, four-day blowout of parties and exhibitionism held in architect David Adjaye-designed tents set in the late-summer grandeur of London’s Regent’s Park. Founders Amanda Sharp and Matthew Slotover encourage the 100 or so exhibiting galleries to curate rather than simply organize their spaces, and they commission especially for the event. Now in its third year, “it works as a trade fair, but that doesn’t limit what we can do with it,” explains Sharp. This year, the grandfather of electronic music, 76-year-old Karlheinz Stockhausen, is set to perform; White Cube—gallery owner Jay Jopling will have his annual party; Andrea Zittel has fashioned a base camp for hikers; and David Bailey is bringing his 12-foot camera. Additionally, stylists Katie Grand and Isabella Blow will lead walking tours during which they will critique what people are wearing. American artist Martha Rosler will focus on kitchen and garbage areas, and chosen young artists will walk you, if you are so inclined, round the fair and talk to you about “absolutely nothing”—which, given the level of overstimulation Frieze typically produces, might be highly desirable.

—EDWARD HELMORE

Lap of Luxury

Dazzling Accessories for Fall

Thirty-two-year-old Stacey Lapidus, a former accessories editor at Vanity Fair, is launching an eponymous line of festive, fearless bags and beribboned rhinestone jewelry—available at such stores as New York’s Bergdorf Goodman and Kiton Zabete. Lapidus’s inspiration came while she was creative director for her family’s company, Bag Borrow or Steal, which lends members designer purses. Her brother joked that the ugliest bags were the most popular, so she should order only ones she didn’t like. Better yet, why didn’t she design her own?

Her line of belts and bracelets that pair frayed silk ribbons with braids of rhinestones and her distressed-leather purses, accented with flowers, jewels, and Liberty-print lining, are favored by celebrities such as Heidi Klum and Jessica Simpson. “My things are for girls who are a little risky when it comes to fashion,” the designer says. “For me, more is more; the more it doesn’t match, the more I like it.”

—CHRISTINE MUNLKE
1970s Flashback

ICONIC IMAGES FROM HOLLYWOOD'S LAST GOLDEN AGE

Ron Hogan's new film-history book, The Stewardess Is Flying the Plane! American Films of the 1970s (Bullfinch), should be required reading for directors and others who would, for example, dare mess with a classic that had Shelley Winters saving Gene Hackman from drowning on a capsized ocean liner.

Hogan's collection is full of a fan's notes and facts about trivial pursuits, such as the battle between Paul Newman and Steve McQueen for top billing in The Towering Inferno.

"Peter Biskind's Easy Riders, Raging Bulls is a great book, but the 70s films I remember wanting to see as a kid were Grease, Saturday Night Fever, and Star Wars. I wanted to look back at everything that was going on in the 70s," says Hogan.

The pages contain shout-outs to the ultra-cool actors who helped define the decade, from Warren Oates behind the wheel of a GTO in Two-Lane Blacktop to George Kennedy hauling his well-marbled self around the Alps in The Eiger Sanction. And it is checkerbalk with memorable dialogue, most notably the line plucked as the book's title—a reference to the moment in Airport 1975 when sexy stew Karen Black takes the helm of the crippled jumbo jet. —JOHN BRODIE

Hoping to impress a girl in his highschool chemistry class, Walt Berkman, who seems to have borrowed his pickup technique from old Jules Feiffer cartoons, recommends The Metamorphosis.

"It's very Kafka-esque," he says helpfully. Long pause. "'Cause it's written by Franz Kafka," the girl replies. This is one of the least excruciating scenes in The Squid and the Whale, a painful, tough-minded, and ultimately heartbreaking film about divorce. If that sounds like work, you should know that it is also a very funny movie, with rich performances by Laura Linney and Jeff Daniels as the dandified couple; Jesse Eisenberg as Walt, their older son; and Owen Kline as the family's youngest and most quietly troubled member.

Writer and director Noah Baumbach's story is semi-autobiographical and its telling is knife-edged. But Baumbach doesn't sneer at his characters; they retain their humanity, no matter how selfish or poorly behaved, which should provide his mom and dad with at least a dollop of succor—and complicated pride! (Ratings: ☆☆½) —BRUCE HANDY

The Real Deal

EDWARD MURROW'S LEGACY UNSPOOLED

Good Night. And, Good Luck is an absorbing but sometimes dry film about Edward R. Murrow, the saint of CBS News, and his famous See It Now broadcast dissecting Joe McCarthy's smear tactics at the peak of the senator's Red-boiling power. The film’s director and co-writer is George Clooney, whose jokey, sometimes oblique way of cutting around within a scene shows he has learned something from his producing partner, Steven Soderbergh, but whose almost fetishistic affection for midcentury design seems clearly his own. David Strathairn plays Murrow as a courageous but haunted, almost sepulchral figure, wearing his probity like a shroud: it’s as if he alone can see the specters of infotainment and Rathergate lurking just below the horizon. The film certainly comes to praise him, as well as his producer, Fred Friendly (Clooney), and their colleagues (including Robert Downey Jr. and Patricia Clarkson as married reporters); this isn’t a revisionist take on Murrow, nor is it particularly probing. But Clooney, himself a network veteran, is too savvy an observer not to point out that even in its so-called golden age television news had one foot in the pop whorehouse. (Rating: ☆☆☆) —B.H.
Tempting, isn’t it?
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FORGET ABOUT STEALING A BATHROBE. NOW YOU CAN HAVE THE BATHTUB

nce, you got the T-shirt. Now you get the telescope, the bed, the apple-martini cocktail rimmer, the Jocuzzi, and the woodchip pillow. From Telluride to Tokyo you can buy the contents of your hotel.

This is the latest manifestation of the hotel as lifestyle statement. In the 21st century, the hotel you stay in says more about you than cash ever can. It is a crazy, wonderful spin-off from 90s hotel gurus Ian Schrager, André Balazs, and Adrian Zecha, who broke the mold by making hotels hip. The alliance of Schrager and his favorite designer, Philippe Starck, created a scene in which to be seen, as did Balazs. In Asia, Zecha and architect Ed Tuttle began the Amanresorts—building first in Thailand, later in locales such as Bali, Javo, India, and now Bhutan, a travel destination on the cutting edge of dinner-party conversation—which spawned a new Uber-race of traveler, the Amanjunkie.

Now, if you buy a Starck tap, it’s a little bit of Delano/Downtown L.A. Standard cool, and you’re buying a bit of the action. It is a fact that the least a hotel owes you is a good night’s sleep, and every Four Seasons sells its beds. A bandbox-new, king-size Sealy bed, the type slept in at the Four Seasons Hotel Los Angeles at Beverly Hills by Oscar winners from Cuba Gooding Jr. to Dame Judi Dench, will arrive at your door at a cost of $2,200 plus delivery. It’s a steal. Next up, the Sofitel hotels, which have just gotten in on the act with MyBed: box spring, extra-thick mattress, feather bed, ultra-light duvet, and oversize cotton pillows that you can buy online at soboutique.com for “an overwhelmingly comfortable cocoon-like experience.” This is weepingly funny but fabulously indicative of the fact that we live in a million-thread-count world, fretting about Frette. But, trust me, if you want the most sublime feather bed in hotel world—it feels like a cloud—get it from Montage Resort & Spa, Alan Fuerstman’s reinvention of the glamorous hotel in Laguna Beach; just go to montageshops.com, click on “Sleep,” and sleep on it for $225 to $325.

And from the hip W Hotels, you can buy not only the bed, but also the bedding. At whotelsthestore.com, there’s an entire sheet world where you can find everything from classic sheets with black edging ($65—$315) and tuxedo-stripe sheeting ($35—$88) to duvets, throws, and pillows. It’s funky, and unlike buying in Bloomin’s, you may have tried the product first.

Where will it all end? At Nine Zero, a design-demented hotel in Boston, you can buy the showerhead for $75, telescopes for $375, furry dog beds for $150, and cocktail rimmers (apple martini, Bloody Mary, Cosmopolitan, margarita, and mojito) at $9.50 each. Not to mention your Jacuzzi for $3,700. There’s a new Web site under way called hoteluxury.com, and at Sveni, a safari lodge in Kruger National Park, South Africa, you can even buy the exquisite wirework chargers for some $76 each, the wine from the Singita Lebombo cellar—one of the finest in South Africa—which will be shipped home to you, and also silver candelabra from Singita Boulder in the Sobi Sand Reserve, designed by Patrick Mavros with elephants weaving their way round the base. We travel, therefore we shop. Hotels are now a design experience, and we want a bit of them. It is no longer enough to nick the bathrobe. —VICTORIA MATHER
Must be something in the water.

What makes us attractive? Is it how we look, or how we feel? Maybe a bit of both. That's where Evian comes in.

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**evian** your natural source of youth**”**
A couple of times a year I beat a path to the historic Mayan Theater, in downtown L.A., for the cult stage spectacular Lucha VaVoom, a mod cop, crazy mix of Mexican wrestling, comedy, and vintage burlesque. I love, love, love it. I just don’t know which part I crave the most: The 1927 Mayan Theater, with its cost-concrete, bas-relief busts of Mayans wearing giant headdresses. Or the “for real” Mexicn wrestlers-masked alpha moles like Blue Demon Jr. and Son of Santo. Or the mighty Mexican “minis” (little people) Big against small, good against evil.

“”Our inspiration for Lucha VaVoom come from the cine luchador—jewels of 60’s Mexican cinema,” says Rita D’Albert, one of Luch VaVoom’s creators.

Then there are the striptease ladies, such as Ming Dynatease in a piñata costume with one of the “minis” swinging a bat at her and sending candy flying out into the audience. Or Roky Roulette, the pogo-stick sensation, who starts out in a full gorilla costume and strips down without ever jumping off. It’s always a surprise, always a blast. Next up, the Holloween show, October 26 and 27.

—Lisa Eisner

With its chiming harmonies, sun-through-the-clouds sonic reveries, and pink-slippered emotional landscape, the girl-group sound of the early 60s was as innocent as rock ’n roll has ever dared be. Maybe too innocent—because when the Brits invaded, pop went the bubblegum, its fans dropping the sound like a high-school crush on the first day of summer. This month brings the first boxed set ever devoted to the genre, the long-overdue and elaborately packaged One Kiss Can Lead to Another: Girl Group Sounds—Lost & Found (Rhino). Though the Phil Spector oeuvre is notably absent (his company refused to grant the rights), co-producers Sheryl Farber and Gary Stewart have unearthed a trove of finely cut gems, from shimmery originals later made into hits by other artists (the Velvelettes’ “He Was Really Sayin’ Somethin’,” P. P. Arnold’s “The First Cut Is The Deepest”) and youthful ventures by Cher and Dolly Parton to little-heard masterpieces like the Cookies’ “I Never Dreamed.” Innocent these 120 girl-pop confections may be, but they’re “not for the faint of heart,” notes Farber, who became steeped in the music while singing with the kitschy early-90s girl group the Pussywillows. “You’ve got to be prepared to feel.” —Aaron Gell

They are the underdogs of the art world, kings of the funny, masters of the scratchy pen-and-ink drawing and the word balloon. Comic-strip artists and graphic novelists specialize in pranks and pratfalls, futuristic adventures, rebellious celebrations, and serious social comment. Theirs is outsider art for the masses, pop culture and high art all at once. "One of the most fascinating elements is the degree to which comics intersect with so many histories," says Museum of Contemporary Art director Jeremy Strick, "art history, graphic history, social, political, and gender history." The characters range from Lyonel Feininger’s Kid der-Kids and George Herriman’s Krazy Kat to Jack Kirby’s Captain America and Chester Gould’s Dick Tracy, up through Charles Schulz’s Snoopy, Art Spiegelman’s Artie, from his Pulitzer Prize–winning Maus, and into the brave new world of Gary Panter’s Jimbo and Chris Ware’s Jimmy Corrigan. “Masters of American Comics,” a collaboration between Los Angeles’s Hammer Museum and MoCA opening this fall, represents a much-delayed recognition of comic art as legitimate art. “It’s a remarkable narrative medium,” says co-curator John Carlin, “a hybrid of verbal and visual expression. Cartoonists, like great musicians, practice their craft every day—the level grows to an extraordinary mastery.” —A. M. Homes
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In Full Bloom

CHANTECAILLE'S BOOMING BEAUTY LINE

T
o go or not to go into the family business is a question that's plagued young people for centuries. But when "It girl" and former model Olivia Chantecaille was approached eight years ago by her mother, Sylvie, with the idea of starting a fragrance line, she couldn't refuse. "I always thought this was my mother's industry," Olivia says, referring to Sylvie's experience launching Prescriptives for Estée Lauder and being partner-in-cosmetics to Diane von Furstenberg. "But it was such an incredible opportunity I knew I would be a fool to say no."

Today, Chantecaille is one of the best-loved luxury cosmetics brands in the world, with fans ranging from Catherine Deneuve to singer Avril Lavigne. Having subsequently launched makeup and skin-care products, the line is known for initiating the industry-wide obsession with incorporating anti-aging and healing elements into makeup formulations—and for its uncompromising botanical bent. (Its latest product is a line of flower waters distilled from fresh-picked petals in Artesian water.)

As for the experience of running a business with Mom, Olivia has no complaints. "Working together opened up another door in our relationship," she says. "I have so much more respect for her. A lot of times you don't get to see that side of your parents."

EVE EPSTEIN

PLAYING FOOTSIE

The beauty industry traffics in treatments head to toe, but one must admit: the head gets a lot more attention than the toe. When it comes to finding someone to pay serious attention to your feet, you're lucky if you can find anything better than the old one-two-three job at your local nail salon.

Bastien Gonzalez, however, is determined to change all that. For one hour—and $200—his clients get the complete overhaul, from corn and callus removal (Gonzalez uses a dentist's drill to buff his clients' toenails) to basic beautifying. After perfecting his skills at salons in London's Claridge's hotel, the Hôtel Costes, in Paris, and SkinCareLab, in New York, Gonzalez has gone out on his own, setting up shop in luxury destinations around the world—including One & Only Resorts in Mauritius, Dubai, the Maldives, and soon in Cabo San Lucas. And if you can't get to these faraway hot spots, his product line will debut in Bergdorf Goodman this fall. —DANY LEVY
You don't have to learn to like my wines. Actually, I planned it that way. From the beginning, more than two decades ago, when I made my first small batch of wine from grapes I grew on my family ranch. I blended grapes from select coastal vineyards in Northern and Central California to produce wines with unprecedented flavor intensity and complexity. And our “flavor domaine” philosophy was born. In Chardonnay terms, this means finding the delicate balance of the pineapple and mango flavors from Santa Barbara, the citrus and lime flavors from Monterey, and the red apple and pear flavors from Sonoma. Our Vintner’s Reserve is a perfect illustration of our desire to create and deliver complex, world-class wines, the kind of wines people will enjoy the first time they try them and for years to come. I have been told that many of you enjoy the taste of my wines, but you’re not sure why. Hopefully, I can help with A Taste of the Truth.

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**LIBRA**

With Jupiter barreling through your sign, you should be feeling 90 percent better than you have in ages, especially if your birthday falls after October 8. Libras born before then will have to contend with the moon’s south node. That sweet little transit may inspire you to clean your closet between naps, but that’s about all. The good news: Pluto direct can help you reconnect with people you’ve been totally cut off from, provided you can balance your joy at being alive with the rage you’ve been storing up since God knows when.

**SCORPIO**

For all your obsessing over the possibility of financial obliteration, you seem to be doing a darned good job of thriving amid the fray. It could be that Jupiter in your 12th house and your ruling planet’s direct transit through your 2nd have reminded you that in the end, while hysteria may get the adrenaline flowing, the universe always protects those who work for the betterment of all beings. If you haven’t been doing that, better start right away.

**SAGITTARIUS**

Power-crazed? That’s what certain people would swear you’ve become in the past few years. It’s not for easy loved ones to adjust to the changes that have come over you since the ruler of your solar 12th house moved through your sign, transforming you from a smiling, compliant clone into what some would call a selfish monster. If you’ve gotten tougher and less available, it’s certainly not because you want to hurt people. Only those who’ve confronted mortality the way you have could possibly understand.

**CAPRICORN**

Staying positive and achieving some semblance of physical and emotional well-being won’t be a picnic, with an asteroid retrograding at the end of your sign just as your ruling planet begins a two-and-a-half-year transit through your solar 8th house. What’s wondrous, however, is your way of tramping inexorably onward. It shows that deep down, despite your cursing and moaning, you have an unceasing inward optimism and faith. Be careful: if people find out you’re not as desperate as you seem, it could blow your whole curmudgeon image.

**AQUARIUS**

You have a sincere desire to be in a strongly committed relationship, but you also want the freedom to explore options and sides of yourself that don’t fit into the context of a loyal, monogamous bond. This applies whether you’re single and loving it or married and in denial about your restlessness, and it extends to business as well. Planetary activity in your solar 7th and 12th houses moves you to pledge yourself completely, while a voice from your 11th house whispers, “Are you crazy? Don’t give yourself away to anybody!”

**PICTOR**

Yours is a tale of picaresque irony. You drift along for years, convinced you’re on earth by accident, praying that when the end comes it will come peacefully. Suddenly an outer planet hits your midheaven and sweeps you into an arena where you must prove yourself and fight as ferociously as a Roman gladiator. Although you think you’re about to surrender, you find yourself not just surviving but becoming Head Gladiator. Smiles aside, as of now retirement is nowhere in sight. Damn! And you were just about to take off for the beach.

**GEMINI**

When you first hook up with someone, you can’t predict where the relationship will take you. When Pluto is involved, however, one thing you can bet on is that your life will be transformed. If you have any doubts about that, just compare your situation now with where you were 10 years ago. Relationships can lead either to new heights of love, communication, and intimacy or to messy entanglements that jeopardize both your sanity and your credit rating. If you need a place to run, try family. They have to take you in.

**CANCER**

It’s lucky for you (and for all the people who cling to you like barnacles) that you have such extraordinary emotional stamina, not to mention your unique capacity in the financial arena. You have a gift for magically generating capital whenever you need it, and the way you can squeeze one dollar out of every dime is positively uncanny. By now, however, 6th-house transits should have taught you that you are still very much a human being with a physical body that needs daily maintenance as well as the occasional overhaul.

**LEO**

It’s inspiring to see how strong you can be when you have to. Despite all your aches, pains, and stiff joints, you can still walk out onto the stage or tennis court and pour your heart into your performance or your game. Saturn in Leo for the next two years may not make you the jolliest camper or the easiest person to deal with, but heaven help the idiot who even tries to block your way. When an outer planet changes direction in your solar 5th house, here’s the message: without reservation or hesitation, produce, produce, produce.

**VIRGO**

A new moon in your sign always kicks off a positive period, even for the whiniest, poor-me Virgo. This time, it signals the start of a whole new cycle. When you reflect on the last decade, you should be able to see how Pluto’s transit first devastated your home and family, then helped you rebuild—in certain cases quite literally from the ground up. Some wounds won’t heal for a while yet (if ever), but to continue the job of putting your life back together, pull away from the crowd and don’t look back.
Deep inside you know you’re him.

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Tru Grit

Two upcoming movies—Capote and Have You Heard?—chronicle Truman Capote’s pursuit of the Clutter-murder story. Forty years after publication, In Cold Blood, which pioneered the true-crime genre, is Capote’s immortality, the only major work that came from his heart. It was also his undoing

\[
\text{Henry Fonda barking at Katharine Hepburn in On Golden Pond—that tug on memories of former glories. Writers have smaller leeway to feed off our nostalgic affections. Their flesh may sag and their energy taper, but the prose must remain active and firm: Maintaining a peak condition on the page exacts a punishing toll as one's powers slacken and drift. “Writing is hard, and you get depressed,” said Truman Capote, who knew whereof he spoke. Did he ever. He wore himself out from the inside, dying in 1984, and few literary flameouts left a wider burn site of bitter resentments, strewn debris, and blasted talent than his. But Capote bequeathed to literary posterity one undeniable, upright classic, the book that is the life raft of his reputation and, 40 years after its publication, the rising phoenix of his resurrection: In Cold Blood, published in 1965.}
\]

Two avidly awaited forthcoming films—Capote, directed by Bennett Miller, and Have You Heard?, written and directed by Douglas McGrath—re-trace Truman’s tiny footsteps from the inner sanctums of haute society to the wounded community in the Kansas heartland where four murders were committed in November 1959, and back again. Both are chronicles of attraction and betrayal, eccentric charm and sly manipulation, and both foreshadow the battered beanbag Truman Capote was to become after the stardust turned to cinders.

A recumbent faun in the notorious pho-
Time is Precious.

Use it Wisely.

West in our future, we must nurture our children’s fantasies, and inspire their creativity. This requires access to the arts that too children have. Join Johnny Depp, the Entertainment Industry Foundation, and Montblanc in helping children develop their most valuable imagination. With your purchase of a Montblanc watch or writing instrument, a donation will be made to EIF’s National Arts Educationative. For more information, please call 800.995.4810 or visit www.montblanc.com/eif.
Catherine Keener’s Harper Lee is a peaceful presence, onto Truman Capote’s every trick.
known. Capote picked up the phone and called William Shawn, the editor of The New Yorker, requesting assignment to the small town where the murder had been committed. Initially, Capote was interested in how such a brutal attack affected a small community where everyone knew one another and might begin suspecting their neighbors. So insouciant was Capote upon arriving on the Norman Rockwell scene—accompanied by childhood friend and novelist (Nelle) Harper Lee (whose To Kill a Mockingbird was yet to be published)—that he thoughtlessly, unfeelingly blurted to Alvin Dewey, the detective assigned to solving the crimes, that he didn't care if the killers were caught or not. Dewey, who attended the same church as the Clutters and whose family was friends of theirs, did. And told Capote so with a quiet authority that nearly squashed any hope of access he entertained. But just before New Year's, a pair of ex-cons, Perry Smith and Dick Hickock, were apprehended in Las Vegas and extradited back to Kansas. When they were brought handcuffed to the courthouse and escorted inside, Perry's and Truman's eyes met, and, in McGrath's words, Capote experienced "a frisson of excitement." But this tingling sensation traveled deeper than Capote could have imagined, bottoming into a tragic chord.

I've seen the movie Capote and read the script for Have You Heard?, and to pit one against the other would be to wrong each of them. There's plenty of room to accommodate both, especially since they throw such different shadows. In Capote, Philip Seymour Hoffman, in the title role, and Catherine Keener, as Harper Lee is he not up to an acting challenge? Keener, who has moved into Diane Keaton's former spot as the cheekboned siren of neurotic urban romance, is the larger revelation, her Harper Lee a peaceful presence who is onto Truman's every trick and indulges his whims and vanities with sisterly fondness until she realizes something has spoiled inside him, gone selfishly sour. Perhaps because the budget was modest and the cast small, Capote is scenically and dramatically pared to the evocative essence. A long shot of leafless trees ranked along the horizon like crowded-together telephone poles tells us everything we need to know about the stark isolation of rural Kansas. The four blond wood coffins in the funeral home;

The film adaptation of In Cold Blood is Robert Frank-ish in its tight interiors and landscapes. (Capote was the model for Dill, the six-year-old discovered sitting in the collar patch in To Kill a Mockingbird), are a funny, touching odd couple—he's built like a bowling ball to her tenpin—who have shared so much they can read each other's silences. Hoffman is brilliant and convincing as Capote, but when a ghostly close-up of one Clutter head encased in a cotton mask to hide the blast damage; a view of an executed prisoner carted away in the shovel of a tractor, his sprawled body washed Christ-like by the rain—each image stays with you. Apart from a few tinny notes (Bob Balaban is weirdly off as William Shawn, having none of
Shawn’s occult power of mental suggestion, his whispery ability to convince writers that his mild misgivings were their own wisdom rising from the unconscious), Capote weaves a simple spell that generates a complex response, doing justice to the jagged range of Capote’s own contradictions.

In comparison, judging from the screenplay, Have You Heard? augurs to be starker, more bustling and playful, and yet equally serious in its mortal examination. Where Capote is based on Gerald Clarke’s biography, Have You Heard? (starring English up-and-comer Toby Jones as the bow-tie wonder) is adapted from George Pimlont’s oral biography Truman Capote: In Which Various Friends, Enemies, Acquaintances and Detractors Recall His Turbulent Career, and reflects its more prismatic approach. McGrath, no stranger to big casts as the director of Nicholas Nickleby and Emma, pays greater heed to the glitzy half of Capote’s life in the In Cold Blood years, with Sandra Bullock as Harper Lee, Sigourney Weaver as Babe Paley, Hope Davis as Slim Keith, Peter Bogdanovich as editor, game-show panelist, and punster Bennett Cerf, and, in the opening scene, Gwyneth Paltrow in the nightclub spotlight as Miss Peggy Lee. Have You Heard? was originally called Every Word Is True, a title which is both a pun

In Cold Blood is the life raft of Truman Capote’s reputation, the phoenix of his resurrection.

(true: Tru) and a provocation. Because what the screenplay reveals is how Capote shaded the facts for artistic purposes, trying out various versions of Smith’s admission of what a nice gentleman Mr. Clutter was “right up to the moment I cut his throat,” and making a depressive recluse out of Mrs. Clutter when, as Harper Lee tartly notes, she was probably just menopauseal. “I hope not,” says Truman. “That’s a little grubby.” Since Have You Heard? won’t be available until 2006 (the release date was pushed back so that it and Capote wouldn’t collide at the multiplex), there’s no way of knowing if Jones and Bullock equal the effortless rapport of Hoffman and Keener, but the screenplay is rudy comedic and delicately melancholy, and I can’t wait to see it, savouring the prospect of Juliet Stevenson as Diana Vreeland uttering the immortal line “The mouth hangs open.”

Since the verdict on Have You Heard? must be suspended until then, the more pressing question is: Why now? What magnetic force is being exerted to make the saga of In Cold Blood worthy of double exposure? (A Capote character is also due to appear in a forthcoming film about hoaxer Clifford Irving.) One obvious answer: the lasting theatrical aura of Capote’s flamboyant persona, a flamboyance twirled like a torero’s cape to ward off the pain and ridicule of growing up cast off and queer, his wee physique and singsong, almost falsetto drawl setting him forever apart. He looked and sounded like a stuttered child—or a hermaphrodite. The finer stuff of which he was made had to toughen into thin steel to endure strangers’ first impressions of him as a freak of nature.

(In the one-man Broadway show Tru, Robert Morse impersonated Capote putting around his hair after the Answered Prayers excerpts, filling the theatrical airspace with fuzzy, fidgety mannerisms that reminded one at times as much of Charles Nelson Reilly as the ostracized author. But the show did evoke the Gatsby-esque pathos of party favors drooping in a room the guests have abandoned.)

There’s also a newswier peg for this comeback interest: the murder trial (and acquittal) of Robert Blake, who gave an unforgettable performance as the actor playing a convicted killer who himself later be standing trial for murder was a case of Hollywood and reality reflecting each other in a cracked mirror, like Hitchcock, a “skilled and cold-blooded craftsman.” How could he get it so wrong? In Cold Blood is Capote’s one masterpiece because it is his only work where, contrary to its title, the blood runs warm and the heart lies deep.

I n Have You Heard?, it’s Perry Smith who sets the besetting flaw in Capote’s previous work, informing him in a letter that “while your books were well-written and your vocabulary prodigious, I ultimately did not like them because I thought the writing lacked kindness.” To which Capote hoots to Harper Lee, “Imagine being told your work lacked kindness by a four-time killer!” Later, face-to-face, Capote protests that he never patronizes his characters, to which Perry shoots back, “If I’m going to put my heart in front of you, I need to know I’m doing it with someone who will listen to it, and not make a joke out of it the way you did with Holly Go-fucking-lightly.” Perry the death-row critic becomes Perry the provider, supplying the damaged, sacrificial heart of In Cold Blood with a sorrow and a pity that...
flow outward to everyone in the story—the Clutters, the members of the community, the observers at the gallows. It's the only Capote work in which kindness and forgiveness touch and grace all. Everything that came after wore the gaze of a reptile sunning itself on a ledge.

I t was more than sympathy that was tapped. Perry Smith and Truman Capote found in each other an orphaned soul mate even as they angled to take advantage of that spiritual kinship. Theirs was a homeroetic bond, an incestuous overlapping. Capote's infatuation had an element of vanity, according to McGrath, a narcissistic echo. Both were barely over five feet tall (Perry's feet dangled when he sat in the courtroom chair); both had been abandoned by their mothers; both grew up with the taunting knowledge of being different. Their childhood woes made them tough and opportunistic at the guarded core. In Capote, Perry's estranged sister warns Capote not to fall for the puppy-dog act he puts on, because he can whip right around and cut your throat. Similarly, Capote's raconteur charm concealed a slashing malice, a malignant glee. (When told that a rumor he was spreading wasn't true, Capote scoffed, "No, but it will be.") Yet there is no question that each fell in love with the other, and that love was the making of Capote's book and the undoing of his life.

It was an unequal arduous, doomed to being abused. Perry was the loser on the inside with no leverage other than his firsthand knowledge of the night of the murders, Capote the worldly success with favors to grant and understanding to extend—and exploit. Both Capote and Have You Heard? keenly demonstrate how the killer and his chronicler mind-gamed each other, Capote inevitably coming out on top. When Janet Malcolm wrote in the notorious opening sentence to The Journalist and the Murderer (her meditation on Joe McGinniss's best-seller about the Jeffrey MacDonald murders, Fatal Vision), "Every journalist who is not too stupid or too full of himself to notice what is going on knows that what he does is morally indefensible," she may have been guilty of rhetorical overreach, but there's no question that in this instance Perry got sold. Capote and Have You Heard? depict Perry's fury when he learns the title of the book is In Cold Blood, and Capote fudges the truth.

Perhaps his meanest moment of one results in even so successful a woman writer as Harper Lee getting treated as a minor novelty compared to Literary Man. She might as well be a coat rack, she's so taken for granted in Capote's orbit.) In Have You Heard?, a similar outburst occurs at "21," where Truman appalls listeners by crying poor pitiful me. "You simply cannot conceive of the agony. I've worked on the book ceaselessly for four years, pouring the whole of myself into it...And then to be waiting like this, unable to publish what I've done, until they're hanged. [Takes sip of drink.] I can hardly wait."

He finally gets his wish. The two are hanged on April 14, 1965, Hickock's body suspended for 20 agonizing minutes before his heart finally stops. Afterward, in the wan light of day, Capote tries to comfort himself and Harper Lee with the sentiment that, like Lord Byron after witnessing three robbers being guillotined, justice was done and yet he would have saved them if he could. But she is given the last word, the final re-tort, and it's damning.

Early in 1960, when I was in New York, upper-Bohemian dinner-guests were already full of "Truman and his marvellous bit about Perry and Dick." I attended one grandstander—but it was primarily a slap fight between two word wizards. More significant was the institutional snub of In Cold Blood by the Pulitzer Prize committee. If any book had "Pulitzer Prize winner" stenciled all over it, it was In Cold Blood. Which may have been the problem. Capote may have toasted his horn too loud for the panel's tastes. David Brion Davis's The Problem of Slavery in Western Culture won the non-fiction prize that year. A peerless self-promoter ("A boy's got to hustle his book," he famously boasted), Capote had touted In Cold Blood for years in advance as the maiden voyage in an exciting new genre called "the non-fiction novel," and the Pulitzer people may have wanted to show they were above being swayed by a sales push, however successful it may have been. Moreover, Capote's ultra-fashionability in the society pages and such bibelots of chic as Vogue and Harper's Bazaar had long made him suspect among the starchier cognoscenti and cerebrals, to whom literary dandies lack moral fiber and healthy corpuscles. His relationship with the literary intelligentsia had always been testy. After he disparaged Saul Bellow's winning the Nobel Prize in Literature, in 1976, Bellow bristled, "Maybe I didn't deserve the Nobel Prize, but it's a cinch he
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*Gifts available while supplies last. Gift received for ticket purchase, value: $30/one per ticket; gift received for hotel stay, value: $15/one per room.
didn't even deserve the Pulitzer. I can't see what Truman deserved at all, except a kick in the ass.

Prize or no prize, ass kick or no ass kick, *In Cold Blood* was such a stratospheric success that Capote could justifiably feel that he had shown them, "them" being intellectual smartsies, envious rivals, and his legion of doubters. In retrospect, *In Cold Blood* seems less a breakthrough invention in the experimental lab of creative nonfiction than the Flaubertian consumption of the discreet-narrator, data-gathering-detective tradition of journalism enshrined in *The New Yorker*, whose earlier landmarks included John Hersey's *Hiroshima* and Joseph Mitchell's lithographic reports. *In Cold Blood*’s greatest impact was not on fellow novelists—apart from Norman Mailer, whose *The Armies of the Night* (subtitled “History as a Novel, the Novel as History”) and *The Executioner’s Song* owed much to Capote’s pioneering—but on journalists and other note jotters who went on to produce a library of fascinating suspenseful true-crime stories ranging from Joe McGinniss's *Fatal Vision* to Vincent Bugliosi's *Helter Skelter*, to Ann Rule's serial-killer studies. That genre has pretty much petered out. When *In Cold Blood* was incubating, polite society and the spattered crime scene occupied different universes, with Capote serving as self-appointed roving ambassador (a role John Waters has reduced Clutter family would set off a ravenous media munchdown, with blonde former prosecutors convicting the suspects before the trial, high-school snapshots of Nancy Clutter pasted and fetilized on-screen until she joined the honorary sisterhood of JonBenet Ramsey, Elizabeth Smart, and Natalee Holloway, and network helicopters hovering above the courthouse as Jeffrey Toobin spouts color commentary from the municipal steps.

McGrath’s screenplay for *Have You Heard?* is rudely comic and delicately melancholy.
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I’ve just returned from London, which is quite a different city from the one I visited four months ago, when I spent a week at Claridge’s celebrating the end of the lawsuit brought against me by former congressman Gary Condit concerning the death of the Washington intern Chandra Levy. Then there was joy in the air. This time, the city was on high alert, after two sets of recent terrorist bombings. The explosions had both occurred on Thursdays, which people feared may have been part of a deliberate pattern. I was there the following Thursday, and there was tension in the air, with policemen everywhere you looked—6,000 of them, carrying machine guns. There were roadblocks and concrete barriers on the streets, and the American Embassy, on Grosvenor Square, was so heavily barricaded it looked like a fortress. Police cars, with sirens blaring and lights flashing, raced by in rapid succession. Everyone seemed reluctant to use public transportation. “I’m staying out of the tube,” I heard one man say on television. Traffic was often at a near standstill. I was amazed at how quickly the police were able to track down the terrorists responsible, in just a matter of days. It proved how important it is to have closed-circuit cameras in subways and bus terminals. I followed every movement live on BBC News 24 as police captured two terrorists stripped down to their undershorts on a balcony in West London. As if that were not enough for England to deal with, a violent tornado hit Birmingham and did massive damage. As ever, the Brits soldiered on.

Although it would have shamed me in the past, I have to admit to a certain amount of racial profiling. I found myself drawing away from Muslim men with backpacks and furtively eyeing Muslim women in burkas with black veils that covered their faces except for the eyes. I turned down taxicabs that weren’t driven by old-fashioned English cabbies—a number of whom told me they will no longer pick up Muslims. All the time I was perfectly aware that most of the people I looked twice at were probably totally innocent, going about their everyday lives, but I could not keep the words “terrorist” and “suicide bomber” out of my thoughts.

One purpose of this recent trip was to interview Conrad and Barbara Black, now Lord and Lady Black of Crossharbour, who were being written up constantly in the British press because of their efforts to make a comeback as players in London society after a long period of oblivion following the financial scandal that caused Black to lose his media empire, as well as slews of grand friends. My initial reason for going back to London actually interested me even more, because it would be an entirely new experience for me, if it happened. Over the years,

Scandal by the Book

In high-alert London, the author has a fistful of party invitations, a surprise meeting with Lord Conrad Black, and champagne with Lady Colin Campbell, whose novel upset Lily Safra so much that the powerful widow forced the book’s publisher to pulp it. But Lady Colin Campbell is fighting back

GOING BRIT
The diarist was photographed in the Tottenham Hale station of the London Underground on August 1, 2005.
I’ve grown used to observing individuals who have fallen from grace. I’ve written about many of them, and I’ve had the experience myself, though to a far lesser degree than the Blacks, in the course of the Condit lawsuit. But I had never witnessed the pulping of a book. Even the word “pulping” was new to me. In this case it meant recalling and destroying all unsold copies of a highly controversial novel entitled *Empress Bianca*, by Lady Colin Campbell, which had caused extreme distress to one of the richest widows in the world, Lily Safra, on whose life the plot was rumored to be based. I wanted to watch the pulping, if possible. Were they going to shred the recalled copies? Or burn them? I was now appears on a regular basis in the London papers, and none of the coverage is worshipful.

In the end, neither of my quests turned out to be completely successful, but we’ll come to that.

D

despite all of the inconveniences of a city threatened by terrorists, social life went on as usual. Nicky Haslam, London’s most famous man-about-town, is a good friend to have when you arrive for a brief visit. He knows about every lunch, every dinner, and every party on the horizon, and he arranged for me to be invited to a number of them—breakfast at Claridge’s, lunch at Cipriani, dinner at George. Among the city’s swelling set, by the way, Prince Charles and the former Camilla Parker Bowles are humorously referred to as “the Cornwalls.” “We saw the Cornwalls at dinner,” said Haslam at one party, and everyone collapsed with laughter. It’s an aristo kind of joke.

The famous annual summer party of *The Spectator*, which had been scheduled for the night of the first bombing and as a result had to be canceled, finally took place on July 28, at the *Spectator* office, which is a lovely old house and garden in Bloomsbury. The event turned out to be what we call over here a rat fuck—crushingly crowded, with people packed together in every inch of space—but it was enormous fun. I read *The Spectator* religiously every week, and that night I was able to meet all the writers I’ve been admiring for years, including Boris Johnson, the editor. Some people wondered if Lord Black, who was in town, would drop by, inasmuch as he had once owned *The Spectator*, before he was forced to sell it. “Dru Heinz had the Blacks to lunch,” said someone I didn’t know, referring to the American literary hostess. Then I put in my two cents: “I saw Conrad yesterday, and he and Barbara left for France this morning.” I had a funny chat with Sarah Sands, the new editor of *The Sunday Telegraph*, concerning her paper’s interview with Lady Colin Campbell about *Empress Bianca* and the abject apology to Lily Safra the *Telegraph* had been forced to print the following Sunday. I said, “I’ve quoted your retraction in my diary in *Vanity Fair*.” She had a few things to say about the nature of the retraction, which, as far as I
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have been able to understand, was practically dictated to The Sunday Telegraph by representatives of Lily Safra.

I went to a terrific party at a beautiful Rothschild house in Chester Square, quite near Margaret Thatcher's house, which I could see was being more heavily guarded than usual. The house where the party took place had spectacular lighting and an amazing collection of contemporary art. There seems to be a new, rather distancing trend in society: most of the lovely young ladies walking around the splendid surroundings talked endlessly into their cell phones, as if they would rather have been with the person on the other end of the line than at the party, even though it was full of art dealers, celebrity producers, and lords.

I really knew that London was going to be all right in spite of bomb scares, suicide terrorists, and a pervading sense of nervous anxiety when I attended the West End musical Billy Elliot, with music by Elton John. The theater was packed to the rafters, and the audience cheered wildly. I loved the show, which, like the movie on which it is based, is about an 11-year-old boy (the son of a Yorkshire coal miner) who wants to be a ballet dancer. It brought me to tears a couple of times.

I always thought Lord and Lady Black were a fascinating couple, and I still do. There is no question that, despite protests to the contrary, Conrad Black, who is 61, faces serious times ahead, including a trial and the possibility of a prison term. After F. David Radler, his partner and friend for more than 35 years, arranged in August to plead guilty to charges of criminal fraud and cooperate with the authorities, many legal experts felt it was inevitable that Black would be indicted. Considering Black's age, I am reminded of the tradition established recently by WorldCom's Bernie Ebbers and Adelphia's John Rigas, both of whom will probably spend the rest of their lives behind bars. Not too long ago the Blacks were seen everywhere in London, New York, and Palm Beach, where they maintained elaborate residences. For several years the annual dinner given by Hollinger International, Black's media company, with its dazzling board of directors, was a prime social event in New York.

In addition to being a business tycoon, Conrad is an eminent historian and the author of a distinguished book on Franklin D. Roosevelt, which received the kind of laudatory reviews that could have put it on The New York Times's best-seller list. There had been great anticipation over the party to launch the book at the Four Seasons restaurant in New York, given by such luminaries of the social world as Annette de la Renta, Marie-Josée Kravis, and Jayne Wrightsman. I was present at that party, and I hope I won't offend the hostesses when I say what a flop it was. Between the time the invitations were mailed and the day of the party, the financial scandal concerning Black and his empire had broken in every paper. The word around New York was that the grand ladies giving the party all wished that Lord Black would cancel it, but he didn't, or wouldn't. For such a hot invitation, the party was sparsely attended. The hostesses were not in the usual greeting position, at the top of the stairs. They remained together at the back of the room with Lady Black, who wore a coat with a high collar that masked her face. People talked in whispers, saying things like "Do you think Conrad's going to jail?" and "Let's get out of here." Only Black seemed unperturbed as he autographed books and talked to a financial reporter from the New York Post. Soon after that, the Blacks disappeared from the scene.

I knew Lady Black in another life. In the early 70s, when I was in the movie business in Hollywood, I produced a film called The Panic in Needle Park, starring Al Pacino in his first major role and written by my brother and sister-in-law John Gregory Dunne and Joan Didion. The film was initially to be made at Joseph Levine's Avco-Embassy, but after many months it was dropped by Levine and picked up by Richard Zanuck and David

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Brown, who were running Twentieth Century Fox. At Avco-Embassy, we had had a Canadian director, and he had a Canadian girlfriend named Barbara Amiel. I remember her vividly. She wore jeans and was a bit of a hippie. She was beautiful, funny, and very, very smart. When the film moved to Fox, Jerry Schatzberg directed it, and it won a prize at Cannes. I forgot all about Barbara Amiel.

Years passed. In 1994, I was at a Rothschild ball in London, for which Nicky Haslam had transformed a huge art gallery into a replica of El Morocco, the swank New York nightclub of the 30s and 40s, with its blue-and-white zebra-striped banquettes and white palm trees. I checked the place card next to me and it read, “Barbara Black,” which meant nothing to me. When the lady herself, wearing a blue-and-white couture dress from Paris, arrived at the table, I was bowled over by her elegance. It took me a few minutes to make the connection that this was Barbara with the blue jeans from 23 years earlier. She was still beautiful, still funny, and still very smart. She said she had a column in The Daily Telegraph, which her husband owned. She hadn’t married the Canadian director from Needle Park days, but she had married a trio of other guys before Conrad Black, a fellow Canadian, who subsequently became a British citizen and a lord of the realm. Somewhere I have a picture of us that night in deep conversation, probably talking about how we had risen in the intervening years to be seated side by side at a Rothschild ball. We never became close friends, but we were party friends, and we always had a laugh or two. After the scandal hit Conrad last year, I didn’t hear much about them.

Then came the news that they were suddenly being seen again at fashionable London parties. Since I was heading to England for the pulping of Empress Bianca, I sent Barbara an e-mail asking if I could have lunch or tea with her while I was there. She chose not to see me, but she told me so very nicely, “I honestly don’t want to be in your diary for all sorts of reasons, none of which have to do with you,” she e-mailed. “I haven’t spoken to the press since this rather surreal thing began.” In her position, I probably would have said exactly the same thing. She said that she was going to London the next day, and that they were leaving for France the day after that.

On my second afternoon in London, I was writing in my room when I decided, for no special reason, to get a manicure in the barbershop off the lobby. To my amazement, sitting in the first barber chair was the embattled media magnate himself, Lord Black, looking every inch a titled gentleman, dressed in country tweeds. We shook hands and chatted briefly. There was no sense that his life was in disarray. They were staying at the Barclay Hotel, he said. I had read that his beautiful London house—actually two houses put together as one—had been sold for $23 million to a former Mexican beauty queen, who was ripping out all the improvements the Blacks had made. I told Conrad that I had met one of his lawyers, Jesse Finkelstein, at the Disney trial in Delaware last year. He complimented Finkelstein, told me he had followed the Disney trial closely, and said how well he thought Michael Ovitz had performed on the stand. He said he had hired Brendan Sullivan, of the Washington law firm Williams and Connolly, to be his lawyer. It has been written of Sullivan that he is “the quintessential litigator, the first choice of almost everyone in trouble—if you can get him.” The lawyer is probably best known for representing Colonel Oliver North in the Iran-contra scandal and Housing and Urban Development secretary Henry Cisneros in a case involving false statements made to the F.B.I. He boasts that since the 1970s no client of his has gone to jail. “We’re off to France in the morning,” said Lord Black as he got up from the barber chair. We shook hands again, and I said, “Love to Barbara.” I refrained from saying “Good luck,” which would suggest that he was in trouble, and neither his appearance nor his attitude gave any indication of that. After Paris, he said, they were stopping at the Hôtel de Paris, in Monte Carlo.

Charles and Camilla are known humorously as “the Cornwalls.”

During my trip I met Gary Pulsifer, the publisher of Arcadia Books, which brought out Empress Bianca. Pulsifer went along with Anthony Julius, who was acting for Lily Safra, and agreed to withdraw and pulp all unsold copies of the book, since his company was not rich enough to take on a lawsuit with the billionaire. He is a very decent man, quiet, intellectual, an active member of PEN, the international literary society, and utter-
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ly bewildered to find himself at the center of a controversy involving such vivid characters as the very prominent Lily Safra and the fearless, slightly reckless Lady Colin Campbell.

Lady Colin Campbell has an extraordinary personal history. Born in Jamaica in 1949 with a genital deformity, she was raised as a boy. She had a hard time as a child and quickly learned how to be a fighter. She had corrective surgery in New York when she was 21, and four years later made a socially spectacular marriage to Lord Colin Campbell, the son of the Duke of Argyll. It was a short and disastrous marriage, but she has carried the title ever since. She had telephoned me twice the previous month when

Lady Colin Campbell's very theatrical, and has a camp humor.

she was in the Cayman Islands attending her mother’s funeral to talk about the tempest that was building in England over her book, so I had an enormous curiosity to meet her in person. She lives primarily in France, but she keeps a small house in Belgravia. Gary Pulsifer told me she was flying over from France for the night to attend the ballet at Covent Garden, and he asked me if I’d like to meet her at her house before she went out. We got there a few minutes before 5:30, the appointed time, and Lady Colin Campbell wasn’t ready. She was still in the shower. She answered the door in only a towel, but she returned 15 minutes later beautifully dressed in an aquamarine tunic and trousers, carrying her jewels, her lipstick, a bottle of chilled champagne, and three glasses.

“Not for me,” I said, indicating the champagne.

“You don’t drink?”

“No.”

“Do you want water?”

“Yes.”

“Bor-ing.”

S he reminded me of Annette Bening in Being Julia. She’s very theatrical, and she has a camp sense of humor. She kept holding her champagne glass out for Pulsifer to refill. She put on her lipstick, her necklace, and several rings, including one with a large aquamarine. She told me that aquamarine is her favorite color, and that she is having a tiara made of aquamarines.

She seemed almost eager in her determination to take on the powerful Lily Safra. She printed out on her computer a copy of a five-page, single-spaced letter she had written to Anthony Julius. The main thrust of the letter was to tell Julius that he had no right to be representing Lily Safra against her, because his company, Mishcon de Reya, had once represented Lady Colin Campbell in a lawsuit. Then she proceeded to tear him apart. I know that the Daily Mail has a copy of the letter, but the editors have apparently decided not to print it.

Suddenly Lady Colin Campbell looked at her watch and gasped at the lateness of the hour. The curtain, she said, was at 7:30. No sooner had we piled into her hired car than she started to give orders to the driver. “I must be at Covent Garden at 7:28 on the dot. I can’t be late. Someone is waiting there for me. Go through the red light. It’s all right.” She ended up by jumping out of the car and running to meet her escort, waving back to us and calling, “Good-bye, good-bye.”

Unfortunately, I had to leave London before the pulping of Empress Bianca.

M y sister-in-law Joan Didion had been married to my brother John Gregory Dunne for 40 years when he died, in December 2003. I have pictures in my scrapbooks of their wedding in San Juan Bautista, California, in 1964, and of the reception afterward at the Lodge at Pebble Beach. Joan was then at the beginning of her literary fame, which came into full blossom in the 60s and has endured through the decades that followed. Her readers are legion and they are passionate. The thing about having a celebrity in the family for 40 years is that you eventually get used to it and cease to marvel, even while watching the adoration she invariably stirs in fans when they meet her. She has always been wonderful to my children: at Christmas, she would give them exactly the right gifts, unique and appropriate for each one’s age and interest. She adores her daughter, Quintana, and she adored John. They were total partners in life. John started roughly half of his sentences with the words, “Joan says,” and then he’d quote her on whatever subject was under discussion. Suddenly Joan’s life crashed down around her. John died in their New York apartment the night before New Year’s Eve, while Quintana was in a coma at Beth Israel hospital, where she had been put into the intensive-care unit on Christmas Night. Quintana’s illness lasted for months and is ongoing. It was the worst year of my sister-in-law’s life, and I, along with her friends and nephews, watched her cope with the vicissitudes of sudden death and grave illness. I have just read the galleys of her new book, The Year of Magical Thinking, an account of that period of double misfortune. It is unsparing, enormously personal, tough, and brave. I was deeply moved. I’ll never cease to marvel at Joan again.
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BYE, BYE, BROADSHEET

Britain is witnessing what may be the last big newspaper war—and it’s about size, not just circulation. Both The Independent and the London Times have turned to tabloid formats, while the new Guardian can fit in a lady’s purse. Is this the last gasp of newsprint, or its future?

I am looking at an altogether new newspaper (quite an oxymoron) due to reach newsstands in Britain in the earliest days of autumn. It’s demure, pretty, reticent—an odd note because just as I’m looking at the new paper, London is awash in headlines about terrorism and bombs. The paper has a soft palette of seasonal colors. And it’s small—most of all, small. Diminutive. In its new incarnation, The Guardian—up until now one of the world’s great broadsheets, my favorite paper, a liberal’s liberal paper—folds up into the size of a woman’s purse, a little evening bag.

“What do you think?” asks Alan Rusbridger, The Guardian’s editor, at 51 a grown-up Harry Potter-esque figure—bright eyes, horn-rims, lots of askew hair—stroking his prototype, this object of desire, this small triumph of origami. (I’ve written for The Guardian, and Rusbridger gave my college-age daughter an internship several summers ago when I was trying, none too successfully, to get her interested in newspapers.)

“Why, Alan,” I say—and as the words come out, I struggle to call them back—“it’s... a Guardian for girls.” I rush to add, “But it’s awfully beautiful”—also quite an odd word for a newspaper—“elegant. Quite a perfect thing.”

“It’s like,” Rusbridger says, not in the least defensively, “an iPod.”

In the U.S. we’ve mostly written off newspapers—since the young don’t read them, many people believe that the last day of the newspaper business can be figured on an actuarial table. So it feels odd, almost kooky—even if the idea of no newspapers is about the most depressing thing you can think of—to actually be talking about their re-invention.

But there’s a consuming theory in London, a city which, with its five upmarket dailies, half-dozen or so mid- and down-market tabloids, and multiple Sunday competitors, is a sort of newspaper theme park: maybe there’s nothing wrong with newspapers except that they’re just too big! If one of the main themes of the Information Age is miniaturization, then why not try to save newspapers, that hoary 19th-century information-delivery form, by making them more petite?

It’s not just a theory. It’s a full-out battle to get smaller. In a radical repositioning, as well as a revolution of sense and sensibility, even the London Times—for more than two centuries the template for the billowing, luxurious, upper-class broadsheet, with its sweeping view of the world—is now... ech... a tabloid. It’s that greatest of all newspaper diversions, that motivating force of newspaper people everywhere, that crucible from which the true nature of
 news and narrative emerges—as well as great tales of newspaper people—the newspaper war.

It’s the size war, the reinvention-thing-itself war, the paper-as-suitable-contemporary-object war—and it may be, possibly, the last great newspaper war.

We are talking about quality papers. “Quality” is the term the British use to make no mistake that we are talking about a higher thing, a distinguishing thing. There are papers for the hoi polloi (rubbishy tabloids) and papers for the quality people (billowing broadsheets).

The issue is whether you can be a quality paper and a rubbishy little paper (no matter how seasonal your palette) at the same time.

Now The Guardian, while traditionally the province of the left wing—“for the muesli-eating, sandal-wearing, public-sector-employed set”—is how the paper’s top business executive, Carolyn McCall, identifies the public perception that The Guardian’s marketing people have to fight against—is also, with a little critical interpretation, the most snobbish of all the papers.

Its clubbiness and sense that no other paper quite exists may have something to do with a certain insular British leftism, but it has to do also, in counterpoint to its leftiness, with how its editor hovers above the crowd. Rusbridger is cryptic, wry, delphic (or, often, he says nothing at all). He’s elegant, upper-class, social—though, perhaps in a bow to his paper’s left-wing origins, seems disinclined to change his signature white shirt very often. He is, by frequent acclamation, one of the most brilliant minds in journalism (a profession where brilliance has traditionally been not that highly regarded).

The Guardian’s hauteur also has to do with the Web: the paper has been technologically adept, even visionary in an industry that, especially in Britain, temperamentally exists in another age.

Its Web business—which, prior to the size war, was its determined answer to the future of newspapers—has made The Guardian one of the leading liberal international voices, never more so than since the start of the Iraq war. Free from U.S.-centricity (and Washington influence), The Guardian has come to rival The New York Times as global liberal paper of record. (Much like The New York Times, whose ownership is dominated by a family trust, The Guardian is owned by a trust whose mission is to safeguard the quality of the paper.)

Rusbridger’s only-half-secret ambition, I daresay, is to eclipse (or at least seriously rival) The New York Times as the necessary read of the liberal-leaning, English-speaking, global-information elite. The Guardian was even planning, just as the size war started, to launch a weekly magazine in the U.S.—a kind of liberal Economist.

But this is London, and say what you want about the Internet and the new “information brand” age, the game here remains very much un-postmodern: it’s circulation, circulation, circulation.

Now, Simon Kelner at The Independent, Britain’s also-ran left-leaning paper (owned by Irish mogul and former Heinz C.E.O. Tony O’Reilly), who audaciously began the size war, does not exactly have contempt for The Guardian (Kelner worked at The Guardian’s Sunday paper, The Observer, for a time), but he’s certainly impatient with its airs.

Kelner is Rusbridger’s opposite in class, style, and affect: he’s an outsider, Jewish, a proud and consummate old-school newspaper hack (he also, not necessarily out of character for a newspaper hack, uses a private box at several racetracks, drives a Jaguar limo, and has a famous love of Dom Pérignon). About, for instance, the Internet, he could care less. Kelner, at 47, is all newsroom and page makeup. He sees news, in newspapering fashion, not as a pure ideal or professional standard—the view of The New York Times, journalism schools, and, Kelner might argue, The Guardian—but as a competitive act. Newspapers, Kelner and almost everybody else in London would happily point out, may be more accurate and truthful in the competitionless U.S. (most U.S. daily papers are in one-city-one-paper monopoly markets) but are so much less lively and profitable and have so many fewer loyal readers than in the cutthroat U.K. “I’m a newspaperman,” says Kelner. “I like to sell newspapers.”

Hence, Iraq.

The Guardian is against the Iraq war, but conscientiously not the standard-bearer of the against-it line. (Rusbridger refers to “a small core of conventional leftists who want their beliefs mirrored back to them,” pronouncing that approach “a cul-de-sac.”) The Independent, on the other hand—which, when it launched, in 1986, tried to take readers from The Guardian by being a more moderate left-wing voice—has become, in an ever more anti-war Britain, the voice of...
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Sept 20

TUESDAYS 10
What will you remember?

Four Seasons
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GELES SANTA BARBARA WHISTLER NEWPORT BEACH MILAN TOKYO LAS VEGAS NEVIS AUSTIN SAN FRANCISCO
its star reporter, Robert Fisk, the country’s most celebrated, inspirational, and intractable anti-war correspondent.

In the fall of 2003, as Iraq sinks into crisis, The Independent, with a circulation hovering just above 200,000—by far the weakest of the quality British national dailies—abruptly adds to its historical broadsheet format a parallel tabloid version and immediately sees more than a 20 percent circulation jump. (While the paper promised to continue in broadsheet as well as tabloid format, it entirely drops its broadsheet in the spring of 2004.)

Going tabloid—with big, bold, lacerating, crowd-pleasing, anti-war, anti-American, anti-Blair front pages—does for The Independent exactly what every worrywart (especially the ones at The Guardian) has said that the tabloid format would do: it makes everything louder, more simplistic, and appealing. In this instance, at The Guardian’s expense.

By Kelner’s estimate, almost all of The Independent’s new readers come directly from The Guardian.

The Guardian, however, does not react to The Independent’s tabloid gambit; its standards, or snobbishness, or both, hold true. What The Independent does by going tabloid, at least in the Guardian sense of things, is to depart from quality-newspaper ranks. What it becomes is something other than a newspaper (a “viewspaper” is Kelner’s happy term; a “viewspaper” is Rusbridger’s disparaging term).

“We do a different kind of journalism,” says Rusbridger.

But while The Guardian can see what’s louche about the new Independent, what is not-of-our-journalism-class, it can’t see what’s irresistible. The Independent has become an alternative weekly gone daily—amusing, magazine, purged of newspaper repetitiveness and earnestness (indeed with less news). In American terms, it’s reaching for a Jon Stewart—ness. It’s also easier to read on a daily commute.

Then, weeks after The Independent makes its move, shockingly, confoundingly—not just to the Guardian purists, but even more to all the Times readers in the big chairs in the clubs along Pall Mall—the London Times goes tabloid, too.

The Times’s editor is Robert Thomson, 44, a nerdy, intense news professional, who came to the paper from the Financial Times. But the actual strategic commander—a general of sweeping, destabilizing, and possibly foolish moves—is its proprietor, Rupert Murdoch. Although his real media-mogul business is in cable and satellite and DVDs, he maintains (often to his shareholders’ puzzlement) a deep affection and nostalgia for newspapers. Murdoch launched the last newspaper war in London in 1993, with a death-defying price cut at The Times—the paper, while it gained in circulation from the move, has not made money since. He set off the newspaper war before that, in 1986, by picking up stakes and moving The Times from Fleet Street to Wapping, on the outskirts of central London, where it effectively broke the union’s hold on the paper.

But now The Times, following The Indie into tabloid form, seemed pitiful.

The Times as tabloid is—especially to the people at The Guardian—nothing more than another chapter in one of the longest, saddest, most telling, and most cautionary tales in the long decline of modern journalism. That is, the quarter-century journey of the London Times from probity and respectability and tradition to, under the Murdoch ownership, bland and inconsequential market-pandering mediocrity. Going tabloid is merely the topper.

In fact, the move even suggests (at least to the people at The Guardian) not just a further devaluation of The Times, but also of the 74-year-old Murdoch’s power (Murdoch fell this year on The Guardian’s much-watched annual list of the most powerful people in the media industry in Britain from No. 1 to No. 3, behind BBC director general Mark Thompson and BBC chairman Michael Grade). Not only was The Times being forced out of its upscale market to chase the ever rising middle-market Daily Mail (in Times editor Thomson’s spin, the Times reader, traditionally part of a “narrow establishment,” is now part of a much “broader establishment”), but Murdoch’s most powerful machine, The Sun, the downmarket tabloid, has been steadily losing strength—its working-class readers graduating to the ever more powerful Mail.

The Mail—“the voice of middle England”—with its stolid conservatism, its trumpeting of eternal British verities, and its great storytelling gifts, is the most successful paper in Britain. It may be the most successful paper in the world.

Its editor, 56-year-old Paul Dacre, is the one whom everybody is afraid of (certainly in a newspaper war, he is the person to be most feared). The sense of Dacre, of how others see him and how he sees himself, is that he doesn’t dominate just the U.K. newspaper market, he dominates the U.K.—he has some special and intimate relationship with his millions of readers. As a newspaperman, he’s unreconstructed (though his office, in the Mail’s atrial headquarters in Kensington, is not so much that of a newspaper editor as of a billionaire banker, with its great couches and faraway desk): Dacre’s editorial meetings are known among his staff as “the Vagina Monologues” because of his cascade of sexual slurs; staff-
ers (male staffers) report that you acquire some kind of special status if you've been “double-cunted” by Dacre—that is, called a cunt twice in the same sentence.

With the Mail entrenched, with the new Metro, the Mail's free daily, having presciently obtained a distribution contract for the London subway, with its Evening Standard (which Dacre used to edit) likely to convert to a free commute-home paper, with the profoundly conservative Dacre having become (in Murdochian fashion) the confidant of Blair-government ministers, Dacre makes a move late last year to buy The Daily Telegraph.

Historically Britain's largest circulation “quality” paper, the Telegraph has gone on the block after its grandiloquent owner, the Canadian Conrad Black, was accused of having had his hand in the till.

Enter a conspiracy theory in the size war: As bidding for the Telegraph begins, Stephen Glover, a Daily Mail columnist and one of the three founders of The Independent, starts to circulate a prototype for a new daily paper—eureka!—a quality tabloid.

Dacre's Editorial Meetings Are Known as “The Vagina Monologues” Because of His Cascade of Sexual Slurs.

A quality tabloid that some speculated was to be backed by the Mail and that would go up directly against the Telegraph if someone else buys it.

In this theory, The Independent's Kelner, seizing Glover's idea, double-cunts Dacre and steals the quality-tabloid show. (Kelner dismisses this theory and anyone else's claim to quality-tabloid credit and, as well, dismisses Glover, in a reverse class aspersion, as just “a Garrick Club fogy”—the traditional club for aging journalists and actors. For that matter, Glover denies he was anyone's stalking horse and says that he and his partners continue to raise money to launch their quality-tabloid contender.)

Now, in fact, someone else does outbid Dacre and the Mail for the Telegraph: the Barclay brothers. The Barcays are billionaire twins in their early 70s—geriatric James-Bond-villain-type figures—who live on a fortified island in the English Channel. They seem both helpless to drawn to newspapers (they also own The Scotsman, the national paper in Scotland) as well as, with an obsessive interest in their own privacy, repelled by them. Bi- zarrely, they are now suing the London Times in a French court for “criminal defamation” over a story The Times wrote about the brothers' business practices. (“We are now,” says Rusbridger,
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B ut does small—louche small or fancy small—save the newspaper?
Kelner maintains that since he converted The Independent into a tabloid—or a compact, as he likes to call it—55 broadsheets around the world have followed his lead, including The Wall Street Journal, which will change its format in Europe and Asia this month.

While no major U.S. papers have yet converted to compact size, the L.A. Times—at least to the naked eye—seems to get narrower and narrower with every issue. What's more, you can bet the great American newspaper chains are watching the British experiment and checking their press calibrations.

Even at The New York Times someone is surely asking the question: Will the kids like a littler thing? Is small that beautiful?
And yet, one of the odd elements of the size war is that you can't find anybody who is betting on a winner.

The Guardian's evangelizing is tempered by the fact that it obviously only half believes in what it is trying to save. It is working to hold body and soul together until business models jell and technology prevails and it can be released from the body—until it can become, in the highest status of the news business, "platform agnos-

THE LONDON TIMES [HAD ALREADY DESCENDED TO]
MARKET-PANDERING MEDIOCRITY. GOING TABLOID WAS MERELY THE TOPPER.

Indeed, what The Guardian now sets out to do, in addition to wrestling back the circulation the tabloid Indie and Times have taken from it, is to use this conservativeness, this fussiness, this preciousness, this obsessive good taste— as a way to occupy the pride of place once held by The Times, as paper of record, as paper at the center of British political life. (The Guardian has hired away from The Times, at great cost, its star columnist, the liberal Tony Simon Jenkins.)

This is, you can argue, a kind of newspaper heroism—a high-risk strategy to save the true, serious, elevating, hour-a-day daily read.

You might argue too that it's quixoticism, an effort to preserve what's already lost (the new Guardian is a "perfectly formed object created for a fantasy news market," according to Times editor Robert Thomson), an effort to embrace for dear life the remains of the day.

PRINT TO FIT

OCTOBER 2005
A Matter of Life and Death

It was cancer—a brutally sudden death sentence: the doctors told the author she had probably less than six months. For a 43-year-old woman with two young children and a full life, that prognosis was devastating, but also, in unexpected ways, liberating. And so began more than three years of horror, hope, and grace as she learned to live, and even laugh, on borrowed time.

By Marjorie Williams

The beast first showed its face benignly, in the late-June warmth of a California swimming pool, and it would take me more than a year to know it for what it was. Willie and I were lolling happily in the sunny shallow end of my in-laws’ pool when he—then only seven—said, “Mommy, you’re getting thinner.”

It was true, I realized with some pleasure. Those intractable 10 or 15 pounds that had settled in over the course of two pregnancies: hadn’t they seemed, lately, to be melting away? I had never gained enough weight to think about trying very hard to lose it, except for sporadic, failed commitments to the health club. But I’d carried—for so many years I hardly noticed it—an unpleasant sensation of being more cushiony than I wanted to be. And now, without trying, I’d lost at least five pounds, perhaps even eight.

I suppose I fell into the smug assumption that I had magically restored the lucky metabolism of my 20s and 30s, when it had been easy for me to carry between 110 and 120 pounds on a frame of five feet six inches. True, in the months before Willie’s observation, I’d been working harder, and more happily, than I had in years—burning more fuel through later nights and busier days. I’d also been smoking, an old habit I’d fallen into again two years earlier, bouncing back and forth between quitting and succumbing, working up to something like eight cigarettes a day.

Of course Willie noticed it first, I now think: children major in the study of their mothers, and Willie has the elder child’s umbilical awareness of me. But how is it that I didn’t even question a weight loss striking enough for a child to speak up about? I was too happy enjoying this unexpected gift to question it even briefly: the American wom-
All she wanted was to make a living. Instead she made history.

North Country
From the acclaimed director of "Whale Rider"

Charlize Theron, Frances McDormand, Sissy Spacek, Woody Harrelson, Sean Bean

October
You know how you’ve always wondered about it: would you notice if you had a sudden lump?

just like that I felt it: a mass, about the size of a small apricot, on the lower right side of my abdomen. My mind swung sharply into focus: Have I ever felt this thing before, this lump? Well, who knows, maybe this is a part of my anatomy I was just never aware of before—I had always had a little layer of fat between my skin and the mysteries of the innards. Maybe there was some part of the intestine that felt that way, and I had just never been thin enough to notice it before.

You know how you’ve always wondered about it: Would you notice if you had a sudden lump? Would you be sensible enough to do something about it? How would your mind react? For all of us, those wonderings have a luxuriantly melodramatic quality. Because surely that isn’t really how it works; you don’t just stumble onto the fact that you have a lethal cancer while you’re gabbing on the phone like a teenager. Surely you can’t have a death sentence so close to the surface, just resting there, without your being in some other way aware of it.

I thought about calling my doctor, but then remembered that I had a full checkup scheduled in about three weeks anyway. I would bring it up then. In the intervening weeks I often reached down to find this odd bump: sometimes it wasn’t there, and at other times it was. Once, I even thought it had moved—could I possibly be feeling it three inches up and two inches to the left, nearly underneath my belly button? Surely not. This must be just another sign that I was imagining things.

Checkup day came. I had been seeing the same doctor for at least a decade. I’d chosen him casually, foolishly, at a time in my life when having a general practitioner didn’t seem like a very important decision. For most of the past decade almost all my health-care issues had taken me to the office of my obstetrician, the man who delivered my two babies. To him I felt infinitely bonded. And because he had tested my health so diligently—and appropriately for a mother who had her first baby at 35—I hadn’t really seen the need, for years, for a general checkup.

So this doctor I was seeing now had never had to see me through anything serious. But he had always handled what little I brought to him with sympathy and dispatch; I had a mild liking for him.

To begin the checkup, he ushered me into his office, fully clothed, to talk. I told him about all of it: the stopped periods, the hot flashes, the fact that I could intermittently feel a mass in my belly. But I also told him what seemed most true to me: that overall I felt healthier than I’d been in years.

Right off the bat, Dr. Generalist advised me to press the matter of hot flashes, and of the vanished period, with my gynecologist. No Hormones Handled Here. Then he ushered me into his examining room next door, with the standard instruction to dress in a flimsy robe while he stepped out of the room. He inspected me in all the typical ways, then told me to get back in my clothes and step back into his office. I had to remind him that I had reported a strange lump in my abdomen. So he had me lie back down, and felt all around that area. No mass. He got me to feel there, too; it was one of those times when I couldn’t feel it.

“I would think,” he said, “that what you’re feeling is stool that’s moving through your bowel. What you’re feeling is a loop of intestine or something where the stool is stuck for a while. That’s why sometimes it’s there and sometimes it’s not. The bad things don’t come and go; the bad things only come and stay.” He could send me off for a lot of tests. he said, but there really wasn’t any point in going to that trouble and expense, because I was so obviously a perfectly healthy patient. He repeated all the same information in a letter mailed to me the following week after my blood tests came back: Healthy healthy healthy.

Looking back, I know I was uneasy even after I got this clean bill of health. Sometimes I sensed what seemed like a flicker of movement in my belly, and got the oddest feeling that I might be pregnant. (At one point, I even bought a home pregnancy test and furtively took it in a stall in the ladies’ room in the little mall that housed the pharmacy.) Every now and then, the mass in my abdomen actually stuck out when I lay on my back; once, I looked down to see my stomach distinctly tilted—high on the right side, much lower on the left. I was at some pains never to point this out to my husband, Tim.

Finally, on the last Friday night in June 2001, I had a huge hot flash while my husband was tickling my back, in bed.

Suddenly I was drenched: I could feel that his fingers could no longer slide easily along the skin of my back. He turned to me, astonished: “What is this?” he asked. “You’re covered in sweat.”

It was as if someone had at last given me permission to notice fully what was happening inside me. I made an appointment with my gynecologist—the earliest one I could get was the next week, on Thursday, July 5—and began deliberately noticing how overwhelming the hot flashes had gotten. Now that I was paying close attention, I realized they were coming 15 or 20 times a day, sweeping over and through me and leaving me sheathed in a layer of
Into the Night.
Wittnauer
sweat. They came when I ran, making my joyous morning run a tedious slog that must be gotten through; they came when I sat still. They exceeded anything that had been described to me as the gradual coming of menopause. This was more like walking into a wall. On both Monday and Tuesday of that week, I remember, I stopped about two miles into my morning run, simply stopped, despite the freshness of the morning and the beauty of the path I usually cut through the gardened streets of Takoma Park. Any runner knows the feeling of having to push past the body's observation that it might be more fun to walk slowly home and pop open a beer (just keep putting one foot in front of the other), but this was something different, like an override system I could no longer ignore. It said: Stop. It said: This is a body that can no longer afford to run.

My gynecologist's office is way, way out in the long exurban belt stretching westward from D.C. Pat was running late that afternoon, so it was probably after five when he finally called me into his office. I told him about the hot flashes, and about the lump I was feeling in my abdomen. "Yup, you're in menopause," he said somewhat brusquely. "We can start giving you hor-mones, but first let's check out that lump you say you're feeling."

We went into the examining room, where he keeps his ultrasound equipment. He'd given me dozens of quick exams with it over my childbearing years. I hopped up on the table, and he slapped on some of the chilly goo they apply to your belly, to make the ultrasound mouse slide over your skin, and almost immediately he stopped: "There," he said. "Yeah, there's something here." He looked at it a bit more, very briefly, then started snapping off his gloves. His face looked as neutral as he could possibly make it, which alarmed me instantly. "Just so you know," he said quickly, "it's probably fibroids. I'm not thinking cancer, but I am thinking surgery. So get dressed and come on back to my office, and I'll explain."

We sat back down on opposite sides of his desk. But before we talked, he called out to his receptionist, who was just packing up for the evening. "Before you go," he said, "I need you to book her an ultrasound and a CT scan. Tomorrow, if possible."

I told Pat he was scaring me: what was all this speed about if he wasn't thinking cancer?

"Well," he said, "I'm pretty sure it's not—I'll explain why in a minute—but I hate to have something like this hanging over a weekend. I want to know for sure what we're dealing with."

He went on to explain that he'd seen what looked like a fairly large growth on my ovary, but that it didn't look like ovarian cancer; its consistency was different. (Here, he drew me a picture on the back of a piece of scrap paper.) He explained that fibroids can sometimes be removed with surgery but that very often they grew back, even worse than before. His own typical recommendation, for a woman who was done having babies, he said, was a hysterectomy.

"Does this have anything to do with my hot flashes?" I asked.

"No, not a thing, in all probability. You just happen to be starting menopause, too."

I felt on the verge of tears. When I left, I sat in the car to collect myself, boggling at the thought of losing my uterus at the age of 43. I didn't even call my husband on my cell phone. I just wanted to calm down and get home and then seek the sanctuary of his sympathy.

The next morning, Pat's office called to say they had scored a formal ultrasound examination at three in the afternoon, in a D.C. radiology practice I'd visited from time to time before. When I got there, Pat's nurse told me, they would give me an appointment—probably early the next week—to come back for a CT scan.

I told my husband I didn't need him to come to the sonogram: it would probably only give a clearer picture of what Pat's ultrasound had already told us, I assumed. There's nothing painful or difficult about a sonogram, and I didn't want to haul Tim out of work twice; I knew I'd want him with me for the CT scan later.

That was a bad decision.

I remember waiting endlessly at the desk for the receptionist to finish a peckish, convoluted phone conversation with the manager of the garage downstairs, about why she'd been billed wrong for that month's parking. She talked on and on ("Yes, I know that's what I owe for each month, but I already paid you for both June and July"), with zero self-conciousness about keeping a patient standing there at the desk. There was a sign that instructed one to sign in and then take a seat, but, of course, I needed to talk to her about scheduling the CT scan after the sonogram. She kept flicking her hand at me and trying to shoo me toward a chair, then pointing at the sign. I just waited.

Finally I told her why I was standing there: "Um, cat scan... The doctor's office told me... as soon as possible..."

"What are you?" she said. A puzzled silence. "I mean, what kind are you?"

"Well, um, they're looking at something in my pelvis—"

"Oh, body," she said, her scowl gathering. "We are really, really booked on bodies." She started to flip through her appointment book. I stood there, trying to radiate as palatable a combination of charm and
Life-altering events:
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distress as I could manage. “Well, I’ll talk to the doctor,” she finally mumbled. “Ask me again when your sonogram’s done. We might be able to do Monday morning. II o’clock.”

When my father was under treatment for cancer, which put him in and out of various hospitals for five years, I used to roll my eyes at the way he ingratiated himself with all the staff. You could walk into intensive care and he’d be there, his face wan against the pillow, but with his usual charm, modest smile ready for everyone. He would introduce his nurse and tell you where she was born, and how her sister wrote romance novels, and that her brother was on a track-and-field scholarship at the State University of New York.

Part and parcel, I thought, of his lifelong campaign to be loved by everyone he met. He had always put more energy into captivating strangers than anyone else I knew.

But I learned right away, when I went for this very first test, how wrong I’d been. As a patient, you come to feel that you need everyone—from the chairman of the oncology service at a major cancer center down to the least-paid clerk in the admissions department—to like you. Some of them may have the power to save your life. Others have the power to make you comfortable in the middle of the night, or to steer away from you the nurse-in-training who is still just learning to insert IVs, or to squeeze you in for a test you might otherwise wait days for.

I was discovering this truth on my back, while the ultrasound technician guided her wand through the chilly gel she had squeezed onto my belly. She was a friendly young woman with a Spanish accent of some kind, and her job was to get an accurate picture of what was going on in my pelvis while divulging the least information possible to the anxious patient. My job was to find out as much as I could, as quickly as I could.

I am surprised that she is so forthcoming, but soon see that it is of little use to me: she is looking at something she’s never seen before. She summons the doctor—the chief radiologist in the practice—who in turn summons a younger colleague she is training. They all crowd around the machine in fascination.

Again, we do the poking-the-uterus exercise. We try the trans vaginal sonography wand. Their mystification has begun to make me seriously frightened. I begin to question the doctor very directly. She is quite kind. She really can’t say what she’s seeing, she tells me.

It almost seems an afterward—the indulgence of a hunch—when the doctor turns to the technician and says, “Try moving up, yes, to the navel or so.” I can still remember the feel of the equipment casually gliding up toward my navel, and then a sudden palpable tension in the air. For, immediately, another large growth—one even bigger than the three below—looms into view.

This is the moment when I know for certain that I have cancer. Without anyone’s even looking very hard, this exam has not been turning up mysterious blobs in every quarter. I go very still as the doctor begins directing the technician to turn here, look there. Her voice has dropped almost to a whisper, and I don’t want to distract her with my anxious questions: I can hold them long enough for her to find out what I need to know.

But then I hear one of them mumble to the other, “You see there? There is some ascites . . .” and I feel panic wash through me. Along with my sisters, I nursed my mother through her death from a liver illness, and I know that ascites is the fluid that collects around the liver when it is badly diseased.

“Are you finding something on my liver too?” I croak.

“Yes, something, we’re not sure what,” says the doctor, pressing a sympathetic hand to my shoulder. And then suddenly I’m aware that they’ve made a decision to stop this exam. What’s the point in finding more? They’ve found enough to know that they need the more subtle diagnostic view of a CT scan.

“Is there a case to be made against my freaking out now?” I ask.

Well, yes, replies the doctor. There’s a lot we don’t know; there’s a lot we need to find out; it could be a great range of different things, some of which would be better than others.

“But then let me ask you this way,” I press. “Do you know of anything other than cancer that could give rise to the number of growths we just saw? Could it be anything benign?”

“Well, no,” she says. “Not that I’m aware of. But we’ll be sure to work you in Monday morning for a CT scan, and then we’ll know a lot more. I’m going to call your doctor now, and then I assume you’d like to talk to him after me?”

She shows me to a private office to wait; she will let me know when I should pick up the phone there. In the meantime, I choose a free phone line and dial my husband’s cell phone. I have caught him somewhere on the street. There is a huge noise behind him; he can barely hear me.

“I need you—” I begin, barely in control of my voice. “I need you to get in a cab and come to the Foxhall medical building.”

This is what he says: “O.K.” He doesn’t say, “What’s wrong?” He doesn’t ask, “What did the test show?” It is my first glimpse of the miraculous generosity that will help me get through everything that is about to happen. He can tell how tenuous my control is; he can tell me that I need him; he has agreed without speech to hold the anxiety of knowing nothing more for the 20 minutes it will take him to get here.

After this, I talk briefly with my gynecologist on the phone. Pat’s first words are “What time’s your CT scan? I’m going to cancel all my Monday-morning appointments and come to your

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**Tumors so widespread automatically “stage” my cancer at IV(b). There is no V or (c).**

So there I am: “Gosh, Friday afternoon . . . Have you had a long week? . . . How long have you been working in ultrasound? . . . Oh! Is that my ovary there, really? . . . Ah, so you’re taking pictures now . . . Uhh-huh . . . Gee, that must be the growth my gynecologist was talking about.”

Under this onslaught of niceness, the technician begins to think aloud a bit. Yes, she is seeing a growth. But usually fibroids, which grow from the outside of the uterus, move in concert with it: poke the uterus and the growth will move too. This growth seemed to be independent of the uterus.

Is it a mild chill I’m feeling, or a mild thrill? I am still reeling at the thought that I might have a hysterectomy at 43; perhaps I am thinking it would at least be fun to have something more interesting than a fibroid?

But if there is a tinge of that interest, it vanishes when she speaks again: “Huh. Here’s another one.” And another. Suddenly, we are seeing three strange round plants that yield to a mild shove, but don’t behave like anything she’s ever seen before. She is doubly skeptical now about the fibroid theory. My gynecologist had examined me in detail the previous January, so much of what we’re looking at has to have grown within six months. Fibroids, she says, don’t grow nearly that fast.
scan." I have never heard of a doctor coming to a CAT scan before this. It foretells the huge seams of good fortune that will run through the black rock of the next three years. There is nothing like having a doctor who really cares about you—who can speed up the human race of medical time, which usually leaves patients begging to hear their test results, waiting too many days for an appointment, at a loss until the conveyor belt brings along the next hurried intervention. Pat is one of the doctors who are willing to break the rules: Here is my cell phone number—call me anytime this weekend. We will figure out together what to do on Monday.

Somehow, my husband and I stagger through the weekend. Every hour or so one of us steals away to a computer to re-or misdiagnose for the 14th time. The truth is we know for sure I have some kind of cancer, and that any cancer that has metastasized is bad, and that that is all we will know for a few more days.

Finally, Monday comes. After the CT scan, Pat takes me directly to the hospital to get prodded by his favorite surgeon, whom I'll call Dr. Goodguy. ("The surgeon I'd take my own family to," Pat says.) In the examining room, Dr. Goodguy frowns over my films, palpates my abdomen, interviews me, and schedules me for both an M.R.I. that afternoon and a biopsy two days later. I think to ask how big all these growths are. Several oranges and even one grapefruit, Dr. Goodguy says, my first inkling that citrus metaphor is essential to cancer treatment.

Being a patient requires that you master the Zen of living in hospital time, tuning out as much as possible while also demanding a constant vigilance, because some people really will screw up your treatment if you're not paying strict attention. When I go for my M.R.I., the technician—a lovely, smiling man with a very uncertain command of English—seems very vague about what, exactly, he's supposed to be examining. I insist that he call Dr. Goodguy's office.

Pat and Dr. Goodguy have been scratching their heads. What could possibly grow so fast, and so widely? Probably—maybe—lymphoma. They keep telling me this, which would be the good news, because lymphomas are increasingly treatable. My gynecologist friend, Laura, has told me the same thing over the weekend. My psychotherapist nods at the wisdom of this off-the-cuff prognosis. I find myself on the point of hysterical laughter. How many more people, I wonder, are going to tell me, Congratulations! You've got lymphoma!!

By Thursday afternoon this is no longer funny. I've had a biopsy the previous day, and Dr. Goodguy calls about three P.M. He has a Very Serious Doctor Voice on, and jumps right in: "Well, this isn't good. It's not lymphoma. Your pathology report shows that your tumor is consistent with hepatoma, which is, uh, which is liver cancer." Already I am struggling: does "consistent with" mean they think that but they don't really know it? No, those are just scientific weasel words they use in pathology reports. (A pathologist, I will learn, will look at your nose and report that it is consistent with a breathing apparatus.)

I know this diagnosis is very, very bad. Liver cancer is one of the possibilities I researched in my compulsive tours of the Internet over the weekend, so I already know it's one of the worst things you can have. Still, I say to the doctor, "Well, how bad is that?"

"I won't avoid it. It's very serious."

"And it would presumably be bad news that it's already created other tumors around my body?"

"Yes. Yes, that is a bad sign."

A lovely man, who's doing a hard job with a patient he just met three days before. There are at least five large metastases of the cancer in my pelvis and abdomen, and the mother ship—a tumor the size of a navel orange—straddles the channel where the major blood vessels run into and out of the liver. Tumors so widespread automatically "stage" my cancer at IV(b). There is no V, and there is no (c).

When I hang up the phone I call Tim and tell him. We make it as clinical a conversation as possible, because otherwise there will be so much feeling it might stand in the way of acting. He is on his way home, right away.

I call my friend Liz and tell her. I tell her some of the statistics—that, as I read the data, I may be dead by Christmas. Liz almost always says the perfect thing, from the heart, and now she says the two things I most need to hear. The first is "I want you to know that, whatever happens, I will be with you the whole way."

The second is "And you know that all of us—but this is my promise—we will all work to keep you alive in your children's minds."

Now tears are pouring down my cheeks, and they feel good.

The drama of discovery and diagnosis happened so long ago, and has been followed by so many drastic plot twists, that it feels to me like ancient history. But I've noticed that almost everyone I talk to is very curious to know those details. Whenever the whim of disease takes me into the view of a new doctor or nurse, we fall into the standard, boring rhythm of summarizing history and condition (when diagnosed; at what stage; what treatments have been administered since, with what results). If the person I'm talking to is young and relatively inexperienced, I may find myself more schooled in this procedure even than she or he is. But there always comes a moment when their professionalism suddenly drops, their clipboards drift to their sides, and they say, "Uhn, how—do you mind if I ask you how you happened to find out you had cancer?" I realize at these times that they are asking as fellow humans, not too much younger than I am, and their fascination is the same as everyone else's: Could this happen to me? How would I know? What would that feel like?

We have all indulged this curiosity, haven't we? What would I do if I suddenly found I had a short time to live... What would it be like to sit in a doctor's office and hear a death sentence? I had entertained those fantasies just like the next person. So when it actually happened, I felt weirdly like an actor in a melodrama. I had—and still sometimes have—the feeling that I was doing, or had done, something faintly self-dramatizing, something a bit too attention-getting. (I was raised by people who had a horror of melodrama, but that's another part of the story.)

In two months I will mark the finish of year 3 B.T.—my third year of Borrowed Time. (Or, as I think of it on my best days, Bonus Time.) When I was diagnosed with Stage IV(b) liver cancer in early July of 2001, every doctor was at great pains to make clear to me that this was a death sentence. Unless you find liver cancer early enough to have a surgeon cut out the primary tumor before it...
spreads, you have little chance of parole. The five-year survival rate for those who can’t have surgery is less than 1 percent; my cancer had spread so widely that I was facing a prognosis somewhere between three and six months. I was 43; my children were 5 and 8.

Liver cancer is so untreatable because chemotherapy has little effect. There are other, localized treatments that can slow the growth of the main tumor, or tumors, in the liver. (They pump chemo through an artery directly into the tumors and block the exits; they ablate them with radio-frequency waves; they freeze them; or they install localized chemo pumps to blast them.) But if the cancer has spread, the medical textbooks say, there is no therapy that can stop it, or even slow it down much. Chemo has about a 25 to 30 percent chance of having any impact, and even point. Is there anything sort of half-assed and inexpensive we could do, just to get by?

Sometimes I feel immortal: whatever happens to me now, I’ve earned the knowledge some people never gain, that my span is finite, and I still have the chance to rise, and rise, to life’s generosity. But at other times I feel trapped, cursed by my specific awareness of the guillotine blade poised above my neck. At those times I resent—or the seven other people at dinner with me, or my husband, deep in sleep beside me—for the fact that you may never even catch sight of the blade assigned to you.

Sometimes I simply feel horror, that most elementary thing. The irreducible fear, for me, is the fantasy that I will by some mistake be imprisoned in my body after dying. As a child I never enjoyed a minute of any campfire stories of the buried-alive genre. And even without that unwelcome and vivid fear in my mind, I can’t find any way around the horror of being left alone down there in the dark, picked apart by processes about which I’m a little bit squeamish even when they’re just fertilizing my daylilies. Intellectually, I know it won’t matter to me in the slightest. But my most primal fear is that somehow my consciousness will be carelessly left behind among my remains.

But, of course, I am already being killed, by one of nature’s most common plunders. And these blunt fears are easily deconstructed as a form of denial: if I’m stuck alive in my coffin, well, that will in some sense override the final fact of my death, no? I can see these dread-filled fantasies as the wishes they are: that I really can stay in this body I love; that my consciousness really will run on past my death; that I won’t just . . . die.

There are a million lesser fears. The largest category concerns my children, and weighs both the trivial and the serious. I fear that my Alice will never really learn to wear tights. (You’d think, from watching my husband try to help her into them on the rare occasion when he’s asked, that he’d been asked to perform a breech birth of twin colts at the peak of a blizzard). That no one will ever really brush her fine, long hair all the way through, and that she will display a perpetual bird’s nest at the back of her neck. (And—who? People will say her slatternly mother should have drummed better Hair Care into her family’s minds before selfishly dying of cancer?) That no one will ever put up curtains in my dining room, the way I’ve been meaning to for the last three years.

Deeper: Who will talk to my darling girl when she gets her period? Will my son sustain that sweet enthusiasm he seems to beam most often at me? There are days I can’t look at them—literally, not a single time—without wondering what it will do to them to grow up without a mother. What if they can’t remember what I was like? What if they remember, and grieve, all the time? What if they don’t?

But even this obvious stuff, the dread and sorrow, make up a falsely simple picture. Sometimes, early on, death was a great dark lozenge that sat bittersweet on my tongue for hours at a time, and I savored the things I’d avoid forever. I’ll never have to pay taxes, I thought, or go to the Department of Motor Vehicles. I won’t have to see my children through the worst parts of adolescence. I won’t have to be human, in fact, with all the error and loss and love and inadequacy that come with the job.

I won’t have to get old.

It says a lot about the power of denial that I could so automatically seek (and find!) the silver lining that might come with dying of cancer in my 40s. For good and ill, I no longer think that way. The passage of time has brought me the unlikely ability to work, simultaneously, at facing my death and loving my life.

Often it is lonely work. And I have nothing happy to impart about the likelihood that I will have to take chemotherapy for the
rest of my life—nothing, except that I should be so lucky. But I am now, after a long struggle, surprisingly happy in the crooked, sturdy little shelter I’ve built in the wastes of Cancerland. Here, my family has lovingly adapted to our awful tumble in fortune. And here, I nurture a garden of 11 or 12 different varieties of hope, including the cramped, faint, strangely apologetic hope that, having already done the impossible, I will somehow attain the unattainable cure.

My first stop, after I received my diagnosis, was the office of my G.P., the one who missed all the signs and symptoms of my disease. We were not feeling especially confident in his skills, but we thought he might have ideas about treatment, and could at least perform the service of doing a full set of blood tests.

As we were driving over to Dr. Generalist, Tim turned to me at a stoplight and said, “I just want you to know: I’m going to be a total prick.” What he meant by this was that there was no log he wouldn’t roll, no connection he wouldn’t tap, no pull he wouldn’t use. Tim, a fellow journalist, is a man who would rather swallow gravel than use a job title to get a good table at a restaurant. But within an hour of hearing the bad news, he had scored me an appointment early the next Monday at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, in New York City, one of the country’s most eminent cancer-treatment centers. Tim had done this by the simple expedient of calling Harold Varmus, president and chief executive officer of M.S.K.C.C., with whom we’d formed a warm but very tangential friendship when Harold was in Washington running the National Institutes for Health during the Clinton administration. These are the kinds of appointments, I was to learn, that some people wait weeks or even months for. I say that not in the spirit of a boast, only as a reminder that in this way, as in most others, medicine is unfair—rationed in fundamentally irrational ways. But when your own time comes, you will pull pretty much every string available to get what you need.

By the next morning—it was still only the day after my diagnosis—I had a noon appointment with the topmost G.I. oncologist available at Johns Hopkins University Medical Center, which is in Baltimore, a little less than an hour from our house. This conquest of the appointment book was the doing of another friend, one of my bosses. We also got an appointment at the National Cancer Institute for later the following week.

So I had all the appointments I needed, and a husband who did yeoman legwork running from place to place getting copies of M.R.I.’s and CT scans and pathologists’ reports and blood tests. If speed was needed in my case, I was well on my way to a record pace.

Just one problem: all this moving and shaking, driving to Baltimore and flying to New York, took us to the very same brick wall. In strode the doctor (usually trailing a retinue of students) to meet me, ask me a little about the onset of my disease. Out he went with my films under his arm, to look at them in privacy. In he came, quietly, his pace slowed and his face grim. He said some version of what the oncologist at Hopkins had said: “I couldn’t believe—I just told my colleague, ‘There is no way she looks sick enough to have this degree of disease. Someone blew this diagnosis.’ Then I looked at this M.R.I.”

It fell to the man at Hopkins to be the first to tell us just how bad my situation was. But they all said more or less the same thing: The Hopkins doc did it while focusing intently on the shape of his cuticles, turning his fingers in and then splaying them forward like a bride showing off her new rock. Another did it while holding my hand and looking sweetly into my face. “My dear,” this one said, “you’re in desperate trouble.” One did it in the midst of a completely impenetrable lecture on the chemistry of chemotherapy. One did it with a look of panic on his face.

What it boiled down to was: We have nothing to do for you. You can’t have surgery, because there’s so much disease outside the liver. You’re not a good candidate for any of the newer interventional strategies, and we can’t do radiation, because we’d destroy too much viable liver tissue. All we can do is chemotherapy, and to be honest, we really don’t expect much in the way of results.

The first time we heard this lecture, at Hopkins, we stepped blinking into the sunshine of a hot July day. “I need to take a walk,” I told my husband, and we set off in the direction of Baltimore’s Fell’s Point neighborhood. Before long, I wanted to sit and talk. The only place we could find to sit was the concrete staircase of a public library. We sat there to absorb what we’d just heard.

“Maybe,” said Tim, “the doctors at Sloan-Kettering will have something different to say.”

“I doubt it,” I said, out of the certainty of my Internet travels and the doctor’s unambiguous pessimism. This pretty much set the pattern Tim and I would follow for the coming months: he took care of the hope, and I took care of getting ready to die.

The days fractured into lurching, indelible moments and odd details that stuck. The way the Sloan-Kettering waiting room—lush with Rockefeller-funded orchids and a plashing water sculpture—had nice rows of seats whose armrests were attached with Velcro so you could tear them away when you needed to sit and sob in your husband’s arms. The black-and-white bumper sticker on the glass door of an East Side coffee shop we stopped into while killing time before an appointment: THIS IS REALLY HAPPENING, it said, in what felt like a message nailed there just for my eyes.

For the first 10 days or so, I had a necessary composure. I got to and through all those appointments. I went to my desk and put together a filing system for all the names and information that were flooding into our life. I knew I wanted to keep it together while we decided what we were going to tell the children.

THIS IS REALLY HAPPENING, the black-and-white bumper sticker said, in what felt like a message nailed there just for my eyes.

But after our discouraging visit to Sloan-Kettering, I could feel the waters at the dam getting close to overflowing. We decided to stay in New York an extra night or two to take advantage of the hospital’s offer of a PET scan, which might identify new tumors, or spot the regression of old ones, more quickly than a CT scan.

As we sat in that plush waiting room making this decision, it came to me that I couldn’t bear to continue staying with the old friends who had put us up the night before. They were contemporaries of my parents’ and very dear to me, but I couldn’t face talking to anyone about this latest news, or having to be in the least bit socially adept.

Tim, who knows me so well, put his arm around me and said, “Let’s not think about money. Where do you want to go?” I brightened for a moment. There might not be any treatments out there that would work for me, but, by God, New York had some fine ho-
I chose a violent red, brighter than fire engines, bright as lollipops.)
Then, feeling beautiful, I actually danced around the room when Tim was out, my CD headphones blasting Carly Simon in my ears. When I was done I looked out the window of our room on the eighth floor, down all those hard surfaces to the tarmac of Fifth Avenue, and wondered what it would feel like just to jump. Would it be better or worse than what I was stepping into?
That night, finally, the dam broke. I was lying in bed with Tim when I realized it was all true: I was dying. Soon I would be dead. No one else would be in it with me.
I would be the one on the bed, and when the hospice nurse stopped by, my dearest loves would retreat to the hallway and swap impressions—separated from me already. Even while still alive, I would leave their party. I lay under those wonderful sheets and felt cold to the bone. I began to cry, loud, then louder. I shouted my terror. I sobbed with my entire rib cage. Tim held me while I heaved it out this way, a titanic purging. I was so loud that I wondered why no one called the police to say there was a woman getting murdered across the hall. It felt good to let go, but that feeling was little. It was dwarfed by the recognition I had just allowed in.

We have come to think of my cancer not just as a disease but also as a locale. Cancerland is the place where at least one of us is often depressed: it is as if my husband and I hand the job back and forth without comment, the way most couples deal with child-minding or being the Saturday chauffeur.
I try to remember that I’m one of the luckiest cancer patients in America, by dint of good medical insurance, great contacts who gained me access to the best of the best among doctors, an amazing support system of friends and family, and the brains and drive to be a smart and demanding medical consumer, which is one of the very hardest things I’ve ever done. I’m quite sure that if I were among the 43 million of my fellow Americans who have no health insurance—let alone really good insurance—I’d be dead already. As it is, I never see a hospital bill that hasn’t already been paid. And there is no co-payment on the many medications I’ve taken. Which is fortunate: one of them—the Neupogen with which I inject myself every day for a week after chemo to boost my bone marrow’s production of white cells—costs about $20,000 a year.

For me, time is the only currency that truly counts anymore. I have weathered days of chemo-induced wretchedness and pain without a whimper, only to come unglued when some little glitch suddenly turns up to meddle with the way I had planned to use some unit of time: that this half-hour, and the contents I had planned to pour into it, are now lost to me forever seems an insupportable unfairness. Because of course any old unit of time can suddenly morph into a bloated metaphor for the rest of your time on earth, for how little you may have and how little you may control it.

Most of the time, for the past three years, even my good days have given me energy to do only one Big Thing: lunch with a friend, writing a column, a movie with the kids. Choose, choose, choose. I find myself on the phone with someone I’d love to see, and then I look at my calendar and find that, realistically, my next episode of unscheduled Free Play is five weeks off, on the far side of my next treatment, and even then there will really only be a total of about seven hours I can assign before the treatment after that. I am forced to admit that, in this cramped context, I don’t actually want to spend two of these hours with the person I’m talking to. These forced choices make up one of the biggest losses of sickness.

But on the other side of this coin is a gift. I think cancer brings to most people a new freedom to act on the understanding that their time is important. My editor at The Washington Post told me, when I first got sick, that after his mother recovered from cancer his parents literally never went anywhere they didn’t want to. If you have ever told yourself, breezily, that life is too short to spend any of it with your childhood neighbor’s annoying husband, those words now take on the gleeful raiment of simple fact. The knowledge that time’s expenditure is important, that it is up to you, is one of the headiest freedoms you will ever feel.

Some of my choices surprise me. One afternoon—a blowy day in early spring, the first day when the sun actually seemed to out-power the wind—I ducked a meeting people were counting on me to come to, and I didn’t lie or apologize for my reasons, because the most pressing thing I could possibly do that afternoon was plant something purple in that little spot next to the garden gate, the one I’d been thinking about for two years.

Time, I now understand, used to be a shallow concept to me. There was the time you occupied, sometimes anxiously, in the present (a deadline in three hours, a dentist’s appointment for which you were 10 minutes late); and there was your inarticulate sense of time’s grander passage, and the way it changes with age.

Now time has levels and levels of meaning. For example, I have clung for a year and a half to a friend’s observation that young children experience time in a different way from adults. Since a month can seem an eternity to a child, then every month I manage to live might later teem with meaning and memory for my children. This totem is all I need during times when my pockets are otherwise empty of wisdom or strength.

Since I was diagnosed, I have had an eternity of time—at least six times as much as I was supposed to have—and sometimes I think that all of that time has been gilded with my knowledge of its value. At other moments, I think sadly of how much of the past three years has been wasted by the boredom and exhaustion and enforced stillness of treatment.

Not long after my diagnosis, in the pleasant offices of one of my new doctors, a liver specialist, we finally had the obligatory conversation about how I could have gotten this cancer. "You’ve got no cirrhosis," he said wonderingly, ticking off the potential causes on his fingers. "You’ve got no hepatitis. It’s wild that you look so healthy."

So how do you think I got it? I asked.
"Lady," he said, "you got hit by lightning."

My biggest fear in those early days was that death would snatch me right away. An oncologist at Sloan-Kettering had mentioned, parenthetically, that the tumor in my vena cava could give birth at
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any time to a blood clot, causing a fast death by way of pulmonary embolism. The tumor was too close to the heart for them to consider installing a filter that would prevent this. It would be “rational,” he said, in answer to our questions, to make it a policy for me not to drive anywhere with the children in the car.

I knew, too, that the disease outside my liver had grown with incredible speed. Only a couple of weeks after diagnosis, I began having symptoms—including stomach pain bad enough to hospitalize me for two days. After watching my father’s five-year battle with cancer, I was aware that a cascade of side effects could begin at any time, some of them fatal.

I wasn’t ready, I said to friends. Not in the way I could be ready in, oh, three or four months. Perhaps I was kidding myself in imagining that I could compose myself if only I had a little time. But I think not entirely. I had watched my parents die three years earlier, seven weeks apart—my mother, ironically, of liver disease, and my father of an invasive cancer of unknown origin. I had a pretty good idea, I thought, of what was coming.

But from almost the first instant, my terror and grief were tinged with an odd relief. I was so lucky, I thought, that this was happening to me as late as 43, not in my 30s or my 20s. If I died soon there would be some things I’d regret not having done, and I would feel fathomless anguish at leaving my children so young. But I had a powerful sense that, for my own part, I had had every chance to flourish. I had a loving marriage. I’d known the sweet, rock-breaking, irreplaceable labor of parenthood, and would leave two marvelous beings in my place. I had known rapture, and adventure, and rest. I knew what it was to love my work. I had deep, hard-won friendships, and diverse, widespread friendships of less intensity.

I was surrounded by love.

All this knowledge brought a certain calm. I knew, intuitively, that I would have felt more panicked, more frantic, in the years when I was still growing into my adulthood. For I had about whether, with children so young, I was entitled to die at home.

Above all, of course, death saturated my life with my children—Willie, then eight, and Alice, then five. I don’t think death (as opposed to illness) dominated their view of me, but it certainly barged its caeciling way into my heart and mind during even the simplest of family interchanges. After talking to friends and reading several books, Tim and I had decided to handle the matter openly with them. We told them that I had cancer, and what kind. We told them about chemotherapy, and how it would make me seem—sick sicker than I looked then. We emphasized that they couldn’t catch cancer and had nothing to do with causing it.

Beyond that, we would answer with honesty any question they asked, but wouldn’t step ahead of them in forcing their knowledge of just how bad things were. When the timing of my death revealed itself, then we would have to tell them. Above all, I wanted to spare them the loss of their childhood to a constant vigilance: if they knew we would talk to them honestly, they wouldn’t have to put all their energy into figuring out at every turn what new distress was agitating the air around them. Neither of them, at first, chose to ask the $64,000 question. But I couldn’t lay eyes on them without seeing them swallowed by the shadow of devastation to come.

It enraged me when anyone said, Aaanh, what do doctors know? I was working so hard to accept my death: I felt abandoned when someone insisted that I would live.

had the chance to become the person it was in me to be. Nor did I waste any time wondering why. Why me? It was obvious that this was no more or less than a piece of horrible bad luck. Until then my life had been, in the big ways, one long run of good luck. Only a mortal idiot could feel entitled, in the midst of such a life, to a complete exemption from bad fortune.

So now my death—as a given—dominated my relationships with all of those close to me. With my two dear, dear older sisters, to whom I was doubly bonded by the shared ordeal of helping my mother die, and with my stepmother—a contemporary of mine, who had seen my father through his five ferocious years of survival. With my best friends—who spoiled and coddled and fed and sat with me, rounding up great armies of clucking acquaintances to bring us dinners, saying just the right thing, and never turning aside my need to talk: especially my need to talk about when, not if. My friend Liz even went out to look over the local residential hospice, to help me work through my practical concerns

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some genuine suspense about the outcome.

Yet it made me furious anytime someone tried to cheer me up by reciting the happy tale of a sister-in-law’s cousin who had lived cancer but now he’s 80 and he hasn’t been troubled by it in 40 years. I wanted to scream, Don’t you know how sick I am? I knew how narcissistic and self-dramatizing this sounded. Still, it enraged me when anyone said, Aaanh, what do doctors know? They don’t know everything. I was working so hard to accept my death: I felt abandoned, evaded, when someone insisted that I would live.

That was a deeper anger than the irritation I felt at the people—some of them important figures in my life—who had memorably inappropriate reactions. I can’t count the times I’ve been asked what psychological affliction made me invite this cancer. My favorite New Yorker cartoon, now taped above my desk, shows two ducks talking in a pond. One of them is telling the other: “Maybe you should ask yourself why you’re inviting all this duck hunting into your life right now.”

One woman sent me a card to “congratulate” me on my “can-
ELIE TAHERI
An inner voice says, *Never mind.* Today is a ravishing day. I will see how much of the future I can inhale.

I found my best ones in hospitals, among doctors and nurses who seemed unacquainted with—or terrified of—fear and death, who were constantly holding up the garlic of their difference from me, to ward me off even as they pretended to minister to me. There was the nurse who hissed at me, with inexplicable ire, “You have a very bad disease, you know.” There was the nurse’s aide at Georgetown University Hospital who trudged into my room one morning, heaved a great sigh, and said, “I tell you, I hate working the oncology floor. It’s so depressing.” Her aunt had died of cancer, she said, and, “boy, is that an awful disease.”

At least her oddball gloom was right out there on the surface. Perhaps worst of all was the nurse in the chemo-infusion ward, with whom I fell into conversation to while away my seventh hour of chemotherapy on a gray day in late December. We talked idly about vacations we’d like to take someday. “Oh well,” she said, putting down my chart and stretching Kathleenistically on her way out the door, “I have all the time in the world.”

I had bought deeply into the pessimism of the doctors treating me. We think our culture lauds the stubborn survivor, the one who says, “I will beat this cancer,” and then promptly wins the Tour de France. But the truth is that there is a staggering vulnerability in asserting one’s right to hope. Even most of the doctors who have from time to time promoted my optimism tend to wash their hands of it as soon as some procedure or potion fails to pan out. So I have carried what hope I have as a virtuous prize.

This attitude was driven, too, by what I brought to the fight. I grew up in a house where there was a premium on being wise up to impending disapproval or disappointment, and there was punishment by contempt for any blatant display of innocence or hopeful desire. It was all too easy for me to feel shamed in the blast of medicine’s certainty. If I carried hope from the start, I did it in secret, hiding it like an illegitimate child of a century past. I hid it even from myself.

It is in my personality, anyway, to linger on the dark side, sniffing under every rock, determined to know the worst that may happen. Not to be caught by surprise. I was raised in a family full of lies—a rich, entertaining, well-embellished fivesome that flashed with competition and triangles and changing alliances. If your sister was becoming anorexic, no one mentioned it. When your father’s ubiquitous assistant came along on family vacations year after year, and sat at picnics with him thigh-to-thigh, no one mentioned the strangeness of it. That my parents divided me and my sisters up between themselves and schooled us in scorn for the other team: that was certainly never acknowledged. But it married me for life to the inconvenient argument, the longing to know what was real.

Hence, even when my prospects for recovery or remission have looked best, there has always been one face of my being that was turned toward the likelihood of death—keeping in touch with it, convinced that denying it any entry would weaken me in ways I couldn’t afford. Forced into a corner, I’ll choose truth over hope any day.

I worried, of course, that I was dooming myself. Americans are so steeped in the message that we are what we think, and that a positive attitude can banish disease. (You’d be amazed how many people need to believe that only losers die of cancer.) Was my realism going to shoot down any possibility of help? Superstitions, I wondered.

But it turns out that hope is a more supple blessing than I had imagined. From the start, even as my brain was wrestling with death, my body enacted some innate hope that I have learned is simply a part of my being. Chemotherapy would knock me into a passive misery for days. And then—depending on which formula I was taking at the time—a day would come when I would wake up feeling energetic and happy and very much like a normal person. Whether the bad time I had just had lasted five days or five weeks, some inner voice eventually said—and still says—*Never mind.* Today is a ravishing day, and I will put on a short skirt and high heels and see how much of the future I can inhale.

Three weeks after my diagnosis, on the morning of my first chemotherapy, my liver specialist dictated notes that closed with this fragmentary, misspelled sentence: “It is to be hoped . . . , unlike that we will get a second chance.”

Two chemo cycles later, I had a CT scan that showed dramatic shrinkage in all my tumors—shrinkage by as much as half. Dr. Liver actually hugged me, and hinted that it was not impossible I might be a “complete responder.” The first thing you learn when you get cancer is that the disease you’ve always thought of as 90 or 100 precise conditions is in fact hundreds of different diseases, which shade into each other all along the spectrum. And I turned out to have some mysterious fluke, a bit of biological fluke in the makeup of my tumors, that rendered them far better targets than I’d had any right to expect.

I went right out and bought four bottles of champagne and invited our eight dearest friends to the house for a party. It was a beautiful September night and we all ate pizza on the front porch. The kids were thrilled by the energy of it all, without quite understanding it. (After all, I still had cancer, didn’t I? And they hadn’t known how firmly I had felt sealed in my coffin before now.) It was as if a door far across a dark room had opened a small crack, admitting brilliant light from a hallway: it was still a long, long shot, I knew, but now at least I had something to drive toward. A possible opening, where before there had been none.

I became a professional patient. And all my doctors learned my name.

—May 2004

Marjorie Williams died this past January, three and a half years after receiving her diagnosis. She was 47. Her children, Will and Alice, are now 12 and 9. This memoir was adapted by her husband, Tim Noah, from three chapters of an unfinished memoir about her illness which Marjorie was working on at the time of her death, as well as from other unpublished writings.
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Wonderful World

A century ago, readers of Joseph Pulitzer’s Sunday World got more than news for their nickel: the paper’s colorful pounds of puzzles, fashions, cartoons, shockers, romance, and illustration outsold every competitor. After rescuing perhaps the only existing set of originals from destruction, the author and his wife are publishing the highlights.

By Nicholson Baker

When you got up on Sunday a hundred years ago, in the age of the six-day workweek, and you had a moment to rest and to feel the restlessness that attends rest, what did you want? News? Did you want headlines about Washington and Tammany Hall and Albany? Well, some, but not so much. You definitely wanted a newspaper: you wanted the comfort of a fresh, floppy creation that had required the permanent marriage of tankfuls of ink and elephantine rolls of white paper in order to proclaim the elemental but somehow thrilling fact that this very morning in which you found yourself, despite its familiar features, was incontrovertibly, datably new.

So, yes, you wanted a Sunday newspaper, but what you wanted from it wasn’t really news—it was life. You wanted romance, awe, a close scrape, a prophecy, advice on how to tip or shoplift or gamble, new fashions from Paris, a song to sing, a scissors project for the children, theories about Martians or advanced weaponry, maybe a new job. You wanted to be told over and over again that your city was a city of marvels like no other, but you also wanted to escape for a few minutes to the North Pole or South Dakota or the St. Louis World’s Fair, or to take a boat trip down the Mississippi. You wanted something with many sections that you could dole out to people in the room with you. And you wanted imagery—cartoons, caricatures, “gems of pictorial beauty”—layouts and hand-inked headlines that made your eyeballs bustle and bounce around the department-store display of every page. And that’s what you got when you spent a nickel and bought Joseph Pulitzer’s Sunday World.

The World—the self-described “greatest newspaper on earth”—

Excerpted from The World on Sunday, by Nicholson Baker and Margaret Brentano, to be published this month by Bulfinch Press; © 2005 by the authors.
WHY COAST THROUGH LIFE WHEN YOU CAN CORNER IT.

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You wanted
romance, awe, a close scrape,
a prophecy, advice on
how to tip or shoplift or
gamble, new fashions from
Paris, a song to sing.

was actually three newspapers, the morning World (published Monday through Saturday, often with a political cartoon by Walt McDougall or C. G. Bush on the front page), the Evening World (carrying boxing news and sports scores, with a more raffish flavor throughout), and "THE GREAT SUNDAY WORLD," which weighed as much as a small roast beef. Together, these three Worlds were, in their days of triumph, seen by more people than any other publication, with the possible exception of the Bible. Mornings and evenings, hundreds of thousands of fresh

World issues groaned out from the basement levels of Pulitzer's imposingly gold-domed skyscraper onto every New York street corner and trolley stop; in 1899, despite some competition from interloper William Randolph Hearst, the World claimed on its front page, believably, that it had achieved the "largest circulation ever reached in one year by any newspaper."

The Sunday World was the real prodigy of physical dissemination: it sometimes sold half a million or more copies and it went all over the country. In 1908, Adolph Ochs, publisher of the smaller, soberer New York Times, wrote admiringly of the World's "phenomenal and prodigious success"; another newspaperman, Frank Munsey, said of Pulitzer, "He came here as a whirlwind out of the West, and overturned and routed the conservatism then in vogue as a cyclone sweeps all before it."

The peculiar thing, however, is that, out of all this cyclonic activity, next to nothing survives. Libraries, suspicious of low and pandering art, collected and bound for safekeeping only a few complete original runs of mass-circulation newspapers such as the World—they preferred The New York Times and the Evening Post, papers that carried "real" news with less splash and dash. And then, in the 1950s, intrigued by new techniques of photographic miniaturization, libraries began to replace the few runs of popular papers that they did possess with monochrome copies made on inch-and-a-half-wide strips of clear plastic: microfilm. (You can see reproductions from a microfilm copy of the Evening World used as wallpaper in many Subway sandwich shops.) Almost every American library that could afford to swapped the heavy, space-consuming wood-pulp original for a
sparkle
it's a diet coke thing

dietcoke.com
TWO and a half MEN

NEW TIME! NEW SEASON!
MONDAYS 9/8c

© CBS
new, plastic copy—even two of the greatest, the Library of Congress and the New York Public Library. They threw out the bound volumes or, later, sold them to scrap dealers who razored out cartoons, automobile ads, and historical dates, and used the rest as quarry for the “Original Newspaper of the Day You Were Born.”

So the reproductions that you see here come from what is one of the very last, perhaps the last, set of original copies of the turn-of-the-century New York World in existence—certainly the last in such pristine condition. The set came from England: lucky for us, the British Library, in 1898, as the Spanish-American War loomed, felt that Pulitzer’s World was an essential source of opinion and reportage, and librarians there began subscribing to the World and (just as important) began binding it into durable, red-spined, gold-lettered volumes. For decades, foresightedly, through various financial upheavals and geopolitical reshufflings, they kept these volumes safe on shelves. Then, in 1999, after opening an expensive new building, the library made plans to offer much of its foreign (i.e., North and South American, and Continental European) newspaper collection to other libraries, and to auction off the rest to dealers.

I was in the midst of writing a book about the particulars of the losses attributable to microfilm—the crudity of the micro-copying itself, the perishability of early acetate film, the controversial science predicting acidic paper’s imminent doom—when I learned of the British Library’s disposal plans. So I went to England and asked them to keep the American papers. I said that they were rich and rare—which they certainly are—and that I knew they held, for example, true “first editions” of the writing of Stephen Crane, O. Henry, Robert Benchley, John Steinbeck, H. G. Wells, Thomas Edison, William Faulkner, and hundreds of other writers, some named, some anonymous. I said that their foreign-newspaper collection was just as valuable as, and considerably rarer than, just about any acknowledged rarity in their possession—rarer, perhaps, than the justly treasured output of Renaissance printers such as Aldus, Plantin, and Wynkyn de Worde.

But my anti-sales pitch wasn’t successful—the British Library had gotten some interesting bids from a Pennsylvanian dealer, and I knew what that meant. It meant box-cutter bissection and plastic-sheathed, issue-by-issue dispersal, and I concluded that the only way to save the collection was to raise the money to buy it and ship it to leased quarters in the United States. So my wife and I—my wife being Margaret Brentano—formed a nonprofit organization, grandiosely named the American Newspaper Repository, though it was really just the two of us overseen by some kindly advisers, and we bought more than 6,000 volumes of American newspapers (a volume being anywhere from two weeks’ to three months’ worth of daily issues), plus another thousand wrapped bundles, most in extraordinarily good condition, all formerly owned by the British government. The cost, including two long runs that we ended up buying from a dealer who had outbid us, was approximately $150,000; the collection arrived in several shipments in 2000.

And that’s how we came to be standing at tables in a large, chilly brick mill building in Rollinsford, New Hampshire, paging through wonderment through Pulitzer’s almost lost World. (The mill space we had rented, for $2,000 a month, was the size of two, maybe three, tennis courts, with rows of battered, factory-blue metal columns running down it and an inflatable black bat strung near a fire door at the far end.) We loved its heavy, varnished corners, which smelled faintly of acid paper: 1898 began on the upper left of the industrial shelving we bought until we ran out of money; one range over, there were the fat monthly tomes from 1903 and 1906 (for some reason I became particularly fond of the year 1906), and then the teens, and then, on the other side of the shelves (near windows that, if you peeked under the shades, looked down on the Salmon Falls River), the run continued on through the World’s more sophisticated literary period, when it invented the crossword puzzle, published Dorothy Parker and A. J. Liebling, and exposed the misdeeds of the Ku Klux Klan.

In the fall of 2003, David Ferriero, then a head librarian at Duke University, offered to take the entire collection to Duke, where it now safely resides under the care of the Rare Book, Manuscript, and Special Collections Library. But before we packed it back up onto pallets and loaded it onto trucks (five tractor-trailer loads, as it turned out, a hefty gift), we wanted, like proud parents who send their grown child off to college, to take some pictures—not just digital snapshots, either, but real pictures. I first rented, then bought, a view camera and a lens, and I rigged a five-foot-high copy stand out of an old tripod and some cast-iron pipe, and Margaret and I began photographing the pages from the World that you see here.

Joseph Pulitzer was all but blind when the art in these pages was first published: the more his own sight dimmed, the more imploringly colorful his paper became.

Joseph Pulitzer was all but blind when he wrote his first edition—aged 33, he had lost most of his vision in an accident when he was a boy. But his passion for journalism was never diminished, and he continued to read the news with wonderment through Pulitzer’s almost lost World. (The mill space we had rented, for $2,000 a month, was the size of two, maybe three, tennis courts, with rows of battered, factory-blue metal columns running down it and an inflatable black bat strung near a fire door at the far end.) We loved its heavy, varnished corners, which smelled faintly of acid paper: 1898 began on the upper left of the industrial shelving we bought until we ran out of money; one range over, there were the fat monthly tomes from 1903 and 1906 (for some reason I became particularly fond of the year 1906), and then the teens, and then, on the other side of the shelves (near windows that, if you peeked under the shades, looked down on the Salmon Falls River), the run continued on through the World’s more sophisticated literary period, when it invented the crossword puzzle, published Dorothy Parker and A. J. Liebling, and exposed the misdeeds of the Ku Klux Klan.

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Joseph Pulitzer was all but blind when the art in these pages was first published: the more his own sight dimmed, the more imploringly colorful his paper became. He was too high-strung to appear in public—he was never seen at the World’s ornate offices overlooking City Hall—and he lived mostly on his yacht, where he could get around by feel, traveling from port to port and managing the newspaper via a team of readers and abstractors and long-suffering plenipotentiaries. Through them he kept a close hand on his beloved creation, giving it, he said, every moment of his waking time.

In 1898, Pulitzer had just bought a new, high-speed color printing press from R. Hoe & Company. The new press was “all important,” Pulitzer wrote; he ordered his editors to “impress this novelty on the public mind as the greatest progress in Sunday journalism.” Which they did. “Like rainbow tints in the spray are the hues that splash and pour from its lightning cylinders,” said one ad announcing the coming of the new press. It was, said another, “the most marvelous mechanical production of the age”—and in some ways it was, for it allowed each citizen, rich or poor, to gain entrance, every Sunday, into a private museum.

The Sunday World always wanted to surprise: it exaggerated and sought the bizarre angle and turned small news into big news—but its exaggerations now have truths of their own to tell us. We hope you will find, as we did, that looking at these time-tanned pages gives a sense of the exuberance and modernness and strangeness of the turn-of-the-century city that no history book can easily supply.
120 not-so-standard features.
One all new German engineered Passat.

Drivers wanted: VW
A new generation grabbed the No. 1 spot on this year's list, which also features a couple of novelists, two movie stars, and the usual quota of power grabs, family dramas, real-estate extravaganzas, evidence of obsessive behavior, and other outrageous tycoon details.
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SERGEY BRIN
FASHION MISHAP:
Showed up for a magazine interview wearing short-shorts and Adidas sandals, then apologized for his attire, saying he had come from playing on the beach-volleyball court in the center of Google's campus.

MAN-OF-THE-PERSON
MOVE: Brin and Page had been making $150,000 a year, but now insist (despite the board's recommendations) on taking salaries of $1 a year with no bonuses, options, or stock grants, though they accepted the $156 holiday bonuses that went to all Googlers.

LARRY PAGE
The 32-year-olds made more than $700 million each selling shares this year, and have paper fortunes of around $10 billion each.

EXECUTIVE PERK: Use of C.E.O. Eric Schmidt's new jet, bought in February, for which the company reimburses Schmidt $7,000 an hour.

LARRY PAGE
AGORAPHOBIA WATCH: Following Google's stock offering last fall, Page kept an even lower profile than normal, shunning public appearances and interviews, reportedly because he had trouble coping with the pressures and responsibilities of life as a billionaire in the public eye.

SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Accusations from unnamed sources in John Battelle's new book, The Search, that Brin and Page rule by whim as petty dictators, while Schmidt is mostly window dressing as the token adult.

IN GENERAL: You can't get any hotter than Google. The stock, which went public last year at $85 a share, broke $300 by the middle of summer, giving it a market cap of almost $90 billion. The I.P.O. created an estimated 1,000 millionaires at Google, where the odds of getting a job are now daunting. Even though the company is expanding at a breathless pace—it hires four people a day—it receives 1,500 applications a day. Driving its rapid growth: an advertising boom. This year the ad revenues at Google and Yahoo together will rival those of the three major TV networks combined during prime time. Google alone already takes in more ad dollars than The New York Times, The Washington Post, or The Wall Street Journal. And in the second quarter its profits were even higher than those of other hot companies such as Apple and eBay. Google's hold over the Internet also continues to grow: it controls 92.1 percent of the search market, up from 45 percent a year ago. Meanwhile, MSN's share is down to 5.5 percent, and Yahoo's is 28.8 percent. Microsoft is so nervous that it sued Google for stealing one of its vice presidents; Google counter-sued over the "scare" tactics.

YEAR AHEAD:

LITTLE BUDDIES: Jeffrey Katzenberg, Steve Jobs, Warren Buffett, all of whom have gone to Wal-Mart's headquarters, in Bentonville, Arkansas, to attend its weekly, Saturday-morning management meeting.

NEMESSES: Union organizers. After employees at a Canadian location voted to become the first unionized Wal-Mart in North America, Scott closed down the store. Every boss at the company receives the "Manager's Toolbox to Remaining Union Free," which warns to watch out for frequent meetings at associates' homes. In the past decade the federal government has filed 60 labor complaints against the company, for, among other alleged violations, unlawful surveillance, intimidation, and firing of pro-union employees.

GLOBALIZATION BONA FIDES: Wal-Mart bought $18 billion worth of goods from China last year, and 155 to 165 of the up to 530 new stores it plans to open this year will be outside the U.S. One of Scott's men met in New Delhi with India's prime minister, Manmohan Singh, about opening up the country to foreign direct retailers.

VEHICLE: Scott used to drive a gray VW Beetle to show employees that "just because you have a good job doesn't mean you have to have a fancy car," but recently he switched to a Lexus RX 400h hybrid.

SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Accusations of firing the whistle-blower who exposed former vice-chairman Tom Coughlin for allegedly padding his expense account by as much as $500,000 and telling colleagues to cover it up. Coughlin, a hunting and fishing pal of Sam Walton's, was allegedly using the "expense money" to pay off informants in the union-organizing movement. If true, that would be a violation of federal labor laws—a crime more serious than expense-account fraud.

BIG LOSS: Spent $11 million to settle federal charges of hiring hundreds of illegal immigrants as janitors.

IN GENERAL: Some analysts believe that Scott, 56, can drive Wal-Mart's annual revenues from $288 billion—which already makes it the world's biggest retailer—to a cool half-trillion by the end of the decade. His empire has awesome power. It's the biggest food seller in America, where its 3,700 stores ring up 15 percent of the nation's grocery tab—and have driven 10,000 supermarkets out of business so far. And 82 percent of U.S. households spend money at Wal-Mart at least once a year. Long resigned to the defensive, the feisty Scott finally decided to engage his critics with a massive P.R. campaign, including advertising on national TV and in 100 newspapers, launching a Web site (walmartfacts.com), and sponsoring National Public Radio. In 2003, he appointed a woman as "chief diversity officer."

YEAR AHEAD:

FAMILY RELATIONS: Elevat-ed daughter Shari (nickname: Sumner in a Skirt), who oversees the family holding company National Amusements, a movie-theater business, to non-executive vice-chairman with the plan that she'd replace him as chairman upon his death.

STRESS-MANAGEMENT TOOL: Redstone, 82, says that he has the world's most diverse collection of saltwater fish at his Beverly Park house, with close to 200 species divided among five tanks.

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY CONTRADICTORY BEHAVIOR: Three weeks before announcing plans to split Viacom into two separately traded companies, Redstone told investors on a conference call, "From top to bottom, Viacom is moving in one direction. We know where we want to go, and we know how to get there."

COMPENSATION WATCH: Rich pay packages totaling $160 million were awarded to him and deputies Tom Freston and Leslie Moonves in a year when the company's stock was off and huge write-downs led it to a $17.5 billion loss.

IN GENERAL: After spending the better part of the past two decades building one of the world's largest media groups, Redstone decided that the age of the conglomerate is over—especially in light of the 54 percent decline in Viacom's stock since 2000, the year after he merged with CBS. The new Viacom will house the fast-growing MTV Networks and Paramount movie studio, and the new CBS Corp. will include the Tiffany Network, Infinity radio, and outdoor-advertising businesses as well as Showtime, publisher Simon & Schuster, and Paramount's TV-production and theme-park businesses. Co-presidents Tom Freston and Les Moonves will become C.E.O.'s of their respective companies, but Sumner (who has rarely sold a share of Viacom stock) will remain controlling shareholder and chairman upon his retirement in 2006. Some investors are skeptical the split will produce the gains Redstone predicts.

YEAR AHEAD: →
A Business Class bed that feels like home.
An Internet connection that feels like the office.
An experience that feels like cloud nine.
All for this one moment.

There's no better way to fly.  

Lufthansa  
A STAR ALLIANCE MEMBER
RUPERT MURDOCH  
CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., NEWS CORPORATION

STEVE JOBS  
C.E.O., APPLE COMPUTER, INC.; CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., PIXAR ANIMATION STUDIOS

BILL GATES  
CHAIRMAN AND CHIEF SOFTWARE ARCHITECT, MICROSOFT CORPORATION

Meg Whitman  
PRESIDENT AND C.E.O., EBAY INC.

**FAMILY RELATIONS:** Supposed heir apparent Lachlan, Murdoch's eldest son, suddenly resigned his senior post at the company in July, after concluding that his father was interfering too much. Murdoch has announced that he will personally replace his son as publisher of the New York Post.

**POWER BASE:** President Bush supposedly listens to an iPod. So do Nicole Kidman and Leonardo DiCaprio. Diddy encrusted his iPod with 120 diamonds. Prada sells an iPod holder. Geek Cruises offers an iPod-themed cruise, which sails from Vancouver to San Diego. And Duke University gave 1,600 iPods to incoming freshmen for academic pursuits.

**REAL-ESTATE WATCH:** Murdoch, 74, paid $44 million in cash—the highest price ever for a Manhattan apartment—for a triplex on Fifth Avenue at 64th Street that is the former residence of the late Laurence Rockefeller. Murdoch also put his 9,500-square-foot SoHo triplex penthouse on the market for $28 million.

**MANAGEMENT TOOL:** Still yells at colleagues.

**GETAWAY DIGS:** Takes helicopter or seaplane to waterfront two-story clapboard cottage with view of the Olympic Mountains for twice yearly solitaries, shoeless "Think Weeks," spent reading and drinking Diet Orange Crush.

**EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY OBSESSIVE BEHAVIOR:** Jobs, 50, retaliated against publisher John Wiley & Sons for releasing its unauthorized biography of him, iCon, by removing all of Wiley's other titles—such as *Mac for Dummies*—from the shelves of Apple's retail stores.

**EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY OBSESSIVE BEHAVIOR:** Jobs, 50, retaliated against publisher John Wiley & Sons for releasing its unauthorized biography of him, iCon, by removing all of Wiley's other titles—such as *Mac for Dummies*—from the shelves of Apple's retail stores.

**SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT:** Just before the London bombings in July, Fox News anchor John Gibson mused that the 2012 Olympics ought to have been awarded to Paris instead of London because "we could look forward to where we didn't worry about terrorism. They'd blow up Paris, and who cares?"

**REAL ESTATE WATCH:** Murdoch, 74, paid $44 million in cash—the highest price ever for a Manhattan apartment—for a triplex on Fifth Avenue at 64th Street that is the former residence of the late Laurence Rockefeller. Murdoch also put his 9,500-square-foot SoHo triplex penthouse on the market for $28 million.

**IN GENERAL:** While other media companies are shedding assets, News Corp. is gathering them. It bought out the public shareholders in its Fox Entertainment subsidiary, announced plans to spend up to $3 billion at a time buying back its lagging stock, and re-oriented the company toward grabbing a bigger piece of the online world by forming the Fox Interactive Media unit and acquiring Intermix. The sudden resignation of Lachlan came amid tensions over who will end up controlling the company, and whether Murdoch's young children with his third wife, Wendi Deng, will have an equal standing in family trusts with his four children from other marriages.
there. But ultimately she flew to L.A. and sat for a three-hour interview with the Disney board. She withdrew from consideration two days before the board anointed Robert Iger, the inside candidate, reportedly after feeling the process was taking too long. Whitman, 49, joined the board of Disney competitor DreamWorks a month later.

YEAR AHEAD:

HARBINGER OF FUTURE MOGULDOM: Filed his first 1040 tax return at age 13, deducting $35 for the bicycle he used as a newspaper delivery boy.

LITTLE BUDDY: Jimmy Buffett, who has been his friend for more than two decades. (They suspect they are distant cousins.) They met after Warren's sister, Doris, sent letters to 116 other Buffetts hoping to learn more about the family's history.

REAL-ESTATE WATCH: Sold his house in Laguna Beach, California, in only two days, which made him think that the $3.5 million price "must have been too cheap."

BIG PURCHASE: In May he paid $9.4 billion for PacifiCorp., an electrical utility—his biggest acquisition in seven years.

IN GENERAL: Buffett, 75, profited from what he called a "dream deal"—the merger of Gillette and Procter & Gamble to create a mega-power in household products. The news drove up Gillette's stock price 13 percent. The $660 million that Berkshire Hathaway invested in Gillette in 1989 is now worth more than $5 billion. But Berkshire lost $926 million betting against the U.S. dollar this year. And the company's stock underperformed the S&P 500 market index for the second year in a row.

YEAR AHEAD:

MOGUL HISTORY: As a freshman, Diller, 63, was fired from his job on the Beverly Hills High School newspaper for never showing up for work. His editor: Nora Ephron.

FOUNDER'S PERK: In 2004, Diller racketed up $832,000 in free "personal use" of IAC's Gulfstream 1V jet, bringing his three-year total to nearly $2.2 million.

BIG PURCHASE: Diller's latest addition to the IAC fold is the fourth-ranked search engine, Ask Jeeves, which he agreed in March to buy for $1.85 billion. The acquisition pushes Diller into the lucrative search market, where a fierce battle is being waged among Google, Yahoo, and MSN for supremacy in online advertising and search services.

COMPENSATION WATCH: Diller ranked No. 2 in Forbes's C.E.O.-compensation rankings for 2004, raking in an estimated $156.2 million in salary and stock.

IN GENERAL: Diller announced in December that his e-commerce conglomerate would spin off its travel properties (Expedia, Hotels.com, Hotwire.com) into a separate company. The remaining businesses, which include the Home Shopping Network, LendingTree, CitySearch, Ticketmaster, Match.com, and the recently acquired Ask Jeeves, will retain the corporate name as well as some $4.7 billion in cash and securities and $1.6 billion in debt. Despite impressive results—with $6.2 billion in sales and 62 million visitors a month to its sites, IAC's first-quarter profit surged 74 percent—the stock sits 39 percent below its July 2003 high.

YEAR AHEAD:

ANCESTRY: Zulu (as determined by DNA testing).

M A S T E R - O F - T H E - U N I V E R S E MOVE: In what her friend Gayle King has called "Oprah's Crash moment," referring to a recent film about racism. Hermès, the high-end Paris luxury-goods boutique, turned Oprah away when she arrived after the store's 6:30 P.M. closing time. Winfrey, 51, has reportedly told the company that she will not be buying any more Hermès products, and this fall on her show, which is watched by an estimated 30 million people a week, she will address the incident.

W O M A N - O F - T H E - P E O P L E MOVE: "I walk my own dogs," she says. (They're cocker spaniels, Sophie and Soloman, and three newly adopted golden retrievers.) "I pick up my own dog poop."

WATCH: Last fall Oprah gave away 276,288,000 Pontiac G6s to her audience members, who had to pay a bundle in tax. In May she gave another audience $56 Le Mysteré brass. And she held a wedding for her personal trainer, Bob Greene, at Tara II, her Montecito, California, estate—as her gift.

HOSTESS BONA FIDES: The Legends Ball, her tribute to pioneering black women, included lunch at Tara II, a Saturday-night ball at the Bacara Resort, and a Sunday gospel brunch back at her estate. The event honored 25 older "legends" (including Tina Turner, Coretta Scott King, Toni Morrison, Rosa Parks, Maya Angelou) and 42 younger black women (such as Halle Berry and Angela Bassett).

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY OVERESTIMATING HER FANS: Oprah was really testing the loyalty of her base when she chose three notoriously challenging William Faulkner novels for her book club. Meanwhile, 150 writers, including Amy Tan and Jhumpa Lahiri, petitioned her to resume picking books by current novelists, whose sales have fallen ever since she abandoned them.

IN GENERAL: Winfrey, who earned $22.5 million last year, reigns as the world's highest-paid entertainer. Her power base, the No. 1 daytime talk show, is under contract through 2011. She gave $5,000 tax-free bonuses to the rank and file at O magazine to celebrate its fifth anniversary. O is profitable already and has a 2.7 million circulation. Meanwhile, her film of Their Eyes Were Watching God scored as the top-rated scripted TV movie in more than five years.

YEAR AHEAD:

SECRET LIFE: In July, Roberts, 46, captained the U.S. Squash Team to a gold-medal win at the Maccabiah Games, in Israel, competing for the first time in nearly a decade. He trained for several months—playing with professionals three to five nights a week after his workdays in Philadelphia.

BIG C O O L FRIEND: Warren Buffett's Berkshire Hathaway doubled its stake in February, buying another five million shares, for about $150 million.

PHILANTHROPIST: In April, Brian's father and Comcast co-founder, Ralph Roberts, paid an undisclosed seven-figure sum to have the Philadelphia Theatre Company's new home, opening in 2007, named after his mother, Suzanne, a former stage actress.

BIG DEAL: If the recent bid with Time Warner to acquire the formerly bankrupt Adelphia Communications for $17.6 billion is approved, Comcast will end up increasing the number of subscribers it has nationwide from 21.5 million to 23.3 million. It contributed about $2 billion in cash and its 21 percent stake in Time Warner's cable business.

IN GENERAL: Comcast is the country's biggest cable operator, by an intimidating margin, and with more high-speed-Internet subscribers than any other company, it is looking to digital-based telephone services as a new growth arm. Roberts is searching for a wireless partner—probably Sprint-Nextel or T-Mobile—in order to offer his cable subscribers every type of content over every gizmo, from TVs to cell phones. He sees video-on-demand as his company's "killer app." As a result, Comcast plans to increase the number of video-on-demand programs the company offers for free from 3,500 to 10,000 hours.

YEAR AHEAD:
DIPLOMACY SKILLS: Ballmer, 49, met with European Union competition commissioner Neelie Kroes in Belgium and negotiated a June 1 deadline for Microsoft to comply with Europe's anti-trust ruling, then played a dangerous game of brinkmanship as the date approached. Kroes threatened to charge up to $5 million a day in fines—5 percent of Microsoft's daily global sales—and after further negotiations, an agreement was reached.

SLIPPERY STEVE: Microsoft dropped its support for a Washington State bill to ban discrimination against gays and lesbians—and the measure failed by one vote. Critics claimed, but Microsoft denied, that Ballmer caved in under the threat of a national boycott made by suburban-Seattle megachurch pastor Ken Hutcherson, a fishing buddy of Rush Limbaugh's. Two weeks later Ballmer reconsidered, promising to support gay-rights laws in the U.S.

WORLD-DOMINATION WATCH: Ballmer commissioned a study to see what other products made as much profit as Microsoft. It turned out that not even big-name pharmaceuticals or Camel cigarettes could top it.

IN GENERAL: Ballmer's big challenge is to find lucrative new businesses. It looks bad for him that other Silicon Valley companies get lots of ink for doing just that. No wonder he's belittling his rivals—and copying them, too. He implied that Google may prove to be a "one-hit wonder," but that didn't stop his MSN Web site from imitating Google by selling ads triggered by keyword searches. He also disparaged Steve Jobs, saying that in three years "I don't believe there is much money in the iPod." Still, Microsoft opened its own online music store—a blatant rip-off of Apple's flourishing iTunes Music Store.

Michael Dell
GLOBALIZATION BONIFIDES: In March he opened the company's third call center in India, where Dell now employs 7,000 people. Nonetheless, all the desktop computers Dell sells in the U.S. are assembled in the U.S. It doesn't matter that wages are much higher there than abroad: Dell is so efficient that it takes only one worker to build a PC, in five minutes, and labor accounts for 2 percent of the cost of a typical Dell PC.

MAN-OF-THE-PeOPLE MOVE: Every year Dell, 40, takes a turn answering customer-service phone calls.

KEVIN ROLLINS
DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC: Maintains he has no ego or need for celebrity. EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY ENVIOUS BEHAVIOR: Called Apple's iPod just a "fad." Reportedly said, "The iPod has been out for three years, and it's only this past year it's become a raging success." (Just the same, Dell's not sitting still; it's been selling a line of MP3 players since 2003, and in July the company announced a deal with Napster to load the music service's library onto Dell servers located on college campuses. This will allow students to more easily download music legally.)

IN GENERAL: Dell, the world's largest PC maker, dominates in the U.S. with one-third of the market, and that figure is likely to go up now that IBM has gotten out of the business. C.E.O. Rollins, 52, plans to increase revenues from $49 billion to $80 billion by the end of 2008. His strategy is expand internationally and continue to move the brand beyond P.C.'s. Rollins is also taking on IBM and H-P by promoting Dell as a tech consultant to high-profile customers such as Boeing and ExxonMobil.

YEAR AHEAD: "

Steve Ballmer
C.E.O., MICROSOFT CORPORATION

Michael Dell
CHAIRMAN, DELL INC.

Kevin Rollins
PRESIDENT AND C.E.O., DELL INC.

Richard Parsons
CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., TIME WARNER INC.

Sir Howard Stringer
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Veuve Clicquot
LA GRANDE DAME

[Image of a woman in black attire]
Lack, the former NBC News chief, who has kicked the world's second-largest music company into shape.

**BIG DEAL:** With private equity partners and the backing of Comcast, Sony paid $4.6 billion for MGM, outbidding heavyweight Time Warner for the studio.

**IN GENERAL:** With Sony's main electronics business flagging and its stock down 50 percent in the past four years, Stringer—who, in replacing Nobuyuki Idei as chairman, became the first non-Japanese to run Sony—needs to do for the company what he did for his once lagging Hollywood arm: turn it around. He launched a full review of worldwide operations that could result in the divestiture of some of Sony's non-core businesses (perhaps insurance or personal computers), a trimming of its vast product lines, and almost certainly more cost cutting. But the real trick is going to be finding ways for the company to grow while everyone from Apple to Microsoft to Dell to Samsung to Time Warner whittles away at its business.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

**PET PROJECT:** Autism. Bob and his wife Suzanne's four-year-old grandchild, Christian, suffers from the disease. Earlier this year they founded Autism Speaks, a not-for-profit organization aimed at raising money for research.

**FOREIGN RELATIONS:** Wright, 62, was in an executive dining room near the Arc de Triomphe with the brass of Vivendi, a 20 percent shareholder in NBC Universal (G.E. owns the rest), when London was announced as the host city for the 2012 Olympics. "It was a tough lunch," he recalled.

**MOST EMBARRASSING SUCCESS:** Tapping into the Universal Television vaults to issue *Baa Baa Black Sheep: Volume 1—The First Adventures of the Black Sheep Squadron,* on DVD.

**MOGUL RELATIONS:** Negotiating a new five-year contract with Universal Studio's longtime president, Ron Meyer.

**IN GENERAL:** The line on media in 2005, roughly, is that it's time to break up the conglomerates. But Wright has spent the last year successfully integrating Universal's film, television, and theme-parks operations with NBC and its cable channels, which includes MSNBC (in partnership with Microsoft), Bravo, and USA Network. Although the NBC TV network has fallen into an embarrassing ratings slide, its prime-time TV woes are balanced out, in part, by the cash spinning at such franchises as *The Tonight Show* and the *Today* show. In July, Wright reportedly got the go-ahead from G.E.'s board to pursue buying DreamWorks.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

**EXIT STRATEGY:** Chernin's contract with News Corp. reportedly guarantees him a six-year TV-and-movie-output deal if he decides to leave his job and set up his own studio. However, if Chernin is offered the C.E.O. job, now held by Rupert Murdoch, and turns it down, he does not get the TV-and-movie deal. If he's fired "without cause" or quis "for good reason," Chernin also gets a $40 million cash payout.

**MOGUL RELATIONS:** "I wish them luck, but I don't get it," Chernin says of Viacom's plan to split itself in two. "It's hard to find any business in the world right now where scale and size seem to be an attribute."

**IN GENERAL:** With Lachlan Murdoch's exit, Chernin's role as Rupert's man in Hollywood and potential successor became even more solid. In May, for the first time in its history, Fox became the top-rated television network in prime time among the coveted 18- to 49-year-olds. At midyear, Twentieth Century Fox was the top movie studio in domestic market share. Now Chernin is concentrating on making the most of the recently subsumed DirecTV satellite business: one example is the launch of the Fox Reality Channel, for which DirecTV's 14.4 million subscribers represented nearly all of the homes that it debuted in. His next task: implementing Murdoch's push for a bigger online presence.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

**PET PROJECT:** In January, DreamWorks announced plans for a movie version of *Dreamgirls,* the Broadway musical Geffen, 62, produced in 1981.

**NEAR MISS:** DreamWorks was on the verge of bankruptcy a couple of times, including after it lost $125 million on *Sinbad* in 2003.

**BIG WIN:** The initial public offering of DreamWorks Animation stock. The company achieved a market value of more than $4 billion, nearly as high
Hardwood

THE LENGTHS YOU GO TO EXPRESS YOURSELF.

- Metro Classics™ adds beauty and value to your home.
- 1/2” thick engineered premium-grade genuine hardwood available in walnut, cherry, pecan, maple and birch in both 3- and 5-inch widths.
- HartGuard™ Deluxe low-gloss finish.
- 25-year finish warranty.

Style Tip: Hardwood floors installed on the diagonal give any room an instant design twist. Unexpected, yet elegant, even the most traditional of looks can feel totally refreshed.

WHEN YOU THINK FLOORS, THINK ARMSTRONG.
No one else has the breadth of flooring choices or designs. No one else has the same level of expertise, quality or creativity. And no one backs their products with the same history of tradition and innovation.

Resilient

SO MANY LOOKS, SO LITTLE TO WORRY ABOUT

- Most versatile flooring option, hundreds available for any budget.
- Masterworks Technology™ means stunningly realistic, vibrant floors.
- Cleansweep® surfaces are stain-resistant, and easy to clean and maintain.
- ToughGuard® floors are guaranteed not to rip, tear or gouge for the life of the warranty.

Style Tip: Love the look of wood, slate, tile or brick? Prefer something softer underfoot or easier on the budget? Look closer at resilient flooring. You’ll have to see and feel the difference to believe it.

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No one else has the breadth of flooring choices or designs. No one else has the same level of expertise, quality or creativity. And no one backs their products with the same history of tradition and innovation.

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Your ideas become reality

Design my room™

Design Tool

HOW TO TRY OUT A FLOOR WITHOUT STEPPING FOOT ON IT.

- Try any Armstrong surface in your home before you buy it.
- Take a digital picture of a room and, with Armstrong’s “Design my Room” makeover tool, change floors, walls, ceilings or cabinets.
- Download a copy from www.armstrong.com today.

Style Tip: “Design my Room” isn’t just a design tool. It’s also a pretty handy idea generator. While you mix and match surfaces and colors, new possibilities are certain to spring to life.

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No one else has the breadth of flooring choices or designs. No one else has the same level of expertise, quality or creativity. And no one backs their products with the same history of tradition and innovation.

Laminate

WHAT’S REAL IS HOW GOOD THEY LOOK.

- Premium HydraCore™ fiberboard – highest-quality moisture defense.
- VisionGuard™ means durable, easy-to-clean, stain-resistant floors.
- Masterworks Technology™ means realistic wood, tile and stone looks.
- Armstrong’s Armalock® Installation System means easy installation, with a tight fit that won’t come apart at the seams.

Style Tip: A complementary color used as an inset shape or outer border not only will relieve monotony in a floor but can also serve to centralize a room’s focus.

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No one else has the breadth of flooring choices or designs. No one else has the same level of expertise, quality or creativity. And no one backs their products with the same history of tradition and innovation.

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Your ideas become reality
Better than Botox®

"WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT A STRETCH MARK CREAM WOULD TURN OUT TO BE THE ANTI-WRINKLE BREAKTHROUGH OF THE DECADE!"

In a remarkable turn of events, arguably one of the strangest in the history of cosmetics, women across the country are putting a stretch-mark cream called StriVectin-SD® on their face to diminish the appearance of fine lines, wrinkles and crow's feet. And, if consumer sales are any indication of a product’s effectiveness, StriVectin-SD is nothing short of a miracle. Women (as well as a growing number of "Boomer" men) are buying so much StriVectin-SD that finding a tube at your local cosmetic counter has become just about impossible. Has everyone gone mad? Well... not really.

Scientific Breakthrough or Dumb Luck?

Although StriVectin-SD’s functional components were already backed by clinical trials documenting their ability to visibly reduce the appearance of existing stretch marks, prominent because of their depth, length, discoloration, and texture... the success of StriVectin-SD as an anti-wrinkle cream was "dumb luck," says Gina Gay, spokesperson for Klein-Becker® StriVectin-SD’s exclusive distributor.

"When we first handed out samples of the StriVectin formula to employees and customers as part of our market research, the sample tubes were simply marked 'topical cream' with the lot number underneath," Ms. Gay explains. "As the samples were passed to friends and family... the message became a little muddled and some people used this 'topical cream' as a facial moisturizer. As we began to receive feedback from users, like 'I look 10 years younger' and 'I can’t even notice my crow's feet,' we knew we had something more than America’s most effective stretch-mark cream. The point was driven home as store owners began reporting that almost as many people were purchasing StriVectin as an anti-wrinkle cream as were buying it to reduce stretch marks."

Dr. Daniel B. Mowrey, PhD, Klein-Becker’s Director of Scientific Affairs, says, "Clearly, people were seeing results, but we didn’t have a scientific explanation as to why this wrinkle-reduction was occurring. However, based on the incredibly positive reports, I started using it myself — applying StriVectin to my face after shaving." Dr. Mowrey adds, "On a personal note, my wife tells me I haven’t looked this good in years."

Dumb Luck Strikes Again!

Then, on Tuesday, July 2, 2002, at a meeting of the 20th World Congress of Dermatology in Paris, France, a series of studies detailing the superior wrinkle-reducing properties of a patented oligopeptide (called Pal-KTTKS) versus retinol, vitamin C, and placebo, on "photo-aged skin" was presented.12 As luck would have it, Dr. Mowrey states, "the anti-wrinkle oligo-peptide tested in the breakthrough clinical trials turned out to be a key ingredient in the StriVectin cream."

In the trials, subjects applied the patented peptide solution to the crow's feet area on one side of the face, and a cream containing either retinol, vitamin C, or a placebo to the other side.

Subjects in the Pal-KTTKS/retinol study applied the cream once a day for 2 months and then twice a day for the next 2 months. Using special image analysis, the study’s authors reported "significant improvement" in both the appearance of overall skin tone and unsightly wrinkles for those women using the peptide solution.

Better yet, at the 2-month halfway point, the peptide solution worked nearly 1.5 times faster than retinol, in measured parameters, and without the inflammation retinol often causes in sensitive skin. As was expected, the results of the remaining studies confirmed that the Pal-KTTKS solution’s effectiveness at reducing the appearance of fine lines and wrinkles far exceeded both vitamin C and placebo.

A smoother, younger complexion, with less irritation and faster results — all without expensive (and painful), peels, implants or injections.

Better than Retinol and Vitamin C, But Is StriVectin-SD® Better than Botox®?

Dr. Nathalie Chevreau, PhD, RD, Director of Women’s Health at Salt Lake City based Basic Research®, exclusive distributor for Klein-Becker, explains, "Leading dermatologists agree that Botox is the preferred treatment for moderate to severe frown lines between the brow, but ever since it was discovered that StriVectin could reduce the appearance of fine lines, wrinkles, and crow’s feet...the kind of fine lines, wrinkles and crow's feet that can add 10-15 years to your appearance and which costly medical treatments often leave behind... skin-care professionals have been recommending, and using, StriVectin. In fact, researchers believe non-invasive alternatives are better, because, Dr. Chevreau continues, "Topical creams and gels offer gradual, continual results, while the effects of injections, facial peels, and dermaplanations are rougher on the skin and wear off."

In other words, StriVectin-SD helps give you a youthful, healthy, glowing complexion faster than retinol, far superior to vitamin C, and without irritation, needles, or surgery. Even better, many dermatologists and plastic surgeons recommend StriVectin in conjunction with cosmetic procedures, including Botox.

So, if you see someone applying an anti-stretch mark cream to their face, don’t think they’ve gone off the deep end... they may be smarter than you think.
as that of arch-rival Pixar, while financial mastermind Geffen and chief executive Jeffrey Katzenberg kept 93 percent voting control through their Class B shares.

**MAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVE:** In June, Geffen dropped his lawsuit to block public entry to Malibu's Carbon Beach from the side of his house. He also reimbursed Access for All, his floating opponents, $300,000 for legal fees. Now day-trippers in flip-flops can pass through his gate, stroll 10 feet away from his swimming pool, and go onward to the beach. The move completes an obligation Geffen agreed to 22 years ago in exchange for the go-ahead to combine four lots into a large oceanfront property.

**IN GENERAL:** This year, Geffen stepped back to a more hands-on role in leading the studio. He had to: First, the husband-wife team of Walter Parkes and Laurie MacDonald ended their decade-long tenure with the studio. Then, when the animation group was spun off into a public company, its new C.E.O., Katzenberg, reassured Wall Street by pledging to spend only 10 percent of his time on DreamWorks SKG. Since Spielberg is immersed in making his own films, that left Geffen to mind the shop. His big move: negotiating with Universal Studios president Ron Meyer, his old friend and Malibu neighbor, to sell DreamWorks (its live-action business) for a rumored $1 billion or more to NBC Universal.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

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**22 LITTLE BUDDY:** Harvard president Larry Summers.

**PHILANTHROPY WATCH:** Rumored to be readying to make a $120 million donation to Harvard, its largest ever, for five professorships—and a program to study the effectiveness of global health initiatives.

**REAL-ESTATE WATCH:** Listed his estate in Atherton, California, for $25 million, roughly four times what he had paid for it in 1987, the year Oracle went public. The three-acre spread, with its 8,000-square-foot, seven-bedroom suburban-style house and moon-viewing platform, seems awfully quaint now compared with his new, 40-acre compound in Woodside, which the tax assessors valued at $79 million.

**TWARTED AMBITION:** To own a professional sports franchise, Ellison was rebuffed in his overtures to owners of both the N.F.L.'s San Francisco 49ers and the N.B.A.'s Golden State Warriors.

**LANDGRAB:** Paid $17 million for a house in Malibu only two years after paying a record $65 million for five oceanfront properties on Carbon Beach. (Jennifer Aniston is renting one of them.)

**DODGED A BULLET WHEN:** In November he won a summary judgment in a shareholder lawsuit accusing him of insider trading—specifically, dumping Oracle shares in 2001 before the company made a public announcement that its financial results would fail to meet expectations.

**IN GENERAL:** In January, Ellison, 61, pulled off the audacious $10.3 billion takeover of rival PeopleSoft, capping a nasty 18-month legal fight. The motivation for the takeover: Ellison still clings to his grandiose goal of Oracle's beating Microsoft and becoming the world's biggest—and most important—software company. Talk about persistent self-delusion. Even after consuming PeopleSoft, Oracle trails not only Microsoft but Germany's SAP as well.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

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**POWER BROKER'S MANEUVER:** In March, Malone joined (briefly—he resigned in June) Cablevision's board to bolster founder and chairman Charles Dolan, his friend of four decades, in Dolan's battle for power against his C.E.O. son, James.

**MOGUL RELATIONS:** Malone said at a conference in March that he didn't understand what Barry Diller and Sumner Redstone were doing.

**GLOBALIZATION BONA FIDES:** From his base in Denver, Malone bought 33 cable TV operators in Japan, which he assembled into that nation's largest cable company, J-Com, and took public in March in a $5 billion deal.

**BIG DEAL:** Completed the spin-off of Liberty Media's 50 percent stake in Discovery Communications, the cable-channel group.

**IN GENERAL:** Nothing Malone has done for years has been as fascinating as his ongoing game of high-stakes corporate chess with Rupert Murdoch. In November, Malone, 64, bought another big stake in Murdoch's News Corp., raising his voting interest from 9 to 18 percent and renewing speculation about what he was up to: did he want to take over the company or was he simply trying to make money on his investment? Malone's answer: "I would rather die than do anything to hurt Rupert." He said that he would have kept buying voting shares if News Corp. hadn't put in a "poison pill" to stop him. In May, at Liberty's annual shareholders' meeting, Malone claimed his relationship with Murdoch was "in good condition," although he told Wall Street that he doesn't expect to reach an agreement with News Corp. over his 18 percent voting stake this year.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

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**JEFF BEWKES**

**24 BIG NEAR MISS:** Pulled out of the bidding for MGM last fall, ceding the studio to Sony after concluding that the price had become too high.

**MOGUL RELATIONS:** Bewkes skis with HBO chairman Charles Albrecht.

**DON LOGAN**

**NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT:** Time Warner sold its stake in Google, acquired through the AOL merger, for an approximately $900 million profit.

**DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC:** A voracious reader, Logan devours just about every big title produced by Warner Book Group and plenty besides. One Warner title curiously left off his reading list this year: Michael Eisner's *Camp.*

**MAN-OF-THE-LITTLE-PEOPLE MOVE:** Delivered a career-day speech to the sixth-grade class of Crestline Elementary School, in Mountain Brook, Alabama. (Two of his granddaughters are students there.) Logan took along Harry Potter's wizard cap and wand from the Warner Bros. prop department.

**IN GENERAL:** Bewkes and Logan delivered double-digit growth in operating profits across all the company's vast divisions in the first quarter of 2005, but then generated a loss of $1.23 billion on sales of $10.74 billion the next quarter. Logan, 61, had a hand in the acquisition of Adelphia's cable business, the related unwinding of the cable partnership with Comcast, and the plans to float Time Warner Cable as a public company and expand rapidly into telephone service. He also keeps a watchful eye on Time Inc., the business he used to lead, as it continues to launch new magazines such as *Cottage Living.* Similarly, he worked closely with AOL chairman and C.E.O. Jonathan Miller, who sold the company's latest effort to relaunch AOL. Bewkes, 33, meanwhile, is focusing on what he calls the "major-patent pool," ranging from Warner-produced TV shows such as *The O.C.,* *Nip/Tuck,* and *Cold Case* to the library of syndicated Warner hits—from *Seinfeld* to *ER—* that increasingly populate Turner channels, led by TBS and TNT, along with original fare like the western hit *Into the West.* Bewkes is enthusiastic about HBO's upcoming lineup, which includes the historical *Rome* and another World War II mini-series from Steven Spielberg and Tom Hanks, *The Pacific War.* The Warner Bros. studio continues to focus on big-budget productions such as *Batman Begins* and *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire.*

**YEAR AHEAD:**

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**JEFF BEWKES**

**24 CHAIRMAN, ENTERTAINMENT & NETWORKS GROUP, TIME WARNER INC.**

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**DON LOGAN**

**CHAIRMAN, MEDIA & COMMUNICATIONS GROUP, TIME WARNER INC.**

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**JOHN MALONE**

**CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., LIBERTY MEDIA CORPORATION**

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**23**
MOGUL RELATIONS: Hired former talent manager Brad Grey to oversee the struggling Paramount movie studio after the departure of longtime heads Jonathan Dolgen and, this year, Sherry Lansing. Grey, in turn, brought in Gail Berman from Fox. Bob Daly, the former co-head of Warner Bros., has signed on as an adviser to Viacom.

REAL-ESTATE WATCH: In a year when Freston and his counterpart, Leslie Moonves, each pocketed $52 million in compensation—although more than half of it in unrealized stock options—they also charged the company $43,100 and $105,000, respectively, for nights spent in their own homes on opposite coasts (Freston’s in Los Angeles, Moonves’s in New York) in lieu of staying in hotels. After press reports about the payments, the men voluntarily gave the practice up.

IN GENERAL: This year, Freston, 59, held meetings in Beirut to negotiate an Arabic-language offshoot of MTV, and launched music channel MTV Base in Africa. With the debut in June of the company’s gay Logo cable channel, Freston now oversees more than 112 channels worldwide, including BET, VH1, and Nickelodeon. Because of MTV’s explosive growth, the company Freston will run after Viacom is split up will retain the Viacom name and be pitched as a growth stock. The laggard end of his business is Paramount, which enjoyed a jump start with the strong opening of the Spielberg-Cruise-DreamWorks collaboration War of the Worlds—the biggest opening the studio has ever had.

YEAR AHEAD: 

PAST LIFE: For an episode of the 70s TV show Cannon, Moonves played a Mexican pearl diver. He wore a Speedo and spoke with an accent.

CHILDHOOD HEROES: Sandy Koufax and Jim Brown.

NATURAL FOE: Members of the Writers Guild of America East, who launched a “Working Harder for Less” campaign to shame CBS at public events for planned cuts in pay and union jobs. One handout: a mock copy of Moonves’s $52 million paycheck.

BRAGGING RIGHTS: No longer the “geeky network,” CBS unseated NBC’s “Must See TV” Thursdays and led ratings among the 18- to-49 crowd for regularly scheduled programs for the first time in three decades.

IN GENERAL: Following Viacom’s great divide, Moonves will run the re-christened CBS Corp., which includes the broadcast TV networks, radio, billboard advertising, and the syndication businesses. He’ll also run Showtime, publisher Simon & Schuster, and Paramount’s theme parks. The idea is that a different kind of investor will be attracted to the slower-growing but cash-spinning CBS versus the faster-growing Viacom. In some ways, the Tiffany Network has remained a lightning rod for controversy, most recently with “Rathergate.” “It was unfortunate,” says Moonves, 55, who fired one executive and asked three others to resign after reading the report from the independent panel appointed to investigate the scandal.

YEAR AHEAD: 

BIG SALE: Unloaded IBM’s PC business for $1.75 billion to China’s Lenovo Group. Analysts claimed the move wasn’t just historic but smart too: it gets a money-losing business off IBM’s books while keeping its brand name in a booming market. For five years the P.C.’s will still carry the IBM logo.

MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL-COMPLEX WATCH: Building the Stryker supercomputer for the U.S. Army, which will use it to develop advanced weapons.

COMPENSATION WATCH: Palmisano earned $14.39 million in 2004, but going forward he and about 50 other top IBM executives pledged to defer their own pay increases “until we get our business back on track.

MAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVE: Palmisano, 54, claims that he reads every e-mail sent to him by IBM’s 320,000 employees. Sometimes he calls middle managers just to chat and ask what they’re thinking about.

IN GENERAL: After reporting disappointing first-quarter earnings, Palmisano said at IBM’s annual shareholders’ meeting last spring that he was taking “aggressive action.” He’s vowed to cut costs by $1 billion and reduce bureaucracy by axing 10,000 to 13,000 jobs, mostly in sluggish Europe. But cutbacks alone won’t satisfy Wall Street. Palmisano needs to build new businesses, too; at $96.5 billion in revenue last year, IBM has to add the equivalent of a Fortune 500 company annually to sustain its rate of growth. Things are looking up: in July the company reported that second-quarter revenues had risen 6 percent over last year. He’s betting growth will come from the burgeoning computerization of retail, everything, such as the medical-records that IBM already helps the doctors at the Mayo Clinic to study in order to make better diagnoses.

YEAR AHEAD: 

MOGUL RELATIONS: Hugger Steve Jobs in June, when they announced Apple’s switch from IBM to Intel for chips to power the Macintosh.

HOLLYWOOD RELATIONS: At Herb Allen’s Sun Valley retreat this summer, Intel announced it was forming a digital-entertainment company, to be called ClickStar Inc., with actor Morgan Freeman’s production house, Revelations Entertainment. The new company plans to make movies available to consumers via the Internet the same day they open in theaters.

IN GENERAL: In May, Ottelini, 55, became the fifth C.E.O. in Intel’s history—and the first who wasn’t an engineer. Barrett, 66, who retired at 65, as per the company’s tradition, took over from Andy Grove as chairman. Ottelini faces big challenges, especially the legal complaint brought in July by rival AMD, which charged Intel with “anti-competitive practices.”

YEAR AHEAD: 

MOGUL RELATIONS: Grasping Wal-Mart’s incomparable ability to sell DVDs, Katzenberg is a frequent visitor to the retailer’s headquar ters, in Bentonville, Arkansas. He even put on a blue Wal-Mart smock at an employee meeting.

LITTLE BUDDY: Reality TV mogul Mark Burnett.

BIG SALE: DreamWorks Animation raised $812 million from the initial public offering of its stock, in October 2004. The I.P.O. gave the company a market value of more than $4 bil-
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INTERNAL AFFAIRS:
After 35 years, ABC unloaded its signature program Monday Night Football, which was losing $150 million a year for the network. It didn’t go far: it will now air on Disney’s ESPN, where, analysts say, the economics of a subscription-based cable channel will make it instantly profitable.

MOST IRRONIC SUCCESS:
The TV shows Desperate Housewives and Lost, which are almost entirely responsible for reviving the long-suffering ABC network. The book Disney-War claimed that Iger didn’t like either show, a characterization which Iger called “preposterous and false.”

IMPERIAL EXPANSION:
Disney opens Hong Kong Disneyland this month. Iger, who has been spearheading Disney’s push into China, is hoping this theme park, which cost $3.6 billion to build, will spur international growth. After all, 290 million of China’s 1.3 billion people are under the age of 14.

TRiumPH OF THE MACHINE:
Disney stopped all hand-drawn animation this year. And for the first time, 3-D computers are used for all of the studio’s animated films.

IN GENERAL:
Iger, 54, made his presence felt as soon as he got the nod as Disney’s new chief by dismantling the company’s corporate-strategic-planning department and promising division heads more autonomy. Iger reached out to estranged animation partner Pixar and visited co-founder Steve Jobs at his office for the first time to see if the companies’ alliance could be salvaged. His vision for the Mouse House is to con-

NEW ESTABLISHMENT STUDIO HEADS: A RANKING

1. JIM GIANOPULOS AND TOM ROTHMAN
    co-chairmen, Filmtracks Entertainment
    In this week’s Wall Street Journal and Variety, Iger said he has rehired his former top lieutenants, former Miramax president Gianopulos and Miramax co-founder Rothman, to help run DreamWorks’ new film studio. “This is a very difficult time in the business,” Iger said. “These guys have a proven track record of being able to produce great films.”

2. BARRY MEYER AND ALAN HORN
    chairman and C.E.O.; president and C.O.O.; Warner Bros.
    The blueprint of releasing big movies based on pre-sold concepts no longer smells like Catwoman’s litter box, thanks to Batman Begins and Charlie and the Chocolate Factory. Meyer and Horn brought Johnny Depp’s and Leonardo DiCaprio’s production companies into the Warner fold.

3. RON MUEYER AND STACEY SNIDER
    president and C.O.O., Universal Studios; chairman, Universal Pictures
    In the wake of being acquired by General Electric, the duo have been flying to New York a lot to rub elbows with their fellow division managers. The studio’s rockstar presidents of production, Scott Stuber and Mary Parent, tired of the executive suite and switched over to producing, leaving a younger group of executives to fill the product pipeline.

4. MICHAEL LYNTON AND AMY PASCAL
    chairman and C.E.O.; vice-chairman; Sony Pictures Entertainment
    One of the last studios to make complicated movies for adults found that adult movies can be complicated, as witnessed by Nora Ephron’s Bewitched. Sony won the bidding war to acquire MGM-UA.

5. ROBERT SHAPE AND MICHAEL LYNNE
    co-chairmen and co-C.E.O.s, New Line Cinema
    With no more Lord of the Rings movies in the offing, these two mavericks have returned to what they know best—broad comedies (Wedding Crashers), genre pictures (Blade: Trinity), and the odd arthouse release (Oscar winner The Sea Inside).

6. RICHARD COOK AND NINA JACOBSON
    chairman, Walt Disney Studios; president, Buena Vista Motion Pictures Group
    After a string of big flops, Cook and Jacobson have turned to mid-range fare, built around established stars, with particular focus on Disney and Pixar. Already on the slate: Chicken Little and a live-action version of Alice in Wonderland.

7. ROBERT SHAPE AND MICHAEL LYNNE
    co-chairmen, New Line Cinema
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YEAR AHEAD: ➤
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AVAILABLE ON DVD SEPTEMBER 13
EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY OBSESSIVE BEHAVIOR: Bruckheimer, 60, personally selects the pop songs callers to his production office hear while on hold.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS: Says blandly of Disney's failure to buy CSI for its ABC network, "It was a $1 billion mistake."

BRAGGING RIGHTS: Most successful film and television producer in the entertainment industry.

IN GENERAL: Bruckheimer's adventure film National Treasure grossed $173 million, despite tepid reviews. And this fall America's major TV networks will air an unprecedented 10 Bruckheimer-produced shows (topping Aaron Spelling's record of 8 in 1984-85 and in 1994-95), including E-Ring on NBC and Close to Home on CBS. Also in the works: two sequels to Pirates of the Caribbean, Bruckheimer's highest-grossing film, a sequel to National Treasure, and his long-awaited entry into the super-lucrative video-game market.

BIG COOL FRIEND: Vice President Dick Cheney, who has said that Fox News is "more accurate" than other media outlets.

HUMBLE BEGINNINGS: Ailes' mother embroidered handkerchiefs that 10-year-old Roger sold door-to-door.

DIPLOMACY SKILLS: Despite Fox News's attacks on Bill and Hillary, the former president sent a taped greeting to an event in June in which Ailes was the guest of honor. "I am especially grateful that Roger didn't work in the '92 campaign," Clinton reportedly said. "Who knows how different history would have been if he had. I would have been spared all of his barbs in his later life as a media mogul, but I wouldn't have been president."

ON THE RECORD: When asked by an NBC exec about the basis for the Fox News slogan "The Most Powerful Brand in News," Ailes responded, "I made it up, you idiot! I got it from the same guy who told you that you were "The News Leader"."

IN GENERAL: In June, after months of speculation, The Wall Street Journal reported that Rupert Murdoch was near an agreement with Time Warner on his next big gamble—a business cable channel slated to launch in 2006 that's aimed squarely at CNBC—and Ailes, 65, will be calling the shots. He became chairman of Fox Television Stations after Lachlan resigned, in August. As for Fox News: it now claims 51 percent of prime-time cable-news viewers and the company has said it is on track to notch some $500 million in ad revenues in 2005.

MOGUL MISHAP: Despite the success of Electronic Arts' Lord of the Rings games, E.A. employees had a dismissive attitude during development, which rankled director Peter Jackson so much that he didn't even invite the company to bid on the game version of King Kong.

IN GENERAL: In December, after being blindsided by competitors Sega and Take-Two and their bargain-bin price of $19.99 for their NFL 2K game, E.A., the maker of the ridiculously popular Madden NFL franchise, inked an exclusive five-year deal with the N.F.L. for more than $300 million, depriving its foes of the valuable brand. It followed with a 15-year agreement in the range of $800 million with ESPN in January. Still, E.A. has been unable to match the recent buzz from two games—Rockstar's Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas and Microsoft's Halo 2—and its performance has suffered as a result, with March quarter profits plunging 91 percent, to $8 million. But it's unlikely Probst, 55, is very concerned: E.A.'s strategy of building game franchises—from Madden to Harry Potter and The Sims—resulted in 31 titles that sold one million copies worldwide in fiscal 2005 and earned $3.1 billion in net revenue.

DIPLOMACY SKILLS: Discussed Franco-American relations over lunch with Nicolas Sarkozy, France's finance minister and presidential aspirant.

SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED: After criticizing Brooke Shields for taking Paxil for her prolonged ordeal of postpartum depression.

MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE: Cruise, 43, has such tremendous clout in Hollywood that he will take an astonishing 30 percent of the Mission: Impossible 3 gross. Mission: Impossible 2, of which Cruise and his production company also took 30 percent, grossed $546 million worldwide.

IN GENERAL: Ever since replacing P.R. woman Pat Kingsley with his sister Lee Anne De Vette, Cruise has become an insufferable crusader, routinely subjective journalists to all-day Scientology indoctrinations at its centers before giving interviews. His proselytizing, combined with his manic professions of love for now fiancée Katie Holmes, 26, on The Oprah Winfrey Show, led many people to wonder whether the studio bosses were hesitating to green-light his next star vehicle, Mission: Impossible 3. The wags should have known better. Didn't they recall that former Paramount chief Sherry Lansing and Viacom chief Sumner Redstone have both attended Scientology banquets, keeping up their goodwill with Cruise?

STAB AT IMMORTALITY: It was Bob, now 51, who proposed, in 1979, that the two launch a film company.

IN GENERAL: Disney paid about $130 million to buy out their contracts and keep the Miramax name. The two will leave the studio they co-founded and ran for 26 years with enviable success—$4.5 billion in box-office grosses and 249 Oscar nominations. Meanwhile, Goldman Sachs has agreed to help finance the Weinstein Co., which is looking to raise $1 billion to fund 15 to 20 films a year and invest in books, musicals, broadcasting, and the Internet.

BOB WEINSTEIN

STRANGER THAN FICTION: In Twins of Tribeca, the roman à clef by a former Miramax publicity assistant, to which the brothers bought the film rights in 2003, the character said to be modeled after Bob is named Tony. "See Tony, the frizzy-haired one, spew expletives from a yoga headstand." As for Harvey, "Watch Phil, the fat one, eat an omelet with his bare hands."

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**COMPENSATION WATCH:** Despite Chambers's nominal salary of just $1, Forbes put the 56-year-old's 2004 pay—which includes stock grants and options—at $40.2 million. In February, Amalgamated Bank of New York sued the company, calling his option grants a "waste."

**SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT:** A May 2004 theft of Cisco software code that ended up on a Russian Web site. The theft was ultimately linked to a series of attacks on NASA and U.S. military computer systems. Their contrition? When a presenter at a July hackers' conference proposed to discuss how such vulnerabilities still existed in Cisco software—unless, of course, you had paid for an upgrade—the company threatened to sue him.

**IN GENERAL:** Cisco is so big ($24.8 billion in net sales) and so profitable (gross margins are an enviable 68 percent) that its critics suggest the company must choose between fast growth and profitability. Recent results suggest otherwise: net sales in Cisco's most recent quarter were $6.6 billion, up 11.1 percent over the prior year, and net profits rose 7 percent, to $1.5 billion.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

**ALLEGED GIRLFRIEND:** Mulholland Drive actress Laura Harring, 41, a countess from her previous marriage to a Basilr. They reportedly got to know each other at the 2004 Cannes Film Festival and went together to the L.A. premiere of The Aviator.

**BIG PROJECT:** A Vulcan Inc. $2 billion 10-year plan to transform a grimy Seattle warehouse district into a magnet for biotech and yuppies. So far he's put up four buildings and lured upscale brands such as Whole Foods and Pan Pacific hotels. Big setback: Bill Gates decided against the site for the new headquarters of his foundation.

**REAL-ESTATE WATCH:** His 122-acre Beverly Hills—adjacent estate, above Benedict Canyon. He's grading 146,000 cubic yards of dirt to build an asphalt driveway up the hill. There will be two houses—20,000 and 32,000 square feet—with a private spa and a stable.

**IN GENERAL:** The windfall that Allen, 52, hoped to make by unloading part of his stake in DreamWorks Animation, where he is one of the largest shareholders, never came: the hot stock cooled off, and in July, DreamWorks Animation canceled the $500 million secondary offering. But that and-down investment was overshadowed by his down-the-vortex one at Charter Communications, which continued to be an awesome money pit. Last fall the cable-TV company took a $3.29 billion third-quarter loss when the S.E.C. forced it to write down its assets. More than 200,000 customers canceled their service last year. The worst news: four former executives pleaded guilty to fraud and were sentenced to jail for inflating subscriber figures. Charter agreed to pay $144 million in cash and stock to settle shareholder lawsuits over the matter.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

**REVENGE OF THE NERD:** While his x factor was diminished temporarily by the dot-com bust, the dean of Silicon Valley venture capitalists looked like a genius again when Google's stock went public last fall and then quickly tripled. Doerr's $12.5 million investment in the start-up has turned into billions. He bought the stock at 49.5 cents a share in 1999. In June it broke $300.

**BIG COOL FRIEND:** Colin Powell joined the firm as a strategic limited partner in July.

**STAB AT IMMORTALITY:** Is looking to invest
LAS VEGAS Even in Las Vegas—best known as the infamous “Sin City”—redemption can be found through the more refined luxuries the city has to offer. Beyond the bright casino lights and crowded strip, an array of art, theater, and fine dining awaits to satisfy even the most discerning tastes. And there’s no better way to indulge elegantly than with a glass of Ferrari-Carano wine. Ferrari-Carano’s award-winning wines come from its own premium Sonoma County vineyards, offering complex blends with deep flavor, excellent structure, and consistent high quality. Enjoy a glass no matter where your Vegas adventure takes you. Salute!

DINING Buddha once again is smiling down on Tao. The celebrated New York bistro arrives at the Venetian Las Vegas, complete with the culinary wonders of chef Sam Hezans’s pan-Asian cuisine. Adorned with lush velvet, waterfalls, and exotic fish, Tao Las Vegas has the same look as its sister restaurant except it’s three times the size. One of the largest entertainment complexes in the world, Tao Las Vegas encompasses 40,000 square feet, including the exclusive restaurant, a bar, a nightclub, and a banquet facility. For details, visit taorestaurant.com.

ART At the very hip heart of the downtown Las Vegas arts district, Godt-Cleary Projects will showcase the selected works of contemporary artist Peter Wegner this October. Renowned for his compelling exploration of color, language, and architecture, Wegner’s latest commission features a labyrinth composed of 2.5 million sheets of stacked paper in various shades of green, creating a maze of paper “skyscrapers” that reflects the classic urban dwellings of today. Visit godtcleary.com for exhibition information.

THEATER After making the voyage from downtown theater darling to uptown Broadway sensation, the Tony Award-winning musical Avenue Q has landed in Las Vegas, by personal invitation from one of its biggest fans—uber-developer Steve Wynn. In an unprecedented theatrical execution, The Broadway Wynn Las Vegas has built a theater space specifically for the show, providing a unique platform for the production and an audience of 1200. For information, visit avenueq.com.

LIVE ENTERTAINMENT What’s new in Las Vegas—The Nevada Ballet Theatre ballet meets Las Vegas-rich legend Bruce Steivel, Greg Sample, and Sonia Dawkins. American jazz dance.
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NEW YORK For those of us who long to fine-tune our social graces, there is nowhere that can spoil us for choice like New York. A virtual mecca for cultural aficionados, Manhattan constantly engages the senses through its colorful cross section of art, theater, fine dining, and live music. And a scintillating venue deserves an equally sparkling cocktail: There is no more perfect complement to a night on the town in New York than a glass of Champagne Perrier-Jouët.

DINING • B.E.D. NY: Manhattanites who are ready to hit the sheets have a new place to unwind: B.E.D. NY, the first outpost of the legendary Miami eatery. Adorned with unique bed platforms that line the interior, B.E.D. NY combines two dining rooms with a roof-deck terrace offering a 360-degree view of the New York City skyline and the perfect setting to sip a flute of Champagne. Executive chef Victor Casassola excels in French-Brazilian contemporary cuisine, featuring dishes such as lobster with coconut-cashew-ginger sauce. B.E.D. NY also is infamous for its subterranean cocktails, including The Red Head in Bed and the Champagne Charlie. For more information, visit bedny.com.

• PINK ELEPHANT: Celebrating the unabated décadence of the 1920s and 30s, the newly reopened Pink Elephant is the latest addition to the city’s hip Chelsea District: Combining the mystique of a quintessential New York speakeasy, the seductiveness of a pre-World War II cabaret and the glamour of old Hollywood, Pink Elephant offers a bevy of delectable cocktails, by world-renowned mixologist Dale DeGroff. For patrons to sample in an atmosphere of pure pleasure and amorous delight. Visit pinkelephantclub.com.

THEATER With a cast and crew whose combined resumes are riddled with awards and nominations, A Naked Girl On The Appian Way is set to be yet another Broadway sensation. Roundabout Theatre Company’s Tony Award-winning duo of playwright Richard Greenberg and director Doug Hughes brings to life the humorous tale of a married couple whose lives are upended when their two children return from a year of European travel and reveal some surprising news. Academy Award nominee Jill Clayburgh and Emmy winner Richard Thomas star. For details, visit roundabouttheatre.org.

LIVE ENTERTAINMENT Singer-songwriter Michael Penn is a post-modern lyrist with the ability to craft tunes that charm intellectual and pop fans alike. His latest album, Five, has been acclaimed by the Brothers Quay, scored Paul Thomas Anderson’s Hard Eight and Boogie Nights. As well as the Jennifer Jason Leigh-Alan Cumming film The Anniversary Party, and produced releases from acts such as The Wallflowers and Liz Phair. His most recent album, Mr. Hollywood, Jr. 1947, left audiences wanting more, so thankfully Penn will be bringing his melodic wizardry to Joe’s Pub on October 7, 2003. For information and to purchase tickets, visit joespub.com.

ART The first major exhibition in the United States of the works of Vincent Van Gogh’s Swiss-bred draughtsman and draughtsman Vincent Van Gogh. The Drawings will be presented at The Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1280 Fifth Avenue, New York, as through December 31, 2003. More than 400 works were compiled in this ground-breaking exhibition and provide a new view to demonstrate the artist’s personal work, using Van Gogh’s personal language. Van Gogh employed in his sketches the immediacy of his mind. Indeed, as Van Gogh himself said, “Drawing is the root of everything.” For information, please see the Met's website.
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some of his $400 million war chest in a field that could really change the world (and make billions in the process): clean energy. He's already backing Ion America, which develops fuel-cell technology for off-the-grid electricity.

**BEHIND-THE-SCENES MANEUVER:** To coach Google's inexperienced, young Sergey Brin and Larry Page, Doerr brought in former Apple executive Bill Campbell.

**IN GENERAL:** Doerr, 54, is back. His firm invested in 45 deals last year, up from only 26 in 2003. He's revitalized his team, bringing in new partners such as Bill Joy, a well-known techno-guru, and Randy Komisar, a shaved-headed, motorcycle-riding, Zen Buddhist entrepreneur. Still, they will have a hard time living up to the legacy of Vinod Khosa, Doerr's rival for the title of Silicon Valley's top venture capitalist, who's scaling back at Kleiner Perkins to spend more time on family and philanthropy.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

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**41**

**MEL KARMAZIN**

C.E.O., SIRIUS SATELLITE RADIO

**NEMESIS:** Viacom C.E.O. Sumner Redstone. After recent sniping in Fortune—Redstone accusing his company's former president of being a cheapskate, Karmazin calling Redstone "full of shit"—they mustered a brief greeting at Herb Allen's Sun Valley retreat.

**COMPENSATION WATCH:** His five-year, $1.25-billion-per-year contract with Sirius includes 30 million stock options.

**IN GENERAL:** Since joining the company last November, Karmazin, 61, has doled out serious money to big-name talent, who, in turn, he hopes will lure subscribers to Sirius's 120-plus channels. Howard Stern got $500 million for five years, another $107.5 million went to NASCAR for exclusive rights to its events for five years, and Martha Stewart signed a five-year deal worth $30 million plus ad revenue. Meanwhile, Sirius has yet to turn a profit. It also lags way behind rival XM in subscriptions, but Karmazin expects to sign three million subscribers by year's end and vows that Sirius will have positive cash flow by 2007.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

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**42**

**JUDY McGRATH**

CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., MTV NETWORKS

**CAREER CHALLENGE:** Comedy Central suffered a huge blow when its flagship show, Dave Chappelle, fled to South Africa in the middle of taping his new season, leaving the network holding the bag on a huge, in-progress promotional campaign.

**DODGED A BULLET WHEN:** The Wall Street Journal, in an editorial, asked for McGrath's resignation following Janet Jackson's breast-baring performance during the 2004 Super Bowl halftime show.

**SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT:** MTV's live broadcast of Live 8, which attracted an average of 1.4 million viewers. The network was widely criticized for, among other things, cutting away from major performances to broadcast commercials.

**IN GENERAL:** Since taking the helm of MTV Networks in 2004, McGrath, 52, has controlled one of Viacom's most profitable divisions. It earned about $1.8 billion last year and comprises MTV's 100-plus cable channels worldwide (including everything from MTV Base in Africa to MTV Desi, aimed at Indian-Americans), in addition to Comedy Central and Nickelodeon. With her ascension, McGrath has become one of the most powerful women in media. She championed the launch of Flavor V's first gay channel.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

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**43**

**J. K. ROWLING**

AUTHOR

**CORPORATE MAKEOVER:** Changed pen name from Joanne Rowling to J.K., at the request of her publisher, who thought it sounded more mysterious. The K was tacked on in memory of her grandmother Kathleen.

**REAL-ESTATE WATCH:** A $9.5 million house in London, a $2.4 million Victorian mansion with 10 bedrooms in Edinburgh, Scotland (she recently increased the height of the perimeter walls to keep out the paparazzi), and an $800,000 19th-century house in the Scottish Highlands, where she was secretly married, for the second time, in 2001.

**DRAWS THE LINE AT:** Despite the merchandising of Harry Potter action figures, jelly beans, CDs, posters, and lunchpails, and his presence in a Coke ad, Rowling says, "I would do anything to prevent Harry from turning up in fast-food boxes everywhere. That would be my worst nightmare."

**IN GENERAL:** Debuting with an initial print run of 10.5 million copies, Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince became by a mile the largest book launch in U.S. history by selling 6.9 million copies-about 250,000 an hour—its first day on store shelves. (After two days the book's earnings topped $100 million, which was more than the films Charlie and the Chocolate Factory and Wedding Crashers grossed—combined—during the same time period.) This added fuel to the franchise that has already spawned, among other things, a $2.9-billion-grossing movie machine (the fourth film is due in November). After writing the first book in coffee shops while living on $50 a week in a two-room, mouse-infested flat, Rowling, 41, is now one of the wealthiest women in Britain—wealthier than the Queen—according to Forbes's most recent billionaires list.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

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**44**

**CHRIS ALBRECHT**

CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., HBO

**ANIMAL HUSBANDRY:** Albrecht, 53, collects warm-blooded European show-jumping horses, which he keeps in stables in Moorpark, California.

**REAL-ESTATE WATCH:** Recently sold his ranch, in Malibu, and bought a house in Brentwood.

**IN GENERAL:** HBO picked up 93 Emmy nominations this year—the most by any network—and still rakes in the cash. It cleared profits of almost $1.1 billion in 2004 (outearning all the broadcast networks), and, most important, its subscription base is growing, as is the popularity of its on-demand service. As the company prepares to launch its most risky series ever—the 12-
episode, $100 million epic, *Rome*—some media soothsayers are predicting that the huge cable channel is in a difficult position. *The Sopranos* has one, maybe two seasons left, and the *Entourage* season premiere was off 16 percent from its 2004 debut. Plus, *The Comeback*, its new show starring Lisa Kudrow, debuted poorly—only 1.5 million people tuned in. Still, Larry David's *Curb Your Enthusiasm* and Bill Maher's talk show are among the smartest shows on television.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

**BIG BUDDY:** When Apple C.E.O. Steve Jobs is in New York, he and Morris grab some noodles at Saint's Alp Teahouse, an N.Y.U. hangout in the East Village.

**BIG DEAL:** To bolster the company's hip-hop quotient, Morris, 66, made Jay-Z, who seems to be America's Most Active Retiree, president of Def Jam Recordings.

**VACATION SPOT:** Long Boat Key; Florida.

**DOUG MORRIS**

CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., UNIVERSAL MUSIC GROUP

**IN GENERAL:** While most of the industry continues to struggle, Universal Music—the world's largest music company—continues to outperform and maintain its considerable lead in market share: after the first six months of 2005, U.M.G. had 35.7 percent; Sony BMG, the second-biggest company, had 28.3 percent. Artists as varied as U2, Toby Keith, Guns N' Roses, and Reggaeton king Daddy Yankee helped U.M.G. increase its 2004 operating profits to $435 million, an increase of almost 500 percent over the previous year. While record sales are down almost 7 percent as of June 2005, Universal's are up 10 percent. To shore up revenue, the company is aggressively pursuing video-on-demand purveyors such as Yahoo, which now must pay Universal a small, per-play fee to use U.M.G.'s content—a move that will contribute tens of millions of dollars to the bottom line.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

**BIG COOL FRIEND:** Steven Tyler. A longtime Aerosmith fan, Brown experienced a breakthrough moment when he received a call from the singer, who said how much he loved *The Da Vinci Code*.

**CREATIVE SECRETS:** Lives in Exeter, New Hampshire, where he grew up; rarely grants interviews; is at his working loft (with no phone or access to e-mail) by four A.M. every day; keeps an antique hourglass on his desk and stops every hour to do some sit-ups and push-ups.

**MASTER-OF-THE-UNIVERSE MOVE:** Arriving at the airport for a flight, Brown realized he had forgotten his ID. He borrowed a copy of *The Da Vinci Code* from another traveler and used the jacket photo to check in.

**IN GENERAL:** With *The Da Vinci Code*, Brown, 41, made the unheard-of leap from lower-midlist thriller writer (who had reportedly agreed to write *The Da Vinci Code* and his next book for $400,000 combined) to master of an international flagship franchise. In the two years since its publication, the 25-million-copy-selling book, which is still available in the U.S. only in hardback, has spawned a Ron Howard film adaptation, starring Tom Hanks and due spring 2006, and a *Da Vinci* diet. Tourism in Europe has increased thanks to *Da Vinci* pilgrims. A Google search of the title turns up 2.4 million results, and there are more than a dozen books debunking its premise.

**YEAR AHEAD:**

**BIG COOL FRIENDS:** The Bush family.

**IN-HOUSE ENTERTAINMENT:** Mays's wife controls the remote so that their six children won't see commercials for Viagra during family viewing hours.

**NEPOTISM ALERT:** Mays's father, Lowry, the co-founder of Clear Channel, remains chairman (Mark, 42, took over as C.E.O. in 2004 after Lowry underwent brain surgery); Mays's younger brother, Randall, is executive vice president and C.F.O. All three received the same bonus—$1.7 million—for 2004. Meanwhile, Mark and Randall's sister Kathryn Mays Johnson was paid a mere $68,040 as senior vice president of corporate relations.

**REPUBLICAN BONA FIDES:** Clear Channel stations co-sponsored 13 "Rally for America" events, aimed at whipping up support during the lead-up to the war in Iraq.

**IN GENERAL:** After amassing 1,189 domestic radio stations, 823,580 outdoor advertising displays (including billboards), and 104 live-entertainment venues, the Texas conglomerate flip-flopped on the virtues of consolidation and in April announced plans to spin off its live-entertainment business and sell 10 percent of the outdoor advertising unit in an I.P.O. The dual impetus: falling profits (operating income was down 27.5 percent in the first quarter of 2005 from the same period in 2004) and a moribund stock (down more than 60 percent since early 2000). The crown-jewel radio division has even had its own volte-face, introducing the "Less Is More" program to reduce the length and frequency of ads in hopes of increasing its audience. Mays's biggest challenge: funding off the rise of largely advertising-free satellite-radio outfits Sirius and XM.

**YEAR AHEAD:**
By Alan Deutschman, Richard Siklos, Heather Halberstater, John Brodie, Duff McDonald, Craig Offman, and Richard Rushfield

**MOGULS IN THE RUNNING**

**DR. DRE**

**BRIAN GRAZER AND RON HOWARD**

**ALLEN GRUBMAN**

**MARK HURD**

**KIRK KERKORIAN**

**ANDREW LACK**

**JOHN LASSETER**

**JONATHAN MILLER**

**HOWARD STERN**

**ROBERT WIESENTHAL**

**JAY-Z**

**JEFF AZCHNER**

**THE NEW ESTABLISHMENT 2005**

**ANN MOORE**

**NORMAN PEARlstine**

**JOHN HUEY**

**MARUHA STEWART**

**EDGAR BRONFMAN JR.**

**BIG COOL FRIEND:** Led Zeppelin guitarist Jimmy Page, who helped Bronfman, 50, ring the opening bell the day of Warner's I.P.O.

**FAMILY STRIFE:** Kid Rock left Warner in January because he wanted a company "more interested in music than I.P.O.'s." Several months later, Linkin Park, one of Warner's top-selling bands, demanded to be released from its contract after insisting that band members were being underpaid.

**IMPERIAL EXPANSION:** Warner paid $30 million for a major stake in Diddy Combs' Bad Boy Entertainment in April. In return, Diddy attended a meeting for prospective investors at a W Hotel in Manhattan and signed autographs for Wall Street bankers.

**IN GENERAL:** Despite the lackluster launch of its hurried I.P.O., which saw Warner Music's stock land well below its target price, Warner finds itself on more solid financial ground than last year. In 2004, heavy cost cutting, combined with online sales, led the world's fourth-largest music company to its first profitable year. But with Bronfman betting big that being able to play music over cell phones and digital audio players, such as iPods, will earn back what the CD market has lost, his comeback tour remains very much a work in progress.

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**YEAR AHEAD:**

**NICKNAME:** M. Diddy. **LEGENg HAS IT:** That while in prison for five months for conspiracy, obstruction, and lying to federal investigators, she tried to maintain her upscale lifestyle by starting a yoga class (she invented the "wall dog" pose, an adaptation of the "downward dog" for constricted jail spaces), perfecting cooking methods using a communal refrigerator and microwave (eggs or apples work all right), foraging for wild greens on the prison's expansive acreage, and lobbying to have yogurt added to the vending machines.

**VEHICLE:** Kawasaki Mule. (She reportedly bought the off-road vehicle in June to travel around her Westchester grounds faster.)

**EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY OBSESSIVE BEHAVIOR:** Keeps her Friesian horses out of the sun so their coats will continue to match the black color scheme for all the animals on her 153-acre farm in Bedford, New York.

**OCCASIONAL BOYFRIEND:** Bill Gates's old buddy Charles Simonyi, the super-rich Hungarian-born software mogul and chief architect of Microsoft Word and Excel, sent a Falcon jet to take Stewart away from prison when her sentence ended.

**REAL-ESTATE WATCH:** She got about $9 million for the Gordon Bunshaft–designed midcentury modern house on East Hampton's Georgica Pond, which she had bought from the Museum of Modern Art for a reported $3.2 million.

**IN GENERAL:** Stewart's prison time actually propelled the share price of Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia (MSO) from $9, on the day she was sentenced, to $34, the day she was released, restoring the value of Stewart's roughly 60 percent ownership stake to near $1 million. While she was in prison, where she wasn't supposed to work, the board installed Susan Lyne as C.E.O. Previously, Lyne had presided over the creation of ABC's hits Desperate Housewives and Lost, which didn't prevent her from getting fired by the network's inscrutable parent, Disney. At MSO, Lyne launched Everyday Food, a public-television show. Now Martha, 64, is back with the Martha TV show; a four-year, $30 million contract with Sirius Satellite Radio; and $100,000$ million for a major stake in Diddy Combs' Bad Boy Entertainment in April. In return, Diddy attended a meeting for prospective investors at a W Hotel in Manhattan and signed autographs for Wall Street bankers.

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**YEAR AHEAD:**
BECAUSE WHEN YOU USE A BED LIKE A COUCH, IT FEELS LESS LIKE A BED.

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Late night in the city, it's when you find your classic wool trench coat, that is. Wrap-up your piece. It doesn't matter where you're headed, make a dash. In this city you have an open...
MELISSA GEORGE

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 29, actress.

PROVENANCE: Perth, Australia. RUNAWAY SUCCESS: Catch up with George in this month’s Derailed, opposite Clive Owen and Jennifer Aniston. END OF A CAREER: A competitive roller skater since she was 5, George cracked her tailbone at 14 before her last big competition. HOME ... : At 16 she joined the cast of the Australian soap Home and Away, proving ground for other Australian stars such as Heath Ledger and Guy Pearce. AND AWAY: George came to L.A. to shoot a pilot, but she’d have gone right back to Perth if Steven Soderbergh hadn’t paid for her visa and given her a role in The Limey. Other credits include Mulholland Drive and a season on Alias as evil counterpart to Jennifer Garner. CUNNING LINGUIST: On shooting the upcoming Turistas in Brazil: “By the end of two and a half months, the first A.D. would give directions in Portuguese and I’d go off and do it and the rest would have to wait for a translator.” —KRISTA SMITH
KNOW EXACTLY WHAT SHE'LL BE WEARING THE FALL.

SOME WOMEN KNOW EXACTLY WHAT THEY'LL BE WEARING THIS FALL.
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GODIVA Chocolatier
Bob Saget goes very blue

Once the patriarch on TV’s Full House and the corny host of America’s Funniest Home Videos, Bob Saget—now fully cleansed of his G-rated costume and equipped with a dirty mouth that would humble George Carlin—is having a comeback, thanks to a cameo on HBO’s Entourage and a segment in the controversial hit The Aristocrats. Our correspondent wants to see if Saget can work as blue in the form of a Q&A.

George Wayne: You’re 49, but you could pass for 10 years younger. Repeat after me: Hallelujah!
Bob Saget: I know. I am very, very lucky, whatever the heck it is I’ve been doing. I have three daughters, an ex-wife, and a dog with prostate cancer, and all of that keeps me young.

G.W. Suddenly, you’re hot again, and you didn’t have to do a reality show.
B.S. You know, God bless America. I’m so happy I didn’t have to do a reality show. The only reality show I watch is Pimp My Ride.

At times I wanted to do a reality show, but now I can’t go back to family television unless the family was like The Aristocrats.

G.W. Talk a bit about the peaks and valleys of life as an entertainer.
B.S. When your phone doesn’t ring—in my case, all nine phone lines—it can be very quiet.

G.W. It’s interesting, you and Rosie O’Donnell left mainstream television, it seems, to become raunchaholics. You were a big star on a tepid TV sitcom; she, of course, had that ass-kissing talk show. But it seems that both of you sought to restore your street cred, as it were, with triple-X banter.

B.S. I didn’t do it to prove anything. I am really made this way. I have always found sick shit funny. I mean, I did a film called Half Baked a few years ago, where I said, “I suck dick for coke.”

G.W. Do you?
B.S. No, I do not.

G.W. Yeah, right.
B.S. I swear.

G.W. So what’s the real story—Penn Jillette and Paul Provenza were probably sharing a huge spliff at five one morning a few years ago and came up with this ingenious idea of rounding up the icons of comedy to let it all hang out for 77 minutes of thorough filth. How did you go about flexing your creative muscles for this project?

B.S. The thing is, I wake up the same Paul when I was 19 as a student at Temple University. And we became friends.

Penn I met at Comic Relief for HBO, and we hit it off because he’s a sick, funny bastard. I filmed my scene upstairs at the Laugh Factory.

G.W. Where you ended up stealing the show. Would it be fair to call this “the Caligula of comedic excess”?
B.S. That is exactly what it is: comedians going too far. There are some family-type comedians not in the film—some were gun-shy.

G.W. Where did you make your stand-up debut? Does the joint still exist today?
B.S. You know what? You ask very good questions. I was 17 and I had been doing a home movie called “Beach Blanket Blintzes,” a piece of crap, and I got up before showing it to talk for 15 minutes, and that was the first time I had ever got up before a group of people.

The moment of consequence for me was when I was 18, and I got on the train from Philadelphia and I went to the Improv in New York, where I waited like 10 hours to go on that night. That was the first big trip to New York, and I will always remember it.

G.W. I loved the fact that they dragged Phyllis Diller away from her oxygen tank long enough to be part of this historic film.

B.S. It’s only natural that, the world being what it is now, when things go so far to the right, stuff like this will become popular. But I still won’t let my two younger daughters or my mother see this film.

G.W. What was it like working on Entourage? That bimbo Adrian Grenier really gets my balls churning.

B.S. They called to find out if I would do an episode, and I liked the show, so I said yes. I wanted it to be ballysy and cocky, so the next thing I know I’m smoking a bong and hanging out with hookers.

G.W. You are the father of three noble young women. What do you say to the current queen of mobility, Paris Hilton? Do you think she’ll just end up hosting Naughty Amateur Home Videos?

B.S. When you look at Paris, she is a very sexual girl. These tapes came out that, in the past, would ruin a career, but boosted her ratings. She is very good at being unscathed.

G.W. Are you dating anyone?
B.S. When you are with your kids all the time, it’s not easy to change gears and then, eight at night, go out and be a ho. I can’t disappoint my kids, so my time with them is very precious.

G.W. Thank you, Mr. Saget—may the G-force be with you.
Don't understand why your favorite receiver is out for the season with a “stinger” or “strained hip flexor”? Unsure as to which teams played in the Greatest Game Ever Played? Guilty of thinking that “encroachment” and “offside” mean the same thing? Rejoice, for Parcells kinda guy DAVID KAMP and PETER RICHMOND have borne down like Hacksaw Reynolds and “left it all on the field,” just to bring you…

**THE PRO FOOTBALL SNOB’S DICTIONARY VOL.2**

All-Madden Team. Idiogynman, creator of a season’s best players as devised by Arizona’s bus-traveling, advertiser-friendly ex-debutante in regular-guy pigskin jollity, John Madden, as announced in a TV special during the soul-denaturing two-week interregnum between the conference championships and the Super Bowl. Madden traditionally awards his honors to overworked but effective defensive tackles, neckless, LUNCHPAIL-type offensive linemen, and assorted players of undisputed toughness, unrelenting MOTORS, and a certain PARCELS KINDA GUY-ness.

Brown, Paul. Lean, severe Ohio-football paterfamilias (1908–91) who organized the eponymous and long-dominant Cleveland Browns of the All-America Football Conference, coaching them from 1946 until 1962, by which time they had joined the N.F.L. and thrice won its championship. Like GEORGE “PAPA BEAR” HALAS, Brown invented a lot of the practices that have now become standard operating procedure for coaches, such as holding classroom-style, film-aided tutorials, retaining a coaching staff year-round, and insisting that players take intelligence tests. Having already been inducted into the N.F.L. Hall of Fame, Brown resurfaced in the late 1960s as the first general manager and coach of the expansion Cincinnati Bengals, who this day play in Paul Brown Stadium, confusing football novitiates because the Browns, who under Brown’s tenure played in Cleveland’s Municipal Stadium, now play in the new Cleveland Browns Stadium.

Clock management. Increasingly scrutinized part of a head coach’s duties, referring to his skill, or lack of it, in using his time-outs, challenges, and general pace-setting in order to make sure he gets the most of the crucial, final minutes of each half. Seldom even acknowledged as a factor in the old days, a coach’s clock-management ability is now considered so important that it can make or break his career, and some teams hire assistant coaches whose sole job is to help the head coach keep track of the clock. Herb Edwards knows how to motivate his players, but unless he figures out clock management, this will be his last season in New York.

Coffin corner. The sideline-abutting areas of the field between the five-yard line and the goal line. The mark of an effective punter, especially in tightly contested games where starting field position is crucial, is his ability to kick the ball out of bounds near a coffin corner, thereby pinning his opponents deep in their own territory. We put the kid up back there, even though he could have gone 30 yards, he couldn’t hit the edge of the coffin corner. Complete back. The term given for a running back who is proficient in carrying the ball, catching, blocking, and receiving; often used to frame the argument against an immature, ego-incompliant* player. Sure, the kid put up some great numbers at Oklahoma, but he whiffs on every block and muff every pass thrown his way, I’d much rather expend my third-round pick on a complete back.

Crude of quarterbacks. Knowing, insider term for western Pennsylvania, whose coal towns have produced an inordinate number of great signal callers, among them Dan Marino, Johnny Unitas, Joe Montana, Joe Namath, Jim Kelly, and George Blanda.

Decatur Staley. Precursor team to the Chicago Bears, originally fielded by the A. E. Staley Manufacturing Company of Decatur, Illinois, which made starch products. In 1920, A. E. Staley himself tapped young GEORGE “PAPA BEAR” HALAS to assemble a football team, and played its first game that fall against the Moline Tractors. Little more than a year later, Staley signed the team over to Halas, who moved it to Chicago. The Staleys are a de rigeur name-drop for Snobs who revel in pro football’s roughneck, smokestack roots.

Dr. Z. Insiderst nickname for aged, mustachioed Sport Illustrated pro-football mucker Paul Zimmerman, the magazine’s last remaining literary link to the old days of Tex Maule, Pete Rozelle, and smoky Upper East Side watering holes populated by fat men who looked like J. Edgar Hoover. That Zimmerman’s weekly predictions are no more accurate than your lawn guy’s and are often rendered meaningless by weasely qualifiers—“If Trent Green is healthy, I like the Chiefs”—is of no real significance; to the gaming Snob, Dr. Z. is a sentimental read, a link to one’s trusting, uncynical boyhood.

Eight men in the box. Oddly bathhouse-redolent term for a run-stuffing defensive alignment in which eight players—usually all the defensive linemen and linebackers, plus one defensive back playing uncharacteristically close to the ball—are stacked into “the box,” the area whose boundaries are defined by where the offensive tackles are lined up on the opposite side of the ball. The alignment is typically deployed in short-yardage situations and against teams that have good running games but not particularly threatening passing games. With Ricky Williams back, the Dolphins should face a lot more eight men in the box, allowing for some nice passing lanes for A. J. Feeley.

Empty set. Voguish formation in which the offense lines up with nobody in the backfield but the quarterback; used on obvious passing downs in the hope that defenders will be confused about whom the QB is going to throw to. Because the New England Patriots have been so successful with the empty set—sometimes lining up in a more traditional formation and then shifting into an empty set while Tom Brady barks the snap count—many lesser teams have taken up this approach, only to confuse themselves, blow blocking assignments, and get their quarterback clobbered.

Encroachment. Commonplace rule infraction that Snobs like to call aloud while watching a game only to show that they know the difference between an encroachment penalty (which is called when a defensive player enters the neutral zone and makes contact with an offensive player before the ball is snapped) and an offsides penalty (which is
he wasn't picked on
he'd have no material.

inspired by chris rock's life...as a kid.

everybody hates chris

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upn
Hands team. A receiver-and-defensive-back-heavy contingent of play put on the field in “prevent” situations, such as when the opposing team is attempting an outside kick or a last-second Hail Mary pass. Or by using a bunch of the Flanker is usually a tall, physical receiver who overpowers his defenders on the field and alienates his teammates off it (e.g., Randy Moss and Terrell Owens), while his complementary receiver, the split end, is more liable to be a speedy-type wide receiver, either by design or because he has HAPPY FEET.

46 defense. Defensive formation used to great effect by the Chicago Bears in their 1985 “Super Bowl Shuffle” season. Devised by the Bears’ then defensive coordinator, Buddy Ryan—a man more even-tempered and dyspeptic-looking than his boss, Mike Ditka—the 46 typically crowds the line of scrimmage with six defenders (the four down linemen, plus two linebackers), with the middle linebacker and strong safety hovering just behind them, waiting to wreck havoc on whoever has the ball. (The 46 allows the Bears to get away with having two defensive backs out of position, which is why the Bears’ defense was so much more effective during the 1986 season; the 46, in this case, might be better described as a 46-2 defense.)

Four-down territory. The area between an opposing team’s 30- and 40-yard lines, which is always chosen by the offense. More than just a defensive strategy, the four-down formation is often used by coaches as an opportunity to show their teams’ offensive strength and to keep their opponents on their toes. The Bears’ 46 defense was particularly effective in this regard, as it allowed them to keep their opponents guessing and to keep them from getting into a rhythm.

Leaving it all on the field. Rushing linebackers, such as Passerelli, are often known for their ability to carry the ball forward and to keep their opponents off balance. The 46 defense, with its four-down formation, was particularly effective in this regard, as it allowed the Bears to keep their opponents guessing and to keep them from getting into a rhythm.

Passing tree. Diagram used by offensive coaches as a guide for how to run routes accurately. Usually, the various routes—the curl, the out, the post—need to be run by both sides of the field, and they need to be run with the proper timing and spacing. The 46 defense was particularly effective in this regard, as it allowed the Bears to keep their opponents guessing and to keep them from getting into a rhythm.
ANY SMALLER AND IT WOULD BE "EUROPEAN!"

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San Francisco 49ers in the 70s and early 80s who engaged the league's yahoo fans with his reckless, LEAVING-IT-ALL-ON-THE-FIELD style of play (he once vomited on the 49ers' midfield logo while playing a game with the Hall of Fame marker just inches away). He was also a favorite of fans at the University of Tennessee, where after a crushing loss, he vented his frustration by cutting a junked '53 Chevy clean in half, using 14 hacksaw blades.

Rooney's Air Longtime Pittsburgh Steelers owner and codgerly league eminence (1901-88); the most affable, and least football-savvy, of the old-line N.F.L. triumvirate (the others being George "Papa Bear" Halas and Paul Brown). Having owned the team since 1933, Rooney, who wore Coke-bottle glasses and playing the ponies to indulging in Dan Snyder-style meddling, didn't see his team win a championship until 1975, yet remains the most revered figure, living or dead, in Pittsburgh.

Safety valve. A short pass thrown to a running back in the flat after the quarterback has decided that his primary targets are covered. Young, HAPPY FEET-afflicted quarterbacks are often accused of using a safety valve as a first, rather than last, resort. Well, if El's gonna show us something, he's gonna have to show us something for his safety valve.

Seam. Theoretical border between two zones in a zone defense; a sort of invisible fence between the area being patrolled by one defender and that being patrolled by his teammate-neighbor. Because the seam's exact location is ambiguous, it's an area often vulnerable to quarterback attack. On the replay, you can see how Gonzalez found the seam and Green laid the ball right in his hands.

Shutdown corner. A cornerback whose coverage skills are so fierce that no quarterback will throw to the receiver he's covering, effectively "shutting down" the passing game on his side of the field. Ty Law's age and injuries make me wonder if he'll still be the shutdown corner of old.

Special-teams demon. Colloquial term for a feisty, overachieving player who is a good returner and/or a kick-coverage guy. Usually white and undersize—the prototypical special-teams demon was the Buffalo Bills' five-foot-nine-inch Steve Tasker, and the current favorite is the New England Patriots' five-foot-eight-inch Larry Izzo—the demon buries himself downfield with psycho abandon to make a tackle or down a punt, and is often prone to fiery post-play histronics that endeavor him to his team's more volatile fans.

Stinger. Bafflingly nonspecific injury-report term of recent vintage, used to describe discomfort in the shoulder-neck area that could be attributed to anything from a bruise to a pinched nerve to a serious, permanent neurological condition. We thought the kid would be out maybe a week with the stinger, but now we're scouting the water wire for another free safety.

Terrible Towel. Gimmick cheering prop of Pittsburgh Steelers fans since the mid-70s glory days of Terry Bradshaw and the Steel Curtain defense. In the 1980s, Pittsburgh TV and radio announcer Myron Cope exhorted fans to wave Steeler-gold towels during the team's playoff games, thereby turning Three Rivers Stadium into a sea of undulating garish yellow and precipitating a pro-sports-wide trend of fan-prop gimmickry, from big foam "#1" fingers to the "thunder sticks" and "rally monkeys" deployed by the Anaheim Angels fans during the team's triumphant 2002 World Series appearance.

Three-step drop. A short, quick drop-back by the quarterback after the snap, often implemented into game plans to protect quarterbacks with horrendous offensive lines and/or minimal pro experience. After a three-step drop, the quarterback usually loses a short pass to the running back or tight end and hopes he doesn't get hammered.

Tuck rule. Nickname for an obscure, now much-lamented clause in the N.F.L. rule book (Rule 3, Section 21, Article 2) that stipulates that a quarterback who has lost hold of the football while in the act of pulling his arm back toward his body has thrown an incomplete pass, rather than a fumble (as long as he had already begun to uncoil forward motion with his arm and had not successfully "tucked" the ball back into his person before the ball came loose. This clause, formerly unknown even to the geekiest of Football Snobs, gained notoriety when New England Patriots' Tom Brady appeared to fumble in the fourth quarter of a marvelous playoff game in blizzard conditions against Oakland in 2002. Citing the so-called tuck rule, the officials allowed the Patriots to keep the ball. They proceeded to score and win the game in overtime, thereby paving the way for the beginning of thePatricia penalty era, widely regarded as nothing short of a disaster by most football fans.

Turf toe. Teeny but debilitating injury in which the capsule that surrounds the joint at the base of the big toe is torn, resulting in nase pain in the ball of the foot. So named because the injury most frequently occurs on hard running/sideline/cheerleader-type surfaces.

Unip. Slang term for "uniform" that gained currency in the 1990s at A.F.L. teams, newly aware of the potential of having multiple uniform configurations rather than the traditional two colored jerseys at home, white jerseys on the road—unleashed a torrent of getups, from delightfully retro "throwback" uniforms to hideous monotone, chrome-plate chromatographic outfits that resemble pajamas. With baseball also getting into on this act, "uni-watching" has become a Snob pastime, with a writer named Paul Lukas even hatching his own cottage industry with a "Uni Watch" column that appeared first in The Village Voice and then Slate, and now on ESPN.com. Pronounced "OO-nee") to distinguish it from the identically spelled Japanese word for seaurchin (pronounced "OO-nee"), not that there is much overlap between the groups interested in such matters. The Eagles' tiger-striped ensemble with the terrane orange jerseys have to be the most disturbing-looking unia league history.

Uprise. Scouting term for a young player's potential, often used by MFL scouts, as a way of rating his ilk in his ideal very early.

Vertical passing game. The part of a team's offensive strategy that calls for its faster receivers to run patterns downfield for big yardage, thereby "stretching the field" and compelling defenses to keep their safeties back rather than deploy them as run stoppers and pass rushers. Many N.F.L. offensive coordinators think it's the most important offensive weapon a young team has to use—perhaps the most important offensive weapon anything has to use. It's the only vertical passing game there is.

Weak side. Defensive designation for the side of the field where the offense's tight end isn't lined up—implying that, absent the presence of an extra blocker, the defense is weaker on that side of the center, and therefore less likely to try to run in that direction. Outside linebackers in the 4-3 are thus designated weak-side and strong-side according to the bafflement of novice fans, who wonder how any pro football player could remember the word "weak" to be applied two different ways.

Williamson, Fred "the Hammer." Fear some 1960s defensive back for the Oak- land Raiders and Kansas City Chiefs who established even greater notoriety in the 1970s, after his playing days were over, as the brainspawning star of such films as Hell Up in Harlem and Black Caesar. Williamson also posed for Playgirl and was tapped to replace Don Meredith on Monday Night Football, getting the ax after a brief trial period during which he compartmentalized himself by appearing on-air wearing a necklace with a penis-shaped pendant.

WoodStock. Nickname for an odd, post-Bob Griese, pre-Don Marino experiment by Miami Dolphins coach Don Shula in which the young, scrabbling quarterback David Woodley started most games but was frequently relieved by the more polished veteran QB Don Strock. That the Dolphins rode this strange configuration all the way to Super Bowl XVII, in 1981 (where they lost to the Washington Redskins), is often upheld by Snobs as an argument for coaches' being less uptight about switching quarterbacks mid-game. Nevertheless, conventional football wisdom regards this idea as apostasy.

Zone blitz. Bafflingly nonspecific phrase invoked by announcers, for a situation in which one or more linebackers or defensive backs blitz the quarterback, while one or more defenders who normally rush the passer drop back into zone coverage. The zone blitz allows for short coverages but prevents the quarterback from achieving an unsuccessful blitz, a long-bomb completion. It is all the more difficult to understand because announcers are prone to shout "Zone blitz!" almost anytime a quarterback is sacked while the defensive backs are playing zone, even if no one has actually blazed.
# Intelligence Report: America at War

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-RICHARD RUSHFIELD and ADAM LEFF

Illustrations by TIM SHEAFFER

OCTOBER 2005
ugly can be beautiful
Paris Hilton has transfixed the nation, to the point where she made $7 million last year, hears paparazzi cameras clicking even when they’re not there, and has Camille Paglia weighing in on her cultural significance. But even as she brands herself in every imaginable form—TV, books, movies, a CD, perfume, jewelry, a nightclub chain—she is swearing off the party circuit that launched her. Meeting up with the 24-year-old Hilton and her Greek fiance, Paris Kasidokostas, KRISTA SMITH checks out the heiress’s latest persona: Paris Hilton. Homebody.
Gay Pride weekend in Los Angeles is under way, and a massive crowd has gathered to celebrate all things gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transgender. Early on Sunday morning, a sun-soaked Santa Monica Boulevard is already teeming with revelers, and police are barking orders into their bullhorns. Everyone's waiting for the start of this year's parade, which will be led by co-grand marshals Paris Hilton and her mother, Kathy.

At 11 A.M., 24-year-old Paris arrives in her dark-green custom-built Ferrari. She's dressed in (for her) a demure yellow-gold beaded gown with an Empire waist and escorted by Tinkerbell, her Chihuahua and constant companion, who is attired in fuchsia satin. Kathy looks pristine in white trousers, a white hat, and white Chanel wraparound sunglasses and carries a pink parasol. As Paris's father, Rick, records everything with his camcorder, mother and daughter are hoisted 10 feet up onto a bright-pink float shaped like a Volkswagen Beetle, and the parade begins. At the sight of the Hilton women, the crowd goes crazy.

"Hi, sexy!" one drag queen yells at Paris. "You're gorgeous! I love you!"

"Thanks, bitch!" Paris shouts in return, to the delight of all.

Two twentiesomething lesbians look on in disbelief. "I had no idea Paris Hilton was gay," says one, to which the other responds, "I know, that's so cool."

As millions around the world can attest with the confidence of an eyewitness, Paris Hilton is not gay. But she's canny enough to be cultivating a gay fan base—which, as Cher and Madonna have shown, can extend one's career indefinitely.

About halfway through the parade, a pair of women, seemingly tourists from a red state, are struggling to make sense of their surroundings. Pointing at the float, one of them asks, "Who's that?" Her friend replies, "Oh, honey, that's Paris Hilton. You know, the girl that's famous for being Paris Hilton."

Despite her reputation for lacking any discernible talents, Paris Whitney Hilton, born February 17, 1981, has transfixed the nation and, increasingly, the world. Everyone assumed her fame, beginning with numerous mentions in The New York Post's "Page Six," would last a Warholian 15 minutes, but she's been around since the late 1990s and shows no sign of going away. Hilton isn't the first beautiful heiress to make headlines. In 1938, Brenda Frazier's glamorous party-hopping landed her on the cover of Life and inspired Walter Winchell to coin the term "celebutante"—a word that's regained currency as a way to describe Hilton—but Frazier, who attempted suicide at least 31 times, was hardly happy. Nor was Woolsworth heiress Barbara Hutton (with $50 million) or tobacco heiress Doris Duke (with $100 million). Although they had many famous lovers and nine husbands between them—including one they shared, Porfirio Rubirosa—they both died lonely, sickly recluses.

Paris Hilton is the 21st century's version of the "poor little rich girl," except that the rules have changed and there is nothing little or poor about her. Already set, according to Forbes, to inherit an estimated $30 million of the family fortune, she had an income last year of close to $7 million. Along the way, she has blown open the door to the previously private world of high-society heiresses, in much the same way Diana Spencer exposed the inner workings of the House of Windsor.

The more we mock, ridicule, and criticize Hilton for being a vapid, narcissistic bimbo with money, the more obsessed we become with her. When she loses her dog, it becomes national news—despite the fact that many Americans have never heard her speak more than the two words "That's hot!"

What does our fascination with Paris Hilton say about us? Was it her destiny to become a pop-cultural star (as opposed to a real one), or was our need for such a figure so great that we created her? She's the perfect Bush-era heroine, because she's all style and no content," says Naomi Wolf, author of The Beauty Myth: How Images of Beauty Are Used Against Women. Camille Paglia, author of Sexual Personae: Art and Decadence from Nefertiti to Emily Dickinson, agrees: "People want to be soothed right now, and there is something about Paris Hilton that's soothing."

Those who know Hilton give her more credit for her successes. "I don't care what anybody says about Paris. She's professional, she's courteous, she's a pro," says Chris Applebaum, who directed Hilton's infamous commercial for the Carl's Jr. hamburger chain. The ad, which incurred the wrath of a decency group, featured Hilton, in a skimpy black swimsuit, lathering up a Bentley and biting into a spicy barbecue burger. "I mean, listen, she can sometimes be a little bit of a space cadet," Applebaum continues, "but I have to say, when she focuses she can be incredibly intelligent."

Yet even as others argue over her significance, Hilton herself appears to be outgrowing her persona as the "hot-blooded heiress" who can be found dancing on tables at New York's Bungalow 8 or Los Angeles's Spider Club. The end of May, she announced that she was getting married to a rather handsome, rather intelligent, astronomically wealthy young man who, in the ultimate narcissistic twist, is also named Paris. Since the engagement, Hilton has (for her) all but given up late-night clownhopping, and her hemlines have come down almost a foot. What's on her mind these days is business. Like her famous great-grandfather the hotel-chain founder Conrad Hilton, she's hell-bent on taking her brand worldwide.

My weekend as Paris Hilton plus-one starts with lunch at the Polo Lounge, in the Beverly Hills Hotel, where she orders her usual: hot chocolate with extra marshmallows. She's wearing a modest blue skirt by Chick (the label run by her younger sister, Nicky) and a matching camisole that complements her sky-blue eyes (enhanced by color contact lenses), as we were a temporary yellow-diamond engagement ring from her fiancé, a Greek shipping heir whom the press calls Paris Latsis but whose real last name is Kaisodokostas. (More on that later.) I "like it," Hilton says of the ring, "but it's yellow, and I like, I didn't want yellow for my engagement ring. I just needed something to wear until I get it." The ring, scheduled to arrive in a few days, will feature a 24-carat emerald-cut diamond with baguettes set on a pave band. (Estimated cost: more than $2 million.) A little scab mars her ring finger. It's an occupational hazard of trying on so many rocks.

Naturally, one doesn't wear a diamond that valuable without weighing the security risks. "I think I'm going to have to get copies," Hilton says. "I want to wear my husband's ring, but just in case you're Jet Skiing or in Saint-Tropez and it falls off. It's like, diamonds—those stones are hard to get. Especially big ones."

It's obvious that Hilton is very much in love: "I'm so happy. It's cool. I feel, like, really safe now, and he's just amazing. I don't even think he's real. Every day I'm like, 'This is not real.' I thought I was just going to settle and end up with some jackass." After lunch a middle-aged woman approaches Hilton in the ladies' room, fawns over her, and asks for an autograph for her young daughter. Hilton obliges with a smile and a few friendly words spoken in that sweet,
“Yeah, we were born with a famous last name,” says Nicky. “But look at how we took it to another level.”
sexy whisper of hers. Outside the hotel she
gets behind the wheel of her silver Range
Rover, and by the time I climb into the pas-
senger seat she's already on her Motorola
Razr cell phone.

Our destination is Fifi & Ro-
meo, an upscale poodle
boutique on Beverly Boulevard,
where Hilton intends to do
some shopping for Tinker-
bell and for a seriously ill girl whom she and
Nicky have befriended. Like Paris, the teen-
ger has a dog, and since Nicky is giving the
girl several items from her clothing line, Paris
wants to spoil her with doggy clothes. "She
wrote a letter to my office, and so I called her
from Germany and called again a couple of
times, and I'm going to surprise her tomor-
row," explains Hilton, who seems genuinely
touched. "She's like, about to die. And her
mother says that she's so in love. I sent her
all my DVDs and all these pictures and jew-
elry, and everything is hanging on the walls.
She's the most popular girl at the hospital."

As we pull up to the store, a swarm
of paparazzi in Mercedeses and Cadillac
S.U.V.'s descend on us. When I point out
that they're all driving expensive cars, Paris
nods. "They make a lot of money," she says.

Without her, they'd be making a lot less.
There's no mystery to the love affair be-
tween Paris and the cameras that document
her life. She happily obliges them wherever
she goes, and they snap away, selling the
resulting pictures to a growing number of
celebrity weeklies. As we make our way to
the door, they shout her name, and she re-
sponds with coy, low-pitched greetings: "Hi,
sexy." "Hi, gorgeous."

Ron Galella, the paparazzo known for
his candid photos of Jackie Onassis, says
there's a reason photographers love Hilton.
"Paris Hilton is a phenomenon," he says.
"She's sexy, smart, gracious, and kind, and
there's no one like her in the past, and I
doubt there will be another one like her in
the future. She's always giving us variations
on the red carpet, posing this way and that
way, and this is what a photographer wants:
variety, you know, moving around. Because
that's what life is about: movement." Paris
tells me that it's gotten to the point where
she hears clicking noises even when there
are no cameras: "It's really strange, but I
can always hear it. It's scary."

Inside the store, Paris carefully selects
gifts for her new friend, and more than
an hour later she checks out with roughly
$2,000 worth of merchandise, which she
pays for in cash. But the photographers are
still hovering outside, and when we pull
away the chase begins. They're careless and ag-
gressive, making illegal turns and cutting po-

"I HATE WHAT HAPPENED WITH THAT SEX TAPE, BUT IT ONLY MADE HER HOTTER," SAYS DONALD TRUMP.

STABLE PERSONALITY?

Since getting engaged,
Hilton has assumed an air of
sexual reserve. "I think I'm sexual
in pictures... but at home
I'm not like that," she says.
THEY’LL ALWAYS HAY PARIS

Hilton’s fiancé, Paris Kasidokostas (opposite), is a 22-year-old heir of one of Europe’s richest families. The couple now live together in Beverly Hills mansion.
HE'S JUST AMAZING. I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO END UP WITH SOME JACKASS."
paris, nicknamed Star as a baby, and her sister took their first step toward fame in 1996, when they moved with their parents and two younger brothers, Conrad and Barron, from Los Angeles to the family-owned Waldorf Towers in New York City. As teenagers, the girls would crash parties at the hotel and attend charity fund-raisers and other functions with their parents. In no time the sisters were stepping out as a twosome, making red-carpet appearances for any and every event, be it in New York, Miami, Vegas, or L.A. Their late-night partying and front-row presence at fashion shows enhanced their allure.

Poite, friendly, and eager to pose for photographers, they quickly became “Page Six” mainstays, but they didn’t achieve iconic status until 2000, when David LaChapelle’s provocative photographs of 19-year-old Paris and 16-year-old Nicky appeared in this magazine. Nancy Jo Sales’s accompanying article depicted the sisters as spoiled, reckless rich kids—which only stoked the fires of their growing fame.

Paris’s notoriety reached global proportions in November 2003, when a grainy, four-minute, night-vision sex video appeared on the Internet. In it, Hilton and her then boyfriend, Rick Salomon, an Internet-gambling entrepreneur and man-about-town then in his early 30s, engage in graphic yet prosaic sexual relations, stopping only for a moment, when her cell phone rings. The video dominated the tabloid media and watercooler talk for weeks. The Hilton family publicly criticized Salomon, who retaliated with a lawsuit. It was said that Paris might have been under-age, even drugged, but in fact she was 19 and a willing participant.

“Someone sent it to me and I was, like, crying; I was so embarrassed,” remembers Hilton, who sued the video’s Panama-based distributor. “It was humiliating.” Today, however, she has put the episode in perspective.

“I used to think it was so bad, but it’s like, everyone has sex. I’m sure everyone has filmed a tape. It’s not like it was some random person. I was in love with that man, I was with him for three and a half years. We were together. I don’t even really remember filming it, I was so out of it in that tape.” Hilton tells me that her parents were “heartbroken and humiliated.”

Salomon went on to release a bootleg version, tastelessly dedicated to the memory of 9/11 and titled I Night in Paris.3 DVD has reportedly grossed millions. Six months after its release, in December 2004, Hilton was caught on tape swiping the video from a newsstand. By April of 2004, Salomon had dropped his lawsuit against the Hilton family, but the whole affair remains clouded in suspicion. Hilton insists that she hasn’t made a penny from the video: “He is making so much money. It makes me so mad. We were suing in the beginning, but everyone has already seen it. Let him do whatever he wants. I don’t want to go to court. He will fight me. I just want to get on with my life.”

The video couldn’t have appeared at a worse (or better?) time: it was less than three weeks before the debut of The Simple Life, the Fox reality series starring Hilton and her ex-best friend Nicole Richie. “I’m like, ‘Great, thanks for wrecking my whole thing. I just worked so hard. I have my first TV show coming out, and I’m finally going to do something with my life, and now everyone in the world will see me naked.’ My agent, everyone, was so scared. I think I handled it right and didn’t do anything.” Hilton stayed home for a while, then made a surprise cameo on Saturday Night Live’s “Weekend Update.” Her segment with Jimmy Fallon satirized the scandal and showed the world that Hilton could laugh at herself. Donald Trump, a family friend and fellow reality-TV star, puts it as only he can: “I hate what happened with that sex tape, but it only made her hotter. She left that sleaze bag so far behind that his head is spinning. He wouldn’t even have a shot at her now.”

Despite—or perhaps because—of Hilton’s pornographic travails, The Simple Life became a huge hit. It continues to post strong ratings, and although Richie and Hilton have had a very public falling out—the cause of which remains obscure—a Fox spokesperson confirms that the pair are contractually obliged to appear in the upcoming fourth season.

With the Paris Hilton brand on the rise, Guess co-founder and co-C.E.O. Paul Marciano says, “Ever since I was a little girl, I wanted to be a Guess girl.” Hilton says. They met in the lobby of the Beverly Hills Hotel, and Hilton immediately impressed Marciano with her encyclopedic knowledge of his label. “She knew basically every campaign in the history of Guess,” he says.

A deal was brokered on the spot, and Hilton appeared in three worldwide campaigns. But her exploding popularity soon became a lure. “To even schedule to talk to her was becoming impossible,” Marciano recalls, “and this is where I really she had become too big for Guess. But we definitely raised brand awareness tremendously around the world, instantly. People are obsessed with her like they were with Claudia Schiffer and Anna Nicole [Smith], which is very unusual. It happens about every 10 years.”

By then, Hilton and her team of agents, lawyers, and managers had moved on to a dizzying array of new projects. Her book Confessions of an Heiress (Fireside Books, written with Merle Ginsberg, was published in September 2004 and is already in 16th printing. Bright pink and jam-packed with photographs, the book is marketed mainly at teens, but you wouldn’t have known it from the turnout at her signing.

“We thought it was mostly going to be teenage girls,” says Fireside editor Tris Todd, “but it was moms with strollers, a lot of little old ladies, it was gay guys, we businessmen in suits—it was everyone.”

There are no plans to release Confessions of an Heiress in paperback, because the hardcover edition is selling so well. Another book, Your Heiress Diary: Confess All to Me, with blank journal pages where readers can record their heiress-like activities, is scheduled to hit shelves in November.

But the TV series and books are just the beginning of what Hilton and her handlers have planned. In May, Hilton appeared in the horror-movie remake House of Wax, and was singled out by some critics as one of the fans as the lone reason to see the picture. She has since filmed the upcoming indie comedy Bottom’s Up and National Lampoon’s Pledge This!, in which she stars as a sorority president. She’s also recording vocal tracks for an album, to be released by Warner Bros. Records in conjunction with Hilton’s own label, Heiress Records. She spends every spare moment in Florida, under the tutelage of 50 Cent, award-winning producer, Scott Storch.

“When I realized she could sing, I knew we could make a record,” says Tom Whalley, chairman and C.E.O. of Warner Bros. Records.

Chris Applebaum based the concept for Hilton’s controversial Carl’s Jr. ad on a scene from Cool Hand Luke (1967), in which Alan Newman and his fellow prisoners gawk at a beguiling young woman washing a car. “Paris is an icon whether you love her or whether you hate her,” Applebaum says. “I was one of those people who always felt that glorifying the acquisition of fame and wealth is an ugly thing about our society, and that she sort of symbolizes that. When I finally got to it, I found a girl who is so in on the joke and so ready to laugh at herself.” He adds.
there is a real center to this girl. She has been hurt by some of the criticism about her because I don't think people really understand her.

On December 30, 2004, Hilton presided over the opening of Club Paris, in Orlando. Her partner in the nightclub, Fred Haliljan, says there are plans for branches in Miami, Atlanta, Las Vegas, Paris, Barcelona, and Dubai. "I'm getting calls from all around the world," Khaliilian says. "Paris is one of the most intelligent women I've ever met."

The perfume company Parlux Fragrances last year unveiled a scent called Paris Hilton for Women and, five months later, another called Paris Hilton for Men. Both are available worldwide. Hilton has also signed a lucrative deal with Amazon.com to sell Paris Hilton jewelry and other products. And she is the spokesperson for the Bolivia Prescription, a two-step lip treatment that sells for $29.99 and promises to amp up your lips by 40 percent. The industry concurs, saying, "She's the ultimate anti-feminist icon for a post-feminist world," offers Naomi Wolf. "I'm willing to give the woman all kinds of credit for intelligence and strategy, but now I'm just talking about the brand."

Camille Paglia sees Hilton as another kind of heiress-to-a-line of provocative performers that includes Madonna. "Britney Spears and Paris Hilton are sort of the twin daughters of Madonna," she says. "Britney has the performance side of Madonna, but what she lacks is what Paris Hilton has, and that is the ability to communicate with the still camera." Paglia likens Hilton's flash-lit performances to choreography. "She feels the Zeitgeist," she says. "She has that dancer's feel for the camera, for the observing eye, and she produces fantastic still pictures."

Wolf is fascinated by Hilton's body language, Tadayon concurs, saying of Paris, "She makes a lot of money, and the system doesn't pay out that kind of money to airheads. You don't make millions of dollars as an idiot."

Those who work with and invest in Paris Hilton agree that she's not the bimbo she plays so successfully on The Simple Life, but what are we to make of her public persona? "She is the ultimate anti-feminist icon for a post-feminist world," offers Naomi Wolf. "I'm willing to give the woman all kinds of credit for intelligence and strategy, but now I'm just talking about the brand."

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Paris Hilton is no intellectual. She readily admits to having been a poor student who was too lazy to read, and to dating a string of "idiots." But she has tremendous savvy, street smarts, and a rigorous work ethic that she says she inherited from her father, who has advised her on most of her business deals.

Although she isn't burdened with a curious nature, Hilton is capable of self-reflection, and these days she's thinking a lot about the arena where she made her name. "The nightclub scene is a very dark, bad scene, and I think dating someone who is involved in that—you're going to have problems," she says. "People do drugs. They stay out all night. They can't miss a night. I would always be scared and insecure."

Paris was happy to extricate herself from all that when she met Kasidokostas. "He hates going out," she says. "He loves me and likes staying home with our dogs and cooking." They have another Chihuahua, Bambi, as well as two Rottweilers, Hilton and Jefferson. The bride-to-be professes to be an avid cook who makes a mean lasagna. Paris says Kasidokostas "doesn't like the people here," meaning L.A. "He thinks they are users—now especially. Since everyone knows his status, people who wouldn't even look at him before are all up on him and he's like, 'This is gross.'"

The two Parises met for the first time at Jimmy's nightclub in Monte Carlo, when they were in their early teens. They crossed paths again last December at a party in his Beverly Hills mansion. "Someone said it was Paris's party," Hilton recalls, "so I was like, 'Someone is using my name to make this party cool.' I got up there and I was like, 'Who is Paris?' When she found him, they instantly recognized each other, and they haven't parted since. Hilton spent that night and every night since with Kasidokostas, although she's quick to add that she made sure "nothing happened" between them for more than a month.

Five months later he proposed, in the exact spot in his mansion where they reconnected. Now they live together in the house, which he has filled with gigantic Ellen von Unwerth portraits of Paris from one of her Guess campaigns. Everywhere you look, Hilton looks back at you. Clearly he adores her image as much as she does.

Kasidokostas, now 22, has been studying film at U.C.L.A. CONTINUED ON PAGE 343

"EVERYONE HAS SEX," HILTON SAYS.

"I'M SURE EVERYONE HAS FILMED A TAPE."

low. Here's a girl at her perfume launch party, there's all these people here, and she's as thin as a rake.

All of these deals add up to a lot of money. At this point, Paris can command as much as $300,000 just for showing up at a party. Perhaps the most lucrative market for Hilton products is Japan, where Paris and Nicky are as big as, if not bigger than, any movie star. Nicky has designed a line of handbags that sell in more than 100 stores there.

Still, both sisters continue to be tagged as being famous for nothing, and Nicky, or one, is sick of it. "I just want to say to these writers, 'I'm 21 years old, I run two multi-million-dollar companies, I work my ass off. Like, what were you doing that as so fucking important at that age?' I feel very accomplished for my age. And Paris—I mean, the movies, the fragrance, the book, the album, and people just love to take everything away from us. I don't know why. Maybe they feel it was just added to us. Yeah, we were born with a mousy last name. I get that. But just look how we took it to another level."

guage in those pictures—what she calls "the pigeon-toed, I'm-a-little-girl thing combined with the deliberate strategic adver-
tence of pornography as the entrée into superstardom." Wolf continues, "She's always smiling, she never says much of anything, she's totally uncontroversial. She's managed to create a construct that's completely explicitly sexually available and completely naive and innocent and girlish at the same time, which is very soothing. It's almost like white noise in an overstimulated environment. Paris Hilton is like a palate cleanser. She's like, as semiotics would say, an empty signifier, so you can project absolutely anything onto her, which is the perfect situation for branding."

The end, Hilton's popularity may be a sign of the times. "We're in the most aggressively anti-intellectual, anti-literate, anti-middle-class discourse," Wolf says. "The American population is being literally hypnotized by aﬄuence and hypnotized by consumer goods. She's like Muzak: 'It's all right. What's the big deal? Doesn't matter if people are killing people in your name. Just go to the mall.'"
The two reporters who broke the Watergate scandal, *Vanity Fair*'s May 31 declaration that Mark Felt was their "Deep Throat" source brought a day of confused soul-searching, and heated debate with the *Washington Post* top brass about conflicting loyalties. Confirm or keep silent? After contributing the afterword to Bob Woodward's just-published book on Felt, *The Secret Man*, CARL BERNSTEIN gives his account of those crucial discussions, the surprises the Watergate story still held for him three decades later, and whether his and Woodward's investigation would be possible today.
WE'RE THE GUYS WHO CALLED HIM DEEP THROAT

Deep Throat confirmed what the reporters' other sources had hinted. The FBI's and the grand jury's investigations had been limited to the Watergate operation—and had ignored other espionage and sabotage... Deep Throat then issued an explicit warning. "They want to single out the Post. They want to go to court to get at your sources."

—All the President's Men

en's not on board," Woodward said. It was one p.m., three hours after a Vanity Fair editor had called both of us to say the magazine would release a story that day "definitively revealing the identity of Deep Throat. Mark Felt." ABC had cut away from live coverage of the president's press conference to report on the Vanity Fair account—and a statement I had issued that we would not disclose Deep Throat's identity until his death.

"You and I are going to have to do something," Woodward said. He was in Washington, at home. I was in New York, at home. "Len's all in orbit that the Post has to publish something. Bradlee wants to go on the record."

Len Downie was Ben Bradlee's successor as editor of The Washington Post. He was convinced that the Felt family, through its lawyer, had formally identified Mark Felt as Deep Throat with his consent—and that the Post had no choice but to confirm the accuracy of the Vanity Fair story. Bradlee agreed.

Woodward said he was trying to reach Don Graham, successor to his mother, the late Katharine Graham, as publisher of the Post, to get his reading.

In the end, it was like the beginning. Confusion. Then consultation. Then calm. Then the wait to see where the chips would fall. And, in the end, the editors probably had it right. Woodward and I went along with the greatest reluctance, with Bradlee casting the deciding vote.

During Watergate it was usually Woodward and I who agitated for publishing a story and Bradlee who held us back. Not this time.

For more than 30 years, Woodward and I, along with Bradlee, had kept secret the identity of Deep Throat. That was about to change. At five p.m., Woodward and I issued a statement: "W. Mark Felt was 'Deep Throat' and helped us immeasurably in our Watergate coverage. However, as the record shows, many other sources and officials assisted us and other reporters for the hundreds of stories that were written in The Washington Post about Watergate."

"That's the last chapter, guys," Bradlee said later.

After reading the Vanity Fair article, Woodward and I reached the same conclusion: a lawyer had encouraged Mark Felt's family in their desire to see him recognized for his role in Watergate, and perhaps to make some money through subsequent book or film deals. It seemed understandable, perhaps even inevitable. We'd become famous, been honored, gotten rich because of Watergate. Mark Felt had not. He was a feeble old man, a paroled felon, living at his daughter's house, in Santa Rosa, California, in a garage that had been turned into an apartment.

It seemed questionable from the article—of course Woodward and I both concluded in the absence of additional facts—whether the lawyer who wrote it, John O'Connor, knew with certainty that Felt was Deep Throat. Our reading of Vanity Fair's story left dubious that a fully competent Mark Felt had ever unambiguously confirmed to either his family or the lawyer that he was Deep Throat.

Until the call came from Vanity Fair that morning, I had been fairly certain the secret would hold until Felt's death, and Woodward had, too. In our smugness about having kept Deep Throat's identity concealed for more than 30 years, we had forgotten an essential rule of journalism: reporters may believe they control the story, but the story always controls the reporters. Or should, as I noted in an afterword to Woodward's The Secret Man.

We still thought we could respond to Vanity Fair's account the same way we had to many other educated guesses and claims of certainty about Deep Throat's identity—some focusing on Felt's wife, others on Nixon-administration officials from Henry Kissinger to Patrick Buchanan to Leonard Garment to William Rehnquist. We had always cited a deeply held conviction as to why we would not disclose the secret until the individual's death. The most basic journalistic principles were involved: never betraying the identity of a confidential news source, even under threat of jail.

And that must continue to be our position, we decided, as media calls began overwhelming our phone lines and producing a frenzy at the Post.

Without confirmation from us, we still hoped, few reputable news organizations would accept this latest tale as definitive. Given the frequency of Deep Throat outings by others over the decades, if we fielded, this, too, would pass.

Though I am a contributing editor of Vanity Fair, I was totally unaware, as was Woodward, that the magazine had been working on its Deep Throat project for almost two years. There was only one direct quote from Felt in the eight-page article: "I'm the guy they used to call Deep Throat," O'Connor acknowledged that Felt's memory had deteriorated, referring to "the decline of Felt's health and mental acuity."

Woodward phoned Bradlee. He, too, had been forwarded a copy of the story.

"They've got it!" he said, always the editor, and at 83 hardly a step off his game from his heyday in the newsroom. He still spent many of his weekends clearing brush from his country property on the Potomac in Maryland. He'd lost little of the trim or muscle—or the swagger. He was far more willing to recognize a scoop in this instance than either Woodward or I. The lawyer's and the family's wishes were more than sufficient, he insisted, to release us from our commitment to Felt. Bradlee was obviously excited—too excited, it seemed to Woodward and me—about the prospect of finally being able to tell the whole story.

One way or another, Felt had given his O.K., Bradlee seemed to be saying, a proposition that appeared quite unlikely to us given our knowledge of Felt's health and Vanity Fair's rather qualified assertion.

Woodward leaned hard on his close friendship with Bradlee applying uncharacteristic pressure on the bond forged in the experience of Watergate. The only honorable thing was to maintain silence, he argued over the phone. His unequivocal declaration and invocation of honor seemed to catch Bradlee by surprise.

Woodward then asked Bradlee to hold the phone a moment and went to a file cabinet to retrieve a manuscript he'd written three years earlier about his relationship with Deep Throat. The manuscript had, in part, been Bradlee's idea. He'd suggested
BUSH OPERATES A MEDIA APPARATUS FAR MORE SOPHISTICATED THAN THE LITTLE SHOP DIRECTED BY NIXON’S MEN.

On the shelf with all the other inconclusive Deep Throat hunts.

But that Woodward get something down on paper, in preparation for the day when Deep Throat died—or in case something happened to Woodward first. Upon Deep Throat’s death, a book could be issued telling the full story, and the Post could excerpt—the same arrangement Bob had had with the paper for his books for more than 30 years, including the two we’d written together, All the President’s Men and The Final Days.

From the manuscript notes, Woodward quoted back Bradlee’s own words from three years earlier, when the editor had read the description of Felt’s failing memory and had posed a hypothetical question: “Do you owe allegiance to a man who is no longer that man who you knew and gave your word to?” Now Woodward reminded Bradlee of the answer to his own question: “An unequivocal YES!” There was no way to establish Felt’s real wishes, given his mental decline. It was clearly worse for him than when Woodward had last visited him, in 2000. All of this had to hold fast. Articles, books, and every manner of speculation—even university studies—on this topic abounded. We’d seen it before. If we held the line, the Vanity Fair article would go

en Downie, 63, had come to work at the paper around the same time as I, in the mid-1960s. Together with half a dozen other reporters in their 20s hired by Metro editor Steve Isaacs, we were known as “Isaacs’ Boys”—and though fiercely competitive with one another, we were a tight group of colleagues.

After Katharine and Don Graham chose Downie to succeed Bradlee, in 1990, Woodward and Downie established an easy working relationship; yet they could hardly be described as close friends. Woodward had great confidence in Downie as an editor, and believed, as I did, that he had steered the paper with un-
usual skill and an eye for excellence through a particularly difficult era in American journalism.

Downie was insistent that the paper be adequately prepared for the death of Deep Throat—whoever he was. During the past year, he’d pressed Woodward to tell him the name, arguing that the current editor should know the identity of our source. Woodward had resisted.

During Watergate and after, we had asked Felt to give us permission to disclose his secret. He had always refused. But given his importance to the Post’s Watergate coverage, it was essential that his role be made known upon his death—in the interest of history and the proper evaluation of our own work. Felt had seemed to agree.

In February, I postponed a trip to Washington to read Woodward’s manuscript after he had checked on Felt’s condition with his daughter. Deep Throat, he said, was hardly on the verge of death, but, at 91, was in frail health and his memory was all but erased.

In March, Brablee told Woodward that Downie was right: the time had come to tell the current Post editor who Deep Throat was; then appropriate plans could be made to cover Felt’s death. Woodward, an assistant managing editor at the paper, consented, uneasily. On March 3, 2005, Downie arrived at Woodward’s house in Georgetown and began reading the manuscript. He was not surprised to learn that Deep Throat was Mark Felt. In November 2002, Downie had given Woodward a short, handwritten note in a sealed envelope. The note said that since the early stages of our Watergate reporting, in 1972, Felt had been at the top of his list of candidates. Woodward had not responded one way or another to Downie’s informed and correct guess.

Downie was accustomed to editing Woodward. He had a number of suggestions for how to tell the story—in book form—that Woodward had drafted. Woodward told Downie that the book should come out several weeks after Felt’s death, and that the Post could run a pre-publication excerpt and break the news at that time. In retrospect, it was a ridiculously haphazard plan, given the excitement that would inevitably and immediately follow Felt’s death without a confirmation or denial from Woodward and myself. Too much speculation was already focused on Felt. Woodward argued that it was important to tell the whole story of the relationship, and that no book could be produced fast enough to immediately follow Felt’s death. He feared that if the story of their relationship and our interaction with Felt appeared in fragments it could easily be misunderstood and misinterpreted.

Downie disagreed. He was adamant that the Post make the disclosure immediately after receiving news of Felt’s death. First of all, it might leak, and he didn’t want to get scooped. Second, now that he knew Deep Throat’s identity for certain, he could not foresee allowing an obituary of Felt to appear in the Post that didn’t include this rather vital news. The Post, Woodward, Brablee, myself—and now Downie—would be criticized severely if Felt’s identity as Deep Throat was withheld for more than a few hours after he died. Among other considerations, it would appear that the delay was related to a commercial proposition—the marketing of a book—and Downie declared he would have no part in this.

He would not hold news, “and this would be news,” he said. Period. Frankly, he said, he could not comprehend how Woodward could consider any delay—not, in such circumstances, could “You have always said that the identity of Deep Throat would be disclosed upon his death,” he said, implying strength—and perhaps in this instance correctly, that Woodward was losing touch with the daily flow of news.

Downie decreed that when Felt died another reporter with no relationship to the Watergate coverage would do the story, and Woodward could write a 5,000-word piece about his relationship with Felt—no more than 10 percent of the long version Downie had just read. It could then be published as a book of whatever timetable Woodward and his publisher desired.

Until Woodward and I received calls from Vanity Fair within 12 minutes of each other that Tuesday, I knew none of this recent back-and-forth history. I’d left the paper in 1977, but Woodward and I remained extraordinarily close. The proverbial tale of two guys who’d been in a foxhole together was part of it, but over these years there had been moments when we’d counseled each other on some big questions. There had also been arguments—during Watergate and after, some of them heated—but the bond always held strong. I was well aware that Woodward had seen Felt a few years before, and I got periodic reports of his communication with Felt’s daughter, Joan. They’d spoken a couple of times a year. He had had many good things to say about Joan Felt, and that would remain unchanged through the whole episode.

With the Vanity Fair article now released to the press, we had new imperatives. When Woodward reached Downie, who was at a corporate retreat in St. Michaels, Maryland, the editor was obviously eager for the Post to confirm the story immediately.

Woodward strongly disagreed. Had Downie read the Vanity Fair piece? No, he had not.

After Woodward told me of Downie’s unrelenting position and the pressure from Brablee—perhaps in aberrance for the moment—I insisted, “This changes nothing.” Whose confirmation would the Post base a story on? Brablee’s? Downie’s? Certainly not ours.

Woodward concurred. Could The Washington Post really permit a break with us over the most basic of journalistic principles we reasoned. We’d deserve the opprobrium of our colleagues if we capitulated. The principle was especially important in
Ben Bradlee, the former editor of The Washington Post, photographed on Georgica Beach, in East Hampton, New York, on August 1, 2005.
current atmosphere, with journalists in jeopardy as never before for protecting their sources of information. Seven reporters were already facing jail time or fines after being held in contempt of court for refusing to discuss their sources with federal grand juries or prosecutors. A larger, undetermined number had been subpoenaed in the previous six months. Defending the principle of keeping sources confidential, and upholding our responsibility to Felt, far outweighed any other obligation, even to the Post.

We agreed before we hung up that we'd do everything we could to convince Downie, Bradlee, and the Post not to confirm the Vanity Fair story. "I want to do this right," Woodward said. "I had no idea Vanity Fair was doing this. This definitely doesn't change the terms of the agreement."

But with the article coming as close as it had—actually just inside the bull's-eye—we both recognized that time was running out despite our desire to pretend that the shot was wide of the mark. At some point in the near future we'd have to confirm that Deep Throat was Mark Felt, if we could get definitively released from our commitment—either by a demonstrably competent Mark Felt or by an unequivocal statement from his family that he wanted his secret unsealed in his lifetime.

I told Woodward, "We can't be the assholes, out there on our own, denying what is readily apparent to everybody else." In our conviction to uphold one fundamental principle we risked violating another—loyalty to the larger truth—an offense that would damage the reputation of all involved: the Post, Felt, ourselves.
perhaps we were coming to recognize the significance of an ally weighty factor: "There's a time to hold 'em and a time to fold 'em."

I left for the airport. I wanted to be at the Post for the decision-making. On the plane, I booted up my laptop and began typing:

For more than 30 years, we have kept secret the identity of source known as Deep Throat in deference to the express wishes of that source—XX.

Through that period, he repeatedly expressed the desire that identity not be disclosed by us until after his death.

However, through a combination of circumstances, it has become obvious that members of Mr. Felt's family—to whom he affirmed that he is Deep Throat—acting ostensibly on his behalf, at this time that his identity be revealed. Reluctantly, we affirm that Mr. Felt is Deep Throat.

I believe it was the first time in 33 years I had ever typed Felt's name in the same sentence as the words "Deep Throat."

The moment the plane's wheels touched down in Washington, carpet, with 400 people working at them with no partitions—was strangely silent when I got out of the elevator. Hardly anyone seemed to be talking, nor were people on the phones. Whether it was because of the approaching first-edition deadline or the strangeness of the moment, I couldn't tell. When I'd worked at the Post, the clatter of typewriters was incessant. Woodward and I (he was now walking across the room toward me with Downie a few steps behind) had typed all of our Watergate stories on six-ply paper. Now the only sounds were clicks, barely audible, from the keyboards of computers, and the subdued, whooshing white noise of their hard drives.

I'd been back to the newsroom perhaps a dozen times over the years, but this was definitely different—not least because Downie grabbed my bag to carry it into his office, which was furnished in a little more up-to-date style than during Bradlee's occupancy, but not much. Woodward and I gave each other a long hug, then exchanged looks of "Well, we fought the good fight." But the solemnity of our manner was obvious, as was the shared emotion of our strange, solitary experience together in a lifetime of journalism.

DIE-HARD NIXON LOYALISTS
SAW FELT'S UNMASKING AS A CHANCE TO REHABILITATE THEIR DISGRACED LEADER.
You know the classic image: a silver-haired conductor on a podium, his arms outstretched as if parting the orchestral sea, his face in rapture as if basking in the sound that he alone can deliver from the heavens. Well, look again. Franz Welser-Möst, music director of the Cleveland Orchestra since 2002, is a different breed of maestro, one to whom the whole conductor-as-demigod thing is so midcentury. True, Cleveland was built up by George Szell, a great authoritarian figure, and soared under the eminent Christoph von Dohnányi, but Welser-Möst sees no reason to linger in the past. The soft-spoken 45-year-old Austrian is trying to polish the group’s international image with prominent tours and, more important, searching out a newly flexible sound that allows when musicians move beyond merely playing together to begin to breathe together like singers. “The voice was the first instrument,” he says. “I think music-making has a lot to do with singing.”

At Carnegie Hall last season, Cleveland’s new gift for instrumental song was on radiant display in Schubert’s “Unfinished” Symphony. There were no heroic gestures from the podium, just a seamless give-and-take as the orchestra unspooled one silky line after another with a sound that was naturally lyrical and eminently cultivated. This season, Cleveland returns to Carnegie on October 17 and then embarks on a European tour. Meanwhile, Welser-Möst still works not just with instrumental singers but also with real ones as the general music director of the Zurich Opera. “Authority has to come from inner values, from musicality, and a talent for leadership,” he says. “Not from some title—or from standing on a box.” —JEREMY EICHLER
THE MUSIC MAN

Franz Welser-Möst was photographed at his home in Schaan, Liechtenstein, on June 19, 2005.
London society is up in arms over a threat to civilization as they know it: the civilization embodied in Mark Birley’s exclusive clubs—Annabel’s, Harry’s Bar, Mark’s Club, George, and the Bath & Racquets—which the ailing 75-year-old perfectionist wants to hand over to his son Robin and daughter, India Jane.

The menace: American shipping-and-luxury-hotel tycoon James B. Sherwood, who co-owns one of the most lucrative of the Birley establishments, Harry’s Bar, and is refusing to change the original contract so Birley’s children can inherit their father’s full share. VICKY WARD hears from both camps.
HOST OF THE TOWN

Mark Birley at home in London, May 2001; inset, Harry's Bar.
The Wellington Hospital, in St. John's Wood, North London, is a bleak, ugly building with an interior to match. The walls are gray, and on a gloomy day in late July the coffee machine in the basement cafeteria works only sporadically, as does the elevator that supposedly serves all the floors. But, amid the charmless homogeneity, there is one little patch rather different in spirit—a tiny second-floor patient room, inhabited by 75-year-old London club owner Mark Birley. On Birley's bedside table is a vase of blue hyacinths all

most as vivid in color as their recipient's large, luminous eyes, which shine with enthusiasm as two pretty, young assistants—one blonde, one dark-haired—bustle about. They are waiting for the three-course lunch from Birley's private Mayfair club, Harry's Bar, to arrive. Known by some of its members as "Tycoonville" because of the illustrious quality of its membership, Harry's Bar is frequented by a wide range of prominent people, from Madonna to corporate raider Henry Kravis, to H.R.H. Prince Michael of Kent, to television personality Sir David Frost.

"You must have a drink," Birley urges a reporter. One assumes he means soda or juice, until it emerges that he has had wine and cigars smuggled in along with the food: prosciutto from Tuscany, melon, risotto Milanese, and ice cream. This morning is something of a milestone in that Birley was actually persuaded to do the physiotherapy required for his hips and legs, which he has injured in various falls.


He looks over at Birley, dressed casually for his exercises in a white Aertex shirt and pale-blue trousers. "You really wouldn't want to try the hospital coffee, Mark," Wynne-Morgan says with a grimace.

"No," says Birley, who, at six feet six inches, is imposing even when he is sitting down. He speaks in a classic English drawing-room drawl, languidly enunciating every syllable with precision. "I don't suppose I would," he replies in a tone that makes it clear the notion has never entered his silver-haired head.

Birley's members-only clubs and restaurants are all situated within a few minutes' walk of one another in London's Mayfair district. They include Annabel's, the nightclub named after Birley's ex-wife, Lady Annabel Goldsmith, in Berkeley Square; Mark's Club, named after Birley, in an un-

"The Sherwoods think we are overly emotional," says Robin Birley. "Well, we are."
"He gets the best table linen . . . the most expensive glasses. That’s why people go to Harry’s Bar."
again because of the unparalleled personal service—members are greeted by name by the uniformed staff, who love Birley like a father. Then there are the old-fashioned idiosyncrasies, such as needlepoint cushions and quaint animal portraits, which remind you unmistakably that you are in England. Another attraction is that nothing that goes on inside gets leaked to the papers. Thus, extramarital affairs and all sorts of other high jinks are quite happily conducted in the clubs, if not actively encouraged.

Indeed, it was in the course of a 1964 evening at Annabel’s that the founder’s wife first earned the attentions of billionaire corporate raider Sir James Goldsmith, whom she eventually married. “The only poor behavior likely to get a member blackballed is rudeness to the staff,” Birley says. (After complaining about a bartender, one member, who had been inebriated on the night in question, was told never to return.) The British club spirit is upheld at all costs; thus, blatant business transactions over dinner are frowned on and cell phones are forbidden. Ben Elliot, the co-founder and C.E.O. of Quintessentially, a concierge service, recalls having lunch some time ago with Birley at Harry’s Bar. At the next table two businessmen had contracts out. “Mark summoned a waiter,” says Elliot, “and told him, ‘Please tell those men that if a pen comes out of their pocket, that we will ask them to leave.’” The waiter went over, whispered something, and the contracts were hastily put away. “The clubs,” says the British historian Andrew Roberts, “are quite simply the cult of Mark Birley.”

On this day in July, however, Birley’s world is perceived to be under attack—and from the perspective of Birley’s family and many old friends, the attack is coming from a most unwelcome quarter. Harry’s Bar—which Lady Annabel Goldsmith, 71, and her and Birley’s daughter, India Jane Birley, 44, describe as “the jewel in the crown”—is co-owned by American James B. Sherwood’s Orient-Express Hotels Ltd. Sherwood, 72, is the president of Sea Containers Ltd., a publicly listed shipping firm, which in turn owns 25 percent of Orient-Express Hotels, a publicly listed luxury-hotel company, whose properties include the Hotel Cipriani in Venice; the Villa San Michele, outside Florence; the Copacabana Palace, in Rio de Janeiro; the Mount Nelson, in Cape Town; ‘21,’ in Manhattan; and the train that runs from London to Venice, after which the hotel company is named. Twenty-six years ago, Birley, who had by then built a reputation as a perfectionist club owner with a vast but discerning address book, wanted to open a London version of Harry’s Bar. He loved the Venice restaurant, named after Italian restaurateur Giuseppe Cipriani’s original investor, a rich American named Harry Pickering. Lacking the funds, Birley turned to Sherwood, a rotund man with a habitual giggle who, having made a fortune with his maritime business, had bought the Hotel Cipriani in 1976.

Sherwood backed Birley, investing around $575,000 through his hotel company. The two men did not, according to Birley, “ever have what I would describe as a personal relationship.” Wynne-Morgan is more explicit, saying it was troubled from the very beginning. He says he had to act as an intermediary in 1979, when Birley, to Sherwood’s fury, did not open Harry’s Bar on time because the glass shades for the chandelier were the wrong color. (Sherwood disputes this account: “There has never been an acrimonious relationship with Mark Birley; indeed, it has been quite the opposite. . . . Mr. Birley chose the lamps and lampshades from our Orient-Express train.”)

The deal which was written down gave Orient-Express Hotels a 49 percent stake and Birley 51 percent; Orient-Express Ho-
tels was to be a silent partner, and Birley would run Harry’s Bar, since it would be his name that was the main marketing tool. But, to protect both parties, there was a clause stating that should either of the owners cease to act individually, the other would have the right to buy out his partner’s shares. This clause did not become an issue until two or three years ago, when Birley brought his two children—India Jane, an artist, and Robin, 47, founder of the Birley’s Sandwiches chain, a great success in London’s financial district—into the business. Birley did so because he needed help revamping Annabel’s, which had ceased to attract London’s younger crowd, and because his health was not what it had been. “It just seemed the most natural thing in the world to start working there…. And I’d been in the club since I was a child,” says India Jane, a willowy, dark-haired beauty, who does not live with her husband of 10 years, the historian Francis Pike, but who has just had a son, Eben. Her artwork is on display in nearly all the clubs, and she has, according to friends, played a key role in redecorating them so that they are modern yet have the same ambience as before. Robin, meanwhile, has concentrated on Annabel’s, which he has revitalized with the assistance of his half-brothers, Zac and Ben Goldsmith, 30 and 24 respectively, and his half-sister, Jemima Khan, 31.

Birley says he is “thrilled” that his offspring want to continue his legacy, and that’s why he wants to change the terms of the agreement so that his children can inherit his majority share of Harry’s Bar upon his death; this was fair, the family felt, since Robin, in particular, has given himself over to running the clubs and spends most of his evenings at them. His efforts have paid off: last year, according to Wynne-Morgan, Harry’s Bar made a profit of approximately $1.8 million.

However, despite several meetings and an exchange of increasingly blunt letters over the past nine months, Sherwood, described by a friend as “made of solid steel,” has agreed only to alter the terms of the agreement if Orient-Express Hotels becomes the majority shareholder, with the 51 percent stake. In a letter addressed to Mark Birley, dated March 2, 2005, Sherwood wrote that as the head of a public company he doesn’t have the same freedom that Birley enjoys.

This summer the Birleys felt cornered. “It’s like a Sword of Damocles,” echo Mark, Robin, Lady Annabel, and Wynne-Morgan to a reporter. “Legally, they don’t have a leg to stand on,” says someone close to them—which, perhaps, explains why events took a public turn in July, when Taki Theodoracopulos, a longtime friend of Birley’s, launched an offensive against Sherwood in his well-read “High Life” column in The Spectator. Taki described the American as “a man I’ve never met and, as things are going, hope never to.” While Birley was described by Taki as “the so-called Nijinsky of the catering world,” and he and his family as “not settling for anything second-rate.” Sherwood was referred to as “old Scroise,” and his Hotel Cipriani written off as “not what it used to be.” Taki concluded that if Sherwood succeeded in taking over Harry’s Bar he would never go there again, and recommended that his friends follow suit.

“IT was unbelievably classist in tone; it must have made James Sherwood seethe,” one British member of Harry’s Bar told Vanity Fair. But, he adds, “the Birleys are quite right.” Such are the views of many in Establishment London, who are fiercely loyal to Birley and who say they have never taken to Sherwood, whom they view as an aggressive businessman—a quest for acceptance in England’s upper social circles. “I’ve only met him once, and so I can’t comment on his beliefs at all. It’s sort of ‘luxurye’ with two e’s on the end.”

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**Kid Crosby**

The last year the Stanley Cup sat on the shelf was 1919, when an influenza epidemic wiped out the playoffs. There is under the weather, and then there is laid low, which is pro hockey’s posture as the N.H.L. opens play this month. Truth is, hockey has been backsliding for years, even before money came between the owners and the players, forcing last season’s cancellation. Scoring has taken a leave of absence, the networks have backed off, and fans in time-honored hockey hubs (Phoenix! Nashville!) aren’t quite sure what they’re cheering for.

Into the identity breach skates teenage Sidney Crosby, from Cole Harbour, Nova Scotia, who is now charged with hefting hockey back to relevance. The game’s best prospect in 20 years, Crosby is the type of player with the ability and appeal (and healthy endorsement deals with Reebok and Gatorade) to draw the casual masses to his sport, like an A-Rod or an M.J., or even Gretzky, “the Great One,” himself.

Sidney doesn’t yet carry a majestic nickname. (For the time being, let’s call him Kid Crosby; his agent, after all, first eyed him at age 13.) But now that the Pittsburgh Penguins have signed him, he’s lugging around some pretty unfair expectations. After Crosby’s unprecedented back-to-back honors as M.V.P. and top scorer in the Canadian junior leagues, Gretzky said that the upstart could very well break his seemingly unbreakable N.H.L. records. “I’ve always wanted to be the best, but so do a lot of other people,” says the deferential Crosby, who has the requisite aw-shucks Canadian temperament to help him straddle that tricky divide between winning everyone over and kicking everyone’s ass.

And now the Big Ice cometh. “I’ve been waiting for this for a long time,” Crosby says. How long? The Kid, last we checked, was just out of high school.

—Brett Forrest
Sidney Crosby, 18, who will make his National Hockey League debut this month, with the Pittsburgh Penguins, was photographed in Los Angeles on August 8, 2005.
When Estée Lauder died last year at age 97, she left a hole in the power fabric of New York, a $10 billion beauty empire (including Clinique, MAC, and, now, Tom Ford’s new line), and a close-knit dynasty to carry on her dream. Remembering his encounters with “the world’s greatest saleswoman,” and talking to her heirs, BOB COLACELLO chronicles Lauder’s rise from peddling her uncle’s face creams to art collecting and philanthropy.
Governor Pataki declared her "one of the giants not just of this great city but of the world." Mayor Bloomberg compared her to the inventor of the telegraph, Samuel Morse. Marvin Traub, the former head of Bloomingdale's, said, "She revolutionized an industry and was without a doubt the world's greatest saleswoman." For Barbara Walters she was a proto-feminist: "She turned 'No, you can't' into 'Yes, I will.'" As her onetime corporate lawyer Richard Parsons, the chairman of Time Warner, put it, "I never met a woman with more force."

The lady these speakers were eulogizing, at a memorial in New York City in May 2004, a month after her death, entered this world in 1906 as Josephine Esther Mentzer, the daughter of a Queens hardware-store owner, and left it 97 years later as Estée Lauder, the creator of a $10 billion cosmetics empire. Probably the most successful and famous self-made woman of her time, she lived in grandly decorated residences in Manhattan, East Hampton, Palm Beach, London, and the South of France and counted the Duchess of Windsor, Princess Grace, and the Begum Aga Khan among her close friends. Brilliant, driven, and a master of using social connections to push products, she had started out emulating Elizabeth Arden, Helena Rubinstein, and Charles Revson of Revlon, but the business she founded had long surpassed theirs, and unlike them she had established a dynasty: two more generations of Lauders dedicated to keeping the company that bears her name No. 1 in quality fragrances and cosmetics. A year after the memorial, Lauder's granddaughter Aerin, one of the company's vice presidents, persuaded the hottest name in fashion, Tom Ford, to make his first post-Gucci venture a collection of beauty products called Tom Ford for Estée Lauder.

Estée's sons, Leonard, 72, and Ronald, 61, and all four of her grandchild—William, Aerin, Gary, and Jane—also spoke at the memorial, a two-hour extravaganza held at Lincoln Center's New York State Theater. Skitch Henderson led the New York Pops in a medley of Estée's favorite songs as invited guests filed in—Alma Powell, the wife of then secretary of state Colin Powell; Libby Pataki; former ambassadors William Luers, Edward Ney, and Donald Blinken; New York Times publisher Arthur Sulzberger Jr., Advance Magazine Publishers heads S. I. and Donald Newhouse, and Washington Post heiress Lally Weymouth; bankers Ezra Zilkha and Donald Marron; designers Oscar de la Renta and Carolina Herrera; billionaires Alfred Taubman, Jerry Speyer, and Gustavo Cisneros; grandes dames Kitty Carlisle Hart, Liz Fondaras, and Casey Ribicoff; virtually the entire boards of the Whitney Museum of American Art and the Museum of Modern Art (which are chaired by Leonard and Ronald, respectively); and 2,500 impeccably outfitted, coiffed, and made-up employees of the Estée Lauder Companies Inc.

She was our mother, boss, and colleague—in that order," said Leonard Lauder. Jane Lauder recalled her grandmother's fondness for chocolate-covered marshmallows, which she ordered by the case from a company on Long Island and offered to family and friends at every opportunity. "If we always listened to her wishes," said Gary Lauder, the only grandchild not involved in the family business, "we'd all weigh 300 pounds and be all bundled up even on the hottest day of summer.

"She loved to cook, and she always cooked with her hat on, a purse, and blush," said Ronald Lauder. "Her specialties were onion rings, French toast, the best chicken soup, and a special spaghetti sauce that required about a half-pound of sugar. As a child, the thing I dreaded most were the parent-teachers conferences." He went on to tell the story of his mother's meeting with his English teacher, who eschewed makeup, kept her hair in a bun with a net, and always wore dark dresses with heavy black stockings and shoes. "The next morning," Ronald said, "I and the rest of my English class were stunned when our teacher walked into the classroom. Her hair had been done, her face was completely made up—including blush—and she was wearing a flowered-print dress with nylon stockings and high heels. When I asked my mother about it after school, she denied that she had anything to do with this transformation."

In the 1970s, when I started working at Andy Warhol's Factory, as editor of Interview, Estée Lauder was one of the three reigning divas of the New York fashion world, along with Diana Vreeland and...
Eleanor Lambert, the eccentric former *Vogue* editor in chief who ran the Metropolitan Museum’s Costume Institute with an iron hand and an army of rich-kid volunteers, was the undisputed Empress of Fashion; Lambert, the peripatetic publicist who controlled the Coty Awards and the International Best-Dressed List but pretended she didn’t, was its turbaned Queen; and Lauder, a few years younger than her septuagenarian cohorts and not yet widowed, was the Duchess with the Mostest. She had the power of the purse: with the Estée Lauder, Aramis for Men, Clinique, and Prescriptives brands, her company probably spent more on advertising than any other fashion or beauty business. As she once told me after I started working at this magazine, “Si Newhouse is one of my best friends. Seventeen million a year in advertising—of course he’s one of my best friends.”

As the wild, creative 70s gave way to the money-minded, formal 80s, Estée reached her social and business apogee. Her conservative, matronly style—she dressed mainly in couture from such established Paris designers as Hubert de Givenchy and Marc Bohan of Dior—was in keeping with the sedately glamorous look favored by Nancy Reagan, and she was very much part of the First Lady’s New York inner circle, which included man-about-town Jerry Zipkin, Pat Buckley (the wife of the conservative columnist William F. Buckley Jr.), Cecile Zilkha, and the Herreras. Estée was one of the first to give a dinner for the new secretary-general of the United Nations, Javier Pérez de Cuéllar, and his wife, Marcella, in 1982.

I remember the supercritical Zipkin speaking admiringly of her over lunch at Le Cirque. “You have to give Estée a lot of credit,” he said, “because she learned. She didn’t always know how to do things the right way, let me tell you.” He proceeded to describe the first dinner party he attended at the Lauder house, in the early 1960s: the maids, he said, wore black-and-white sneakers with their starched European-style uniforms, because Estée hated the clack-clacking of leather heels on her marble floors; the tablecloth was crocheted; the main course was individual sirloin steaks. “Everything was wrong, wrong, wrong,” Zipkin concluded. “But she was willing to listen and learn. And now when you go there, everything is perfect.

By 1982, Estée Lauder Inc., which entered in the General Motors Building, on Fifth Avenue, was the largest privately held cosmetics company in the world, with
ALL IN THE FAMILY

John Schotz, a Hungarian-born chemist, and loved watching him mix his Six-In-One Cold Cream and Dr. Schotz Vien-
nese Cream (not to mention his poultry-lace killer, freckle remover, and Hungarian Mus-
tache Wax). Now she started selling his creams at Hadasah luncheons, Borscht Bell hotels, and middle-class Jewish beach clubs on Long Island. With her svete five-
foot-four figure, eager hazel eyes, and smooth, clear complexion, Estée was hard to resist, especially when she started giving her customers free samples of a product they hadn’t bought—thus inventing what would become the industry-wide marketing practice known as “gift with purchase.”

With her career taking off, and Joe’s stalled, their marriage floundered. “I was not only moving farther ahead than he, but I was doing so in a world he did not share,” she later explained. “I did not know how to be Mrs. Joseph Lauter and Estée Lauder at the same time.”

In 1939 they divorced, and Estée began spending much of her time in Miami, selling her uncle’s products in a shop at the Roney Plaza Hotel. Among the men she dated during this period was A. L. van Ameringen, a leading manufacturer of the essential ingredients used in perfumes, cosmetics, soaps, soft drinks, and candies (whose New York–based company, after a 1958 merger with a major European competitor, would be known as International Flavors and Fragrances, Inc.). By all accounts, Estée was infatuated with the distinguished, Dutch-born tycoon, and some say she lived with him for a while, even though he was married. His daughter, the late Lily Auchincloss, once told me that her father and Estée had been romantically involved, but that he encouraged her to go back to her husband when Leonard contracted the mumps, and he saw how close she and Joe still were in their shared concern over the boy’s health.

Joe and Estée remarried in 1942 and had Ronald a little over a year after. Joe put aside his business for her, and the couple set up a “factory” in a former restaurant on Central Park West, where they literally cooked the first Estée Lauder line on the restaurant’s gas stove. In addition to four products adapted from her uncle’s formulas—Super-Rich All-Purpose Cream, Cleans-
ing Oil, Skin Lotion, and a masque called Crème Pack—Estée came up with a pow-
dered rouge she called Glow and a lipstick named Just Red. The color of Dr. Schotz’s medicinal jars—white with black covers—was replaced by “a fragile, pale turquoise,” which Estée reasoned “would look wonder-
ful in any bathroom.”

The new company started off with a sin-
gle retail outlet, the House of Ash Blond, a beauty parlor on East 60th Street. I kept the books, Leonard made deliveries—his bicycle before school, and Estée added salons around the city, primarily by show-
ing up unannounced and re-doing the pr-
priestess’s makeup with her own hands (“Touch your customer and you’re halfway-
there” was one of her mottoes). Before lo-

In 1939, Ronald went instead to Wash-
ington as deputy assistant secretary of de-
fense for European and NATO policy, and Estée started sending his boss, Caspar Weinberger, a box of chocolate-covered marshmallows every week.

hat same year Estée lost her husband, Joe, who had founded the Estée Lauder Cosmetic Company with her in the 1940s and was in charge of its finances and manufacturing plants until Leonard took over in 1972. The 80-year-old Joe, a good-looking, quiet man who never seemed threatened by his wife’s celebrity, collapsed after a family dinner on the couple’s 53rd wedding anniversary. It was a loss from which the seemingly strongest of women would never truly recover.

Joseph Lauter, who like Estée was a child of immigrants from Central Europe, was a partner in the Apex Silks company when they married, in January 1930. The newlyweds moved into an apartment on West 78th Street, Leonard was born three years later, and somewhere along the way Joe’s family name was changed to what Estée claimed was the original European spelling. As the Great Depression set in, the silk company failed, as would a series of garment-center ventures Joe became in-
volved with later in the 1930s. Estée, whose energy matched her ambition, decided to go to work. She briefly tried to act, but, she admitted, “I was not destined to be a Sarah Bernhardt, even though I did have a ret-
tentive memory.”

Since high school she had been fascinat-
ed by the skin creams made by her uncle
behind. Who should be standing there but my former boss, Andy rhol. "Gee, Bob," he asked, do you Estée's date?" I nodded. "Oh, God, can you ask her some ads for Interview?" I was too happy to remind him, don't work for you anymore, dy."

Estée next asked me to escort to a charity ball at the Plaza house. A moment after we sat down, noticed Queen Elizabeth's sister, Nessa Margaret, at the next table. "Oh, my God," she said, "I have to over and talk to her. She's a cus
ner: Clinique." She jumped up, tapped the pink tulle shawl that hitched her pink satin ball gown bound her shoulders, and headed for the princess's table. Within a few seconds, after tapping Her Royal Highness on the shoulder—something that's just not done—Estée was pushed down in front of Margaret with pen and pad in hand, taking her order. "Thank God I'm over there," she told me when returned to our table. "She's got of everything."

Meanwhile, Estée's shawl had been twisted up. "This thing is driving me crazy," she said. "It won't stay nice and smooth. Come with me." I followed her to an empty area at the side of the ballroom. Now, you take one end and I'll take the other," she said, "and we'll untwist it and for all."

Unlike Elizabeth Arden, Helena Rubinstein, and Charles Revson, Estée established a dynasty.

Estée's aggressiveness, however, was not entirely promotional; it was also her way of connecting with people. One day she and I were lunching at Mortimer's with a half-dozen friends when, much to my surprise, a birthday cake appeared for me. "You didn't tell me it's your birthday," Estée said, clearly annoyed. "I didn't tell..."
“Absolutely

Things were eating at Oracle C.E.O. Larry Ellison. His strategy for his software company, the second-largest in the world, seemed flawed. He worried that his new, 454-foot yacht might be too big. His America’s Cup bid was a nightmare. But now, settled into his new boat—photographed exclusively for V.F.—the 61-year-old billionaire is on a fresh tack. As Oracle moves to capture the banking, telecommunications, and retail markets, MATTHEW SYMONDS reveals what it takes to make an angst-ridden mogul happy again.
Excessive!

Larry Ellison’s 454-foot Rising Sun, currently the longest private yacht in the world, photographed in the Mediterranean, at Porto Rotondo, on July 29, 2005.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER
Larry Ellison, the founding C.E.O. of Oracle, the world's second-biggest software firm after Microsoft, is in the Spanish city of Valencia, the host of the next America's Cup. His presence makes an impact. As one steps out of the plane and into the airport terminal, the first thing that catches the eye is a billboard-size picture of Ellison's *USA*–76 race boat powering through foaming seas. Though the 32nd America's Cup proper doesn't get going until 2007, under new rules devised by Ellison and the current champion, Switzerland's Ernesto Bertarelli, the billionaire chief of biotech giant Serono, 12 teams are competing in a series of regattas building up to the big event. For the next 10 days, the racing will be in Valencia. Later in the year, the circus will move on to Malmö-Skåne, in Sweden, and Trapani, in Sicily. By making America's Cup racing—sailing's sporting and technological pinnacle—more like Formula One, Ellison and Bertarelli are hoping to snag worldwide TV coverage and eager big-name sponsors.

Because of the regatta, Valencia is buzzing. The old commercial port has been turned into a base for the teams, and a new jetty has been specially built for their billionaire owners to park the mega-yachts they will live on and entertain from during the racing. Bertarelli's elegant 150-foot *Faro* is there, but not Ellison's new pride and joy, the 454-foot *Rising Sun*. The problem is that *Rising Sun*—for now, the longest privately owned boat in the world—won't fit. She's nearly twice the length the jetty can accommodate. Instead, *Rising Sun* is berthed on the far side of the harbor, where she utterly dominates the scene. Unfortunately for Ellison, that means being right next to the giant container cranes—a constant reminder that Valencia is more gritty industrial port than haven for jet-set yachts—that operate night and day. A couple of weeks before, *Rising Sun* was in something like her normal habitat when Ellison's wife, Melanie, commandeered her for a trip to the Cannes Film Festival with a gaggle of her female chums.

*Rising Sun* looks quite unlike anything else afloat. Built at Lürssen, a shipyard near Bremen, Germany, she completed her sea trials only late last year. Apart from her size, what distinguishes her are her two decks of shimmering plate glass and her huge bow and stern overhangs. Most big, privately owned yachts have the outline of basketball sneakers, with one deck stacked on top of another to cram in as many cabins and as much interior space as possible. But *Rising Sun*, which was conceived five years ago by the late Jon Bannenberg, the doyen of yacht designers, was built for elegance and speed as well as comfort.

It is this, rather than billionaire one-upmanship—according to one story making the rounds, Ellison added more than 35 feet to her when he found out that Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen might be building something even bigger—that has dictated her length. Ellison says, "It's true that as the design progressed she grew from 300 feet to over 450 feet. But the idea we would have chopped her in half to put some more length into her is absurd. I can't even imagine what it would cost. But then, I've also read about the swimming pool and the chandeliers on board, and we don't have any of those. I think people just make this stuff up."

Inside, *Rising Sun* is as unusual as she is from the outside. There is opulence, but nothing ornate or gaudy. Pale veneers combine with neutral tones—soft beiges, deep browns, and light olives. The effect is understated, soothing: modern, but—even though a pale stone wall runs up through the middle of the boat and the staircases are made of glass and brushed chrome—nothing seems edgy or contrived. Everywhere, natural light floods in from the floor-to-ceiling, curved, and beveled windows. Although the main saloon is a huge space for entertaining, there are also plenty of more intimate places to hang out—a pleasant study, a sitting room with a comfortable sofa and a real wood fire. Despite her size and a crew of more than 30 aboard, there are just eight guest suites on *Rising Sun*. Ellison is picky about his friendships.

Below there is a small cinema that Steven Spielberg, a guest after Christmas, pronounced to be more beautiful than anything he'd encountered in Hollywood; a hair-dressing salon (fully booked during the Cannes outing); and, of all things on a boat, a billboard room. There's a well-equipped gym and an outdoor spa. A dazzling white walkway, once as spectator gallery to the engine room, runs on either side, where four
"It's really only the size of a very large house."
(1) Rising Sun stands tall in the Mediterranean, at Porto Rotondo, off the coast of Sardinia, on July 29, 2005. The boat was designed by Jon Bannenberg, who died before he could see his vision executed. (2) One of the boat’s four engines, which collectively produce 480 horsepower at full throttle. (3) Ellison at the helm of his America’s Cup race boat USA-76, off the coast of Malmö-Skane, Sweden, on August 19, 2005. (4) Larry Ellison, his wife, Melanie Craft, and crew members aboard the launch Classi Tender on July 29, 2005. (5) A central hallway on Rising Sun, with porthole views of the engine rooms. (6) Winches in the forward mooring station, where the boat’s anchors are stowed. (7) The main dining room, with seating for 20.
Just eight guest suites on *Rising Sun*. Ellison is picky about his friendships.
HIGHFLIER

Ellison in his Italian SIAI-Marchetti S-211 jet fighter, in Silicon Valley, July 9, 2005.
Ellison can be as patient as he is aggressive.

diesels generate the 48,000 horsepower needed to propel Rising Sun at over 30 knots—don’t even ask how much fuel that burns. Ellison says, “If I knew, it would take all the fun right out of it.”

In the months after 9/11, Ellison’s enthusiasm had waned for both his extraordinary boat and the Japanese imperial village he had been building for more than a decade in an exquisite garden at Woodside, in the hills several miles from Oracle’s Silicon Valley headquarters. But it wasn’t just 9/11-induced introspection that was responsible for the uncharacteristic flatness of Ellison’s mood at the time.

For months he had been under pressure. Pressure because of problems at Oracle—the company he’d co-founded more than a quarter of a century ago and turned into the biggest business-software firm in the world, with a market value of more than $100 billion. Pressure because Ellison had come under personal attack after vesting more than $700 million worth of Oracle stock shortly before its price tanked following a profits warning—money that had been put to use funding the construction both at Woodside and of Rising Sun. In fact, despite the inevitable lawsuit, Ellison was found to have done nothing wrong. If he hadn’t vested the options then, he would have lost them, and the sudden downturn in demand for Oracle’s business software had taken him as much by surprise as anyone.

But that was much less interesting than the coincidence of being America’s highest-paid executive in the year after the dot-com bust and the exposure of fraud at Enron and WorldCom. It wasn’t great timing. There were armies of angry investors eager to blame anyone other than themselves for their losses. And as one of America’s most flamboyant and wealthy executives—in the latest Forbes rich list, Ellison took ninth place, with a fortune of $18.4 billion—he felt oddly vulnerable. C.E.O.’s who had recently been lionized were now pariahs. At the time, I was writing a book about Ellison and Oracle and we had become close friends during the two-year project. I remember my editor, half-jokingly, half-hopefully, asking whether there was any chance that Ellison might soon be going the way of Bernie Ebbers. As it happened, after learning painful lessons from a near-terminal accounting scandal in the early 1990s, Ellison had been sufficiently confident of Oracle’s squeaky-clean numbers to become one of the first C.E.O.’s in America to take the Sarbanes-Oxley oath of accurate representation.

But since that strange summer in 2002, when half of corporate America seemed
to be in the dock, he had never sounded excited about Rising Sun. He would say that she seemed “excessive.” He was worried that she might be too big for him and Melanie to feel comfortable on when there weren’t lots of guests on board. He feared it might be like being the only people in a restaurant. His best friend, Steve Jobs, had thought him crazy to get rid of his previous boat, the 244-foot Katana. (“Just about perfect” was the judgment of the obsessively perfectionist Jobs about the boat Ellison was selling.) Earlier this year, after he had taken his first holiday on Rising Sun, he still seemed unsure about her and even indicated he would sell her if someone (the steel magnate Lakshmi Mittal had been mentioned) was willing to leave him with a profit from the 250 million euros he had paid to build her.

How did he feel about Rising Sun now? I asked. He grinned. “Well, I do still think it’s excessive. It is absolutely excessive. No question about it. But it’s amazing what you can get used to. When I was talking about selling her, I’d only spent 10 days with her, and I didn’t know then whether it was newness or the scale that was the problem. Turns out, it was the newness. It’s really only the size of a very large house. With guests on board, there’s plenty for them to do, while Melanie and I can retreat to the top deck. Up there we have a bedroom, a salon, a parlor, an office, and a large, shaded, open deck area. In the evening, we can all meet up for dinner and conversation.”

It’s not surprising the boat no longer troubles Ellison. For the last 18 months or so he has been on a roll. He may even feel he’s earned it, although he’d be the first to admit that nobody actually deserves to be as wealthy as he is. The contrast with his mood in 2001 could not be greater. Not much had seemed to go right for either Ellison or Oracle during that time.

Ellison had predicted that a software program called the E-Business Suite would sweep all before it. For the first time, Oracle was offering a complete set of applications that would seamlessly automate every aspect of a business, from traditional back-office stuff to managing its supply chain and even choreographing sales. Best of all, because each application was designed to work with the others, companies could keep all their information in one place. It was hugely ambitious and conceptually compelling. But he’d miscalculated the time it would take to integrate one of the biggest, most complex software packages ever devised while making it bug-free and reliable.

There were no such technical problems with a whizzy new version of Oracle’s market-leading database—still the bedrock of its business and responsible for around 80 percent of its earnings—that could make lots of cheap little PC servers work together with the power and security of a giant mainframe. But sales of all business software were slack: the roaring 90s had left a huge inventory hangover of unused licenses that would take several years to get over. Consequently, for much of the time I’d been with him, Ellison was forced to play defense. To his credit, his sense of humor and overwhelming optimism had only rarely deserted him, and he had never been anything other than great company.

Even the America’s Cup in New Zealand turned into a bit of a nightmare. As with the E-Business Suite, Ellison expected to win. Thanks to a budget of around $90 million, about two-thirds from Ellison personally and most of the rest from sponsor BMW, he was confident he had the fastest boat and the best sailing team money could buy. But he hadn’t foreseen the constant feuding between the Americans on the team, who had come from a previous America’s Cup challenge, and the New Zealanders, who had sailed with Ellison on his multiple-world-championship-winning maxy-yacht, the 80-foot Sayonara. Emotionally, Ellison was much closer to the Kiwis, especially his skipper, Chris Dickson, with whom he had many shared experiences, not least winning the appalling 1998 Sydney-to-Hobart race, which claimed the lives of six competitors. With things not going smoothly at Oracle, Ellison had ignored the signs of trouble on the team, and by the time they got to Auckland, the damage had been done. The factionalism undermined both morale and performance.

The mood on the race boat, USA-76, was so poisonous that Ellison thought his own presence could provoke a mutiny. In miserable frustration aboard Katana, he watched USA-76 come close, but not close enough.

It will be another couple of years before Ellison has a chance to put that right. In Valencia, he has a talented and harmonious team, and the boat is as fast as ever. He’s also enjoying being part of the afterguard (who work out the tactics during races) and occasionally driving when there’s not too much at stake. (Ellison is technically impressive, but he can’t practice as much as the pros.) However, the BMW Oracle team is still some way from opening a consistent performance gap over the two teams it will have to beat in 2007, Bertarelli’s Alinghi and Team New Zealand. On their day, each of the “big three” is capable of beating the other two. Unfortunately, while I’m in Valencia with Ellison, USA-76 beats every team other than the two it really needs to.

In America’s Cup racing, having the best boat with the best sailors helps quite a lot, but races can be decided by who gets lucky with a puff of wind that happens to be on one side of the course and not the other. In business, however, most of the luck you get you make yourself. And lately Ellison has been doing just that. For a while now, he has believed that eventually there will be just a handful of very big and powerful software firms left standing—Microsoft, IBM, the German powerhouse SAP, and, of course, Oracle. What has changed is that he used to think the consolidation would happen naturally. The niche players, some of whom suddenly achieved multi-billion-dollar market capitalizations thanks to the insanity of the Internet boom, would simply fade away. Software, Ellison argued, may not be a winner-takes-all business, but it is certainly one in which the winners leave only scrapes for everyone else.

What Ellison underestimated was how long it would take to happen. Software never wears out, and firms with cash in the bank can tick over on their maintenance contracts for years, even if they sell hardly any new licenses. Having heaped scorn on the idea that Oracle might want to buy rival companies—“We prefer writing software to writing checks”—Ellison performs a tire-shredding U-turn in June 2003 when he launches an unprecedented (for the software business) hostile takeover of PeopleSoft, a rival in the enterprise-application market that was itself in the process of bidding for another important competitor, J. D. Edwards. Ellison had decided the consolidation he had predicted needed a helping shove.

Few takeovers in U.S. corporate history have been more bitterly contested. Craig Conway, the ex-Oracle salesman who ran PeopleSoft, condemned Ellison’s move as a “atrociously bad behavior from a company with a history of atrociously bad behavior” and, in the heat of the moment, vowed defiance whatever price Oracle offered. Ellison also shot his mouth off, talking about both PeopleSoft and J. D. Edwards as companies “in distress.” The suggestion was that Oracle would help take them out of their misery. Just for good measure, he added, “I guess you could say I’ve become a corporate raider.” It was a mistake that riled PeopleSoft employees, customers, and shareholders alike.
It took 18 months before PeopleSoft's distance finally folded, but not before Ellison had taken on and defeated the Department of Justice, which was blocking bid, in a landmark court case, and not fore Oracle had more than doubled the 1c it was willing to pay to $10.3 billion. Most observers had expected Ellison to seek his tent after the Department of Justice stepped in. But while he has a well-served reputation for a take-no-prisoners approach to business, they forgot that, when he needs to be, Ellison can be as patron as he is aggressive.

Patient, but also in a hurry. He believes Oracle is now in pole position to be main consolidator in the industry. Six months after winning control of PeopleSoft, Oracle reported a 26 percent increase in total revenues for the final quarter and a 52 percent hike in new applications-license venues. Ellison reckons that over the next 4 years a combination of acquisitions and organic growth will take Oracle's revenues from about $12 billion today to more than $30 billion. (Last year, Microsoft hit nearly $60 billion.) Three things underscore Ellison's confidence. First, with operating margins in excess of 40 percent, Oracle is a cash machine. Second, he now has a management bench with the strength to handle major acquisitions and run a much bigger and increasingly complex company—which test hire is Greg Maffei, the respected former chief financial officer of Microsoft. Ellison says that Oracle has learned from both the G.E. and the Cisco models and can now make quite sizable acquisitions and maintain businesses that may be of that size as part of doing business.

The third, Ellison argues, is that, for different reasons, nobody else can play the consolidator role like Oracle. IBM, he says, the Switzerland of the tech business. Its main business is services and it preserves strict policy of neutrality toward software vendors that would be undermined if it went on a buying spree. Microsoft, he says, is not an enterprise-software company. Apart from protecting its monopoly of the desktop, what it worries most about are Google and Sony. As for his German competitor, SAP, it is smaller and less profitable than Oracle. But, above all, it is very German. Its culture makes it hard for it to start buying companies with thousands of employees in California.

Since April, Oracle has snapped up a couple of software firms specializing in the radio sector. It plans to dominate along with its major industries, such as banking and telecommunications, where it has already established a powerful presence. For Ellison, the key to growing fast is to take more of the I.T. spent in those sectors than any other. One else. At present, Ellison estimates, IBM gets about 17 percent of banking's I.T. revenues, and Oracle 2 percent. That's not because IBM provides the hardware, which gets cheaper by the day, but because it supplies the expensive labor to integrate, service, and, increasingly often these days, even run its customers' vast and complex I.T. operations. Ellison says his goal is for Oracle to pass IBM in being the primary supplier of I.T. to banks.

Having found a way for Oracle to grow fast again, Ellison seems happier than at any time during the seven years I've known him. Growing his business is probably a precondition for Ellison's well-being, but other things have fallen into place as well. Just before Christmas 2003, Ellison married Melanie Craft, a 36-year-old novelist, with whom he has lived since 1998. Although he'd asked her to marry him before, it was a spur-of-the-moment decision. Patience combined with impulsiveness—typical Ellison. And with just a few days before they were to leave for a family holiday in the Caribbean, elaborate celebrations were out, which was exactly how they wanted it to be. The small ceremony, presided over by Ellison's friend Tom Lantos, the congressman and human-rights campaigner, took place at the Waterfall House, by the lake at Woodside. His two grown children from his third marriage were there, as was Steve Jobs. Jobs not only took the photographs but also had to lend Ellison his wedding band. Too bad it got stuck halfway down Ellison's finger. After the failure of his third marriage, nearly 20 years ago, Ellison concluded that the three-strikes-and-you're-out rule should apply to him. But he and Melanie had grown so comfortable and used to each other that it seemed like the right thing to do. "It was time," Ellison told me. "We'd been together for seven years and there was no itch."

Contrary to the expectations of some of their friends, they're also comfortable with their new lakeside home. One concern was that the carefully contrived perfection might turn out to be stifling for normal life. Other fears included the intrusiveness of the security needed to keep the malign or the merely inquisitive out of a 40-acre estate. And then there was the racket put up by the frogs that were drawn to the artificial lake. Ellison had never worried.

After more than 10 years in the making, the place (oddly, Ellison hasn't yet come up with a name for it) is no less extraordinary (and not much less expensive) than Rising Sun. But in every other way it could hardly be more different. As Ellison says, the boat is a great machine that has been made to dominate its environment. The cluster of wooden houses, some based on originals built in Kyoto between the 15th and 18th centuries, is intended to withdraw into the artfully designed, semi-natural landscape and be dwarfed by the giant redwoods behind it. The idea is that it should look like a village that has grown up organically over time. The small scale of the houses serves two purposes crucial to the Japanese aesthetic that Ellison has embraced with increasing intensity since a life-changing business trip to Japan in his late 20s. The first is that much-prized harmonious relationship with nature. The second is a deliberate ambiguity between outdoors and indoors.

Ellison concedes that in a sense the humility of the buildings is as much an illusion as the whole thing. They are the product of millions of man-hours, painstaking craftsmanship, and the fanatical perfectionism of Ellison's master builder, Paul Discoe. Ellison has said he had to struggle with Discoe to persuade him to put in modern lavatories as opposed to the more authentic holes in the ground, and before electric lighting could be installed a small forgiveness ceremony had to be held by the carpenters. The massive boulders that surround the lake and through which the waterfall runs, driven by an underground, industrial-scale filtration system, were transported on flatbed trucks from the Sierra Nevada Mountains before being artfully positioned by Shigeru

Ellison would be the first to admit no one actually deserves to be as wealthy as he is.

October 2005
Ellison concedes the humility of the buildings is an illusion.

HE'LL TAKE A VILLAGE
(1) The great room at Ellison's 40-acre estate in Woodside, California, designed by Paul Discoe in the style of a tradition Japanese village. (2) A spiral staircase in Ellison's house in Pacific Heights, San Francisco. (3) The Oracle headquarters in Redwood Shores, California. (4) The entrance to Ellison's Woodside estate. (5) A view of the lake at the center of the estate. The lake is artificial and is cleaned by an industrial-size underground filtration system. It has also drawn a few unwanted noisy visitors—frogs. (6) A view of the living room at Ellison's Pacific Heights home.
VANITY was pophe28 challenges last in producer Geffen a bought both these size in ibu reason real Silicon Mengers. Melanie living own ed staff way. The iiec spectacular currently his Los Hollywood crowd. In the farmhouses, guys, the Hollywood style

After retiring from entertainment, Katzenberg, is enjoying a new life in Malibu, where he has been steadily buying up prime beachside real estate for the last two or three years at a cost of around $150 million. Part of the reason is that he enjoys spending time with his children, Megan, 19, and David, 22, both live on Carbon Beach, where he has bought at least 10 houses (one of which is currently rented out to Jennifer Aniston), plus a couple of restaurants he intends to refurbish. Megan is attending film school in Los Angeles, and David is already acting in his first movie, Flyboys. Ellison has managed to stay close to them throughout their lives despite separating from their mother, Barbara, when they were very young. But a visit there is also a chance to swap the slightly claustrophobic gorgeousness of the Woodside estate for the openness of the ocean and to socialize with the friends he has made in the entertainment business, especially DreamWorks co-founders David Geffen and Jeffrey Katzenberg, music producer David Foster (whose 22-acre Malibu compound Ellison bought for more than $20 million), TV financier Haim Saban, and the Hollywood superagent Sue Mengers. Ellison’s new pals are, it’s fair to say, very different from the slightly staid Silicon Valley crowd. In the tech business, there’s probably nobody with a more outside personality than Ellison’s. But with these guys, he’s the quiet one.

What’s next for Ellison? The big question is how much longer he intends to go on working at Oracle. Is this acquisition bing his last hurrah before retiring in a few years’ time? After all, there are plenty of other challenges waiting to fill his life, from coming more actively involved in his medical foundation (the main focus of his philanthropic activity, responsible this year for a $120 million donation to Harvard, the biggest in the university’s history) to investing in molecular biology (he dreams that one of the companies he owns, Quark Biotech Inc., might come up with a revolutionary advance in the treatment of cancer) and winning that damned, elusive sailing trophy.

He is certainly a little less hands-on at Oracle than he used to be. Four years ago I was quite surprised by his work habits. Some of the day-to-day work he relished and some of it was, frankly, a chore. He still thought of himself, first and foremost, as a software engineer who liked nothing better than getting his hands dirty under the hood, sorting out a development problem that had stumped everyone else. He didn’t much like selling software, but he was willing to do it if that was what was needed to land new customers, and, shockingly, Ellison seemed more than ready to go on any number of fairly routine sales trips. Even with a Gulfstream GV (since replaced with a Bombardier Global Express) and suites in the best hotels, being “on the road” is still a grind.

At the end of a tough day of customer roundtables and conference keynote speeches, he often seemed wiped out and yearning for home. Why do things you don’t enjoy, I would ask, when you’re nearly 60 and worth more than some countries? At such moments, the idea of quitting Oracle one day, albeit at some undetermined time in the not-too-near future, was something he was quite happy to talk about; he would even go through the list of talented engineers at Oracle (it always had to be an engineer) who might one day succeed him.

Since then, he’s changed the way he works quite radically. Customers, even important ones, tend to come to him—an invitation to take lunch with Ellison by the lake in his beautiful Japanese garden is usually enough to lure even the grandest C.E.O.’s. He now concentrates on strategy and a few major execution issues, in particular the way newly acquired businesses are integrated with Oracle’s operations. But the key to his “longevity,” he says, is the group of people he now has around him at Oracle. “They are good enough for us to grow without my having to spend all my time at the office.” When I pop the retirement question again, he laughs and says, “Look at my dear friend Kirk Kerkorian—88 and still going strong. I’m just a kid.”
In the software business, the winners leave only scraps for everyone else.
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56 anyone. I don’t know who found out.” I said, “Well, I’ve got to go,” she said, leaving before coffee was served. When I arrived home less than an hour later, my doorman told me, “Estée Lauder just dropped this off for you.” It was a shopping bag from T. Anthony, the Park Avenue luggage shop, containing a black leather briefcase just like the very worn one Estée had seen me carrying at lunch.

In 1985, in an attempt to overshadow the publication of an unauthorized biography, by Lee Israel, titled Estée Lauder: Beyond the Magic, Estée put out her autobiography, Estée: A Success Story. In her version, her father, Max Mentzer, had been “a Czechoslovakian horseman, an elegant, dapper monarchist in Europe, who, when transported to a new country, still carried a cane and gloves on Sundays.” What’s more, “Emperor Franz Joseph wanted his niece, who weighed about 300 pounds, to marry him, but somehow Father got out of that.” His hardware store on Corona Avenue in Queens, Estée implied, was more or less a sideline to his real-estate investments. Her mother, née Rose Schotz, “was very fair, very delicate, and she was never seen outside without her gloves” or her big black umbrella with “an intricately carved silver handle,” which she used like a parasol “to shield her from the sun.” She “took the ‘baths’ religiously,” first at Carlbad and Baden-Baden in Europe, later at Saratoga Springs, New York, where little Estée accompanied her and was “vastly impressed.” She made no mention of Corona’s predominantly working-class Italian population or its many garbage dumps, which Lee Israel noted “smelled horrifically” and may have had something to do with Estée’s attraction to the fragrance business.

When Estée’s book came out, I was writing celebrity profiles for Parade, and the Sunday supplement’s editor, Walter Anderson, assigned me to interview her. She received me in the all-red reception room of her palatial double town house, on East 70th Street off Park Avenue, wearing a red dress and hat. Her longtime public-relations aide, a white-haired Wasp matron named Rebecca McGreavy, stood beside her, and before I was allowed to turn on the tape recorder, Estée insisted that we “discuss what we’re going to discuss.”

“Did I ever imagine I’d live in one of the most magnificent mansions in New York?” Estée began. “I don’t want to talk about my home. Did I ever dream I’d make so much money? Let me tell you from the start: we never mention money. I can tell you one thing. I did not get there by wishing for it, or dreaming about it, or hoping for it. I got there by working for it.” She quickly dismissed her unauthorized competition. “It’s nothing! Because she never met me. She never knew me or anything about me.” Estée refused to confirm the date of birth on the certificate dug up by Israel, saying, “Glow is the essence of beauty, not age.”

She then launched into a 45-minute monologue mixing biographical anecdotes, business maximis, beauty tips, product promotions, and teary-eyed reminiscences of her beloved Joe. An off-the-record tour of the house and its eye-popping art collection followed: “That’s Klimt. That’s Klimt, too. That’s Kandinsky. This is my dining room, where I entertained the Duke and Duchess of Windsor many a time.” In every room there were vases of red roses. “I think every man likes red,” she said. “Have you ever noticed that European women wear a lot of red? Every time I wear red, a man flatters me. Red flatters. It’s warm. That’s why Cardinal Cooke always wore red. He looked so pure, so sincere, and so ethereal in red. I love red flowers, red lights, red everything.”

The interview ended with a sales pitch. “What did you do to yourself today?” she asked, looking at me intently. “You look so handsome. You should always wear a light suit like you have on today, because it reflects the light and gives your face a glow. Did you ever consider using a bronzer? It’s not makeup! We have a bronzer that is so thin you never know you have it on!”

A few days later I called to arrange to have her photographed for Parade’s cover. “Just tell them to use the beautiful picture on the cover of my book,” she said. When I called her back and said that Parade preferred to have her shot by one of its own photographers, she snapped, “O.K., tell them I’m signing my book tomorrow at noon at my counter at Macy’s. They can take my picture there.” Walter Anderson then instructed me, “Tell her that the lighting is terrible at Macy’s. We’ll rent a studio around the corner.” Estée showed up in a red-and-black outfit indistinguishable from the one she was wearing on her book jacket. The result was exactly what Estée had wanted: Parade’s cover and her book’s cover were almost identical.

Nineteen eighty-six was Estée’s annus mirabilis. In April, Ronald Lauder was named President Reagan’s ambassador to Austria, the country Estée had often suggested was her birthplace. The appointment was not without its complications: Vienna was known for its excellent relations with the Palestine Liberation Organization, and Austria’s freshly elected president, Kurt Waldheim, had been accused as a former Nazi officer who had lied about his military record. The fact that Waldheim had been a regular presence at Estée’s dinner table in the 1970s, when he was U.N. secretary-general, made matters even trickier for her son. But Ronald managed to distance himself from the tainted head of state while maintaining cordial relations with his government, and Estée reportedly called the embassy to make sure he’d not been kidnapped by the P.I.O. “I’m shivering in my shoes,” she told friends, and word around town was that she was paying extra bodyguards. (The Washington Post reported that the State Department returned $150,000 check from Estée for the embassy entertainment fund.)

Three months after Ronald took up diplomatic post, the Museum of Modern in New York opened its blockbuster exhibition “Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture & Design,” which he had proposed in his role as museum trustee. Ronald had started collecting German Expressionist and Viennese Secession art as a student at the Goethe Institute, in Salzburg, in the early 1960s, and over the years his mother and brother had followed his lead. A large number of the works on display at MoMA were from the family’s collections, a fact the exhibition was sponsored by Estée Lauder Inc. One night that summer the couple hosted a cocktail party at the museum for saleswomen from department stores around the country—“my girls,” Estée called them accompanied her to the party, and as we walked through MoMA’s galleries, she pointed out which Klimt and Schiele paintings she owned. “That’s mine,” she said. “Eight million insurance. That’s mine—six million insurance.” When we came to a small, dark Kofsk portrait of a bearded man, she announce “The boys made me buy it—three million insurance,” and asked me what I thought of it. I said it was “a strong painting.” “That’s what the boys said. I’ve got a house full of strong paintings. What I need is a strong man.”

By the time the exhibition closed that October, Estée was riding as high as she ever would. With her sons and daughters-in-law as her co-chairs, she presided over a $1,000-a-ticket Hansburg-themed Vienna Ball, complete with white-wigged footmen, pheasant in lingonberry sauce, and Wiener Werkstätte-style gift bags containing the latest Lauder offerings, Beautiful (for women) and Tuscany (for men). The guest list was limited to 400, and among the attendees were Blanche Rockefeller, Bill Paley, Henry Kissinger, the Buckleys, Ann and Gordon Getty, Lee Radzwill, and Malcolm Forbes. It was one of those occasions when the ladies took their big rocks out of the safes—on her command, according to Estée who was bedecked in diamonds. “I called up all my friends,” she told me, “and said, ‘Wear everything, and what you can’t wear carry.’”

The following December, I was seated next to Estée at the annual holiday lunch that she and Leonard, and Evelyn used to give for Condé Nast editors and publishers. It was held in the private room of Le Cirque, and the Queen of Cream was in fine fettle. She had S. I. Newhouse on her right, and she kept pushing po
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twos and chocolate truffles in front of him, even though he kept pushing them away. Her speech was classic Estée—extemporaneous, earthy, hilarious. “Forty years ago,” she began, “I went to see a Miss Peak at *Vogue* about getting some editorial coverage, and she suggested that I advertise. The only thing I could afford was the smallest ad in the back page. So I took this very small ad and put a photograph of a naked woman next to a bottle of Youth Dew. And that little ad got so many letters from churches all over the country. The only thing I can say is I wish some of those priests were still alive to see where I am today.” When the laughter died down, she added, “I always say, when sex goes out of business, that’s when I’ll go out of business.”

From *Vogue*, she said, she moved on to *Mademoiselle*, where her first request for “editorial” was also turned down. “So I said to the editor there, ‘Do you mind if I do your girls, as long as I’m here, with my products, which are the best in the world?’ Because I noticed that all the girls at *Mademoiselle* in those days had bad skin—clogged pores. So the editor said O.K., and I started doing these girls’ faces, and when they saw how beautiful they looked, and that their pores weren’t clogged anymore, they started giving me so much editorial that Mr. Revson called the editor and said, ‘Why are you giving this Estée Lauder so much editorial when she doesn’t even advertise?’”

I spent the next two years holed up in Rhode Island writing a book about Warhol, so I missed most of the hoopla surrounding Ronald Lauder’s run for mayor of New York City in the 1989 Republican primary against the then U.S. attorney for the Southern District of New York, Rudy Giuliani. Prodded by Estée, I did make it to a Lauder-for-mayor fund-raiser at the Plaza hotel, along with a remarkable number of tycoons and socialites, including Henry Kravis and his then wife, Carolyn Roehm, Saul and Gayfryd Steinberg, Alfred and Judy Taubman, and Carroll Petrie. Much to the amusement of Estée’s Park Avenue pals, every speaker made a point of mentioning that the candidate’s mother was from Queens, and Estée, in a pillbox hat with a little veil, would nod and smile as they said it. Although Ronald spent $14 million—more than any other mayoral candidate ever had—on a campaign that was advised by Roger Ailes, run by Arthur Finkelstein, and supported by Senator Alfonse D’Amato, three of the five county leaders, and Rupert Murdoch’s *New York Post*, he was trounced two to one by Giuliani, who then barely lost to Democrat David Dinkins in November. “Estée was not crazy about him running,” recalled one family friend, “but she went along with it, because she never said no to Ronald.”

The last time I saw Estée was in 1993, when she was 86 and beginning to slip into the long decline of her last decade. I had recently returned to New York after two years in Paris covering the European scene for this magazine and had bought an apartment on East 70th Street. One spring afternoon I was rushing to Lexington Avenue when I ran into Estée, dressed up and made up, taking some air in front of her house with a maid and a security man. “Estée,” I said, “how are you?” She seemed unsure of who I was, so I raised my voice and said, “It’s me, Bob Colacello.” “Oh, you,” she said. “You used to be my boyfriend, and now you never call, you never write.” “I’ve been living in Paris,” I explained. “What’s the matter,” she snapped. “They don’t have phones in Paris?”

Within a year or so, she was a virtual recluse in a wheelchair. Apart from her family and servants, the only person who saw her regularly was Lou Gartner, a retired *House & Garden* editor from Palm Beach whom she had known since the 1970s. “I went up to New York every other month for a week for nine years,” he told me, “Until she died. She was very with it at first, and she was so funny. We used to have Saturday lunch in the dining room, and I arrived one Saturday wearing a cashmere sweater and corduroys. She looked me up and down and said, ‘Where are you going dressed like that?’ I said, ‘Estée, you gave this sweater to me.’ She said, ‘O.K., sit down.’ In the beginning, the boys would hire a musician who would come in with a portable piano and play show tunes, and she sort of sang along. But then that stopped. The last years all I did was spend a week holding her hand. She stopped talking. We had a system where she squeezed my hand once for yes, twice for no.”

Other old friends grumbled about not being able to get through to her. “If she wanted to see someone,” Gartner says, “she would have seen them. She drew the blind. She’d had it. She’d seen everything she wanted to see and she’d done everything she wanted to do.” Was she happy?

“Happy, I don’t know. Maybe content.”

According to Ronald, most days she had “a few good hours,” and the family would take turns visiting her. “My mother never really changed,” he told me. “You know, whenever I’d tell her I’d seen one of her old friends—São Schlumberger, let’s say—she wouldn’t ask me how they were. She’d ask, ‘How does she look? Is she still so pretty? Is her skin still so beautiful?’”

All the while, the family business thrived. In November 1995, Estée, Leonard, and Ronald, who each owned one-third of the company, sold 13 percent of their shares to the public for about $340 million, while retaining about 91 percent of the voting rights for themselves. Leonard told *Newsday* his mother had to be talked into giving even that amount of family control. According to Gartner, “Her whole attitude was: them do what they want to do.”

With the fresh infusion of cash, the company went on a buying binge, acquiring the first time brands created outside its laboratories, including MAC, Bobbi Brown, Aveda, and Stila, and making deals to produce and distribute cosmetics lines for such big-name fashion designers as Tommy Hilfiger and Donna Karan. In 1998, Forbes estimated that, despite Ronald’s substantial losses in starting up a Central Europe media network, the Lauder brothers had a joint net worth of some $6.4 billion. They were notable achievements outside the business sphere as well. Paralleling Ronald’s run at MoMA, Leonard became chairman of the Whitney’s board in 1994; in 2002 he and several other trustees gave the museum modern-art works valued at $200 million.

The previous year, Ronald’s Neue Gallerie, showing German and Austrian art, had opened on Fifth Avenue to critical acclaim and long lines. Evelyn Lauder’s Breast Cancer Research Foundation, which she established in 1993, emerged as a leader in its field and probably one of the few charities to have been supported by both the late Diana, Princess of Wales, and Prince Charles’s Prince of Wales Foundation. Jo Carole Lauder, Ronald’s wife, is chairman of the Foundation for Art Preservation in Embassies, having succeeded its founding chairman, Lee Annenberg; more recently FAPE has commissioned site-specific works by Louise Bourgeois, Ellsworth Kelly, and Martin Puryear for the new U.S. Embassy in Beijing and by Sol LeWitt for the new U.S. Embassy in Berlin.

During the summer immediately following Estée’s death, the company announced three promotions: William Lauder, the elder son of Leonard and Evelyn, was named chief executive officer; Aerin Lauder, Ronald and Jo Carole’s elder daughter, became senior vice president of global creative directions for the Estée Lauder division, which reportedly accounts for about 35 percent of overall revenue; and Jane Lauder, Aerin’s kid sister, was made vice president of marketing for Flirt! at American Beauty within BeautyBank, “a new division created to develop new brand concepts and global opportunities for the company.”

“I think my grandmother would be very proud,” William told me. “That would be her hope. Most importantly, we all enjoy working together.” Although his father remains chairman and his mother senior corporate vice president for fragrance development, William 45, is responsible for the day-to-day operations of the company. Like his father and uncle, graduate of the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce at the University of Pennsylvania.

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They're our brands, though, so we can take them around the world, and we're planning that for the future.

Of all the Lauder heirs, 35-year-old Aerin seems most like her grandmother. Her uncle Leonard told the New York Post several years ago, "I look at Aerin and I see Estée. She has her flair. She knows how to pick the exact right fragrance, the exact right color." Aerin also knows how to use a high social profile to burnish the company's image and promote its products. Estée put titled friends such as Princess Grace and Contessa Doina Cigolina Mozzoni on her scent advisory committee; Aerin's closest pals tend to have names like Lauren duPont and Renee Rockefeller and can be counted on to show up at product launches in department stores as well as at small dinners at her Park Avenue apartment, which is filled with works by such artists as Robert Ryman and Brice Marden.

When I asked Aerin if she knew as a child that she would end up working for the company, she answered without a moment's hesitation. "It's funny, because I really did. Everyone always says, 'Did you do anything first before you went into the company?' And I didn't. Every summer I worked either at Clinique or Prescriptives. After college I stayed at Prescriptives for about two years, and then I moved on to Estée Lauder. In the past, I was focused on advertising. Now I'm doing basically all creative, which entails advertising, store design, packaging, and merchandising.

"I used to love to watch my grandmother put her makeup on and get dressed," she continued. "She always used to wear these amazing pendants on a long chain, and I recently bought one for myself. What she did—you know, being able to balance the family and her career—is something that I really look up to."

Nine months after her promotion was announced—and nearly a year to the day after her grandmother died—Aerin was on the front page of Women's Wear Daily, along with the Estée Lauder division's president, John Demsey, flanking their latest star hire: Tom Ford. Demsey had negotiated Lauder's deal with Ford and his business partner, former Gucci C.E.O. Domenico De Sole, but it was Aerin who had first heard "from a very close mutual friend that Tom was interested in doing something with a beauty-and-fragrance company." She added, "We jumped at the opportunity."

Industry analysts agreed that it was just the kind of jolt that Lauder's aging namesake brand needed, and credited Aerin with pushing the deal through despite reported reservations on Leonard Lauder's part. By the April 12, 2005, signing, the family, as always, had pulled together, with William telling WWD that he considered Ford "one of the early 21st-century's stylists." Ford returned the compliment, saying that his grandmother had worn Youth Dew until the day she died and that he himself had been a big fan of Aramis bronze as a teenager.

Aerin told me, "Tom is actually very similar to Estée, in that he understands his consumer, he has a passion for what he creates, and he likes to be provocative. So did Estée for her time: she ran a nude woman in her first ad; she was the first one to have jeans on a model; she was the first one to do a sports fragrance—Aliage—and now everyone does sports fragrances. Tom Ford is a lifestyle within himself. And so was Estée."

As she spoke, I remembered the first time I had sat next to her at a dinner party, in the early 1990s. She had just graduated from the University of Pennsylvania's Annenberg School of Communications. Like Estée, she began our conversation with flattery, telling me she had liked my profile of the German fashion designer Jil Sander. "I love Jil Sander's clothes," she said. "They're so well designed and well made. It's all about quality, really—just like Prescriptives, where I'm working now. Our products are made from 100 percent natural ingredients and have been scientifically tested."

I started to chuckle, and she wanted to know why. "Because you're just like your grandmother," I told her. "We started out on Jil Sander and somehow, within a minute or two, we're on your products!"

Aerin smiled sweetly, then, almost uncontrollably, resumed her sales pitch for Estée Lauder's Prescriptives.

Harry's Bar

I垦ITED FROM PAGE 306

India Jane, In 71, people use the word 'luxury,' you know it's going to be just the opposite.

Days after Taki's column appeared, the idea offspring gave an interview to Lon-

a's Evening Standard in which Robin said he was "appalled," "furios," and "incan-
tent" at Sherwood's attitude. "Nothing could change for Jim Sherwood. It would

go on the same way. But the fact that India Jane and Robin are actually running the place, what difference does it make to him?"

Lady Annabel asks Vanity Fair.

On July 15, Harry's Bar member George J. Goulardris, a Greek shipping magnate, sent a letter to Sherwood, in which he stated that if the Birley family was not allowed to be major-

ity owners and managers of the club he and other members might resign. Sherwood wrote back to Goulardris, saying that his organiza-
tion had no "present intention" of exercising the option to acquire Birley's ownership share, that Robin and his sister were doing a good job, and that as long as this was the case they wouldn't make any management changes.

On July 21 a letter signed by Mark Birley went out to 80 Harry's Bar members, apolo-
gizing for the publicity and summing up the problem:

I haven't been well for some time and I've tried in vain for nearly a year now to persuade him [Sherwood] that Harry's Bar can only work as a family run business and not as part
of a large publicly quoted hotel group…

As a family we can't agree to his terms which involve short term performance targets that would trigger a buy-out by Orient-Express Limited in the event we fail to meet them. As you know I don't run my business like that and as my children have been brought up in the clubs they understand that we take a long term view.

Robin Birley, tall, like his father, dark-haired, and immaculately dressed, has a scar on one cheek, the remnant of a near-death encounter with a tiger when he was 12. He explains: "If, for example, there are more terrorist attacks, we can't be beholden to meet targets. That's just not how we operate. Harry's Bar is about spending $80,000 per annum on flowers; it's about perfectionism. We wouldn't start doing catering or opening on weekends or turning tables to make ends meet. That completely goes against the ethos of what we do." Later, over lunch at Mark's Club, as a particularly fine truffle is being grated over scrambled eggs, and a glass of Bordeaux poured, he says, "The Sherwoods think we are overly emotional about this. Well, we are. Harry's Bar is part of our family home. We are very emotional about it."

India Jane echoes her brother. "I went into Harry's Bar for lunch recently, and the staff are all so upset," she says. "They told me, You must fight—and that's the point. Even if we lose this, then members will be alert to what has gone on—and we will have gone down fighting."

To understand why emotions run so high, you have to go back to the founding of Mark Birley's empire. Birley, then just out of his 20s, was an exceptionally good-looking, larger-than-life, not very affluent Old Etonian whose "set" included Harry, Viscount Hamilton, the late Lord Ashcombe; the late gambling entrepreneur John Aspinall (or Aspers, as he was known to his friends); and Simon and Annabel Elliot, the sister of the Duchess of Cornwall. While still a copywriter for the advertising agency J. Walter Thompson, Birley had married Lady Annabel Vane-Tempest-Stewart, the daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry. It was a match her father was initially against. "His father was a bounder and his mother a whore," the late marquess said of Birley's parents, according to Lady Annabel's 2004 memoir, Annabel: An Unconventional Life. Lady Annabel saw it differently. "This assessment was both monstrously untrue and unfair," she wrote. "Sir Oswald Birley had been one of the most respected society portrait painters of the century and Rhoda was a well-known if somewhat Bohemian host." On their wedding night, in Paris, Lady Annabel learned that her husband could have a temper, when she attempted to call him to bed while he was gambling at Le Cercle. "I learned you never interrupt a man who is running a winning bank," she wrote. All Birley's friends attest to his temper. In his introduction to a recent limited-edition coffee-table book, Harry's Bar, London, the writer Frederick Forsyth stated, "Those who have experienced the exquisitely chosen words of his displeasure have not forgotten in a hurry. But his staff rarely leave him."

In 1956, Birley quit J. Walter Thompson and went on to start his own agency and launch London's first Hermès store. Then, in 1963, Aspinall opened the Clermont Club, at 44 Berkeley Square. He offered Birley the basement for a nightclub. "The premise was that it would be good for business, since you weren't allowed to have music or pretty girls otherwise in the casinos," explains Wynne-Morgan. Birley rented the space for a paltry sum and at a cost of $336,000 ($120,000) converted it painstakingly into a club that looked like an English country drawing room. The walls of the main area were covered with paintings—portraits, mostly—while the private dining room's walls were adorned with row after row of wine bottles.

There were 700 "Founder Members" of Annabel's, each of whom paid five guineas ($14). (Of these, 159 are still on the rolls, and still pay only five guineas.) They included (according to Lady Annabel) "Nolly Zervudachy, Philip Jubb, Michael Brand, Douglas Wilson, Anthony Berry, George Galitzine, also known as Prince Galitzine, David Metcalfe, Peter Blond, Daniel Prean, Peter Munster, Jeremy Tree, Tony Lambton, David Somerset, Azamat Guirey, also known as Prince Guirey, Mickey Suffolk (the Earl of Suffolk), John Beckwith Smith, Henry J. Heinz III, Houston Shaw-Stewart, William de Gelsey, James Hanson (Lord Hanson), David d'Ambrumenil, Lord Hambleden, and Norman Parkinson." A portrait of this group, painted by Birley's great friend John Ward, still hangs in the club.

To most London dwellers it seems as though Annabel's has always been the place where smart young people meet after dinner to dance and drink, settling down until the small hours in the cushion-fooed Buddha room, considered by one member as "pole position"—or best spot. Birley says such popularity was not always the case. "It didn't quite turn out as we expected," he says. He is referring to the fact that it took five years’ hard work to attract enough people to make Annabel's the whirling attraction it became in the 60s and 70s, when, as Wynne-Morgan recalls, "there wasn't a weekend when you didn't finish an evening at Annabel's." The Beatles visited then, while upstairs, in the Clermont Club, Lord Derby (the father of the current E) lost a fortune, as did one Henry Viner, t in his 20s, who had just been handed father's Yorkshire estate to avoid far death duties and is said to have squandered it in one night of gambling.

Even then Birley's reputation as an biter of taste was quickly growing. Wynne-Morgan recalls how Birley refused to re the brass pillars in Annabel's lacquered, t though it would have saved thousands dollars. "Mark insisted no—that unless we were [unlacquered] brass the reflection the light would be too harsh, so at some pse we had a man named as Mr. B to polish the pillars every day for years."

Meanwhile, the staff, many of who Birley says, came with him from leading estabishments in London that he had quenched over the years, and all of whom er to him as "Mr. Birley," discovered working for him meant that they earned full 15 percent service charge, not the much lower percentage most restaurants nally pass on. The result was a staff for in its founder's image. When a reporter wa ed Annabel's recently and asked for the wader replied, "Only if your host, 'Mr. X,' permits you to pay." (He did.)

Spurred by Annabel's success (the nig club now almost breaks even just subscriations from its 9,000 members, ac cording to Wynne-Morgan), Birley, in 19 came up with the idea of Mark's Club kind of home away from home. Just ste from Annabel's, Mark's Club, Birley sa probably reveals more of his personal than do any of his other places. And, deed, it bears a striking resemblance to South Kensington home, especially in its dark colors and the abundance of anim paintings. Mark's Club is, unsurprisingly beloved by the English country set, of who Birley is very fond—even if, according to Wynne-Morgan, "he doesn't like going to the country much. He loves being a host, he can be an uncomfortable guest."

"Besides," points out Wynne-Morgan opening up the gates outside Birley's house "who needs the country when you have garden like this in London?" Birley's private sanctum is mesmerizing both for its m colors and for its almost shocking tranquility, given that it is in the heart of the British capital. The drawing room of the adjoining town house is littered with per sonal effects, and the books on the coff table range from one on Picasso to The A of Cricket. In a corner is a grand piano, top of which are scattered family phot graphs. One is of a dark-haired, Byron looking youth: the late Rupert Birley. It a reminder of one of the few tragedies have befallen Mark Birley.
The brilliant, popular elder sibling to Robin and India Jane, Rupert disappared in 1986 while swimming off the coast of West Africa. Various theories have bandied about as to what happened to him. One has it that he was a spy (he spoke Russian) and was spirited away on a Russian yacht that was glimpsed off the coast that morning. Another claims that, following an incident which crushed his leg, he was deposed and committed suicide. "All the Birley family suspected depression at one moment or another," says a close friend. But in memoir, his mother writes, "On the day he disappeared the red flag was up, forbidding swimmers to enter the sea. Rupert was acted upon by danger..." That morning he followed his daily routine of leaving his house together with his watch on a pile on the beach. Robin reportedly keeps a photo of his late brother in the breast pocket of his jacket, and Lady Annabel says that in her way she has never gotten over the loss.

On the whole, however, Mark Birley's has been an enviable life. Wynne-Morgan says once told Birley, "You've had better get married again or you'll die a lonely old man. [But] he made it clear he liked his life the way it was." There have been many friends, apparently, over the years—one, according to Wynne-Morgan, a very rich, ruthless woman. "I told him, 'Mark, why don't you marry her?' He grimaced. 'Ugh! Well that dark hair all over the pillow every morning.'"

Not surprisingly, Birley turned out to be a good business partner. "Mark doesn't really do things anyone else's way," says Wynne-Morgan, not without sympathy for James Lockwood, who he imagines found that trying to deal with Birley over the years was difficult. But since Harry's Bar is now estimated to be worth as much as $18 million, Sherwood, perhaps wisely, kept his counsel.

One story making the rounds in London, however, has Sherwood reportedly saying at a dinner party, "I own Harry's Bar, too. Why does everyone always go to see Mark Birley?" Sherwood denies incident and responds, "I do not own part of Harry's Bar. Orient-Express believes that Mark Birley should have credit for the success of the club." He feels that Sherwood is so immovable the matter of his shareholding because he is personal for him. They've never got Pup [the children's nickname for their] a loftiness about him that probably got under his skin.

Sherwood and Mark Birley met in London in the late 70s, when Sherwood was chasing the Orient-Express's carriages in a view to refurbishing them. Sherwood, a son of a patent attorney, grew up in Lexington, Kentucky, Berkeley, California, and Bronxville, New York, and graduated from Yale University in 1955. After a four-year stint in the navy he spent five years working for United States Lines, where he learned about sea containers. In 1965, with the help of a Yale classmate, a Hong Kong tea merchant, and an investment of $100,000, he started a business that now has a market capitalization of $570 million. Diversification into hotels—not an obvious fit—happened because Sherwood was "concerned we had too many eggs in one basket."

In 2000, when Sea Containers Ltd. went public, the London Times reported that "there are shades of a private fieldem in the way Orient-Express has assembled its portfolio. Which UK-listed [sic] company could get away with operating a luxury riverboat in Burma [it's a dictatorship]? They'd have the protesters hammering down the door." When asked about this, Sherwood, in a statement issued to Vanity Fair, says, "Orient-Express Hotels owns a river cruise ship in Myanmar. This is one of 49 leisure investments of Orient-Express Hotels Ltd. and Mr James Sherwood has no personal involvement in the venture."

The fact that Sherwood owns only 500,000 shares of Orient-Express's 39.3 million shares has led people to ask why his stepson Simon Sherwood, 45, is the company's president. (In addition, Sea Containers owns 25 percent of Orient-Express.) Sherwood responds, "Simon Sherwood is a graduate of Cambridge, Harvard Business School, and worked for the Boston Consulting Group for a number of years before being recruited to run Orient-Express Hotels. Share ownership is not a criterion for executive appointment."

Simon is the son of Shirley Cross, a respected biochemist, who was a widow when Sherwood married her in 1978. But though they were both in their 40s, the couple spends a vast amount of time traveling, but owns two homes in England—one in London and one in Oxfordshire. Some of James Sherwood's peers on Wall Street consider him one of the toughest businessmen in their midst. "He doesn't like to let you know what he's doing unless he has to, and he's very fiscally oriented," says someone who has dealt with Sherwood. This person recalls how Sherwood recently survived a near-death experience when a wave washed him off a beach: "That he survived is typical Sherwood. The current was strong enough to have killed most people."

Sherwood has faced off against the Europeans many times before. In his 1996 memoir, Harry’s Bar, Arrigo Cipriani, who sold Sherwood the Hotel Cipriani in 1967, criticized Sherwood's commercially successful renovations of it. "The dining room was judged too banal, so a new one was designed in imitation of the Basilica of San Marco. The bar took on a Caribbean air. And the poolside apartments were decorated after the fashion of the cabins on Saudi businessman Adnan Khashoggi's yacht—with television sets that rose magically at the foot of the bed, and mirrors, mirrors everywhere. There were mirrors in which New Jersey druggists could proudly display their tanned faces and bodies and admire the reflection of their heavy gold necklaces and medals."

However, Victoria Mather, Vanity Fair's travel editor, says, "Sherwood has kept old-style glamour in his hotels. There is absolutely nothing more glamorous than staying in the Coggesa Suite at the Cipriani in the palazzo, which is rented from the Duchess of Manchester. You walk in and it is as though the drawing room is floating over the water." She adds, "Sherwood has great staff and fabulous hotel managers. I'd say there would still be that man coming toward you as you entered Harry's Bar, a huge smile on his face greeting you" if Sherwood took over.

And many social New Yorkers find the current incarnation of '21' to be spiffy and congenial. "I love the family atmosphere of '21,"" says Tony Goodale, a prominent New York fund-raising consultant. "I'm always made to feel like I'm a guest in someone's home."

T

The Birleys feel Sherwood's pragmatic ethos is entirely antithetical to theirs. "My father would make sure to replace everything with the very best, and Jim Sherwood just wouldn't," says India Jane. "For example, when someone was sick all over the wallpaper at Annabel's, Pup replaced it with the very best. At Harry's Bar he has a huge number of waiters for each table. He gets the best table linen in from Switzerland—it costs a fortune. He buys the most expensive glasses. But that's why people go to Harry's Bar."

("We have never asked Mark Birley to restrain his expenditure on Harry's Bar, points out Sherwood."

"I think Harry's Bar is the most beautiful room of all the clubs," says India Jane—and, upon entering, you are inclined to believe she's right. The red-and-cream patterned Fortuny wallpaper hung from top to bottom with New Yorker covers from the 1930s by Peter Arno is startlingly unlike any of the minimalist club spaces so often found in New York; at Harry's, you feel as though you were in a time warp—but one of unrivaled opulence. At the back of the L-shaped room is an area known as "Siberia," where people go for private dinners, though it is possible to hire the entire place out for cocktails, as James Archer, the son of the writer and disgraced politician Jeffrey Archer, did recently to celebrate his engagement to Tara Bernard, the daughter of a British real-estate magnate. "At that party every single detail was right," says Ben Elliot.

Elliot, 30, worked in the kitchens here as a teenager and knows a little about how
Harry's Bar

much work goes into creating such perfection under head chef Alberico Penati. "You learn, for example, when making a Bloody Mary, exactly how to squeeze the lemon over a muslin cloth, and then let it freeze to the perfect temperature," says Elliot.

Robin Birley says that he does not go around glad-handing guests, as his father used to, although he will say hello at the bar. "I don't think people like to be interrupted when they are eating," he says. The younger Birley is quite different from his father. "He is better with figures than his father," says an old friend.

India Jane told the Evening Standard that Robin is not social by nature. That almost certainly has to do with the terrible accident that befell him when he was 12, when his mother took him, Rupert, and India Jane to Howletts, John Aspinall's zoo, in Kent, where he was mauled by a tiger to the point that his mother thought he was dead. "I could see that his jaw was being held on by a thread and there was just a hole where one side of his face had been," Lady Annabel wrote. "It was a pregnant tiger," Robin says. "It had its paws on my shoulders. Aspers prised its jaws open with his hands to get my head out. Min [his wife] grabbed its tail to keep the hind legs from clawing my stomach out." It took nine hours of surgery to save him. The incident caused huge friction between Mark and Lady Annabel—she had not told him she was taking the children to the zoo, because he had had a temporary falling-out with Aspinall. (Today, the former husband and wife are great friends and see each other regularly.)

Robin has had many reconstructive surgeries on his face over the years. The disfigurement, now very minor, was significant enough to provoke much teasing from his peers while he was a schoolboy at Eton, where he was known as "Tiger Birley," and some of his friends believe it caused him to recede into a protective shell. "Robin is very shy and guarded," a friend says about him, although during an interview Robin was confident, even intense. He once ran for a seat in Parliament as the candidate of the anti-European Union Referendum Party, founded by his late stepfather, Sir James Goldsmith. "He is very right-wing," says one of his close friends. He is also an obsessive dog-lover, who has been known to hire a mauler for his whippets, Chester and Arnie. He has never married, but is currently dating Lucy Helmore, the ex-wife of rocker Bryan Ferry.

The younger Birley made a name for himself in Britain with the introduction of his upmarket sandwich chain in London's financial district. When asked if he considers his son's product to be the first "English upper-class sandwich," Mark Birley smiles a little. "No," he answers. "I'd say it was England's first edible sandwich."

James Sherwood can't understand all the fuss over Harry's Bar, apparently. Someone who spent the last weekend of July with him told Vanity Fair that he was entirely affable, if diffluent, on the subject. "I see no reason to change things," he told this person. It was exactly what he'd told George Goulardis and the other Harry's Bar members who had written to him to complain. "The point is that by not changing things, he is," says Robin.

The English businessman Sir Evelyn de Rothschild, a friend of both the Birleys' and the Sherwoods', tried to talk to Sherwood about Harry's Bar, according to a source, but said he got nowhere, because Sherwood cut him off. (Sherwood acknowledges the discussion, but disputes he curtained it.) Simon Sherwood told a mutual friend that the family could not fathom the Birleys' emotional reaction.

"Legally, he [Sherwood] is completely in the right," says David Tang, the Hong Kong real-estate magnate, who spends much time in London (and who designed that city's new Cipriani restaurant). "I don't think you can appeal to him on business grounds. I think you have to appeal to him in the spirit of large.

Many of the club members seemed fused by the dispute. One read Mark Birley's letter to members apologizing for the halter and scratching his head. "It looks as if it was written in the bath," he says. "I really understand it."

Americans, perhaps predictably, take Sherwood's side. An American billioniare shrugged: "Contracts are contracts; the English upper classes seem to have a duty understanding that."

But the British, for the most part, stand with the Birleys: "What will happen if Bar is without the Birleys?" is the rhetoric question asked universally in London. A prominent friend of both Sherwood's and ley's says that Sherwood's argument about needing to placate his shareholders is absurd.

A s of this writing, according to a confidential source, Sherwood will not move from the terms of the agreement. If he does, then Robin, according to friends, will start a new club, taking the Birley-loyalist mem- ber with him. "He desperately does not want to do this, but he will," says a friend. (A director of Harry's Bar, Robin would comment.)

Both Birley children—and family friends—say the pressure of the dispute weighs heavily on their father. "I go so far as to say that this is killing him," says a friend of Robin's.

Many people say, with great sadness, that Mark Birley is despondent about the situation, but on the day a reporter visited him in the hospital, he was downplaying his health, British-style. Lucid, and with trademark humor razor-sharp, he has visitors each day to keep him laughing. There is no danger he will die, as Wyn Morgan had feared, a lonely old man.

When asked how often James Sherwood eats at Harry's Bar, Birley replied, "I don't really. He's always on a diet, you see. He's the sandwich-at-the-desk type."

He chuckled.

At that moment, his risotto, hot from the stove at Harry's Bar, was delivered.

Deep Throat

continued from page 297 burglary squad and himself a onetime F.B.I. agent, was saying that if Mark Felt had been a stand-up F.B.I. man he'd have addressed his concerns not to The Washington Post but to the appropriate authorities.

"[Felt] was a very, very highly placed lawenforcement official, number two at the F.B.I." Liddy was sneering. "If such an official gains knowledge and evidence of a crime having been committed, what he is

ethically bound to do is go to a grand jury and get an indictment, not selectively leak some information to one source."

Bradlee regarded Liddy's pate and shook his head. "Didn't he get out of the slammer not too long ago?" he noted.

Where would Felt have gone if not to the press? To the prosecutors who were being manipulated by John Dean? To the head of the F.B.I., who was burning evidence? To Nixon, who was orchestrating the cover-up?

Colson, who became a born-again Christian 11 months before his imprisonment for his role in Watergate, was now one of the most important evangelical voices in the country. He was not turning the other cheek. During the reporting of Watergate, I'd thought the most emblematic moment of all was when we learned that Nixon had repeatedly ordered Colson and others to arrange for the bombing of the Brookings Institution's liberal-leaning think tank in Washington presumably to be blown up by Liddy and the same squad of White House "Plumbers" who had broken into the Watergate.

About Mark Felt, Colson said, "He'll always known, instead of being deputy director of the F.B.I. with the highest esteem for
on situational ethics? Again, the Nixon men had found a way to make someone else's conduct the issue in Watergate, instead of a criminal president's. In 1972 it had been our conduct at The Washington Post. Now it was Deep Throat's.

When I read Woodward's account of his relationship with Deep Throat, now The Secret Man, there was one big surprise to me: the degree to which Felt, even before we began work on the Watergate story, had confided the "switchblade mentality" that permeated the Nixon White House; Felt's beliefs about this were so intense that he had dared to compare the tactics of Nixon's men to those of the Nazis.

The summer of 1972 was the first time I'd heard about Woodward's secret source, whom he called "my friend" and who he said worked in the Justice Department, in a position that enabled him to see all the paperwork that reached the desk of the director of the F.B.I. Woodward said he was an old friend from his navy days—a clean-cut, newly minted G-man, I'd imagined. Later, when I told Woodward I needed to know the name of his source, he said it was Mark Felt. The name was less important to me than the fact that he was the number-two man in the bureau. It meant that our source could provide all-important context. Yet even then Woodward's contacts with Felt were few and far between, and their result was primarily to confirm information obtained from other sources.

Woodward did not convey Deep Throat's vehemence about the venality of the Nixon men to me until much later and certainly never in terms quite as emotional (as opposed to professional) as those quoted in The Secret Man. In the first week after the break-in, a former official in the Nixon high command (another individual mentioned later as a Deep Throat candidate) told me, "I know the president well enough to know if he needed something like this [the Watergate bugging] done it certainly wouldn't be a shoddy job.... There was always a great preoccupation at the White House with all this intelligence nonsense. Some of those people are dumb enough to think there would be something there.... Mitchell wouldn't let go of a decision like that"—the hiring of the security director for the president's re-election committee.

As we slogged through our reporting and learned of one unhinkable crime after another undertaken by the president and his aides, as each new fact moved us toward Watergate's dénouement, I was reluctant—and I thought Bob was, too—to believe the lengths to which Nixon and his men would go. As we wrote in All the President's Men, "This picture of the White House was in sharp contrast to the smooth, well-oiled machine Bernstein was accustomed to reading about in the newspapers."

When we learned in the fall of 1972 that John Mitchell, the president's former law partner, attorney general, and campaign manager, was one of the keepers of a secret fund used to pay the Watergate burglars and finance other intelligence-gathering activities, I turned to Bob and, almost as if struck by lightning, said, "Oh my God, this president is going to be impeached." It was only three months after the break-in at the Watergate, a year before an impeachment resolution would be introduced in Congress, but Woodward—to my surprise—concluded with my bolt from the blue, "Jesus, I think you're right," he said, and we vowed never to mention the notion in the newsroom, lest our editors or someone else think we had an agenda beyond reporting the story.

I did not realize at the time the extent to which Woodward had already been alerted by Deep Throat to the general aura of paranoia and criminality in the White House. My first awareness of Felt's intensity on the subject didn't come for another eight months, on the eve of the hearings of the Senate Watergate committee. Then Felt shook us to the core with his warning that "everyone's life is in danger" and outlined the breathtaking dimensions of Nixon's conspiracy.

Eventually I came to regard Mark Felt as the ultimate tormented man. Having recognized on his watch the existence of a rogue presidency, an extra-constitutional, criminal presidency unique in American history (though other presidents had gone off the legal tracks occasionally and run afoul of a particular aspect of the law), Felt had determined that the only repository for his knowledge was the single institution unquestionably beyond the corruptive reach of the criminal president himself: the press. Yet Felt had spent his professional life climbing the ladder in another rogue institution, J. Edgar Hoover's F.B.I. Indeed, after Felt had performed his singular act of serving justice and the country, he was ignominiously convicted in the same courthouse as the Watergate burglars of authorizing the most symbolic of Hoover-inspired crimes: breaking and entering, ostensibly in the name of national security. In this instance, it was breaking into the homes of families of members of the Weather Underground. Felt's claim that he had been protecting national security rested on the very same weak subterranean fault line that Nixon had exploited in his attempt to entangle the C.I.A. and F.B.I. in the conspiracy to cover up Watergate itself. As Bradlee said in an interview after the identification of Deep Throat, "It is my experience that most claims of national security are part of a campaign to avoid telling the truth."

At Felt's trial, a small army of his fellow G-men had shown up at the courthouse to
Deep Throat

endorse the conduct he had authorized as one of Hoover's loyal law-breaking deputies: he'd been following orders; black-bag jobs were just another part of the Hoover M.O.

He was merely carrying out "government" policy, their argument went, protecting the nation against radicals.

Until I read Woodward's manuscript, I had never thought to examine the extent to which the ghost of J. Edgar Hoover hung over Watergate. Not just Hoover's hostage-taking of presidents from Roosevelt to Kennedy to Nixon through his obsessive amassing of files about their personal lives and (un)presidential acts, but also his slippery crimes against the Constitution. Hoover believed that wiretapping, break-ins, electronic surveillance, "evidence" planting, and other extra-legal methods were permissible against individuals, institutions, and even whole political and social movements—including the civil-rights movement—that he perceived to be enemies of the state or the F.B.I., or merely undesirable or inconvenient to the objective immediately at hand.

This became the Nixonian mentality, too. Hoover had pursued his own national agenda, while keeping tabs on the private doings of members of Congress and Cabinet secretaries for more than 40 years. Previous presidents had been unnerved by what they feared Hoover had in his files on them, and had been either too timid or fearful personally to get rid of him or even oppose him or his methods. Nixon was the first president to actually bring Hoover's methodology and value system of routine, self-sanctioned law-breaking into the White House itself. The targets selected by Gordon Liddy, Howard Hunt, Charles Colson, other aides—and Nixon—were the president's enemies, real and perceived: reporters, Democrats, Kennedys, think tanks, war protesters, liberals. Hoover had died only six weeks before the Watergate break-in. What might he have done later with his knowledge of those activities? He had been in a far more commanding position than Mark Felt.

"Well, I never knew if Nixon thought Hoover had something on him in all those files or not. It was always clear that Hoover would die with his boots on," said William Safire, the former Nixon speechwriter and New York Times columnist, in response to the revelation of Deep Throat's identity.

"Did Nixon misuse and abuse his power? Yes, he did," Patrick Buchanan had written on the 25th anniversary of the Watergate break-in, in 1997. "Instead of creating a 'Plumbers' unit in the White House to run down national security leaks, he should have left the black-bag jobs, as his predecessors did, to J. Edgar Hoover."

The burgeoning field of revisionist Nixonia—the presidential library in Yorba Linda is dedicated largely to the subject—holds that Richard Nixon was an honorable man, a great patriot who did some things wrong on his way to China, was sidetracked by Watergate in ending the war in Vietnam through some kind of "peace with honor," and was brought low by his enemies, especially those in the press and the Democratic Party.

There is no question on any side of the argument about the formidable power of Nixon's intellect, his unusually skillful writing (for a president), the acuity of his analysis of domestic politics (right up there with Bill Clinton's), his sophisticated knowledge of foreign affairs (as opposed to a successful foreign policy, with the exception of his opening of U.S.-China relations), his president wooling of disaffected white Democrats in the South and blue-collar workers in the Rust Belt, on which his party was able to build—as he had foreseen—the emerging Republican majority. It emerged.

But what of his pervasive criminality, the crimes against the Constitution, the spectacle of a president orchestrating a criminal conspiracy to pay hush money to burglars employed by the White House as an extension of presidential policy? Nixon's closest aides ran a massive political-espionage-and-sabotage campaign to undermine the very concept of free elections—to ensure that neither Edward Kennedy nor Edmund Muskie would be the 1972 nominee of the Democratic Party, and that George McGovern would be. Whether Nixon was responsible for bringing about the result he wanted—McGovern's nomination, which probably was inevitable—is not as important as the attempt to undermine the electoral process itself. Charles Colson and Howard Hunt were in the business of manufacturing smears and disseminating false information to the press, among other enterprises. The same Watergate burglary team headed by Hunt and Liddy and presided over by John Ehrlichman, Nixon's domestic-policy adviser—also physically attacked anti-war demonstrators and broke into the office of the psychiatrist of Daniel Ellsberg, who had leaked the Pentagon Papers to the press.

Instead of ending the long era of black-bag jobs, Nixon made them the business of the president of the United States and invoked the Vietnam War and his bogus claim of national-security concerns to justify his crimes. As Deep Throat told us, "The whole U.S. intelligence community"—C.I.A., F.B.I., military—had been used as instruments of Nixon's personal covert activities.

And when it was discovered that Nixon had tape-recorded virtually all of his utterances in meetings and on the telephone, the conversations that were then disclosed (and hundreds more that have continued to be disclosed) revealed a president who spied on his own cabinet officials, spied on members of Congress, spied on those in the press, spied on Black Panthers, spied on those who opposed the war. The White House was a "black-bag" operation.

It was Woodward who, years later, wrote compellingly about the tapes' most troubling aspect: virtually never is there talk of the lofty goals of a nation, of liberal democracy, of the grieving families of America's young men killed in Vietnam, of justice, compassion for the poor. There is some grand geopolitical strategizing, but most, there is smallness and mean-spiritedness and terminal self-involvement: Nixon's destiny and the country's regarded as one and the same. The tapes also documented the remarkable extent to which the president was preoccupied with our reporting in The Washington Post and with our sources.

On October 10, 1972, we had written 3,000-word story that may have been our most important: it finally made sense out of "Watergate"; instead of the inexplicable "three-rate burglary" described by White House press secretary Ron Ziegler, the break-in had been only part of a massive campaign of political espionage and sabotage directed from the White House. Ninety days later, in a conversation with his chief of staff, H. R. Haldeman, the president speculated about where The Washington Post was getting its information.

Haldeman reported that he had learned authoritatively from his own secret source—he didn't name him—that there was a leak in the F.B.I.

"Somebody next to Gray?" Nixon asked referring to the acting F.B.I. director whom the president had chosen to succeed Hoover L. Patrick Gray III.

"Mark Felt," said Haldeman.

"Now, why the hell would he do that?" the president asked.
You can't say anything about this, because it will screw up our source and there's a lot at stake. Mitchell is the only one that knows this and he feels very strongly that better not do anything because—"

The Oval Office tapes were running.

"Do anything? Never?" Nixon was indignant.

"If we move on him," Haldeman cautioned, "I'll go out and unload everything. He knows everything that's to be known in the U.S. He has access to absolutely everything." Haldeman had asked John Dean what could be done about Felt. "He says you can't prosecute him, that he hasn't committed a crime.... Dean's concerned if you let him know now, he'll go out and go on network television."

"You know what I'd do with him, the bastard," said the president of the United States. "Well, that's all I want to hear about it."

Haldeman noted that Nixon had wanted to succeed Hoover as F.B.I. director.

"Is he Catholic?" Nixon inquired.

"No, sir. He's Jewish."

"Christ, put a Jew in?" Nixon responded.

"Well, that could explain it, too," Haldeman added.

"What's the conveyor belt for Felt?" Nixon asked later.

"The Post," said Haldeman.

On the day John Mitchell was to testify before Senator Sam Viner's Watergate committee, I took my seat at a green-baize-covered press table in anticipation. Before Viner called the hearing to order, Mitchell's lawyer, William G. Hundley, an old acquaintance of mine, asked if I'd like to meet him.

I'd heard that Mitchell was amiable, with a sense of humor, and I said yes. Mitchell wouldn't be uncomfortable I'd pleased to be introduced. I had talked Mitchell on the telephone, famously, as it turned out, when Woodward and I had written the story of his control of the secret espionage slush fund.

I'd phoned him for a comment and read him the story. He'd thundered, "All that stuff, you're putting it in the paper? It's all been denied. Katie Graham's gonna get her caught in a big fat wringer if that's published." Then he'd slammed down the phone, saying that as soon as the Watergate situation was over "we're going to do a story on all of you." I took him to mean me and Woodward.

Hundley led me to Mitchell, who shook my hand warmly. "John, I don't believe you've ever met Mr. Bernstein," he said.

"No," Mitchell replied, "but we talk on the phone."

In fact, Mitchell and other presidential deputies had attempted to put Katharine Graham and her newspaper through the wringer. Deep Throat had told us the White House intended to force us to reveal our sources through subpoenas and court action. The afternoon a subpoena server arrived at the Post to hand me legal papers commanding my appearance and delivery of my notes in a suit brought by the Nixon re-election committee, I was hustled out of the office by Bradlee and Howard Simons, the managing editor.

"Get out of the building. Go see a mov-"
with false claims and smears directed at political opponents, reporters, newspapers, magazines, and broadcast organizations for supposedly undermining national security. This president and the people around him have devised a basic strategy of disingenuous response and lethal attack to undermine truthful reporting. Oddly, special venom has been reserved for critics who have made sacrifices perhaps unimaginable to a president and vice president who were careful to safely avoid service in Vietnam. Among them: Senators John McCain and John Kerry, former senator Max Cleland, Cindy Sheehan, and army specialist Thomas Wilson, the young soldier who dared challenge Donald Rumsfeld about insufficiently armored vehicles in Iraq.

The Bush White House operates a media apparatus far more sophisticated in fighting and discrediting the press and political opponents than the little shop directed by Haldeman and Ehrlichman and Colson and Ziegler. (The reach of the White House’s hitreels now extends even into the press itself, exemplified by the Bush administration’s use of Armstrong Williams, a black conservative commentator, to promote Bush’s No Child Left Behind Act. He was paid $241,000 by the Department of Education through a PR firm. Another payment, by the Department of Health and Human Services, was made to conservative columnist Maggie Gallagher. Meanwhile, the Bush administration concocted a concept called “pre-packaged news releases”: White House-produced “newsclips” designed to look like legitimate broadcast segments and run uncritically and unedited on hundreds of pliable, ignorant, and/or unprincipled local television stations across the country, possibly in violation of laws prohibiting government agencies from disseminating domestic propaganda.)

The Bush White House (not altogether unlike its opponents, it should be noted in fairness) commands an ideological battlefield, with a vast number of troops strategically positioned in the K Street lobbying corridor and around the country, in outposts manned by the party faithful and professional P.R. firms, and—unlike its opponents—a whole army of conscripts from the religious right.

Like Nixon during the Vietnam era, George W. Bush and the people around him have often relied on outright denial and adept manipulation of the media in response to uncomfortable truths. In more straightforward times and circumstances, and absent the trappings of the presidency (and vice-presidency) and the desire of citizens to believe their leaders in wartime, this mind-set would have been more obvious early on. The signposts were already evident from pre-9/11 (non)preparations to (nonexistent) W.M.D., to Saddam Hussein’s (nonexistent) in the attack on the World Trade Center, to MISSION (UN)ACCOMPLISHED, to the (invisible) coffins of America’s dead warriors. Since then, the flashing red lights have been harder to ignore, from responsibility at the highest levels of the chain of command for policies leading to the torture of prisoners at Abu Ghraib and Guantánamo Bay, to the Karl Rove–Scooter Libby–Ari Fleischer–Scott McClellan convolutions around Joseph Wilson, his wife, Valerie Plame, and columnist Robert Novak.

The irony of the overdue disintegration of this presidency’s immunity to the consequences of lying is that it arrived on the wings of the least weighty instance—relatively speaking—of White House mendacity: the attempt to avoid responsibility in the Wilson affair.

As in Watergate, the issue that has left the emperor’s clothing hanging by a thread while indelibly staining the uniforms of the commander in chief’s top aides is the outright denial for months of now established fact. After almost two years of their insistently running to the metaphorical high ground of “Nobody here was involved,” it turns out some people around the Oval Office were aware and involved. In the Rove–Wilson cover-up, as in 1972, leveling in the first place would have caused far less damage than the eventual seepage of the truth.

Now, as in Watergate, the Bush presidency has created the unpredictable conditions (to quote Woodward’s recent observation) of a “perfect storm.” These conditions include nonpartisan recognition of institutional deceit from the top down, a special prosecutor beyond the control of the White House, and rising public indignation (even, ever so slowly, in the president’s own party). Whipping the winds is a re-invigorated White House press corps that senses vindication after years of being lied to and played for fools.

As in the case of White House denials of involvement in the Watergate break-in, the initial uncovering of the Bush administration’s untruths in the Wilson imbroglio is leading to the discovery of endemic denial of larger, more important truths.

The danger to the White House—any president’s White House—of a nonpartisan special prosecutor in this atmosphere is the almost infinite investigatory latitude of his charter and a corresponding desire to deliver the goods. Nixon was not laid low by the bugging at the Watergate. It was the cover-up of the “White House horrors” that undid him.

Denials by the White House of potentially damaging assertions and accusations are very powerful and very effective—until the denials are demonstrated to be false. The problem for the Bush presidency is that Karl Rove may have committed a crime (he probably didn’t): it’s that the White House did not tell the truth. The blanket denials of the president’s top aides are chewed full of holes. Worse, while repudiating these denials, the White House and its allies sought (successfully for a very long time, as in Watergate) to attack the press when reporters refused to move on. To having been found out, the White House was confronted, almost hourly, it seemed, by the video of NBC’s David Gregory making a hash of Scott McClellan and his refusal to discuss what the White House had been too eager to discuss before it got caught by the media.

The example of Ron Ziegler rendering previous denials “inoperative” is not (yet) easily forgotten in Washington, especially in the press corps, even generations later.

The disingenuousness of this presidency, vice president, and their aides on the way to war—and through the post-invasion disasters—has inevitably invited parallels to the discredited words of Nixon, Lyndon Johnson, Robert McNamara, Hubert Humphrey, and Henry Kissinger in the Vietnam era.

Perhaps to a lesser extent than Nixon did, Bush also attempted to bend the Constitution on his watch. And when his methods and truthfulness were questioned, he responded with retribution and mendacity all their Nixonian overtones.

“What did the president know and when did he know it?” the Republican senator Howard Baker asked momentarily during the hearings of the Senate Watergate committee. In Nixon’s case, it had been Republicans—particularly conservative Republicans, led by Barry Goldwater, House minority leader Bob Michel, Senate minority leader Hugh Scott, and G.O.P. members of the House Judiciary Committee—who decided that Nixon must be held responsible for his crimes and misdemeanors and was unfit to hold office. But long before Nixon’s resignation, many loyal Republicans had put aside paranoid paranoia to inquire about the policies and actions of the Nixon White House and the president. Democrats had done the same during the Vietnam War, in response to John Dean and his secretary of defense, McNamara.

But among Republicans today, there seem to be scant interest in asking tough questions or honoring the example of courageous leaders of Congress who, not long ago, stepped forward, setting principle before party, to hold presidents accountable for their actions—no impunity, no immunity, no immunity, no impunity, no impunity, no impunity, no impunity, no impunity, no impunity.
in Charlottesville. Like many rascals and ideas that originated with one us and were appropriated by the other, I with this one and have kept running.

In fact, in our first 100 stories, there is not a single named source who revealed anything of substance about the undercover activities of the Nixon White House. Only a few of those stories were based on information confirmed or provided by Deep Throat. And the few individuals in the Nixon administration who were quoted by name were almost al ways lying or misleading.

The basic process of reporting in Washington—good reporting and bad reporting—is dependent on the use of anonymous sources. Unfortunately, yes, but inevitable in a culture where even the most human of mistakes, mis steps, or gaffes can cost someone his job, re election, or stature. On July 17, 2005, less than two months after we confirmed Felt's identity as Deep Throat, Woodward and I appeared on Meet the Press. The special prosecutor in the so-called Karl Rove case, Woodward noted, had "discovered that there is an underground railroad of information in Washing ton. [In] my view ... this investigation, though properly empowered, is an assault on that process that we have not just in Washington but in any other community in this country where we have a First Amendment, and he will wind up crippling that process by dragging reporters before the grand jury. And I wonder if he and the judge have really sat down and said, 'Now, what are we going to gain here versus what are we going to lose? And the loss might be immense.'

D oes every source deserve a reporter's protection regardless of how unsavory or even criminal? Absolutely, as long as the source has kept his part of the bargain and dealt faithfully and honestly with the reporter. Even Karl Rove.

When the Nixon re-election committee sent its subpoena server to The Washington Post in 1972, Katharine Graham did the pos itive of what Time editor in chief Nor man Pearlstein did in 2005. She took form al control of our notes and unequivocally declared she would go to jail rather than give them up or reveal their contents—as would we. Pearlstein turned over the notes of Time reporter Matt Cooper, leaving Cooper to fend for himself before the special prosecu tor and grand jury without the backing of his boss. Pearlstein's actions suggested that he had a responsibility to protect the prof its and corporate interests of Time Warner first—and journalistic principle second. The Post's financial future was headed toward John Mitchell's wringer, but journalistic principle was Graham's bottom line.

When the Time Warner media conglomer ate was subpoenaed in the Rove case, it was awaiting F.C.C. review of its joint acquisition (with Comcast) of a bankrupt cable-television company—a type of F.C.C. review similar to what The Washington Post was facing for its television licenses in 1972.

"Is this a journalistic company or an entertainment company?" David Halberstam asked rhetorically about Time Inc. in another era. In the Pearlstein era of Time Warner, the question has been answered definitively.

Most great reporting has been done by resourceful journalists relying on, and protecting, their anonymous sources, including Hal berstam's reportage from Vietnam. When we published The Final Days, in 1976, we were attacked by many journalistic colleagues for using anonymous sources so extensively. They claimed we were practicing some kind of irresponsible "new journalism." How could we have possibly known that Nixon and Kissinger had really gotten on their knees and prayed together in the Oval Office? Perhaps we had made up the story, or heard something eighth-hand and used a ruse of anonymous sourc ing to hide our carelessness or inventions. (Later, both Nixon and Kissinger confirmed our account in their own books.)

In response to the controversy over the use of anonymous sources in The Final Days, Woodward and I appeared on Meet the Press in May of 1976. I'd taken with me a journalism classic: a book by two preeminent journalists of another era—the columnist Joseph Alsop and The New York Times's Turner Catledge—about F.D.R.'s packing of the Supreme Court. It remains the definitive acc ount. I began reading from it on the air. Its revelations were based almost entirely on anonymous sources.

Today, the press is under assault as never before, particularly for relying on anonymous sources. The Bush administration has opposed a federal shield law for reporters. Inevitably, there will come a time when those now doing the attacking—usually ideologues or unswerving partisans displeased by real reporting—will be the victims of injustice or a smear or some other offense, and wish for reporters committed to the truth and with the means (including the use of confidential sources) to find it. One hopes the credibility of the press will not be shredded by then.

T he accident of myth figures huge in Wa tergate and the tale of Deep Throat: the myth that The Washington Post or the press in general dispatched Richard Nixon; the myth that other presidents had committed crimes on a Nixonian scale; the myth that Deep Throat was our primary source.

Read through The Secret Man or All the President's Men and note that Woodward and Felt communicated fewer than a dozen times in the two years of our Watergate coverage. There were no "leaks." Getting information from Felt, as from most sources, involved drawing out a reluctant witness. And most of what Felt imparted was context for and confirmation of information we'd already ob tained elsewhere. Perhaps most important, he gave us a certitude about much of our
Deep Throat

reporting. He gave us—and our editors—confidence that what was going into the paper was factually unimpeachable.

It was the convergence of information from firsthand witnesses, at all levels of the Nixon White House and campaign, and Deep Throat that enabled us to penetrate the secrecy of the Nixon presidency.

There has been considerable criticism since Watergate that reporters are “too close” to their sources, especially in Washington, where the ostensibly comfortable dialogue between the feeder and the fed goes on. Woodward and I subscribed to this belief during Watergate, thinking at the time that the reason so many reporters in the Washington press corps, and especially our senior colleagues, were skeptical of the facts we were reporting was this coziness of our elders with the people they covered.

Today, other more insidious habits may afflict the pack and contribute to the malaise of the press corps: the hazard of holding firm to a preconceived notion of a story, an unwillingness to think beyond the ordinary parameters of institutional precedent, oftentimes because reporters are not close enough to their sources, are not hanging out with them, listening to them, picking up clues, pestering them, finding the people who make institutions work—including those who handle the flow of paper and observe the bosses.

In the afterword to The Secret Man, I noted that we have maintained for decades that for a reporter most good work is done in the defiance of management. That means the reporter has to set his or her own course, to push against editors at times, to roam and be free to explore, to defy the conventional wisdom if necessary. And to find the sources to help him get to the bottom of things, and to protect those sources. At the same time, as Woodward and I had learned, reporters need good editors and courageous publishers and brave broadcast executives. In the end, this collaboration is what anchors the credibility of the press.

There is a tendency to regard the press as different from other institutions in American culture. More likely, we reflect the larger values of the society itself. When I began work in the newspaper business, mainstream journalistic culture was rooted in a concept of serving the public good by simply reporting “the best obtainable version of the truth.” That ethic infused The Washington Star when I went to work there, as it did the Post, across town—however inferior a paper it was at the time.

It would remain so until Ben Bradlee came on board. Bradlee brought to the Post great journalistic values and a hunger for the big stories, obtained with care and in context. Bradlee also brought a sweeping sense of his time, a willingness to listen to young reporters, and an aseem for the experience of older ones. At the Post, these two groups coexisted unusually in a state of “creative tension,” to use a phrase heard often in Bradlee’s newsroom, but usually with regard and respect for each other.

Newspapers existed to make money for their publishers, no doubt, but at least at those two Washington papers—and The New York Times, the New York Herald Tribune, the Los Angeles Times—and many smaller, independent hometown newspapers—it wasn’t at the expense of serving the common good. The costly, difficult business of tough reporting was built into the budget and was sacrosanct.

Today, in too much of our journalism, the public good is no longer the bottom line. The bottom line has itself become the bottom line. Just glance at tabloid television, or formulaic local broadcast news (“If it bleeds, it leads,” as they say in the business), or stripped-down newspapers owned by chains headquartered in distant cities.

The most important decision a reporter or news organization makes is to determine what is news. “The best obtainable version of the truth” in today’s media atmosphere is increasingly an anachronistic notion. Thus it seems more American reporters covered the Michael Jackson circus than the war in Iraq, and far more airtime on cable television was devoted to the Jackson trial than serious reporting on any subject. The highest-rated cable news show in recent months has been Fox’s On the Record with Greta Van Susteren, boosted by her exploitative, wall-to-wall coverage—often on the scene in Aruba—of the disappearance of a teenage girl from Alabama.

The overwhelming trends in journalism since Watergate have favored the sensational, the coarse, the stupid, the strange, and—especially—manufactured and overamplified controversy and overheated debate, as on Crossfire and its mutant offspring. Yet, the best American newspapers, whatever their shortcomings—The New York Times, The Washington Post, The Wall Street Journal, the Los Angeles Times among them—are more comprehensive than ever before. Much of their reporting is better. But they are the exceptions, as papers all over America have gone downhill to stay in business or boost profits for the chains that run them. Reportorial budgets as a percentage of income at most papers are at an all-time low.

The big-three networks of the broadcast era—ABC, NBC, and CBS—are all owned today by mega-conglomerates, shorn of management that once protected their news divisions from political intimidation, tabloid sensibility, and profit ratios as the measure of news values.

One of the determining moments of Watergate came in October 1972, when the CBS Evening News with Walter Cronkite devoted half of one night’s broadcast (15 minutes and 7 minutes of the next to the cumulative revelations that, until then, had been confined almost exclusively to The Washington Post, The New York Times, and Time magazine. Until those two broadcasts, which were heavy on what the Post in particular had been running in its pages, the White House had been unrelentingly effective in derailing the credibility of our stories and others. Only after Cronkite’s special report aired did the Watergate story become a matter of true national consequence. Charles Colson had personally tried to derail the two length Evening News segments through pressure on CBS chairman William Paley. He was not successful, though Cronkite’s second report was cut back from a planned 15 minutes to

Compare the backbone of the CBS management—its commitment to real news values—of that era to today’s corporate executives of the network who have made abundantly clear their fear of criticism by the Bush White House and efforts to tar the network with false claims of “liberal bias.”

Meanwhile, at ABC, the managers of the Disney entertainment empire that owns the network were confident there would be a public outcry in 2001 if they dumped Ted Koppel and Nightline—the best news broadcast in television for more than two decades—for a late-night comic. Only because Koppel refused to capitulate and David Letterman publicly shamed Disney by supporting Koppel and refusing to negotiate with ABC for the time slot did Koppel remain on the air. And he has decided that, upon the expiration of his contract in December, he will leave the network where he has been a fixture for more than 30 years.

Worse than Watergate was the title of John Dean’s 2004 book about the policies, preparations, and personnel of the presidency of Bush the younger.

True? I would say, rather, apples and oranges: different time (Cold War/terrorism), different place (Vietnam/Iraq), different political culture (still reasonable/blindly ideological), different media configuration (independent newspapers and rational columnists dominated/conglomerates and cable TV-dominated—i.e., Internet-and-talk TV immediacy, ignorance, ideology, and, sometimes, long overdue inquiry).

It is impossible to separate the media today from the larger ethos of contemporary culture. This is particularly true when a dozen or so huge corporations own most of the media and entertainment outlets in the world—and encourage the often opposing values of journalism and entertainment to mingle. Similarly, it is impossible to separate the media from a political culture in which truth holds less and less value, especially for elected officials whose bottom line often has little to do with
Columnist Richard Reeves, a former New York Times political reporter who has written important histories of the Nixon and Kennedy presidencies, was one of the participants in February 2005 at a University of Texas symposium on the press and the Nixon White House, in conjunction with the opening of the Watergate papers of Woodward and myself. "Whatever the . . . papers show . . . a critical part of the story is nowhere in the boxes opened here," Reeves wrote in a subsequent column.

"It was about the willingness of The Washington Post (and later other outlets) to continue publishing less-than-sensational stories attacking or clipping away at the power of government—week after week, month after month. That was done even as the government denied it all and threatened the owners of the Post with the loss of things like the Federal Communications Commission licenses of Post-owned television stations."

...Above and behind the often confused and sometimes inaccurate young men [that would be us, correctly described] were the publisher of the Post, Katharine Graham, and her editor, Ben Bradlee, who hung tough when it counted.

Reeves then asked, "Would that happen today?"

"My answer would be yes. The reporters would get the information; the Post or half a dozen other big-name journalistic entities would publish it, day after day. Would such reporting originate in a paper or magazine or network owned by one of the media conglomerates? I doubt it.

Assuming that the information was published, would it spur the political, judicial, and legislative processes to action, as the Watergate stories did? And the citizenry itself? I doubt it.

But those are not the concerns of the journalist: the story is. □

Paris Hilton


tinued from page 259 and plans to produce a thriller with Hilton in his name. Greece. He is well spoken, educated, thoughtful, and utterly devoid of pretense. He even drives a pickup. But he happens to me from one of Europe's most powerful nilés, whose wealth is listed in the billions. Kasidokostas's grandfather Yiannis "John" atsís, who died in 2003, was the son of a haman. He made his fortune in shipping and oil but eventually transferred most of his interests into banking. Forbes ranks the Latsises at No. 54 in its 2005 list of the world's richest families. Their yachts have been some very famous guests, including former president Bush and Prince Charles, both of his wives.

Paris K. is the son of Latsis's daughter Ma-nna and Grigoris Kasidokostas, a Greek waxing instructor who became mayor of an affluent Athens suburb. They divorced when Kiris was a boy. In his international-man-of-esty voice, the young man tells me, "My parents really took good care of me, and each of them had to offer totally different things, because they came from different backgrounds. It allowed me to experience two different worlds and understand the advantages and disadvantages of coming from money." Although the press has reported that Paris skinned his mother's maiden name so that could more fully enjoy the benefits of being a Latsis, he takes great pains to deny this, among the gossip columnist Taki Theodocopulos for starting the rumor. "Magazines want to write about the name everybody loves, but I never changed my name, because I'm low-key," he says. "It's good to have a name that people don't know." Hilton jokingly adds, "I can't even pronounce that shit."

Hilton speaks highly of Marianna and her longtime boyfriend, Nikos Kourkoulos, one of Greece's most famous actors. "They're so nice," she gushes. "I met them in Gastaa over Christmas vacation." She says that when she complimented Marianna on a diamond ring she was wearing, Marianna took it off her finger and gave it to her. Though the tabloid press has reported discontent with the match on the part of Paris K.'s parents, the Hilton camp dismisses such talk as nonsense. This past summer the Hiltons went to Greece and spent time vacationing with Paris K.'s family. The Parises say they plan to have two weddings, one in Greece and one in Los Angeles, but no dates have been set.

As she plans her life with Kasidokostas, Hilton is looking to her parents as role models. Kathy and Rick have been together for 25 years. "They have never spent a night apart from each other," says Paris. "If he goes on a business trip, she goes. They are so in love. And I wanted someone like my dad. My dad is so loyal. My mom is, like, his life, and he'll do whatever she wants."

The family has always been tight-knit. Paris and her mother talk at least 10 times a day, and her younger brothers are constantly over at the young couple's new house. Paris considers Nicky her best friend. "Nicky acts like she's my older sister," Paris says. "She's very protective and always sees the bad in people before I do. Everyone that's ended up being bad in my life, Nicky has already pre-warmed me and I didn't listen to her, so now I always listen to her."

The prospect of married life has already changed Hilton in noticeable ways. Her flamboyant behavior has been replaced by an air of domesticity. She wants to have a baby in two years and hopes the public's demand for her image will have dissipated by then, so she can raise her child without the constant onslaught of paparazzi. She swears that she will never make another sex tape and admits to having a very traditional home life with Kasidokostas. "I think I'm sexual in pictures and the way I dress and my whole image, but at home I'm really not like that," she says. "I'd rather sit in bed and watch TV. All of my ex-boyfriends—of course, not Paris—would be like, 'What's the problem? You're so not sexual.'"

Strange to say, Paris Hilton seems to be growing up. "Now that I'm with Paris, I'm really becoming a stronger person," she says. "I've just weeded out all of my friends, which is sad, but when I really think about it the people I was hanging out with before were bad people and were using me. Now I have a couple of close friends and they really love me and they really trust me and I trust them."

Kasidokostas is clearly smitten. "I really admire what she does," he says. "She does not achieve that from partying. She is gifted, she is talented, she can sing, she can act. It's really tough to work so hard at this age, especially for a girl that would have the option not to do it. She makes me feel that she really loves me for who I am and not for anything else. She is my soul mate, my best friend. She is the world to me."

As my visit with the notorious Paris Hilton draws to an end, I ask whether she feels fame and success were her destiny. "I think so," she responds. "Ever since I was little, everyone said it, and I always wanted it. But it doesn't just happen. I've worked really hard and I have to travel the world and work it. It's fun for me to make people happy and smile."
FASHION

Cover: For Paris Hilton’s Anit points, call 800-899-8140, or go to ariostoc.com; **Regent** boots from Harrods, London, or call 011-44-207-730-1234; **Bulgari** earrings from Bulgari, NYC, or call 800-800-BULGARI; for Vivid necklace and ring, call 888-4VIVID4, or go to vividcollection.com; **Cartier** watch from all Cartier boutiques, or call 800-CARTIER, or go to cartier.com; Andrew Richardson for Sephora.

Page 38: Paris Hilton’s Dolce & Gabbana dress by special order from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide, or call 877-70-DGUUSA; **Bulgari** earnings from Bulgari, NYC, or call 800-800-BULGARI.

Page 80: See credits for cover.


Page 164: Philip Seymour Hoffman’s **Etro** shirt from Etro, NYC, or call 212-387-9090; John Varvatos points from John Varvatos, NYC, and L.A., or call 212-965-0700, or go to johnvarvatos.com; **Faconnable** belt from Faconnable, NYC, or call 212-391-0711, or go to nordstrom.com; for Converse Premier **All Star** sneakers, go to converse.com.


Page 270: Bob Saget styled by Michael Cioffletti for celestenegency.com; bathrobe by Saks Fifth Avenue, from Saks Fifth Avenue, L.A.

Pages 280–81: Paris Hilton’s Lorwin coat from Barneys New York, NYC, or call 212-826-8900; Dolce & Gabbana bra and panties from Catriona MacKechene, NYC, and Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide, or call 877-70-DGUUSA; **Wolford** garter belt from Wolford stores nationwide, or go to Wolford.com; go to wolford.com; **Fogal** stockings from Fogal, NYC, or call 212-355-3254; **Christian Louboutin** shoes from Christian Louboutin, NYC, or call 212-396-1884; **Bulgari** earnings from Bulgari, NYC, or call 800-800-BULGARI; for **Yves Saint Laurent** ee; necklace, call 800-526-0649, or go to vividcollection.com; **Yves Saint Laurent** earring, from **Hermes** stores nationwide, or call 800-526-0649, or go to hermes.com.

Page 285: *Prada* dress from selected *Prada* boutiques, or call 888-977-9000; Dolce & **Gabbana** panties from Catriona MacKechene, NYC, and Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide, or call 877-70-DGUUSA; for Vivid earrings, necklace, and ring, call 888-4VIVID4, or go to vividcollection.com; **Cartier** watch from all Cartier boutiques, or call 800-CARTIER, or go to cartier.com; Andrew Richardson for Sephora.

Page 286: *Locaste* top from *Loepe* boutiques nationwide, or call 800-4-LACOSTE; for **Anit** points, call 800-899-8140, or go to ariostoc.com; **Bulgari** earnings from Bulgari, NYC, or call 800-800-BULGARI; for Vivid ring, call 888-4VIVID4, or go to vividcollection.com; **Cartier** watch from all Cartier boutiques, or call 800-CARTIER, or go to cartier.com; **Hermes** saddle from **Hermes** stores nationwide, or call 800-526-0649, or go to hermes.com.

Page 287: Hilton’s *Rochas* suit from Barneys New York, NYC, or call 212-826-8900; Paris Kioskoskostos’ *Prada* points from selected *Prada* boutiques, or call 888-977-9000; Faconnable belt from Faconnable, NYC, and Nordstrom stores nationwide.

Page 289: Franz Welser-Möst’s *J. Crew* shirt and jeans from *J. Crew* stores nationwide, or go to jcrew.com; Madeleine Thor for *Link*.


Page 315: Top, Soprano Ioan for Verona Jolly.

Page 346: Donold Sutherland styled by Jeanne Yang for cloutegency.com; suit and tie by Giorgio Armani, from Giorgio Armani, NYC, or call 212-988-9911, or go to giorgioarmani.com; shirt by *Chordne*, from Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, or call 212-753-7300.

BEAUTY AND GROOMING

Cover and page 80: Paris Hilton’s hair styled with Kérastase Paris Mousse Nutri-Sculpt, Serum Nutri-Sculpt, Vinyl Nutri-Sculpt, and Nacre Nutri-Sculpt, from Butterly Studio and Orlo Salon, both in NYC, or call 877-748-8357.

Orlando Pita for Kérastase Paris/Orlo Salon.

Makeup products by Shiseido, from Barneys New York, Bergdorf Goodman, and Saks Fifth Avenue, all in NYC; on her face, the Makeup Cream Foundation in Natural Light Beige and Loose Powder in Pink Rose; on her eyes, the Makeup Hydra-Primer Eye Shadow in Goldilights, Tiger Eye, and Whirligigs, Eyeliner Pencil in Black, and Advanced Volume Mascara in Black; on her lips, the Makeup Lip Gloss in Champagne Sparkle, Tom Pecheur for Shiseido the Makeup. Nail enamel by Sally Hansen in Teflon Tulip 07 Sheer French Pink from Walgreens and other major drugstores nationwide, or go to drugstore.com; Gina Viana for artistbyshymphoto.com.

Page 100: Craig Offman’s grooming by Jose Torres for artistbyshymphoto.com.

Page 138: Justine Levy’s hair and makeup by Mogali Pfallar for modshairagency.com.

Page 144: Georgana Brandalini’s hair and makeup by Francis Gimenez for Aurélien.

Donny Meyer’s grooming by Helene Mccullock for artistbyshymphoto.com.

Page 160: Top left, Olivia Chantecaille’s hair styled by Allen Ruiz for Jackson Ruiz Salon, made products by Chantecaille, from Bergdorf Goodman and Jeffrey, both in NYC; makeup by Julie Clevering for Corasol. Bottom right, Estée Lauder Pure Color Crystal Gloss in Evelyn Pink, from Estée Lauder counters nationwide, or go to esteelouder.com.

Bobbi Brown Ribbon Pink Shimmer Lip Gloss, from Bobbi Brown counters nationwide, or go to bobbibrrown.com; Jo Malone Red Roses Cologne and Bath Oil, from Jo Malone boutiques nationwide, Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, and selected Saks Fifth Avenue stores; Danno Koran Essence from selected Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. Bottom left, Bastien Gonzalez’ grooming by Francis Gimenez for Aurélien.

Page 164: Rebekah Forecast for the Wolt Group, Carla White for Moc Pro/L’Atelier.

Page 178: Kevin Ford and Liz Martin for Naked & Wigs.

Page 196: Simon Keeler’s grooming by Mary Wiles for Naked Artists.

Page 207: Robert Thomson’s grooming by Mary Wiles for Naked Artists.

Page 265: Melissa George’s hair styled with Matrix Logic Performance Spray for Matrix products, go to matrix.com; Peter Soy for Matrix artistsoft.com.

Makeup products by Dior from Dior boutiques and major department stores nationwide, on her face, DiorSkin Compact in Peach; on her eyes, Liquid Eyeliner in Black; on her lips, Addict Plastic Glass in Ferocious Coral; Troy Jensen for Dior/The Wolf Group.

Page 270: Bob Saget’s grooming by David Co. for celestenegency.com.

Pages 280–87: See credits for cover.

Page 299: Franz Welser-Möst’s hair styled by L’Oreal Tecni. Art Liss Control Smoothing Cream, from drugstores nationwide. Grooming products by Clairol, from Macy’s and Saks Fifth Avenue, both in NYC, and other selected department stores, or go to claireom.com; on his Victorias Secret Beach Body in Black Plush.

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Wine Enthusiast, Dec. 31, 2004

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Robb Report, June 2004
The Tiffany Grand
IN GRAND STYLE
NEW ORLEANS
PORTraits of heroism and heartbreak
by Jonas Karlsson
p. 358

THE NEXT BIG NATURAL DISASTER
by William Prochnau and Laura Parker
p. 248

THE 2005 MUSIC ISSUE!

HIP-HOP
Kings and Queens

Featuring:
Grandmaster Flash
Missy Elliott, Kanye West
Outkast, 50 Cent
Jay-Z, and more
more, more!

Katrina Aftermath
David Halberstam on the administration
p. 359
James Wolcott on the media's new spine
p. 176
and Michael Wolff on Dick Cheney
p. 186

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Dillard’s: North Star, River Center, La Cantera

New York: Oct. 27–30
Macy’s: Herald Square, Rego Park, Brooklyn, Kings Plaza, Staten Island, Jersey City, Roosevelt Field, Valley Stream

Miami: Oct. 28–29
Macy’s: Dadeland, West Dade

Los Angeles/San Diego: Oct. 28–30
Macy’s: Cerritos, West Covina, Chula Vista, Glendale

El Paso: Nov. 2–5
Dillard’s: Cielo Vista

Chicago: Nov. 3–5
Carson Pirie Scott: Fox Valley, River Oaks

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Boston Store: Southridge

Chicago: Nov. 6–8
Carson Pirie Scott: Harlem and Irving Plaza, Joliet

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THE MUSIC PORTFOLIO 2005 It all began more than 30 years ago in the Bronx, with two turntables and a microphone. Today, hip-hop is the backbeat of modern music, and V.F.'s sixth annual portfolio showcases 44 of the talents who took it there, including DJ Kool Herc, Run-DMC, Kanye West, 50 Cent, Eve, Missy Elliott, Ice-T, Snoop Dogg, Pharrell Williams, and OutKast. Photographs by Mark Seliger and other top photographers.

ABOVE AND BEYONCÉ Beyoncé Knowles is a churchgoing "country girl" who has learned to let loose—thanks to the alter ego she calls "Sasha"—even as she lets go of the most successful female group in the world, Destiny's Child. Catching up with the multi-platform superstar, her mother, and her boyfriend. Jay-Z, Lisa Robinson discovers what gets Beyoncé mad, what keeps her going, and why she won't dance at parties. Photographs by Patrick Demarchelier.

DO YA THINK I'M SIXTY? Rod Stewart is one blond who has always had more fun. Mark Seliger and Jim Windolf spotlight the rocker turned crooner in an unconventional family portrait.

LIVE, FROM TRIBECA! The Odeon led the Zeitgeist when it planted its neon sign in darkest Tribeca in 1980, mixing burnished wood, comfort food, and cocaine into a chic stew of filmmakers, art stars, uptown celebs, and the cast of Saturday Night Live, led by the crème-brûlée-loving John Belushi. On its 25th anniversary, Frank DiGiacomo relives the giddy scene with the Odeon's creators, admirers, and troublemakers.

HELL AND HIGH WATER When catastrophe struck the Gulf Coast, Washington's incompetence and the breakdown of social order in New Orleans dominated the news. But as David Halberstam reckons with the ugly truths Hurricane Katrina exposed, a historic 28-page portfolio by photographer Jonas Karlsson and reporter Ron Beinner showcases the survivors of the storm, and the men and women in whom it brought out the best.
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FA N FA I R

145 30 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE
Baby, what a view—Top of the Rock reopens. Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. Sue Carswell in the kitchen with Iron Chef Cat Cora; Django Reinhardt inspires Emi Poenis. Victoria Mather swoons for South African jazz Lisa Eisner rides to the rodeo; Dee Dee Myers debates the Tennessee Monkey Trial; Bruce Handy reviews Jerry Lewis's upcoming memoir. New films Pride & Prejudice and Walk the Line. Punch Hutton on the Cloister revamp; Aaron Gell on Antony and the Johnsons. Visual books of the season. Tommy Hilfiger turns 20. My Stuff—Vanessa Getty; Christine Muhlke gets beauty tips from Paul Starr and Tom Pecheux.

COLUMNS

176 FLOODING THE SPIN ZONE Analyzing the passionate media reaction to Hurricane Katrina (starting with Brian Williams, Anderson Cooper, and Shepard Smith James Wolcott contrasts that blast of candor with the usual spin. Could this be the comeback of real journalism?

186 MEANWHILE, IN AN UNDISCLOSED LOCATION . . . Most second-term presidents have a V.P. jockeying for a shot at the Oval Office. Not Bush. Aside from making one steely-jawed hurricane-relief appearance. Dick Cheney was invisible for 11 days. Michael Wolff may have figured out why. Illustration by Philip Burke.

192 THE MAN WHO ATE HOLLYWOOD When wildcatter turned Hollywood magnate Marvin Davis died last year, he was supposed to be worth $5.8 billion. Instead, his daughter claims, the estate is worth nothing. That's only one of the big surprises, as Mark Seal reports, in an outrageously epic life.

222 HIGH NOON IN CRAWFORD Welcome to Crawford, Texas, where the leader of the free world transforms into a pickup-drivin', brush-clearin' cowboy. (Don't mind the grieving Iraq-war mothers to your left.) At the president's vacation retreat, Evgenia Peretz learns why the "Howdy, neighbor" act is wearing thin. Photographs by Larry Fink.

238 25 FOR THE ROAD Whether she's touring France with Lance Armstrong, fleeing the cops in a Z-28, or cruising a Missouri summer night, rock star Sheryl Crow is an expert on winding roads. Here, she selects 25 albums no driver should be without. Photographs by Marc Baptiste.
MAD FOR MICHAEL
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legends of the fall
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250 HIP-HOP HAPPENS Englewood, New Jersey, 1979: three young men climb into an Oldsmobile in front of Crispy Crust Pizza and emerge as the Sugarhill Gang—which will record rap's first hit single. Steven Daly revisits hip-hop's scrappy, sometimes shady, and always electric origins.

268 THE WAITING PLAGUE Epidemiologists warn of a potential natural disaster that could dwarf Hurricane Katrina. Tracking the deadly avian flu across Asia, William Prochnau and Laura Parker find a handful of doctors, officials, and health workers who are struggling to confront the danger.

SPECIAL SECTION
FOLLOWING PAGE 226

ON TIME Any watch can tell the hour, but if you want the ultimate in technology and design on your wrist, only a horological wonder will do. In a special pullout section, Taki Theodoracopulos explores the psychology of watch wearing, while Simon Mills joins Jodi Kidd on a race to ticktock heaven, and Bill Emmott extols the well-timed investment.

VANITIES


ET CETERA

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ets in EVERYWHERE.
doesn't care that others are doing.
RUMPS EVERYTHING.
**Gone with the Wind—
and the Rain**

The administration is fond of referring to George W. Bush as a C.E.O.-type president. He and his handlers encourage this description in that it conveys to voters a sense of can-do efficiency, fiscal probity, laser-like decisiveness, and casual-Friday fitness. It's clever packaging. But as we now know, it's pretty much just that—packaging. In the wake of the administration's plundering of the nation's natural resources, its ill-fated response to 9/11, its mismanagement of the country's finances, and its now infamous non-response to Hurricane Katrina, a few shareholder questions might be in order.

First of all, what sort of C.E.O. works in a bubble? (Jerry Levin, the former chief of Time Warner, used to rattie around on the company's nearly barren executive floor at 75 Rockefeller Plaza. He was seriously isolated. And what did he wind up doing? Merging his blue-chip company with AOL—the business equivalent of invading Iraq.)

What sort of C.E.O. surrounds himself almost exclusively with yes-men and -women?

What sort of C.E.O. doesn't read the newspapers, or even watch the evening news?

What sort of C.E.O. wants to hear only good news?

What sort of C.E.O. makes drastic, life-altering decisions based on flimsy due diligence, or outright faulty research? (See also: weapons of mass destruction; Saddam's links to the 9/11 hijackers; and the impression that Americans would be welcomed in Iraq as “liberators.”)

What sort of C.E.O. makes bold announcements of victory long before a battle is over?

What sort of C.E.O. bullies his competitors and allies alike?

What sort of C.E.O. pays more attention to public relations than to actual operations?

What sort of C.E.O. plunges his company into historic debt levels in order to reward the wealthy backers who put him in the job?

What sort of C.E.O. has the vacation mind-set not of a Fortune 500 mandarin but of a French civil servant?

The administration's logy indifference to the suffering and catastrophic consequences of Hurricane Katrina should come as no surprise. The whole order of things followed a step-by-step pattern, now familiar after four and a half years of this C.E.O. presidency:

**Step I. Staff Up with Cronies and Friends**

Bush stocked his first-term administration with well-heeled donors who were put in charge of the very government divisions with which they had previously done battle. In this vein, onetime lobbyists and lawyers for the oil and gas industries were put in charge of those responsible for giving out drilling permits; anti-environmentalists were put in charge of environmental programs; and so forth. In the case of Michael Brown, the hapless head of the Federal Emergency Management Agency at the time Katrina hit U.S. shores, he wasn't even a crony. He was a crony of a crony: the college friend of Joe Allbaugh, who had later manned the Bush-Cheney 2000 election campaign. Allbaugh was awarded the FEMA job after Bush got into office. And when Allbaugh was demoted, he recommended his old pal to take his place, which he did.

**Step II. Ignore Warnings**

New Orleans, as those who lived there know, not only too well, sits like a cereal box floating in a kitchen sink. The Times-Picayune (owned by the Newhouses, same family that owns *Vanity Fair*) a by now famous, five-part series in 2002 that delved into the city's vulnerability to massive flooding. The reports included details about the possibility of huge numbers of drowned residents, but also praised the destruction of homes, the release of hazardous chemicals, and so forth—in short, just about everything that came to pass in September. In 2004, more than three dozen state, local, and volunteer organizations performed a mock survival exercise to see if they could replicate the effects of a Category 3 hurricane. Reuters reported that the groups "had to deal with an imaginary storm that destroyed over half a million buildings in New Orleans and forced the evacuation of a million residents." And less than a month before Katrina hit, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration announced that there was a 95 to 100 percent chance of higher-than-normal hurricane activity this year.

On August 28, just as Katrina was sloping toward the Gulf Coast, Jiff Hingle, the sheriff of Plaquemines Parish, said that New Orleans' levees were designed to withstand a Category 3 hurricane. Anything stronger, he warned, and "these levees will not hold the water back." The next day, the National Hurricane Center rated Katrina as a Category 4. Max Mayfield, the head of the National Hurricane Center, says he briefed both Brown and Homeland Security chief Michael Chertoff as to the destructive force Katrina "way before landfall.” He briefed President Bush as well via videoconference. As Mayfield told the *St. Petersburg Times*, "I just wanted to be able to go to sleep that night knowing that I did all I could do." (The next week Chertoff confessed that this storm scenario—a Category 4 hurricane plus a breached levee system—was not included in his department's emergency plans.)

**Step III. Do the Wrong Thing**

It wasn't that the administration did the wrong thing so much as that it did so little in the crucial days after the hurricane. Administration officials either did not see the unfolding disaster in the rest of the world or did its television sets, or just put doing something off until tomorrow. And when they did act, they seemed more interested in damage control than in controlling the damage. (Like a man whose wife has found a strange girdle in his glove compartment, the president, in a frantic effort to win back the nation's favor, was all flowers and boxed chocolates, a month later, for the victims of Hurricane Rita.)

The public's first sight of the president in disaster mode took the form of a photo op: the commander in chief, at a window aboard Air Force One, flying over the devastated area. The point of the picture, which appeared in newspapers around the world, was one of "Message: I care." The effect, given all that has
DOLCE & GABBANA
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The events of September 2001 told Americans that we are isolated from the dangers of the world. The events of September 2005 should tell us that we are really no different in the rest of the world. We are vulnerable. We make mistakes. We need a president who understands the scope of the problem and the risks involved. We need a president who can lead and inspire confidence in our nation and the world.

The events of September 2001 also told Americans that we are capable of great resilience and ingenuity. We came together as a nation to rebuild and recover from the tragedy of 9/11. We are capable of great things when we work together.

Senior adviser Karl Rove, the McKinsey partner of the C.E.O. administration, has long prided himself on some justification apparently on his wizardry at database management wondering if the pressures of the job and the distractions of “gate,” are now beginning to take their toll. I have little evidence other than the following letter I received earlier this year from his colleague (the Senate majority leader) “Bill Frist, M.D.”

“Dear Graydon,” the letter began. “Will you join the President and Mrs. Bush, the leadership of the Republican Party and me in dinner here in Washington . . . ?” Well, I thought, I have something that night, but I’m sure I could move things around a bit. “And when you also allow us to honor you, Graydon, for your work in the 2004 elections . . . ” I mean, I did what I could, Bill—we are, I assume, of a first-name basis—but this really is too kind. “This year The President’s Dinner not only celebrates President Bush’s second term, it also a testimonial dinner for you, Graydon, and a handful of other Republican men and women who played vital public, and in many cases, critical behind-the-scenes roles in President Bush’s campaign. Now you are going overboard. I’m sure there are many individuals far more deserving than I am.” That’s right, on June 14th—Flag Day, the Republican Party will publicly recognize the lifetime commitment you’ve made to help make our Republican agenda for America a reality. . . . I assure you, my efforts to date are not worthy of such recognition. “Graydon, will you accept the honor you so richly deserve and the accolades and public appreciation of your Republican Party?” If you insist. But only if you insist.

—GRAYDON CARSTEN

Contributing photographer Mark Seliger is no stranger to the music scene, having been the chief photographer at Rolling Stone for more than a decade, as well as having directed a number of music videos, for such names as Lenny Kravitz, Elvis Costello, and Willie Nelson, and even having his own band, Rusty Truck. So it was natural that he would shoot the majority of this month’s Hip-Hop Portfolio. “I definitely felt like we were breaking new ground with the magazine,” he says. “As it grew, people got really excited. All of the shoots had a great energy, and everyone was really up for looking sharp.” Seliger also got a lesson in elegant fashion from OutKast’s fashionable André “3000,” who told him to dress in a carefree way like you don’t need money. Seliger’s new book, In My Stainwell, is out this month from Rizzoli.

David Halberstam
Contributing editor and Pulitzer Prize winner David Halberstam, who wrote the essay accompanying V.F.'s 9/11 supplement, in November 2001 delivered a touching introduction to the New Orleans portfolio, “Hell and High Water,” on page 358. This year marks Halberstam’s 50th year as a nationally published reporter— his first article, on a Mississippi election, ran in The Reporter magazine—and as the publication of his portrait of the New England Patriots’ Bill Belichick, The Education of a Coach, available from Hyperion this month. He is at work on a book about the Chinese intervention into the Korean War.

Jonas Karlsson and Ron Beinner
For the November 2001 issue of V.F., contributing photographer Jonas Karlsson and contributing photography producer Ron Beinner collaborated on “One Week in September,” a photo portfolio memorializing America’s response to 9/11. This month they headed south to document the other horror occurring on U.S. soil. “The question after 9/11 was ‘How could this have happened?’” Beinner says. “This time it’s ‘Why weren’t we prepared?’” Considering the challenges all those affected by the disaster still face, their determination and character amazed Beinner and Karlsson. “Every person we met was warm, honest, and genuinely loves New Orleans,” Beinner says. Adds Karlsson, who also shot four of the images for this month’s Music Portfolio, “You don’t see people giving up; they will not lie down and die.” CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.
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Lisa Robinson

For this year's Music Issue, contributing editor Lisa Robinson (here with Jay-Z and Jon Brion at this year's *V.F.* Oscar party) profiled cover girl Beyoncé Knowles, who, says Robinson, "has a tireless work ethic and real talent—a combination I've rarely seen. Plus, she's delightful." In addition, Robinson lined up all the musicians (and went on to almost all of the shoots) for the Hip-Hop Portfolio: "These photos were often difficult to schedule, and at times the creative input from the artists was overwhelming, but it's my favorite Music Portfolio ever—because we're presenting the biggest stars from the most influential music of the last 25 years in beautiful, and often elaborate, settings. Hip-hop made us all listen to music differently; these photos give us a chance to look at hip-hop in a different way, too."

Marc Baptiste

Haitian-born photographer Marc Baptiste shot Sheryl Crow and, for the Hip-Hop Portfolio, Common, Eve, and Snoop Dogg and Pharrell Williams. "Beautiful images are created by setting the right mood," he says. "The pressure has to be on me and my team—everyone else should relax and enjoy themselves." Fittingly, there was laughter at every shoot, such as when, upon being recognized by passing children, Snoop Dogg spontaneously freestyled over Pharrell's beatboxing. "It is always great to work with talented people," says Baptiste. "Snoop will make you laugh until tears come out of your eyes. Eve is beautiful and has a mellow sense of humor. Common is deep and always insightful. Sheryl Crow was lovely, as usual." Baptiste's third book project, *Innocent,* will be published in fall 2006 by Rizzoli.

Mark Seal

Mark Seal, a Dallas- and Aspen-based writer and *Vanity Fair* contributing editor, specializes in stories about larger-than-life personalities. But the subject of this month's profile, on page 192—oil tycoon and movie mogul Marvin Davis—dwarfed them all. "I've interviewed countless people over the last 30 years, and I don't think I've ever been so overwhelmed by someone," says Seal. "His physical presence was so enormous, but coupled with that was an equally huge story. He lived an epic, theatrical life." An anthology of Seal's celebrity interviews will be published by Rutledge Hill Press in 2006.
Evgenia Peretz

For contributing editor Evgenia Peretz, who grew up in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and lives in New York City, going to Crawford, Texas, was certainly exotic. “I think I ate one vegetable the entire time I was there,” says Peretz, who traveled to Crawford four times over the summer. Although she could have done without the chicken-fried steak, she had fun meeting George Bush’s local, die-hard supporters.

“I really enjoyed the back-and-forth with people I usually disagreed with. Only on a couple of occasions did I need to keep my shock in check—like when talking to the woman who believes the president’s brush clearing proves that he’s an amazing environmentalist.”

Sheryl Crow

On page 238, Sheryl Crow digs into the “soundtrack of her youth” to rank her favorite songs to listen to while driving. “Although a lot of my choices are recent finds and loves,” she says, “the process of recalling the music that means so much to me prompted my gut to go with the selections I made.” Crow reads her highway mix once more as she prepares for a new tour, to promote her latest album, Wildflower—and this time she has a new “roadie” to boot: fiancé and seven-time Tour de France winner Lance Armstrong. “Listening to certain music while driving, or traveling on my tour bus, brings me to a place of inner peace, inspired, enlightened, and safe.”

Larry Fink

To describe the protest zone outside President Bush’s usually tranquil ranch, in Crawford, Texas, contributing photographer Larry Fink imagines it as a scene in a movie. “It would be a combination of Robert Altman and Federico Fellini,” he says. “It was, on one level, hilarious. On the other, as serious as it can be.”

Although he is left-leaning, Fink actively pursued and studied his new red-state acquaintances. “I take great pleasure in crossing over and talking to the people who are ‘my enemy,’ to see if I can influence them or learn from them,” he says. “Although we still disagreed profoundly, the conversation were based on a certain bemused generosity.” Fink is currently working on two books: one on praying mantises and the other on jazz music.
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Sarah Czeladnicki

Over her seven years at *Vanity Fair*, senior associate photo editor Sarah Czeladnicki has produced a range of shoots for the magazine, from September Jennifer Aniston exclusive to the historic World Series win for the Boston Red Sox in the April issue. This month, Czeladnicki oversaw most of the Hip-Hop Portfolio, a formidable yet rewarding task. Her role, in brief, was to ensure that any number of things that could go wrong didn’t. “The biggest challenge was managing so many different personalities and logistics,” she says. “One minute we’re shooting Diddy in Times Square at one A.M., and the next we’re trying to keep the fans at bay while Snoop and Pharrell play croquet in a public park in Beverly Hills.”

Steven Daly

Inspired by a suggestion from his friend musician Edwyn Collins, contributing editor Steven Daly wrote “Hip-Hop Happens,” which starts on page 250. Daly, who grew up in Glasgow, Scotland, became aware of hip-hop’s early entrepreneurs Sylvia Robinson and her husband, Joe, through the R&B records released by their All Platinum label in the 1970s; in the U.S. most of these were only regional hits, but in Britain they appeared on the pop charts. Plus, Sylvia Robinson already had a hit-making reputation that went back to 1957. “It was hard to reconcile the fact that the woman behind all these classic oldies also launched the modernist form that still dominates global youth culture in 2005,” says Daly.

Frank DiGiacomo

This month, contributing editor Frank DiGiacomo turns in an oral history of the Odeon (“Live, from Tribeca!,” page 348), the restaurant to which John Belushi, Jean-Michel Basquiat, and other 80s luminaries flocked for fine food, provocative conversation, and, in some cases, a mound of blow. Though New York will never lack for stylish restaurants favored by boldfaced names, DiGiacomo says the conditions under which the Odeon—still kicking at 25—became a seminal downtown destination can no longer be replicated. “When the Odeon opened, there were these fringe areas such as Tribeca and the East Village. But practically every inch of New York is developed now.”
THE RAP PACK
IF YOU THINK ARRANGING
A G-8 SUMMIT TAKES WORK . . .
BY LISA ROBINSON

When Graydon Carter first said that he wanted hip-hop to be the subject of this year’s Music Portfolio, senior articles editor Aimee Bell, photography director Susan White, creative director David Harris, and I all thought it sounded like fun. The personalities are strong, and certainly the music has been the most influential of the last 25 years. Then reality set in. Everyone travels with 10 people. Many stars only fly in private planes. Nelly refused to fly. Jay-Z, who had a huge hit with the Rick Rubin–produced song “99 Problems,” wanted to pose with Rick, but the two were never in the same city at the same time. Lil’ Kim was on trial, facing an eventual jail sentence. Queen Latifah was in Prague making a movie. Eve and Snoop Dogg were in Europe (not together). Suffice to say, logistics were involved. It was a scheduling challenge. And many of the artists, especially the old-school rappers, were hard to find.

But soon enough—with the help of people such as hip-hop historian Bill Adler, who put us in touch with many of hip-hop’s founding fathers—V.F. photo producer Sarah Czeladnicki, who worked on most of the shoots, and research consultant Deane Zimmerman tracked people down through relatives, lawyers, and friends. We were under way.

We went to where it all began: 1520 Sedgwick Avenue in the Bronx, with DJ Kool Herc, who doesn’t always get the credit he deserves for being one of the first—circa 1973—to play with turntables and huge speakers. Jonas Karlsson’s shoot turned into a block party, with music played by DJ Jaycee, while Herc talked to the neighborhood children about how all the music they listen to, the clothes they wear—the entire hip-hop culture—started on that very street more than 30 years ago.

“We got history here,” he said. “No one can buy this.”

To see the Fugees together again for the first time in eight years was CONTINUED ON PAGE 112.
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nerv-ticking, but creative at first, but as Mark Seliger’s shoot went on, things warmed up, and the familial nature of the trio became evident, with Rockefeller the one who brought it together and seemed to be holding it together. Sony execs who were there discussed plans for the group’s forthcoming surprise appearance on the BET Awards the following week and whispered about the hoped-for reunion C.D. And, yes, everyone called her “Miss Hill.”

Kanye West was up all night in Miami at a video shoot for “Gold Digger” with Jamie Foxx and director Hype Williams, but he got the first flight out in the morning and came to the Players Club in New York to be photographed with live falcons. And not taking any chances on illegal copying, when we got a sneak preview of his not-yet-released new album, Kanye played it on his laptop.

The number of e-mails that went back and forth between Rick Rubin and me about his photo shoot with Jay-Z could fill a good-size file cabinet. Rick, who has a fanciful, creative mind, had ideas that ranged from Niagara Falls to the White House, and it took almost six months of discussion before Jay, as he often does, just took charge—announcing the place and the time, and insisting on the NetJets Boeing Business Jet. The Beastie Boys wanted Seliger to take their picture in one of the older subway cars in New York City’s Transit Museum, and once there, they decided that they looked very “Rat Pack” with their cigarettes and hats. Ice-T’s shoot was attended by Law & Order: SVU—loving V.F. staff members as well as Law & Order’s recurring arraignment judge. V.F. contributing editor Fran Lebowitz. We all got a chance to meet Ice-T’s wife, the voluptuous Coco, who was wearing one of the tightest knit dresses any of us had ever seen. Common’s, Nas’s, and Run-DMC’s shoots were all on boats—those of us there were grateful for elastic seasickness bands. Common was his usual Zen self, listening to Miss Lauryn Hill’s solo album while photographer Marc Baptiste took the boat way too far out in Marina del Rey. When people started to turn green from the unsettling waters, we came back to shore. Nas patiently sat in a rowboat in Central Park while Seliger chased away paparazzi and the New York parks department watched over us. Run-DMC’s Darryl “DMC” McDaniels and Reverend
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Opposite page, from left:
On Cassidy, dragon print sweater with sequins detailing in cream, paired with classic boot-cut jeans in Crinkle Ink wash. On Dena, Seven7 logo embroidery with tattoo print shown in spice, paired with regular boot cut in Crane wash.

This page, top row from left: On Kristen, rip and torn jean in Raver Dark wash, paired with Seven7 logo T-shirt in ink tie-dye. On Cathy, modern boot cut in Prosperity wash paired with heart-core logo print tank in blue. On Jen, Seven7 logo tank with contrast stitching, paired with 12-inch mini in Rainbow wash. On Dena, Seven7 logo T-shirt in eggplant with cream contrast stitching, paired with classic flare in Imagination wash.

Bottom row: On Cassidy, heart-core print tank in red, paired with classic flare in Crinkle Ink wash

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Joseph "Run" Simmons were good sports about Karlsson’s photographing them in an Amphicar in the choppy waters around Liberty State Park, but after a while, the Reverend Run requested—loudly—that we return to dry land.

The last time we photographed Queen Latifah at a music shoot, she complained that we didn’t play enough hip-hop. This time, we listened to Tupac during Norman Jean Roy’s shoot, much to the Queen’s pleasure. When I told her that I wished there were more women in hip-hop, she said, “I kind of like it, With all those guys—we stood out.” Norman Jean Roy also photographed Mary J. Blige, in Beverly Hills, where we all wrestled over the one telephone in the house that worked (there was no cell signal). Mary’s husband, Kendu Isac, commandeered the one phone for most of the afternoon— instructing a staffer how to download Mary’s hot remix of “Da MVP” so it could be delivered to me on a disc by the end of the day. For Eve’s shoot, stylist Andrea Lieberman and photographer Marc Baptiste were into dress-up and lots of different looks; shoots with Baptiste are always like a party. When Diddy (who was then still called P. Diddy, or Puff by his close associates) came to Times Square very late at night for his shoot, the security detail was intense, the tourists were delighted, and photographer Seliger (who traveled across the country many times for this portfolio) made sure that he “preserved the sexy,” as Diddy so eloquently says in an infomercial.

Everyone wanted to dress up, and everyone was into the elegant nature of the shoots. 50 Cent, Olivia, and G-Unit had been on their summer Anger Management Tour, and they were the last to be photographed for the portfolio. When we arrived at 50’s Connecticut mansion, formerly owned by Mike Tyson, I said to him, “It’s a long way from Southside, Queens,” the neighborhood where 50—aka Curtis Jackson III—was born, lived, and sold drugs before he changed his life. 50’s house is immense, has countless rooms; and features an elaborate Baccarat chandelier and a huge winding staircase in theoyer. Outside, a pool house and a waterfall. The whole place is being landscaped and renovated to make it 50’s own. A hospitable host, he seemed most proud of the multiple awards all lined up in glass-enclosed bookcases.

The shoots were varied. Nelly was high atop the Hollywood Hills with bikini-clad models and diamonds from jeweler Chris Aire. Grandmaster Flash was on Long Island, and Missy Elliott was at home in Miami. Back in New York, Seliger posed Chuck D in front of images of civil-rights marches, Martin Luther King Jr., and Malcolm X for the portfolio—which has captions by Jim Windolf.

Beverly, which has an 18-hole golf course and a huge mansion, is where Missy Elliott picked up her dance crew and performed "Get Silent, Work Out." Diddy hired the same group to perform at the 2005 VMAs. The shoot featured Run-D.M.C. and Kurtis Blow sang with the choir in his hip-hop church in Harlem. Russell Simmons did yoga on the terrace of his offices in New York City, and Lil’ Kim was in bed.

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A NOTE FROM JOE SCARBOROUGH

A former congressman turned MSNBC pundit defends himself; in praise of Jennifer—for the most part; bring back the draft!; kind words for Marian Fontana; Hitchens under attack; everyone’s a film critic; and more

I have been a loyal reader of Vanity Fair for some time. But that was before James Wolcott used his October 2003 column to suggest that I murdered an employee while I was a member of Congress (“MSNBC’s Fox Hunt”).

His libelous charge, pulled from a hate site on the Internet, is intended to believe that a good woman named Lori Klausutis carried on an adulterous sexual affair with a congressman before being killed in a sleazy sex-scandal cover-up. The article also suggested that this imaginary sex scandal forced me to leave office. I was painted as the Republican Party’s answer to Gary Condit, saved from prosecution by a right-wing media machine.

I have long held fast to the rule that I do not respond to rumors, but my assistant suggested that I make an exception this time since the lie published could get me executed, were I a black man living in Texas. And while I cringe at responding to Mr. Wolcott’s gutter reporting two years later, I need to set the record straight on your article’s implication that I am a murderer.

Here are the facts Vanity Fair and James Wolcott would have learned had they spent five minutes on the telephone engaging in rudimentary fact-checking: (1) Lori worked in my annex office in Okaloosa County, Florida. (2) I met her no more than three times; I was never alone with her. (3) I didn’t leave Congress because of her death; I announced my retirement from Congress on May 2001 — she passed away several months later.

Vanity Fair’s shameful reporting spawned a thousand conspiracy theories. But instead of writing a letter or hiring a fleet of lawyers, I called editor Graydon Carter and Mr. Wolcott to point out the recklessness of the charges and the pain caused to all involved. After a meeting with Mr. Carter, I even convinced my wife that it was safe to bring the publication back into our home. I was naive enough to believe that these lies would fade away without my public denunciation of Mr. Wolcott and Vanity Fair. I was mistaken.

After a March 2005 profile of Michael Moore (“Moore’s War,” by Judy Bachrach) published a Web-site domain name that Moore purchased, JoeScarboroughKilled-HisIntern.com. I was understandably concerned that Vanity Fair would promote its original reckless charge.

On March 30, 2005, Mr. Wolcott wrote...
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on his blog, jameswolcott.com (which is linked to VanityFair.com), that he had removed material about the death of Lori Klausutis from his book, not because he knew it to be false but because he was told that I was a pretty nice guy. Even so, he concluded that he would never again give anyone “on the other side” a break. Funny, but I always thought I was the one giving Mr. Wolcott and Vanity Fair the break by refraining from filing a lawsuit.

Most politicians and public figures know that being lied about is the price of admission to their jobs. Sadly, Lori and her family did not do anything to deserve this cruel treatment by Vanity Fair and its writer.

JENNIFER, FULL OF GRACE

I HAVE READ novels that have brought me to tears, but never before have I read a magazine article that moved me the way Leslie Bennetts’s did in the September issue of Vanity Fair (“The Unsinkable Jennifer Aniston”). Ms. Bennetts, I thank you. And to Ms. Aniston, I say this: You are an impetus. Stunningly beautiful, grounded, courageous, and psychologically evolved as few others on our planet are.

SARAH MILLER
Milton, Ontario

I THINK THE MAJORITY of us have forgotten that Jennifer Aniston is a real person, with real feelings. I have always admired her as an actress, but why does every detail of her personal life have to be ours for the taking? Is it our fault that she can’t even get her paper from the porch without the paparazzi springing out to snap her picture. They are there because we buy the magazines.

I think it’s high time we give Jennifer and all celebrities some space.

KYLIA HENDERSON
Brandon, Manitoba

AS A DEDICATED READER of Vanity Fair, I am shocked and appalled by Leslie Bennetts’s interview with Jennifer Aniston. The double-talk of your magazine’s editors is detestable.

In your June issue you regaled your readers with tales of praise and praise of Angelina Jolie’s humanitarian work and newfound serenity (“Sex and the Single Mom,” by Nancy Jo Sales). Three months later, you write Jolie has “trumped even that public-relations bonanza by adopting another orphan, an African child whose parents had died of AIDS.” I have a hard time finding what is to be criticized about a woman who dedicates her life and significant income to improving the lives of children in the Third World.

I was most offended by Ms. Bennetts’s assertion that “the twice-divorced Jolie—previously known as a tattooed vixen with a taste for bisexualit...
HIRCHENS GOES SOUTH

I WAS SORELY DISAPPOINTED in Christopher Hitchens's September article on the South ["My Red-State Odyssey"]; instead of providing fresh insight, he gave us hackneyed vignettes that perpetuate the stereotype of the South as some kind of monolithic "Bubbaland" amusement park.

JONATHAN LAMMERS
San Francisco, California

SO MUCH FOR an Oxford education. Christopher Hitchens's column on the American South and his belated discovery that he's been living there for the last 23 years was priceless in many ways, especially his line about how in the South "all politics is yolk." But I just about fell off my barstool when he claimed that the 1964 Johnson-Goldwater presidential campaign was the last time two southerners ran against each other. He is so wrong (geographically, politically, culturally), and so is Vanity Fair for not catching it. Is there no one there who knows that Arizona is a western state—indeed, one of the quintessential states of the Old West ( Tombstone and all that)? Barry Goldwater was no southerner: he was born in Phoenix in 1909. Texas was indeed one of the 11 Confederate states, but Arizona didn't even become a state until 1912. It is far more accurate to say the 1964 campaign was the last time we had two presidential nominees from states that used to belong to Mexico. As for the last time we had two southerners, has Hitchens already forgotten Bush v. Gore?

MIRA PUENTE
Falls Church, Virginia

HOW COULD YOU FORGET . . . ?

THE "50 Greatest Films of All Time" [September] insert was quite fascinating. As a movie-history buff, I say Bravo to the Vanity Fair team's selection of films such as Amancord, Some Like It Hot, and Citizen Kane—but to leave out the likes of The African Queen and The Third Man in favor of It's a Gift and GoodFellas is simply unconscionable.

LOUIS C. KLEBER
Las Vegas, Nevada.

PAROCHIAL AND SUPERFICIAL are rarely your trademarks, but you plumbed new depths with your "50 Greatest Films of All Time." Apparently, according to Vanity Fair, there hasn't been a decent British film since 1964. This will no doubt thrust a whole generation of modern British filmmakers. Older ones, too, were left in the cold, since you appear to have overlooked anything by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, Merchant Ivory, Peter Yates (Bullitt, anyone?), and Ridley Scott.

Further afield, most critics and Fellini admirers would put 8 ½ and La Dolce Vita well before Amancord.

Did we need two films by Renoir when Quentin Tarantino, the Coen brothers, Michael Mann, Anthony Mann, Peter Weir, and Spike Lee were omitted?

You were obviously having a giggle with Old School. Fair enough, but too many truly groundbreaking and entertaining classics were missing in favor of ordinary fare.

NICK STEWART
London, England

THANK YOU for your wonderful list of the "50 Greatest Films of All Time." I know your department will soon be bombarded with thousands of letters from readers pointing out which of their favorite films were excluded. I, however, wanted to thank you for striking a nearly flawless balance with a collection of classic and modern films. The fact that your magazine has compiled a catalogue where the films' major dramas center on the Civil War, a toga party, a flying elephant, a boy's love for his mother, singing in less than desirable weather, and a malfunctioning mechanical shark illustrates that your editors recognize truly great cinema comes in all shapes, sizes, and levels of mental stability.

JOI RAINES
New Orleans, Louisiana

REMEMBERING A LANDMARK

THE CAPTION accompanying the photo of the Pan Pacific Auditorium in the September story "L.A. Century" [by Matt Tyrnauer] simply says that it CONTINUED ON PAGE 834

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N O V E M B E R 2 0 0 5

TRAGEDY AND TRIUMPH

Marion Fontana, whose husband died on 9/11, with her son, Aidan, in Bridgehampton, New York, July 10, 2005.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS RESPONDS:
Maria Puentes response is not fair. It is a disgrace that Hitchens is so ignorant of the history of the South. He is an ignorant out-of-touch elitist who knows very little about the American South.

NAZ KEYNEAD
Los Angeles, California

A WIDOW'S COURAGE

WHILE JENNIFER ANISTON'S face on the cover of Vanity Fair is certain to sell more copies, Marian Fontana and her husband, Dave, are the real story ["The Widow's Story," by Marian Fontana, September]. Thank you for publishing this heartfelt account of a woman who took her personal tragedy and turned it into a triumph in memory of her husband. These are the real heroes. These are the real stories. Ms. Aniston, I'm sure, will bounce back.

KEISA WILLIAMS
San Marcos, California

THANK YOU for your wonderful list of the "50 Greatest Films of All Time." I know your department will soon be bombarded with thousands of letters from readers pointing out which of their favorite films were excluded. I, however, wanted to thank you for striking a nearly flawless balance with a collection of classic and modern films. The fact that your magazine has compiled a catalogue where the films' major dramas center on the Civil War, a toga party, a flying elephant, a boy's love for his mother, singing in less than desirable weather, and a malfunctioning mechanical shark illustrates that your editors recognize truly great cinema comes in all shapes, sizes, and levels of mental stability.

JOI RAINES
New Orleans, Louisiana

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124. was demolished by Los Angeles County in 1998. This inaccurate description leaves the reader with the impression that the auditorium, referred to by some as the icon of Streamline Modern architecture, was unceremoniously razed, another victim of mindless, L.A.-style cannibalization of historic landmarks. In fact, at the time of its demise (not in 1998 but on May 24, 1989), there were plans to transform the Pan Pacific into the new American Cinematheque. Sadly, it was a spectacular arson fire that destroyed those plans, along with the structure. And, yes, its charred and broken remains were subsequently demolished by the county.

FRED AXELROD
Tarzana, California

POLITICS AND THE BLUES

IN “THE POWER OF ROVE” [July], Michael Wolff referred to Lee Atwater as “a happy bad boy with country-music stars in his eyes.” Correction: my father played the blues.

SARA LEE ATWATER
Washington, D.C.

FROM THE V.F. MAILBAG

The mail has arrived, and we are—to borrow the sign-off used by one reader in Houston, Texas—“Truly Concerned.” Because to say that the Jennifer Aniston cover story (“The Unsinkable Jennifer Aniston,” by Leslie Bennetts, September) struck a chord is to underestimate matters: it bashed chords up and down the keyboard, chords of all kinds, using forearms and elbows and bootheels, Jerry Lewis—style. People had strong, clangorous opinions. Hundreds of them.

But first, there was some other mail. “Why is Dominick Dunne so obsessed and fixated on the Edmond Safra murder and the billionaire widow he left behind?” wonders Maurice Nuschy, of Omaha, Nebraska. “Please, don’t send him to the next trial for [Ted] Maher, as we will be inundated with that story for months (and years) to come.” And Jeffrey Geez Glavick, of Phoenix, Arizona, is baffled by the fact that a photo of Mr. Dunne appears with his column each month. “IS IT IN HIS CONTRACT? . . . WE KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE, AND SOME READ ON REGARDLESS . . . ” No, it is not in his contract.) In a dissenting view, Louise Linari, of Highwood, Illinois, writes: clearly if nonspecifically, “I love you, Dominick Dunne!!!”

Jim Wrightsman, of Bronxville, New York, says he read David Rose’s piece on Sibel Edmonds (“An Inconvenient Patriot,” September) with “mounting indignation . . . I want to send [the National Security Whistleblowers Coalition] a donation.” And controversy is brewing in Hamburg, New York, where Arlene Gramza noticed that in the August cover story on Martha Stewart (“The Prisoner of Bedford”), by Matt Tyrnauer, the electronic ankle bracelet is first described as being on Ms. Stewart’s right leg . . . and a few pages later on her left leg. Ms. Gramza.

MICHAEL WOLFF’S otherwise insightful article contains a gross factual error: Charles Colson did not have “his operatives break into [Daniel] Ellsberg’s psychiatrist’s office.” Colson raised $5,000 for John Ehrlichman, who told him that it was for a White House national-security project and that he shouldn’t ask any questions about it. Colson didn’t, and found out about the break-in only after the Watergate story hit the press. How do I know? I was Colson’s press secretary during the Watergate affair and interviewed the matter thoroughly. These facts have recently been brought to me by Ehrlichman him-
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OCTOBER 28 AND 29

Join Saks Fifth Avenue for our annual shopping event to support Key To The Cure, a charitable initiative to fight women's cancers.

A percentage of sales up to $1 million will be donated to local and national women's cancer charities through the Women's Cancer Research Fund, a program of the Entertainment Industry Foundation. To order the limited edition T-shirt designed by Diane von Furstenberg, or for more information about this event, call 888.771.2323 or visit saks.com. Mercedes-Benz USA, LLC will make a generous donation of $1 million to Saks Fifth Avenue's Key To The Cure through the sale of 750 Signature Edition R-Class vehicles. Special thanks to Hilary Swank, the 2005 Ambassador for EIF's Women's Cancer Research Fund and Saks Fifth Avenue's Key To The Cure.
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NEW YORK MUSIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114 are you suggesting that Martina Stewert is messing with our minds? (In truth, a probation officer moved the electronic monitor from ankle to ankle, presumably to prevent her skin from chafing. Hey, it's a living.)

"I don't know where you got George Wayne, but I wish you would give him back," writes Jan Brown, of Van Nuys, California. Listen, do you suppose we haven't tried? The moral: always save the receipt.

From a Florida reader: "I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO FIND YOUR [SEPTEMBER ISSUE] IN STORES BUT AM UNABLE TO. ALL I CAN FIND IN YOUR SLOT IS A MAGAZINE CALLED ALLURE, IS THAT THE SAME?" This whole situation is frankly a little confusing to us: if we answer your question—and we can—will you see the answer? Or—here's an idea—maybe we should respond in the mailbag column in the current Allure? Please advise.

"Dear Mr. Carter, Thank you for your personal note," writes Alex Slovik, of Connecticut. That was his first mistake. Not Mr. Slovik's—Mr. Carter's. What was Graydon thinking? But—pew—apart from Mr. Slovik's desire to contribute to V.F., and the inclusion of those Quebec City vacation photos with his e-mail, he has written a letter more charming than alarming: "I used to work in [the] Accounting field in NYC, including at The Helmsley Palace and The Plaza Hotel back in the 80s and early 90s. I'm sending you a pic with my Boss at that time—(The Queen)—Mrs. Leona Helmsley from [a] 1984 Christmas Party. I was only 28 years old there, and she was much younger too. Can somebody stop the time please!!!" (Answer next month.)

Shockingl, there were people who begged to differ with Vanity Fair's selections in September of the "50 Greatest Films of All Time." (Who ever heard of people having opinions about movies?) Here are but a few of the titles that, according to our readers, should have been included (including, that is, if we were presenting the 84 Greatest Films of All Time, or possibly the 261 Greatest Films of All Time): On the Waterfront, Schindler's List, The Battle of Algiers, My Life as a Dog, Dr. Strangelove, To Kill a Mockingbird, La Strada, His Girl Friday, Diabolique, A Streetcar Named Desire, Modern Times, Klute...well, you get the idea, and we can't argue with any of their suggestions. As for the films some readers felt should never have been on V.F.'s list, these included Old School, Die Hard, Goldfinger, Old School, Old School, National Lampoon's Animal House, Toy Story, and Old School. Also: Old School.

But yes, passions ran much, much higher regarding the Aniston interview. Everyone, it seems, had a personal stake in this saga. In fact, if you printed out all the e-mails and made a list, not-so-little pile, then (a) removed and put aside all the ones that contained the phrase "I am a fan and ..." then (b) removed and put aside all the ones that contained the phrase "I am not a fan but..." you'd probably much have nothing left.

Let's try to break it down. Reader reaction was not exactly unanimous. Ms. Aniston is either our greatest actress or "no great beauty... [with] a flair for second-rate sitcoms." She is "a wolf in sheep's under-" or a gracious woman wronged; she is self-serving and self-righteous or a commendable "roll model." (Funny, we don't remember the passage on tumbling.) Readers gave yeas to Jen and Leslie, and nays to Brad, Angelina, and Kimberly Stewart—except, of course, for those readers who gave yeas to Brad and Angelina, and nays to Jen, Leslie, and Kimberly Stewart. Empathetic souls offered Ms. Aniston comfort in the form of handsewn stuffed dogs, recommendations for post-heartbreak CDs, and, should she happen to be in their particular town with time on her hands, coffee and a shoulder to cry on. There was, inevitably, a poem, regarding which we can say only that we agree wholeheartedly: "Who can fathom why?" indeed.

All those rolling emotions set off by the Aniston piece helped us appreciate the closing remarks of reader F. Gordon (“Everybody needs to get over this already!”), as well as a terse observation from another reader—"PFOOEE—which we loved, even though we can’t recall its precise context. But no one put it more wisely than Regina Anderson, of Denver, Colorado: "I really believe that we will never know the truth of what happened." Exactly. Same as last November’s presidential vote in Ohio. Same as the whereabouts of Jimmy Hoffa.

Finally, in other mailbag news, not a few southerners wrote to say rather pointedly that in fact their interests ran to loftier pastimes than Nascar (“My Red-State Odyssey,” by Christopher Hitchens, September). Susan Brantly of Douglasville, Georgia, opened with “Well, Mr. Hitchens, I don’t know they are going to cry on. That’s a sentiment we can embrace; we’ll stop right there.

CORRECTION: On page 92 of the October issue (“Roman Holiday,” by Graydon Carter), the name of one of the founders of Private Eye, Richard Ingram, was misspelled.

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically to 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.
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November 2005

ROCKIN' VIEW
The observation deck at 30 Rockefeller Center Plaza reopens to the public this month. Photographed on September 8, 2005. For more, turn to page 162.
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Visit a Museum
An impressive exhibition of work by artist Henri Rousseau focusing on his jungle paintings opens today at London’s Tate Modern.

Hailan Original
Director Barry Avrich’s documentary The Last Mogul: The Life and Times of Lew Wasserman, on the late, incomparable Hollywood king and former MCA/Universal chairman, opens today in Chicago and New York.

Keep Running
Fans line the streets in all five boroughs as more than 35,000 athletes cover the 26.2 miles of the ING New York City Marathon, which finishes in Central Park.

Boot-Scoot and Boogie
City meets country when Faith Hill, Kenny Chesney, and Alan Jackson perform at the 39th annual Country Music Awards, at Madison Square Garden.

Take a Gamble
Jon Stewart, Dave Chappelle, and Larry David perform—and Jerry Seinfeld is honored with the Comedian Award—at the Comedy Festival, hosted by HBO and AEG Live, at Caesars Palace and the Flamingo hotel, in Las Vegas (Nov. 17–19).

Gobble
Which turkey will it be this Thanksgiving? The organic favorite Diestel, the nostalgic Butterball, or the trendy tofurkey?

Dance Around
See a brilliantly quirky interpretation of works by George Balanchine and Maurice Béjart at the Suzanne Farrell Ballet at the Kennedy Center, in Washington, D.C. (Nov. 22–27).

Make Your Debut
Twenty-four young ladies, including Ashley Bush, Bianca Brandolini, and Louise de Rothschild—each dressed in a fabulous haute couture gown—will be introduced to society at the glamorous annual international Paris Couture Ball, at the Hôtel de Crillon.

Snap a Photo
The iconic architectural images of 95-year-old photographer Julius Shulman are on display in the “Julius Shulman: Modernity and the Metropolis” exhibition at the Getty Center, in L.A.
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Also this month... Let's have a wolf whistle for Cary Grant as a fashionshown war bride, Dustin Hoffman as a soap-opera actress: Jean-Louis Ginibre's saucy Ladies at Gentlemen (Filibacchi) is a divine (yes, her too) history of cross-dressing in the movies. How Jewish are you? In Abigail Pogrebin's Stars of David (Broadway), prominent Jews such as Natalie Portman and Leonard Nimoy speak to their religious identity. Meanwhile, in Bar Mitzva Disco (Crown), editors Roger Bennett, Jules Shell, and Nick Kroll share harrowing "survivors' tales" from the 70s to the 90s. Ben Schott shoots the moon in Schott's Sporting, Gaming & Idling Miscellany (Bloomsbury). Quirky, over-the-moon illustrator Maira Kalman enlivens William Strunk Jr. and E. B. White's classic primer on writing in The Elements of Style Illustrated (Penguin). On a quest for the sublime Untridden Grapes (Harcourt), Ralph Steadman unearthed vineyards seeded on inhospitable hillsides around the world. In celebration of winning the Neglected Masters Award, from the Poetry Foundation, Samuel Menashe takes a victory lap with New and Selected Poems (Library of America). As ever, Robert Coover bewitches, bothers, and bewilders in his collection of short stories A Child Again (McSweeney's Books). At 92, Gordon Parks chalks up his success to A Hungry Heart (Atria). The singularly talented Spalding Gray was working on his monologue Life Interrupted (Crown), a recounting of the crippling physical and psychological effects of his car accident, when he tragically took his own life. Edited by Kenneth Roth, the executive director of Human Rights Watch, Torture (New Press) is not recommended reading but required reading. Spun like a modern-day fairy tale, Mary Gaitskill's Veronica (Pantheon), set against the surreal backdrop of Manhattan in the 1980s, captures the complexity and pain of a lost friendship. The ever enlightening Walter Kirn's new satirical novel is on a Mission to America (Doubleday). Dennis Altman boldly forges Gore Vidal's America (Poliy). Paige Rense edits Architectural Digest: Hollywood at Home (Abrams). Gyles Brandreth heralds the royal marriage of Philip and Elizabeth (Norton). Lisa Grunwald and Stephen J. Adler edit Women's Letters: America from the Revolutionary War to the Present (Dial). Joseph Sterling's photographs from 1959 to 1964 revel in The Age of Adolescence (Greybull). Terry Coleman offers one more curtain for the great Olivier (Henry Holt). Bob Spitz's biography of The Beatles (Little, Brown) paints a less-lollipop picture of the Fab Four. Canadian journalist Hadani Ditmars recalls her travels through post-invasion Iraq in Dancing in the No-Fly Zone (Raincoast).
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Cat in the Kitchen

Cat Cora, the first female Iron Chef on one of the Food Network's top-rated shows, Iron Chef America, shares a place in front of the Viking with Mario Batali, Bobby Flay, and Masaharu Morimoto. With her boundless energy and southern drawl—she grew up in a Greek-American community in Jackson, Mississippi—the kitchen goddess charms audiences and dazzles palates with Mediterranean-inspired dishes. Cora, at 38, has trained under Michelin masters in France and with celebrated chefs on both coasts, is a regular on the morning-talk-show circuit, and is the author of the cookbook Cat Cora's Kitchen and the upcoming Cooking from the Hip. She is due to open Spiro, a restaurant named for her father, in Napa Valley, California, next year.—SUE CARSWELL

Django's Magic

THE ENDURING MUSICAL LEGACY

With his otherworldly sound and dizzying emotional range, Gypsy jazz guitarist Django Reinhardt has bewitched and inspired music aficionados and players, and has helped in the seduction of an awful lot of ladies. His story is legendary. He was illiterate and unable to read music, and as a teenager, he was forced to radicalize his technique after his caravan caught fire, leaving him with the use of only two fingers, both maimed. In 1934, Django and violonist Stéphane Grappelli formed Le Quintette du Hot Club de France and forged music history. Django continued to flourish during the Nazi occupation despite his Gypsy blood.

"Django is the spiritual godfather of Gypsy jazz. Ask any guitarist—whether it's Eric Clapton, Jack White, or Slash—they all know Django," says Rick Ross, a co-owner of West Coast hip-hop label Delicious Vinyl and a film producer (Z Channel: A Magnificent Obsession) now working on a Django documentary. Universal is also developing a feature film based on Michael Dregni's 2004 biography, Django: The Life and Music of a Gypsy Legend (Oxford).

Today, Hot Clubs, which celebrate Django's magical sounds, thrive from San Francisco to Tokyo. Django-fests swell from Seattle to Oslo, and at La Chope des Puces, in Paris, and Le QuecumBar, in London, devotees of all stripes abound. "I went to the Django-fest in Samois-sur-Seine and I found all these young players," explains Ross, who is now fostering four exceptional guitarists—ins already include Leonardo DiCaprio and Bruce Willis. "That's kind of what my film's about, this new generation of kids."

—EMILY POENISCH

HOT GADGETS

Truffle slicer Bonom, olive wood, from France, or Inox, stainless steel, from Italy.

MUST-HAVES

Grapemust mustard by La Maison Denois, excellent on cheese or slathered on anything savory.

WINE

Carafes of Le Sommelier from Laguiole

MOVING ABOUT IN THE KITCHEN

Music Faith Hill, Bob Marley, Billie Holiday, among others.

Sneakers Hot-Fine-and-Black Puma Klinns—"When I cook in them, I move like a cot—swift and stealthy."

Best shot before serving ouzo from Plomari, Greece.
exclusively in Louis Vuitton stores. www.louisvuitton.com 866 VUITTON
There is a poignancy about the South African music scene now. “Go to the jazz brunch at Winchester Mansions, in Cape Town; it has a lovely New Orleans atmosphere,” said Don Albert, veteran jazz musician, when I was there in crisp, jazzy July days. “Let’s go to Marco’s African Place—it’s so laid-back it’s like New Orleans,” said Sam Woulidge, editor of Cape Town’s entertainment bible, Time Out. In Johannesburg, chilling to the beat in the lounge bar of the Grillhouse, socialite and interior designer Julia Twigg said to me, “This is how I imagine New Orleans.” Within weeks New Orleans became how one imagines an African township.

Nothing reflects the modern South Africa as vividly as its social whirl: the cool restaurants, the hip bars, and the vibrant music. Just 11 years ago, before the end of apartheid, one wouldn’t have dreamed of braving downtown Cape Town. Now I’ve had an epiphany in Marco’s while eating crocodile carpaccio: I want to have a big bottom. Onstage three glorious black women are shaking their booties to seductive, slow, repetitive jazz strummed by a band that is exactly as a jazz band should be—majestically shambolic. The women have perfect rhythm, legs that could kick-start a jumbo 747, and superb curves; I feel like a pallid stick insect. Suddenly everyone is dancing, black and white, children, guys who look like city bankers, mamies. We are singing and dancing to a backbeat arrangement of the national anthem. It is pure energy.

Marimba is slick urban, the Armani-suited crowd smoking Cuban cigars, drinking malt whiskey. It’s fusion food and fusion music: blues, Latino, swing, and ambient jazz. Every night of the week the Joint is jumping. Time to mellow is at the Sunday brunch at the Winchester Mansions in Sea Point, Cape Town’s Santa Monica. A jazz band plays smoky tunes in the interior courtyard fringed with fretwork balconies, leafy palms, and tinkling water. Built in the 20s, it is white-painted and shady; people laze, drinking champagne and reading the newspapers. There are eggs every which way, roasts and salads, piles of tropical fruits, fresh-baked breads, and chocolate cake. It reminded me of Scarlett O’Hara’s New Orleans honeymoon with Rhett Butler, when she ate...
ALL THAT JAZZ
Clockwise from top: singer at the Bassline in Johannesburg; sax player at the Grillhouse in Johannesburg; drummer at Marco's in Cape Town; guitarist at the Bassline.

Cape Town is laid-back. Johannesburg is edgy. It's utterly intriguing, growing so fast from frontier town to African Manhattan that you can virtually see speed marks; a glitzy CD launch at the Bassline, the city's jazz central, was light-years on from township music or the Cape African jazz of the 50s aping Satchmo and Ellington. Names to drop for today's jazz cred are trumpeter Marcus Wyatt, bassist Concord Nkabinde—who's translated the lyrics of "Summertime" into Zulu for a Soweto String Quartet CD—and, always the classic, Abdullah Ibrahim. I dined on one of the world's best steaks in the Grillhouse, which has the stylish atmosphere of New York's '21' Club, with Don Albert. Once, he was threatened with jail for trying to get the law changed so black artists could perform in white-licensed premises such as this. The law was later rescinded. "To have done that for black people during the apartheid era was the greatest thing I have ever done," he says. After dinner we listened to the music in the bar, along with cool youth, black and white, drinking the fine wines of their country.

Everyone rushes through South Africa's cities to the bush, to the wine country. Stay awhile—get under the skin of the country that's given us Charlize Theron. This visit I went small: I stayed at boutique hotels with a sense of place. Ten Bompas, in a leafy, smart Jo'burg suburb, has just 10 suites—each with a wood-burning fireplace and effortless WiFi—a superb restaurant, and a front desk full of great knowledge of the local scene. Every morning at little Kensington Place, in Cape Town, I drew my curtains and Table Mountain was glittering in the sun above my balcony. In the evening there was champagne and oysters in the bar. When I left, the staff hugged me. That would reinforce Blanche DuBois's belief in the kindness of strangers.

—VICTORIA MATHER

every passing delicacy with abandon so she'd never be hungry again.

GONE CLUBBIN'
Above, at Winchester Mansions in Cape Town; below, at Marco's in Cape Town.
Fans from around the world will migrate to Las Vegas for the National Finals Rodeo next month at the Thomas & Mack Center. It’s the World Series of rodeo, where the year’s best cowboys, best bucking broncos, and best, biggest, baddest bulls all come together. For 10 days Vegas becomes a town full of Wrangler-wearing, tobacco-chewing boot scooters in 10-gallon hats.

It’s the extreme Wild West show with plenty of theater—past years have included showgirls, trick riders, horses jumping through hoops of fire, light shows, flying motorcycles (think Evel Knievel), and performances by country-music stars. My favorite moment is at the beginning, when all the contestants high-speed it around the arena on horseback waving their state flags. The crowd of 17,000 goes wild. Then there’s the people-watching: the flashy Miss Rodeo America beauty contestants, suspender-wearing 90-year-old ranchers, super-handsome Marlboro men—it’s worth the trip. The N.F.R. sells out every year, so many pack into Vegas saloons to watch on large-screen TVs. You can see your favorite cowboy hero get bucked off a bull and two hours later be drinking a beer with him. It’s a buckle bunny’s dream.

—Lisa Eisner

Hey, Laddie!

JERRY LEWIS’S MEMOIR OF LIFE WITH DEAN

Not only has Jerry Lewis authored a book—he’s authored a good book, a perceptive and entertaining showbiz memoir that should become a classic of its kind. Written with journalist and novelist James Kaplan, Dean & Me (Doubleday) bills itself as a love story, though mostly unrequited, about Lewis’s partnership with Dean Martin. From 1946 through 1956 they were one of the biggest acts in America; onstage and off, Lewis’s neediness was the key to the relationship. In the beginning, he writes, “I saw the indulgent smile of the older brother I had always longed for.” But the future Rat Packer was a famously cool, even opaque customer—“a big jungle cat,” Jerry writes (ooof!)—and Lewis could never quite reach him. Combine that with the accumulated resentments of any partnership, and the table was set for one of the bitterest breakups in Hollywood history. “You can talk about love all you want,” Martin sneers. “To me, you’re nothing but a fucking dollar sign.” Their story has been told before, but never this well or nakedly. —Bruce Handy

Jerry Lewis captioned this photograph 
“First TV Chicago was never handsomer.”

The Great Tennessee Monkey Trial

TAKING THE DEBATE ON TOUR

Eighty summers ago, in a sweltering courtroom in tiny Dayton, Tennessee, a substitute biology teacher named John Thomas Scopes was tried for the crime of teaching evolution in a public school—a white-hot debate of faith versus science.

This fall, L.A. Theatre Works, a radio theater company, will embark on a 23-city national tour of The Great Tennessee Monkey Trial. Written by Peter Goodchild and directed by Gordon Hunt, the play is drawn from transcripts of the 1925 trial. It will be performed—and broadcast live on public-radio stations—by a rotating cast including Ed Asner, James Cromwell, Sharon Gless, Michael Learned, Marsha Mason, and Arye Gross.

As the play’s narrator recounts, the trial “became national news when the giants of the liberal and fundamentalist causes”—Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan, respectively—“answered the call to battle.” For 12 days, the country was riveted by the first-ever live broadcast of a trial. From the beginning, as H. L. Mencken wrote, it seemed “the jury would be unanimously hot for Genesis.” Momentum swung back and forth between the prosecution and the defense. Ultimately, Scopes was convicted, but the guilty verdict—and $100 fine—were later tossed out on a technicality, dashing Darrow’s plans to take the case to the U.S. Supreme Court. Five days after the trial, Bryan died. —Dee Dee Myers

Photograph top left by Lisa Eisner

COURTROOM DRAMA

Clarence Darrow leans against a table during the Tennessee Monkey Trial. John T. Scopes is seated at table in white shirt.
Austen Reign

Keira Knightley dazzles in Pride & Prejudice

You, likely being “Jane Austen-ed out,” may not think you need to see another version of Pride and Prejudice. But you do: (a) for Keira Knightley’s sly, modern, yet not at all anachronistic performance as Elizabeth Bennet (Knightley’s neck, by the way, is a physiological marvel that seems to have half again as many vertebrae as do those of mere human beings), and (b) for the skillful adaptation by director Joe Wright and screenwriter Deborah Moggach, which moves almost imperceptibly from light comedy to a darker, sometimes painful drama of genuine romantic longing. Austen has been done justice before on-screen, but rarely if ever has she been as moving. The cast also includes Donald Sutherland, Brenda Blethyn, Jena Malone, and Judi Dench. Matthew Macfadyen, the slightly dourly star of a BBC spy series, plays a Mr. Darcy who, unlike, say, Laurence Olivier’s, does indeed seem a hard sell at first blush. (Rating: ***½) —BRUCE HANDE

Cash Troubles

The Extraordinary Life and Love of Johnny Cash

Walk the Line, a new film about Johnny Cash, is hard not to compare to Ray, last year’s Oscar-winning biopic about a recently deceased giant of American vernacular music. Unfortunately for star Joaquin Phoenix’s chances with the Academy, Cash could see; but like Ray Charles he had a poignant rural childhood that lends itself to picturesque flashbacks, a drug addiction ready-made for harrowing scenes of withdrawal, and a catalog of great songs you may have heard at Starbucks. As biopics go, Walk the Line takes an intelligently tactful approach, maybe even too much so. It’s not until late in the film that Phoenix’s performance finally catches fire, especially in an electrifying ah-naw-we-get-it re-creation of Cash’s famous 1968 concert at Folsom prison. The real revelation is Reese Witherspoon as June Carter, a country-music legend in her own right and, after a prolonged courtship that gives this movie its narrative spine, Mrs. Cash. Phoenix’s Johnny can’t keep his eyes off her, and neither can we: she nails the real June’s humor, her easy grace, and her backbone. Both stars do their own singing, and again, Witherspoon takes the cake. Funny, though, that in this age of clumsily catering to the “values” crowd, the couple’s deep religious faith is barely mentioned. (Rating: ***½) —B.H.
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SOUTHERN COMFORT
A view of the Cloister, on Sea Island, Georgia; inset, a vintage postcard.

Century island social
CLOISTER TAKES IT UP A NOTCH

Atlantic spray breezes, handsome oak trees hugged by Spanish moss, Mediterranean arched walkways, and the bursting color of pink azaleas are among the heavenly memories treasured with anyone who has ever visited the Cloister, on Sea Island, Georgia—one of the country's most gloriously understated resorts. The Addison Mizner—designed property, built by Bill Jones in 1928, oozes refined elegance and good breeding and has been a favored destination for generations of Senhovers, Churchills, Goodyears, and Pulitzer.

The Cloister, currently undergoing a $350 million face-lift, has joined the trend of enlisting hot designers to create signature suites. Most notably, Tibi fashion designer Amy Smilovic, who grew up on neighboring Saint Simons Island, has been tapped by the third generation of Joneses not only to pull together the Tibi suite but also to freshen up the resort's Great Rooms and uniforms. Her five Sea Island prints mirror all things indigenous to the area—egrets, palmettos, catamarans, cotton flowers, even drawings of the property—and will be on everything from wall coverings and teacups to the terry-cloth bikinis and luxe beach towels sold at the resort's boutiques. By creating exclusive patterns and destination items, Smilovic and Bill Jones III are essentially seeking to brand the Sea Island lifestyle: "If someone is wearing a jacket they bought at the resort, and the lining is one of my Sea Island prints," says the designer, "we want people to be able to identify that."—PUNCH HUTTON

TIMELESS TOILE

Top of the Rock Fact Box

- John D. Rockefeller and architect Raymond Hood broke ground for the Art Deco skyscraper 30 Rockefeller Plaza in 1931.
- The observation deck was opened to the public in 1933. Its design was inspired by the luxury ocean liners of the era—outfitted with deck chairs, gooseneck fixtures, and air vents that looked like a ship's stacks.
- The observation deck closed to the public in 1986.
- As you rise 850 feet above street level, you can view Rockefeller Center imagery from decades past as it is projected onto the elevators' glass-top ceilings.
- The building's crown, the 70th floor, is 20 feet wide and 200 feet long and offers panoramic views of New York City—the Chrysler Building, the Statue of Liberty, Central Park, the Hudson River.
- It will be open from 8:30 a.m. to midnight. General-admission tickets are $14.

BIRD ON A WIRE

"Hope there's someone who'll take care of me... when I die," trills Antony Hegarty, of Antony and the Johnsons, on the breathtaking first track of the band's recent album, I Am a Bird Now. The voice is a near whisper, trembling but determined, emerging from the wreckage of New York's AIDS-rogued avant-garde like a wildflower forcing itself through the permafrost. This cross-dressing, six-foot-something, downtown performance vet has bewitched the likes of Lou Reed and Boy George. And last month, despite having lived in the U.S. since age 12, he surprisingly won the Mercury Prize for best British or Irish album. But on both sides of the pond, Antony's arresting mix of heart-in-hand hymns of loss and transformation play like an off-the-fitting soundtrack to a very fragile age. —AARON GELL

CROSS-DRESSING
Candy Darling on the cover of Antony and the Johnsons' CD I Am a Bird Now.
Parsifal

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We admire and salute Teal Leoni's dedication to UNICEF, a charity close to her and her family's heart. As a mother, actress and humanitarian, Téa continues to inspire and motivate us all. Di MODOLO proudly supports UNICEF in Téa's honor.

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AS GOUDE AS IT GETS
See Jean-Paul Goude’s vibrant designs and muses in So Far So Goude (Assouline).

VIRTUAL DESIGN
An inspiration board and model from Ralph Lauren: Diary of a Collection (Ralph Lauren Publishing).

ROCK ON
Peter Beard with models, one of many images captured in Mark Seliger’s In My Stairwell (Rizzoli).

MAIS OUI

HIGH SOCIETY
From Richard Avedon’s Woman in the Mirror (Abrams), Liz Pringle in Round Hill, Jamaica, February 1959.

A TIME TO REMEMBER

SOCIAL DESIGN
One of many works included in The Snappy World of New Yorker Fashion Artist Michael Roberts (photobooks Edition 76).
NOW YOU CAN GET ONE BEFORE YOU INK THE RECORD DEAL.

THE ALL-NEW MIDSIZE H3. LIVING UP TO THE OFF-ROAD REPUTATION HUMMER MADE FAMOUS. STARTING AT $29,500. VEHICLE SHOWN $33,200*. P. TAX, TITLE, LICENSE, DEALER FEES, INSTALLATION AND OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT ARE EXTRA. 1.800.REAL.4WD

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, 2005.
Everyone’s All-American

TWENTY YEARS OF TURNING RED, WHITE, AND BLUE INTO GREEN

For those who think of Tommy Hilfiger as the avatar of clean-cut, neo-preppy style, it may come as a shock that the designer’s rag-trade debut was opening a boutique in his hometown of Elmira, New York, specializing in bell-bottons, rolling papers, and pipes. Or that it was at a 1969 Led Zeppelin concert that the designer first grasped the synthesis of music and style that would become the foundation of his fashion empire, now celebrating the 20th anniversary of its first collection. Just how much Hilfiger’s brainstorm had to do with the LSD he dropped that day is anyone’s guess, but as he rhapsodizes over the band “in platform boots, skintight bell-bottoms, and silk blouses, pounding away at ‘Communication Breakdown,’” he sounds like he’s having a flashback. “I’ve got chills just talking about it.”

Hilfiger would spend years trying to dress like a rock star before “cleaning up my act,” as he puts it, and returning to his preppy roots. He founded his own company in 1984, focusing on smart, affordable clothes enlivened by tiny details that carried a residue of rebellion (green stitching on the buttonholes, vibrant patterns hidden inside collars) while remaining fundamentally, refreshingly well mannered. Notes Taboo of the Black Eyed Peas, “He takes a classic look and flips it.”

The formula worked, and Hilfiger—who now divides his time between homes in Connecticut and Vermont and on the islands of Nantucket and Mustique—has stuck with it ever since, even during the grunge era, when the ripped-flannel flag of sartorial surrender fluttered high over Seventh Avenue. With the help of Tommy’s music-fanatic brother, Andy, the label found its strongest adherents in the rap world, especially after Snoop Dogg wore a Hilfiger rugby on Saturday Night Live and Mobb Deep let the world know that “Tommy Hil was my nigga.” Hilfiger returned the love with oversized collections and logos that could be spotted by passing satellites, and by dressing an iPod’s worth of musicians, from Q-Tip and Lil’ Kim to Metallica and Sheryl Crow. The company signed Britney to an ad campaign in 1999, then watched, awestruck, as her debut record hit No. 1. Beyoncé, now the face of Hilfiger’s True Star fragrance, was another early discovery. “He and Andy were always on top of what was happening,” notes Casablanc Records honcho Tommy Mottola. “Tommy’s been able to penetrate every cross section of the culture through music.”

There have been setbacks: Devotees like Russell Simmons and Sean Combs got wise and created their own labels. Hilfiger’s reality series, The Cut, has itself been cut from the CBS schedule, and recently the business pages have reported that Hilfiger is seeking a buyer. He turns aside questions on the subject, preferring to talk about his forthcoming spring collection, based on the slogan “Fresh American Style.” It’s not quite “Stairway to Heaven,” but it has a real nice ring.

—Aaron Gell
A
dmired for her philanthropic endeavors, Vanessa Getty (the mother of two boys and married
to Billy, grandson of oil magnate J. Paul Getty) is one of San Francisco’s leading ladies of
charitable causes. She’s a staunch supporter of Illinois senator Barack Obama, and she pours her
energy into her San Francisco Bay Humane Friends, which provides free spaying and neutering for
the pets of low-income families. Getty is also an ardent collector of vintage couture and is working
on bringing top fashion collections to Northern California. Herewith, a few of her favorites . . .

BEAUTY PRODUCTS
Lipstick WALLCOTT (THE LINE IS FROM
an S.F. makeup artist.)
Mascara CHRISTIAN DIOR Shampoo KÉRASTASE
Hair product PRÉVÉ Moisturizer LA PRAIRIE AND SK-II
Perfume/cologne NOHOO—MY HUSBAND DOESN’T LIKE IT.
Toothpaste SUPERMILE Soup CÉTAPEL.
 Nail Polish color BUBBLE BATH BY OPI

ELECTRONICS
Cell phone MOTOROLA EB15 BLUETOOTH
Computer SONY VAIO Television PIONEER PLASMA
Stereo BANG & OLUFSEN

CLOTHES
Joans SEVEN Underwear COSABELLA
Sneakers NEW BALANCE
Watch CARTIER Tshirt JAMES PERSE
Day bag BALENCIAGA OR CHANEL
Evening bag VINTAGE JUDITH LEIBER

HOME
Sheets FRETTE Coffee-maker JURA-CAPRESSO
Chino FLORA DANICA Car MERCEDES S430

BEVERAGES
Bottled water SAN PELLERGINO Coffee BLE
Favorite cocktail BELVEDERE VODKA
Soy milk or regular? REGULAR

FAVORITE PLACES
SAN FRANCISCO, SOUTH AFRICA, HAWAII

FAVORITE DESIGNER
AZZEDINE ALAIA

ANY PETS?
ONE DOG, FOUR SIAM CATS, AND A TANKFUL OF SALTWATER FISH.

NECESSARY EXTRAVAGANCE
Disneyland with my sons.

DAZZLING BEAUTY
When people say that makeup artist Tom Pecheux
is a feeler, they're not kidding: he greets each
subject with a massage. It’s this kind of sexy
intuition that guides his colorful creations for Shiseido. For the holidays, he’s blended an
erethral array of shades that even neutral-wearers will desire: shimmering highlight
pencils; juicy, jeweled lip glosses; and a starry eye palette. “My point is to
help bring color and fantasy to your
favorite makeup,” he says. “It’s
like playing with a coloring
book when you were a girl:
you give life to that white
page.” —CHRISTINE MUHLIKE

Get runway-ready with
the Tom Ford Estée Lauder
Collection, a fragrance-and-makeup set
encased in gold-fluted packaging designed by
the fashion icon . . . SHU UEMURA’S Ace B.G Signs
Preventing Essence, a new formula with anti-aging
element beta-glucan, nourishes and protects skin . . .
Sold exclusively at Barneys, ODILE LECAIN’S four OR
skin-care products will leave you looking luminous . . .
Preserve your complexion with silky-smooth Sisleys
Daily Line Reducer . . . And indulge in La Crème,
by Clé de Peau Beauté—the gentle
nighttime luxury cream developed by
cellular scientists warrants its $500
price tag. —JESSICA FLINT

MAKEUP TIPS FROM A STARR

“When you’re a makeup artist, there are two things you can do: create a line with a big company
or write a book,” says Paul Starr. Now he’s done both. The director of Estée Lauder’s
national makeup-artist team, he somehow found the time to interview 30 of his favorite faces,
who somehow found the time to share their thoughts on beauty (99 percent say it comes from
within), aging (bring it on!), diet (protein and chocolate), and what they love most in life
(laughter and sex) for Paul Starr on Beauty: Conversations with Thirty Celebrated Women
(Melcher Media). “It was time to show people the intimate world that’s created between a
makeup artist and his muse,” says Starr, who, in his 20-year career, has shared secrets with
everyone from ANJELICA HUSTON to LINDSEY LOHAN. The book also shows readers how to
create their own red-carpet looks, but Starr’s favorite style is clean, like the barefaced starlets he
did for Vanity Fair’s 2002 Young Hollywood cover. “It was the highest compliment when Annie
Leibovitz told me afterward, ‘I love your makeup because it’s about finding the woman.’” —C.M.
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Peter Cincotti wears Ermenegildo Zegna
**SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21**

It's certainly disconcerting when someone comes on strong and then inexplicably cools down, backs off, or disappears entirely—especially for a Scorpio like you, who demands lifetime loyalty from moment one. But what else can you expect when Mars goes retro in your 7th house? Meanwhile, the way you've iced certain people out of your life with no explanation or farewell suggests that you've got a few communication issues of your own. As Jupiter leaves your solar 12th house, let's see some patience and forgiveness on your part.

---

**TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20**

If your wick is wet or you're feeling droopy, it may be Epstein-Barr, but the cosmic explanation seems more likely. When the planetary ruler of self-assertion and motivation stops moving in your sign, it's hard to get going. Your personal battery goes dead and the ignition just won't kick in. For one thing, you're probably fed up with schools, lawyers, and publishers these days, and with the disappointments you've experienced at work it's no wonder you're turned off. Just wait, though. Great big opportunities are right there in front of you.

---

**GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21**

Not counting outbursts from the usually repressed dark side of your personality, you're a peaceful person. It's hard to keep smiling, though, when 8th-house transits convince you that injustices are being perpetrated against you and that you're not getting money you deserve. With Mars in your 12th till at least the end of the year, you could talk yourself into a paranoid rage, but don't. While the ruler of your 7th house is in your 5th, you still have the ability to love—with or without the sex.

---

**CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22**

No matter how many years of therapy you've had, you still think it's your job and your responsibility to kiss everybody's boo-boos. Not that you do it with a smile—with Chiron still transiting your solar 7th house, half the time you're baring your fangs. You're lucky, though. Even as you scramble to put out fires and appease warring factions, the greater benefic planet occupying an exalted position in your solar 4th house is providing you with a beautiful place to live and a loving being to eat with and maybe even sleep with.

---

**LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22**

It takes a heck of a lot of determination to remain focused and enthusiastic at work when Mars goes retrograde in your solar midheaven and Chiron turns direct in your 6th house. Don't give in to the temptation to lose momentum. Right now, it's vitally important for you to stay on course and continue to be the inspiring leader you've set yourself up as. Besides, your head is check-full of great ideas. You've still got a zillion contacts you can hit on, and your communication skills have never been greater. So stop bitching and keep working.

---

**VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22**

Although you may be wise beyond your years in most matters and able to do fractions in your sleep, when it comes to love you still have a few colossal 5th-house lessons to learn. Right now, for instance, there's someone you can't get out of your mind whom you love deeply but can't bring under your control. Until you learn to accept what you're never going to change in other people, that individual will continue to act like a sweet dog that for some reason keeps slipping the leash and running into traffic. At least you have money now.

---

**LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 22**

If the home you've been living in (and what happens in it) has given you cause to pace the floor in the middle of the night and reach for the Maalox, take heart and rejoice. Before too long, Chiron will be leaving your solar 4th house, and if you have learned the lesson of maintaining intimacy without clinging attachment, you'll be totally fine. Even if now and then you do have a few sexual mishaps and miscues that impede emotional bliss, the presence of the greater benefic planet in your sign should keep you in dizzyingly happy denial.
FLOODING THE SPIN ZONE

Stunned by the Hurricane Katrina disaster, the media came out of its defensive crouch and lambasted Washington. Standouts such as Brian Williams, Anderson Cooper, and Shepard Smith spoke truth to power, leaving the likes of Bill O’Reilly to spin the unspinnable and defend the indefensible.

Is it too good to last? The levee break of raw candor that Hurricane Katrina let wild in the media, I mean. In the wake of Rathergate and Newsweek’s shamefaced apology for the Koran-flushed-down-the-toilet story, American journalism had assumed a fetal position, begging for forgiveness from the bloggers, ombudsmen, and op-ed pages giving it so much grief. Such a pitiful sight was this posture that Douglas McCollam, writing in the Columbia Journalism Review, urged the press to climb out of its defensive crouch and stand on its hind legs again. For God’s sake, stop prostrating yourself! Hurricane Katrina tragically granted his wish. In the week following Katrina’s marauding of the Gulf Coast, American journalism magically awakened, arose from its glass coffin, and roused itself to impromptu glory. Locally, the New Orleans Times-Picayune—“the Times-Pic”—performed valiantly, even with its flooded-out staff scattered across Louisiana. Nationally, the press echoed the Rolling Stones with A Bigger Bang and proved it had at least one gnarly blast left in it after decades of noisy frittering.

Coddled since 9/11, President Bush found himself pursued across the bayou by newshounds snappin’ at his rear end.

In contrast to the invasion of Iraq, the network reporters and anchors covering the chaos and misery in the foul floodwaters of Louisiana and Mississippi were unembodied—free to report what was unraveling before them without military or government muzzlers playing chaperone. For once they didn’t have to behave as if they had electronic bracelets beeping their every move. To hear Fox News’s Shepard Smith release an angry howl that hadn’t been heard since Allen Ginsberg went atomic, to see CNN’s courtly Anderson Cooper tell Louisiana senator Mary Landrieu to wake up and smell the corpses (she got the message, later threatening to punch President Bush if the feds kept bad-mouthing local officials), to witness the sobbing breakdown of Jefferson Parish president Aaron Broussard as he told Tim Russert on Meet the Press about the drowning death of an emergency worker’s elderly mother, who had waited four days for a rescue that never came—it was like removing the lid and releasing the pent-up truth. But it was only a matter of time before the lid was screwed back on to prevent any further outbreaks of reality, and the standouts in Hurricane Katrina coverage found themselves standing alone.

Among the standouts was Brian Williams, who vanquished whatever doubts were hanging around the lobby regarding his fitness to succeed Tom Brokaw as numero uno at NBC Nightly News, which bolstered its status as the ratings champion among evening newscasts post-Katrina. No one questioned Williams’s poise, telegenic good looks, seamless delivery, dedication to the job, and deadpan self-deprecation in informal settings (a vital element if one is to be a regular bananer on Imus in the Morning—you have to be able to poke fun at yourself with enough ironic gravitas to indicate that you’re also poking fun at your...
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CNN FINALLY HAD THE EUREKA REVELATION
THAT IT S NEWS ORGANIZATION, NOT A UTILITY CLOSET.

Katrina had unintended consequences for CNN, and experience teaches that unintended consequences are usually bad. Not here. The emergency catalyzed CNN into becoming interesting again, something it hasn't been since co-founder Ted Turner wielded a cocky cigar in his maverick prime. Without "The Mouth from the South" charting course, CNN suffered acute personality drainage. Staggering around like an amnesia victim searching for its lost identity, CNN finally had the cobwebs torn from its eyes by Katrina and had the eureka revelation that it's a news organization, not a utility closet with Robert Novak stuck behind the brooms. In hurricanes past, CNN would dispatch ace host Anderson Cooper close to the landfall spot to latch onto a pole or tree trunk and be lashed by the tempestuous elements; he was the Saint Sebastian of wind and rain. This time the intelligence and commitment Cooper has brought to his nightly show, Anderson Cooper 360°, outshone the location stunt work. The situation here was much more dire, a far deeper inflection, and when the rains stopped, Cooper roamed and reported and didn't put up with guff from excuse-makers. His silverly attack seemed to galvanize those holding down the fort at CNN headquarters, which for too long had been a high-tech Sleepy Hollow.

No program benefited more than CNN's new production, The Situation Room. When CNN unveiled this lavish three-hour-weekday razzle-dazzler on August 8 of this year, hosted by Wolf Blitzer, it threatened to be CNN president Jonathan Klein's crowning folly, perhaps his auto-da-fé. The futuristic set, the sonic bombast, the zoom-in, zoom-out visuals, the fast tempo—this was a new broadcast designed for the mutant race of the wired generation. With multiple screens evoking 24 or the nerve-center lair of Vice President Dick Cheney's undisclosed location (a battery of surveillance cams satellite the earth, zeroing in on every hot spot), The Situation Room was laughably overwrought at first, so hyped up and panic-mode that it approached every story as if it were a possible doomsday device. Hurricane Katrina gave the show an opportunity to justify its fly-eyed delivery system. The multiple screens provided editorial commentary as overview shots of fires and distraught, displaced homeless families crying for relief were juxtaposed with live footage of FEMA spokesmen or White House flacks drowsing in other checkerboard frames. The video compositions gave lie to the bureaucratic assurances, and the assurances sounded weaker with each reiteration. Scathing as the counterpart images were, they were no match for The Situation Room's resident cynic, Jack Cafferty, whose ire showered the mediascape with volcanic ash.

A local fixture on New York's news broadcasts, Cafferty had never quite found the proper slot in the batting order at CNN, where his unsunny disposition conflicted with the breakfast cheer of its morning show, when it was hosted by Bill Hemmer and Soledad O'Brien. After one of his crabby sarcasms, their smiles would get stuck to their teeth as they brain-computed an appropriate response. Youngsters don't quite know what to do with a lunatic cuss like Cafferty, who is among the last of a noble, cranky breed—the licensed curmudgeon. Although H. L. Mencken is often considered the father of the species, it is something of a misnomer where he's concerned. Mencken was too radical in his rejection of Christianity and the average ruck of humanity, too ebullient in his love of beer and German composers, to qualify as a simple sourpuss philosopher. The typical curmudgeon is far more conventional in his pet peeves and personal irks. Sloppy dress, bad grammar, plastic packaging, and snoopy French waiters are what tend to make him chafe. His rumpled face an advertisement for antacid relief, a curmudgeon is primarily a middle-aged male grump out of sorts with modern fads and trendy jargon, growling like an old dog from the porch at the idiot parade going by. (The only female curmudgeon who leaps to mind is southern pistol Florence King, who has retired from her kvetching post at National Review.) With once notable TV curmudgeons such as Henry Morgan and Cleveland Amory dead and fading from memory, Cafferty, Don Imus, and Andy Rooney of 60 Minutes are the only ones still clinging to the bark.

On The Situation Room, Cafferty found the prize soapbox that had eluded him elsewhere on CNN. Pairing him with the bionic Wolf Blitzer was inspired casting. In the Wolf Man, who never blinks, never sweats, never sleeps, and never tires, Cafferty found the perfect straight man—a total stiff. If other hosts didn't know how to react to Cafferty's barbed mutterings, this poses no problems for Blitzer, since he seldom reacts to anything, human interaction not being one
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labeled "O'Reilly Factor." O'Reilly chucked up his colleague's outbursts to hot flashes. "You got some emotion," O'Reilly said with an implicit sneer, the only emotion O'Reilly traffics in being righteous anger. Jeff Jarvis, writing in his BuzzMachine blog, recounts the rest of the segment:

O'Reilly can't ever help saying that he knows what's happening and no one else does: "I knew, I knew that I had a huge bureaucracy like the federal government couldn't move that fast." He tries to defend the feds and blame the locals; Shep won't jump to conclusions and he just gives Bill a cold stare that, I believe, will become his trademark. He cuts O'Reilly down with silence and the authority of experience: He was where O'Reilly wasn't.

What the Smith-O'Reilly face-off uncovered was the schism, the chasm, between those who stuck with the playbook during Katrina and those who went with their perceptions, instincts, and passions. Apart from Smith, everyone at Fox News adhered to the Republican playbook, particularly Brit Hume and Fred Barnes, who bailed out the Bush administration with more zeal than they showed for the flood victims.

Another who stuck to the playbook was Chris Matthews, host of MSNBC's Hardball. He was off his game during Katrina. Or, rather, he was on his game, only it was a game no one else was playing. Matthews mentally funneled the images and info coming from the region into a fixation on finding a savior on horseback. It was embarrassing, his hero-shopping for a big strong manly man to seize the reins. A diligent blogger of high mischief, Digby of Hullabaloo (digbyblog.blogspot.com) compiled a clip reel of Matthews's breathless lobbying with guest after guest for a marque name to seize history by the scruff. "Congressman Livingston, you love that area. You grew up there. That's your home. Do you think we should have somebody like a Rudy Giuliani or a Colin Powell, some big shot on the site who says, I will make the big decisions at federal, state and local levels right now?" "Let me ask you, Howard Safir [former New York City police commissioner], the big question. Should the president have a person of high prestige and command ability, almost like a young Douglas MacArthur or a younger, perhaps, Colin Powell—I don't want to knock him—he might be the right guy—who stands ready to take charge in these tragic situations?" With Bernard Kerik, the disgraced nominee for Homeland Security, who has been enjoying a reputation rehab courtesy of cable talk shows (where he's fawned over as a human boulder of street smarts), Matthews went deep in the pocket and threw long: "You know, whenever we have, Mr. Commissioner [Kerik], a big challenge, like rebuilding Tokyo after World War II or rebuilding Berlin or saving Berlin from the communists, the president of the United States, whoever he was, would name a big figure, Lucius Clay in the Berlin airlift, of course, the general, or of course General MacArthur in Tokyo. "He became basically an American Caesar over there."

Excuse me, but isn't this supposed to be a democracy or republic at least a plausibly semblance of what the Founders intended? The last thing we need or should want is an appointed Caesar swanking around in jodhpurs, brandishing his riding crop. And when are grown men in the media going to get over their gaga schoolgirl crushes on Colin Powell, John McCain, and Rudy Giuliani? Especially since it's clear the latter isn't going to accept a high-profile, high-risk job and jeopardize any possible presidential run with an ill-timed scandal or mistake. (One Bernie Kerik is baggage enough.)

Since 9/11, "America's Mayor" hasn't done anything except make craploads of money and pimp for mediocre Republican candidates, such as Charles Winburn for mayor of Cincinnati. Other names Matthews threw into the hopper as worthy of wearing Caesar's laurel were Jack Welch and Norman Schwarzkopf: two more male-menopause patriarchal heartthrobs.

For all his nervous crackle and Beat-poet stream-of-consciousness babble, Matthews typifies the besetting problem of top-tier American journalism even in the flash point of Hurricane Katrina: the dead, clammily choke hold of Washington consensus, its obsession with famous retreats as the an...
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swells to social ferment. They try to nullify any clamor or unrest from the ground up by re-asserting the Wisdom of Washington. As correspondents in the field were causing a ruckus, the Beltway pundits defended their comfort zone like a castle. Where reporters and rogue elephants such as Cafferty recognized the rupture in American society revealed by the botched evacuation of New Orleans, David Broder (who actually in-toned, “For a president who believes that actions speak louder than words, this is an advantageous setting”), Cokie Roberts, George Will, Mara Liasson, the editorial board of The Washington Post (which must vacation in George Bush’s pants), and other enforcers and preservers of national innocence did their valiant best to chloroform everyone into bland submission. It wasn’t entirely smooth and creamy in the capital. Full of feistiness, the White House press corps beat on White House spokesman Scott McClellan like the Ramones during the daily briefings. But that’s McClellan’s role, to be a super-absorbent sponge for abuse. (White House briefings are the closest C-SPAN gets to pro wrestling.) The Beltway pundits are the agenda police, the articulators of permissible discourse. They may not have the popular reach of Brian Williams or Anderson Cooper, but, unwittingly or not, they help protect the powerful investment the political-corporate oligopoly has in keeping dissent down to a dull roar and division within a few polling points.

Much was made (and rightly so) of the racial rift exposed by Hurricane Katrina. Watching the watery exodus of New Orleans residents, Wolf Blitzer, meaning no ill, made the memorable observation “They are so black,” but in the fever swamps of some conservative blogs and talk-radio blabests, baying lazy, shiftless black folks for being responsible for their own mess was a major form of recreation. One radio talk-show host, Glenn Beck, called some of the stranded “scumbags” and unblooded members of the sentiment “I didn’t think I could hate victims faster than the 9/11 victims,” but the Katrina victims beat their record. This ugly reflex was no surprise. Race is never off the table as a touchy topic in this country, whether the subject is the dearth of black N.F.L. coaches or the crotchly influence of hip-hop or Michael Jackson’s postmodern ambiguity. It’s class, not race, that’s been the great undiscussable. The true eye-opener from Katrina was seeing the flag lifted on the specter of lower-depths poverty in this country. All those poor people—where’d they come from? They’ve been kept under wraps for so long that seeing them massed or queued for food stamps and A.T.M. cards was like having a family secret escape from the cellar.

Poverty has been scrubbed from the American screen with a sanitary wipe. The New York Times can publish chastening headlines about the poverty rate rising under President Bush, but those numbers remain abstractions until faces and bodies apply flesh to them. Network news and reality shows oscillate between salivating over celebrity bling and fretting about the middle-class squeeze (climbing health-care costs, etc.), but those down in the basement of the American Dream might as well be mole people for all the attention they draw. We seldom see anyone on the thin crust of poverty in prime-time entertainment. On soaps like The O.C. or Desperate Housewives, being underprivileged means looking sheepish around the pool for having a laptop or a set of wheels a model/make behind everyone else’s, or, if you’re a parent, being faced with the shudder-precipitity of being forced to send your spoiled brats to community college because the no-good ex is behind on the alimony payments. Afluent characters with trim bods enjoy glossy dilemmas ripe with sexual glow and psychological conflict. Poor people’s problems are like a chronic cough or limp, no fun to dramatize. Summing up the majority attitude toward the poor in his famous review of Michael Harrington’s The Other America, Dwight Macdonald said that poor people never seem able to obtain tract-

APART FROM SMITH, EVERYONE AT FOX NEWS ADHERED TO THE REPUBLICAN PLAYBOOK.

Macdonald was writing in the 60s, when there were still institutional consequences in Washington that could be nagged into action, however ill-conceived. We’re much slicker about our self-interests now, finding it within our hearts to forgive ourselves for letting large pockets of society rot at the curb. Katrina made that indifference less easy to maintain, but America is a big country, capable of swallowing and digesting a banquet of intractable problems and still sinking into a long nap. Especially if that nap is undisturbed by an independent press. Journalists aren’t comfortable being too far out in front of a story, and for good reason. One false move, one embarrassing mistake, one expensive lawsuit, and they may be Ratherized into radioactive material. With Katrina, they saw no choice but to be out front, and they acquitted themselves heroically. It would be craven to retreat now and reverse momentum. In a USA Today article titled “Katrina Rekindles Adversarial Media,” Boston University professor Bob Zelnick was quoted as offering a cautionary contrarian view about the turbocharged reportage.

“I do not believe the press is guilty of the charge that it abandoned its healthy skepticism in Iraq, and I would hate to see it draw the inference from New Orleans that ‘in your face’ journalism is the panacea for restoring our lost credibility,” he said. I say. Ignore that man at the chalkboard and his wet-blanket advice. “In your face” is preferable to being on your knees. Save the genuflection for Sunday Mass."
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MEANWHILE,
IN AN UNDISCLOSED LOCATION . . .

Just when a weakened Bush administration needs steel-plated gravitas, Dick Cheney has gone off the radar. Explanations abound: The veep is gaming the next 9/11... No, he's sabotaging Condi Rice... He's mapping out a nuclear attack against Iran... The author has his own theory.

The true helmsman of the Bush administration, its philosophical architect, its psychic heart, its blood and guts, is missing in action. He's become a media vacancy, a hole where the normal huffing and puffing of a politician's demand for attention should be.

According to his office, he's at work in Washington, or fly-fishing at his Wyoming ranch, or out giving good-cause speeches which the press hasn't been covering. But as to the vice president's performance of his specific role as the administration's strength, authority, gravitas—just as the administration most needs strength, authority, and gravitas—he's slipped out the back, dematerialized.

Disaster relief is the time-honored province of vice presidents, but it took him 11 days to make the scene of one of the worst natural disasters in U.S. history—and there he wore his discomfort, even sullenness, even lack of interest, as obviously as his chinos.

His office, oddly, or nervously, or defensively, refuses to supply a daily schedule of his recent activities, and, furthermore, makes this refusal off the record. (Truly—a spokesperson refused to provide information only under the condition that I agreed not to say she refused to provide information.)

At this point in any normal two-term presidency you invariably begin to see a distance growing between the administration proper and its vice president. The vice president, nurturing his nascent power base—most every veep would've been itching to get to New Orleans, to collect media face time and a bounty of local IOUs—begins to plan for a future, begins to see his real life beginning. It's a complex condition between president and vice president, as between adolescent and parent, in which the veep becomes both opportunistic malcontent and, as designated successor, last best hope.

But Cheney you have to see differently—he isn't the average or historical veep. He's so obviously a parent, rather than an adolescent. He's not developing a power base—his power is inherent in the very nature of this administration. He doesn't have a separate identity (part of his identity is that he's not interested in a separate one). There's no reason we shouldn't be looking to Cheney for the deepest meaning of the Bush presidency—because it's as much the Cheney presidency (certainly as much the vice president's presidency as any presidency has been).

Or it's the Iraq presidency—that's its consuming theme. And Iraq is most consistently and cogently—historically, ideologically, temperamentally—Cheney's war. The neocons are his army. Defense Secretary Rumsfeld (hired on Cheney's say-so) is his comrade-in-arms. A reasonable thesis—one that will surely occupy presidential historians—is that without Cheney George Bush, who heretofore had scant historical, ideological, or temperamental connection to the issue, would have been a lot more equivocal about the whole Iraq shebang. You could argue no such thesis for any other vice president in the nation's history—that his interests and passions were paramount.

So where is he? Why isn't he defending, selling, standing tall, buttressing the president at every breach in the levee?

Well, if Cheney best represents Iraq, and if Iraq has become, in virtually everybody's estimation (save perhaps that of the four or five ranking members of the administration), lose-lose, then Cheney's low profile might suggest a new ambivalence within the administration, possibly a rethinking. Cheney's public persona may have been downgraded by the president's people in their efforts to project a kinder, gentler intractable situation. A way of communicating "we care" could be to minimize Cheney, the hardest guy among hard guys, the scariest of the scary.

Indeed, his last major front-page appearance, before his reju-
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The administration’s way of communicating “we care” could be to minimize Cheney, the scariest of the scary.

with a hurricane that’s caught you with your empathetic and logistical pants down—you want to use your biggest guns to project and insist upon your freedom from self-doubt and wishy-washiness. The way both the Gulf war and the initial response to the Gulf Coast disaster have been played is right out of the Cheney stand-firm, breathe-slow, register-minimal-emotion exercise book. The president’s entire rhetorical focus has been to project his own, and his administration’s, psychological immunity. (When, after two and a half weeks, he took official responsibility for the official disaster relief cock-up, it was only as a procedural, fact-finding matter.) The war has got to be fought—nobody ought to question that (we’re in so deep now that nobody, practically speaking, can question it). Natural disasters happen—so be it, damn it (if God had meant for his divine judgment to be met with massive federal intervention, he wouldn’t have invented conservatives). The vaguest intimation of spontaneous feeling—five minutes at a dead soldier’s mother’s encampment, or diverting the presidential-holiday plane for a visit to the Ninth Ward—is out of character for this administration. (These boys know how Clinton would have responded and it makes them cringe.)

This steadfastness is a pretty precarious line to walk, but, in a way, it’s a truly principled conservative line: government is not about making you feel better—sorry. If government must help, it should do so grudgingly. That we drag our feet is not, in fact, incompetence; it’s what we believe. And yet, if you really want to walk this line, where is your best guy at walking it? The embodiment of conservative detachment. Your president of coldness. How come he’s not back on Larry King showing some monosyllable backbone?

I confess to a certain admiration for the Cheney snauchness. Such helpless admiration wouldn’t be mine alone: his very lack of needing to be liked, that political novelty, has been, I think, a secret electoral tonic. His eschewing of emotion—his stoic handling of the gay daughter, for instance—has gained him some honest no-bunk cred. He and Halliburton may be crooked, but his eat-me attitude somehow elevates him above mere greed. And while his last-of-the-true-truly-white-men demeanor makes the left go crazy, that evidently total lack of feeling, that pitilessness, has been profoundly uplifting for the white-man conservative base (here too I confess a certain over-50 white-man nostalgia—my father’s friends looked like Cheney).

So where is the big guy? How come, when doubtlessness and implacability are most needed, the president—not really such a convincing cowboy—is riding alone?

Still, there is with Cheney a sense, unique among politicians, that when he’s not in the limelight, when he’s not exercising his political ego, he may actually be doing work. Even that he prefers to work—again, unique among politicians—in secret. That working in secret, black-arts secrecy, far from pub-

EYE OF THE STORM
President Bush says he is sending Cheney, left, to the hurricane-ravaged Gulf Coast, September 6, 2005.

lic scrutiny, is his reason for being.

For instance, Pat Buchanan’s anti-Iraq-war American Conservative magazine reports that “the Pentagon, acting under instructions from Vice President Dick Cheney’s office, has tasked the United States Strategic Command (STRATCOM) with drawing up a contingency plan to be employed in response to another 9/11-type terrorist attack on the United States. The plan includes a large-scale air assault on Iran employing both conventional and nuclear weapons.”

Then, too, the Houston Chronicle reported a “hush-hush” plan for the vice president to fly into Houston to headline a big fund-raiser for Tom DeLay, the House majorly leader, who is mired in scandal and assorted investigations—“hush-hush” is certainly in the vice president’s limited political tonal range.

The Hattiesburg (Mississippi) American claims that shortly after the storm hit the Gulf Coast and took down the electrical system, the vice president’s office was ordering that power be restored to a pipeline that supplies the Northeast—thereby delaying other efforts to restore local power. Hmm ... perhaps not out of character that the vice president would, in fact, be on top of the disaster, but that his response would be strictly petrochemical-centric.

The liberal Talkingpointsmemo.com has Cheney leading the Bolton wars. John Bolton, the embattled nominee for U.S. ambassador to the United Nations, whom the president finally shoehorned into the job by special recess appointment, was, according to Talking Points Memo, a Cheney soldier in the internal battle to undermine Colin Powell and other voices less committed to waging the Iraq war. Now, Talking Points Memo theorizes that Bolton, at the U.N., is working for Cheney in a bid to undermine Condoleezza Rice. This is definitely Cheney, working through a series of secrets and agents—his people are everywhere.

Indeed, it may be that he’s keeping his head down now precisely because the force of events is tracking back to him a hot problem through one of his seconds, Scooter Libby. The outing of C.I.A. agent Valerie Plame is reaching rather too close for comfort to the vice president—best just not to be available for anyone to ask you what you knew and when you knew it.

But the specter and potential of Cheney’s secret government...
Navigate life
He might just be too busy to come out for a photo op.

DRIVE-BY
Cheney views Katrina's destruction from the seat of a Hummer.
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The Man Who Ate Hollywood

A giant of a man, Marvin Davis lived a giant life. Rocky Mountain wildcatter turned Hollywood mogul, he treated Twentieth Century Fox as his personal playground, broke all the rules (even his own), and, when he died last year, left his family warring over what may be a vanished $5.8 billion fortune.

By Mark Seal

Marvin Davis was the biggest human being I ever met, and not just in size, though at six feet four and 300-plus pounds he was certainly that. Davis was big in every way. In 2000, when I interviewed him for Golf Digest—one of the rare interviews he ever granted—he sat elevated above me behind a massive desk on a pedestal in his vast, peach-colored chandelier-lit office in Fox Plaza, the 34-story office building on the Avenue of the Stars in Century City, California. Davis's desk was a replica of the Denver oil baron Blake Carrington's on Dynasty; the 1980s TV series, which was said to have been inspired by Davis back when he dominated Rocky Mountain oil. Davis had built Fox Plaza—which was featured in Die Hard, the 1988 Bruce Willis movie—later sold it for a $50 million profit, then bought it back for $253 million, only to sell it again for an $80 million profit.

"We'll talk about golf, O.K.?" he said, in...
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his huge, gravelly voice, while simultaneously keeping his eye on dual market-watch screens. That was our deal—to talk about golf only. Not about his game, in which he gambled for thousands of dollars, but about how he’d snatched up Pebble Beach, the exclusive Northern California golf resort, along with the Aspen Skiing Corporation, as part of the deal when he bought Twentieth Century Fox for more than $700 million in 1981 and how, nine years later, he’d sold Pebble Beach alone to the Japanese for $840 million. Then, during the market collapse in Japan, Davis almost bought the resort back for a fraction of the cost. He proudly showed me a picture of him on the course at Pebble Beach—so enormous that the club in his hands looked like a toothpick. “I never fall in love with any asset,” Davis said. “But that one I came closest to. That’s why I tried to buy it back.”

The less he revealed, the more I wanted to know: how this giant of a man, then 74 and less than five years away from death, had conquered various industries, drilling or participating in an estimated 10,000 oil and gas wells to become “Mr. Wildcatter,” snapping up Twentieth Century Fox mostly with other people’s money, buying the Beverly Hills Hotel for $135 million and promptly flipping it for a $65 million profit, and dazzling Hollywood with parties so ostentatious they made everyone else’s look bland. In 2004, the year of his death, *Forbes* ranked him the 30th-richest individual in America, with a net worth of $5.8 billion. Yet he somehow managed to avoid ever having his story fully told. “It’s an amazing story,” his friend former president Gerald Ford told me. Yet when I suggested to Davis that we forget about golf and talk about him, the interview was over. He had another appointment, he said. As I headed out the door, he shouted that he’d get back to me, which, I later discovered, was what he told everybody.

Like Blake Carrington, Marvin Davis spawned a dynasty with Barbara, his wife of 53 years: two sons, John, a Hollywood movie producer, and Gregg, a Houston oilman; three daughters, Nancy and Dana, who live in Los Angeles, and Patricia, who lives in New York. Of his 14 grandchildren, the most visible is Brandon Davis, frequently in the gossip columns owing to his relationship with Mischa Barton, star of *The O.C.*

Like the Carringtons, the Davises are a dynasty at war. On September 13, a year after Marvin’s death, a 169-page lawsuit was filed by his eldest daughter, Patricia. “This is a case about greed, theft, and betrayal,” the lawsuit begins, “a case about how Marvin Davis, who was one of the wealthiest men in America, systematically stole hundreds of millions of dollars from the trust created for his oldest daughter, Patricia Davis Raynes, to finance his own business interests, the business interests of his two favored sons, and a lavish lifestyle for himself, his wife Barbara Davis, and his other children. Acting out of greed, spite, and malice, Marvin Davis and his close cohort of co-conspirators abused, isolated, and stole from Patricia because she dared to question Marvin Davis, and dared to leave Los Angeles for New York to live her own life. Patricia’s brothers and sisters knew about, took advantage of, and greedily accepted the benefits from the wrongful, illegal acts of Marvin Davis, Barbara Davis, and their coterie of advisers and sycophants.”

The suit, filed by Boies, Schiller & Flexner, the firm of David Boies, who represented Al Gore in the Florida-recount case, seeks unspecified damages against Barbara Davis, her four other children, and a series of advisers: Leonard Silverstein, a family attorney; Kenneth Kilroy, president and chief operating officer of the Davis Companies; Grace Barragato-Drulias, chief financial officer of the Davis Companies; the law firm of Buchanan Ingersoll P.C.; and others. When Patricia, now 53, turned 21 in 1973, she claims, she was entitled to begin receiving millions from a trust fund set up for her in 1967 by her paternal grandparents, Jack and Jean Davis. “Instead of distributing the trust property to Patricia when she turned twenty-one, Marvin forged Patricia’s signature on new trust documents,” the lawsuit reads. “To keep control of Patricia’s trust property, Marvin coerced Patricia by threats and acts of violence, to sign still other documents that perpetuated his control of her property.” For more than 30 years, as her sole trustee, Marvin defrauded his eldest daughter, the lawsuit contends, in a variety of ways, including stealing, commingling, profligately spending, and taking enormous salaries as trustee. “Marvin repeatedly told Patricia that she was worth over $300 million, that she was a ‘very wealthy girl,’ and that she would never have to worry about anything,” the lawsuit reads. Around July of 2002, however, according to the suit, “Patricia complained yet again to Marvin that she needed to have her trust assets available to her.” Marvin responded dismissively, telling Patricia that if she was unhappy, he would buy out her entire trust for $10 million. By Marvin’s own reckoning...
The world grows more sensible by the day.
Refuse to go quietly.

HARRY WINSTON
Patricia's trust had earned over $170 million in profits by 1995, in addition to over $42 million in original capital. Nonetheless Silverstein, at Marvin and Kilroy's direction, undertook to draft documents that falsely calculated the value of Patricia's trust as only $10 million, imposed on her trust significant liabilities as a result of Marvin's self-dealing transactions, and split up her trust assets among Marvin, Barbara, John, and Gregg. These documents were never shown to Patricia until after she became trustee of her own trust, months after Marvin had died.

Patricia, who is married to New York real-estate developer Martin Raynes, has three children and resides in Southampton and Manhattan. An avid horsewoman, she is often in the society columns. She and her husband made headlines in 1994, when their friend Vitas Gerulaitis, the tennis star, died of carbon-monoxide poisoning while sleeping in a bungalow on the Rayneses' Southampton estate. In 1991, Martin Raynes declared bankruptcy. Several years later, he and Patty sold some properties, including their $14 million apartment on Fifth Avenue to Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen.

A few days after Marvin's death, according to the lawsuit, Patricia suffered the final indignity. She says she was told that her billionaire father had actually died broke, leaving, according to the complaint, a hopelessly entangled estate with at least one loan secured by his palatial Beverly Hills home, the Knoll, which Barbara soon sold for a reported $46 million and then moved into two bungalows at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Asked to respond to the claims in Patricia's lawsuit, Michael Sitrick, chairman of Sitrick and Company, longtime Davis family spokesman and public-relations counsel, stated, "The family is both shocked and saddened by this action. They are confident that claims in the complaint will be proven untrue and that Patty's lawsuit will be shown to have no merit. The family is hard-pressed to understand Patty's bitterness toward them, given the tens of millions of dollars she has received over the years." He also said, "While we are not going to respond to the complaint on an allegation-by-allegation basis, we reiterate that the family is confident that claims in the complaint will be proven untrue and that Patty's lawsuit will be shown to have no merit." Asked if Patricia consulted with the family before filing the lawsuit, Sitrick responded, "There were a number of discussions between other family members' counsel with Patty's counsel. The families' attorneys told them they believed the allegations had no merit. Unfortunately, Patty filed the lawsuit anyhow." Asked if Mr. Davis's estate was as financially precarious at the time of his death as Patricia claims, Barbara Davis responded through Strick, "If that was the case, then one would have to ask why Patty would file the lawsuit."

Where did the billions go, if they are gone? They probably went to feed Marvin Davis's gargantuan lifestyle.

"He'd put his arm around you and say, 'I'm going to take care of you!""

A fireplug of a man, he joined the British Navy after having been denied a college scholarship because he was Jewish. He took up boxing in the navy and eventually wound up in New York.

Taking "any jobs to survive," according to his brother, Charles, Jack Davis eventually managed to connect with some salesmen in the garment industry. Soon he was working as a $200-a-week buyer for a store in New Jersey, and he went on to found the Jay Day Dress Company, specializing in cheap dresses. He married a beautiful New York blonde, Jean Spitzer, and on August 31, 1925, they had a son, Marvin, followed four years later by a daughter, Joan.

Jay Day occupied two floors on Seventh Avenue in Manhattan, and by the late 1940s, Jack was shipping 200,000 dresses a month, to mom-and-pop stores as well as to J. C. Penney. He had a regular table at '21,' an apartment on the Upper East Side, and a chauffeur-driven Cadillac. His son attended the prestigious Horace Mann School for Boys, in Riverdale, New York. "Marvin looked like a movie actor—tall, blond hair, blue eyes," says Richard Bielen, his best boyhood friend. "He looked like a young Marlon Brando," according to another friend, Joan Levan. "I'll hang you the money as I make it." Marvin Levan, Joan's husband, remembers his friend Marvin Davis telling him during weekly crap games. "He was the high roller, and I was, like, his treasurer. He always won." "Marv the Suave," as he was called in the Horace Mann yearbook, grew up in his father's flashy world of schmugglers, salesmen, and gamblers. Then, sometime in the late 1930s, Jack Davis began to move from dresses into oil. Marvin glimpsed his future in Miami, while vacationing with his family at the Roney Plaza Hotel, a getaway favored by garment-industry entrepreneurs. One day, when a swimmer was seen in danger of drowning offshore, two men jumped in to save him: Jack Davis and a person named Ray Ryan, from Evansville, Indiana, who shortly thereafter presented Jack with the gamble of a lifetime.

Ryan was the ultimate high roller. According to the journalist Herb Maryn, he was one of the greatest cardsharps who ever lived. A confidant of celebrities, politicians, and mobsters, he called Texas oil baron H. L. Hunt, whom he had supposedly fleeced of several hundred thousand dollars on a cruise to Europe, his "pigeon." His friends included Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, and Clark Gable. A primary developer of Palm Springs, he became partners with the actor William Holden to create the Mount Kenya Safari Club, whose members included not only John Wayne and Bing Crosby but also, allegedly, high-ranking members of organized crime. In 1977, Ryan was blown up in his Lincoln Continental in an alleged Mob hit.

In addition to being a gambler, Ryan was a wildcatter, an independent oilman searching for oil outside of known leases, leasing mineral rights, lining up investors, and drilling oil wells on a "third for a quarter" deal, meaning that each investor paid one-third of the cost and got one-fourth of the interest—leaving the wildcatter with a one-fourth interest in the well for his promotion. In 1939, when Evansville was in the midst of an oil boom, Ryan found an investor to lease acreage for $10,000 and struck oil in 20 locations, which poured out 3,000 barrels a day. After reportedly raking in $350,000, he sold his lease on the land for another $250,000 and created the Ryan Oil Company. There was big money to be made in oil, Ryan told Jack.

"As luck would have it, Jack not only hit one well but two in a row," says Richard Bielen. "He hadn't a clue as to what he was doing, but he was the luckiest guy alive," says Dallas investor Alan May. Jack got many of his friends in the garment business to invest in oil wells, and in 1939 he founded the Davis Oil Company, in partnership with the Ryan Oil Company. When Marvin was a young man, he worked on oil rigs and in other parts of the business. Meanwhile, his father went west with a war chest of funds from his dress business. He dazzled Denver. "Listen, this was before television was around very much," says a vet-
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eran Colorado oilman, “and he knew all the current jokes first, and he told them extremely well. He knew famous people, people outside the oil business, and the head of every corporation in town.” Jack drill an extraordinary number of dry holes. “It was right out here in the Denver-Julesberg Basin,” the oilman remembers. “Nobody had ever done that before, and then the next year he drilled the same number and didn’t hit anything again.”

After graduating from New York University in 1946, Marvin moved to Evansville, Ray Ryan’s hometown, to work in company management. He expanded operations into Texas, then Oklahoma, Denver Petroleum Club building and was soon as facile with men and money as his father. Dwarving Jack, Marvin was often seen bursting from the red leather booths of the Palace Arms in Denver’s Brown Palace Hotel, where oilmen lubricated from silver trays.

“I took on an 80-well deal from Amoco on the east side of the Denver-Julesberg Basin,” he told a gathering of famous wildcatters in Houston in 2003. “cheap wells, $7,000 a well, shallow. I drilled 80 straight dry holes. . . . I figured there’s no oil left in the United States! So every Sunday I took the kids—we used to drive to the supermarket, get our goodies for the week—and we stopped at the gas station to get the car filled. I took the nozzle, put it in the car, and it didn’t work. . . . And my wife looked at me, in her nice, little way, and said, ‘You can’t even find oil in a gas station!’”

“I went up to Marvin’s office, and I was telling him how badly I felt . . . and he says, ‘Aw, that’s all right. Tommy, I made $5,000 off each one of them,’” recalls Tom Yancey, then manager of Amoco’s Denver land department. “I thought, I’m not going to worry about Marvin anymore. He promoted the hell out of every well he drilled. He had more partners—he had ‘em coming out of the gunnys [as],’”

Marvin had too many partners, in fact, says Yancey. “Sometimes over 100 percent—more money from investors than it cost to drill the well.” A well was a dry hole, “normally it wasn’t going to cost him anything.”

The only thing that was non-negotiable was Marvin’s family.”
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For the initial investment, Marvin told us to sell, but we didn’t, and we were smarter than Marvin. The children are still getting income from that investment.

“He was tough, very tough,” remembers Dallas oilman Bill Saxon, who knew Davis for 30 years. “Davis Oil Company deals would come what we call fairly ‘loaded,’ which means they had a lot of promotion in them, which is profit to his company going in… He always operated the well and used his drilling rigs, which were subject to whatever price he wanted to charge. And he also had a pipe-and-supply company, so he supplied all the pipe, which is almost half the cost of the well. We were always overcharged, which made it tough to deal with him.”

“We got an elephant!” Davis would exclaim to his investors, and he insisted that they were earning returns well above industry averages. The only thing Davis was reserved about was speaking with the press.

In the basement of Denver’s U.S. District Court, however, are the remains of a five-year lawsuit, AE Investments, Inc. v. Davis Oil Company, Marvin Davis et al., in which he and his strategies spring to life.

Between 1981 and 1982, A.E. Investments, a subsidiary of insurance giant Aetna Life & Casualty, invested $168 million in Davis Oil. The wildcat seduced them, Aetna’s officers later insisted in court documents, urging them to trust him, promising that he put their interests before his own. Even though he said he himself was investing about $150 million in his 1981 drilling program. In February 1981, Aetna invested $15 million. In May, the first “discovery” of oil was made, after which Davis flew to the company’s office in Hartford, Connecticut. He was “hot,” he said, and the oil patch was so hot that he encouraged Aetna to pony up another $100 million, explaining that its original $15 million wasn’t nearly enough to do justice to the program’s potential. Aetna came up with $60 million more. By late 1981, Davis suggested that the company throw in an additional $75 million, assuring the officers that the program was going great and that the “majors” or big oil companies, were eager to invest, so Aetna had better beat them to it.

By then, according to court papers, Aetna was in 98 exploratory wells, which Davis assured them had a success ratio of 34 percent, almost double the national average. For 1982, Aetna committed another $30 million, for $50 million, shaking hands with Aetna’s officers on the deal. Then, through his lawyer, Edward Bennett Williams, Davis called Aetna’s bluff. The deal was off and Aetna could sue, Davis said, although he doubted that would happen, because it would be an “embarrassment” to the insurance giant.

Six years after the suit was filed, however, on the day before the trial was to begin, Davis folded. “He settled on the courthouse steps for essentially what we were charging because he didn’t want the negative publicity,” says Conrad.

Davis had already had problems with the federal authorities. In 1979 six F.B.I. task forces, looking into $2 billion worth of industry overcharges in the oil business, claimed that Davis, as the head of Summit Transportation Company, had reclassified old oil as new oil to avoid price controls and reap illegal profits. Edward Bennett Williams worked his magic. Davis had to pay only a $20,000 civil penalty, while Summit was slapped with a $3 million fine and forced to pay $17 million in refunds.

Neither the lawsuit nor the federal indictment slowed Davis down one bit. By the early 1980s he was flying from his Denver mansion, which had a bowling alley and a staff of 12, to his homes in Vail, Palm Springs, and New York, first on his Gulfstream III, later on his Boeing 727.

“One time I asked him, ‘Marvin, how do you always know when to sell?’” remembers Charles Simmons. “And he said, ‘There is always a time to get off the train.’” That time came in the fall of 1980.

William Wilder, then C.E.O. of Hiram Walker and its oil-production subsidiary, Home Oil Company, walked into Davis’s office seeking to increase his company’s investment in oil and natural gas. “It was a very steamy time in the oil-and-gas market,” Wilder tells me. The company had enlisted Morgan Stanley to scout out oil opportunities, and the investment firm had suggested Davis Oil. Wilder remembers Davis telling him he had a good reason for considering a sale.

Davis had recently undergone minor surgery for skin cancer on his lip. “He said he was dying of cancer,” says Wilder. “He only had a year to live. That’s why they wanted to sell the properties.”

Up for grabs were 830 wells and 767,000 exploratory acres stretching from Wyoming to Louisiana, which Hiram Walker calculated could yield 8.8 million barrels of oil and 106 billion cubic feet of natural gas. Wilder says that with Davis that day was Ray Kravis, the oilman father of financier Henry Kravis, of Kohlberg Kravis Roberts. He told Wilder that Davis would be calling for tender offers from Shell, Exxon, and Chevron. “It was supposed to be a bidding contest,” Wilder says. “Whether it was or not, who knows?”

The deal was announced in January 1981. The purchase price: $630 million. By early 1982 the bottom had dropped out of the oil-and-gas market and Wilder was at Hiram Walker’s annual meeting announcing that the reserves in the Davis wells were 20 to 25 percent less than anticipated and that the company might take a markdown of roughly $145 million after taxes. “We will know in a month if we have a case of misrepresentation,” Wilder was quoted as saying in The Wall Street Journal, which prompted Davis to threaten a slander suit.

“They claimed that Marvin had misled them, that the properties weren’t worth half of so what he’d sold it for,” says oilman Charles Simmons. “Marvin said, ‘I never said what it was worth. You offered me this amount of money, and that’s what I took.’”

Davis was by no means at death’s door. He had simply played a winning hand, raking in $630 million worth of chips, which he planned to parlay into something fun, he said. “At my stage of life… I’m not going into anything unless there’s a little fun in it.”

“You made a great sale,” Ira Harris, the mergers-and-acquisitions wizard at Salomon Brothers, remembers telling Davis. “Now I’ve got a great buy for you.”

“What?” asked Davis.

“Twentieth Century Fox,” says Harris. Davis was infatuated with Hollywood. He had had his first taste of it at his Palm Springs vacation house, where he and Barbara entertained Gary Morton and his wife, Lucille Ball. He had a screening room in his
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house in Denver, and he owned a real theater, University Hills Cinema, where his kids occasionally worked at the concession stand. Davis listened eagerly as Harris extolled the potential of Fox. “I love it!” he said. “I want it!”

Fox was in turmoil, embroiled in an internal war between its chairman, Dennis Stanfill, and its vice-chairman, Alan Hirschfield. According to a 1981 account in the Los Angeles Times, “Intrigue at the studio had been worthy of a 17th-century French court: power plays, corporate backstabbing, careful fence-sitting.” Fox was also rich. Aside from its film and TV businesses, the studio owned an extensive film library, the 63-acre lot in Century City, a record-and-publishing division, movie theaters in Australia and New Zealand, a home-video operation in Michigan, a Coca-Cola bottling plant, and two top-of-the-line resorts, Pebble Beach, in California, and the Aspen Skiing Corporation, in Colorado.

At a fall 1980 meeting of the board, it was determined that the company stock was, at about $35 a share, grossly undervalued, by a third or a quarter of what it should have been, according to Alex Ben Block’s book Outfoxed. Fearing a leveraged buyout, Stanfill sought to take the company private, and when his efforts failed, according to Hirschfield, “it was like hanging out a for sale sign.” Fox was, in Wall Street terms, “put in play,” ripe for a takeover. “Don’t be cheap. Don’t pussyfoot. Make a rational bid to preclude a bidding war,” Edward Bennett Williams told Davis, according to The Man to See, by Evan Thomas. Davis quickly made a written offer, of what would amount to $60 a share, which Williams delivered to Stanfill, who stood to make $7 million on his shares alone.

As always, Davis set up the deal with minimum financial risk to himself. He split off Fox’s real-estate holdings, then dealt in Aetna. The insurance giant paid him $183 million for a 50 percent interest in Aspen, Pebble Beach, and the Fox studio however, Rich agreed to take one-half of the Fox investment and to let Davis keep all of the voting power.

According to Outfoxed, Continental Illinois National Bank granted Davis unlimited credit on the Fox deal, which would amount to $550 million. Davis kept his partners and credit arrangements confidential, which led the Fox board to believe that he was buying the studio on his own and would make few changes—even though he had reportedly made a handshake deal to sell off Fox’s movie and TV operations to MGM’s Kirk Kerkorian.

For Davis the deal was a poker game, and at the last minute he balked. “The day before the board meeting, Davis backed

“He’d order three appetizers, three entrees, and three desserts.”
Welcome to the suck
As a welcome, they took over a huge soundstage and had a party, inviting the industry to come and meet Marvin Davis," said Solters. "And I had to stand next to him when the cars pulled up and tell him who was coming up the walkway... From the side of my mouth, I'd say, 'Here comes Norman Brokaw, William Morris honcho,' and he would say, 'How are you, Mr. Brokaw?' My God, he loved it. There is no word in the dictionary. He loved it!"

Davis was formally introduced to Hollywood at a Friars Club roast, attended by Cary Grant, Gregory Peck, Ginger Rogers, and a slew of comedians. "I can't tell you how much I've enjoyed watching him eat a Buick," said Milton Berle. Jan Murray said Davis was "the only man alive who wears Orson Welles designer jeans." Gary Morton said that someday Davis's footprints would be in cement at Grauman's Chinese. "They won't be as big as John Wayne's, but they'll be deeper," he said.

"Go see Porky's!" Davis roared, referring to Fox's universally panned raunchfest, one of the biggest hits of the year.

Hirschfeld recalls, "I think it was confirmed later by Marvin that he had really looked at Fox as a real-estate deal." But the world of movies enthralled him.

Davis took on the management of the studio himself. When Stanfill tried to fire the head of the studio's television unit, Harris Katleman, for $2,500 worth of questionable expenses on a trip to a television festival in Monte Carlo, Davis was shocked. For him, a dispute over expenses was no cause for termination. Besides, Katleman was successfully selling shows to the networks. So in the end Katleman stayed and Stanfill quit, filing a breach-of-contract suit which was reportedly settled for $4 million.

Davis moved into Stanfill's office, and he tore down the wall separating executives from staff in the commission so that all of Fox could watch him at his favorite pastime: lunch. He rented a bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel for $1,000 a night and began flying to L.A. with Barbara on his jet every Thursday night and returning to Denver Sunday evening. Every Friday he would gather all department heads, and the machinery of a major studio would grind to a halt as they attempted to teach him the movie business.

"He knew zero, zippo," said Katleman. "He'd show up at the studio on Friday, and it would be chaos," says Hirschfeld. "He'd say to me, 'I don't want to look at any pilots—just tell me how we do,'" says Katleman. "We were No. 1 for television shows, and Alan Alda had an option to do M*A*S*H again. I told Marvin, 'It's been going on for seven years, and we're going to have to pay him $200,000 an episode.'

Marvin said, 'Wait a minute! You're paying this guy 200 grand? I said, 'Yeah!' And he said, 'Replace him!' I said, 'Marvin, you can't replace him! He's a star.' And he says, 'Oh, come on, there's lots of actors you can get.' I said, 'We just sold the rerun rights to every episode that Alda makes, and we're getting $20 million.' 'Ah,' he said, 'that's a good deal!'

In Davis's first interview as the head of Fox, he told the Los Angeles Times that President and Mrs. Reagan had recently complained to him about excessive sexual imagery in films. He said the president had suggested that he produce films that implied, instead of showing, sex, in the style of the great 1940s director Ernst Lubitsch. "Lubitsch?" Davis said he had asked Reagan. "Who the hell is Lubitsch?"

On his first day at the studio, Davis asked, "Who actually makes the movies?" Sherry Lansing, he was told. "Send him in," Davis said. When Lansing, the first woman to head production at a major American studio, entered Davis's office, he barely looked up. "No, I don't need any coffee now, honey," he said.

"No, no, no. I'm Sherry Lansing, and I'm the head of Twentieth Century Fox," she said. "And he looked at me and said, 'No, I want Jerry Lansing,' and I said, 'Marvin, I'm Sherry Lansing, and I'm the one who runs the studio.' And he said, 'A girl?' And I went, 'Yeah, a girl.'"

"That was the beginning of what would be a wonderful relationship of mutual respect," says Lansing, whom Davis began calling Dollface.

Another woman at Fox was Davis's daughter Patricia. For about a year she worked for no pay in the New York office. It didn't take Hollywood long to begin..."
kissing Davis's ample behind. "You got money, you own a studio, you want to make movies, they find you," says Hirschfield. "He'd meet them at parties, or dinner, and he'd say, 'I want to do pictures!' He didn't understand that's like giving a blowtorch to an arsonist. If you tell somebody in Hollywood, 'I want to make a movie with you,' they go crazy. Sherry would get a call; I'd get a call.

"He brought in the director Billy Wilder, and we actually gave him an office at the studio," Hirschfield continues. "I'd say, 'Marvin, I'm not going to make a movie with him,' and he said, 'No, he wants an office; he needs a place to hang out.' My attitude was: It's your company—you do what you damned well please."

He filled the Fox board with his pals—Henry Kissinger, Gerald Ford, Art Modell. Fox became his playground, where he'd have lunch in the commissary with Mel Brooks, the two of them "convulsing" in laughter, Hirschfield says, or bring in Diana Ross just so that he could meet her.

Ever the clotheshorse, Davis had everything custom-made. One day when Katleman went into Davis's office while he was having a shirt fitting, Davis shrieked at his shirtmaker, "Give the kid a dozen!" Hirschfield adds, "This was like a candy store. He liked to kibitz. The problem was, we were busy—this is a business, not a country club—and he'd pull people out for two-hour meetings."

"One of the very first screenings was for Marvin to see Taps," remembers Lansing. The film, about a military school, starred Timothy Hutton and featured the young Tom Cruise and Sean Penn. Norman Levy, executive vice president of marketing, wanted to hedge Fox's risk by selling off part of the movie. Davis had to make the final call.

"That's what I love about him—he was a fan. He didn't wait for anybody else to have an opinion," Lansing says. "He stood up and said, 'I love this movie! I'm not selling a single part of it. In the oil business, we dig a hole and we place our bet. That's what I believe in, and I'm placing a 100 percent bet on this movie.'"

Happily for Davis, Taps was a hit.

Davis never forgot that his real business was the oil business, and soon his two worlds merged. Katleman says that he and Hirschfield asked Davis to cut them into a deal. "O.K., the next

"If I'd been in my car, I would have run him over," says Barry Diller.

field I draw, I'll let you boys in," Davis said. It wasn't long before he had an investment opportunity. "I proposed putting in a certain amount, and he said, 'No, that's too much money for you,'" says Katleman, who anted up the amount Davis suggested, as did Hirschfield and Levy. So did George Lucas, who was on the Fox lot doing Return of the Jedi, and many others. "He said, 'I'm putting Lucas in the oil business,' and I said, 'Make sure the damned thing hits, because we've got a lot at stake with this guy,'" remenbers Hirschfield. As always, it was a third-for-a-quarter deal, with Davis getting his quarter free.

MARVIN DAVIS HITS OIL IN WYOMING was an August 1983 headline in The Denver Post. "He called me Square Deal, and he said, 'Square Deal, you really hit it!"' says Katleman. "'We hit our wildcat!'" Katleman asked him what a wildcat was. "He said, 'You'll find out when the checks come in,' and they were astronomical, every month. I got back my entire investment in three months."

Former secretary of state Henry Kissinger also got in on the action. "He invited me to participate on the board of Twentieth Century Fox, and then suggested that some of the board fees could be converted into investments in the oil business," says Kissinger, who invested his $50,000 annual fee and more. "I think I barely broke even," he recalls.

When a second investment opportunity came around, Davis expanded his circle of investors to include Fox stars. "He'd put his arm around the actor John Ritter and say, 'Do you want to invest in oil?' And John would think, Here's one of the best-known oil people in the world, and he'd say, 'Sure,'" says Katleman. But that round
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 wasn’t a bonanza. “We drilled 12 dry holes and lost our entire investment.”

One Fox executive declined Davis’s invitations. “Oh, often he called me in, as he did the other executives, and said he would take our money, put it in the oil business, and double and trip it,” says Sherry Lansing. “But I’m an extremely conservative person, and I never did any of that.”

Meanwhile, Davis’s silent partner Marc Rich was impatient to develop their properties. One Christmas, Davis dispatched Hirschfield to squire Rich, his wife, Denise, and their daughters around Aspen. “Marc said, ‘Could you help us with lift tickets? I’ve had to wait in line a long time.’” Hirschfield remembers. “I said, ‘Marc, you own half the place!’”

Davis’s liquidation of Fox’s assets may have been going too slowly for Rich, but it was moving forward. Within months of the takeover, Davis and Rich had sold the studio’s interest in its Coca-Cola bottling plant. Next they sold the record company and the music-publishing division as well as the foreign theaters and real-estate holdings. Davis merely refinanced the company’s debt, which by 1984 would balloon to $430 million. Rich had reportedly been eager to convert his Fox shares to voting stock so that he would have an equal say with Davis in the studio. But in 1983, Rich and his partner, Pincus Green, were slapped with federal charges of evading $48 million in taxes, racketeering, and illegally trading oil with Iran during the 1979 hostage crisis.

Then one day Rich vanished. According to The Man to See, Edward Bennett Williams was standing in Davis’s office when he heard that his client was on the lam. “They just stopped a plane at Kennedy airport!” Davis told Hirschfield.

Hirschfield says Davis had persuaded Williams, against his better judgment, to represent Rich. Now, after refusing to turn over documents to a grand jury and being fined about $20 million, Rich had attempted to have two steam trunks of those documents smuggled out of the country on a Swiss Air plane, which was stopped at J.F.K. airport by federal authorities. “Somebody must have tipped the government,” says Hirschfield. “That’s why Eddie went ballistic, screaming at Marvin, ‘How could you do this to me?’”

After Rich was in exile in Zug, Switzerland, the U.S. Justice Department froze all of his assets, including his half of Fox, but agreed to sell Rich’s interest in Fox to Davis. According to his contract with Rich, Davis had the right of first refusal on any sale of Fox shares, and he was able to snap up Rich’s 50 percent for $116 million, a fraction of even the bargain-basement price of $700-plus million that he had originally paid for the company.

While Davis never indulged in liquor or starlets, he had a serious weakness. “He was the poster boy for everything you shouldn’t eat,” says Hirschfield, “steaks, eggs, bacon, dripping with fat.” Davis kept a stash of 30 spare ties in his office to replace food-splattered ones. “He always used to say he never trusted people who didn’t eat,” says Hirschfield. “Going to a restaurant with him was a production. It was like royalty walking in.”

Davis favored Matteo’s, an Italian restaurant on Westwood Boulevard. “He never could decide, so he’d order three appetizers and three entrées and three desserts,” recalls Jacqueline Jordan, the widow of the owner. Once, for a Fox board meeting, Davis ordered a meal of all nine courses for everyone. Jordan says, “and sent his secretary over with 14 bottles of Pepto-Bismol, telling her to put one at each place setting.”

Wolfgang Puck’s Spago arrived in Los Angeles in 1982, and Marvin and Barbara became regulars. The staff would spring into action and have everything pre-prepared for Davis and his party. “I went to lunch with him at Spago, and all of the food arrived immediately,” says Michael Caine. “I went, ‘Jesus Christ! How do they know what you’re going to order?’ He said, ‘They have the whole menu ready.’” A special throne-like chair was designed for him by Puck’s then partner, Barbara Lazaroff. At Matteo’s, Mortons, and Mr. Chow, Davis’s security team would deliver in advance an extra-wide leather armchair to accommodate his girth.

Davis also loved luxury and show, and soon he found the mansion of his dreams. It was listed in the Guinness Book of World Records as the then largest single-family house in Los Angeles: the Knoll, a 45,000-square-foot mansion with 11 bedrooms and 17 bathrooms, built in 1955 for oil heiress Lucy Doheny Battson. Once the home of producer Dino De Laurentis, it was now owned by Kenny Rogers. “It was 11 acres in the middle of Beverly Hills—nothing else like that,” Rogers says.

Rogers had starred in the film Six Pack at Fox shortly after Davis’s arrival, and he and Davis played golf together. Rogers’s hit song “The Gambler” (“You got to know when to hold ’em, know when to fold ’em”) could have been Davis’s theme song. “I had about $100 million in real estate when interest rates were 22 percent,” says Rogers. “I had a farm in Georgia, a building on Sunset, my recording studio. I was head over heels. The carry on the Knoll

N O V E M B E R  2 0 0 5
was killing. I had to unload that property.

Davis was one of very few potential buyers. "He had come to a party one night, and there were about 400 people around," says Rogers. "He just fell in love with it, but Marvin negotiated for everything." On numerous visits, Rogers remembers, Davis would say, "I want to look at it, but I don't think I can pay that price!"

Once Rogers was worn down, Davis stopped by again. "He said, 'Kenyon, I'm going to pay your price. But I'm going to do it my way.'" Rogers had paid $13.5 million and spent about $4 million in improvements. "He wanted to give me $18 million as a cash payment on closing, with $4 million in a balloon note to be paid in three years with no interest."

"Well, Marvin, you're going to screw me one way or another," Rogers says he told him playfully.

"That's how I make my living," Davis said, laughing.

The most shocking section of the current lawsuit charges that Davis coerced Patricia into signing a new trust document that would perpetuate his control over her finances:

In March 1990, without disclosing his true intentions, Marvin invited Patricia to come home for a visit and to attend that year's Academy Awards ceremony, on March 25. Once Patricia arrived in Los Angeles, Marvin invited her into his office, where he insisted she sign the Revocation of Trust Agreement and Assignment of Trust Assets. Upon seeing the complex legal documents that Marvin gave her, and realizing that she did not and could not understand them on her own, Patricia suggested that she should show them to an attorney in New York before signing them. Marvin refused to permit her to do so. Instead of allowing Patricia to consult with counsel or any other independent adviser, Marvin would only permit Patricia to speak to his employee, defendant Kenneth Kilroy. Although Patricia told Kilroy that she did not want to sign the documents, but wanted to show them to a lawyer in New York, Kilroy pressured Patricia to sign, telling her that she had never seen Marvin so upset.

When Patricia continued to resist signing, Marvin threatened her. Marvin told Patricia that if she refused to sign or simply insisted on showing the documents to an attorney, Marvin would never permit her to see her mother, brothers, or sisters again, that he would make Patricia's life "a living hell," and that he would tie her up in court for the rest of her life...

Marvin backed up those emotional and financial threats with the additional threat of violence... Marvin had a quick temper and had struck Patricia in the past. Still Patricia refused to sign the trust documents without consulting a lawyer first. Over the course of several days, Marvin continued to pressure Patricia to sign the trust documents, and continued to refuse to allow her to consult with any independent person. At the Davis family home, Marvin and Patricia argued in Marvin's bedroom. Marvin struck Patricia, and continued to beat her until Barbara eventually intervened. Barbara did not, however, resist Marvin's efforts to force Patricia to sign the trust documents; in fact, Barbara pressured Patricia as well, telling Patricia that she should "just sign, you can always change it later. I've changed mine."

"Of course, the chatter was 'Who is going to get an invitation, and who isn't?'" says former supermodel turned entrepreneur Cristina Ferrare. "You waited in a long line to get past security, and drove up thru. very long, winding, tree-lined driveway." Michael Caine adds, "I'd never been in a house with a dual carriageway drive, where there was a line down the middle."

"It took your breath away," Ferrare continues. "Massive trees with a bazillion twinkling white lights... Two huge standard poodles sitting next to the entrance... And Barbara and Marvin were in the massive entry hall, speaking to each and every person, with a Rockefeller Center-size tree and violinists from the L.A. Philharmonic on the mirrored winding staircase."

For later Christmases, skaters would carve patterns on an ice rink out front, the Radio City Rockettes would high-kick down the stairs, and "Streisand would come out to do an impromptu performance for which she had rehearsed for three days with music producer David Foster [a longtime Davis friend]," says Laugh-In creator George Schlatter.

"I'm not going into anything unless there's a little fun in it," said Davis.

Patricia signed the documents. Asked recently if Marvin was ever physically abusive to Patricia, Barbara Davis responded through the family spokesman, "Absolutely not!"

The Davises unveiled the Knoll at Christmas in 1984, beginning a non-stop party where the pair would preside over a court not seen in Hollywood before or since. "Of course, the chatter was 'Who is going to get an invitation, and who isn't?"" says former supermodel turned entrepreneur Cristina Ferrare. "You waited in a long line to get past security, and drove up thru. very long, winding, tree-lined driveway." Michael Caine adds, "I'd never been in a house with a dual carriageway drive, where there was a line down the middle."

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"The restrictions Marvin put on Barbara were as simple as 'Whatever you say, darling,'" says Schlatter. "If you weren't at her Christmas party, you'd better be out of town. They also had Fourth of July parties, western barbecues, where they'd give everybody squirt guns, delivered by white-gloved butlers on silver trays. At one point, Ronald Reagan, Gerald Ford, and George Bush were all at their Christmas party at the same time."

"Hanging on the back of our chairs were these fabulous stockings with every kind of imaginative toy in them," says Suzanne Pleshette. "I still have every music box and every Christmas decoration from every party. I don't even put out a tree anymore—I just pile it all into the shape of a tree."

Another Davis party tradition was soon born: goody bags, filled with luxury items and certificates for services, which grew so huge over time that they had to have wheels on them.

"Marvin was the last figure to unite in
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IT’S NOT PRETENSION IF YOU’VE EARNED IT.
one evening all the stars at any time, no matter how diametrically opposed they were,” says George Hamilton. “He could get anybody and everybody there. It was the last real power Hollywood had, that people would come up under any circumstances, and it was always in excess, in excess of everything. People in Hollywood, who were used to going home at 10:30, were still there when people like Elton John were still coming on.”

“O.K., now, I know everybody wants Don to say a few words.” Schlatter says Davis would say at almost every event, and Don Rickles “would stand up and demolish the biggest names in the room, especially Marvin.”

“He was huge in many ways,” says Davis’s best Hollywood friend, Sidney Poitier, adding that when the pack had left another side of Marvin would emerge, the art lover, the history buff, “who would watch the History Channel like some people watch CNN.” Poitier accompanied Davis to Wimbledon and on golfing expeditions. “I got that there was a little boy in him,” he says.

For New Year’s, the Davises would jet off to Aspen. A hundred of their friends would arrive on Davis’s plane or their own planes, which were met by a string of limos. “The Davis family would command about a third of our rooms and suites, and get everyone settled according to their desired pecking order, including Gregory Peck, on occasion,” says Eric Calderon, the general manager of the Little Nell Hotel, which Davis built. “Key was ensuring that the full-size extra refrigerator in the Davis pantry was fully stocked with shrimp and bananas.”

“Oil barons and movie moguls and Donald Trump—they all came with their own security,” says Schlatter. “Every night Davis would buy out a different restaurant. Marvin would sit at the base of the gondola at the Little Nell, and we’d say, ‘Marvin, what are you doing?’, and he’d laugh and say, ‘I’m counting lift tickets … $35, $70.’ Then, on Sunday, they’d be gone, this caravan, back to Tinseltown, leaving Aspen devoid of stars.”

Back in L.A., everything, for Marvin and Barbara, led up to the Carousel of Hope Ball, the biannual event that became “the flagship of all charity events,” says Schlatter. The proceeds funded the Barbara Davis Center for Childhood Diabetes, where 25 full-time physicians treat more than 5,000 patients annually. The ball began in Denver in 1978, three years after the Davises’ daughter Dana was diagnosed with diabetes.

“Barbara called me and said, ‘Our baby has diabetes,’” Davis once recalled. “I said, ‘So, get it fixed.’” But they discovered that diabetes couldn’t be fixed, and that, if not treated quickly, Dana could be threatened with anything from blindness to amputation. Davis decided that if he couldn’t fix diabetes he’d fund the treatment of it, donating an initial $1 million to create the center and launch the Carousel of Hope Ball.

The ball grew so large that a galaxy of stars was annually on display, so many boldfaced names that some newspapers limited coverage to those names alone. “One year, Andrea Bocelli was the newest biggest thing, because we’d already had Plácido Domingo the year before, right?” says Schlatter. But Bocelli was in Italy. No matter: when it came to charity, Barbara never heard the word “no.” “Oh, Marvin will send a plane,” she said. “So we arranged to meet him in a hotel room to videotape his half of a duet with Celine Dion,” says Schlatter, who then pieced the two stars together on a screen so that it looked as if they were in the same room.

Always, at the apex of the evening, Davis would rise from his chair and announce, according to Schlatter, “Tonight’s evening raised X number of dollars, and I would be pleased to match it.” The place would go crazy. Are you nuts? Because it would be like a $3 or $4 million donation.” The Davis family says most of the expenses for the ball, which has raised more than $70 million since its inception, are underwritten.

Hit a well, I get 15 calls, people congratulating me,” Davis once said. “When I was in the movie business, you make a great picture, everybody hated me!”

As a mogul, he hit more dusters than gushers, with such hits as Romancing the Stone and Cocoon offset by such misses as Rhinestone and Six Pack. “He had a lot of wonderful paintings on his walls,” says Michael Caine, recalling Davis taking him past the Knoll’s Impressionist masterpieces. “And he said, ‘Let me show you the most expensive picture I ever bought.’ And he showed me a photograph of Sly Stallone and Dolly Parton in Rhinestone. He said, ’That picture cost me $19 million.”

According to the Los Angeles Herald Examiner, Fox lost almost $36 million in fiscal 1984, while doubling its long-term debt. Davis felt he needed to slough off some of the debt and find a creative partner.

Barry Diller ran Paramount, whose films in the early 80s included Raiders of the Lost Ark, Flashdance, two Star Trek features, Terms of Endearment, and Trading Places. He was widely considered the young genius of the entertainment business.

“Marvin Davis called me and asked if there were any conditions that I would become the C.E.O. of Fox,” Diller remembers. Thus began a grand seduction, with the 300-pound mogul, trying to be discreet, driving over to Diller’s house in his Rolls-Royce to court him, playing “the role
of tycoon, the entrepreneurial charmer.” Finally, Diller succumbed, on one condition: he would have complete control. Davis couldn’t speak to any member of the Fox staff other than Diller.

“Call them the Odd Couple,” read a Los Angeles Times story. “Call them the barracuda and the bear. Or their deal, as one insider does, the Stalin-Hitler pact.”

The deck was stacked against Diller from the start. “Within 30 days, [Davis] essentially reneged on the deal we had made, which was to provide financing for the studio,” says Diller, who quickly discovered that the studio’s financial situation was much different than Davis had described. “It became clear that the company owed $600 million. The banks wouldn’t extend it any further.” Diller pressed Davis for the new equity he had promised to put into the company, but Davis stalled, he says, and suggested that Diller call Michael Milken for a $250 million junk-bond loan, which would be Diller’s, not Davis’s, responsibility. In the end, Diller drove to Davis’s home in Palm Springs to face him down and demand the float that Fox desperately needed.

“This man actually wrote a piece of paper with me—my little naïve person—and signed it,” says Diller. “So I go to him and say, ‘O.K., Marvin, as you know, the banks won’t lend us any more money. We need equity in the business. You have to put up $100 million, because otherwise the banks are not going to go any further.’ He said no. I said, ‘But you agreed!’ And he just stared at me, literally saying, ‘You fool. What are you going to do now?’

“You have to put in $100 million,” Diller says he told Davis. Again, Davis said no. “And I thought, Oh my God, what am I going to do? I realized what he’d done, which is, he set me up. Thirty days into this, my options were horrible. I could hardly go back to Paramount.

“I said, ‘Here’s what I’m going to do. I’m going to sue you for fraud.’”

But he didn’t have to, because an unlikely white knight soon appeared.

Owning 100 percent of anything wasn’t Davis’s style. “He said, ‘I don’t want the risk,’” remembers Hirschfield. “Then he says to me one day, ‘What about Rupert Murdoch?’

“Marvin, in my opinion Rupert Murdoch is the smartest person who has ever been in the media business, the greatest futurist and strategist,” Hirschfield says he told Davis. “He’ll eat you for lunch.”

“Nobody eats me for lunch!” Davis said with a laugh.

“That’s true as a matter of size,” said Hirschfield. “But he’ll end up with the company if you sell him 50 percent.” Davis insisted, and Hirschfield arranged lunch for the two moguls at ‘21,’ in New York, where, he remembers, Murdoch talked about strategy and synergy while Davis ate his steak. “I can work with this guy,” Davis said afterward.

But once he had sold 50 percent, Davis discovered, Fox wasn’t fun anymore. He may also have been running low on cash. “With the value and return from his Denver oil, real estate, and banking holdings sagging, Davis lacked the cash to keep financing Fox’s movie budget,” according to Business Week. Now Diller was running the show. “From now on, I’m the fiduciary here,” Diller remembers telling Davis. “Which means you can’t charge expenses to the company unless your

Barbara allegedly told Patricia,
“You’re poor, Patty. You’re poor.”
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could retain Pebble Beach and the Aspen Skiing Corporation. But once the contracts were drawn up, Davis stalled.

"I called him and said, "Why aren't you signing these papers?" Diller says.

"I'll get around to it," Davis replied.

"I said, 'You'll get around to it Friday, because I've had it,'" Diller says.

"O.K., you can come and pick up the papers at my house on Saturday morning."

On Saturday morning Diller drove up to the Knoll. I got out of my car, and he came out of the house with the papers in his hand," Diller remembers. "He hands me the papers and he goes, 'You sure made me some money, kid!"

"I was speechless," Diller continues. "If I had been in my car, I would have run him over. But I was so happy to be done with it. I got back into my car and drove down the driveway, and that was the last time I think I spoke to Marvin Davis."

He'd sold his studio and most of its satellite assets, but the gambler still had two major cards to play, Pebble Beach and the Aspen Skiing Corporation.

First on the block, the only asset that he said he'd ever truly loved: Pebble Beach. Davis had polished the jewel of golf resorts by adding a new course and a hotel, but by the late 1980s residents were noticing cutbacks. It was time to sell.

Luck delivered the perfect patsy. Minoru Isutani, the leader of the 1980s Japanese golf bubble, who was searching the globe for the perfect place to build a replica of Pebble Beach—until he discovered that he could buy the real thing. "He knew the property well and mentioned a price," Davis told me. The price—about $840 million—was roughly $115 million more than Davis had paid for all of Fox only nine years earlier, but Isutani had a plan to make the numbers work: even though Pebble Beach was a public golf course, he would sell 1,000 memberships at $750,000 each.

Later, drowning in debt and warring with the area's residents and ecologists and the California Coastal Commission, Isutani was asked why he had ever thought he could privatize the world's most famous public golf resort. "We repeatedly asked Mr. Marvin Davis if there would be any objection," Isutani told the San Francisco Examiner. "He said there would be no objection.

Isutani went broke, and Davis had a chance to buy Pebble Beach back at a fire-sale price. But by then he was selling, not buying. It was 1993 and he unloaded what was left of the Aspen Skiing Corporation. "He immediately started tearing the company up and selling off bits and pieces," says 92-year-old former company president D. R. C. Brown lamenting the vanishing assets, including a resort in Colorado, two Canadian ski operations, and a Spanish ski resort. In the 1980s, Davis had sold 50 percent of the ski corporation itself to the Lester Crown family of Chicago. In 1993 the Crowns bought the other half.

Marvin Davis now began his third act, as a takeover artist.

Marvin Davis now began his third act, as a takeover artist. A pattern emerged: Davis in headlines announcing a takeover, followed by a rocketing stock price, followed by Davis's unloading his shares for a supposedly enormous profit. The types of companies he pursued ranged from entertainment (CBS, NBC) to hotels (Resorts International), to airlines (Northwest, United, Continental), to condoms (Carter-Wallace, manufacturer of Trojans). He actually did buy several companies, including Spectradyne, a Texas-based firm that provides cable-TV movies to hotels. He paid $635 million, most of which was put up by Prudential Insurance Co.

At the end of 1986, for $135 million, Davis also bought the Beverly Hills Hotel, where he and Barbara had honeymooned, winning a bidding war against the Sultan of Brunei. "As soon as the sultan lost it, he approached Davis," says Seema Boesky, who with her sister had sold the hotel to Davis. Within a year Davis flipped it to the sultan for a $65 million profit.

In 1989, Davis's appetite for deals and meals came together. The Carnegie Deli had always been his touchstone, a temple of mile-high sandwiches. He lined up investors including Jackie Collins, John Madden, and Don Rickles to open the $4 million Beverly Hills Carnegie. "Crank it up! I've put too much money in this thing!" he admonished the restaurant designer, according to The New York Times, insisting on opening without a trained staff or a liquor license. At the grand opening, he and Barbara sliced a six-foot salami while Carol Channing lowered a huge Styrofoam matzo ball into a giant bowl of chicken soup. "Did you eat there?" asks the New York Carnegie's owner, Sandy Levine. "He didn't buy our product! He put the name up, and he bought crap! You can't fool the people!" By 1994 the West Coast Carnegie had closed its doors.

In 1993 the Davises attended Wim-ledon, then flew to Nice. They were being chauffeured in a gold Cadillac limo, snaking through traffic to the Eden Roc hotel on the Cap d'Antibes with two security cars behind them, when they were suddenly blocked by two Renaulds and surrounded by four masked gunmen, who forced them to turn over $10 million in jewels and $50,000 in cash. As Davis recalled the incident to Schlatter, Barbara told the gunmen trying to undo her necklace, "I understand you're just doing your job. Don't break the clasp. Let me get it for you."

Patricia Raynes's lawsuit describes her father's endless takeover attempts like this:

In the last 20 years of his life, Marvin Davis, acting on behalf of the Davis Family Trusts, repeatedly made unsuccessful offers to pur-
chase airlines, media companies, and television networks, hotels, sports franchises, and gaming interests, and real estate, among others. By 1990, Marvin's reputation for looking, but not buying, was so well established that Forbes magazine reported that he had been nicknamed "the Tirekicker." In truth, Marvin, John, Gregg, and others who participated in Marvin's expensive bids to buy large companies, never intended to buy those companies. Rather, they were only trying to create the illusion that Marvin controlled a vast financial empire in order to benefit John's and Gregg's own businesses, to inflate Marvin's and Barbara's egos, and to generate millions of dollars in improper fees.

... In each case, Marvin caused the Davis Family Trusts to spend substantial sums, cumulatively in the tens of millions of dollars, on investment bankers, attorneys, and other advisers, and billed Patricia's trust for at least a proportionate share of those expenses, if not more. ... Ultimately, as a result of his looting, waste, and dissipation of trust assets, Marvin lacked the financial resources to close the deals that he was bidding for, but pursued them anyway, further wasting trust assets in futile, self-aggrandizing expenditures ... to maintain the fiction that Marvin, John, and Gregg Davis were major financial players in oil, real estate, gaming, technology, and entertainment.

In late 2002, a headline in Acquisitions Monthly magazine read, "DASS RETURNS"

"Nobody eats me for lunch!" Marvin Davis said with a laugh.

FROM THE WILDERNESS. The new blockbuster deal was his $20 billion offer for Vivendi Universal Entertainment. The Paris-based conglomerate's assets included Universal Studios in Los Angeles and its theme parks, as well as music and TV divisions. By then Davis was ill and had lost 130 pounds. "He knew he had to have some surgery, and he kept putting it off and putting it off," says Gerald Ford. "And the longer he put it off, the more serious the surgery became, and it was sad to see him disabled."

"Shortly before he passed away, my wife and I were in L.A., and I told her about this house I had owned," remembers Ken
ny Rogers. "We were driving by the gate, and I saw all of my same gardeners when I was there, so I asked them, 'Do you think Marvin would mind if we drive up?' And Barbara came down and said, 'Marvin's upstairs. He'd love to say hello.' So I went upstairs, and he was in a hospital bed. He didn't look good, but he had great spirits.

He was laughing. Then the phone rang, and he picked it up, and when he put it down he said, 'I just made a bid for Vivendi. I don't think I'm going to get it.'"

The company went to General Electric.

Patricia's lawsuit charges that Marvin's offer was rejected for a simple reason:

Vivendi rejected Marvin's bid, characterizing its financing and structure as "dubious and unattractive." In pursuing Vivendi alone, Marvin caused the Davis Family Trusts to spend tens of millions of dollars on investment bankers, attorneys, and other advisers.

When Davis died, Hollywood sent him off royally at the Westwood Memorial Park, the final resting-place of, among others, Marilyn Monroe and Truman Capote. Stevie Wonder and Carole Bayer Sager sang "That's What Friends Are For," and any cracks froze in Don Rickles's throat. At the end David Foster played "Goodnight, Irene," the ballad Davis always insisted end each late night at the Knoll.

In a town that doesn't care where you come from but only what you become, Davis died a legend, a star.

His daughter's lawsuit describes his end in less romantic terms:

Beginning around 1993, Marvin Davis's health began to fail. He developed diabetes, had a tumor on his spine, suffered from heart disease and near-fatal bouts with pneumonia and sepsis, was confined to a wheelchair, and relied on bodyguards and nurses to bathe him. . . .

Marvin Davis died on September 25, 2004, in the presence of his wife and five children. . . .

A few days after Marvin's death, Barbara Davis told Patricia—contrary to what Patricia had been told her entire life—"you're poor, Patty. You're poor." Barbara then stated for the first time that there were not billions of dollars, that in fact, there was "no money." Marvin had left nothing in his will. The next day, Patricia's brother John and sister Dana spoke to Patricia privately, informing her of what they had known for a long time: Marvin had looted the trusts, and had spent hundreds of millions of dollars that did not belong to him. If Patricia hoped to recover any of the small fraction of her wealth that was left, John told her, she would have to hire an attorney. The other family members already knew of Marvin's misconduct and had already hired lawyers of their own.

The story is not over by a long shot. On the front page of Patricia's lawsuit, in capital letters, are the words "JURY TRIAL DEMANDED."
Think you’ve got a dog in your portfolio?

We’ll not only help you find it, we’ll help you fix it.
High Noon in Crawford

President Bush's Crawford, Texas, ranch was intended as a perfect backdrop for his cowboy image. But a grieving mother, a deadly hurricane, and disenchanted neighbors have brought a dose of reality to his vacation retreat.

By Evgenia Peretz

When the 101-degree Crawford heat scorch-es the prairie, the dust blows through the sagebrush like a tornado, and fire ants attack your ankles like the Devil's minions, you won't see George Bush flinch. He's too busy beating the hell out of the underbrush, not caring at all whether he soils his work shirts. He doesn't talk fancy, but puts things "in English, or Texan." That's why he vowed to get Osama "dead or alive." His folks aren't "Washington types," but the guys "down at the Coffee Station," Crawford's one, tiny diner. You may have even seen him there on TV, shooting the breeze with them—his trucker and farmer buddies—telling the owner, Nick Spanos, to fire up the grill and make him a cheese-burger.

Like Ronald Reagan and Lyndon Johnson before him, Bush has been impressively successful at packaging himself as that American archetype of honesty, courage, and unshakable conviction: the cowboy. The plan to become one was hatched in the late 90's, when the Connecticut-born Texas governor, who attended Andover and Yale, worked with his close adviser, Karl Rove, to prepare a run for the presidency. The first thing Bush needed was a ranch. In 1999, he picked one, a 1,600-acre spread in Crawford, current population 705, a "dry" town with one blinking traffic light. It was one of the most conservative corners in the country, overflowing with true believers. It was one of the most conservative corners in the country, overflowing with true believers, who would turn every available wall into a Bush photo shrine and tolerate no dissenter. He'd spend roughly 20 percent of his presidency there—more than any mod-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARRY FINK

In a blind tasting of 21 of the world's finest vodkas, which one did *The New York Times* declare their "hands-down favorite"?

**Clearly Smirnoff.**

What set Smirnoff apart, we agreed, was its aromas and flavors which we described as classic."

**ERIC ASIMOV, THE NEW YORK TIMES, 1/26/2005**
ern president has been on vacation—so the press would get a steady diet of him in his cowboy hat, walking tall down dusty roads.

For almost five years, the plan worked—until one mother from Vacaville, California, Cindy Sheehan, camped outside his ranch for most of the month of August, demanding a face-to-face meeting about why we went to war in Iraq and why her son Casey had to die there, a month and a half before his 25th birthday. Her astonishing presence, in addition to catalyzing a nascent anti-war movement, changed the meaning of Crawford—from Bush's cowboy backdrop to the walled-off vacation compound of an out-of-touch president. Then, after ignoring Cindy, he ignored Katrina. As he squeezed out his last vacation days, a major American city drowned.

The hotbed of Bush delirium extends to Waco, the small city adjacent to Crawford, still synonymous with the 1993 Branch Davidian disaster, in which David Koresh's band of arms-hoarding religious extremists went up in flames after a 51-day standoff with the F.B.I. and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. Within minutes of meeting a visitor to their city, Wacoans let you know that the Branch Davidians were actually 15 miles outside of Waco—which is true. That said, the cultural center of Waco is Baylor University, a Baptist institution where, until 1996, students were not allowed to dance. To this day, women are required to cover their upper arms at the gym, because, as the girl at the front desk warns, "sleeveless shirts lead to sports bras."

When Bush was governor, Baylor president (now chancellor) Robert B. Sloan Jr. made his case that Baylor was a perfect fit for Bush's presidential library, which many Wacoans see as the best way to remove the Branch Davidian stigma. "We commented about the world of higher education and [how] the political, the majoritarian view in higher education tends not to be sympathetic to his own political outlook," says Sloan over lunch at Waco's Ridgewood Country Club. In his 10 years as president, Sloan has sought to strengthen the spiritual backbone of Baylor, by demanding that its students and faculty be more devoted to faith, and by fortifying its position in the culture war. When a gay student came out of the closet, for example, his scholarship was quickly revoked. At Baylor, Sloan explains, "you couldn't advocate certain lifestyles. You couldn't advocate pedophilia or bigamy." In contrast, he seems to be implying, to other universities, where multiple spouses and sex between adults and children are encouraged.

Not all true believers are so reasonable. Consider Bill Johnson, 63, who owns the Yellow Rose, Crawford's largest gift shop. "This is God's store," says Johnson, an eerily soft-spoken, intense reed of a man with carefully parted sandy hair, a deep tan, and piercing green eyes. Outside the Yellow Rose, visitors are greeted by two giant tablets bearing the Ten Commandments and a replica of the Liberty Bell. Inside, one is greeted by a cornucopia of stuffed real tigers and bears, assorted crosses, old wagon wheels, and, mostly, Bush souvenirs: countless images of Dubya in military gear, Dubya with the Bible, Dubya flanked by eagles, Dubya bobbleheads, life-size Dubya cardboard cutouts, Western White House shot glasses—plus a sign that reads, HITLER, STALIN, CASTRO, AND QADDAFI SUPPORTED GUN CONTROL.

"Saddam Hussein—he disarmed his enemies so he could kill them," says Johnson, explaining that, although everyone has a right to his own opinion, Americans who support gun control are no different from genocidal dictators. "That's pretty much the way us folks feel about it."

Just as his store is God's store, the war in Iraq, Johnson insists, is God's war. "In the Bible, it says if you don't protect your family you're worse than an infidel," says Johnson. Jesus the pacifist needs to be seen in context, he explains. "The same Jesus that turned the other cheek is the same guy that ... ran out the money changers. He whipped them." The Bible also holds precious wisdom about how to treat people here at home, Johnson believes. Welfare, for instance, violates the message of the Good Book that those who don't work deserve to die. "In Second Thessalonians, it says, 'That the man shall not work, he should not eat.' Just let him starve," says Johnson.

Other true believers are simply basking in the glow of having the coolest guy in the world live in town. On this day in early August, to coincide with the start of Bush's month off, Waco and Crawford society have gathered at Baylor for one of the summer's hottest tickets—a photo exhibition called "Presidential Retreat." There's Tommy Lou Davis, the stunning, extremely well-preserved right-hand woman to Robert Sloan. She's in a cream pantsuit accented with a George Bush scarf fanned out across her blouse.

"This is God's store," says Yellow Rose owner Bill Johnson.
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like a bib. Over there, taking in a picture of Laura and George, is Shirley Westerfield, who became Crawford's social queen when Bush danced with her at the inaugural ball she threw for him.

"She's so pretty," says Westerfield, a peppery chatterbox, wearing a button-down shirt with a pattern of ferns, as she moves on to the other cheerful images on display here tonight: George giving the thumbs-up; George with his dog Barney; George with his girls; George with his top Cabinet members, enjoying a walk down Prairie Chapel Road; George charming the pants off a black woman getting a house from Habitat for Humanity. Should 60 pictures not be enough, the show is followed by a montage film of more of the same, set to music. Over the movie-soundtrack crescendos and heroic cymbal crashing, one detects "ahs" and even sniffs in the audience. "I got chills," says Westerfield, regaining her composure as she files out of the auditorium.

"He's one of us," she enthuses, over a barbecue-on-paper dinner. "I just like him. He reminds me of my father. You know—blue jeans, 'Let's get in the truck.'" His accomplishments as president—even his war in Iraq—are not only beside the point but barely on the radar. "I don't think about [the war], because I have about five or six girlfriends that I kind of stay in touch with, and we're not talking about the war when we get together."

Friendly and hospitable as most locals are, they can quickly turn into a lynch mob when their man is criticized, as W. Leon Smith, 52, the editor of The Lone Star Iconoclast, discovered. Hardy your fire-breathing liberal, Smith endorsed Bush in 2000 and, in addition to editing the paper, works, unpaid, as the mayor of Clifton, a small town near Crawford.

"We monitored his first term," says Smith, "I lay there some nights staring at the ceiling, thinking about what we should do," recalls Fisher. In the end, he says, "I don't think we could do anything else in all conscience."

The September 29, 2004, editorial endorsing John Kerry was a dispassionate account of how Bush had failed on a number of issues—stem-cell research, his plans for Social Security, the economy, the debt. But the local reaction was near hysteria. Letters to the editor would not suffice. The paper lost half its subscribers and most of its advertisers. Businesses in Crawford refused to sell it. "There was an active boycott put into place," says Smith, "and [shop-keepers and advertisers] have been told they will be boycotted if they support us."

It didn't stop there. Diebenow received phone calls demanding, "Are you a Christian?" (In fact, his father is a local pastor.) "We had e-mails saying, 'We hope you die,'" says Fisher. "Literally, 'We hope you die.'" One man came by the office to say that he and his buddies were going to "run you out of town." Two college students who were covering a local festival for the paper were denied admittance and were told that their names were on a list, and to wait right there so the sheriff could be summoned. Should the editors attempt to go into the Coffee Station, "you [would] have to carry your six-guns and go down, like High Noon," says Diebenow. "It really wouldn't surprise us if we were served the door instead of a hamburger."

"If anyone thought that the opinion of three guys in central Texas was going to sway this election one way or another, that person needs to get out more, O.K.?" says Fisher, able to laugh about what happened. Mainly, the three men are profoundly disappointed. "The last defense, the last defiance, that you have is your voice," Fisher says. "When you're lying helpless and injured on your deathbed, so long as you have your voice, the thing is not over."

For the true believers, handling the White House press corps—those neurotic liberal show-offs who descend on their turf for a total of about two months a year—requires a bit more finesse than hate mail and death threats. The press spend their days in the Crawford Middle School gym, sitting in a forced vigil on folding chairs at cafeteria tables beneath basketball hoops. By noon, they've usually clocked 3,000 calories, thanks to a constantly replenished feeding trough of double-smoked bacon, barbecue, and chicken-fried steak provided by local restaurants. In spite of all the food they get to eat, they are a bunch of whiners, say the true believers. They whine about the heat, they whine about the crickets, they whine about how there's nothing to do.

"I hear a lot of complaints," says Westerfield, who, as part of her volunteer work for the president, picks up his staff and the press corps from the airport and takes them to their hotels in Waco. "Especially when they're right off the plane. They're all busy, filling their reports. I just keep quiet."

Locals feel free to remind the press how out of touch and wrong they are—particularly when the reporters air their opinions in public, like at restaurants. CBS's Mark Knoller found this out after he complained to his dinner partners about the security precautions now taken at airports. A fellow diner overhearing the conversation "felt my remarks were out of line," says Knoller. "and he let me know it." Some locals think such conversations are designed for them. "I was at a restaurant,"

"I like him. He reminds me of my father," says Westerfield.

a rather sober-looking grandfather type, sitting back in his decrepit office, where parts of the ceiling are being held up by cardboard and duct tape. "And at some point we needed to make a decision on who we were going to endorse, and the cards kept coming up 'not Bush.'" He and his senior staff members, Don Fisher and Nathan Diebenow, fretted over the endorsement.

right there so the sheriff could be summoned. Should the editors attempt to go into the Coffee Station, "you [would] have to carry your six-guns and go down, like High Noon," says Diebenow. "It really wouldn't surprise us if we were served the door instead of a hamburger."

"If anyone thought that the opinion of three guys in central Texas was going to says one Baylor grad, "and they were having a very grand, esoteric conversation—for my benefit. About cancer research," she says, rolling her eyes. Some true believers will speak up even when a reporter is quietly minding his own business. When The New York Times's David E. Sanger dropped by Starbucks to get his paper, a fellow customer asked him why on earth
SUPPLEMENT TO VANITY FAIR

SPECIAL ISSUE:
TIME AND TRAVEL

STRAPPED FOR CASH?
WHAT YOUR WATCH SAYS ABOUT YOU

SECRET SERVICE
THE FAST MOVES THAT CREATED A BANKING DYNASTY

A NEED FOR SPEED
JODIE KIDD ON THE OPEN ROAD
New 32mm Pasha de Cartier watches
This issue of On Time celebrates the relationship between time and travel. And before we complain that travel is no longer on unalloyed pleasure, we must remember that things could be worse. Had the International Meridian Conference of 1884 not instituted the 24-hour timetable, which links the whole world, the chaos caused by lack of coordinated timing would make it almost impossible to travel the globe today. But even when you stay within one time zone, you can't always avoid running late: our high-speed drive from Modena, Italy, to the heart of Swiss watchmaking, in Vallée de Joux, with supermodel turned racecar driver Jodie Kidd may have been frighteningly quick, yet it still somehow managed to run four hours behind schedule. We also learn how the tendency of news to travel fast can benefit investors, and we hear about the horological penchants of the jet set.

-Nick Foulkes
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LE BRASSUS OR BUST

A 200-m.p.h supercar, a supermodel with a need for speed, and a date with a Swiss watchmaker ... Simon Mills takes a hair-raising ride
During the past five years, Maserati has worked overtime to regain its reputation as the world’s premier motoring-playboy marque and to get back on the podium in the motor-racing world. The maker of such renowned road-going Lotharios as the Sebring, Mistral, and Ghibli, Maserati now has one of the most desirable stables of models in the world. The Quattroporte is Europe’s dishiest four-door sedan, while the GranSport, Coupé, and Spyder have helped re-establish the automaker’s great Granturismo tradition. As far as motoring brands go, Maserati, which celebrates its 90th anniversary this year, isn’t just sexy, it’s downright priapic.

Audemars Piguet presents a similar story of brave re-invention. A venerable watchmaker since 1881, it was always regarded as the precision architect of covetable, complicated, and elegant wristwatches. The brand really came into its own, however, when it pioneered the luxury steel sports watch in the 1970s with the Royal Oak. A.P., in fact, kicked off the big watch boom of the late 1990s with the now iconic and still audacious Royal Oak Offshore. These days there are even special editions of the Royal Oak endorsed by such showbiz heavyweights as rapper Jay-Z and movie star turned politician Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Shared values of tradition, excellence, and innovation are brought together in A.P.’s new Dual Time Millenary Maserati, a wristwatch with a distinctively retro design that borrows its elliptical shape from the R.P.M. counter of Maserati’s new, $900,000 MC12 supercar. To honor this partnership between the Swiss watchmaker and the Italian automobile manufacturer, we came up with a plan to connect the geographical and cultural dots between the two, asking
What will Kidd and her fiancé use as a wedding car? "I want to arrive in this!" she says.
"Polo ponies and high-performance racing cars are not dissimilar," Kidd says. "Both are all about balance."

cover the 346 miles. (They also predict that we'll spend 33.46 euros on gas, which seems a tad optimistic for a car that gets less than 12 miles per gallon.) With the car's monster V12 engine, 623 brake horsepower, top speed of 205 m.p.h., and 0–62-m.p.h. time of 3.8 seconds (not to mention the rapidly improving racecar driver behind the wheel), we figure we'll be in cuckoo-clock territory with hours to spare.

It's the noise of the MC12 that gets you first—a whining, whumping, rattle-and-thrum orchestra that fills your ears as the car speeds up and slows down. Kidd grins as we pull away from a set of traffic lights, the R.P.M.'s redlining, our craniums pinned to the head restraints. In a flash we're doing 100 m.p.h. In traffic. Then her phone rings. It's her fiancé, Aidan Butler. "It's a beast, baby!" she yells. "A beast! Listen!" Extending a couple of long fingers, she drops down a gear, causing the engine to yelp in seductive protest as we lurch into hyperspeed. "Can you hear me, baby?" she asks, pointlessly. Butler and Kidd met in Monaco on last year's notorious Gumball Rally. It is a coming together that should never have happened. Butler and Kidd are the automotive Romeo and Juliet—car-crossed lovers. She drives a Maserati, he prefers his Lamborghini. What will they be using as a wedding car? "I want to arrive in this!" Kidd says, tapping the carbon-fiber wheel of the MC12.

As the miles click past, we talk speed. Jodie says she clearly remembers climbing onto one of her father's horses as a child and digging her heels into its belly. The animal
took off at a ferocious gallop across the fields of the Kidd family farm. “I remember going so fast that I couldn’t open my eyes because they were pouring with water,” she says, grinning. “I remember feeling completely out of control but totally exhilarated. I was scared but I also really, really loved it. I can vividly remember thinking to myself, ’I like this... I really like this.’ She laughs. “I really should have been born a boy.”

The granddaughter of Lord Beaverbrook, who had a noteworthy collection of classic cars, Kidd, who played polo on England’s national team, is the daughter of the society and business figure Johnny Kidd. But she’s best known for her modeling career, which took off when she was just 15 years old. “I was so busy that learning to drive was not an option until my early 20s,” she admits. Indeed, she didn’t actually buy her first car until a couple of years ago. But what a car: a super-rare Ferrari 550 Land Speed Record. And it was around the time of the Ferrari’s delivery that Jodie discovered she could drive. Really drive. After her talent for power slides and cornering was showcased on the BBC2 program Top Gear, she got a call from Maserati. These days she races a 180-m.p.h. V8 Maserati Trofeo in the newly established Vodafone Maserati Trofeo Europe race series. “Polo ponies and high-performance racing cars are not dissimilar,” she says. “Both are all about balance. You learn not to throw either car or horse into a corner, then

"Don't worry," she says. "I know a bit about all the European speed cops from my experience in the Gumballs." 

expect it to accelerate freely straight afterwards. You try to keep both horse and car as flat as possible, rather than going hell-for-leather.”

Maybe we’re talking too much. A walkie-talkie command from a support vehicle tells us we have missed our turn. We head back toward Milan, making for the border at Como, as recommended. Huge mistake. By the time we get back on track, we are hours behind schedule.

Jodie presses on to the high, wide, and handsome Simplon Pass at an outrageous speed. “Don’t worry,” she says as a blue light flashes in the distance. “I know a bit about all the European speed cops from my experience in the Gumballs.” Apparently, bodywork decals and racing colors are illegal in Spain and carry a hefty fine, while the Italians like to spark a siren and a blue light as a warning shot. Jodie admits that she has played the dumb blonde on occasion. “You just have to be extra sweet and polite,” she says as we redline again. According to my driver, excessively exceeding the Swiss speed limit is punishable by a mandatory three days in prison.

After what seems like an eternity on a congested confusion of toll roads around Lausanne and Montreux, we hit a section of Alpine switchbacks on our climb up to Le Brassus. Kidd puts her driving skills on display, ripping up hairpin turn upon hairpin turn and scaring the life out of the locals, who are more used to the sound of cowbells than the music of a beautifully tuned Italian MC12.

When we eventually arrive, four hours late, Audemars Piguet’s charismatic and extremely good-natured C.E.O., Georges-Henri Meylan, is waiting outside his company’s headquarters with the expectant expression of a boy on Christmas morning. He stands patiently as photos are taken of Kidd, the car, and some dazzling watches. Finally, it is his turn. “You have finished now?” he asks. “I can have a go?” He wedges himself into the cockpit, the engine barks into action once more, and within seconds the car disappears into the lush Swiss landscape. Italian engineering and Swiss precision in perfect harmony.

Simon Mills is the social editor at British GQ.
WRISTY BUSINESS

Your watch says a lot about you. Taki Theodoracopulos harks back to the era when a classic Tank did all the talking and the jet set listened.

Socrates once asked his student Alcibiades what he valued more, his honor or his Cartier watch? To which the incorrigibly vain Alcibiades answered, “By far the latter.” This piece of somewhat unknown history is according to that other great Greek philosopher, Taki, who somehow does not feature in any English version of the classics. No matter. Had Cartier watches been around at the time, old Al would surely have answered so.

Men did wear things around their wrists back then, but mostly for defense or decoration. Sundials and water clocks kept the ancients on time until some smart aleck came up with a more mobile system. Now that’s are completely out of hand—pun intended. Last year alone, the $2 billion luxury-watch industry upped its profits by 10 to 15 percent. No self-respecting banker, financial adviser, Hollywood mogul, furrier, rapper, pimp, or drug dealer wants to be seen without an eye-catching timepiece on his wrist, however limp that wrist may be. As the late Queen front man, Freddie Mercury, once declared, “Real men wear real watches.”

As spending on watches reaches dizzying proportions, an array of watchmakers with a keen eye on new customers’ needs for all things bling is moving in on the traditional Swiss turf. One such fellow, a New Yawker, the self-styled “Jacob the Jeweler” of Jacob & Co., has just come up with his pièce de résistance—a $1 million baguette-diamond watch. Once upon a time it was a man’s war record, sporting achievements, or even title that impressed. No longer. Go to a nightclub and flash a $1 million timepiece and you’ll get the girl. (The kind of girl who’s impressed by a $1 million watch is another matter altogether.) According to the watch industry,
consumers are increasingly willing to shell out for the finer things in life. Of course they are. How else can one show off in a dark place, surrounded by loud music, except by flashing one’s watch? The last time someone took his yacht inside a club for show-off purposes was in Palm Beach: the rich, drunken offender had to pay for the damage.

When I was growing up, during the war, we had no diamond-encrusted watches to play with. The second present I ever received—the first was a toy castle during the bleak wartime Christmas of 1944—was a Bulova watch with green phosphorescent hands. My father bought it from an English officer. I felt as proud as I’m sure the rapper who forks over $1 million for the Jacob the Jeweler watch will feel about his.

Bulova was a hot watch to own. “America runs on Bulova time,” went the ad, which was, in fact, the first commercial ever to be broadcast on American TV, in 1941. It cost the Bulova company nine dollars to air and featured a map of America with a large Bulova timepiece in the middle. I got mine in 1945. Twelve years later, in New York, I was trying to pick up a blonde whose surname was Bulova—she was Romanian and divorced but had kept her married name—when the man she was with took umbrage. Cooler heads prevailed, and he became a lifelong friend.

Naturally, postwar Europe had its style setters, and no one set the style better than Gianni Agnelli, the late Fiat supremo. Many have taken credit for it, but I will bet my last devalued dollar that Gianni pioneered the fashion of wearing a wristwatch over the shirt cuff rather than under it. He began doing that just after the war because his Italian shirtmakers insisted on tight cuffs. As he was a very busy man, chasing women and running Fiat, Agnelli always had to know the time. So he began to wear his beautiful, oversized watches over his cuff, and thus began a trend. The first to copy l’Avocato, or “the Lawyer,” as Agnelli was known to friends, was David Somerset, now the 11th Duke of Beaufort—a longtime friend of Gianni’s. I was second, and so it went. Allegedly, Fred Hughes, a business partner of Andy Warhol’s and a great dandy, insisted that it was his uncle, Howard Hughes, who started the trend. After Fred died, however, it was revealed that Howard Hughes did not wear his watch over his cuff and, worse, that Fred Hughes was not related to him—not by a long shot.

Never mind. Does a watch say something about its owner, like a boat or a pony does? Cheap people wear very expensive ones, and classy people tend to prefer Swatches. Mind you, not always. The most beautiful watch I’ve ever seen is worn by Jose “Pepe” Fanjul, the Cuban aristocrat and billionaire, who collects Cartiers. His favorite is a classic Tank. It’s platinum and fitted with an extremely thin platinum band of tiny links, with the traditional ready-for-action buckle. The band is as flexible as a leather strap, but with less bulk. The watch was bought after the First World War by his grandfather’s sister, the Countess Revilla de Camargo, in Paris. Back then, Tank watches were considered fashion statements: most were gold, very few were platinum. This watch was given to Pepe when he was a child. It was passed down as a family memento, and it’s a true piece of horological, as well as Fanjul, history.

Which were the best watches when manners and style were more important than money? Easy—Longines, Cartier, Vacheron Constantin, Patek Philippe, Boucheron, and, later on, Rolex, Breitling, Blancpain. Watches don’t make the man, but they sure say a hell of a lot about him. Or her. I once witnessed the most elegant gesture, in a casino, of all places, when a lady of great refinement called a banco for a large amount of money. She looked at her losing hand, took off her earrings, and placed them on the green felt baccarat table. Then, on second thought, she took off her watch, placed it next to them, and marched out of the Monte-Carlo Sporting Club. No one tried to stop her. Watches, like people, ain’t what they used to be.

Taki Theodoracopulos is a contributing columnist for The Spectator.
The must-have accessory for watch brands today seems to be a sponsored adventurer—someone whose idea of a day job involves going to extremes, preferably in a bizarre mode of transport: think balloons, powerboats, husky-pulled sleds, or ropes and crampons. Could it be that when one of these watches is strapped to the wrist a little bit of the Indiana Jones spirit is conferred on the wearer?

**Against the Clock**

(1) Patrick Woodhead, leader of the 2004 Trans Antarctica Expedition, wearing a specially designed Dunhill SP20. (2) Polar explorer, mountaineer, and TAG Heuer ambassador Tom Avery, who, at 27, became the youngest Briton ever to reach the South Pole on foot, in 2002. (3) Nancy Thomas, official pilot of the Parmigiani hot-air balloon, which made its debut at the international ballooning program this year. (4) Annabelle Bond, the fastest woman to climb the highest peaks on seven continents, wearing her IWC Spitfire Chronograph Automatic. (5) Explorer Mike Horn wearing the watch created for his 2003 Arktos expedition, a Panerai Luminor Arktos Amagnetic.

**Tick Followed Tock**

(6) Emmanuel Coindre launching the Jaeger Master Compressor Extreme Chrono, which he wore during his July bid to row solo across the Pacific. (7) Bear Grylls, the youngest Briton to climb Mount Everest, leading the Arnold & Son Trans Atlantic Arctic Expedition in 2003. (8) Brian Jones, the first man to fly a hot-air balloon nonstop around the globe, in the Breitling Orbiter 3.
TIME & MONEY

TIME GAMBITS

Making a fortune—as many a bankrupted millionaire can attest—owes less to the big idea and more to perfect timing. Bill Emmott finds more than a hint of truth in the old adage "Time is money."

Follow the money," Deep Throat famously urged Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, the Washington Post reporters who exposed the Watergate scandal that brought down President Richard Nixon. It is a good guideline for trying to understand politics, or crime, or much in current affairs. When it comes to business and economics, however, another dimension is required, and that is time.

In part, time means speed. Throughout commercial history, traders have fought to get their goods to market first, so as to command the highest price or grab the largest volume of business. In its time, the Cutty Sark—the clipper whose name is now mostly associated with Scotch whiskey—exemplified the race to shorten the time to market for each year’s new harvest of tea, once a scarce and valuable commodity.

Time, though, is also a proxy for knowledge. Prices fluctuate according to supply and demand, but in auction-based markets a big factor on both sides of the transaction is knowledge, i.e., information. Buyers and sellers have to make judgments about likely future events. So, those who can get information more quickly than their rivals are likely to boost profits—as long as they have correctly guessed the importance of that information to other traders.

One of the most famous examples involves the Rothschild banking family and the Battle of Waterloo. Legend has it that the Rothschilds set up a network of informants and carrier pigeons that enabled their London bank to find out that Wellington had defeated Napoleon before the rest of the London financial-market traders, and sooner even than the British government. This enabled the Rothschilds to make their own killing, buying colossal amounts of...
securities whose value soared once the information became widely known. The legend is not quite accurate, however, at least according to Niall Ferguson, the distinguished Scottish historian and author of the two-volume history The House of Rothschild. Ferguson reveals how Wellington’s victory at Waterloo was disastrous for the Rothschilds because they had staked a huge amount on financing an English war effort they expected to last for many more years. But it is true that their network of informants passed back the “bad” news more rapidly than any other, enabling the Rothschilds to make financial-market trades that stemmed the bank’s losses in its main business—long-term lending.

Ferguson’s story illustrates a general fact about finance—that speedy communications, as such, have rarely provided a sustained commercial advantage. Networks, whether of spies and pigeons or of satellites and computers, are too easily replicable. When, in the 1860s, the electric telegraph and an undersea cable suddenly slashed the time taken for information about market prices to cross the Atlantic, price gaps between the two sides disappeared almost immediately. The advantage was that this rapid information was shared by all traders, not just a few. Today the giant investment banks spend millions on faster communications systems, but they do so in order to keep up with trends, rather than having any expectation of staying ahead.

What does provide sustained profitability is, first, the ability to know secrets—inside information. But trading on ordinary people, or at least those who are neither economists nor financiers, often misunderstand this relationship between money and time. Experiments have shown repeatedly that people can be fooled into accepting the promise of seemingly higher rewards at some point in the future, when an immediate cash payment is actually worth more. That lack of financial sophistication lies at the root of many consumer lenders’ ability to make profits.

On the other hand, few people value their own time in the way that their employers seem to. Or at least that is what is implied by the willingness of amateurs to do their own interior decorating, or to spend their time sitting in traffic jams, when their own salary levels imply that it would be worthwhile for them to pay someone else to paint the house, or to take up residence somewhere closer to the office. It is true that not everyone can manage time by finding a bit of extra work as a substitute for painting the house. But the concept of putting a value on your own time seems to escape many people.

Perhaps, though, the concept is set to become less elusive, at least for the jet-setting professional classes. Such people are finding themselves working longer hours, with more of their income coming from variable pay, such as bonuses, and with less time to enjoy the fruits of their labors. Where the rich were once gentlemen of leisure, they are now gentlemen and gentlewomen for whom leisure is a scarce luxury.

Hence the significant growth of concierge services to help the affluent and busy to manage their lives—essentially a form of outsourcing to what were once called domestic servants. The principle behind such a business is, naturally, “follow the money”; but it is also one of trading money for time. It is a business whose time has come. Bill Emmott is editor in chief of The Economist.
Since making its debut at the SIHH in Geneva in 2000, Girard-Perregaux’s WWTC—which combines a world-time function with 12-hour chronograph—has become an iconic timepiece, available in pink, yellow, and white gold, as well as titanium. C.E.O. Gina Macaluso sums up the WWTC’s appeal: “I think it is the first time that these two functions have been put together in one watch. For me, it is a combination of two very important aspects of my life: the chronograph, which speaks of the need for me to control my time, and the world-time function, because I travel a lot and like to keep up with the world.”

**Automatic Chronograph**
Movement: GP 033C0 (-FO5VIU)
Power reserve: 46 hours minimum
Water resistance: 30m
Case diameter: 43mm
Height: 13.40mm
Crown: Screw-in
Jewels: 63
Total movement pieces: 361
Total case pieces: 59, plus strap and buckle

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**WATCH OUT!**

Girard-Perregaux’s WWTC—which combines a world-time function with 12-hour chronograph—is one of the first cult watches of the 21st century. **NICK FOULKES** takes a closer look at a modern-day horological icon.
JACK HEUER

His great-grandfather founded the Heuer empire in 1860. About a century later, Jack Heuer took over and steered the brand into motorsports. By the time Steve McQueen sported a Heuer Monaco (and Heuer overalls) in the 1971 film Le Mans, the brand’s cult status—and that of its dynamic president—was secured. Heuer left in the 1980s but came back 20 years later to take up an ambassadorial role for the now L.V.M.H.-owned TAG Heuer.
Audemars Piguet
Le maître de l'horlogerie depuis 1875

ROYAL OAK PERPETUAL CALENDAR SKELETON WATCH. SELF-WINDING MOVEMENT. CASE AND BRACELET IN 950 PLATINUM. TRANSPARENT SAPPHIRE CASEBACK. ALSO AVAILABLE IN STEEL, YELLOW GOLD AND PINK GOLD.
44 DIAMONDS
STEEL AND
SAPPHIRE CRYSTAL WATCH

Dior
CHRISTAL
He'd want to read that liberal nonsense. Sanger admitted that he not only reads it every day but also works there. The man advised Sanger that he ought to go home and set them straight. (For the record, Sanger's ancestors are from Waco and founded a department store there.)

Nick Spanos, whose Coffee Station is testomoned with Bush cutouts and Clinton-bashing cartoons, doesn't hesitate to let it be known he thinks journalists are idiots. "We have reporters running out of our ears," says Spanos, his hand on a second, special cell phone he keeps on his belt, in

"We have reporters running out of our ears," says Spanos.

the unlikely event that he needs to be alert ed about the arrival of a certain someone. "Newsweek did a deal on where the president's money goes. And one of the parts of the interview was: Does he pay for his cheeseburgers? Yes. And does he leave a tip? This and that. Just pretty much stupid questions, you know?"

The press have also been reminded that they are considered sor did and debauched. When they were first working out of the elementary-school gym, unhappy parents, afraid that child molesters might be in the group, demanded that a large, steel door be erected between the press and the kids. "We are the unknown... sort of sleazy element," says Julie Mason, White House correspondent for the Houston Chronicle. "I think they feel we're there to attack their president... We're sort of these troublemakers who make the president unhappy."

As Bush sees it, by bringing the press corps to Crawford, he's introducing them to real America. In 2003 his conviction that the press is out of touch with the country was articulated in an interchange at the summer barbecue at the ranch. One reporter asked him, "How do you then know what the public thinks?", to which he responded, "You're making a huge assumption—that you represent what the public thinks."

"He thinks we're effete and elitist and ridiculous and consumed with garbage," Mason says. "He calls it 'goo-goo jour nalism' when you ask him something introspective, like that question about had he ever made a mistake. We're all a bunch of theater critics... He'll often say, as we're heading there, he'll say something along the lines of 'We're heading to Texas and you're all better for it.'"

On press visits to the ranch, Bush enjoys torturing the journalists physically. He'll drive them around in his John Deere Gator, or load them into one of his fleet of pickups like cattle, so they can feel him attack the rugged terrain. "When you're in the back of his pickup truck and he starts bouncing around on purpose just to watch you sort of flail in the back," says John King, CNN's chief national correspondent. "I think he's just trying to see if he can ditch anybody."

According to NBC's David Gregory, whom Bush publicly ridiculed for asking Jacques Chirac a question in French, "He loves the idea that it really sort of tweaks all of us—you know, the white-wine-swalling, beach-loving East Coast elitist press corps, who would just be dying to spend time on Nantucket instead of Crawford. The fact that it puts us through our paces," says Gregory, "I think he enjoys that even more."

Bush's instinct to out-tough the press corps is so ingrained that once, when standing in front of reporters at a news conference in 106-degree heat, he said, "We've got to get in before we have a heatstroke," only to quickly correct himself: "before you have a heatstroke." That Sanger (a Jew from the Times, of all things) has Texas roots perplexes Bush. "It may not quite fit with his image of New York Times reporters," says Sanger, "as a bunch of Ivy League East Coasters who have little understanding of his Texas world."

The fact that they're on location doesn't mean the press can expect anything like candor. Most of the ranch visits are "off the record," and Bush makes it clear that he's not there to discuss policy. Walking tours are like "boot camp," says Gregory. "He
moves so quickly, and you can tell he doesn’t really want to talk about substance, so he ends up giving you this kind of Audubon Society tour of his property.”

“They tell you nothing and then they slam the door,” says Jean-Louis Doublet, from Agence France-Presse, over dinner at El Siete Mares, a Waco seafood restaurant. White House reporters tempted to criticize Bush do so at their own risk, Doublet explains. “Any journalist covering the White House, if they write a story saying they’re a bunch of liars . . . he would do it once and he’d be gone. He’d be an outcast.” Then again, feeling outcast is not uncommon among White House reporters. “This administration is so tight-lipped,” says Jessica Yellin, a rising star at ABC News, “that I can’t imagine the reporters who are ‘frozen out’ get that much less information than the rest of us.”

They’re left with exactly what Bush wants to give them—endless shots of him strutting around in his cowboy hat, blue jeans, short-sleeved work shirts, and question-and-answer sessions in which he’s leaning on a fence rail. In the summer of 2004, the other reporters envied the A.P.’s Scott Lindlaw when he got invited to the ranch for a one-on-one with Bush—even though his dispatch was nothing more than a play-by-play description of Bush on his mountain bike, climaxing in the president swarming off a crash. Lindlaw noted that Bush’s heart rate is in the range of Lance Armstrong’s. The New York Times’s Elisabeth Bumiller has devoted several columns to the president’s exercise regimen, and has chronicled his problematic knee. Other Crawford dispatches, such as those from Judy Keen at USA Today, read like resort pamphlets. “That natural ambience is what the Bushes love so much about their ranch,” Keen writes with Laurence McQuillan in one of her exclusives. “The only sounds are the chatter of birds and the murmur of the breeze through the leaves of the live oak and cedar elm trees. The ‘Texas White House’ is where the Bushes find peace and solitude.” Meanwhile, at the Crawford Middle School, television correspondents deliver their “stand-ups” strategically placed in front of bales of hay or trac-

Casey enlisted in the army in 2000, with the dream of becoming a chaplain’s assistant. Instead, he became a mechanic. “His recruiter promised him that even if there was a war that he wouldn’t see combat because he scored so high on the mil-

“I have e-mails saying, ‘We hope you die,’” says Fisher. 2004, less than a month into his tour of duty. There had been intense fighting that night, and help was needed to bring wounded soldiers to safety. Although mechanics do not usually go on such missions, resources were thin, and Casey volunteered. When Cindy saw a burning
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Humvee on CNN the next morning, she knew somehow that her son was dead. Together with others who’d lost loved ones in Iraq, Sheehan met with the president shortly after her son’s death. The meeting left her without a shred of respect for him. Bush, who had prided himself on his compassion for military families, began the meeting. Sheehan recalls, by asking, “Who are we honoring here?” He didn’t know Casey’s name. He didn’t look at Cindy’s pictures of him. He called Cindy “Mom” throughout.

After processing that meeting Sheehan made it her mission to hold Bush’s feet to the fire for a good explanation as to why the country went to war. Her quest, as she puts it, is “to make meaning out of Casey’s death.” In the process, she has seen her life crumble further. She lost her job due to absences. She and her husband, Pat, split up, owing in part to the difference in the way they handled Casey’s death. He wanted to distract himself; she wanted to immerse herself. None of this has dimmed her determination. “I’m not afraid of anything anymore,” says Sheehan. “I’ve already had the worst thing happen to me.”

Her decision to come to Crawford was not some grand stunt to become a media star. As she tells it, it was a spur-of-the-moment decision she made with her sister, Dede Miller. Here on Prairie Chapel Road, usually a quiet spot, where a truck might drive by every 10 minutes or so, Sheehan finds herself at the center of a surreal scene that’s in turn exciting, heartrending, infuriating, and silly. Supporters have arrived from all over the country. Other military families have come to speak out, some who have lost children, and some who are terrified that they might any day. A few left-wing nuts roam from pup tent to pup tent, muttering about how the government was responsible for 9/11.

Over the course of the past week Sheehan has stood in lightning storms, slept in ditches, fought fevers, and endured attacks of fire ants in the middle of the night, only to watch her character get slimed on TV day after day. But support has come from unlikely places. Republican senators Chuck Hagel, from Nebraska, and George Allen, from Virginia, both publicly announced that they believed the president should meet with Sheehan. Dozens of reporters are clamoring for just a few minutes with her. “It’s a miracle,” she says.

But she also harbors bitterness toward the national networks and newspapers whose reporters are now swarming around her. “I believe the media did not do its job in the run-up to the war,” Sheehan says. “They did not ask the hard questions. They didn’t do the investigating. I told that to CNN anchor Anderson Cooper last night, and he said, ‘Well, there are only so many questions you can ask.’…Yesterday, a CNN producer told me I had really good timing because it was a slow news week. I said, ‘Tell that to the 30 families of the Marines who died last week.’” A few minutes later, Sheehan stands before the media at a press conference and tells them she is doing the job they should have done.

This sudden jolt of ugly reality into Bush’s conservative comfort zone naturally has driven the true believers bonkers. Pickup trucks routinely spray Sheehan and her supporters with mud and make sport of coming close to running over. A local resident, Larry Northern, moved down hundreds of crosses Sheehan and her supporters had put up, the names of fallen soldiers affixed to them. One shopkeeper remarked that she’d like to release skunks onto the whole group. Plots of land Sheehan’s group had been using, which had been county property, were suddenly handed over to Crawford residents, making the protesters trespassers.

But on August 16 one Crawford landowner, Fred Mattlage, stepped in to help, by offering up his property for them to continue their protest. With this, another Crawford was put in the spotlight. This Crawford sees the growing divide between rich and poor in their community and a president who is responsible for it and accountable to no one.

One such Crawford citizen is Larry Mattlage, Fred’s distant cousin, whose farm has been in Crawford since 1887 and who owns a farm three-quarters of a mile from Bush’s property. Mattlage is the real Crawford cowboy—with land, goats, sheep, a white beard, legs that stretch a mile—and he believes that Bush has done nothing for his beloved town except exploit it. First
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off, the idea that Bush is some kind of "rancher" just makes him laugh. "He don't know dirt," says Mattlage, who is friendly with Bush's ranch foreman, Robert Blossman. All that brush clearing, Mattlage says, "is for show. It’s not necessary.... [Brush] is where the birds live. That's birdseed. That's deer food. That's cow food. ... [Cedar] makes cedar posts. If they're grown properly, they make a good post that will last forever." Bush's ignorance on the matter doesn’t surprise him. "You don’t move into these boomies and really understand the land, you know?" says Mattlage. "[They] got a lot of money, and they got access to a lot of machinery and a lot of bulldozers and a lot of destructive equipment, and before you know it, they can screw up something so damn bad.... A rich man with a bulldozer is a dangerous thing!" Furthermore, the notion that Bush is "friends" with anyone in Crawford is hogwash. "He’s a visitor to this group of people," says Mattlage. "Nobody knows anything about him. I know you better than I know my neighbor."

The history of Crawford, explains Mattlage as he takes you in his white Chevy four-by-four down Prairie Chapel Road, began in the mid-19th century when a bunch of German families settled and became farmers. He knows the ins and outs—which Mattlage married which Engelbrecht, which Westerfield is buried in which cemetery—and he loves every piece. He also loved the way of life he knew until Bush became his neighbor. "These people," he says, nodding toward the farms, "they like to lay their corn, their wheat. ... Before George Bush, we knew everyone on the road. We knew who stopped on the road. We could go where we wanted."

One of Mattlage’s favorite spots in Crawford is the old schoolhouse down on Prairie Chapel Road, which happens to be close to Bush’s ranch. But as he approaches Mattlage Road, named after a relative, he’s met by a large roadblock and an S.U.V. Mattlage comes to a stop. A young Secret Service man, his eyes hidden behind shades, gets out and approaches us. Mattlage rolls down the window. "How you doing, sir?" says the young man, in Secret Service tones. Mattlage introduces himself and his visitors. "One of the things that they’re writing on is the history of this area," Mattlage says. "And there's a Prairie Chapel Schoolhouse that we would love to take a picture of, the historical markers. Anybody that can follow us there just for pictures?" "Not while he’s in town, sir." "O.K. Uh, is there anybody we can call to get permission to do that? I mean, we’ll have the highway patrol follow us—"

"No. It pulls manpower away from what we already have allotted to. So, I mean, you know, it’s a secure perimeter. If you want to wait, I hate to say this, but if you want to wait till September, when he goes back ... I know that's not what you want to hear—"

"No."

"Well, these roads become open then, but until then it’s a secure perimeter and it’s like asking to get into the White House itself."

"Well, I understand that," says Mattlage, his frustration quietly growing. "I know it’s, this is, you know, this is your S.U.V."

"I’m sorry?" says the young man. "That’s why we’re fighting the war—we’re doing the j..." 

"Yes, sir."

Mattlage pulls away and moves on. There’s another road up ahead he wants to go down. This one, he explains, does not lead to Bush’s ranch. When we get there, same thing.

"What the hell we got here now?" he says, getting more pissed off.

He spots Billy Westerfield, another neighbor, waiting in his pickup to get through, and he rolls down the window.

"What’s going on, Billy?"

"He’s riding his bicycle."

Mattlage pulls away. "Bush has got a whole ranch to ride a bicycle on. He closes the road so he can ride a bicycle. See, this is like the military. They took a quiet community and turned it into a base."

But it’s not just that Crawford has become a police state that has Mattlage riled up. Under Bush, Mattlage has seen the country—and his own life—go downhill. For 30 years he worked in education while he ran his farm on the side. Nine years ago, when Bush was governor, Mattlage lost his job at Texas State Technical College, in Waco, where he was director of counseling. "He goes all over Texas talking about, ‘We need technical education,’” says Mattlage, popping chewing tobacco into his mouth as he roams one of Crawford's cemeteries.

"Hell, he’s the one who cut it when we were doing it. He’s the one who cut my job. He’s why I don’t have a job. Now he’s my damned neighbor!"

Mattlage has other problems, too—a family member who is H.I.V.-positive, addicted to cocaine, and can’t get help. "To get him into treatment, I’d have to be a multi-millionaire or I’d have to gamble and sell everything I got, and he may not even get it. There’s no places to go, there’s no insurance for him to have, and the fact is nobody cares." Minute by minute, you can see his Clint Eastwood stoicism giving way to rage. He gestures, fed up, with his long arms in the direction of the ranch. "So we got a guy who can ride a bicycle and do all the rest, but I can’t get [my relative] into a drug-treatment facility!"

Mattlage is not the only one frustrated.

"We're not talking about the war," says Shirley Westerfield.

He sees similar struggles going on with his friends and neighbors. "People want a job, they want a family, they want a house, they want to work. They just want to make a living," he says. He insists none of his neighbors would dare complain about Bush, adding, "The things I’m telling you are just things that I know they would say to me."

What about the true believers? "They’re making money off T-shirts. They’re making money off hamburgers. Their ski lodge is open."

And Shirley Westerfield? Mattlage chuckles. "She got to dance with him and she thinks she was dancing with Jesus Christ," he says.

If Mattlage is Crawford’s real cowboy, then Robert Campbell, a thin, soft-spoken, bespectacled, 62-year-old African-American, is its real president. A 20-year air-force veteran who built bases from the ground up in Vietnam, Campbell moved from Philadelphia to Crawford in 1981 after meeting his wife, who was from here. Upon arrival, he became the sole maintenance worker in Crawford while he put himself through night school, studying business administration. He followed that by earning an advanced degree in social work from Baylor. After that, he went through the seminary at Southern Methodist University. He’s now pastor at two churches, serving the African-American communities of Crawford and Waco. Until this past May, he was also Crawford’s mayor, an unpaid position he had held since 1999. In spite of his credentials and in spite of the enormous role he has played in the community, he is someone the president has never shown an interest in meeting—though foreign dignitaries, such as the pres-
“We’re his photo op,” Campbell says of Crawford.

Though neighbors were enraged and he was dissed by councilmen, Campbell doesn’t regret speaking up. “In church I say I believe the Lord made my shoulders broad enough and he gives me the strength to carry the load,” he says. “I cannot stand in my pulpit and tell the members of my congregation what thus sayeth the Lord and how they are to live if I’m not willing to be bold enough to stand for my own convictions.”

On the last weekend of August, marking the end of the president’s vacation, the true believers and the skeptics came face-to-face when some 5,500 Sheehan supporters and 1,500 anti-Sheehan demonstrators descended on Crawford. In the 101-degree heat, the tiny town became a tinderbox for the most emotional showdown since the war began.

On one side is “Camp Casey,” a giant tent located on Fred Mattlage’s land, about a mile and a half from the president’s ranch. For anyone who harbors a tinge of embarrassment from the peace-movement antics of the 60s, there is much here to poke fun at. The protesters, who come from Austin and San Antonio, Colorado, New York, Cal-

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KEEPING THE FAITH

Robert Campbell, a pastor and former mayor of Crawford, August 3, 2005.
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In a counterpoint to the silliness, more parents of fallen soldiers have joined Sheehan here, seeking answers to not just why we got into the war but why their children were put in situations they never should have seen—situations which led to their deaths. Bill Mitchell's son, Mike, a tank mechanic, had turned in all his equipment on April 3, 2004. He was one week away from going to Kuwait; two weeks from Germany; four months from his wedding day. The next day, when a group of soldiers was ambushed in Sadır City, Mike was called back to help rescue them. "Sergeant Deaton, the tank commander, said, "Mitch, I need you to ride loader on the tank today,"" says Bill, holding the cross around his neck, in which he keeps some of Mike's ashes. "He said, 'Sarge, I'm with you.' So my son went into Sadır City that day manning a machine gun," something that was not emphasized in his training to be a mechanic.

Nadia McCaffrey, from Sunnyvale, California, never even thought her son, Patrick, who joined the National Guard after 9/11 as a way of serving his country, would have to leave the U.S. "He asked if there's a war would he be deployed, because he has two children, and they told him no, you will be sent to Utah to watch a nuclear plant," recalls McCaffrey. But like about 37,000 other National Guard troops, her son was sent to Iraq, in March 2004, after just two months of boot camp. On June 22, out on a mission that likely involved a search for WMD, he was shot and killed by a group of Iraqi men he'd been training. "Patrick didn't have a chance, because he was carrying the radio," says McCaffrey. "The radio was 75 pounds. It was 125 degrees. People were dropping. Patrick was a combat lifesaver. He had evacuated two people that day by administering a saline IV. He should have been evacuated himself as well. That mission should have been called off, period." McCaffrey has repeatedly requested of the Pentagon that an autopsy of her son's body be done. None has been forthcoming.

On the anti-Sheehan side, made up of locals and people from the Sacramento-based group Move America Forward, the rage is equally palpable. Among the BUSH COUNTRY and SUPPORT THE TROOPS signs are those that read, HOW TO WRECK YOUR FAMILY. 

Headquarters for the anti-Sheehan group is just outside the Yellow Rose gift shop. "We're making ground," says Bill Johnson, as he wanders rapturously around his tent, which is decorated with pictures of a muzzle-driven Cindy Sheehan and happy Iraqi children. As at Camp Casey, small white crosses have been planted in the ground. "We got 30 crosses in one bunch and another 40 coming down." Country musicians have been brought in for the day, but the music is drowned out each time a Bush supporter yanks the rope of the Yellow Rose's enormous Liberty Bell, which makes a sound that reverberates for blocks and shakes the pavement. "If you don't support George Bush, you're not supporting the troops!" yells one Waco woman over the din.

This side, too, has its share of parents in profound pain. Gregg Garvey, whose son Justin, an army sergeant with the 101st Airborne Division, was killed in July 2003 in Iraq, believes that Sheehan is trying to dishonor the troops, and he came to Crawford to set her straight. "I went up there and retrieved my son's cross from a ditch," says Garvey. "[Sheehan] made the comment that this country is not worth fighting or dying for." Then why in the hell doesn't she take her protest thing and join her freedom fighters in Iraq and see how long it lasts over there?" In fact, what Sheehan said was that Iraq was not worth fighting for. The twisted words have been beamimg from one right-wing media outfit to another.

By the end of the summer, Bush had driven past Sheehan only to go to and from a Republican fund-raising barbecue. He left Crawford on Monday, August 29—not to go to Louisiana and Mississippi, where a state of emergency had been declared three days earlier, but to Arizona, where he posed with John McCain and his birthday cake and tried to sell senior citizens on his Medicare proposal. On Tuesday, as New Orleans filled up with water, he went to Naval Air Station North Island, outside San Diego, where he messed around on a guitar with country singer Mark Wills. When conditions for about 25,000 citizens trapped in the New Orleans Superdome deteriorated into unimaginable filth, starvation, and death, and one million Gulf Coast residents found themselves homeless, Bush returned to Crawford for one more night.

It remains to be seen whether even the true believers will get all they want from Bush. Waco will likely not get its presidential library, as insiders say the president has all but decided to build his library at Southern Methodist University, in Dallas. He has been to Waco a total of six times, twice for summits at Baylor, twice to play golf, once to throw a pitch in the regional Little League game, and once for a photo op with Habitat for Humanity, which ended when Bush pinched his thumb between two boards and bled on the homeowner's new floor. As one local newspaper editor points out, "The name 'Waco' has never come out of his mouth."

What about Bill Johnson and his souvenir shop? Bush has never set foot in the Yellow Rose. But, like a doormat girlfriend, Johnson doesn't complain. Rather, he makes up lame excuses for Bush's absence. "He was going to come in here about three or four months ago, and it rained, so they couldn't get in the back door." He adds, weakly, that "the daughters have been in. And Arnie Schwartz." (That's Ari Fleischer.)

After his presidency, Bush will likely leave Shirley Westerfield and friends and buy a place in Dallas, which Laura has admitted she prefers. When Bush hangs up his cowboy hat, all that the Crawford residents will have left of him will be those souvenirs, photos, and cardboard cutouts—which, if you really think about it, was all they had in the first place.
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25 FOR THE ROAD

The perfect soundtrack to looking for trouble as a Missouri teenager, or driving through France with fiancé Lance Armstrong, or cruising the California coast in search of inspiration? A rock star's 25 favorite road-trip albums map her artistic milestones

BY SHERYL CROW

The perfect soundtrack to looking for trouble as a Missouri teenager, or driving through France with fiancé Lance Armstrong, or cruising the California coast in search of inspiration? A rock star's 25 favorite road-trip albums map her artistic milestones.

ON THE BUS

Sheryl Crow plays guitar on a tour bus, August 16, 2005. Her fall tour kicks off in Seattle this month.

R

oad trips for me are not uncommon. In fact, I have driven across the country on several occasions now, by myself and with friends. All of the following albums have special meaning, for each represents a baptism of sorts in my life. There are many albums by artists I love—such as Billie Holiday, the Bee Gees, and Miles Davis—that are not what I consider "driving music," and therefore are not listed here.

OFFRAMP
PAT METHENY GROUP
(ECM, 1982)

Let us begin with my exodus to Los Angeles in 1987. I had been a St. Louis public-school music teacher until I landed a McDonald's commercial ("It's a good time for the great taste of McDonald's . . . "), which paid me more than I'd made in two years of teaching. This became the impetus for my moving to Los Angeles to get commercial work.

I set out in a well-worn Renault Alliance convertible, which could go maybe 60 miles an hour if the air conditioner wasn't running, and headed across the country on interstate 40. It was on the long stretch of Oklahoma where all signs of life began to evaporate that I came to know every nuance of Pat Metheny's Offramp. I will never not picture the sunrise over the last few hills of New Mexico when I hear Lyle Mays playing the intro to "Au Lait."

HARVEST
NEIL YOUNG
(REPRISE, 1972)

My hometown of Kennett, Missouri, sits right on the Arkansas and Tennessee borders. The Mississippi River makes the air hang heavy with moisture. About 10 miles away, there's a town called Senath, famous for its legend of a mysterious, otherworldly light. As kids, we would drive out to an empty field and sit for hours waiting for this light to appear. Neil Young's Harvest was the soundtrack of my last summer in Kennett, and although I told many boys I'd seen "the light," I never really did.

STICKY FINGERS
THE ROLLING STONES
(VIRGIN, 1971)

When I was 15, my best friend bought the Stones' Sticky Fingers. When you are a teenager and living in a very small town in the Bible Belt, a shot of a trouser zipper will definitely get a group of young girls together behind closed doors to speculate and dream. Was "Brown Sugar" really about a black woman's "little moneymaker"? "Wild Horses," "Moonlight Mile" . . . I can safely say these are great examples of why I wound up doing what I'm doing. Oh, to be Mick or Keef.

I still play the Stones, and this particular album reminds me so much of my life in rural "Missourah." Very little has changed there, and no matter where I am in the world, Sticky Fingers takes me home.

THE ESSENTIAL JOHNNY CASH
JOHNNY CASH
(COLUMBIA/LEGACY, 2002)

I guess we all feel we have a bit of outlaw in us until we meet a real outlaw. In 1997, I met Johnny Cash and continued on page 244.
AMSTEL LIGHT.
LIVE TASTEFULLY.

CHEER UP.
IT'S RIGHT BEHIND YOU.
"Need to see, need to say, need to be something beautiful."

Tom McRae
"A Day Like Today"
From the album "Just Like Blood"

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"I just want to move ahead, I just want to free myself."

Ringside
"Struggle"
From the album "Ringside"

The first-ever Torrent.
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 218 at the Greek Theatre, in Los Angeles. The thing that struck me was his looming presence, which seemed to tell his whole story. Six years later, Johnny cut a song of mine called “Redemption Day.” He phoned me, out of the blue, to talk about it, and because it was such a highly political song, he wanted to know what my motivation had been for writing it, what certain lines meant, how I came up with certain imagery. He finished the conversation with “Well, I thought there wasn’t anyone who worked as hard as me and June, but I think I was wrong. I’ll send you what I did with your song. I hope you like it.”

I grew up really hating country music because it was all that radio in my part of the world would play. As I got older, though, and grew into songwriting, I realized that basically everything I’ve written has been based in country-music tradition. Songs like “I Walk the Line,” “Cry, Cry, Cry,” and “Big River,” all from The Essential Johnny Cash, became the handbook on how to write about what the roads of America really look like. I never go anywhere without Johnny.

TUMBLEWEED CONNECTION
ELTON JOHN
(UNG, 1970)

I was in seventh grade when I first played in front of a real audience—not a paying audience but one forced to be there by way of a school-assembly talent contest. I played Elton John’s “Your Song.” I did not win; however, when my first record came out years later, it was Elton John who championed it. He spoke about it whenever he could, as is his tradition when it comes to new music. He was the one artist who made it cool to be the piano player, and whenever I hear this album I feel challenged to write more songs on piano. He also succeeded in bringing a down-home, gospel-tinged feel to the popular music of the 70s. He was and is a huge inspiration for me as a songwriter and was a huge influence on my latest recordings.

THE BEST OF LYNYRD SKYNYRD
(THE MILLENNIUM COLLECTION)
LYNYRD SKYNYRD
(MCA, 1999)

My third rock-concert experience ever (after Peter Frampton and Ted Nugent) was Lynyrd Skynyrd at the Mid-South Coliseum, in Memphis. I was 14 and my best friend’s older sister drove us down and promptly told us to get lost while she hung out with her friends. Skynyrd was about as close to southern-outlaw status as anything I had ever seen, and to this day their music reminds me of what it feels like to be speeding down the freeway in a Z28 with a cop on your tail.

As a touring musician, I don’t believe I’ve ever played a club where someone didn’t yell, “Play ‘Free Bird’!” Needless to say, the easiest thing to do is just learn it and play it. However, I can safely say “Free Bird” is one of those songs I wish I had written. The perfect southern-rock song.

COLD ROSES
RYAN ADAMS & THE CARDINALS
(LOST HIGHWAY, 2005)

Just recently, I took a trip to Arizona to see a friend whose father had passed away. I drove down in my hybrid, which is not too dissimilar from a Renault Alliance in its get-up-and-go. I happened to have bought Ryan Adams’s Cold Roses right before embarking on my trip. I was immediately transported back to 2002, to my first encounter with Ryan, at the Ryman Auditorium, in Nashville. We were both playing a tribute concert for Willie Nelson. Ryan had a Band-Aid on his chin from a bar fight the night before. He was totally belligerent, a colossal flirt, infuriating onstage, and completely endearing. An incredibly talented train wreck that you can’t take your eyes off of.

Cut to a couple years later... I followed Ryan at the Austin City Limits festival and asked him to sit in on “If It Makes You Happy.” He clearly had no clue as to how the song went but, in his grand fashion, was so ear-shatteringly loud that you believed he’d originated the song himself.

Cold Roses has some unmistakably perfect-for-a-road-trip songs such as “Dance All Night” and “Mockingbird.” I love Ryan because he keeps making me want to keep up with him.

LEVI'S
GEORGE HARRISON
(CAPITOL, 1970)

As I’ve gotten older and the business I am in has seemingly become more concerned with youth and image, I have found that George Harrison means more to me than ever. A few years ago, when he died, I heard he had made the request to those close to him that, upon his death, the news of passing be kept private for a short time, so that he could “go on” without the yearning of those who were grieving over him keeping him attached to this earthly plan.

Brilliant songs such as “All Things Must Pass,” “Beware of Darkness,” and “Isn’t It a Pity” remind me that an artist’s life would always inform his work, as in the case of George Harrison.

GREATEST HITS: 1974–78
STEVE MILLER BAND
(CAPITOL, 1978)

This album is simply a guilty pleasure. When every kid I knew was listening to Kansas and Boston, I could only relate to blues-bass...
Steve Miller at his pop best. “Fly Like an Eagle” and “Take the Money and Run” were and still are great W.T. (meaning “white trash”) anthems.

SWEET BABY JAMES

JAMES TAYLOR
(WARNER BROS., 1970)

When I was a kid, I spent hours listening to James Taylor. Truth be told, I really wanted to be James Taylor. I was so mystified by his story—a lone, American troubadour—junkie—literary genius discovered by the Beatles after busking in England. I was too young to know what all of that meant, but I was a kid who fantasized about being a tortured artist, and he represented that to me. He has written some of my favorite songs of all time, and I might as well be on a road trip when I hear him sing “Country Road.”

TROUBLE

RAY LAMONTAGNE
(RCA, 2004)

When I first heard the voice of the new-to-the-scene artist named Ray Lamontagne on his album Trouble, I wasn’t quite sure if he was a man or a woman or if he was black or white. He has an interesting and original singing style that is very intimate and sexy. I really like this guy and can’t wait to see what he does next.

RED DIRT GIRL

EMMYLOU HARRIS
(NONESUCH, 2000)

A few years ago, I performed with Emmylou Harris at a breast-cancer benefit in New York City. I’d never met her but was a huge fan. Upon first meeting her, I was struck by how incredibly gorgeous and graceful she is. Yet, let me tell you, the lady can rock. I’ve seen her play live on numerous occasions since then, and not only is she a star of the most credible kind, she is an inspiration to me, as I become an elder stateswoman in rock.

by virtue of the fact that her work continues to grow. I think Red Dirt Girl may be her best album yet.

HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED

BOB DYLAN
(COLUMBIA, 1965)

It’s impossible to limit myself to just one Dylan album for a road trip, so I won’t! Highway 61 Revisited is the first album by this masterful writer I am putting into my quintessential road-trip collection. Obvious choice. To drive along to the title track or “Tombstone Blues” or “It Takes a Lot to Laugh. It Takes a Train to Cry” is the ultimate road experience. Robert Zimmerman has always had an indescribable ability to state his every observation in a Everyman voice. He is, without a doubt, one of the finest poets this country has ever produced.

NASHVILLE SKYLINE

BOB DYLAN
(COLUMBIA, 1969)

This was a difficult choice to make, but in the end Nashville Skyline just edged out Bringing It All Back Home for a spot on the road music mix. I have often wondered what was going through Dylan’s mind or, perhaps, what was going on in his life that provoked him to sing like Bobby Goldsboro on this album, but the songs are truly Middle America at its best. “Lay Lady Lay” and “The Girl from the North Country” are two of my favorite Dylan songs ever, the first for its pop sensibility and the latter for its plaintive tone. In my book, Dylan can do no wrong, and he would be on any kind of music list I might take into any situation.

FLEETWOOD MAC

FLEETWOOD MAC
(REPRISE, 1975)

I have used the road-trip experience a lot in my creative life as a means of finding inspiration or simply for getting away from the distractions of the day, particularly when I’m trying to write songs. I always come back from driving feeling revitalized and focused. I can’t say how many times I have driven up the coast of California with “Monday Morning” or “World Turning” blasting at obnoxious decibel levels, but the album brings me back to my original intent: to write a moving piece of music that is from a place that man has spent ages trying to define.

SEA CHANGE

BECK
(GEFFEN/INTERTSCOPE, 2002)

Beck is an anomaly to me. He is an innovator with a true sense of self. He is original, yet there are flashes of Leadbelly’s influence in his work. This album gave me a whole new appreciation for the depths of Beck’s abilities as a songwriter and record-maker. I listened to this off and on for the better part of last year on the ultimate road trip: a summer of traveling through Europe. It is the perfect soundtrack for taking in the beauty of the French countryside.

EAT A PEACH

THE ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND
(CAPRICORN, 1972)

I met the Allman Brothers more than 10 years ago during the HORDE Festival. My band and I were the lowest of the lowly on that tour, in that we were relatively unknown and just getting started as a valid touring act. Greg Allman invited me to sing on one of the most beautiful rock songs ever written, “Midnight Rider.” Later, when I asked him why he still rode motorcycles after all of the losses the band had suffered because of them, he explained, “Sometimes, you just got to have the rumble down below, darlin’”—spoken as only a true traveler of the wide-open highway could.

NEBRASKA

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
(COLUMBIA, 1982)

A few years back, I made a trip to Nashville to see my sister and got caught in one of the worst rainstorms I can remember. I spent close to 30 minutes parked beneath an overpass, unable to drive ahead. I had been listening to the Boss’s Nebraska record, but it wasn’t until that moment that the title song became visually animated for me. Bruce managed, on this song,
to bring understanding to a real-life news story that was so terribly haunting and disturbing. When I hear “Nebraska,” I am always taken back to that afternoon on the road.

**LAYLA AND OTHER ASSORTED LOVE SONGS**
**Derek And The Dominos (Polydor, 1970)**

Who hasn’t wanted a love song written just for or about them? When Eric Clapton wrote the album *Layla* for the woman he was obsessed with, he won the heart of every woman who heard the title song. I loved Derek and the Dominos because they were a very funky band from the South fronted by a very inspired guitar player from England, making for the most fiery collection of rock ‘n’ roll love songs ever written.

**JELLYCREAM**
**Derek And The Dominos (Polydor, 1970)**

Very much in the style of the English guitar man I referred to in the preceding item is a young guitar player–songwriter who has the most soulful voice I have ever heard. Doyle Bramhall II is relatively unknown, except in Texas blues circles, but his records are a wonderful mix of soul and rhythm and blues. I never tire of his stuff, and it is always in my car with me wherever I go.

**ONE BY ONE**
**Foo Fighters (RCA/Roswell, 2002)**

This record was also part of the soundtrack to the ultimate trip last year. Lance [Armstrong] and I listened to this a lot during his training for the Tour de France, and it got a lot of play in the follow car, which is where I spent most of my time. “Times Like These” became our most-played motivational song before each time trial. It may be the most hopeful and uplifting song I have ever heard.

**COPPERHEAD ROAD**
**Steve Earle (Univ./MCA, 1988)**

In 1997, I met Steve Earle at a V.V.A.F. (Vietnam Veterans of America Foundation) “Concert for a Landmine Free World” event. We were both performing, and at the time I was not that familiar with Steve’s work but knew he was artistically the direct descendant of Townes Van Zandt and Guy Clark, with a little Woody Guthrie thrown in. He has been called, on numerous occasions, one of America’s finest singer-songwriters, but it was his performance of “The Devil’s Right Hand” and “Even When I’m Blue” at that event that inspired me to go out and buy all of his records. I have found so many wonderful truths in his music, and he has personally helped me to get out of my own way when battling the finisher’s complex of album-making.

**DAMN THE TORPEDOES**
**Tom Petty (Backstreet/MCA, 1979)**

“Here Comes My Girl” and “Refugee”: perfect songs for the road. In fact, the whole album takes me back to circling the Dairy Queen/A&W loop in my town, looking for trouble. Summers in southern Missouri were typically balmy, and we spent them raging with teenage hormones behind the wheel of a parent’s car. For a young kid looking to break away from a small town, there may not be a better album for the purposes of finding oneself.
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The moment this strange incantation bubbled up through urban airwaves in October 1979, the genie was out of the bottle. This was the vocal lead-in to the Sugarhill Gang's "Rapper's Delight," a 12-inch single that became a freakish commercial phenomenon within weeks of its release on a then unknown independent label, Sugar Hill Records. Its peak sales of more than 50,000 copies per day would have been impressive under any circumstances, but there was a greater significance to this 15-minute-long monster hit: it was the first full-fledged rap record, and as such the catalyst for what would arguably become the cultural revolution of our times. Rock creationists can debate long and hard about which records heralded the advent of rock 'n' roll in the 1950s; recorded hip-hop began with a stark and solitary statement: "Rapper's Delight."

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beginning, doggedly resistant to the trade winds of mainstream America. By 1979 hip-hop had, on a local scale, already developed both a loyal audience and a star system, dating back to the mid-70s. "Rapper's Delight" was thus a tardy arrival on the scene. And it would take a few more years before hip-hop would transform American culture. In 1979 jaded opinion-makers shrugged off the Sugarhill Gang as novelty merchants; the music was generally mocked, maligned, misunderstood. (Rap music—isn't that an oxymoron?) Though "Rapper's Delight" sold millions of copies and went to No. 4 on the Billboard R&B charts, it barely grazed the less inclusive pop charts of its day, peaking at just No. 36 in January 1980.

Sitting atop the pop charts in 1979 was Rupert Holmes's "Escape (The Pina Colada Song)," a glutinous hymn to one of the great secretarial intoxicants. Black music was hardly in great shape either. Having begun the 1970s with a bang of Afro-conscious funk and mean-streets social conscience, soul music ended the decade with a disco whimper. Against that grim backdrop, "Rapper's Delight" was a futuristic re-assertion of black pride, combining as it did the culture's oral traditions with its eternal drive to modernism—even if it was made for $750 by a cobbled-together group akin to the Monkees or 'NSync and by a producer, Sylvia Robinson, who knew next to nothing about "rap" or "hip-hop" or whatever they called it.

It could be said that "Rapper's Delight" owed its success to all the wrong people using all the wrong methods. In the South Bronx, the Sugarhill Gang were regarded as underqualified ambassadors for a movement fully evolved and happily autonomous. "It's like somebody discovering the lost world of Atlantis and thinking it just got there," says Grandmaster Caz, one of the legendary D.J.'s of hip-hop's pre-vinyl history. "It was over there all along, and no one paid it any mind."

Sylvia Robinson, an interminably successful performer, songwriter, producer, and label owner, has been a remarkable and recurring presence over four decades of black music. But as the sun came up on 1979, her career appeared to be in terminal decline. All Platinum, the New Jersey–based group of record labels she co-owned with her husband, Joe, was in the process of going belly-up, thanks in part to a litigious falling-out with its distributor, PolyGram. There were creative problems, too: in its mid-70s heyday, All Platinum had had a run of modest, novelty-tinged hits, but, as so often happens in the music industry, the hot streak had cooled off too quickly. Fortunately, Sylvia, at the age of 43, was about to hear a new kind of sound that would ensure her future.

One evening in late June 1979, she found herself attending a party in Manhattan, 30 minutes from her home in Englewood, New Jersey, at an uptown club named Harlem World. Sylvia Robinson is now retired from the music game, but she will never forget the sights and sounds that assailed her senses when she took her seat in the club's balcony. A D.J. called Lovebug Starski was spinning R&B hits for an appreciative crowd, whom he whipped into a frenzy by embellishing the music with his own rhymes, catchphrases, shoutouts. Some called it "rapping."

"I saw him talking to the kids and saw how they'd answer back," says Robinson today. She is holding court in the leather booth of an Englewood bar–restaurant, dressed in a Golden Girls orange velour sweat suit, with her hair processed in loose curls. Even as a soft-spoken 69-year-old, Sylvia retains something of the imperious air for which she was once renowned; she doesn't like answering questions, and she may not have the sharpest recollection of her career's darker moments, but memories of an upbeat event such as Lovebug Starski's performance will animate her. "He would say something every now and then, like 'Throw your hands in the air,' and they'd do it. If he'd said, 'Jump in the river,' they'd have done it." Inspiration struck. "A spirit said to me, 'Put a concept like that on a record and it will be the biggest thing you ever had.'"

The music business to which Sylvia Robinson had paid her dues was a pre–corporate culture that bore little resemblance to the multi-national profit center we know today, an industry dominated by a handful of global conglomerates. Forty, 50 years ago, the business was full of fly-by-night labels and shifty operators. Many of the record men who taught Sylvia Robinson her key lessons might as well have used the skull and crossbones as their logo. Still, she learned those lessons well, and in years to come would pass them on to many young pupils.

By the mid-1950s, Sylvia Vanderpool, then in her early 20s, thought she was bringing her music career to a close. Having made a few insignificant novelty records as a teenager under the name Little Sylvia, the Harlem-born singer decided to prepare for a more secure career in nurs
Thanks for:

the sun,
the trees,
the flowers,
the leaves,
the storms,
the birds,
the crickets,
the lakes,
the games,
the clouds,
the sunshine,
the country,
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ing. Then, on a Hudson River evening cruise, she met Joe Robinson, a forceful and charismatic navy veteran who persuaded her that music was where the money was. The couple married shortly thereafter.

Joe Robinson, five years older than Sylvia, always seemed to have an eye for a new business opportunity, and he bought several bars in Harlem. It was Joe, says Sylvia, who suggested that she form a musical partnership with her guitar teacher, McHouston "Mickey" Baker, 11 years her senior. Thus was born the duo Mickey and Sylvia, whose pleasant-faced, sweet-voiced female half—decked out onstage in swishy outfits by show-biz designer Felix DeMasi—was quietly developing into a first-rate musician.

Mickey and Sylvia are best known for the 1957 smash "Love Is Strange." According to Sylvia, the idea for the song came to her at Washington, D.C.'s Howard Theater, where she and Baker shared a bill with a number of other popular R&B acts, including Bo Diddley. It was with Mr. Diddley's blessing, she says, that she refashioned one of his funky bits of stage sthick into a sly slice of jukebox voodoo that became a million-selling pop hit and a future favorite on movie soundtracks (Dirty Dancing, Casino). Thanks to a combination of music-business shenanigans and youthful deference, the former Little Sylvia ended up sharing songwriting credit with Mickey Baker as well as with Bo Diddley's wife, Ethel Smith. Other, more modest Mickey and Sylvia hits followed before the duo broke up around 1962. There was another significant line on her résumé: she had not only played guitar on and arranged for monster 1961 hit "It's Gonna Work Out Fine," for Ike and Tina Turner, but also, she says, produced the track, though she received no credit.

Joe and Sylvia Robinson decided to move across the Hudson River, where Sylvia switched her emphasis from music professional to hausfrau and mother of three young sons. She still found time to put in the occasional appearance at Blue Morocco, a stylish Bronx club to which Joe Robinson—who had several other clubs in Manhattan—attracted the black cultural elite of the 1960s, from the Temptations and the Four Tops to Muhammad Ali. According to friends, Joe's so

ly to be daunted by the wild-frontier aspects of the pre-corporate music industry. He had an unvarnished manner, a pockmarked face, and a rather decent tailor. Those who worked alongside Joe still talk about the man's "formidable" presence: his mighty six-foot-plus frame, his low, rasping voice, and his spellbinding yarns about the bad old days. Writer Nelson George, upon meeting the Robinsons in 1981, wrote that Sylvia's "honeyed ways and fake sincerity" made for an interesting polarity with the "straightforward and rough" Joe, who railed volubly against the white music-business establishment.

Many of those who crossed Joe Robinson's path...
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70s. “Everyone knew that this was not a man to be messed with.”

In the early 1970s, Joe and Sylvia Robinson’s humble New Jersey enterprise was scoring modest hits on the American R&B charts and in Europe as well. All Platinum’s biggest success came with “Pillow Talk,” a song Sylvia had written in 1972 and unsuccessfully pitched to Al Green. A year later Sylvia decided to release her own demo recording of the song. The fidelity was low, but the feeling was right: “Pillow Talk”’s gently rolling groove is lubricated by swelling strings; the 36-year-old Sylvia Robinson trills tender promises of satinsheet ecstasies. Over an extended fade-out, the singer, billed simply as Sylvia, mutters the kind of intimacies that today can cost a man up to $2,99 per discreetly billed minute: “Uno momento poquito…Nice Daddy…Oh my God…” Sylvia’s unplanned comeback was the biggest hit ever for both herself and All Platinum, reaching No. 3 on the U.S. pop charts and thrusting the female libido onto the national agenda.

But soon the hits stopped coming, and the disco wave left All Platinum beached. By decade’s end the company was filing for Chapter 11.

In his despair, Joe Robinson approached an acquaintance from the old days. Back in the mid-50s, Morris “Mo” Levy of the Bronx was the proprietor of the nightclub Birdland, New York’s fabled jazz shrine. He had also founded Roulette Records, where he recorded the likes of Count Basie and Sarah Vaughan as well as many pop acts. But Levy was not just a hipster patron of black music; burly and unburdened by couith, he was also an entrepreneur of high wattage and low scruple. Among other things, Levy had listed himself as writer of many Roulette tunes, most notably Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers’ giddy 1956 hit, “Why Do Fools Fall in Love?” Levy’s other key role in music history was as manager of Alan Freed, the seminal rock ’n roll disc jockey. But when Freed was crucified in a 1960 payola scandal, Levy slipped away into the shadows.

It was widely known that Levy owed much of his power to some serious connections within the Sicilian business community, and in particular with New York’s Genovese family. (The Sopranos character Hesh is said to be modeled after Levy.) But to the desperate Joe Robinson of 1979, Levy was less a semi-veiled villain than a friendly fellow entrepreneur, a trans-generational survivor in the turbulent music game, a man who’d never had to toe the corporate line.

One Saturday afternoon that spring, Joe Robinson made the two-hour drive from Englewood up to Ghent, New York, where Levy was hosting the wedding of a business associate at his Sunnyview horse farm. Levy’s son, Adam, 16 at the time, later got from his father an account of Joe’s visit to their 1,500-acre spread. “[Joe] wanted to borrow some money from my father,” Adam Levy says, “because he was in financial difficulties. My dad reached into his pocket and gave him, like, $5,000 in cash and said, ‘Take care of what you have to take care of, with your house, your obligations, and come see me Monday and we’ll start a label together. I’ll be fun . . .’”

For her part, Sylvia Robinson says that she was horrified when she heard, soon after Sugar Hill’s founding, that her husband had taken Mo Levy’s investment. She claims she threatened to stop making records unless Joe Robinson bought Levy out. “I didn’t like him,” says Sylvia of Mo Levy. “He’s a devil. I’m being honest.” The Robinsons might ultimately get rid of Levy, but you could be sure that such separation would come at a heavy price.

The new label was without artistic mandate in June 1979, when Sylvia Robinson spotted the novel and untapped hip-hop culture in its natural habitat. Why not make the label’s very first release a rap tune? Between the Robinsons’ studio setup and Levy’s existing infrastructure, the financial risk would be negligible—and this rapping thing might be just the jump they needed.

So who were these “rappers” anyway? And how did one go about signing them up? Back in 1979, rappers certainly didn’t have agents, bookers, managers—or if they did, such people were not listed in any Yellow Pages. For her part, Sylvia Robinson was not exactly attuned to the Bronx-centered hip-hop subculture, having moved to Jersey a decade and a half earlier. “I didn’t know no Bronx people,” Sylvia admits. “I was basically a country girl at this point.” (Her son Joey junior went to the same high school as Brooke Shields.) Yet Sylvia Robinson still knew a hit when she heard one, and after the Harlem World experience she was keen on catching this rap lightning in a bottle.

Recalls Joey Robinson Jr., “The next day my mother asked me, ‘Do you know anybody?’ Mom looking for a rapper? Joey junior was, he confesses, ‘not enthused’ by the idea. Nonetheless, hip-hop had by now reached a few tendrils into the suburbs, and Joey junior did know “a gentleman called Casper,” the M.C. for a local club collective. “Casper had a tape. He loved the idea [of making a record], and my mother loved his voice,” says Joey. Sylvia confirms her positive reaction: “I thought, I’ve got a hit record!”

To lay the groundwork for the first Sugar Hill Records release, Sylvia Robinson went into her studio in August 1979 to provide a familiar backing track for her rapper, who was accustomed to performing over records. At her behest, the recently signed funk outfit Positive Force laid down a lengthy vamp on Chic’s current summer hit, “Good Times.” Sylvia herself played vibes.

Came the day appointed for Casper’s contribution at Sugar Hill Studios, he failed to show. After two or three days, Joey junior and his mother tracked him down early one Friday evening in front of a McDonald’s on Englewood’s Palisade Avenue. Casper’s father, a radio personality possessed of some insight into the business, had apparently told him that he should give the Robinsons a wide berth.

So Sylvia, her 17-year-old son, and his school friend Warren Moore climbed into Joey’s blue-green Oldsmobile 98 and pondered the setback. What happened next has become hip-hop’s equivalent of the discovery of Lana Turner at Schwab’s drugstore.

Joey Robinson Jr.: “Warren said, ‘I know this guy that works in the pizza parlor and he’s always rapping.’” So Joey swung the Olds round and parked across the street in front of the establishment in question, Crispy Crust Pizza (which still serves to this day). Warren went in and summoned his would-be rap contender, a bulky chap named Henry “Hank” Jackson, who abandoned his pizza duties and threw his 380-pound frame into the back of Joey’s car, dirty apron and all.

“Joey said, ‘Watch the springs,’” says Sylvia. “There was flour everywhere.”

Jackson was familiar with the rap scene through working as a bouncer at clubs such as Sparkle and Disco Fever in his native Bronx. He was also managing the Cold Crush Brothers, a popular club attraction whose tapes he’d rap along to at
The History

work. Hank had taken the pizza job only to pay off a $2,000 parental loan which had financed a sound-system upgrade for Cold Crush.

Introductions made, Jackson obliged the lady known locally as “Mrs. Rob” by rattling off some rhymes to a track she played on the car’s cassette deck. Hank may have been a manager, but, hey, he could do this—and why bring up the Cold Crush Brothers to confuse the issue?

Sylvia approved of Jackson. Next thing she knew, another of her son’s friends, name of Mark Green, approached the car. Green pointed to Jackson and said, “He’s all right.

GOOD TIMES Bernard Edwards and Nile Rodgers of Chic, who won songwriting credit for “Rapper’s Delight,” South Bronx scene, early 80s.

but my man’s vicious.” Green then waved his man over. Mr. Gay O’Brien, part of Jersey’s One on One crew, jumped into the Oldsmobile. Sure enough, he uncorked some great verbal. Sylvia thought, “Why not?”

Preposterous as it may sound, yet one more rapper offered his services at this curbside audition, a colleague of the now forgotten Casper’s named Mike Wright. With the Olds already full, this six-foot-six-inch hopeful—who had started rapping just one month earlier—rejoined the party chez Robinson, where his style on the mike initially failed to impress. Citing his asthma, he asked for and was allowed a retake. He nailed it. “I felt chills come all over my body,” says Sylvia. “I said, ‘The three of you are married.’” Each man signed a Sugar Hill contract, getting an advance that Robinson puts at around $1,500 per head. (This figure is greeted with mocking skepticism by several people familiar with the Sugar Hill modus—the label would never, they say, have handed over such a princely sum.)

The hastily hitched trio were told to show up the next Monday at the Robinsons’ studio. There could hardly be a less likely setting for the launch of a ferocious new urban art form: Sugar Hill Studios was far removed from even Englewood’s bright lights, sitting opposite a small public park with a modest kiddies’ playground. But it was here that Sylvia’s new charges were transformed into Wonder Mike, Big Bank Hank, and Master Gee, and given the cross-promotional name the Sugarhill Gang.

As befits any history—Mike said the line ‘America, we love you,’ we knew then and there that it was a special record—a miracle record.”

“Rapper’s Delight” went down in one take, plus a few minutes to patch up a couple of Mike’s lines. Great. Everyone was feeling good about this brand-new track. This 15-minute track.

According to Sylvia Robinson, she never even considered editing “Rapper’s Delight” down to a more digestible length, despite the obvious arguments. These began at the Robinsons’ home. “My husband said, ‘We can’t put out a record that long,’” says Sylvia. “I said, ‘What do you mean?! We’re independent people. I don’t care how long it is—we’re gonna put every word in it. We don’t have to go according to what the industry says.’” Sylvia maintains that her confidence in the disc was unwavering. “All the record needed was one play,” she says. “Once it had one play it was broken. That’s the kind of record it was.”

But where on earth was that one play going to come from? Even if programmers could handle the bizarre idea of performers’ talking instead of singing, they were faced with a record whose length would push four other singles from the playlist. Sylvia remembers “begging” a programmer at the city’s struggling WABC station for play, to no effect. Other New York stations were similarly resistant. It wasn’t until Jim Gates, a jock at WESC, in St. Louis, decided to pick up on “Rapper’s Delight” that Sylvia’s prophecy was proved right.

“An order for 5,000 records came in off
WHEN YOU GET ATTACKED BY AN ANGRY GIANT GORILLA,

that's

DEADLY.

WHEN YOU GET ATTACKED BY A HORNY GIANT GORILLA,

that's

CLASSIC.

See *King Kong* (1933) • Digitally remastered • November 22
“Rapper’s Delight,” says Joey Robinson Jr., was becoming “an amazement situation.” He ditched college plans and joined the family business full-time.

With “Rapper’s Delight” simultaneously taking off in Europe, Sugar Hill splurged on a promo video for overseas markets. (Two years before the debut of MTV, American audiences were largely unfamiliar with this nascent marketing tool.) The clip reflected the record in all its incongruous glory: the three Sugarhill Gang members, filmed in action at an England club, look as if they haven’t seen one another since their single recording session together. Master Gee, an eager little beaver in cardigan and turtleneck, is dwarfed by laconic giant Wonder Mike, wearing a beige V-neck sweater and gold chain. Neither one can compete with the supercharged Big Bank Hank: fresh from the pizza counter, with a sun hat jammed on his dome and a tiny T-shirt sheathing his extra-large girth, the sweetly sibilant ex-bouncer sells this number as if his life depended on it. Not even the hired crowd of disco-dancing extras can diminish the palpable energy that crackles around Sylvia Robinson’s ill-matched trailblazers.

By the time Sylvia Robinson made her journey of discovery to Harlem World, hip-hop had for several years been the central pillar of a vital and largely unmediated culture that also encompassed the urban arts of break dancing and graffiti writing. Although the dearth of recorded evidence renders contentious many landmarks of the powerhouse rap label Ruff Ryders.) Herc acquired cult status for his ability to find the kind of unfinished funk obscurities whose heavy rhythm breaks would incite a section of the audience to furious bouts of stylized dancing. These individuals came to be known as break-boys, or B-boys. In the early 80s the scene would be associated with tracksuits, Kangol hats, and floor spinning, but the originals preferred smart yet casual knitwear and upright, angular dances.

At some point in 1974 or ’75, having already laid down the aesthetic foundations of hip-hop, Herc brought a key formal innovation to D.J.-ing. At the Astrolae, the West Bronx nightspot where he enjoyed weekly residency, Herc introduced the “merry-go-round.” The idea was simple: put two copies of the same record on parallel turntables and, by cross-fading skillfully between them, sustain those all-important rhythm breaks until the crowd couldn’t take it anymore. At

“AN ORDER FOR 5,000 RECORDS CAME IN OFF A FEW PLAYS [ON THE RADIO]. WE COULDN’T PRESS IT FAST ENOUGH.”

In early hip-hop history, serious attempts to trace the form’s lineage invariably nominate one man as the genre’s paterfamilias: DJ Kool Herc, a Bronx youth who arrived from Jamaica in 1967 as Clive Campbell, 12-year-old music enthusiast. Herc says he began spinning records in the early 70s after abandoning the graffiti arts for fear of his disciplinarian Catholic father.

Inspired by the mobile reggae sound systems that rattled his native isle with their thunderous bass frequencies, DJ Kool Herc—a strapping lad nicknamed for his athletic prowess—set to D.J.-ing at Bronx parties, initially in the basement rec room of his own apartment building, at 1520 Sedgwick Avenue. (Fellow residents included the Dean brothers, now proprietors of his father’s pragmatic suggestion, Herc began soaking the labels off his records—other D.J.’s might steal his new technique, but at least they couldn’t copy his set.

Over in the East Bronx another D.J. star was on the rise. Former gang member Afrika Bambaataa (whose real name, often incorrectly reported as Kevin Donovan, remains a mystery to this day) had surrounded himself with a troupe called the Zulu Nation. By the mid-70s, Bambaataa was goading B-boys with eclectic fits of rhythmic inspiration: funk, Afro-beat, pop. Danceable rock tracks were a specialty, even if Billy Squier was the name on the label. “Anything goes” went the ethos—anything except the worn-out groove of disco. “Dances in the black and Latino communities change every three months,” Bambaataa explains. The music industry,
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he says, "was trying to keep the Hustle going three, four, five years." Hip-hop demanded commitment. Sweat. This was a different kind of party, and it was advertised in the Bronx through homemade flyers handed out at McDonald's and school playgrounds.

After Herc and Bambaataa, Grandmaster Flash was the third great force in the development of hip-hop. By day he was an intense Bronx kid called Joseph Saddler, an electronics student who built his own D.J. gear from scratch; by night he was a funk-pumping turntable genius whose name is an homage to a Bruce Lee movie character.

It is here that certain landmarks in early hip-hop become as elusive as the ticklish question of who first used the term "hip-hop" in a party chant. Flash's original partner, Mean Gene (Gene Livingston), had a younger brother named Theodore, a precocious talent who practiced relentlessly on Gene's turntables. The self-styled Grandwizard Theodore, now 42, is thought by many to be the father of "scratching," the now commonplace technique of audibly rotating a disc back and forth while another track plays. Grandmaster Flash, as intense as ever, claims scratching as his own invention. "I created the art form," Flash says.

The single step that transformed hip-hop into a semblance of its current form was the advent of M.C.'s, the live-wire spikers who railed and ultimately superseded D.J.'s as the genre's main attraction. Ever since Kool Herc began spicing up his sets with vocal interjections inspired by Jamaican "toasting," D.J.'s had cajoled audiences with bouts of boisterous rhyming. In the mid-70s some D.J.'s employed specialized M.C.'s to expand the vocal component of hip-hop. Party chants grew into nursery rhymes and superhero tales; these grew into the complex and keenly observed urban folktales we now know as rap.

It is impossible to pinpoint the precise moment in hip-hop history when M.C. gained ascendancy over D.J. Grandmaster Flash cites the late Keith Cowboy, an M.C. in his Furious Five troupe, as the very first full-fledged rapper. Other M.C.'s, says Flash, "weren't talking to the beat of music... [Cowboy] was able to talk to the beat of this new kind of arrangement that was never seen before." Others name Kool Herc sideman Coke La Roc as the M.C. who set the standard and inspired others to follow in his footsteps.

As hip-hop's performance element grew, local entrepreneurs such as Richard Tee (owner of the Bronx's T-Connection club) and the legendary Tape Master began to sell crudely labeled cassettes of live rap performances. Grandmaster Flash instructed his security to destroy any taping equipment found at his shows, but most had a laissez-faire attitude toward their profession. "I did it for fun," avers Kool Herc. Any earnings, he says, were spent on more records and equipment. "Nobody came in and said, 'You could take this to a global level—or a city level.'" Grandmaster Caz, a member of the Cold Crush Brothers (the crew that Big Bank Hank Jackson managed), says, "We were entertaining, but didn't realize we were entertainers."

Even on those occasions when local indie labels expressed interest in rap, the response was not always welcoming. Grandmaster Flash recalls how small-timers occasionally approached him at club dates with offers to put his act on vinyl. "I said, 'Nobody will buy it. Nobody would want to buy a record when they can come to a party and see it.'" Afrika Bambaataa had a different reason for shying away from now famous Oldsmobile, he went in his own mind from bouncer and manager of the Cold Crush Brothers to potential superstardom. Slight problem: he might be able to mimic rapping, but he could not write rhymes. So it was that freshly anointed Big Bank Hank exercised what many view as one of the great rock 'n' roll swindles. He approached Cold Crush member Grandmaster Caz and asked if he might borrow his lyric book for a studio date in Jersey. Caz, to his ultimate regret, was happy to oblige. "I didn't lend much credence to the thing at all," says Caz. "I'm thinking, If somebody wants to use you, it can't be that serious anyway... They're dealing with a guy who doesn't know his ass from his elbow as far as hip-hop or rhyming is concerned.

"We took what we did very seriously back then, and you couldn't just call yourself an M.C. or a D.J.—you had to be it," Caz continues. "You had to prove yourself—or somebody was gonna call you out."

As he handed over his lyrics, Grandmaster Caz believed that Hank would surely hook the Cold Crush Brothers up with this new label. When Caz heard "Rapper's Delight" a few months later, he couldn't believe his ears. It wasn't just that Hank was on the radio; it was the lyrics he was reciting: "I'm the C-A-S-A-N-O-V-A..." Any true hip-hop fan knew that that was one of Caz's rhymes! He had only abbreviated his name from Casanova to Caz at the muscular insistence of the Casanova Crew. Grandmaster Flash's notoriously brusque security detail.

"I'm imp the dimp / The ladies' pimp / Women fight for my delight," boasted Hank. "That was Raheim's line!" says Caz, referring to a fellow Cold Crush member. There was a riff about Lois Lane and Superman—Caz says he wrote that too. "The story that he told at the end? 'Since I was six years old I knew never let an M.C. steal my rhyme?' He's stealing a line about stealing a rhyme!," Caz marvels. For his part, Big Bank Hank denies the accusation of plagiarism, declaring his innocence with wide eyes and knitted brow. He maintains that he and Caz were writing partners who freely swapped ideas. This notion is not supported by any one of the many prominent hip-hop figures interviewed for this story.

So familiar were Caz's trademark couples that he found himself explaining constantly to neighborhood well-wishers that, no, that was not him on the radio, and, no, he was not raking in serious coin off
this record. Litigation did not seem a viable option. “I was an 18-year-old proud kid,” says Caz. “I got 110 rhymes, I don’t need that. And I didn’t know about lawyers, or that I could do anything about that—I just took it as a loss.”

When last interviewed, Caz was making his living supervising grade-school swimmers at the Harlem Y.M.C.A. “Over the years it became monstrous,” he says of the genre his words helped to shape. “But at the beginning I was like, ‘Fuck it.’ I didn’t realize the magnitude of it…”

Just to heighten the aura of skulduggery that surrounded “Rapper’s Delight,” there was the small matter of the Chic hit that propelled the Sugarhill Gang toward fame and fortune. Sugar Hill’s house band had studiously reproduced Chic’s “Good Times” on the record, yet initial pressings credited only Sylvia Robinson and the Sugarhill Gang with authorship. As the maiden recording of a virgin genre, “Rapper’s Delight” was looking distinctly sullied.

Nile Rodgers, who co-wrote “Good Times” with his partner, the late Bernard Edwards, remembers the first time he heard “Rapper’s Delight,” at the Midtown discotheque Leviticus in September 1979. Rodgers was familiar with the burgeoning art of M.C.-ing, but like most people thought of it only as a live form. “When I heard ‘Rapper’s Delight’ I thought the D.J. was doing it live… Then I looked around and saw no D.J.—he was standing right in front of me.”

Rodgers and Edwards promptly set their lawyer Marty Itzler on Sugar Hill’s trail. The Robinsons appeared unmoved. “They just wanted to brazen it out, see what happened,” says Adam Levy. His father, however, “told them to give Chic a good deal, and do it quickly.” So happy were the two writers with Mo Levy’s intervention that they soon after presented him with a gold Rolax. The writing credit that appeared on subsequent copies of “Rapper’s Delight” (and which steamrolled the issue of lyrical authorship): Bernard Edwards and Nile Rodgers.

There was no deluge after “Rapper’s Delight”—just sporadic proof of the music’s commercial potential. In late 1979, Harlem’s Curtis Blow scored the first of several rap hits on Mercury Records with the novelty song “Christmas Rappin’.” A year and a half later, crossover punk act Blondie scored a Top 10 hit with “Rapture,” a rap-based single released by Chrysalis—for most white audiences their first taste of hip-hop, however denatured. But most major record companies avoided rap, ceding ground to any black indie with half an ear to the street.

One early adopter was Enjoy Records, whose early-80s roster reads today like an old-school Hall of Fame: Spoonie Gee, Doug E. Fresh, the Treacherous Three (with Kool Moe Dee), Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five. But Enjoy was a modest label equipped with only East Coast distribution. Sugar Hill, on the other hand, was shipping huge numbers of “Rapper’s Delight” into stores nationwide by dint of Mo Levy’s connection with a large independent distribution network. Several Enjoy acts switched their fealty to the powerful New Jersey outfit, which also offered a higher caliber of production. “We were trying to compete with chart artists like Cameo and Parliament,” says Joey junior, “Enjoy had the kind of raw sound that wouldn’t come into vogue until much, much later.”

After “Rapper’s Delight,” all Sugar Hill tracks featured a house band of well-drilled pros who had played on All Platinum’s records. Rappers were also taught performance skills by R&B veterans. With this Motown-like philosophy, Sugar Hill became the black imprint of the early 80s. Just as no other indie had the Robinsons’ distribution muscle, no other indie could
match the musicantry that Sylvia and her staff brought to the new form.

In 1980, Sugar Hill released a Sugarhill Gang cash-in album that fell somewhat short of "Rapper's Delight" in terms of energy, though it featured slick arrangements and Big Bank Hank raps that everyone agrees he wrote himself. (One of the label's own musicians derided the record as "a pile of garbage"). But the Robinsons kept Sugar Hill at the forefront by releasing a 1980 slate of 10 12-inch singles that included future hip-hop classics from Spoonie Gee and Funky 4+1, both acts having defected from Enjoy. The color of hip-hop was aquamarine—the tint that grace Sugar Hill's by now ubiquitous record sleeves.

When yet another former Enjoy act, Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five, made the pilgrimage to Englewood in 1981, Sugar Hill appeared unsailable. Flash and his flamboyantly dressed, tightly rehearsed crew recorded five gold singles at Sugar Hill, thrusting hip-hop forward in quantum leaps. "The Adventures of Grandmaster Flash on the Wheels of Steel" (1981) was a dense and dazzling sound collage that has been described as the sole recorded embodiment of original hip-hop. "The Message" and "White Lines (Don't Do It)" (1982 and '83, respectively) delivered jolting hits of social realism over funk-Moderne grooves.

"The Message" would sell a million copies in something like a month. Even so, according to Sugar Hill's house drummer, Keith LeBlanc, the gold and platinum discs hanging on the walls of the label's offices were unofficial and not ratified by the music industry's governing body, the R.I.A.A. "Joe didn't want to pay them any money," says LeBlanc. "He would say, 'I don't need anyone to tell me I've got a double platinum record—all I need to do is count the money.'"

In the rap community, meanwhile, there still lurked a suspicion of the powerhouse Sugar Hill label that went beyond the alleged theft of Grandmaster Caz's lyrics. DJ Kool Herc, for one, was singularly unimpressed by the seemingly meager rewards that Sugar Hill acts were accruing from their labors. "We didn't see the wealth on 'em," Here says. "You got to show some of it! They were sucking them!" Rumors swirled about the label's ad hoc way with royalty disbursements. "No one was making any money," says Grandmaster Caz. Sugar Hill's female partner, who denies all accusations of financial improprieties, acquired the nickname "Sylvia Rob-a-nigger."

There was also the question of her al-

lady Sylvia mad—if you got the Queen mad—you would definitely be in lots of trouble.

"The label was run like a home for wayward adolescents," says a former associate of Spoonie Gee's. The Robinsons' reputation for toughness was such that Spoonie significantly enhanced his already solid street credibility when he managed to get out of his Sugar Hill contract.

Another artist who clashed with Joe and Sylvia Robinson was their house bass player, Doug Wimbish, who had composed and recorded, with Sugar Hill rapper Melle Mel, a track called "Vice" that appeared on the Miami Vice soundtrack album, a four-million-selling hit in 1985. When the record came out, the credited writer was Sylvia Robinson's son Leland.

"She gave it to him as a graduation present or some shit like that," says Wimbish, who, had up to that point, always maintained a friendly relationship with the Robinsons. Mindful of the rumors that Joe Robinson kept two

BEFORE BLING
A B-boy, 1981; flyer for a Harlem World show; interior of that club, where Sylvia Robinson first heard rapping.

pearl-handled revolvers in his desk drawer, Wimbish got himself a lawyer, and a gun. "I was terrified when it was going down. Word was out that Joe was gonna do me." Fortunately, Sugar Hill was going through cash-flow problems at that time, and their desperate need for Miami Vice royalties led to a financial compromise with Wimbish.

One individual who was not phased by Sugar Hill's improvisational approach to business ethics was Morris Levy. Adam Levy remembers that, as the label flourished, his father bemoaned the Robinsons' "uncontrollable" spending. Then again, with Sugar Hill turning Mo's minimal investment into a seemingly unstoppable profit gusher, no one was going to get too uptight about fiscal probity. Adam Levy recalls one telling incident involving his fa-
I n 1983, even as it was riding high on its commercial dominance of a vibrant new musical form, Sugar Hill was rocked by a paradigm shift as dramatic as hip-hop itself, at least in terms of industry practice. One by one, three of the leading independent record labels—Chrysalis, Motown, and Arista—partnered up in distribution deals with the major labels. The implication for the Robinsons was that the cash flows of Sugar Hill's independent distributors would be severely diminished by the loss of these three moneymakers, and that Sugar Hill might feel the squeeze. "We got nervous," admits Joey Robinson Jr.

Joe Robinson flew out to Los Angeles in November 1983 hoping to strike a distribution deal with Capitol Records. Yet for all Sugar Hill's primacy in the hip-hop market, no deal was offered. Perhaps Capitol had caught wind of an internal CBS Records memo on Sugar Hill that called the Robinsons' operation the "Black Mafia" and derided their financial practices. Not surprisingly, CBS also passed on a deal.

One friend of Joe and Sylvia's at the time was the Reverend Al Sharpton, who insists that the Robinsons' bad reputation was undeserved. "I think one of the unfairnesses they had to sustain was that they were always accused of dealing with dubious characters," says Sharpton. "In the music industry in the '60s and '70s, everybody dealt with was considered a dubious character. It only became a scandal if blacks had to deal with them."

In this, his darkest hour, Joe Robinson found the answer to his prayers at the Beverly Hills Hotel's Polo Lounge. Lurching there, Robinson chanced upon an old New York acquaintance, a friend of Mo Levy's: Sal Pisello, a doleful hulk who stood six feet three inches tall, was blind in one eye, and had a taste for Bijan suiting. He also had zero experience in the music game, though he may have been possessed of a complementary skill set: federal prosecutors would later allege he had ties to New York's Gambino crime family. Pisello told Joe that he had connections at MCA (the media company that is now known as Vivendi Universal and that was then suspected of having its own Mob ties) and could get Sugar Hill a good deal there.

So it was that, as described in William Knoedelseder's 1993 MCA exposé, Stiffed, Pisello brokered a seven-figure pressing-and-distribution deal between Sugar Hill and MCA Records. The hastily cut deal was made for reasons hastily cut deals usually are: in 1983, MCA Records was struggling and looking for quick fixes, and a fresh new management team ignored the niceties of a background check before handing Joe and Sylvia Robinson a check for $2.2 million.

If corks popped in the Robinsons' Englewood household the day the MCA deal was signed, Mo Levy was gladder still. The nominal songwriter and suspect Mafia front man sold his Sugar Hill stake back to the Robinsons for $1.5 million—which signified a profit of almost... $1.5 million.

Born as it was of murky circumstances, Sugar Hill's relationship with MCA went to outstrip any cautionary tale about the fate that can befall an indie label (particularly a black-owned label) that takes corporate coin. Soon after the deal was consummated, the New Jersey arrivistes found themselves hog-tied by corporate accounting that somehow put them in MCA's debt and felt like the sleaziest of rip-offs. "The whole thing was a terrible mistake," reflects Joey Robinson Jr.

It didn't help that Sylvia Robinson's ear for hit records was letting her down badly. Even when Sugar Hill had been riding high, there was the nagging sense that the label was somewhat lacking in cultural awareness. Records such as "Check It Out," by Wayne & Charlie (the Rapping Dummy), betrayed Sylvia's enduring taste for tacky novelty. More telling was the label's rejection of a spec video made for Grandmaster Flash & Melle Mel's 1983 hit "White Lines (Don't Do It)" by a film student named Spike Lee and starring a young Laurence Fishburne. "White Lines" was probably Sugar Hill's last great record.

Sugar Hill tried to persevere with its established roster and trusted methods, but a new hip-hop generation was on the rise, mutating the form in ways unexpected and bold. While Joe Robinson himself was declaring rap a "fad" in 1985, the new Def Jam label was signing acts such as Run-D.M.C, Beastie Boys, and LL Cool J, the last artist a teenage Lothario out of Queens whose debut LP, Radio, became one of hip-hop's first million-selling albums. Before signing with Def Jam, Cool J had sent nine demo tapes to Sugar Hill, all of which went unacknowledged.

T here remains the question of whether the Robinsons, by associating so closely with a man of Morris Levy's stripe, were complicit in their own downfall. The answer seemed pretty clear in March 1985, when the hard-up Sugar Hill was forced to hand over the valuable oldies catalogues of the Chess and Checker labels—acquired years before at a bargain price—to MCA as one condition of a corporate lifeline that included $1.7 million in debt forgiveness and $1.3 million in cash. "When you're relying on one person to pay you, you're at their mercy," says Joey Robinson Jr., who believes that MCA had intended to asset-strip Sugar Hill from day one. If that is the case, the big company did everything right, making the Robinsons' alleged "little robberies" (Afrika Bambaataa's words) look like loose-change muggings.

Less perturbed was Mo Levy, who with Sal Pisello's reported assistance, received $1 million for his share of Chess and Checker, as against the $300,000 originally earmarked for him in Sugar Hill's contract with MCA.

In November 1985, Sugar Hill brought an $80 million lawsuit against MCA, naming former savior Sal Pisello as part of a conspiracy to defraud the Robinsons' label. Against all apparent logic, however, Joe Robinson kept Morris Levy's name out of the suit against MCA. Not once did Joe blame his old pal for the label's slow and painful demise. There was a small piece of testimony in a subsequent legal proceeding that hinted at the balance of power between Joe and Mo. On one occasion at Sugar Hill's offices, it was said, an associate of Levy's had called Joe Robinson a "nigger" to his face, without rebuke.

MCA countersued, accusing Sugar Hill of grave contractual breaches. Joe knew that this time he was fighting his own weight division. Frustrated beyond all endurance, hard man Joe began to shake uncontrollably in public places, weep in...
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Joe and Sylvia Robinson were divorced in 1989, but to everyone’s surprise they stayed together as a couple, even through Joe’s long battle with cancer, which ended with his death in November 2000. When the original Sugar Hill studio burned down after an electrical fire in October 2002, the urn containing Joe’s ashes was recovered, but most of the Robinsons’ master tapes had been destroyed.

The family retains publishing rights on the catalogue it sold to Rhino, so Sylvia and Joey still collect on Sugar Hill songs through sales and radio play. And they enjoy a well-regulated windfall every time a Snoop Dogg or a Diddy samples some Sugar Hill shard in genuflection to old-school credibility. Having learned about copyright the hard way, I didn’t get nothing. I never got one cent of royalties from any of this. If you’re working with your husband, he thinks you’re working for him.” Asked if she divorced Joe to dissolve their business relationship, Sylvia nods discreetly.

Still, few of hip-hop’s progenitors can claim a pension fund that compares to Sylvia Robinson’s, though Grandmaster Flash contends a hefty fee whenever he spins at high-profile New York clubs or on TV shows such as HBO’s retired Chris Rock Show. Grandwizzard Theodore conjures up decent cash in between old-school revival shows by playing Bar Mitzvahs and weddings, or pumping out techno for college kids. Grandmaster Caz, too, converts his legend into gelt, although not as often as he’d like. Kool Herc is respected above all others, especially when he performs in Europe and Japan, although it does chafe him that no CD compilation bears his name—to Herc’s chagrin, many of his signature sides appeared on a Rhino compilation series fronted by relative latecomer Kurtis Blow.

As for the form these men helped create, the beat goes on, louder than ever. And you can be sure that most of the rappers you hear on soundtracks, ads, and sports shows are getting, as they used to say, paid in full. Thanks to all the hard lessons learned when 80s rap was governed by 50s rules, hip-hop has risen from public-park jams to a millionaire’s playground. And so it is that every modern rap star knows that a smooth-talking, hard-assed lawyer is a commodity every bit as necessary as anything by Burberry, Bentley, Cristal, or Gucci.
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THE WAITING PLAGUE

For the epidemiologists at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention and the World Health Organization, avian flu is potentially the greatest killer in history. But as experts fan out across Asia to battle the virus’s spread, the obstacles—denial, poverty, and official secrecy—seem overwhelming. Is a pandemic inevitable?

BY WILLIAM PROCHNAU AND LAURA PARKER

un Chan Bopha died when she was 20 years old. She had been a stately young woman, strong, handsome, and industrious. But without dying, Bopha never had a chance to make a mark in the world.

For all but her last days she lived with her parents and six siblings, nullified by poverty in a mud hut so lost in southeastern Cambodia that the Khmer Rouge walked freely there well after the great genocide ended. Her village hulks beneath an endlessly blazing sun 10 degrees north of the equator, 90 miles southeast of Phnom Penh, and 12 red-earth miles from the southernmost crossing into Vietnam. Don’t bother with maps. You won’t find Bai Teah, a loose collection of 130 sustenance-farm families. It is nowhere and its people are nobodies.

In late April, Bopha made it briefly onto the list of somebodies, her name misspelled and flashed around the world, when she became the most recent of four known Cambodians to die of bird flu this year. Four deaths in Cambodia, a place steeped in poverty and disease, would normally disappear like pebbles in the sea, as would the more than 60 other fatalities in Southeast Asia in the epidemic siege of avian flu. But these deaths were different, tracked by the best, and very worried, scientists from Geneva to Atlanta to Hong Kong. They were signal flares that a plague of biblical proportions could lie just ahead.

No one will ever know exactly how Bopha contracted the deadly avian influenza virus known as H5N1. The best guess, after an investigation by a World Health Organization (W.H.O.) epidemiologist in Phnom Penh, is that she found a dead chicken near her school and sold it to raise a few riel for her family. Picking up a dead chicken and selling it represented enterprise, not danger. But to the medical scientists from the West it triggered an urgent question: Why didn’t the person who bought the infected chicken get sick?

This and other unanswered questions beleaguer the virus-hunters spread throughout Southeast Asia as they try to monitor the development of a potential pandemic that, in theory, could become the greatest killer in human history—one that could take millions, even hundreds of millions, of lives. The numbers are almost incomprehensible. But they are based on projections by scientists who believe an H5N1 pandemic could be as lethal as, or more lethal than, the great influenza pandemic of 1918, which killed 50 million to 100 million people in a world one-third as populated as it is today.

The chaos attending a pandemic could dwarf that which followed Hurricane Katrina. If tens of millions died, Third World regimes might fall; armies stall, security and police departments flounder, retail sales plummet, stock and housing markets collapse, bodies stack up unburied, and hospitals sag under the weight.

Visiting Bopha’s parents, Neak Tob and Song Khemery, we are nearing the end of
THE NEW ENVOY DENALI WITH AVAILABLE TOUCH-SCREEN NAVIGATION SYSTEM. OUR MOST LUXURIOUS APPOINTMENTS. OUR MOST ADVANCED IDEAS. AND OUR HIGHEST LEVEL OF ENGINEERING. ALL LIE BEHIND THIS GRILLE. VISIT GMC.COM/DENALI. WE ARE PROFESSIONAL GRADE.
a 21-day journey along the back roads of the epidemic zone, talking in the partial shade of stunted palms and a thatched roof drawn down to four feet above the ground to keep the sun from heating their house like an oven. Four acres of rice sprouts are turning the red mud light green after the summer monsoon's first rain—a long-awaited sign of hope for this family pushed perilously close to the beggars' streets of Phnom Penh by their ordeal.

A small flock of ducks waddle beneath the palms. Chickens scratch for food and scurry between the parents' legs, then between ours too. It is wrong to say we are inured to the birds' presence by now. It causes a shiver. Stay away from the chickens and ducks, we have been warned. It is like telling you to avoid the incoming when you go to a war: obvious but impossible. Chickens and ducks are everywhere.

Back in Phnom Penh, W.H.O. epidemiologist Megge Miller gives a weary shrug. "You can't count the things that can kill these people—malaria, AIDS, dengue fever, typhus, poverty, starvation," she says. Then she frames the great dilemma about controlling the uncontrollable: "How can you expect these people to bury their food?"

For the determined virus-hunters of the W.H.O., Cambodia and impoverished Laos are the "black holes" in which they feel blindfolded. Both the W.H.O. and the overwhelmed Cambodian-government disease-surveillance chief, Dr. Ly Sovann, know that a human epidemic of bird flu that got out of control in Cambodia would take just days to spread around a world linked by air travel.

Sovann also knows he has no way of truly assessing the real count of human cases. His surveillance system is shot with holes. "What can I do when I can't buy gas for my workers' motor scooters?" he asks us in his overcrowded office filled with decrepit equipment in the run-down Health Ministry in Phnom Penh. "What can I do when I can't pay my workers?"

Sovann sits behind a battered metal desk beneath lights powered by rationed electricity. A broken computer perches on a shipping box, and dead cell phones litter a corner as Sovann, irrepressibly upbeat despite the odds, rattles at us in frenetic, canary-octave English about his pleas for overseas money, pleas for understanding.

The W.H.O.'s work in tracking a potential pandemic depends entirely on government cooperation and accurate surveillance. Neither is fully possible in a country that turned dysfunctional when the Khmer Rouge killed most of its doctors and other professionals. Authorities could find only about 25 living doctors in Cambodia after the regime fell. The place has yet to make a recovery. Some dubious "doctors" hang out blue or green imitations of the Red Cross and dole out questionable remedies that range from tree bark boiled into tea to lead amulets soaked in gasoline and hung as curative necklaces.

The national budget devotes $3 a year per person to health care. Just getting lab samples out of the country is a struggle. The W.H.O. had to ship dry ice from Bangkok to Phnom Penh so that samples could be safely sent to the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, for analysis. Phnom Penh had no dry ice—anywhere. This is not a place where things work.

Still, Sovann's dedication has made him a favorite son with the W.H.O. At the height of the Southeast Asian outbreak he worked long, hard hours—at least until somebody gives them pre-paid cards for the calls. In Kampot Province, Dr. Heng Chantha, who took us to see Bopha's family, complains that he rarely gets his paycheck.

On the way back, he does the ordering at a seaside restaurant. This brings forth enough crab, shrimp, and squid to feed a football team. The leftovers go home with him to his family. Heng is unabashed about ordering his own bonus. "If bird flu transfers human to human," he says, "I will die first, because I am the one to go to the people first."

A virus is a strange critter—so small, one ten-thousandth of a millimeter in size, that H5N1 had to be magnified 200,000 times for us to look at it under an electron microscope at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (C.D.C.), in Atlanta. A virus is so far down the ladder of life that some scientists seriously debate whether it is a life-form at all. It doesn't need oxygen, has no sex, and can't reproduce without parasitically invading a cell. If it is a life-form, it is perhaps the most primitive—yet it has the ability to infect every human on the planet. When the bird-flu virus entered Bopha, it broke into one of her cells and hid from her immune system for the few hours it needed to hijack all the cell's life materials and replicate itself at a stunning rate. When it broke out of the now dead cell, this single virus had become several hundred thousand reproductions swarming in search of healthy new host cells. It became an almost irresistible force.

For Bopha, the chance of survival became very small indeed. **continued on page 297**
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SN1 has already met two of three conditions necessary to start a pandemic and is toying with the third. First, it is a new strain unknown among humans for more than a century, meaning that no one is immune to it. Second, it has jumped species, from birds to humans and other mammals. It killed 147 Bengal tigers in a Thailand zoo in 2004. Virologists are scrutinizing each human case carefully, looking for signs that it has made the final steps—spreading easily from person to person. Clearly, humans have passed it on in a few cases but not yet easily and regularly. Once loose, influenza is one of the most infectious and dangerous diseases in the world.

In 1979 one traveler sick with human flu infected more than 70 percent of the other passengers when a plane’s air-filtration system failed. Modern commercial aircraft have filtration programs that limit the chance of a passenger’s transmitting the disease farther than a few rows, but air travel presents a larger problem. In one day, flying from a city such as Hong Kong, travelers could carry the virus to every corner of the world, infecting people in airports, hotels, and other crowded places. The flu loves crowds. “The pandemics of past centuries have typically hit world populations like the epidemiological equivalent of a flash flood,” the W.H.O. has warned. “They have started abruptly without warning, swept through populations with fero-cious velocity, and left considerable damage in their wake.” Past pandemics have infected up to half the people in the world.

Once started, nothing can stop it. The world has never been able to produce enough vaccine for more than token coverage. Well-intentioned computer-modelers are putting forth rapid-action containment plans that would have to be in place in as little as 48 hours. “We’re talking fantasy world,” says Dr. Timothy Uyeki, a flu expert at the C.D.C. “In rural Cambodia, there are not a lot of paved roads. How are you going to reach people to do these rapid responses?”

Michael Osterholm, an infectious-disease expert at the University of Minnesota and an adviser to the Bush administration’s Department of Health and Human Services (H.H.S.), argues that the proper course is preparation, not prevention. “If we were to start a Manhattan Project-type response today to expand vaccine and drug production, we wouldn’t make a meaningful dent for years,” he says. “We need to think about things like food supplies and essential services. We’re wasting time. You look at our ability to respond to a crisis and we have got it down to the bone and we’re sucking calcium.”

Until Katrina, Dr. William Schaffner, a Vanderbilt University flu expert and adviser to the C.D.C., had been assuring colleagues that the national preparedness level for catastrophes was far higher than a year ago. Then he watched the hurricane debacle. “The issue of the levees, which was well known locally and well known in Washington but ignored, has crude analogies for H5N1,” he says. “Our capacity to protect ourselves against a Force 4 or Force 5 influenza pandemic is no better than our protection against a Force 4 or 5 hurricane.”

In August, the United States successfully tested a vaccine, drawing a worldwide sigh of relief. Then the what-ifs began: What if the virus mutates further, as some think it has already done? What if sufficient quantities of the vaccine can’t be manufactured in time? In September, the U.S. ordered $100 million worth of the vaccine, but nobody was certain what proportion of Americans this could protect. Estimates ranged from less than 1 percent to almost 7 percent.

The public’s confidence in the wonders of modern technology and medical advances gives it a misplaced sense of security. Even if the vaccine moves quickly into production, the world’s factories could manufacture only enough to inoculate a minute portion of the world’s 6.5 billion people. It would be like trying to stop the tide with a sandcastle.

The Bush administration’s slowness to act has caused grumbling within a scientific community already concerned about the president’s disinterest in science. Last year the U.S. ordered 2.3 million dose packs of Tamiflu, an anti-viral of limit-
ed effectiveness against H5N1—enough for less than 1 percent of the population for a week. Other advanced nations have placed orders to cover 20 to 40 percent of their populations. In August, H.H.S. Secretary Mike Leavitt upped the order by 20 million. But, by then, the U.S. was so far down on the overburdened pharmaceutical manufacturer's production list that there was no telling when the medicine would arrive.

Meanwhile, a draft pandemic-preparedness plan, issued by H.H.S. in August 2004, had not been approved more than a year later when Katrina hit. More than two weeks after the storm, Bush made a conciliatory visit to the United Nations, where he spoke on terrorism and poverty and almost unnecessarily dropped off a proposal calling on countries and international agencies to pool their resources against bird flu. The initiative received little publicity at home, but other nations rallied quickly to any lead the United States might take. At least 16 countries signed on overnight.

We began our 2,800-mile trip over the back trails of Southeast Asia in the "off-season." But outbreaks of avian flu were still killing poultry, even though hundreds of millions of chickens, ducks, and geese had been slaughtered in at least a dozen Asian countries. As summer wore on, more Vietnamese fell ill and some died. H5N1 also extended its human toll to Indonesia, where at least four died and Jakarta's main zoo was briefly closed after the H5N1 deaths of 19 exotic birds. The most unnerving development came with the infection of migratory wild birds in China. H5N1 soon slipped across into Russia, where the birds infected poultry in Siberia. The same happened in Kazakhstan, Mongolia, and Tibet. The infection spread relentlessly west, infecting chickens, ducks, and geese in Chelyabinsk, a city in the Ural Mountains, the last geographic barrier between Asia and Europe. The development "notched our anxiety level up very substantially," Schaffner says.

Governments began taking alarmed actions. The Netherlands ordered farmers to lock their birds indoors and, with Germany, formed a scientific committee to track the westward migration. The Russians opened bird hunting early. Australia announced contingency plans to close all its airports and seaports to the outside world. "This is sort of like watching a train wreck in slow motion," Dr. Greg Poland, an infectious-disease specialist at the Mayo Clinic, told United Press International. In Hong Kong, military experts told the business community that the flu posed a greater threat to Asia than North Korea's nuclear arms. Other experts said it made terrorist threats look like child's play.

No one knows if H5N1 will take that final step and become transmissible from human to human. Every virologist we interviewed said the same thing: A pandemic will occur. We cannot say when. It may not be this virus, but H5N1 is dangerous. A small group believes that if H5N1 were going to make its move it would have made it by now. But almost all see it as "the plague in waiting." The words-echo those published three years ago in the New Orleans Times-Picayune, calling the chance of a catastrophic hurricane's demolishing the city a question of "when, not if."

The virus can achieve its last, fatal mutation in two ways. It can infect someone who already has the human flu, exchanging genes with the human virus and easily passing itself on. With the northern hemisphere's normal flu season nearing, this is a serious fear. Or, less likely, the virus can create a new, passable copy on its own. In most creatures, mutations take ages, but H5N1's reproduction rate—100,000 copies an hour, with each copy reproducing itself 100,000 times—makes it a Darwinian merry-go-round. The WHO calls the virus "sloppy, capricious, and promiscuous." It makes many flawed copies—mutations—and if one of them has the right combination, the result would be, in Schaffner's words, "Katie, bar the door."

"It's a game of probabilities," says Dr. Nancy Cox, who heads the influenza division at the C.D.C. "The more opportunities you are giving Mother Nature ... "

Sherry Cooper, an economist who assessed the possible financial fallout for BMO Nesbitt Burns, the investment house of the Bank of Montreal, thinks some people simply won't face the possibilities: collapsing housing and stock markets; the failures of the airline, tourism, and insurance industries; and panic that could keep a large portion of the workforce at home. Investment opportunities? Cash, gold, funeral homes, and "death-related" industries. It could bring on, she wrote, a short-term "Great Depression" with an exception: no breadlines, because people will be afraid to stand in them. Cooper was attacked as a fearmonger by the investment community, with its perennially rosy glasses. "There's an ostrich mentality as part of this," she says.

If Laos and Cambodia are black holes, the biggest black hole of all might be China. A bull elephant barging into the world of skyscrapers, neon, and market economies, the country nevertheless remains thin-skinned, cocky, and mired in a hopelessly totalitarian bureaucracy of secrets and lies. It also owns the biggest chicken coop in the world.

We made our entrance into the epidemic zone of Vietnam through Hong Kong and Guangzhou, capital of China's sprawling southern province of Guangdong. The government was less than eager to see us, since China was as clean as a whistle on H5N1. With 13 billion chickens raised there each year, not many international experts agreed.

But there were symbolic reasons to visit it here, too. Guangdong, where large human and animal populations have lived almost as close together as most Western families for thousands of years, has long been known as "the birthplace of the flu." Although the province is modernizing rapidly, at least two of the past three flu pandemics began here. This latest virus, H5N1, probably emerged in Guangdong and spread into Hong Kong before Dr. Chan briefly stopped its advance.

Back in Atlanta, Nancy Cox predicted that authorities would show us the "cleanest chicken farm in China." Kwangtung Farm, 30 miles outside town, is a branch of the province's largest chicken conglomerate, an American-style corporate farm. The branch produces 2.6 million chickens a year. Smelling of lychee fallen from the trees, the place is a Chinese painting.

Jiang Wei Feng, the farm's 35-year-old manager, is happy keeping his fellow citizens supplied with one of their favorite foods. Our government, he says, "We have an old Chinese saying, 'Without chicken, there won't be a banquet.'" Jiang grins. "I think you Europeans and Americans are more worried about the flu than Asians are," he says. "Chinese people have lived with chickens forever. They know the flu comes and goes." They have a ready treatment, he adds: rest and "eat ginger soup with garlic." His Western visitors are carrying Tamiflu capsules.

For our tour, we are transferred at the fenced farm's entrance to a Toyota Prado, which is hosed down with disinfectant. Inside, in the henhouse area, bare-chested workers stare sullenly at us. They are quarantined and rarely leave the farm. We are driven past cages stacked five-high with 50-day-old chickens, 25 days from hanging upside down in stalls in Macao. They have all been vaccinated twice against a variety of chicken ailments including, presumably, bird flu. Jiang says the vaccines are very effective.

Most international virologists, microbiologists, and epidemiologists thought China had learned its lesson on medical secrecy after its extraordinary cover-up of the first pandemic of the 21st century—the SARS, or Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome, outbreak of 2003. For three months China tried to hide the disease from the world, going to such lengths as stashing patients in a hotel and driving others around Beijing in ambulances for hours.
two more outbreaks occurred in isolated northwestern China, and then H5N1 broke out in birds in Russia and Kazakhstan. The geese, meanwhile, were getting ready to migrate over the Himalayas to India and Pakistan. More than 100,000 rare birds, including the geese, migrated to and from Qinghai Lake each year, crisscrossing flyways that lead as far as Europe and Australia. At least four other kinds of birds are thought to have been infected as well.

China finally let a group of W.H.O. doctors visit the scene a month later but still withheld crucial virus samples taken from the birds. “It is a matter of urgency,” W.H.O.’s spokesman in China, Roy Wadia, complained in The Sunday Telegraph. “This virus is highly unpredictable and can change any time. It is highly dangerous.”

Highly dangerous indeed. A Chinese virologist from the University of Hong Kong, Guan Yi, wrote that the geese had migrated from southern China, indicating that H5N1 was active where the Chinese said it wasn’t, and, worse, that the virus apparently had mutated into an even more threatening strain, one against which the new U.S.-developed vaccine might not be effective. The Chinese government reacted by charging that Guan had illegally revealed “state secrets” and closed one of his laboratories to further bird-flu research, claiming a biosecure facility he had been using for years was now unsafe. Not subtle, that. Guan, world-renowned and trained in the U.S., went silent for two months. Then, talking to a Reuters reporter, he accused the Chinese of closing his lab in an effort “to control and manipulate the results” of research into China’s bird-flu problems.

Flu pandemics reach far back in history. Some historians think a mutant flu brought down the great civilization of Athens in the fifth century B.C. Humanity endured three flu pandemics in the 20th century. In 1918, a mild pandemic circled the world once and killed one million people. A 1957 pandemic circled the world twice, invading even remote regions and eventually killing two million people. The 1918 flu was the granddaddy, making three sweeps around the globe and lasting more
Vietnam has been by far the worst-affected country in Southeast Asia. The W.H.O. has declared bird flu to be endemic here, and so many chickens have died or been slaughtered that farmers have taken to calling it “chicken Ebola.” To fight back, Vietnam announced a pilot plan this summer to vaccinate 72 million birds before the upcoming flu season. But, like so many plans in undeveloped Southeast Asia, the program ran into immediate problems. Monsoon flooding halted the vaccinations in two-thirds of the communes in one of two test provinces.

As we arrived in Hanoi, a new study indicated that 71 percent of the ducks in the southern Mekong Delta region are silent carriers—not showing signs of the disease and not dying, but shedding the virus into the water supply with their droppings. “Tongan ducks,” Robert G. Webster, a virologist at St. Jude Children’s Research Hospital, in Memphis, calls them. The Vietnamese government ordered farmers to stop breeding ducks this year. Whether they paid any attention is another matter.

Hard-hit Thai Binh Province stretches rural and poor southeast of Hanoi. The province has produced some of the most puzzling cases involving possible human-to-human transmission. It also

Tuan was coughing badly.
In an X-ray, his lungs were a white blur owing to accumulated fluid.

...provide the spoils. President Woodrow Wilson fell ill with the flu at the height of his efforts to lighten the harsh punishment of Germany. Wilson never regained enough strength for the postwar diplomatic battle. The Germans were humiliated, and Hitler rose. It is safer to say the flu helped start the Second World War than end the First.

Bach Mai Hospital, French-colonial and weather-worn, sprawls over several square blocks in central Hanoi, its wards and equipment still Third World but stepping toward the future. During the Vietnam War, American B-52s inadvertently bombed the hospital, killing 30 doctors and nurses and scores of patients. A marble statue stands at the entrance with a doctor defiantly shaking her white fist at the sky as she cradles a dead patient. But that war has sunk deep into the depths of time now as Bach Mai fights a more devious opponent. Most of the bird-flu patients from Vietnam’s northern provinces are cared for here.

...is home to a remarkable human drama, that of Nguyen Si Tuan, a 21-year-old farm boy turned seaweed harvester. No patient has suffered a worse case of bird flu and survived.

In February he returned from his seaweed job near Haiphong to celebrate the Tet Lunar New Year holiday with his family at the farm in Ho Doi hamlet. For the occasion, Grandpa bought a duck 200 yards from their house. Tuan and his sister slaughtered it and the family feast began. Four days later, when he arrived at the district clinic, he had trouble breathing and his temperature topped 105 degrees. The admissions nurse, Nguyen Duc Tinh, has good reason to remember him. He was coughing badly. In an X-ray, his lungs were a white blur owing to accumulated fluid. They sent the young man to Bach Mai the next day. Within a week, Tuan’s sister had a milder case she would survive, and the grandfather’s blood showed bird-flu antibodies. But his only illness was a severe
guilt complex. Then the nurse fell ill, too, and was sent to Bach Mai.

“Yes, I thought I would die,” the nurse told us. “Everyone thought H5N1 means death.” But after 16 days he came out of the hospital.

Tuan stubbornly clung to life for 82 days, barely able to talk, unable to breathe without a respirator, the nurses drawing a liter of liquid from his ravaged lungs each day, his body methodically wasting away. Finally, he was released to his parents. By then he had become something of a folk hero. You could beat the bird flu. Others also were surviving, and the death rate of infected patients—a staggering 83 percent in southern Vietnam—declined in the North to 34 percent. Good news, one would think. Not necessarily. The W.H.O. doctors warned. New virus samples from the North showed that H5N1 had changed. With more victims surviving, the evolving virus threatened to become a more serious pandemic candidate. The theory goes: the longer a flu patient lives, the more chances he has to pass the virus on to others. In 1918, the virus reaped its toll with a mortality rate of 5 to 10 percent. The outlook wasn’t getting better; it was getting worse.

Early one morning on a day so stifling that breathing the air is like inhaling steam, we drive to Thai Binh, 86 miles away, with our Vietnamese-government minder, Dinh Hoang Linh, to visit Tuan and his family. You don’t go anywhere in Vietnam without a minder. Outside Hanoi, Highway 1 becomes an L.A. traffic jam of darting, swerving motor scooters. But soon we veer east on a quieter country road. An Asian vista of gray water buffalo and hunched rice farmers in conical hats opens up. Flocks of white ducks are shunted here and there by their herders and swim in formation in an endless network of streams and canals. How can so much trouble lurk here?

At the provincial hospital we find a bright Vietnamese doctor, Dr. Pham Van Diu. In the reception room he is framed by a map of the province marked by nine red dots for this year’s H5N1 cases and two purple dots for fatalities. He has had some dandies that have drawn international attention but provided few answers.

The “newweds” case: Chicken is served at the wedding party. The groom and two sisters die, but the bride, with whom the groom is the most intimate, does not become ill.

The “duck-blood brothers” case, touched by dark Eastern exoticism: At a family feast three brothers toast one another with fresh duck blood. One dies, one falls ill and survives, one escapes entirely.

No one can explain these cases. But Dr. Pham takes a good stab at why his
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province has been hit harder than others. He blames “the Guangdong Syndrome.” “We do not have enough space for a separate area for animals and humans,” he says. “In other provinces the poultry are separate. Here poultry and people live very close to each other.” Others have told us that, in some places, cattle and pigs stay overnight in their owners’ houses. If animals are primed to pass their diseases on to humans—zoogenic diseases, they are called, and they account for almost all new infectious diseases in humans—places such as Thai Binh and Guangdong are where they will start.

We exit our four-wheel-drive vehicle to approach Tuan’s house, a small, white-washed stucco dwelling on a narrow dirt lane where his parents harvest tobacco. The Nguyen family is poor, but not the poorest, our minder tells us. There is tile on the floor, but no glass in the windows. The living room is filled with drying tobacco leaves, mahogany furniture, and a 1960s-style television that is decorated like a shrine—whether to Buddha, to Christ, who still has followers here despite 51 years of Communism, or simply in thanks for Tuan’s life we cannot determine.

Local leaders insist that they had broadcast warnings about the sick ducks on the commune’s daily loudspeaker announcements. Tuan’s mother, Nguyen Thi Nghi, a strong-willed woman who periodically interrupts our conversation to walk up to the tiny loft where Tuan lies recuper-
Every Virologist We Interviewed Said the Same Thing: A Pandemic Will Occur.

Sun Chan Bopha probably became ill within a day or two of exposure. Her death sentence was already beyond appeal. But the Cambodian health system, on which she tried to rely, was mired in mysticism, quackery, corruption, and the terrible legacy of the Khmer Rouge.

For five days her diagnoses included "female problems," pleurisy, typhoid fever, and AIDS, a major problem in the country. One private "doctor" turned her away because he was going to a party the next day. Another let her spend an agonizing night on a grass mat in a tin-roofed hut after treating her with inexplicable medicine. Finally she reached the Kampot Province public district hospital, actually a peeling-paint stucco clinic, in the ramshackle town of Komprom Trach. When we visited later, doctors with rib cages that betrayed hard-luck lives sniffed the yard. Open doors revealed hospital rooms with low steel beds and futonlike mattresses. A large pig, with a better handle on Komprom Trach's feeding opportunities than the dogs, poked his snout between two buildings, snarled, and ambled out of sight.

The doctor and nurse who treated Bopha had no way to help her. After two days, they told the parents to take Bopha in a makeshift ambulance to the Vietnamese border station at Ha Tien, 10 bumpy miles away.

Ha Tien is a litter of a Vietnamese town but a bit closer to the wider world than Bopha's village, with a few historical claims and two recent ones. The special-ops, or C.I.A., team that John Kerry supported on his controversial Swift-boat incursion into Cambodia was holed up here. It is also the place the Khmer Rouge went one murderous step too far, charging across the border and massacring thousands of Vietnamese townspeople. The Vietnamese Army counterattacked all the way to Phnom Penh, the beginning of the end for the K.R.

Only local Cambodians are allowed to cross the border into Vietnam here, so we make our approach from the Vietnamese side, tracing Bopha's route backward. Two sleepy border guards, pistols holstered, uniforms large, loose, and limp in the heat, sit in a tin-roofed station. Traffic is sparse, clearly the way they like it.

Bopha had left the ambulance here, accompanied by her mother and sister, and walked with help to a Vietnamese taxi and the 20-mile ride to a run-down district hospital at Kien Luong. Her mother had made sure she was dressed in her very best—a yellow print shirt and rust pants, almost the color of Buddhist saffron. The drive took them past the quiet surf of the Gulf of Thailand. Under other circumstances, it might have been a festive occasion. But the war between Bopha's immune system and H5N1's brutal army was nearing an end. Her lungs were a scorched battlefield.

At Kien Luong, Dr. Nguyen Thi Binh Thuy had the emergency-room shift. She had seen three bird-flu patients in the past three months, two of whom died, and knew her patient's prognosis immediately. "She spoke, but she was so pale," Dr. Nguyen recalled. Her blood pressure was an ominously low 70 over 40, her breath coming in shallow gasps 48 times a minute. "All we could do was give her oxygen and painkillers."

Dr. Nguyen knew a little about 1918. But she couldn't imagine her hospital filled with Sun Chan Bophas—crammed together in the rooms, the halls, the lobby and waiting rooms, the director's office. Her town filled with them, dying in their homes. The same everywhere.

The young woman was kept at the district hospital briefly, then sent another 37 miles east to the province's best hospital, Kien Giang provincial, in Rach Gia. Fifteen hours later, she was dead.
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MAX MINGHELLA

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 20, actor.

PROVENANCE: London. WHAT'S IN A NAME? Minghella ... Minghella ... sounds so familiar. What have you seen him in? Nothing yet, but prepare yourself for Max's one-two-three punch: in the coming months he'll appear in Syriana and Bee Season, and star in Terry Zwigaff's Art School Confidential, alongside John Malkovich and Anjelica Huston. MY THREE DADS: Minghella's pedigree is as impressive on the screen as it is in real life. (His father is director Anthony Minghella.) He plays the son of Richard Gere's character in Bee Season, and George Clooney's offspring in Syriana. When he read the script for the latter, based on a memoir by former C.I.A. operative Robert Baer, he "called up anyone I could call up and said, 'Please, please, I'll come and be a waiter or a dry cleaner—whatever you need me to do, I'll be there.'"

AND HE MEANT WHATEVER: How does he explain his formidable dash out of the gate? "A lot of sexual favors—I'm not going to lie to you." —KRISTA SMITH
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The

Wine Snob’s Dictionary

2005

Ab-So. Generic term for a two-pronged wine-bottle opener that, given it isn’t technically a screw-pull device, is better described as a “cork extractor” than a corkscrew. The Ab-So’s user slips one prong between the cork and the bottle, and then the other, rocking the opener back and forth until it shimmies down the length of the cork. Classist Snobs prefer the Ab-So to such devices as Metrokan’s, expensive Rabbit corkscrew because it does no damage to the cork, an especially valuable trait with old, delicate wines.

Barnyard. Counter-intuitively positive adjective for wines with a pronounced mustiness; the Wine Snob analogue to the Food Snob term “fusty.” There’s a healthy dose of barnyard funk on the nose of this Echézeaux.

Barrique. A 225-liter oak barrel used to age wine. In the olden days of wine-making, a wooden barrel was simply a vessel in which to transport wine, but after it was realized that oak imparts pleasing flavors and textures to wine, barriques—especially new ones custom-built from French oak—became the ultimate symbol of vinicultural sophistication. Depending on a Snob’s persuasion, barrique aging is either a glorious source of oak-derived notes of vanilla, buttered toast, and toffee (progressive modernist with a second home in Sonoma) or a vile abomination (aging classist who publishes his own newsletter).

Brett. Abbreviation for Brettanomyces, a strain of yeast that, when present in wine, causes it to smell metallic and taste a bit “off”; usually indicative of less-than-ideal sanitary conditions in a winery. Though professional wine-makers are the ones most likely to notice and correctly identify brett, the term is increasingly heard issuing forth from the mouths of sommeliers at industry tastings, often as they attempt to throw competitors and prosperous civilian interlopers off guard. Ewnow, I’m getting a little Brett on the Chin.

Broadbent, Michael. Droll, prolific, tribly-wearing British wine writer of John Gielgud-ish mien and imposing stature, having long served as the head of the wine department at Christie’s and having written the most authoritative books on vintage wines. Adored by Snobs for the voluminous handwritten notes he has kept in red, schoonhoey-style exercise books since the 1950s and for his utter lack of concession to the mores of the Robert Parker era—in a typically Broadbentian utterance, he recently decreed that today’s “supermarket wines . . . are for drinking, not for writing about.”

Cheval Blanc, Château. Bordeaux estate in Saint-Émilion whose wines are a slightly offbeat target of Snob adulation—the Thelonious Monk to Château Margaux’s Miles Davis. Lush and generous when young, Cheval Blanc, which has an unusually high percentage of the Cabernet Franc grape in its blend, has a fervent cult whose members consider its 1947 vintage to be the greatest wine ever made. My most recent tasting of the ’47 Cheval Blanc showed it to be very much alive, almost port-like in its intensity.

Claret. Quintessential term for a red Bordeaux, still used in England (especially by MICHAEL BROADBENT) and revived in recent years by such American producers as Francis Coppola and Su Hua Newton, who tout out “claret” even though their wines aren’t from Bordeaux.

DRC. Snob shorthand for Domaine de la Romanée-Conti, the legendary but puny Burgundy estate whose vineyards, such as La Tâche and Richebourg, produce exquisite grand cru wines that are not so much prized as considered the culmination of the drinker’s existential quest for truth. It was after a sip of my first DRC, a 78 La Tâche, that I knew my life would never be the same.

Enoteca. Italian term meaning wine bar or wine shop, increasingly used in restaurant titles and signage by chef-proprietors eager to push Italy’s ever-more-chic wines, often in 250-ml. carafes tweetly referred to as “gзавровые.”

EuroCave. French company specializing in the manufacture of climate-controlled wine cabinets, the presence of which alongside a Sub-Zero fridge and a Viking or Wolf range completes the nouveau riche kitchen. For those with endless space and resources, EuroCave also offers elaborate cellar-keeping systems and cigar humidifiers.

Extract. The amount of solid material in a wine, a greater presence of which makes the wine darker, more viscous, and fuller of mouthfeel. The in-the-know Snob, rather than calling a wine “full-bodied,” uses the more modish term “extracted.”

Finish. Snob term for aftertaste. A wine’s greatness is considered to be proportionate to the length of its finish. ROBERT PARKER actually includes the length of a wine’s finish in his ratings, usually measured in seconds, but sometimes, in especially Snobworthy moments, in minutes.

Fruit bomb. Modern-style purplish-red wine valued for its bbq, jammy flavor above all other considerations, such as structure and long-term aging potential. The blame/credit for fruit bombs, which Snobs regard as “cass, slutty, “drink now” wines that don’t warrant serious consideration, is usually attributed to Australia, whose wine-makers discovered a ready market in the 1990s for young Syrahs (or Shiraz wines, in Aussie parlance) that taste like grape-infused butane.

Garagiste. Frenchified term for an artisanal-wine producer whose output is so small that his whole outfit is housed in his garage, or at least a building as small as a garage. Garagiste wines, no matter what their quality, are coveted by Snobs for the insider cachet they carry, and are thus usually scandalously overpriced. Though the typical garagiste wine comes from Napa or Sonoma, the movement’s spiritual home is Château de Valandraud, one of the many tiny, anti-establishment properties in Bordeaux that wowed ROBERT PARKER with small-production, ultra-EXTRACTED wines aged in barrique.

Green. Pejorative slang term for an underripe wine, usually a red, that...
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has flavor of green bell peppers and/or other salad produce. To suggest that a wine is green is to intimate that its grapes were harvested too soon, picked for the harvest of the product of a poor vintage, all bare of the grace in the court of the Snob. It had a decent concentration, but I couldn’t eat past how green it was on the nose.

Hang time. New World, doohickey-edemion descriptive term for the length of a grape’s ripening process, the period when the state’s oenology begins an explosion of boutique winemakers with the gall to charge $60 for a Petite Sirah, and skyrocketing real-estate prices in Napa and Sonoma that forced locals wh’d lived in those counties for generations to move elsewhere.

Parker, Robert. Baltimore lawyer turned global overlord of wine rating, at once respected by Snobs for legitimizing oeno-feishism via his Wine Advocate newsletter (begun in 1978) and books (in particular 1985’s Bordeaux, since updated), and reviled for his power over wine-makers, who, even in Europe, have tailored their product to suit his palate, which favors enormous, planet-size, fruity, oaky, viscous, heavily extracted wines in tannins and alcohol. Snobs especially love to bemoan Parker’s 10-point rating scale for wines, which awards a zero for almost anything with a score lower than 90, and use the term “Parkerize” to describe the process by which wines and consumer tastes have changed as a result of Parker’s influence. Let us turn now to Chianti Classico, the region’s Tuscan mountain top light, un-Parkerize.

Phylloxera. Tiny, aphid-like pest native to North America that feeds on and infests the roots of grapevines, ultimately killing them. Inadvertently introduced into Europe in the 1880s, phylloxera destroyed two-thirds of the Continent’s vines in a century, thereby creating a need for a new phylloxera-resistant rootstock, which was found in the American fox grape. Wine snob mythology.

Rhône. Ravens. Fun-loving cadre of California wine-makers, anchored the whimsical Randall Graham of Bonny Doon vineyard, who, in the 1980s, championed the cultivation of Rhône Valley grapes such as Grenache, Syrah and Mourvèdre in the Golden State. The Ravens’ Rhône-inspired bottlings, such as Graham’s pioneering Le Cigare Volant, gave Snobs a New Cool Thing to pursue they’d tired of the Californian standbys Cabernet and Chardonnay and effectively introduced the word “spiciness” to the Snob vernacular.

Rolland, Michel. Celebrity wine-making consultant, based in Bordeaux, but forever flogging first class to Chile. Argentine, Italy, and wherever else there are deep-pocketed vineyard owners willing to pay through the nose. The restless Dean of the domain is pal Robert Parker, for him phylloxera is the apotheosis of viticulture variety and encouraging the wine world’s absurdity by corporate interests, Rolland was detested by the winemakers and effectively introduced the word “spiciness” to the Snob vernacular.

Super Tuscan. Snob moniker for a superior class of unclassified red wine from Tuscany. Legend has it that a British writer coined the phrase in the 60s after tasting Sassicaia, a wine which, like its Super Tuscan brethren, was bafflingly labeled a vino da tavola—a humble table wine—despite its obvious world-class quality. Still, Snobs who before then heeded to the conventional wisdom that only such government-designated wines could command first-rate Italian wine. That Super Tuscans have since skyrocketed in the high three digits in price is testament not only to Snob frenzy but to the supreme power of branding, even if the brand has a tongue-twisting name like Ornellaia or Tignanello.

Terroir. Untranslatable cornerstone of the classicist Snob’s vocabulary denoting the “natural environment” of the grapevine—the climate, soil, drainage, the chemical and mineral composition of the land from which it’s sprouted, the animals that pop near it, etc. Only the most wizened and Francophile of Snobs can carry off the phrase go de terroir (taste of terroir), usually while praising a cellared, old-grown, French wine at the expense of some drink-fruit JOSU BOTTLED 5 GARAGE.

Volatile acidity. Common wine defect caused by excess production of acetic acid, resulting in a vinegary smell. Traditionally abbreviated V.A. by Snobs, who like to use the term to intimate poures aren’t sommeliers. I’m getting a lot of V.A. on this—get this crap outta face.
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Tab Hunter finally tells

G.W. Tab Hunter works, and Henry was also Rock Hudson's agent. And yet, you didn't talk in the book about your love affair with Rock Hudson.

T.H. I didn't have a love affair with Rock.

G.W. Never?

T.H. No.

G.W. It's hard to imagine that you didn't.

T.H. No, no, no.

G.W. What about James Dean?

T.H. Jimmy was a wonderful guy.

G.W. And nothing happened there either?

T.H. When I knew Jimmy, he was dating Ursula Andress.

G.W. As far as I'm concerned, you spend too much time in this book talking about your "beard," Natalie Wood, and not enough time on the real juicy stuff. You admit to only one important love affair—with Tony Perkins. I'm sure you had sex with a lot of other famous actors that you just don't want to talk about.

T.H. No. I didn't really associate with a lot of actors. My touch of reality were my horses.

G.W. Do you currently have a boyfriend?

T.H. I have a relationship that I've had for 20-some years.

G.W. And what was it like being in the Coast Guard in 1946? I'm sure you were mounting some hillbilly on the ship you were stationed on.

T.H. I was not interested in sex in those days. I was 15 years old and all I cared about were horses. The barn was my life.

G.W. So, Tony Perkins was your only real serious relationship.

T.H. The Tony relationship was only a thread in the tapestry of my life. It was three years. I am 74 years old.

G.W. I must tell you that I despise the fact that you hate that you are a gay icon.

T.H. Those are labels I have never been comfortable with. George, I am a very private person. Some people are very in your face, and I am just not comfortable with any of that.

G.W. That notorious John Waters film that you did, Polyester, is really what made you iconic.

T.H. He is one wonderful human being. He's like your friendly undertaker. I love John. And Divine was one of my favorite leading ladies.
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One way to know what it means to miss New Orleans—listen to the music.
The best collection is the four-CD deluxe set Doctors, Professors, Kings & Queens: The Big Ol' Box of New Orleans, which contains five hours of music from giants such as Louis Armstrong, Fats Domino, the Meters, Clarence "Frogman" Henry, Lloyd Price, Little Richard, Irma Thomas, Clifton Chenier, Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown, Champion Jack Dupree, Snooks Eaglin, and many more. And now profits from all online sales of this extraordinary treasure will be donated to the American Red Cross to aid victims of Hurricane Katrina (shoutfactory.com).

In 1938, New Orleans composer-pianist Jelly Roll Morton and folklorist Alan Lomax made groundbreaking recordings that were the first oral history of jazz. Now the eight-CD set Jelly Roll Morton: The Complete Library of Congress Recordings by Alan Lomax is released, with a book of rare photographs, commentary, and a piano-shaped package with cover illustrations by R. Crumb.

Multi-platinum rapper and New Orleans native Juvenile, whose house was completely destroyed by Hurricane Katrina and who has been tireless in fund-raising efforts for the victims, releases Reality Check, his first CD for Atlantic Records. Also: watch for the DVD documentary Make It Funky, about the music from the place where jazz was born, and if you want to hear more of the best music from New Orleans, get anything by the Neville Brothers, Dr. John, or Allen Toussaint.

Encore—le bon temps roule.

For fans of Franz Ferdinand, the wait is over: You Could Have It So Much Better, the sophomore CD from the Scottish quartet, is out—and it's even better than their first. The new collaboration from respected hip-hop artists Danger Mouse and Doom is DangerDoom: The Mouse and the Mask, inspired by the Cartoon Network's Adult Swim. Other new CDs of note are the long-awaited Extraordinary Machine from Fiona Apple, Ahead of the Lions from the anti-Bush, anti-war Living Things, Prairie Wind from Neil Young, the Rick Rubin–produced disc from Neil Diamond, Those Were the Days from Dolly Parton, Jacksonville City Nights from Ryan Adams & the Cardinals, and a live album from Marianne Faithfull. There's a reissue of Warm and Cool from Tom Verlaine; a 30th-anniversary edition of Patti Smith's seminal debut, Horses; Christmas albums from Brian Setzer, Brian Wilson, Diana Krall, Reverend Horton Heat, and Anita Baker; and The Great American Songbook Volume IV from Rod Stewart, with standards made famous by, among others, Frank Sinatra. When you've loved and lost the way Frank has, then you know what life's about.
DENIM DELUXE

cence and it’s popping up everywhere. In finishes for rom darker denim to washed and naturally worn. With im, low-cut, full or bootleg and in styles that are sleek, Dress it up with lux: touches of fur, a piece of velvet, heel and a clutch. Denim is the new eveningwear.
ROMANTIC HIPPIE

Take to the streets in jeans with a vintage feel. This jean reflects your free spirit. With a worn wash, they have a personality all their own. Perfect for a Bohemian look. No matter what you’re up to, this jean will keep you looking cool and chic.
QUEENS
The Reverend Run and Darryl "DMC" McDaniels.

Rappers and prophets, spreaders of the faith.

Nine albums (two platinum, one double-platinum 1986's Raising Hell, which featured the blockbuster collaboration with Aerosmith's "Walk This Way," and was the first rap album to go platinum; two new solo albums (a first for each); a collaboration with ordained minister Run (who's also just launched a reality show on MTV, Run's House); and Check, It Out! and Rock 'n Roll (due out in January) from DMC.

They came from Queens, agile-tongued and potent-voiced, and as fresh as Hasidic diamond merchants on holiday. (DMC's blockish Cazal eyeglasses, especially, were positively Haredi.) They rapped hard, over electro and rock beats rattier than the disco backings of their forebears. They took to it in uncertain terms in 1986, the year of their epochal album Raising Hell, that "it's tricky to rock a rhyme, to rock one line that's right on time; it's tricky!" In other words, Messrs. Run and DMC didn't want you to get the idea that just anyone could do what they did. Simmons and McDaniels, abetted by their whiplash-wristed D.J., Jason "Jam Master Jay" Mizell (who was killed three years ago, precipitating the group's retirement from performing), imbued hip-hop with a pop-rock sensibility—or did they imbue pop-rock with a hip-hop sensibility?—and radio hasn't sounded the same since.

50 CENT AND G-UNIT
Lloyd Banks, 50 Cent, Olivia, Young Buck, and Tony Yayo.
Rap posse extraordinaire.

50 Cent: two multi-platinum solo albums. G-Unit: one multi-platinum album, one solo album each.

The grim details of the 50 Cent legend wouldn’t mean anything to the millions if it weren’t for his musical genius. No doubt his days as a large-living drug dealer, as well as the time he spent behind bars, have given him street credibility, but without his keen rhythmic sense, his way with words, and his unheralded gift for melody, 50 Cent, along with his crew, G-Unit, might be just another drug-war statistic by now. Born Curtis Jackson III, the son of a drug-dealing mother, 50 Cent gave up the gangsta life to devote himself to hip-hop after he was shot nine times in May 2000. Subsequent albums by 50 Cent and G-Unit, loaded with hype-up street and melancholy character studies of various gangsta types, have paved the way for a G-Unit clothing line, a Reebok sneaker brand, and even a bottled vitamin water line.

Look for the new 50 Cent memoir, From Pieces To Weight: Once upon a Time in Southside Queens (MTV Books/Pocket Books), and the upcoming movie based on his life, Get Rich or Die Tryin’, directed by Jim Sheridan.

Photographed by Mark Seliger at 50 Cent’s home in Connecticut on August 8, 2005.
"It Don't Mean a Thing if You Ain't Got That Bling."

THE KINGS A
50 CENT AND G-UNIT

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Photographed by Mark Seliger at 50 Cent's home in Connecticut on August 8, 2005.
OUTKAST

André “3000” Benjamin and Antwan “Big Boi” Patton.

Rappers, singers, G-funkers, confessional-song writers, peacocks.

Six albums (two platinum, four multi-platinum), plus a new film, tentatively titled My Life in Idlewild, constructed around songs from the duo's upcoming seventh album; six Grammys.

The long run on the charts of André’s hip-pop Merseybeat update, “Hey Yal,” was a galvanizing moment in radio, a throwback to music’s less segregated days when the dudes in Funkadelic grooved to hippie-stoner music and the white punks of Detroit grew out their ‘fros in tribute to both Hendrix and the Panthers. But just because the versatile, suave André has become le chéri de la société, don’t think that Big Boi is merely hip-hop’s Andrew Ridgeley. His Speakerboxxx, a generous allotment of gritty rappinhood, is preferred by many OutKast Snobs to André’s more accessible The Love Below.

Together, though, they are at their most formidable, as anyone who’s heard their tendrilly, dense 1998 masterwork, Aquemini, will attest. While they’ve intimated that their adventures as a team may soon come to an end, André and Big Boi are forever bound by their Alien (Atlanta + Alien) strangeness—they are truly brothas from another planet.

Photographed by Mark Seliger in Covington, Georgia, on April 28, 2005.
MISSY ELLIOTT
Rapper, songwriter, producer, best-selling female hip-hop artist of all time.
Six albums (one platinum, five multi-platinum); five Grammys.

Pop has always been a man’s man’s man’s world, to paraphrase James Brown, and rap remains one of its most male-bound precincts—which makes Missy Elliott’s decade-long run as a hitmaker all the more astonishing. True, there have been female M.C.’s dating back nearly to hip-hop’s birth, but Elliott is the rare woman to take control of her career in the recording studio, where it counts.

No one’s confection, she first made her mark as a teenager in partnership with the producer Timbaland, her high-school friend—writing hits for other artists, most notably Aaliyah. On her own albums, both with Timbaland and as her own producer, she’s pioneered a witty, hugely influential style you might call space-age phat stripped-down, skittering beats and a deceptively laissez-faire-sounding way with the mike.

Influential, too, are her rhymes, which betray the poorly kept secret that girl talk is every bit as nasty as the boys’ locker-room variety, and maybe more so.

Photographed by Bruce Weber in Miami on April 2, 2005.
COMMON
Enlightened soul.
Six gold albums, including one soon to be platinum (Be, 2005); one Grammy.
Common, the rapper from the South Side of Chicago who made a name for himself in the subgenre of "conscious" rap, is an heir to the tradition of tuneful protest music established by Bob Marley, Curtis Mayfield, and Marvin Gaye. But he hasn't always had huge sales. With his adventuresome 2002 album, Electric Circus, Common (né Lannie Rashid Lynn) put even more distance between himself and the mainstream.
But big-time producer Kanye West, a fellow Chicagoo. The resultant album, Be, is among the very best hip-hop albums of 2005, and it debuted at No. 1 on Billboard's R&B and hip-hop charts. With samples from Marvin Gaye and the Chi-Lites, and cameos by the Last Poets and John Mayer, it has a classic sound that perfectly suits Common, who writes children's books on the side.
What a guy. And, ladies, he's single.
Photographed by Marc Baptiste aboard a Maverick III in Marina del Rey, Coliharia, on June 27, 2005.
RICK RUBIN AND JAY-Z

Artist-friendly entrepreneurs.

Rick Rubin: producer, co-founder of Def Jam Records, founder of American Recordings; 140-plus albums; one Grammy.

Jay-Z: president and C.E.O. of Def Jam Recordings;
13 albums (one gold, four platinum, seven multi-platinum); two Grammys; one Reebok-shoe collection; one clothing line, Rocawear.

More than 20 years ago, while an 11-year-old in Brooklyn’s Marcy projects was trying to make sense of his father’s abandonment of his family, across the East River an N.Y.U. student was building his own record label out of a dorm room.

Today, that label, Def Jam, is one of the biggest brands in hip-hop, and the Brooklyn kid, Shawn Carter, now known as Jay-Z, is its president. The N.Y.U. grad, Rick Rubin, long ago split from Def Jam to form another company, American Recordings, but as a producer he has worked with some of the biggest names in hip-hop, from Run-DMC to the Beastie Boys to . . . Jay-Z, whose single “99 Problems,” off what he claims will be his last album, The Black Album, is among Rubin’s greatest production triumphs. Though Jay-Z and Rubin have both moved on from their callow days as hip-hop enfants terribles, you get the feeling that they’ll keep pushing the limits of the genre from behind the scenes.

Photographed with a NetJets Boeing Business Jet by Mark Seliger at Raytheon Aircraft in Van Nuys, California, on May 21, 2005.
CHUCK D

Rapper, pundit, human megaphone.

Eleven albums with Public Enemy (three gold, three multi-platinum); one solo album.

In the 1980s, with Black Power a distant memory and hip-hop a bouncing celebration of life on the streets, a graphic-design student from Long Island created a radical, militant, punk-rock-inspired rap group that set out to reach black America where Malcolm X had: in the mind and soul—not just the hips. Chuck D (born Carlton Douglas Ridenhour) started Public Enemy in 1982, and it was his rolling baritone delivery and furious, Afrocentric rhymes that fueled their polemical masterpiece, It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back (1988). The album was an urgent, wailing-siren war cry for progress, channeling the cacophony of the ghetto through layers of sound bites and clamoring effects. Hip-hop had both street thugs and academics listening. Today, Chuck D continues lashing out against vainglorious hip-hop stars, the war in Iraq, and the overall “dumbassification of America” as a speaker on college campuses and co-host of the Air America radio program On the Real. As the founder of the largely Internet-based record company Slam Jamz, he sought to create a place of refuge for indie artists overlooked by major labels. But he’ll never stop making “bring the noise” albums aimed at social and political change: Public Enemy’s New Whirl Odor is due out this month.

Photographed by Mark Seliger in New York City on July 28, 2005.
Nasir Jones, son of jazz musician Olu Dara, was born into hip-hop before hip-hop was even born. Raised in New York City’s Queensbridge projects on Rakim’s rhymes and the dense break beats of DJ Marley Marl, Nas captured his spiritual umbilical relationship to the hood on 1994’s Illmatic, a 10-track, 40-minute masterpiece of economy and cognizance, jammed with murder, drugs, packing, and nearly everything else that could perk up the ears of an A&R man looking for a big hit. After his first album became a cornerstone of the hip-hop canon, Nas followed with two less gritty but lyrically exciting records that cemented his street cred and fattened his pockets.

Nine-nine’s Nastradamus proved to be something of a misfire, which many predicted would sink his career. But it was only the end of Act I. Three highly praised chartbusters were next (Act II, anyone?), including last year’s Street’s Disciple. Equal parts street dreamer, thugs poet, and ghetto superstar, hip-hop’s prodigal son is on to Act III. Money. His daughter, Destiny. The clothes. The jewelry. The cars. Oh, and the suburban manse designated solely for time with the wife, singer Kelis.

Photographed by Mark Seliger at the Central Park Boathouse in New York City on July 12, 2005.
KURTIS BLOW

Pioneering M.C. in the 1970s; pioneer of hip-hop spirituality in the 2000s.

Eleven albums; the first certified gold rap single ("The Breaks," 1980).

As the leader of regular hip-hop-driven services at the Greater Hood Memorial A.M.E. Zion Church in Harlem and the Loyal Baptist Church in the Bronx, old-school pioneer Kurtis Blow has created an interesting second act for himself, accompanied by Three Shades of Faith, the Hip Hop Church Choir, and the gospel rapper Prophecy. Blow works the turntables and the microphone as he raps his hallelujahs to the delight of neighborhood parishioners and curious tourists. It may seem an unlikely new venture for Blow, but his rhymes always eschewed bad language, and he delivered them in a booming, full-chested, crisply enunciated style that would make any preacher proud. Blow, born Kurtis Walker in Harlem, in 1980 became the first rap artist signed to a major label. ("Who can tell?" a Mercury executive said at the time, "Rapping could last for 10 years.") While some of his work has faded away with time (the collaborations with Bob Dylan and Michael Jordan), Blow's influential hit, "The Breaks," still gets props today. Students of hip-hop should check out Blow's upcoming The History of Rap documentary and his Sirius "old school" rap radio show, as well as one of his Hip Hop Church services.

Photographed with the Reverend Stephen Pogue and the Hip Hop Church Choir by Ben Watts at the Greater Hood Memorial A.M.E. Zion Church in Harlem on June 16, 2005.
Lil' Kim

Hip-hop Harlow.

Four albums (two platinum, one multi-platinum); one Grammy (best pop-song collaboration, 2001, for "Lady Marmalade").

Lil' Kim is street-smart, street-tough, and, even with all the cosmetic enhancement, street-sexy. In her rhymes, set to intricate beats and samples expertly assembled by hip-hop's elite producers, she can be raunchy, threatening, and sweet—sometimes on the same track. Kimberly Jones, a product of Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant neighborhood, started out as the sole female member of the Notorious B.I.G.'s rap collective, Junior M.A.F.I.A.

As mistress and moll to the late Biggie, who was gunned down at age 24, she developed her distinctive flow under his tutelage. When tracks from her latest album, The Naked Truth, are filling the hip-hop airwaves this fall, Lil' Kim will likely be listening far from the diamonds, furs, and blond wigs she has worn so well. Earlier this year this ghetto-fabulous Martha Stewart was convicted of perjury for having lied to a federal grand jury concerning a 2001 gunfight. At the sentencing hearing, she admitted she had "testified falsely" and was handed a $50,000 fine and a year and a day in prison time. It's not an easy way to get new material, but the woman also known as Queen Bee has the talent to make the best of it.

Photographed by Jason Schmidt in New York City on May 16, 2005.
SNOOP DOGG AND PHARRELL WILLIAMS

Hip-hop polymaths, stylish gents.

Snoop: seven solo albums (four platinum, three multi-platinum); more than 20 films; one highly imitated "fo' shizzle" linguistic trope.

Williams: countless productions (with Neptunes partner Chad Hugo) for acts as diverse as Jay-Z, Britney Spears, and No Doubt; two albums with his pop-rap group, N.E.R.D., and one new solo album, In My Mind.

Who knows where a hip-hop career can lead? Snoop crept up on us more than a decade ago as Dr. Dre's shy, loping sidekick and has somehow morphed into oughties culture's cuddly, extroverted, all-round Mr. Beloved Entertainer. As for Snoop's pal Williams, he was a behind-the-scenes dude, half of the wonky production team the Neptunes, before shaking off his shyness (and shirt) to become a heartthrob singer, bandleader, and multi-instrumentalist with N.E.R.D. Together, Snoop and Pharrell returned to plain ol' rapping with last year's smash goofball slow burn "Drop It Like It's Hot."

Photographed by Marc Baptiste at Roxbury Park in Beverly Hills on July 21, 2005.
GRANDMASTER FLASH

Turntable god.

Eight albums:

Grandmaster Flash, né Joseph Saddler, wasn’t the first of the Bronx’s pioneering block-party D.J.’s who conjured a whole new music out of old platters, but as an inventor of the D.J.’s basic vocabulary of scratching records and extending instrumental breaks, he was among the most innovative and, with his gunslinger’s hand speed, the flashiest—hence the nickname. Likewise, his 1981 single, “The Adventures of Grandmaster Flash on the Wheels of Steel,” wasn’t the first hip-hop statement committed to wax, but, like electromagnetic echoes of the bang, it stands as the closest thing we have to the sound of hip-hop’s birth. (A year later, credited as Grand Master Flash and the Furious Five, his stable of rappers unleashed what was arguably the most revolutionary single since “Like a Rolling Stone,” “The Message,” which proved that hip-hop had a future beyond party music.)

Unlike many of the genre’s other founding fathers, Flash has had a happy and productive middle age, serving as Chris Rock’s musical director and, in 2004, receiving an award for his achievements from fellow 70s visionary Bill Gates.

Photographed by Jonas Karlsson in Oyster Bay, Long Island, on June 29, 2005.
RUSSELL SIMMONS
Impresario, executive, yoga enthusiast.

One historic record label, Def Jam; one Tony Award, for Russell Simmons’ Def Poetry Jam, which was on Broadway in 2003; one Peabody Award.

Originally from Hollis, Queens, Russell “Rush” Simmons relied on his intellect and energy to launch hip-hop nation. He quit the thug’s life to manage early rapper Kurtis Blow.

Before long he was guiding Run-DMC, which featured his younger brother, Joseph “Run” Simmons. To break the group in a climate of corporate indifference, Simmons co-founded Def Jam Records with producer Rick Rubin. The label was huge. With hip-hop all the rage 20 years after he had started out, Simmons sold Def Jam for more than $100 million and his Phat Farm fashion line for $140 million. As a TV producer, Simmons gave Martin Lawrence, Bernie Mac, and Cedric the Entertainer their first big platform with the HBO series Russell Simmons’ Def Comedy Jam. He shares a 30,000-square-foot home in Saddle River, New Jersey, with his wife, model Kimora Lee, and their two children. He vacations in the Hamptons and on St. Barth’s and counts Donald Trump as a member of his posse.

Photographed on the terrace of his offices in New York City by Jonas Karlsson on April 19, 2005.
Eve
Rapper, actress.

Three albums (one platinum, one multi-platinum); one Grammy; four films; one TV series.

Eve is hip-hop’s everything woman, a chameleon who is equally at home onstage spitting out forceful rhymes, in the front row at fashion shows, and on movie sets. As an actress, she can do drama (see The Woodsman), comedy (the Barbershop movies), and action (the Vin Diesel movie XXX).

In music, Eve is down with the hard-core sounds of her frequent collaborators Dr. Dre and the Ruff Ryders, as well as the more playful style of her two-time duet partner, Gwen Stefani, not to mention the soul groove of Alicia Keys, with whom she recorded “Gangsta Lovin’.” Rounding out the packed resume of this Philadelphia native (born Eve Jeffers) are her roles as head of her own fashion line, Fetish, and the star of the hit UPN sitcom Eve.

We could go on to mention her in-the-works album, but we’re exhausted. We’re guessing Eve is, too.

Photographed by Marc Baptiste in Los Angeles on June 3, 2005.
MOS DEF AND THE LAST POETS

Abiodun Oyewole, Umar bin Hassan, Mos Def, and Babatunde.

Thinking men’s rhymers.

Mos Def: four albums; 11 films; three plays; one Obie Award.

The Last Poets: 14 albums, made with a revolving cast of members.

On the first track of his debut album, hip-hop Renaissance man Mos Def name-checked the Last Poets. Those who knew Mos Def, born Dante Terrell Smith in Brooklyn, only from his performances in The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy and The Italian Job may be surprised to learn of his kinship with the cultural standard-bearers of the Black Power movement. After lineup changes and prison stretches, the Last Poets live on with original member Abiodun Oyewole and Umar bin Hassan, who joined a year after the group’s 1968 formation in Harlem’s Marcus Garvey Park. As host of HBO’s Russell Simmons Presents Def Poetry, Mos Def was proud to bring on his predecessors in politically conscious rhyming: Oyewole and bin Hassan wowed the crowd with their older-than-old-school spoken-word slammin'. Oyewole and bin Hassan (along with drummer Babatunde) will be joined by like-minded hip-hoppers Kanye West and Common for the album When We Come Together, due next year, which is sure to shake listeners’ preconceptions as much as their booties.

Photographed by Mark Seliger at Relish in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, on July 13, 2005.
QUEEN LATIFAH

Singer, songwriter, actress, film producer, spokesperson for Cover Girl makeup and Curvation lingerie.

Six albums (two gold); one Grammy; 19 films; one Oscar nomination; one hit TV series; one not-so-successful talk show; one N.A.A.C.P. Image Award; one book (Ladies First: Revelations of a Strong Woman).

Queen Latifah (Arabic for “delicate”) arrived on the hip-hop scene in all her funky majesty in the late 80s. Here was a new M.C. indeed—not only because she was a she (born Dana Elaine Owens) but also because she used the boast-and-dis thing to call out the boyz on their misogyny and to empower the homegirls. Putting her money where her unstoppable mouth was, she set up a management-and-production company, Flavor Unit, and the Lancelot H. Owens Scholarship Foundation—named for her brother, who had died in a motorcycle accident—in her native New Jersey. While still rapping—most notably on the sensational Black Reign—Latifah starred in the sitcom Living Single. Her earthy persona has revved up the silver screen as well, culminating in a tour-de-force performance in Chicago. (Next up: Last Holiday, with LL Cool J.) Her most recent recording is the jazzy, exquisite, nonroyal Dana Owens Album.

Photographed by Norman Jean Roy at Thompson Park in Lincroft, New Jersey, on June 14, 2005.
Were there still such a thing as “selling out,” the Black Eyed Peas would be Exhibit A for its virtues. First a duo, then a trio, the Peas in the late 90s were plowing a pleasant but limited furrow as a socially conscious, multi-ethnic rap group on L.A.’s “underground” scene. After their first two albums met with only modest sales, the Peas made two key decisions. One, they pushed their music in a poppier direction, and two, they made Fergie, the Gwen Stefani-ish vocalist they’d hired for a new series of recording sessions, into a full-fledged member, thereby boosting the group’s commercial “hot-chick quotient” by a factor of, well, a lot. The resulting album, 2003’s Elephunk, was merely one of history’s all-time great party records, a bubbling, crowd-pleasing stew with a dash of Funkadelic, a pinch of Dr. Dre, and a hit single, “Let’s Get It Started,” that has already joined “We Will Rock You” and “Rock and Roll Part 2” as an inevitably blared sports-arena perennial. Their latest disc, Monkey Business, mines a similar groove with the added razzle-dazzle cachet of having introduced the iPod generation to surf-guitar god Dick Dale, as sampled in the summer hit “Pump It.”
KANYE WEST

M.C., producer, crossover giant.
Two multi-platinum albums of his own; more than 100 songs as producer; three Grammys.

Many Kanye West concerts used to begin with a sampling of the hottest hip-hop and R&B singles of the past and present spliced together allegro-style not because a D.J. was warming up a block party but because West, with his characteristic hubris, wanted to play show-off. These songs were his own: he’s produced tracks for Alicia Keys, Jay-Z, Nas, Ludacris—you name it. Finally armed with confidence in his lyricism, the faceless producer unmasked himself as a true M.C. And since hip-hop producers are really the ghostwriters of their industry, it’s no surprise that sometimes the man behind the mixing board wants a share of the credit. Usually these ventures are short-lived: the rhymes disserve the beats. But not for Kanye (translation: “the only one” in Swahili) West, whose 2004 debut album, College Dropout, was the urban soundtrack to the summer. Having produced 9 of the 11 songs on this summer’s hip-hop triumph Be, by fellow Chicago native Common, he validated last year’s promise with this year’s Late Registration and awakened consciences with his post-Katrina statements re George W. Bush.

Photographed by Mark Seliger at the Players Club in New York City on July 6, 2005.
MARY J. BLIGE

Singer, survivor.

Eight albums (one gold, one platinum, five multi-platinum); three Grammys.

She was anointed the Queen of Hip-Hop Soul even before her boundary-breaking, genre-making debut smash, What's the 411?, dropped in 1992. That she's still the Queen, 13 years and five studio albums later—despite the best efforts of any number of pretenders to the throne—is testament to the honesty of her voice, at once rough and shed, and to her eye-to-eye confessional, which capture the despair, heartache, and hope of a still young man who knows all too well addiction, depression, abuse, and, finally, love and peace. With her upcoming album, The Breakthrough, scheduled for release this month, we can expect more unabashed emotion from a performer who—as she proclaims in the single "Da MVP"—"ain't going nowhere."

Sean "Diddy" Combs

C.E.O., Bad Boy Entertainment.

Four albums (two platinum, one multi-platinum); more than
70 albums as producer; two Grammy's; one clothing line, Sean John; two films;
the Broadway play (2004's A Raisin in the Sun); one New York City Marathon;
one get-out-the-vote campaign ("Vote or Die"); one fragrance, Unforgivable, out next month.

Sean Combs has been called many things—Puffy, Puff Daddy, P.Diddy,
Shiny Suit Man, and "the black Sinatra"—but perhaps the most accurate of the lot is, as
Ben Stiller noted at the 2001 MTV Video Music Awards, "Puff the Magic Diddy."

He has had his hands in almost every thinkable aspect of popular culture
and left his mark on each. In six years he turned a one-day-a-week Uptown Records internship
into the $75 million hit factory Bad Boy Records, signing Mase, the Notorious B.I.G.,
and himself. Diddy, along with frequent collaborator Hype Williams, is the father of the modern
tape-video-by-numbers—flossy cars, cameos, and champagne—that has dominated
MTV for the last decade, and is working on the follow-up to his successful Making the Band
series, during which he famously sent all six members of the group to Brooklyn
on foot to bring him back cheesecake. He travels with an entourage that includes his platinum-
haired mother, Janice Combs, and onetime monservant Fornsworth Bentley,
and has a circle of friends who include Donald Trump, Ronald Perelman, and Andre Harrell,
who hired Mr. Combs out of Howard University.

Photographed by Mark Seliger in Times Square,
New York City, on June 13, 2005.
Rapper, actor, lecturer, curator of pimp culture.

Eight solo albums (five gold), including the landmark Home Invasion; three albums with the hard-core band Body Count (one gold); one album apiece with the collectives SMG (Sex, Money, and Guns) and the Pimp Penal Code; 47 films.

Oh, how they love to point out the contradictions inherent in Mr. Tracy Morrow, known to the world as Ice-T: married to a former porn model (the delightful Coco), but a fearsome pursuer of sex offenders in his role as Detective Odafin Tutuola on Law & Order: Special Victims Unit; plays a cop, yet was the focal point of that whole ruckus at Time Warner over "Cop Killer," a song by Body Count; made his name as hip-hop's wizened street sage with such cautionary songs as "High Rollers" ("Speed of life: fast! / It's like walkin' barefoot over broken glass"), but also did so with dirty party anthems like, er, "Let's Get Butt Naked and Fuck." But what else would you expect of a kid from South Central whose snorts and charm lifted him out of the ghetto but whose appetites compelled him to keep it real?

Neither success nor academy's embrace has changed Ice-T, the gangsta who sees through gangsta-ness.

Photographed by Mark Seliger at the Explorers Club, New York City on April 29, 2002.
Meet the founding father of hip-hop. In 1967, Clive Campbell emigrated from his original hometown of Kingston, Jamaica, to the Bronx. Influenced by the traveling disc jockeys he had seen back home, he set himself up with a booming sound system and began playing records at parties. He found that reggae didn’t go over as well as funk—and he noticed that certain sections of each song, the beat breaks, really got people moving. So he isolated the breaks, playing them over and over again by cross-fading from one turntable to another turntable that had the same record on it. Thus, hip-hop D.J.-ing—eventually to become the foundation of a multi-billion-dollar industry—came into being. By bringing along the Jamaican dancehall tradition of “toasting”—in which the disc jockey shouts out partygoers’ names with slangy rhymes attached—he was also a prototypical rapper. On August 11, 1973, Campbell, calling himself DJ Kool Herc, spun music at his sister’s back-to-school party, in the rec room of the 1520 Sedgwick Avenue housing complex. This was arguably the night hip-hop was born. Eventually, DJ Kool Herc packed up the party and took it to nearby Cedar Park. Thousands came. The rest is history. Respected by those in the know, DJ Kool Herc is alive and well and keeping it all too real in the Bronx.

Photographed with his daughter Deja, son Javon, and custom “Herculord speakers” with a 1973 Cadillac Eldorado by Jonas Karlsson at 1520 Sedgwick Avenue in the Bronx on April 21, 2005.
ICE CUBE

Rapper, actor, producer, screenwriter.

Seven solo albums (two gold, three platinum, one multi-platinum); two as a member of N.W.A (one gold, one multi-platinum); two with Westside Connection (one gold, one platinum); 21 films.

Who knew? Ice Cube, who has spewed rhymed venom as well as anyone in hip-hop history, has now made himself into an all-purpose entertainment machine. The transformation was completed this year when in the crossover of all crossovers, he took the wheel as the adorable dad in Are We There Yet?, a PG-rated family comedy that he drove all the way past $80 million in box-office earnings. As a rapper, Ice Cube (born O'Shea Jackson) has always played the heavy. With his acting, he hasn't been so easy to define, having scored hits in drama (Boyz n the Hood, Three Kings), comedy (the Friday series, the two Barbershop films), and action (Anaconda, XXX: State of the Union). Ice Cube has seen to it that he controls his own Hollywood fate: he produced Are We There Yet? and since 1998 he has run Cube Vision, a production company that has a habit of squeezing mega-profits out of low-budget projects. Other rappers boast about what they're going to do. Ice Cube simply gets it done.

Adam Yauch (MCA), Adam Horovitz (Adrock), and Mike Diamond (Mike D)
Cultural anthropologists, agitators for Tibetan independence, literal éminences grises.
Six albums (one platinum, five multi-platinum); two Grammys; several paradigm-shifting videos.
The Beasties take so long between albums that each one seems like a triumphant comeback—whether it's their densely layered second album, 1989's Paul's Boutique, whose song "Shake Your Rump" included Mike Diamond's declaration "I'm Mike D and I'm back from the dead!," or last year's skeletal To the 5 Boroughs, whose startling first single, "Ch-Check It Out," found Adam Yauch rasping, "And no I didn't retire!" Like the Rolling Stones, the Beasties are in uncharted territory, seeing how long they can keep practicing their art, which is a raucous jumble of 70s funk, B-boy anachronisms, Yiddishe wordsmithery, and veiled social commentary. The years have burned off their baby fat, turned Yauch's hair gray, and transformed Horovitz into a dead ringer for a John Cassavetes-movie protagonist, but the Boys still exude their enchanting, irresistible, booty-moving boyishness.
NELLY

Rapper, crooner, actor.

Five albums (two platinum, three multi-platinum); three Grammys; two films.

"It's getting hot in here, so take off all your clothes," from summer 2002's inescapable "Hot in Herre," could serve as Nelly's (born Cornell Haynes Jr.) mission statement, with most of his other lyrics content to limn the pleasures of "apple-bottomed" women, pimp juice, getting high, and having a memorable bank account.

But Nelly's multi-platinum status has less to do with his "40 acres and a pool" hedonism than it does with one of the keenest pop sensibilities to come down the pike in a long time: he possesses an unabashed flair for catchy singsong rhymes and an ear for instantly infectious hooks. Like most great pop artists, he's ecumenical too—he'll take a hit where he can find one, thus his collaboration with country star Tim McGraw on last year's uncharacteristically tender, Lite-FM-ready breakup song "Over and Over." His attention-getting role in The Longest Yard suggests exciting new revenue streams.

Photographed (with models Tanisha, Lisa, and Lauren) by Mark Seliger in Los Angeles on February 23, 2005.
Fugees
Pras (Prakazrel Michel), Lauryn Hill, and Wyclef Jean.
Prodigal supergroup.

Two albums (one gold, one multi-platinum); two Grammys (1996).

Originality has been the defining mark of the Fugees since they came together in high school and poured a unique blend of reggae, rock, and funk into hip-hop. Coupling this musical depth with intense emotion, the Fugees (short for "refugees") laced their lyrics with a social consciousness also uncommon to hip-hop back then, preaching nonviolence and feminism. The band is considered a major catalyst in advancing the genre beyond just gangsta rap. The success of 1996's The Score, their second and currently final album, marked the group's popular musical and political appeal: it sold more than 13 million copies worldwide, a record for hip-hop at the time. Pras, Hill, and Wyclef went on to pursue solo careers, but all heard consistent cries for a reunion. In September 2004 they performed together for the first time in eight years, and they shocked followers by opening the BET Awards in June. Fans are hoping that rumors of a new album due out next year will become reality.

Photographed by Marl Collage at the National Academy Museum in New York City on June 15, 2005.
At 24, Beyoncé Knowles has the determination of a veteran, the manners of a lady, and the dazzle of the biggest star to emerge from the biggest-selling female group in the world. But the secret to her shockingly scandal-free success lie in the contradiction between her natural modesty—just when did her romance with hip-hop’s coolest guy, Jay-Z, get started, anyway?—and her uninhibited performances. LISA ROBINSON learns about Beyoncé’s sexy alter ego her farewell to Destiny’s Child, and why she needs to go all the way
DESTINY'S GROWN-UP

Beyoncé, held aloft by sunglasses-clad models on the rooftop of the Hotel Ritz (now called Hotel Palace) in Barcelona, Spain, on June 10, 2005.
I saw Chris Rock on TV and he said, "Black people made 10 steps forward, and then we take 12 steps back... After Roots we had Kunta, and then what do we do? We go and name our kids Beyoncé." I just laughed because I'm sure he thought it was a name I made up, like Tanifa or something. He didn't know it was my last name.

—Tina Knowles, Beyoncé's mother

August 2001

Beyoncé (rhymes with "fiancé") Knowles was born on September 4, 1981, in a middle-class family in Houston. Her mother, Tina, owned a successful hair salon, and her father, Mathew, was a sales executive with Xerox. When she was seven, Beyoncé started to enter, and win, talent contests. By the time she was nine, she was in a girl group called Girls Tyme that had a devastating loss on Star Search but by then she was obsessed: practicing dance routines at home, singing pop hits with a karaoke machine, writing songs, wearing costumes designed by her mother, and getting "media training" from her father—who would eventually quit his job to manage full-time the group that became known as Destiny's Child. Beyoncé co-wrote the group's first hit when she was 17; a succession of hits followed, and Destiny's Child went on to sell 40 million albums of catchy, sophisticated pop.

Beyoncé's 2003 solo
“People think I have the same story as the Jackson 5, and I have a completely different story,” says Beyoncé.
"I can sing like a rapper; I can flow. I can sing soul songs, I can do rock, and I wanted people to hear that."
Beyoncé was very shy around children, and one of the reasons we put her in dance classes was so she'd have some little kid friends," says Tina Knowles. While success did not come without struggle—there were I.R.S. problems after her father quit his job to manage the group, the family had to move, and her parents split up for six months—Beyoncé says, "I didn’t grow up poor. I went to private school; we had a very nice house, cars, a housekeeper. I wasn’t doing this because I didn’t have a choice, or to support the family, or because I had to get out of a bad situation. I just was determined; this is what I wanted to do so bad."

She was like a breakup, like breaking up with your boyfriend. But Kelly and I decided to try and get two more girls and still do the video for ‘Say My Name.’" They found two new members, Farrah Franklin and Michelle Williams; Farrah didn’t stick around too long, but Michelle joined Kelly and Beyoncé to complete the trio that has ruled the pop charts for the past decade. And Beyoncé’s parents were always there to give total support. “My mother is the balance,” says Beyoncé. “She’s very strong and will say whatever she feels and protects me always, but she always kept me a normal kid; she made sure I had slumber parties, made sure we hung out with our friends—even after eighth grade, when we started being home-schooled. My father was more focused. He wanted it for me and did everything because he’s my father and wanted me to be happy, but he’s a workaholic.”

“It’s not an easy thing, working with your father,” she says. “We bump heads, we have arguments. People expect me to be a certain way, like a Diana Ross—and they expect my father to be like Joe Jackson, because that’s been the pattern when parents manage children. People think that he just controls everything and does everything, but I actually control everything. People think I have the same story as the Jackson 5, and I have a completely different story. I had a very healthy, happy childhood—my mother made sure of it and I love her for it.” Did you have boyfriends? “I had a boyfriend from 9th grade until 12th grade, the same guy. I met him in church, and I went to his prom, but I preferred to be at home singing in front of a stereo—recording, making songs, listening to the music. I grew up with my mom loved Anita Baker and Donny Hathaway, and my dad got us this Motown series, and that was just the most fascinating thing—especially the Supremes. They were so glamorous and beautiful and poised. All I wanted to do was watch videos and write songs and perform.”

“I remember the first album Beyoncé wrote on,” says Tina. “She gave so much to that producer. I’d go to the studio and she’d be so excited. She’d say, ‘Mom, they let me produce, they let me write, they let me produce all the vocals.’ She was in there doing all this work and I’d say, ‘Where’s the producer?’ and he’s out there on the cell phone. And she’s like, ‘He’s so nice to me.’ And I’m like, ‘Yeah... he is.’

And the next record you do, you won’t need as much ‘Lelp.’ Because she learns. She’s like a sponge. I got the hottest chick in the game Wearin’ my chain.

—Jay-Z, “PSA,” from The Black Album, 2009

Jay is just such a gentleman, and he is so smart, I was so happy that they got together. They’re two smart people, and it’s great for both of them—it’s such a great match.

—Tina Knowles, August 20
"What I gave Beyoncé was a street credibility, a different edge," says Jay-Z.

Last February, at Clive Davis's pre-Grammy party at the Beverly Hills Hotel, Beyoncé sang along when Carlos Santana performed "Come Va." The next night, at Universal Music Group C.E.O. Doug Morris's Grammy TV-viewing party, she quietly sang along as her friend Bono and an all-star supergroup performed the Beatles' "Across the Universe." "I asked how she knew all the words to these songs from the 1960s. It's crazy," he said. "She's a student of the game. She's student of all types of music. The sounds she can hear in music and memorize off of she listen are amazing. She has a wonderful ear for music—knows if people are flat, high, on tone—she has the hole thing down pat."

Their musical collaboration began when Jay asked Beyoncé to sing on his 2002 song "03 Bonnie and Clyde," because, he said with a laugh, "I wanted a singer on the song, and I knew she was exceptional." He returned the favor on her ubiquitous 2003 megahit single, the Grammy-winning "Crazy in Love." "I asked Jay what he thought they brought to each other musically. "We changed audiences," he said. "Her records are huge Top 40 records, and she rapped 'Bonnie and Clyde' go to Number 1. What I gave her was a street credibility, a different edge."

According to Beyoncé, "Crazy in Love" was really hard to write, because there is so much going on. I let Columbia hear with the rest of my album, and people said it, but they didn't go crazy for it. I was so stressed, because I thought, I don't give a single. I mean, I had written—what?—seven, eight number one songs with Destiny's Child, in a row. But I guess if you haven't written a number one song in five months, you have to prove yourself again. I knew the song wasn't complete, because the horns were so old-school, and

I thought if a rapper was on it people would give it more of a chance—because rappers can flow over old-school beats and people accept it. So Jay came into the studio, and it could have been 10 minutes, it could have been 2 minutes—he listened to it and recorded this rap without writing anything down. He just sits there and his mouth starts moving silently, and all of a sudden he does this rap. I have seen him do this many times, but this was like thre in the morning. He had to be exhausted, I was exhausted. I don't know how he did this...He rapped on the song and he added a lot to the energy of it. It really completed the song."

ashia" is the name Beyoncé has given to her alter ego, that "other person" she becomes when she's onstage. But, she says, "I always held back in Destiny's Child, because I was comfortable in a group and felt that I didn't have to do anything 100 percent, because there were other people

 onstage with me. I would not lose myself or go all the way." When do you think you first went all the way? "The first step to that was Dangerously in Love. I just wanted people to really hear me, hear my voice and my tastes. For the first time, I wasn't afraid, I didn't feel limited. I wanted people to hear my range, because I can sing like a rapper, I can flow. I can sing soul songs, I can do rock, and I wanted people to hear that. All the Destiny's Child songs like 'Independent Woman' and 'Survivor' were all so strong. I wanted people to hear the more vulnerable side." To come out with "Crazy in Love," with the sexy lyrics and video with Jay, you must have been in love. "Yes, it was very real. And when we did that video, everybody was like, 'Who is that?' Because for the first time I danced all the way. I let go." What about your famed ass-shaking dance?
Rod Stewart's last *Great American Songbook* album debuted at No. 1, he finally got his Grammy this year, and, on the heels of his new collection of standards, he's about to have another kid—with his 34-year-old fiancée.

At 60, Stewart tells JIM WINDOLF, there's only one part of him that feels his age.
Rod Stewart and family. From left: Penny Lancaster (Stewart's pregnant fiancée), Stewart, daughters Kimberly (by ex-wife Alana Stewart) and Ruby (by former girlfriend Kelly Emberg), and son Sean (by Alana Stewart). Photographed at Stewart's Beverly Hills mansion on August 25, 2005.

I’m Sixty?

Photographs by Mark Seliger
Earlier this year Rod Stewart vowed his next album of standards would be his last. But as he was putting the finishing touches on Thanks for the Memory... The Great American Songbook Volume IV, he decided to leave himself some wiggle room, saying, “I would hate not to be able to do another one.”

Stewart’s first three easygoing collections of songs written by Hoagy Carmichael, Jerome Kern, Rodgers and Hart, and the Gershwins, among others, have all gone multi-platinum; the third volume debuted at No. 1 on the Billboard Top 200 chart in 2004, giving him his first No. 1 album since 1978. Volume III also won him a Grammy, after 14 hard-luck nominations. “I must admit my kids were more pleased than I was,” he says. “I was under the impression I was doing all right without it.”

The new album, out this October from Clive Davis’s J Recordings, departs only slightly from the formula, with two rhythm-and-blues classics included among the Tin Pan Alley warhorses. Those songs will ease Stewart’s undergarment-tossing fans into what may be his next project. “I think what we’re going to do for the next album is something different,” he says. At press time Stewart was awaiting word from a possible duet partner on one of Volume IV’s R&B tracks, Sam Cooke’s “You Send Me.” “It’s supposed to have Christina Aguilera on it, but she hasn’t done it thus far. I’m keeping my fingers crossed,” Stewart says in a Cockney twang. “That 25 years of residing in Los Angeles has left unchanged. Aguilera is one of his favorites among the singing stars 30 and 40 years his junior. “She’s superb,” says Stewart, 60, “Nothing wrong with her. She’s nearly as good as me.”

Stewart has regularly assumed new guises, most notably when he went disco in 1978 with “Do Ya Think I’m Sexy?” While his contemporaries the Rolling Stones rake in cash on the road, Stewart is making a bigger dent in the charts these days. Is he happy to outsell his old mates (among them Ron Wood, Stewart’s former colleague in the Faces)? “Nooo,” he says with a raspy laugh. “They’re survivors and still the best rock ‘n’ roll band, in my opinion. Mick’s not a bad singer—but he’s not as good as me. Ha-ha!” Woodie keeps plaguing me—“When are you gonna see the band? I said, ‘I saw them in 1963; I’m not gonna see them again.’ But I am going to try to see them this time.”

With five of his six children living nearby or in his house, and newlyweds for next spring with 34-year-old former model Penn Lancaster (who’s pregnant), Stewart has only one regret about getting older: a bum knee that keeps him off the soccer field. “Just in the middle of trying to rebuild it and see if I can give it one more heroic try,” he says. “But I’ve had a good run on it, 50-odd years of playing, so I can’t complain.” Adopting the solemnity of a eulogy, he adds, “It’s been a good knee.”
“Mick's not a bad singer—but he's not as good as me. Ha-ha!”
A neon-lit promise of excitement on Tribeca's then dark streets, the Odeon was the restaurant that defined New York's 80s: a retro haven for the likes of Warhol and Basquiat, De Niro and Belushi, with a cocaine-fueled scene captured in *Bright Lights, Big City*. In an oral history inspired by the Odeon's 25th anniversary, staffers and such habitués as Tom Wolfe, Lorne Michaels, and Jay McInerney share their table-hopping, fistfighting memories with FRANK DIGIACOMO

**TRIBECA!**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HUBA
in Lower Manhattan, at the corner of West Broadway and Thomas Street, hangs a restaurant sign that functions as a kind of cultural Rorschach test. Composed not of abstract shapes but of 29-inch-high stylishly retro letters that spell the words CAFETERIA and THE ODEON in reddish-orange neon, the sign represents different things to different people. For some, it is an Edward Hopper painting come to life. Others recognize it as an image from the opening credits of vintage Saturday Night Live reruns or the cover of Jay McInerney’s novel Bright Lights, Big City. Others see it simply as a restaurant sign.

But for some who lived in Manhattan as the 1970s gave way to the 80s, the Odeon sign was a homing beacon that signaled a new chapter in New York’s nightlife. Indeed, by the time the Odeon opened in the fall of 1980, Studio 54, that sybaritic symbol of the previous decade, had already begun to recede along with the financial crisis that had fueled the disco’s anything-goes atmosphere. Shirts would soon be buttoned to the neck instead of opened to the navel. The once untamable city was acquiring a crust of civilization, order, and even romance. Prosperity and opportunity had returned—and the city’s nightlife would begin to reflect that.

And what better place to showcase this new sensibility than the wilds of Tribeca, a former commercial section of Manhattan below Canal Street that, while it featured street after cobblestone street of striking cast-iron buildings, became spookily barren at night, save for the inviting glow of the Odeon’s neon.

Through the doors was a movie set doubling as a restaurant, an uncharacteristically wide space of buttery light, ribbed glass, and burnished wood that recalled both Paris’s La Coupole and Raymond Chandler’s Los Angeles, albeit with a Bakelite frieze of New York’s skyline on the wall. A carefully chosen mix of old standards and New Wave played on the sound system, anything from Ella Fitzgerald...
London-born Keith McNally, his older brother Brian, and a fresh-face transplant from Streator, Illinois, name Lynn Wagenknecht, who would eventually marry, and later divorce, Keith.

The McNallys are the restaurant world’s “rough equivalent of rock ‘n’ roll’s volatile Davies brothers, Ray and Dave, though, truthfully, their band, the Kinks, stay together longer. But in this analogy, it’s the younger Keith who resembles the elder Ray, the Kinks’ leader and pre-eminent songwriter. A former actor who co-starred in playwright and Beyond the Fringe member Alan Bennett’s Forty Years On, Keith is the obsessive, tortured visionary with saucer eyes, a melancholy streak, and a cutting sense of humor. Brian is more the Davies type: a well-read devil-may-care battler with keen social instincts and a load of charisma.

To this equation, Wagenknecht brought can-do American ingenuity and a midwestern work ethic that could cut through the Stilton when things got a little too British. People who know her tend to mention her modesty. “She’s the quiet Beatle,” says filmmaker Amos Poe, an Odeon regular, using yet another rock ‘n’ roll metaphor.

Prior to the Odeon, the three partners worked together at the restaurant One Fifth named for its location at 1 Fifth Avenue. Owned by a man named George Schwartz who also happened to be the head of radiation oncology at a Manhattan hospital, One Fifth was a proto-Odeon in terms of...
WITHIN WEEKS
THE ART AND S.N.L. CROWDS
HAD TAKEN UP
RESIDENCE AT THE ODEON

Dan Aykroyd leaving the Odeon with a date after a party in honor of Steve Martin, 1981. Opposite, counterclockwise from top: interior of the Towers Cafeteria, 1970s; tickets from the Towers' Takacheck dispenser; invite to the Odeon's 1990 opening; the restaurant's interior, 1995.
BONFIRE OF THE PLATS DU JOUR

THE THERE WERE A LOT OF FIGHTS IN THIS RESTAURANT. IT WAS A VERY PHYSICAL RESTAURANT.

the crowd it drew, though campier in spirit and décor. Designed by Schwarz’s late wife, the Austrian artist Kiki Kogelnik, the restaurant was outfitted with chairs and other accoutrements from the Cunard cruise ship R.M.S. Caronia. The maître d’ wore tails and, Schwarz says, a monocle, and the restaurant attracted the art and Saturday Night Live crowds that would soon be flocking to the Odeon. Keith McNally had landed there first, in 1976, working his way up from oyster shucker to waiter to general manager in the dining room. Eventually, he hired Brian, who tended bar, and Wagenknecht, who became a waiter, and, subsequently, Keith’s girlfriend.

In 1979 a trip to Paris convinced Keith and Lynn that New York lacked a worthy brasserie. By spring 1980 they had found the space: the site of the old Towers Cafeteria, at 145 West Broadway, a steam-table restaurant that had been in operation since the 1930s. Located immediately south of SoHo—which would soon begin its metamorphosis from art-world enclave to chic shopping mecca—Tribeca, as it had been nicknamed since the 60s, was the province mostly of intrepid artists attracted to cheap loft space. On May 30, 1980, with Brian on board as well, the partners, under the name Orwell Restaurant Associates, Ltd., signed a 15-year lease for the Towers site.

The décor fell to Keith and Lynn, who say it wasn’t so much what they added to the space as what they took away. They kept the hanging globe lanterns, terrazzo floor, tiled bathrooms, and Takacheck dispenser, replacing the utilitarian meal tickets with promotional ones bearing the Odeon’s Art Deco logo. Brian came up with the name, which he says was inspired by London’s Odeon cinema chain. Behind garish Formica panels, the trio discovered handsome wood paneling, which the McNally brothers refinished themselves. In New Jersey they found a man who could render the restaurant’s new name in neon letters that matched the Cafeteria section. Wagenknecht hung the sign. They added the Bakelite skyline, which had once adorned a Woolworth’s, and a curvaceous, mirrored 1930s Deco bar. The latter fixture, their biggest expenditure, cost $11,750, almost 10 percent of the $140,000 opening budget. To complement their movie-set-cum-dining-room, they hired 24-year-old Patrick Clark, a rising-star chef who turned out to be as melodramatic as he was talented. A man of considerable heft, Clark, the black, Brooklyn-born son of a cook, had studied in France under nouvelle cuisine pioneer Michel Guérard. To the Odeon he
brought sole stuffed with salmon mousse and sauced with vermouth, and a working style liberally garnished with fits of pique.

The Odeon was christened on October 14, 1980, with a party, the details of which no one seems to remember, except that it was a lot of fun. Within weeks, the restaurant had become the latest in a long line to attract a stylish, creative crowd. But what distinguished the Odeon was its post-modern interpretation of what constituted a memorable dining experience, circa 1980. "They hit the Zeitgeist with the architecture," says Joe Helman, an art dealer who "Whoever you were, you felt instantly comfortable in that space. It had sophistication and it had French fries."

This October the Odeon celebrates its 25th anniversary. Much has changed since the restaurant opened its doors. The partners have gone on to produce some of the most successful and influential restaurants of the last 25 years, although not in concert. Brian left the Odeon in 1982 to move to Paris with his wife, Anne (who works for this magazine; the couple are now divorced). He returned in 1983, and soon opened a series of restaurants on his own—Indochine, Canal Bar, and 150 Wooster—that set and raised the bar of hipness in New York.

Around the same time, he and Keith became embroiled in an on-again, off-again feud which has had its physical moments. Theories about its origins abound, but the brothers decline to discuss it. Currently, they are not on speaking terms.

In 1983, Lynn and Keith also began to expand, opening another stylish brasserie, Café Luxembourg, on the Upper West Side, followed in 1986 by Nell's, on West 14th Street, and in 1989 by Lucky Strike, on Grand Street in SoHo. Simultaneously, they raised a family of three children and Keith wrote and directed his first film, End of the Night, which was nominated for the Grand Jury Prize at the 1991 Sundance Film Festival. In 1990 the couple moved to Paris, where Keith made a second film. Lynn returned to painting and managing their portfolio of restaurants by fax, and their marriage ran aground.

Shortly thereafter, Lynn bought out Keith's stake in the Odeon, as well as in Luxembourg and Nell's. Keith kept Lucky Strike and, beginning in 1996, opened a series of art-directed bars and restaurants: Pravda, Balthazar, Pastis, and Schiller's Liquor Bar. His latest, an Italian restaurant in the Village currently called Bar Silvano (not to be confused—perhaps—with the well-established Da Silvano), is scheduled to open next spring. All are jam-packed. All carry strands of Odeon's DNA, as do dozens of restaurants around town with which he, Lynn, and Brian have nothing to do.

The original, the Odeon, meanwhile, has had its ups and downs. But the restaurant was re-discovered in the mid-90s and the crowds are still strong. "It started out white hot and transitioned into a classic," says Amos Poe. "It's as if Pamela Anderson became Greta Garbo."

Brian McNally: [While we were still working on the interior] I remember [pay and Warhol superstar] Taylor Mead walking by. He came in and said: "That gorgeous! Nobody will come." And he ran out. And we didn't see him until it opened. It was so depressing. We had people coming down and trying to be optimistic about it, but clearly not believing that we were going to do business at all.

Keith McNally: The first night wasn't a disaster, but the first customer was. She entered the second the doors opened [around six p.m.] without a clue it was a new restaurant. Alone in the dining room, she waited 90 minutes for a green-bean salad before being told we'd run out of green beans. Fuming, she ordered just a coffee and nothing else. She got the nothing else rather quickly, but the coffee never arrived. No one knew how to operate the coffee grinder.

Brian McNally: I don't want to be a snob about it, but people didn't "get it" in the way that everybody "gets it" now. You know, everybody is hip today. As soon as you open a restaurant, they come pouring in. At that point we'd get people walking in—uptown people or people from you, know, outside of New York—and they'd say, "This is not a restaurant." They didn't get it, but the artists did.

Amos Poe, filmmaker (The Blank Generation, Alphabet City): Word got out that there's this restaurant in Tribeca that was packed. It was like, What? You take your life in your hands walking down those streets. There were practically no lights. And then there was this bright corner, where there was this sign the ODEON. There was nothing to take away from the glitter of that sign. That sign was just so "Boom!"

Jay McInerney, novelist (Bright Lights, Big City: Brightness Falls): Back then, [Tribeca] was precisely what we don't have in Manhattan anymore, which was a fringe, a no-man's-land, which, of course, is where subcultures thrive. Just being in that area seemed kind of cool because there wasn't much there. And just visually you saw the Odeon and you thought, It's old. It's new. It's cutting-edge. It's retro. Keith is so
brilliant at that: making a place look like it has been there forever.

Lorne Michaels: It was the beginning of a new sensibility. Someone who lived the same way we did—and was in the same community we were in—was opening a place, a modest place, in a location no one went to. And like all those things that aren’t supposed to work, it worked perfectly. And it completely satisfied all of our social aspirations.

Linda Stein, real-estate broker, former co-manager of the Ramones: For a time, it was the place. The interesting part is, it was one of the only places that was the place almost any time of day: Sunday brunch or lunch—it wasn’t only after dark. The other thing is, if you ever had jury duty, [the restaurant was close enough to the courts that] you could eat lunch there. It’s the only upside to jury duty. You can have oysters. You can get drunk. And you can get yourself so drunk that they throw you out of jury duty. You get $40 a day from the government for jury duty, but you always spend more at the Odeon.

Michael Mott, former Odeon waiter: There were a lot of fights in this restaurant. It was a very physical restaurant. That first Friday we were open, there was a fistfight. And that was with George Schwarz, the owner of One Fifth.

Amos Poe: George Schwarz came down because, all of a sudden, One Fifth lost its luster. It was such a moment. And George came into Odeon and basically went into a rage.

Lynn Wagenknecht: George had a big table. And obviously the restaurant was chaos. We were doing a hundred dinners and Patrick [Clark, the chef] wasn’t ready to go. So we kept giving everyone in the room more wine. Everyone got inebriated. And George drew some nasty notes on the check and on the receipt.

Michael Mott: There were three globes on the check [that symbolized the Odeon’s lanterns]. And in the central globe, Schwarz wrote a one with a slash and then a five, which was the symbol for his restaurant.

George Schwarz: We visited Odeon for a very simple reason: we were curious to see what it looked like. When we got there, it was half full. At the end of dinner, I drew a simple diagonal line across the inside of the two or three balls on Odeon’s check because I had been shocked and amazed that my wife’s design details had been so closely copied in some of Odeon’s elements. Keith, who is smart and sensitive, saw the check, immediately recognized the allusion, and responded to my message in a high-strung way by asking me to perform an impossible sexual act to myself.

Keith McNally: He was looking for trouble just coming in the door. And he got it. Of course, he fails to mention the black eye he got.

Brian McNally: Keith said, “Look, don’t ever come back here again.” George then threw a punch at Keith. I jumped over the bar and punched him. He went down. There was this huge mêlée in the middle of the restaurant. We got so depressed over that.

Michael Mott: Brian saw George kick Keith in the pants, knock him over against the maître d’ stand, and Brian jumped over the bar to defend his brother. And then they threw George out on the street, and everybody in the restaurant applauded. It was theater, and it was also justified.

Eyebrows were raised in New York’s foodie circles when, one month after the Odeon opened, interim New York Times restaurant critic Moira Hodgson bestowed a surprising two out of four stars upon the place, raising its profile considerably.

Drew Nieporent, restaurateur (Tribeca Grill, Nobu): The most important thing, for me, was Patrick Clark coming in and giving the place a food credibility and a professionalism. It really defined a certain period of taking great food and putting it in a casual setting and allowing people not to have to get all fussed up [to go out to eat]. It broke down a lot of barriers in that regard.

Mimi Sheraton, former New York Times restaurant critic: The Odeon was the beginning of a new kind of casualness—Armani-silk-shirt or Missoni-sweater casual, not jeans and tank tops.

Paige Powell, former associate publisher of Interview magazine: I used to take my video camera in and record the waiters describing the specials because it was that point in time, remember, that restaurant food got so elaborate. It was like “The Knight’s Tale” they were reciting at your table. It would go on forever.

The Odeon was soon serving as the de facto commissary for the close-knit group of actors and directors—led by Robert De Niro and Martin Scorsese—who came to define the New York school of filmmaking. And in their midst were the remnants of another close-knit group that had helped revive the city’s cultural relevance in the mid-70s: the original cast and crew of NBC’s Saturday Night Live.

Mitch Glazer, screenwriter (Scrooged, The Recruit): I remember being there with Dan Aykroyd one night. At another table were Martin Scorsese and Robbie Robertson [formerly of the Band]. And at one point Danny got up, turned to their table, and said, “Mean Streets. ‘Cripple Creek.’ I respect you gentlemen.”

Tom Schiller, former S.N.L. short-film maker: I can remember that I was quite full of myself, and we all thought we were so special because we worked at Saturday Night Live and they couldn’t harm us. And you could still smoke cigarettes inside. And I had this pretentious horrible habit of smoking clove cigarettes. And so I lit one up once, and suddenly [Atlantic Records co-founder] Ahmet Ertegun throws me a horrible glance, and he says, “I’m trying to eat chicken and all I smell is cloves.” I immediately put it out and felt like an idiot.

Carol Caldwell, writer, girlfriend of the late, unfailingly macabre S.N.L. writer Michael O’Donohue: I was new to the whole Saturday Night Live set, and it was at the Odeon I had my first real exposure to a lot of them. It was often the four of us [she and O’Donohue, John Belushi and his wife, Judy], and invariably most everyone gravitated to our table at some point. Michael liked the attention and always wanted to be the one on the banquette looking out. He was quite the dandy and dressed so dapper in a Cole Porter kind of style. He always ordered the calf’s liver with golden raisins sautéed in a sauce of vinegar and veal stock no matter how often we went in a week.

John didn’t care where he sat—all eyes were going to be on him no matter what. He was affecting a blackleather-Harley-Davidson-New-York-punk look back then. It was the first I really got to observe up close what it was like for John to be the object of such continual riveted interest. He was gruff and gracious at the same time. All we had to do was sit there and tout showbiz New York came by. Of course, Michael would have an acerbic capsule report on each of them for my edification. [After each would leave, he’d say something continued on page 366.]
6167 Catina Street

Eyeglasses, a newspaper, and a TV remote control abandoned as the waves rose. An American flag propped against a wall marred with the scars of high water. This surreal tableau in a deserted home in New Orleans' Lakeview neighborhood is one of thousands that motorboat search-and-rescue crews encountered during their hunt for the living and the dead. The room practically echoes with the murmurs of lives uprooted, and with the panic that surged when, overnight on August 29, 2005, the city's levees submitted to the force of Hurricane Katrina.

These walls suggest other, unspeakable tales. The story of the St. Bernard Parish man who survived by punching a hole in his ceiling for attic air to breathe, repeatedly diving into the tempest inside his house, yet unable to rescue his wife. Or the man, not far from this room on Catina Street, who smashed through his ceiling to help his family escape the roaring waters, as his friend clutched a baby, and as two desperate children hung on to an overhead fan.

Photographed on September 11, 2005.
HELL AND HIGH WATER

American Apocalypse: New Orleans 2005

Faced with the greatest natural disaster in modern American history, Washington fumbled and failed. But the Red Cross, the doctors and nurses of Woman’s Hospital, the Texas Army National Guard helicopter crews, and the ad hoc bartenders at a Bourbon Street sports bar were among the many who fought to comfort, protect, and save. Photographer JONAS KARLSSON and reporter RON BEINNER capture New Orleans’ suffering and its saviors, while DAVID HALBERSTAM confronts Hurricane Katrina’s most disturbing revelations.

The scenes were at once familiar and unfamiliar.

Familiar because television has become expert at bringing us news of disasters—hurricanes being a particular specialty of the medium—and it does them better than it does any other kind of story. It is all about pictures, something television producers understand brilliantly, and the pictures in this instance were exceptionally powerful and compelling. The producers and television news reporters, in fact, may have become a bit too smooth, and the danger is they risk turning the real and authentic into something that appears programmed and artificial. First, there are the tragedy and the tears; then, in time, the redemption, the rejuvenation, and the gratitude. Even with Katrina the coverage sometimes seemed scripted, as if they had the story down even before the hurricane struck and needed only to find the right local characters from central casting to play their prescribed roles and the right faces in...
the crowd that were immediately recognizable in their emotions.

But it was unfamiliar as well, because when the damage is this catastrophic, the people so helpless, the government so weak and clumsy, we expect it to take place somewhere else—on the coast of Sri Lanka or Bangladesh, for instance—somewhere distant and poor. We do not expect to see so many fellow Americans overwhelmed. unable to help themselves and unable to escape the disaster. We do not expect to see our government so impotent and indifferent that it is completely paralyzed at the most critical moment. We do not expect to see the story play out so slowly and the cavalry arrive so late.

Was this really us? Was this really an American city coming apart—or drowning—as we watched? Were all these poor people, whose lives were broken, and some of whom looted their own city, really Americans? Aren’t we better than this? Aren’t we different? We knew New Orleans, or at least many of us thought we did. But New Orleans, if we dared look hard, had always been one of the poorest of our cities, its poverty barely concealed under a thin veneer. It was a city, to borrow Arthur Miller’s phrase, getting by on a shoehine and a smile.

All of our cities have two faces: the side we prefer to see and show, and the side we prefer not to know and to hide. Of New Orleans, I think, this has always been particularly true; to know too much would be to dampen the pleasure of visiting. It has always seemed to me edgier than most cities, its citizenry accepting, if not entirely enthusiastic about, its assigned role of guiding visitors to the kind of places they do not visit back home. The locals manage, just barely, to keep smiling through it all, more than a little resentful about being wound up one more time so that tourists can have a good time and then mercifully be gone. Like most visitors I never looked carefully at the levees, never paid much attention to the fragility of the city’s infrastructure, and thus never expected to see it destroyed before my eyes, hour by hour, day by day, as I watched from my living room.

The writer Michael Arlen once called Vietnam “the Living Room War,” and now we have moved on: we have the Living Room Tragedy. I never expected to see looting on this scale and see it permitted to continue. I never expected to see my government fail so completely when high professionalism would have meant saving lives by the hour. I suppose that if you have a formidable political movement which for 25 years has pushed the idea that government is the enemy—that is, if you have a government run by people who do not believe in government—things like this will happen. The service agencies inevitably atrophy, ever less capable people man them, and they have less and less leverage with which to gain their necessary share of the annual budget.

We see what we want to see at moments like this. The tragedy in Louisiana and Mississippi reminded me once again of what bothers me about my country. We have, it seems to me, become less competent at the things that are elemental in a good society and that matter greatly to our long-range future. We are less generous with one another, especially with the vulnerable among us. We are too prideful of things that all too rarely reflect our better qualities. As we have become a more successful nation based on N.P., we have become a harder people, more arrogant, caring only about a certain kind of material success, the norms of which seem to me increasingly excessive. We value only the kind of success that will make us wealthy.
The nation heaved a collective sigh of relief, thinking New Orleans had "dodged the bullet." The hurricane's eye, fixed on the city for days, had blinked, jogged east, and come ashore 60 miles down the Gulf Coast. But as the storm surged on, New Orleans' fragile levee system gave way, unleashing the rage of Lake Pontchartrain and the Mississippi River. Soon, 80 percent of the basin-set city became a reservoir. Merciless currents enveloped highways, streets, houses, schools. More than 100,000 citizens—the majority of them African-American, and most without the means to heed calls to evacuate—were left with little access to food or water, consigned to fend for themselves against the swirling waters and sweltering heat. At this spot, where one of the barriers suffered a clean break, a survey crew on contract to the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers monitors the slowly descending water level, which at one stage had climbed some 20 feet above normal.

Photographed at the 17th Street Canal levee breach on September 8, 2005.
Two days after the hurricane struck, help arrived—in the person of U.S. Army lieutenant general Russel Honoré. “[Bush] sent one John Wayne dude down here that can get some stuff done,” said a grateful New Orleans mayor, C. Ray Nagin. “And he came off the daggone chopper and he started cussing, and people started moving.” Honoré, the Louisiana-bred three-star—who was born literally during a Gulf Coast hurricane, in 1947—was put in charge of Joint Task Force Katrina. He wasn’t interested in playing the so-called blame game. Instead, he filled a leadership vacuum, cutting through red tape, mobilizing search-and-rescue crews, and helping to provide food and water to people in need—all while coordinating with the National Guard and state and federal agencies. (“We’ve got some great big boys’ toys, right?” he cracked as he entered this light-armed vehicle.) Honoré brought a semblance of sanity to a city where packs of looters roved, fearful cries pierced the night, and crowds stampeded for food or seats on buses out of town. One of Honoré’s overriding principles in tackling a disaster: “You can’t win the first quarter…. You got to do the best you can. But you better win the next quarter—take care of the evacuees.”

Photographed with Captain Scott G. Trahan outside the World Trade Center of New Orleans on September 13, 2005.
TYRONE STEVENSON, BRADFORD STEVENSON, BRADFORD STEWART, AND CHINA STEWART

They had already evacuated New Orleans and returned, thinking the worst of Katrina had passed. Then they awoke Tuesday, August 30, to find water pooling inside their Hollygrove home. Bradford Stewart swam to a neighbor's house and commandeered a boat, and then he and his wife, China, set off once more. But as they motored toward higher ground, they heard the pleas of their stranded neighbors. “We couldn’t just sit there or flee,” China recalls. “We had to get to work.” Over the next three days, Bradford, China, and their younger son, Tyrone Stevenson, 15, rescued more than 300 starving, sun-scorched, and terrified residents—everyone they could find within a few blocks of their home. That Friday afternoon, the boat’s gas tank nearly empty, they guided the vessel to a bridge, where an ambulance finally spirited them to safety. Since then, joined by their elder son, Bradford junior, they have found temporary quarters at a Days Inn 80 miles from their city (to which Stewart, a construction worker, commutes each day to his job helping mend one of the levees). When asked what comes next, China says firmly, “We’re going back home. We’re going to New Orleans.”

Photographed in their Port Allen, Louisiana, hotel room on September 9, 2005
The clock is nearing seven p.m. Lockdown descends on the city. But Swiss-born Eva Schneider, 80, is safely tucked away in her Victorian home, standing tall and seemingly untouched by the cataclysm. Miss Eva, as her neighbors call her, is one of the last holdouts on Spain Street in the Marigny section of New Orleans. She has lived here for almost 30 years, arriving from L.A. after working for 16 years as an assistant animator at Disney, where she says she helped create several of the characters for the film 101 Dalmatians. "I want to leave," she contends, despite the stagnant potholes tainted with lead and E. coli. "This is my home. The police say I must move out, but I feel safe because I have enough food to last weeks.... They'll drain the city, turn the electricity back on, and I'll be fine. Ooloo"—her Australian cattle dog—"and I am fine."

Photographed outside her front door on September 7, 2005.
Though he calls himself a confirmed bachelor, landscaper Albert Boyle, 86, and bartender Patricia "Pitty Pat" Konie ("You don't ask a lady her age") say they've been together for a decade. Each has called the Garden District home for more than 30 years. They refused to pack up despite daily visits from the National Guard, remaining behind with their dogs, Sasha, 1, and Maggie, 13. "You're going to have to shoot me because I'm not going," Patricia told officials minutes before she was dragged from her home (shortly after this picture was taken).

Cousins
As the water rushed in, knocking down the door of her grandmother's home on Touro Street, Tonya Arrington, right, and nine family members headed to the roof. They spent two days and nights on top of the house before being rescued and taken to the convention center, where thugs roamed amid the starving. "It was horrible," says Tonya, shown with cousin Michelle Rue near Interstate 10.
A day before Katrina made landfall, Mayor C. Ray Nagin (shown here with cleanup crewman Joseph Anderson) declared a mandatory evacuation of New Orleans. But emptying the Big Easy was an all but impossible task. Faced with limited manpower and resources, and scant support from the sluggish federal and state governments, Nagin—who was roundly criticized for local administrative chaos and for leaving town to help temporarily relocate his family to Dallas—broke down during an impassioned radio interview. "Get your asses," he implored. "Let's fix the biggest goddamn crisis in the history of this country..."
and we do not honor the qualities we would want in a neighbor.

Despite our wealth, we are in many ways facing serious disreputable: our infrastructure grows older and is rarely replaced or upgraded. Our educational system is not nearly good enough for the task it faces, not even as good as it was 25 years ago. All too many state governments supplement their budgets by sponsoring ambling, a kind of secret tax on the poor. We take pride in our military—much of it is, in fact, brilliant—but we do not send our sons and daughters. Instead, we offer the newly arrived green cards to go in their place. We now have a kind of no-fault patriotism. We become patriots by dint of wearing a button on a sticker or pasting a sticker on a car. (When he sees a car with a support Our Troops bumper sticker, the writer Russell Baker says, he wants to paste another sticker over it suggesting that the driver of the car show his support by signing up that day.)

We are, if not yet militarily, then at least culturally, socially, and, regrettably, journalistically, living more and more in a kind of fortress America, cheering our own deeds and values and opinions, while ignoring the deeds and values and opinions of others. When the Soviet Union collapsed, there was too much talk about how we won the Cold War and not enough about how a monstrous system had collapsed of its own weight and how the credit for its demise belonged far more to those people in Eastern Europe who had quietly and often heroically resisted its authoritarianism for half a century.

The collapse of the Soviet Union did not mean, ipso facto, we were a good society—because being better than a crude and total dictatorship is not good enough. But since we had won, we strutted.

We strut, all of us, too much. Our weaponry is so exceptional at our political leaders need no allies—they dictate our plans, and if the allies do not agree with us, they are called cowardly. Our businessmen are brittle, ever more sure of themselves and their deals and their right to prosper on an ever grander scale, whether or not they are competent at their jobs, even as they prostitute less and less in terms of real goods. Our celebrities, so loudly railed in this entertainment age for what are often marginal talents, are more arrogant and more self-indulgent than ever. Our athletes, when they go overseas for international competition, are all too often an embarrassment in their personal behavior.

When did all this happen? What are the roots? As we achieved greater affluence in the 50 years after World War II, did we steadily become more arrogant than our parents and grandparents, more opinionated that we were special and apart from other nations? Where the country I thought I knew? Where did our modesty go?

One of my favorite speeches is General Dwight Eisenhower's childhood address, which he delivered in June 1945 in London, after being made an honorary citizen of that city. Beautifully written and infinitely modest, it is a magnificent speech, made all the more memorable by the moment it represented—the transfer of leadership from one Western democracy, in decline, to another, younger and richer, just beginning to ascend. It contains the words of a man who, though he commanded a vast army, knew that the sacrifices had been made not by himself or the politicians but by the young men and women who had fought and were not coming back.

Eisenhower's voice that day was nothing less than America at its best—thoughtful, tempered, respectful of others, including those whose histories and sacrifices were greater than our own. He was the voice of a generous and confident man who spoke for a generous and confident nation. I read it often and still take comfort from it. It is a long way from the current cockiness of a man so full of braggadocio that he can say of a conflict with a new kind of extremely dangerous adversary, Bring it on. Are we so strident now because we are less sure of who we are and what the real sources of our strength are?

Some 30 years ago, back in the days of Watergates, the question was: What did the president know and when did he know it? The central question of this presidency now seems to be more about us than about him: What did we know of the president and when did we know it? It is an intriguing question, for—though no one can blame a natural disaster on a president, and all levels of government contributed to the incompetence manifested in those early hours as Katrina struck—there was something emblematic about the president, when he finally arrived at the scene of the disaster, telling the head of FEMA, "Brownie, you're doing a heck of a job."

There are many defining moments of a presidency, when an ordinary citizen can put aside ideological considerations and ponder whether someone is worthy of that office in terms of his character. The image of a president, already unacceptably slow to respond to a tragedy, finally arriving on the scene and telling someone who should never have had so important a job in the first place, a job for which he had no qualifications and which he had bungled miserably, that he was doing a terrific job is an extraordinary one. Perhaps it will be more lasting than the image of a man who used his formidable connections to not serve in the Vietnam War, but who, during the 2000 South Carolina primary, had proxies assure the patriotism of John McCain. Perhaps it will be more lasting than that of a president, bedecked in flight suit, landing on the deck of the aircraft carrier U.S.S. Abraham Lincoln, with a mission accomplished sign awaiting him—when anyone who had been in Vietnam knew it was just the beginning. Perhaps it will be more lasting than that of a man who used proxies once again to besmirk the combat record of his Dem-
He was the first network news eminence on the scene—arriving the day before Katrina did. But NBC’s Brian Williams was ahead of the pack in many other ways as well. On the air, he exhibited unfaltering composure, compassion, and grit. Lacking a proper newsroom, he faced viewers askew, angled to his left (the better to focus on his outdoor-studio monitor), his three-quarter profile conferring upon him a noble aspect. His tone was pitch-perfect: ever mindful of the missing and displaced, and keenly sensitive to his viewers’ fears and sorrows—and to their rage at the government’s lack of dispatch. And he was courageous and humane enough to balance his usual journalistic detachment with a sense of dire urgency. "Where is the help?" he asked, on-camera. "The people inside the city of New Orleans are asking repeatedly to people in Washington, 'Are you watching? Are you listening?'" In this maelstrom, Williams, only nine months in the chair after predecessor Tom Brokaw’s departure, had become a nation’s anchor. "I watched Americans die for lack of food and water," says Williams, "in my own country, before my very eyes. If this disaster doesn’t lead us into a national conversation on the subjects of class, race, urban planning, the environment, Iraq, and oil, then we have failed."

Photographed at the NBC base camp in New Orleans on September 7, 2005.
A Cry for Help

AARON BROUSSARD

A local official seemed to better embody the woes of his Gulf Coast constituents than Aaron Broussard, president of beleaguered Jefferson Parish. On NBC's Meet the Press, Broussard sobbed while telling a story of how an emergency-management worker had received phone calls from his mother, who was trapped in a flood-ravaged nursing home. Broussard's recounting of the saga, conveying promises made by state and federal authorities, had reassured her, in Broussard's recounting, "Yeah, Mama, somebody's coming to get you. Somebody's coming to get you on Tuesday. . . . Somebody's coming to get you on Wednesday. . . . Somebody's coming to get you on Thursday. . . . Somebody's coming to get you on Friday." And the president's promises proved true. "Bureaucracy has committed murder here," he said, "and bureaucracy has to stand trial before Congress now." With days after Broussard's appeal, it so happened, Louisiana legislators made plans to hold hearings to review the government's response. That same day, the president listed he would undertake his own investigation.

Photographed at the Jefferson Parish Department of Emergency Management, in Marrero, Louisiana, on September 9, 2005.
When Hurricane Katrina roared through southeastern Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama, the Red Cross was at the ready. "This was to be the largest migration of a single population in modern times," says Faye Fontenot, Director of Fountaine at the Baton Rouge River Center. "They knew they were somewhere..." But due to bureaucratic, poor planning, and logistical difficulties during the evacuation efforts, Louisiana's Department of Homeland Security and Emergency Preparedness prevented relief workers from entering New Orleans in the aftermath of Katrina. The Red Cross, nevertheless, went on to mount the largest disaster-relief effort since the organization was formed, in 1881. Within 11 days of the storm the agency had set up 675 shelters in 23 states, raised some $500 million in donations, and logged more than 250,000 names into its Family Links Registry to assist friends and relatives in establishing contact with loved ones. New Orleans resident Elaine Pittman found her way to a shelter in Little Rock, Arkansas, where she was re-united via phone with her entire family. "I have never felt love, other than from my family," she said, "as strong as what I have felt from Red Cross volunteers."

Photographed on the levee outside the Baton Rouge River Center on September 12, 2005
During a televised interview with CNN's Anderson Cooper, Louisiana senator Mary Landrieu explained how her constituents felt in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina. In response, Cooper expressed his own emotions, expressing full-bore indignation. He noted, "It's not that people haven't suffered anything since the storm. The outburst signaled a media welter of pain. Many in the audience followed suit, shedding news personalities' tears and venting their emotional turmoil. Cooper ended his outburst with a moment of silence, occasionally tearing up during his anguished dispatches. "The anger's here. It's not frustration. People are not frustrated—people are dying. You can't ask people questions. But there are no answers, just questions."
East Bay to the Bayou

This search-and-rescue squad, based in Oakland, California, went house to house by boat through flooded neighborhoods, marking each dwelling as they searched for residents. Among those saved by the group: an 88-year-old woman stranded in her attic.

Delivering the Goods

Katrina initially displaced 34,000 Wal-Mart associates and shut down 126 of the chain’s outlets. Still, the retail giant managed to have its teams, including these three drivers—photographed in Prairieville, Louisiana—haul trailer-truck loads of water and merchandise to evacuees—in many cases before the feds did. “We had Wal-Mart deliver three trucks of water (early on),” said Aaron Broussard, president of Jefferson Parish. “FEMA turned them back. [The parish] sheriff, Harry Lee, said that if America—[the] American government—would have responded like Wal-Mart has responded we wouldn’t be in this case.” By mid-September the superstore had donated $17 million in cash, dispatched 2,450 trailers of supplies, and told impacted employees they could report to any Wal-Mart and find work.
His hyperbole was matched by the inadequacy of the response. "No police department in the history of the world was asked to do what we were," declared New Orleans police superintendent P. Edwin Compass III. He wasn't far off the mark. With station houses and patrol cars submerged, the N.O.P.D. lacked the most basic necessities—ammo, water, means of communication. Some 500 cops did not show up for work; two committed suicide. For a time, Compass's officers, many made homeless themselves by the deluge, lost control of an increasingly frantic city that was soon buffeted by a second storm: a wave of starvation, looting, and murder. Yet 1,200 of his men and women soldiered on, helping to restore calm, credibility, and the rule of law.

Top Cop

Wingmen

These Texas Army National Guardsmen were among the first Black Hawk helicopter crews in New Orleans. Flying out of Baton Rouge, they made a half-dozen sorties a day, evacuating residents, bringing in food and water, and delivering sandbags or breaching levees. As Pensacola, Florida–based navy helicopter pilot Matt Udkow said, "I would be looking at a family of two on one roof and maybe a family of six on another roof, and I would have to make a decision who to rescue."
We're getting a lot of attention," says Joe Peters, right, owner of St. Claude Used Tires, a busy Bywater-area repair shop. "It does nothing but ruin my low profile." Police, media teams, and rescue workers have come to depend on Peters and Anthony Warren, left, who handle about 30 flats a day, since New Orleans' streets are now an obstacle course of broken glass, tree limbs, and twisted metal. Peters accepts cops' I.O.U.'s, insisting money is not among his priorities. "Where am I going to spend it all?"
Dogged

An animal-rescue shelter sprang up quickly. Even so, pets drowned or starved or were possibly poisoned by the water that they managed to find. An emergency refuge at the Lamar-Dixon Expo Center in Gonzales, Louisiana, was besieged by a few thousand of the lucky, these pups among them. Janice Ramos, a Michigan Humane Society employee, offers a concise description of the conditions: "This is hell."

FRESHMAN

After Katrina struck, 1st-term Louisiana senator David Vitter was among the understandably incensed. The state's first Republican elected to the U.S. Senate since construction, he called FEMA "completely dysfunctional." He "completely overwhelmed" and gave a grade of F to the initial efforts of state and federal governments to address the crisis.

BROTHER-AND-SISTER ACT

With her hometown, and home, in peril (her childhood residence was rocked by five feet of water), Louisiana's Democratic senator Mary Landrieu told ABC News, "We've been saying this [for years]... 'We are one storm away from disaster.' Doesn't anybody hear us?" After the levees gave way and the flood rushed in, the state's lieutenant governor-Landrieu's brother Mitch Landrieu, left-steered a boat through New Orleans' Lower Ninth Ward, rescuing residents from waterlogged houses.
A Mother’s Love

MICHELLE (HOLDING KADE), KORRIE, AND KENNY LANGSFORD

Already grappling with the death of one of her premature twins, Michelle Longsford, 31, said good-bye to her family and stayed behind with her four-month-old son, Kade—until the Baptist Memorial hospital in New Orleans lost power. Langsford watched as the ward helicoptered Kade and other newborns—some nestled in portable incubators that became carrying cases—to Woman’s Hospital, in Baton Rouge. She waited to be rescued as well, but no one came. Fleeing with a group of nurses, she subsisted on Slim Jims and walked for miles until she managed to hitch three rides in her efforts to locate her son. In less than two weeks, Woman’s Hospital’s weary but unrelenting team of doctors, nurses, and volunteers were able to re-establish contact between each of 121 pint-size survivors and his or her family. As fall approached, several children still rested in tiny beds, healthy and unharmed, paper cutouts of pink hurricanes circling above them, some bearing a hopeful boast, “We weathered the storm, Hurricane Katrina, 2005."

Photographed at Woman’s Hospital’s Neonatal Intensive Care Unit in Baton Rouge on September 12, 2005.
The Superdome—where about 25,000 evacuees took shelter—became a scene of horror following Katrina’s assault as stories of starvation and suicide, assault and robbery, emerged. With no authority in charge, and little food, water, or medical assistance available, the desperate took matters into their own hands. “There were kidnappings, there were rapes, there were murderers there,” recalls Greg Bovenzi, 23, who reluctantly sought refuge in the sports complex. Within a week, as buses arrived to help relocate the displaced, a different sort of caravan swept in. Uniformed volunteers from across America descended on New Orleans to help restore order. Among their ranks: about 300 of New York’s Finest—and a like number of New York’s Bravest too. They flew in on military jets or made the 20-hour road trip in convoys of police vans, M.T.A. buses, or E.M.S. vehicles. And with good reason. Louisianans, observed N.Y.P.D. Inspector Thomas Graham, “were there in the first 24 to 48 hours” after the September 11 attacks, four years before. “They were cooking gumbo and feeding us.” Leading an early caravan south was one of the eight emergency vehicles donated, post-9/11, to the F.D.N.Y. by the citizens of the Cajun State. The pumper truck’s name: Spirit of Louisiana. Photographed on Poydras Street, in front of the Superdome, on September 8, 2005.
ocratic opponent in the 2004 election with the Swift-boat ads.

The people who package and sell the president like to tell us that he backs people such as Michael Brown because of his loyalty; the president, the line goes, is loyal to his people. But this has nothing to do with loyalty. His praise of Michael Brown was never about protecting Brown. It was, as it always is in cases like this, about the president protecting himself, about not admitting how badly he had miscalculated, how little he had cared in giving the job to Brown in the first place, and about believing once too often that if he said something, then it must be true, and people would believe it. A president’s loyalty is never supposed to be to those who are incompetent in their jobs; it must be to the people of the country, and it is the president’s job to protect them by placing the best possible people in every position. This he did not do, and this time it came home. The country could not easily evaluate his praise of those who had miscalculated in Iraq, because Iraq is so far away and because, on issues of foreign policy and war, there is a powerful instinct to trust the word of the president. This time we could evaluate his praise, because we watched, with mounting horror, the tragedy unfold, hour by hour. We were able to understand, in some visceral sense, that the president had put loyalty to an undeserving underling above his loyalty and responsibility to tell the truth to the American people at a critical moment in a great tragedy, and that he thought we would not know it.

We do not lack for talent in this country. There are a great many men and women who have served with distinction in the government of the United States in very different administrations in recent years, men and women who are supremely competent, deeply honorable, and in no way ideological. Any of them would have been superb at running an organization such as FEMA and probably would have been willing to return to the government from better-paying jobs in the private sector because they knew how important FEMA was. They knew the entire country depended on it to represent our best and strongest qualities. They are men and women who, because of their talents, always attract other talented people to work under them. They know how to navigate a bureaucracy and how to use the leverage of the executive branch when it matters. And above all, they have a sixth sense for anticipating trouble.

But the problem is that very talent. For the more talented that people are, the more independent they tend to be; what outsiders might see as sheer professionalism makes them appear to this deeply ideological administration as disloyal and untrustworthy. They are not on the team, because they are not on any team—their only responsibility is to the people of the United States. They will not play the game as the administration wants it played—if too many funds are cut to do the job properly, they are likely to put the importance of the truth and their reputations, created over a lifetime, above blind loyalty to the president.

George Bush’s praise of Michael Brown in New Orleans was a rare glimpse inside an administration that has taken us to two wars and, at the same time, managed to narrow its base ideologically rather than broaden it. It has talked only in platitudes about sacrifices required of the American people, but never asked us to sacrifice anything. Well, that’s not entirely true—from the time the administration took over, the poor have been asked to sacrifice for the rich. That has been one of our central truths, and we should not have been surprised when the truth about us was finally and tragically unveiled, even if it took a monstrous storm to do it.
The Odeon

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 377 like “Can’t stay, having dinner with Baryshnikov uptown! Tatal!”

Judy Belushi Pisano, John's widow, co-owner of the Blues Bar: The Odeon introduced us to a few things. Arugula. We used to say, “Aroooogula!” And John loved crème brûlée. That’s where we first had crème brûlée. It got to the point where when we came in, they’d put aside one or two crèmes brûlées because they would run out and he really liked them.

Alan Rebeck, former Odeon garde-manger: One night, at one in the morning, I went down to the walk-in (refrigerator), and in the walk-in was John Belushi helping himself to the food that had been prepared for the next day. And I said, “Excuse me, what are you doing in here?” And he looked at me, as if, “Who are you? What are you all about?” I immediately ran upstairs and I said to Keith, “John Belushi’s in the walk-in.” He said, “Let him stay there.”

Keith McNally: Few things compared to the number of nights we reopened for John Belushi. Always acting, always high, he was so unailingly generous in spirit it was just impossible to turn him away, no matter what hour he’d come knocking at the door or what sorry state he was in. Sometimes he’d go into the kitchen and cook himself a hamburger.

Within months of opening, the Odeon had evolved into a big, steamy cassoulet of cross-cultural celebrity. Beneath the dense canopy of cigarette smoke and high-spirited proximity, strange new combinations of the well known, the highly respected, and the just plain notorious bonded—at times, over equally surreal topics of conversation.

James Signorelli, director of short films and commercial parodies for S.N.L.: It was the end of café society and the beginning of Short-Attention-Span Theater. There was hardly anybody who spent an entire meal at one table. And the thing about Odeon was that, if you go to Nick & Toni’s, in East Hampton, or Mortons [in Los Angeles], it’s very unlikely that you would be comfortable going over to sit down with Johnny Depp. You might go over and say a quick “Hi”—you’d want to show the room that you could do it. But there was a genuine conviviality and community that went on at Odeon. People freely passed from place to place and freely exchanged friends and lovers and other things.

Dirk Wittenborn, novelist, former S.N.L. writer: Odeon was a place where you’d see David Hockney, John Belushi, a girl that was just on the cover of French Vogue, a male hustler, and Morgan Entreniki [then a book editor, currently the president and publisher of Grove/Atlantic].

Janice Dickinson, model, author (No Lifeguard on Duty): I was there every night with John Belushi and Dirk Wittenborn and Diane von Furstenberg. Rick James. I was there with everybody. I remember hanging out with John Belushi right by the—there was an old telephone booth downstairs. We used to sit in it and we’d get high. We’d set up shop in the phone booth. We called it “the Ode.” Let’s hit the Ode, or let’s go hang in the phone booth. That was code for the Ode.

Michael Mott: There was a period when Cher would come in, and she was having work done. She had braces and she had her hair bleached blond. And she had to eat pureed food because she’d had so much work done on her mouth. And one of the waiters got in big trouble because he said, “Oh, we’ll be happy to do it for you, but you should call ahead of time so that we can have it prepared for you.”

Geraldine Bartlett, former Odeon waitress: After Robert De Niro made Raging Bull, he’d gotten really, really fat. [De Niro gained weight for the role.] He would come in with his girlfriend at the time, Toukie Smith [a model and actress]. He was hardly eating, and she was always goofing on him. She’d make fun of what he’d order—salad or something. She’d say, “Oh boy, we’re really going to eat tonight.”

Gordon Elliott, television producer, TV personality: I met a bloke there who apparently came from one of the biggest department-store dynasties in America. He said his name was Peter. But being from Australia, when he referred to the family store, I thought he was talking about a grocery shop on the corner. I didn’t realize he was talking about millions of dollars in real estate. Anyway, it was very late on a Saturday night, because Peter’s friend had gone out and gotten the early edition of the Sunday New York Times and was reading it at the table. Peter decided that reading the newspaper at the table during dinner was bad manners, and as he was talking to me, he leaned over with his cigarette lighter and lit the bottom of the Times. His friend was so drunk he didn’t notice until there was a good flame coming up the back of his paper.

Now, this is why I love the Odeon. No one in the restaurant and no one on the staff blinked. The guy threw the paper on the floor—it was fully aflame by then—and jumped on it. He threw one of those big bottles of water all over the floor. And the staff just came in very quietly, cleaned it up, got him a new napkin, and the whole evening continued as if nothing had happened. To me, it defined New York sophistication.

Geraldine Bartlett: One night, Warren Beatty was in with a group of people. After my shift I was outside flagging down a cab when this man approached me. He said, “My friend and I have been watching you. And we’d like you to be in our movie.” I said, “Well, call my agent.” He said, “No, really. I’m a filmmaker. I made Fingers.” He said he was James Toback, but I’d never heard of him. I thought it was a porno film. I got in the cab. There’s a knock on the window. It was Warren Beatty. He says, “What are you doing? Let us take you in a limousine.” By this time another waitress had gotten in the cab with me. I looked at her and said, “Come on.” [In the limo], Warren had this really drunk woman sitting on his lap. She kept looking at me and saying to Warren, “What would you rate her between a 1 and a 10?” They wanted us to come to the hotel or something, and I said, “I am so tired. Just want to go home.” He was very cool. I think he was sort of surprised that we didn’t want to come with him. We got to my apartment, and he said, “What was your name?” I told him, and he said, “You know what, Geraldine, we make a lot of choices in life, and tonight I think you made the right one.”

Michael Mott: I was closing. It was like two o’clock in the morning. Tina Turner comes in and she had that hair. I was waiting on Table 24. And Table 24 says, “That woman over there looks very familiar. Was she in Cats?”

Another night, Elizabeth Taylor was at Table 21 with Carl Bernstein. She had on her rock, and she was wearing a white starched man’s shirt and a pair of blue jeans. And this little girl from Table 50 comes over and she says, “Miss Taylor, I just want to tell you how much I appreciate your work.” And Liz said, “Thank you so much. Would you like to sit down?” And then she sat down—this little girl about eight or nine years old—and they talked for like 15, 20 minutes. I didn’t even realize it at the time, but it was Drew Barrymore. Then Carl and Liz got up from the table. It was a hot summer night, and they just walked up West Broadway with no limo, no guards, or anything. And she was wearing a rock as big as my knuckle. There was always something amazing happening. It was like living a movie.

Some amazing things were happening in the art world as well. On September 27, 1980 just a few weeks before Odeon opened...
The New York Times reported that the tiny Museum had raised $1 million to buy Jasper Johns’s 1958 painting Three Flags in a family in Connecticut who paid $900 for it in 1939. The amount paid by the Whi...
The Odeon

friend of Madonna’s, and conflicted New York Times Magazine cover boy. The dreadlocked Basquiat found comfort at the Odeon, both on and off the menu. He dined at least one of the restaurant’s waitresses, but often could be seen dining by himself.

Michael Mott: He was this kid who all of a sudden was making millions of dollars, and he would just throw it at us. We called him Mumbles because we could never understand anything he’d say.

Joe Helman: One night, my wife, Ursula, [painter] Bryan Hunt, and I are having dinner, and Basquiat joins us. It’s summertime. Bryan’s got a brand-new white linen jacket on. And we ordered dessert: strawberries. They used to serve plain strawberries, maybe with a little whipped cream on them or something like that. And Basquiat picked up the strawberry and grinds it into the lapel of Bryan’s new white linen jacket. Anyway, we went quiet. I thought Bryan was going to stand up and they were going to go at it. But Bryan started laughing. He said, “Hey, that looks pretty good.” Basquiat was probably jealous of Bryan’s success—Bryan, at that moment, was probably the hottest thing that there was. But I think it was just aesthetics: Bryan had this white jacket on and Basquiat could see a red spot on it. I don’t think it was anything more than that. It turned out to be funny. It could have gone the other way.

Donald Sultan, painter: When Basquiat and Warhol did their show together, in 1985—they worked on each other’s canvases at Tony Shafrazi’s gallery—they came down to the Odeon, and I was reading the New York Times review of the show. It was a terrible review. [Basquiat was accused of succumbing “to the forces that would make him an art world mascato.”] At one point, I left the table to get something. And when I got up, Jean-Michel went over and tore the review out of my newspaper and went back to his table with it so I wouldn’t be able to finish it.

Paige Powell: I went there a lot with Jean-Michel and with Andy. Part of the reason was that Interview magazine had credit with the Odeon [in trade for advertising], so we’d do a lot of entertaining there. And if Jean-Michel started ordering the most expensive wines on the menu, then Andy would pay for the food and go. “Let Jean-Michel get that wine.” Andy didn’t drink that much and [the bottles Basquiat ordered] were hundreds of dollars—really expensive.

The Odeon did have quite a smart wine list, but the 80s were more about cocaine than Côtes du Rhône. The restaurant’s downstairs bathrooms were the primary destinations for both faux-discreet consumption of the drug and any carnal behavior that might result, while upstairs, one waiter remembers, “all those Wall Street guys would get so high they’d be screaming at the bar when they talked.”

Danny Fields, writer, former co-manager of the Ramones: I remember all the surfaces for coke sniffing in the men’s room. I could tell you everyone of them. And everybody was running up and down the stairs with cocaine. There was a line to go in—not to pee, but to snoot—so that was nice about it. I’m sure that nothing of the sort happens there anymore. But it was a good place to do coke. First of all, you traveled so far to get there, you needed a little energizing.

Donald Sultan: There was also a little service room under the stairs that had a little door. People would sneak in there to do coke. But in those days you didn’t really have to hide so much. People would do it at the tables.

Geraldine Bartlett: You would go into the kitchen and tell Patrick, “Hold the food.” Nouvelle cuisine, I always felt, was born out of the cocaine 80s.

Dirk Wittenborn: There was more food not eaten and more dinners not completed. You’d just order to have it in front of you.

Though the bacchanal taking place behind the Odeon’s wooden venetian blinds at times threatened to reel out of control, the restaurant’s three active partners deftly maintained a balance between order and euphoria with the help of a mostly close-knit staff.

Joe Helman: Keith was a brilliant steely Dan. He knew where he was going all the time. Keith was always in control of Keith, and Keith was always in control of the situation.

Geraldine Bartlett: One night, Keith was the maitre d’ and [high-strung poet and painter] Rene Ricard came up to him in hysterics and was screaming at him. And Keith whirled around and said, “Rene, take your seat!”—like a schoolmaster. And Rene turned around and walked to his seat. It was a scene out of an English boys’ school or something.

LaLa Nabulsi, former S.N.L. producer: Brian had this great way about him. I don’t even know if I was really sure he owned the place. He always seemed like he was the guy behind the bar who let us get away with shit and the real owners were somewhere else and they didn’t know what we were doing.

In 1982 the Odeon’s trio of partners became a duo, when Brian departed the restaurant to move to Paris with his new wife. The McNally brothers would never work together again, and by 1984, after Brian, having returned the States, opened his first solo project, in Shangri-la, they would not even be on speaking terms. Except for a brief public rapprochement in the mid-1990s, the brothers remain at odds to this day.

Keith McNally: It’s an understatement to say Brian and I didn’t get along well at the Odeon. Unfortunately, we had very different ways of working, and matters certainly weren’t helped by me being more uptight in running the place than I should have been. I was the one sort of in charge, though—or, rather, ultimately responsible for the place, so perhaps it’s slightly understandable.

The other thing to remember is that when any group of people come together and create something even marginally successful, it’s often due to the differences, not the similarities, in their characters. But these differences then go on to create huge strains within, and this is kind of what happened to us. At least that’s my excuse. But who knows? Maybe if Brian and I had gotten along like a house on fire the Odeon would’ve lasted about four hours.

Brian McNally: We’ve always had alternations. It’s like the fault line that runs through the family. It’s just which side you’re on when it happens.

On March 5, 1982, John Belushi died of an overdose in Los Angeles. “In many ways, was my favorite customer,” says Keith, who adds that the Odeon never again stayed open quite so late. For many of the Odeon’s origi- nals, Belushi’s death marked the end of the restaurant’s most incandescent era. For others, the curtain falls at the 1983 opening of Café Luxembourg, or the 1984 debut of a doxy. Still, the party at the Odeon continued, and around the same time that Brian McNally went into business on his own, a whole new audience discovered the Odeon when they cracked a novel called Bright Lights, Big City, by a young writer named Jay McInerney.

Jay McInerney: When I published Bright Lights, the Random House lawyer called me up and said, “This place called the
ewon isn't an actual establishment, is it?" I said, "Oh yeah, actually it is." And just lost his shit. He said, "You can't go that there's drug use taking place in bathroom. They'll sue us." I said, "Nah, don't really think so." And right about time the artwork came back for the center [which depicted the Odeon with the red Trade Center towers in the ground]. So, Gary Fisketjon, my editor, gested that I just talk to them. So, I le an appointment to see Keith McNally, I explained the situation to him, and owed him the artwork, and he said, "Eat. No problem."

in McNally: Jay's publisher or his agent himself came to see me at one point said, "Oh, we've got this book. We at to use a picture of the Odeon." And made some terrible jokes that were very funny. And so just thought he was n't. I looked at it, I read a little bit, I didn't think much of it. I thought, s will never see the light of day. And so don't charge them anything for the [use he Odeon's image] and all that. And I remember walking up Fifth Avenue passing Doubleday [one of the grand pre-Amazon bookstores that dotted the Avenue] and doing a double take and seeing the whole window plastered with pictures of the Odeon on the cover.

Jay McNenery: I like to joke with Keith and Lynn that I must have put at least one of their kids through school by now. The McNenery scholarship.

As the decade wore on, a lot of the "froth"— Joe Helman's word—began to disappear from the scene that had coalesced around the Odeon. The restaurant's staff was every bit as ravaged by AIDS as was the rest of New York, and then there was the 1987 stock-market crash, which put a lid on the city's free-spending economy. That same year Andy Warhol died from complications following gallbladder surgery. Michael Mott remembers a "devastated" Jean-Michel Basquiat coming into the Odeon alone after the news broke. "He just said 'Andy' and lay his head down on a table, knocking drinks over. Everything went flying." The following year, Basquiat would himself succumb to a drug overdose. As the 80s became the 90s, the newer McNally restaurants, along with other hot spots such as Baroco, Café Tabac, and Rex, si-phoned off the restaurant's heat. "There was a moment when the Odeon was singular, and then it wasn't," Helman says.

But the Odeon was destined for an even more rarefied achievement: the trendsetting restaurant that outlives many of its successors and evolves into a classic. Wagenknecht alone would navigate the Odeon past the rocky shoals of divorce, the economic doldrums of the early 90s (which were followed by the restaurant's most profitable period to date), and the devastation of the attack on the World Trade Center, eight blocks south. (Like many restaurants in the neighborhood, the Odeon gave free meals to Ground Zero workers)

The Odeon has now settled into comfortable middle age as a well-attended neighborhood local. "I wouldn't want the restaurant to be what it was between 1980 and 1983 now," Wagenknecht says. "I've changed, the customers have changed, and the restaurant has to change to continue to move forward."

But every so often a face in the crowd knocks loose a few memories of long nights spent beneath a certain neon sign .

Geraldine Bartlett: People on the street sometimes look at me like "Did we sleep together?" No, I was a waiter at the Odeon.

Beyoncé Knowles

TUNED FROM PAGE 115 IN THE VIDEO? "I the choreographer that when I sang the whole part of the song I wanted to do some thinking like a signature dance that people would when they hear it. I wanted it to be kind and repetitive, visually the same as vocal. "It looks good to do. "It's not—you do it." No, I couldn't. "Yes, you can. It the last thing we did in the video. We 15 minutes before daylight, and I told my m to make sure I had long pants on, be thought if I had shorts on it would be much. Now it's shocking how every single son—including Oprah—wants me to teach n how to do the dance. So it worked." Do see any conflict between being so religious your sexy image? "No, it's a way of life for What's more important to me is the way eat people, what I think, what I give to oth-people. When I go back to Houston and to church and see those people, I feel like same country girl." (After Hurricane Ka a, the Knowles family and Kelly Rowland kicked with the city government in Houston get 100 families out of the Astrodome and set up the transitional "Destiny Village." ey began with the purchase of mobile nes, with the goal to create cost-free hous-for those families by Christmas.) Are you shy? "I'm not shy anymore, but I'm still a little. Sit in a room in a corner and watch people. I don't have to be the person walking around with people looking at me. I've always been that way. I like to go to parties every once in a while and see friends, but I don't dance in public." I read that you and Jay were salsa-dancing somewhere. "We went salsa-dancing. I'll do that, but at a party I'm not going to go out on the dance floor. Peo- ple expect me to go to do that, but that's for the stage." You've never run wild. There's not go- ing to be a Behind the Music about you? "Well, I hope not. I'm still only 23, and I know enough to think. Never say never, but I very much doubt that happening. I respect my mother so much. She would kill me if any of that ever happened? "Are you growing away from your parents a bit? "My mother and I are friends. We go out to dinner to-gether. I can tell her anything. The older I get, the more we become friends." And your father? "It's harder for my father to let go than my mom." Do you talk about business with Jay? Does he give you advice? "We give each other advice, but we respect each other's business, and we don't really get involved with that. When I'm working, I don't want to talk about business. I don't want to think about it. I want to turn my phone off!"

I It's difficult to imagine that Beyoncé often gets to turn her phone off. This summer she was on tour with Destiny's Child in Eu-rope with just 10 days off for a vacation with Jay, sailing around the South of France. She came right back for two months of Destiny's Child concerts in the U.S. While that was going on, she was scheduled to write and record a song for the Pink Panther soundtrack, write songs for her sophomore solo album, and work with her mother on the designs for the House of Dereon, their clothing line named for Beyoncé's maternal grandmother. When we meet again in August, she has slept about six hours in two days, with appearances on Good Morning America and at a Manhattan Ronald McDonald House sandwiched in between concerts at Madison Square Garden and the Nassau Coliseum. And, having announced the amicable Destiny's Child "breakup" several weeks earlier onstage in Barcelona, she found herself having to address what some people considered "shocking" news.

"We'd been saying the entire time that this last album was going to be the final album," Beyoncé said. "That's why we called it Destiny Fulfilled. I didn't think it was like breaking news. I was on vacation right after we said it, and when I got back Kelly and Michelle said, 'Oh my God, it was on CNN!'"

You're said you're not single. Are you married? "No. You know there's a rumor that you and Jay are secretly married. "No, I didn't." There's also a rumor that you're engaged. "I'm not. But I'm engaged and married at the same time? (Laughs.) Two different rumors. Do you want kids? "Yes," Soon. "Well, after I just babysat my nephew [her sister Solange's 11-month-old son, Daniel] yes-
says Tina Knowles. “We just tune it out. If you don’t, you’ll be crazy. We have had some of the craziest rumors. One time they said I was gay and was going with Michelle, and that’s why Michelle got to sing lead on a song. It was so stupid. … I’m a mother. I don’t care what they say about me, but when it’s about our kids, I’m ready to get them. It was on the Internet that my grandchild had a clubfoot and my daughter Solange put him in a bariatric chamber to bleach him.”

What did the bleeding :ove to do with the clubfoot? “First he had a clubfoot. And then she was bleaching him. I was furious because my child was crying, and they said it was in our hometown paper the Houston Chronicle. So I had my attorney call the Chronicle, and they said they would never do anything like that, but it was all over the Internet and it was terrible. So after all this stuff, what can you get upset about?” What about the rumors that Beyoncé is firing her father, and you and he are splitting up, and Jay is going to manage her? “Jay doesn’t want to manage her, and all the rumors about how I’m getting a divorce and I’m going to manage her or Jay is going to manage her … it’s just crazy.”

There’s no way I can know every person in the world, and people just know you from what they read,” Beyoncé says. “When people meet me, they say they think I’m so normal. … If someone says I’m married or engaged and I’m not, I don’t pay attention to it. But when someone says something about my family, I don’t like that.” What about when they talk about Destiny’s Child and they say, “Beyoncé, what’s-her-name, and the other one?” “That is very, very, very, very hurtful. Actually, if one of them is hurt, I’m even more hurt, because they’re my sisters. The girls are very talented, they work very hard, and it’s just disrespectful. People just have no couth.”

Beyoncé says she’s determined to take the entire month of October off. “I’m not doing one thing,” she says. “I just bought a place [in Manhattan], and I want to just stay at home and watch TV and do whatever I want to do.” The Pink Panther won’t come out until February, but in December she’ll start shooting the leading role in the movie of the Broadway musical Dreamgirls, with Eddie Murphy and Jamie Foxx. “When I watched the movie Chicago, I wanted to cry—I wanted to be in it so bad. It was the first musical I saw since the old musicals, and I was just so excited. I was like, They’re coming back! I love to sing and dance and I love acting—even though I haven’t really lost my self-acting. What has to happen is like a tingling, something that happens where I can do anything, and I’m not scared—I’m just lost in the moment. I haven’t done that with acting yet, but I know I can.” How do you know you can? “I don’t know. I just know I can.”

H ere’s what else the Knowles family doesn’t think is anyone’s business: all the rumors they’ve had to deal with for years. “It’s been going on since the group started.”

FASHION
Cover: For Beyoncé Knowles’s Zaldy dress by spiral order, go to zaldy.com; Louis Vuitton brooch I selected Louis Vuitton stores; Andrea Lieberman for margaretmedora.com.

Page 48: Mary J. Blige’s Roberto Cavalli dress from Roberto Cavalli, Beverly Hills, or go to robertocavalli.com; Loree Rodkin earrings from Neiman Marcus nationwide, or call 888-LRODKIN.

Page 66: Pharrrell Williams’s Michael Michael Kor sweater from Lord & Taylor, NYC; Juicy Couture pants from Barney New York, NYC, and LA. Snaps Doggy’s Jay Kas blazer and sweater from Jay Kas, NYC, or call 212-327-2382, Juicy Couture shirt from Barney New York, NYC, and LA. Louis Vuitton scarf, call 856-VUITTON, Polo by Ralph Lauren pocket square from selected Ralph Lauren stores, or go to polo.com. Carter watch from all Carter boutiques.

Page 90: See credits for cover.

Page 100: Sheryl Crow’s shirt by Earl Jean, from Jean, NYC, LA, and Montreal, or call 222-288-8029 or True Religion, go to soles.com; vintage belt from What Comes Around Goes Around, NYC, or to nyntego.com; diamond pendant necklace and bracelets (on right hand) by Rasbilo and Vera Wang.

Fine Jewelry, from London Jewellers, Manhattan, NJ other necklaces, bracelets (on left hand), and rings by Tanagro, from Tanagro, NYC, or go to tanagro.com.

Page 118: Jennifer Aniston’s Stella McCartney wet-look as a necklace from Stella Swirf, NYC, or call 917-408-0408. Nell Lane earrings from Nell Lane L.A., or call 302-755-4055. Melady clips on dress from Melady, NYC, or call 212-358-3164, and from selected Saks Fifth Avenue stores; Sarajane Moore for Neiman Cloth.

Page 152: Cut Cara styled by Ruth Kahan for Rebel Represents.

Page 160: Joaquin Phoenix’s and Reese Witherspoon’s costumes designed by Anette Phili for bamboo Represents.


Page 238: Sheryl Crow’s Bolonciaga by Nicola Ghosquespier dress from Bolonciaga, NYC, or call 212-206-0872. Garhun jewelry from Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide, or go to gurhun.com; Nicole Ferraro for the Wolf Group.

Page 248: Peter Saranen costume from Neitzes New York, NYC, and Ikrom, Chicago, or call 322-587-100. Oscar de la Renta skirt from Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, or call 212-753-7300.

Page 290: Tab Hunter styled by Nosmi deLuce Wilding for lucelformation.com, suit by Boss Black, from Hugo Boss, NYC, and Barneys, New York store nationwide, shirt by Giorgio Armani, from Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide, tie and handkerchief by Pucci, from Saks Fifth Avenue, LA.

Page 299: DMG’s Polo by Ralph Lauren blazer from selected Ralph Lauren stores, or call 888-476-7 Tull Kennedy for Katy Boker.

Pages 301—3: For Lloyd Banks’s Polo by Ralph Lauren suit and tie, call 800-442-7224; facemask shirt from Facemask boutiques and Nordstrom store nationwide, pocket square by Giorgio Armani, from Giorgio Armani NYC; belt by Robert Talbott, from Robert Talbott stores nationwide, Johnston & Murp shoes from Johnston & Murphy stores nationwide, or call 888-972-5272. $500 Colt’s Ralph Lauren Purple Label suit and pocket square by Lauren Purple Label, from selected Ralph Lauren stores, or go to polo.com, Facecom. shirt from Facemask boutiques and Nordstrom stores nationwide. Gucci tie from selected Gucci stores, or call $200-234-8224, for Johnston & Murphy stores, go to Johnstonmurphy.com; Duncn pants from Alexander Oliva; Armani Privé dress from Giorgio Armani, NYC, or call 328-988-999; for Giorgio shoes, go to giorgio.com. For. Young Buck’s Gucci suit, call 800-234-8224.

Givency shirt from Givenchy, NYC; scarf by Giò
Ligne Extreme Liquid Eye Liner and Sculpt Gliss Mascara, on her lips, Levres Sensationn"Lips Glass: Brigitte for Brigitte Reiss-Anderen/artistbythympano.com, Ana-Maria for Carolina Herrera.


Page 299: Barry White for BMWW Inc.

Page 303: Olivia's hair styled with Phylla Phytheskerft and Top Bed Head Headrush, Suante Boorer for artistbythympano.com Makeup by Cover Girl; on her eyes, Perfect Blend Eye Pencil and Perfect Mascara, both in Black Brown, on her lips, Liquid Lipsticks in Pure Glaze, Roxanna Floyd for Illusions at Click Model Management. Hair-and makeup consultation by Raja Parry.

Page 304–8: Yi Yolanda Frederick for MAC Cosmetics.

Page 308: Missy Elliott's makeup products by Dior; on her face, Diorskin Liquid SPF 12 in Dark Beige, on her eyes, Ultimeyes Mascara in Black; on her lips, Addict Lip Fluid in Soft Beige, Gloria Elas fials for Dior/Beauty and Photo.

Page 307: Common's grooming products by Biotherm, his face, moisturized with Aquapower, Moisturizing Oligo-Thermal Care, on his lips, Aquasource Moisturizing Balm Protective Lip Care Shiny Effect SPF 8. Olivier Fischer for dawn2diuskagency.com.


Page 310: Noa's grooming products by Neutrogena; on her face, Triple Protect Face Lotion SPF 20; on her lips, Lip Moisturizer, for her III Will Records.

Page 312: Fred Vandelent for Redken/Art Department.

Page 313: Lil' Kim's hair styled with Paul Mitchell Glass Drops and Sebastian Grease, Will Robinison for Styles Salon. Makeup products by MAC; on her face, Studio Tech Foundation in NW45, on her eyes, Mascara X in Black X, on her lips, Lipgloss Lipgelle in Sepiaquek, Mylah Maroles for the B. Lynn Group.

Page 314: Johnny "Cake" Castellanos for Headquarter Enterprises.

Page 315: Barry White for BMWW Inc.

Page 316—17: Russell Simmons' grooming products by Dermologica and MAC: his face moisturized with Dermologico Active Moist, on his lips, MAC Lip Conditioner Stick SPF 8; Lisi Gamar for artistbythympano.com.

Page 318: Ewa's makeup by Laura Mercier; on her face, Tinted Moisturizer in Vitality, on her eyes, Metallic Creme Colour in Bumblonde Gold, in Borne Goddess, Suante Boorer for artistbythympano.com; Kevin Calderon for Root Management.

Page 319: Eiel "E" Be" for Hair Sculpture, Marcus Smith for Redken/Art Management.

Page 322: Queen Latasha's makeup by Cover Girl; on her face, Age Defying Foundation in Townky, on her eyes, Electronics Enhancer 3 Kit Shadows in Cafe Au Lait and Liquid Pencil in Onyx, on her lips, Continuous Lipstick Creme in Really Red. Julie Baker for Ryan Entertainment Group; Roxanna Floyd for Illusions at Click Model Management.

Pages 322—23: william's and apl.de.ap's hair styled with L'Oreal Vive for Men Thickening & Grooming Foam. On their faces, Goldshimmer Gold Loose Powder. Fergie's hair styled with Redken Undone Weightless Defining Creme OZ. Rick Gruden for Redelines/Art Department Makeup by MAC; on her eyes, Mascara X in Black X; on her lips, Lipgloss Lipgelle in Last Lust; Steven Aturo for MAC/inue.

Page 324: Konye West's hair styled with Aveda Brilliant Antihumectant Pomade. His face moisturized with Nivea Oil Control Laton. In Johnson for Parfus.

Page 325: Mary J. Blige's hair styled with Kimbell Hair Care Systems in Hi-Lift Liquid Gel; Kimberly Kimble for Kimbell Hair Care Systems/ margaretmaldonado.com.

Makeup products by Cover Girl and Maybelline; on her face, Maybelline Wunder Finish in Caramel, on her eyes, Maybelline Expertwear in Night Sky, on her lips, Cover Girl Smoothies Lipstick in Spring Wine and Wetstock Crystals in Iced Berry. Billy 8 for artistbythympano.com.


Page 327: Ice-T's hair styled with Paul Mitchell Super Skinny Serum. Grooming products by Kish's, from Kath and Barry's New York stores nationwide, or go to kiehls.com, on his face, Multi-Purpose Facial Formula for Men, on his lips, Lip Balm SPF 6. Brrigitte Flippes for Vemon Jolly.

Page 328—29: DJ Kool Herc's hair styled with Dermologica Active Moist; on his lips, MAC Lip Conditioner Stick SPF 15; Lori Gamar for artistbythympano.com.

Page 330: Judy Twine for Tole 5 Cosmetics/Artist Creation.

Page 331: Adam Yauch's, Adam Horovitz's, and Mike Diamond's hair styled with Bumble and Bumble Brilliantine and Grooming Creme, Vaughn Acord for Bumble and Bumble.

Page 332–33: Neby's grooming products by Lancome; on his face, Pure Focus Gel Cream, on his lips, Primoradum Optimism Lip, Stacey Lewis for Stacy's Styles; Kwai Caldonor for Root Management. All models' hair styled with L'Oreal Vive Smooth-Stretch Anti-Fizz Serum. Their makeup by Giorgio Armani; on their faces, Fluid Sheer in NB; on their eyes, Eyeshadow N41; on their lips, Lip Gloss in Nb and N7.

Pages 334—35: Prass and Wscopy Jean's hair styled with Paul Mitchell Super Skinny Serum. Hair styled by Kish's; on their faces, Multi-Purpose Facial Formula for Men, on their lips, Lip Balm SPF 6; Brrigitte Flippes for Vemon Jolly. Lauren Hill's hair styled with Pantene Pro Anti-Fizz Creme, Tiffany Shorter for Eyphany Artist Gns. Inc. Makeup by Nars; on her face, Balanced Foundation Tahiti; on her eyes, Mascara in Black Orchid, on her lips Lip Lacquer in Hefplay, Apl.de.ap. for Nars. Jed Root.

Pages 336—41: Steven Aturo for Luxe, Fabio Gomes and Victor Alonave for Servimatige. For other beauty product details, see credits for cover.

Pages 344—47: Penny Lancaster's, Kimberly Stewart's Ruby, and Sean Stewart's hair styled with Redken products. Penny's hair styled with Hair Set. Undone Defining Cream. Kimberly's hair styled with Anti-Snlop and Vine Gig Ruby's hair styled with Spray Satch, Hair Memory Style, anr/Signature. Fergie's hair styled with Bangs Paste. Rick Grodno for Redelines/Art Department.

Makeup products by L'Oreal and MAC on Penny's face and body, MAC Foundation in CS, on face, MAC Select Sheer Loose Powder in NCSO, on her eyes, MAC Studio Stick in NC25, Lashes no 4. Eve's hair styled in Burned Treasure, Shoshadick in Penny and Shimmery and L'Oreal Voluminous Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, MAC Blush Creme in Cheery; on her lips, MAC Lipstick in Jubilee. On Kimberly's face, MAC Studio Stick Foundation in NC25 and Select Sheer Loose Powder in NC30; on her eyes, MAC Eye Pencil in Caffe Point in Magntite and Stillie, Eye Shadow in Brun, Espresso, and Hush, and L'Oreal Voluminous Mascara Black: on her cheeks, MAC Blush Creme in Cheery, on her lips, MAC Lipstick in Jubilee. On Penny's face and body, MAC Foundation in C5, on her cheeks, MAC Select Sheer Loose Powder in NC25, on her eyes, MAC Studio Stick in NC25, Eye Pencil in Tannal, Eye Shadow in Smt and Smut, and L'Oreal Voluminous Mascara in Black: on her cheeks, MAC Blush Creme in Fancy Ray, on her lips, MAC Lipstick in Delish. Steven Aturo for MAC/Luxe.


To where find beauty products: Aveda, Aveda stores nationwide, or go to avedaco.com. Biotherm, go to biothermusa.com. Bumble and Bumble, and Bumble salons. NYC, or go to bumbleandbumble.com.
MIKE WALLACE

In his more than 60 years on the air, Mike Wallace has interviewed almost every president of the last half-century and, at 87, continues to add to a list that includes Salvador Dalí, Yasser Arafat, and Malcolm X. As he publishes *Between You and Me: A Memoir*, the unmistakable voice of broadcast journalism speaks out about his skinny bowlegs, self-absorption, and his idol, Martin Luther King Jr.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
There’s no such thing.

What is your greatest fear?
I don’t have any left. I’ve already lost a son. I guess, maybe, that my wife would leave me, but she wouldn’t dare.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Diogenes.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Self-absorption.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Self-absorption.

What is your greatest extravagance?
I don’t have one. I’m too frugal—ask my wife.

What is your favorite journey?
To work, wherever.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
My skinny bowlegs.

Which living person do you most despise?
Hey, I’m bipartisan.

What is your greatest regret?
Not enough time with my kids through the years.

When and where were you happiest?
Nineteen thirty-nine. Grand Rapids, Michigan. Station WOOD, 20 bucks a week.

What is your current state of mind?
Bewildered. Where are we and where is the world?

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
Suffocate my candor.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Still hangin’ at 87.

What is your most treasured possession?
Home on the Vineyard.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Suicidal memories of depression.

Where would you like to live?
Right here in God’s country, New York City.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Marks from a bad case of acne. I was always happy when it was a gray rather than a sunshiny day.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Loyalty.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Honesty.

Who are your favorite writers?
Andy Rooney.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Martin Luther King Jr. He is the man. When Lyndon Johnson was doing everything he could to make black folks happier, King had the balls to come out against participation in Vietnam, taking on his greatest supporter.

What is your motto?
From my high-school yearbook, “Hold the fort, I’m coming.” Now? “Fuck ‘em.”
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CHARLES AND CAMILLA
HER FRIENDS FINALLY LET LOOSE ABOUT THEIR LIFE TOGETHER

BY BOB COLACELLO

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EVANGELICAL CHRISTIANS THE RAPTURE, AND THE BIG BUSINESS OF BEING BORN AGAIN

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INSIDE CASTING
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FEAT URES

296 THAT DAY WITH DIANA To accompany never-before-seen images from his new exhibition and book, Diana, Princess of Wales by Mario Testino at Kensington Palace, the photographer recalls the way he got Diana to reveal her true beauty—and have a little fun too—at their iconic V.F. shoot, just months before her death.

304 "60 MINUTES IS GOING DOWN!" 60 Minutes II's exposé of George W. Bush's National Guard service was discredited as unfounded. But in an excerpt from her new book, the producer, Mary Mapes, argues that bloggers, attack politics, and corporate damage control buried a valid story, along with her career. Photograph by Jonas Karlsson.

310 THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE DAMNED Is Kate Moss an out-of-control party animal or a hardworking single mother and style icon? Parsing the uproar that followed tabloid photos of Moss doing cocaine, Vicky Ward talks to Moss's friends and other fashion insiders about the 31-year-old British model's delicate balance. Photographs by Craig McDean.

318 AFRICA IN THEIR EYES Todd Eberle and Ingrid Sischy spotlight Jean Pigozzi's Smithsonian-bound collection of contemporary African art.

320 RECONSTRUCTING WOODY Through scandal, legal battles, and critical censure, Woody Allen keeps adding to an extraordinary film legacy. In his first exhaustive interview in years, Allen tells Peter Biskind about his love life, chasing the money to London while protecting his independence, and Match Point, the movie that could bring box-office redemption. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz.

328 MONDO DOLCE Todd Eberle snaps designers Domenico Dolce and Stefano Gabbana on their yacht, as they celebrate two decades of their Mediterranean fashion odyssey.

332 ARIANNA CALLING! Whether she's running for governor of California or launching a new Web site, Arianna Huffington is impossible to ignore. Suzanna Andrews profiles a born provocateur. Photographs by Art Streiber.
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CHARLES AND CAMILLA, TOGETHER AT LAST
Camilla Parker Bowles vowed she'd never give an interview, but the newly married Duchess of Cornwall let Bob Colacello speak to her family and friends, and shadow her and Prince Charles on their official rounds. The result: unprecedented access to a 34-year mystery.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

FANFAIR

143 31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE
Mountain high—Slim Aarons snaps Aspen. Kristina Stewart Ward's social calendar. Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. A. M. Homes on Brokeback Mountain; Aaron Gell on Mrs. Henderson Presents; the holidays' top films. Victoria Mather travels well. Richard Merkin tests Wynton Marsalis's Jazz ABZ; Art Streiber backstage at the Oscars; MoMA's Pixar exhibition. Louise Rafkin spotlights Surf Movie Tosti!; online museums; Nick Tosches spins the Atomic Platters boxed set. Punch Hutton selects the season's finest gifts. Daniel Kunitz visits Todd Eberle's SFMoMA exhibition; Jessica Flint on how cargo crates stack up; Steven Daly flips through Jamaica's First magazine. The best beauty packages; Emily Poenisch on L'Occitane founder Olivier Bausson.

COLUMNS

172 LET THEM EAT PORK RINDS In Barbara Bush's opinion, evacuation to the Houston Astrodome was "working very well" for the "underprivileged" victims of Hurricane Katrina. In Christopher Hitchens's opinion, that's just the sort of "tumbril remark" that precedes a revolution.

180 KILL PBS? OVER MY DEAD VOLVO! The latest strategy in the right's long vendetta against public broadcasting is to attack PBS's "balance"—and to do it from within the organization. James Wolcott wonders how long before "Viewers Like You" get turned off.

192 SURVIVING THE DARKNESS In unexpectedly high spirits as he enters his ninth decade, Dominick Dunne also mourns another family death and recalls his intense history with Truman Capote.

198 PREPARED FOR THE WORST The early days of a political takedown have a fevered intensity all their own. Michael Wolff taps the Rovegate hotline, with its rumors of White House indictments to come, to assess how big this scandal will be. (Big!)

202 THE MASTER IN THE MIRROR Todd Eberle and Ingrid Sischy spotlight art legend Robert Rauschenberg, whose most daring decade is going on tour.
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TREATS FOR A

ONE BITE SAID THE
AND OH MY GANACHE.
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AMERICAN RAPTURE  Best-selling author and evangelical leader Tim LaHaye has contacts that extend to the White House. That could spell trouble, Craig Unger discovers, since his theology espouses a bloody apocalypse in Israel.

THEY'LL ALWAYS HAVE SAIGON  Jonas Karlsson and William Prochnau spotlight a 30th-anniversary reunion of Vietnam War reporters and photographers.

THE GOLDSMITH STANDARD  London “It couple” Ben Goldsmith and his wife, Kate Rothschild, have invested their passion in the Drones Club. Tamasin Day-Lewis reports on their smart bet. Photographs by Chris Craymer.

MOUNTAIN GIRL  Peggy Sirota and Carolyn Bielfeldt spotlight Brokeback Mountain’s Michelle Williams.

THE WAR WITHIN THE WAR  Jonathan Foreman embeds with the U.S. Army’s Third Infantry Division as they fight to turn raw Iraqi recruits into soldiers. Photographs by Thomas Dworzak.

FIVE LITTLE WORDS  Jim Windolf explains why a 13th-century tautology is suddenly on everyone’s lips.

THE PLOT AGAINST SUGAR  In an excerpt from his new book, Sweet and Low, Rich Cohen spins the distinctly unsaccharine narrative of his middle-class Brooklyn family’s artificial-sweetener odyssey.


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Sex and the City: The Complete Series is now available, only from HBO Video. With 20 discs that cover six seasons and 94 episodes, it is the ultimate DVD collection. Also included is an all-new bonus disc filled with video features, games, galleries, and more.

BID ON A CHEVY HHR TO SUPPORT NELLY’S CHARITY
Award-winning rap superstar Nelly rocked the stage in a Chevy HHR at Fashion Rocks. Now it’s your chance to score an HHR, CDs autographed by Nelly, and hoodies from his Apple Bottoms clothing line while supporting Nelly’s children’s charity in a special, one-of-a-kind auction.*

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*All proceeds will benefit the 45th on 45th Foundation. For more information, log on to 45thon45th.org.
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Somebody Up There Loves You™
THE KWAT RED CARPET TOUR
The Kwat Red Carpet Tour is on the road and coming to a town near you. From New York to California, Kwat’s 2005 Red Carpet Collection—featuring the $2 million “Cinderella” shoes—has been on display at retailers across the country. To find out how you can wear the same jewels that make the stars shine, visit kwiat.com for a Kwat retailer in your area.

THE ONYX COLLECTION
Introducing ONYX, the exclusive new men’s fragrance from Azzaro. Power. Passion. Promise. The ONYX man embodies all the characteristics in men that women love to love. ONYX is a bold, masculine blend of citrus and spices that creates a fragrance deep in character and strong in quality. Present him with the ONYX Power of Promise Gift Set. Valued at $75, it retails for $50.

A BENEFIT AT KATE SPADE
On December 1 and 2, visit one of the 14 participating Kate Spade boutiques across the country and join an initiative benefiting local charities that protect children against abuse. A percentage of sales will go directly to these charities. For store locations and more information, visit katespade.com.

HONG KONG’S ZEN PALACE
The sublime indulgence. The blissful escape. The Oriental Spa at the glistening boutique hotel The Landmark Mandarin Oriental, Hong Kong is a breathtaking blend of high-tech and high-end luxury. The customized spa treatments in the newly opened, 2,000-square-foot Zen palace are a mini-odyssey for the mind, body, and spirit. For details on Asia’s premier urban spa, visit mandarinoriental.com.

TAKE NOTE
On November 15, seven-time Grammy® Award winner Alanis Morissette will highlight a decade of hit songs and other gems when she releases The Collection, on Maverick Records. The 18-track set covers the full spectrum of Morissette’s artistry and vision, and features material handpicked by the acclaimed singer, songwriter, and musician. The Collection includes material from four Maverick studio albums (Jagged Little Pill, Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie, Under Rug Swept, So-Called Chaos), Morissette’s Feast on Scraps DVD/EP, her MTV Unplugged album, her contributions to the soundtracks for Dogma, City of Angels, and De-Lovely (in which she acted), plus a song she recorded for The Prayer Cycle album. In October, the album’s first single, Morissette’s cover of Seal’s Crazy, will be released along with a video directed by Meiert Avis.

THE KWIAT RED CARPET TOUR
The Kwat Red Carpet Tour is on the road and coming to a town near you. From New York to California, Kwat’s 2005 Red Carpet Collection—featuring the $2 million “Cinderella” shoes—has been on display at retailers across the country. To find out how you can wear the same jewels that make the stars shine, visit kwiat.com for a Kwat retailer in your area.
VanHeusen  Shirts for Men
was born that way.
HOW TO GIVE
A FAVORITE GIFT

104 IDEAS
101 COLORS

HOLIDAY CLASSICS FOR ALL GIVERS FOR HER APPAREL FOR HIM FAMILY FOR THEM

CHECKIN' IT TWICE IDEAS FOR EVERYONE IN YOUR LIST AND A FEW FOR YOU TOO!

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"IT'S MY FAVORITE GIFT"

THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR. BUT HOW DO YOU MAKE THAT HAPPEN? EASY. JUST PUT A LITTLE EXTRA THOUGHT INTO IT. A LITTLE TOUCH OF YOU. AND HERE ARE MORE THAN 100 WAYS TO DO IT. WE KNOW BECAUSE WE'VE COUNTED THEM UP AND NUMBERED EACH ONE. MAKE UP YOUR OWN OR BORROW ONE OF OURS. IT'S ALL GOOD. AND IT'S ALL YOU NEED TO MAKE YOUR GIFT THEIR FAVORITE GIFT OF ALL.
IDEA NO. 1
FOR HER
FAVORITE POCKET T REBORN AS A SWEATER
(P.S. looks great over a bright colored T.)

IDEA NO. 2
FOR HIM
THE CLASSIC CREW IN A BUNDLE OF COLORS
Give 2 or 3 to the most colorful guy on your list.

Top Left: Women's: 01 Pocket T Sweater $39.50
Bottom Right: Men's: 02 Crewneck Sweater $34.50
Opposite Page: Women's: 03 Cable Mittens $14.50 04 Cable Scarf $24.50
GIVE GOOD LUCK
IT ALWAYS COMES IN HANDY

STROKE OF LUCK
Toss a horseshoe in with a cable sweater and a color-matched T. Cap it off with a cable hat.

CHARM HER:
Find a lucky charm bracelet in a vintage shop or online. Then pop it in the pocket of the jacket you’re giving her. Like it’s her personal pot of gold.

WRAPPED IN FORTUNE:
There are lots of sites online you can have custom fortune cookies made. Search: fortune cookies. Then toss a few in with your gift.
Women’s: 11 Cashmere Hoodie $88 Available only at select stores and gap.com.
More sizes, styles and gifts at gap.com.
THE FAMILY LINEUP
Put everyone, large and small, in stripes. Then capture it all in a photo for the family holiday card. That's Idea 12 1/2.
STRIPE SCHOOL
Little guys in stripes are too cool for school.
Put a little candy in his bookbag.

FIST FULL OF STRIPES
Because he's a handful.

STRIPE THE GUYS
From Dad to the littlest guy...in a tie.
WRAP HER IN WINTER WHITE
Throw some chocolate and a few packs of instant cocoa in the gift box to warm her inside and out.

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING
Put a virtual fireplace DVD in her tote. Just about any big video/DVD store will have one. Or check out big video/DVD stores or retailers. Loop in a virtual fire format.

Left to Right: Women's: 23 Warmest Vest $59.50 24 Cozy Turtleneck Sweater $39.50 25 Cable Gloves $14.50 26 Fleece Hobo Bag $34.50 27 Lambswool Cardigan $48 28 Sequined Striped Scarf $29.50 29 Bucket Hat $24.50 30 Brannan the Bear $16.50
Layer the Warmth
From cap to cardigan, keep it frothy and warm.
Sweeten with a photo as a gift tag.

Give Warmth
It’s an Inside Out Feeling

Can you bear it?
We’re all little kids at heart. That’s why Brannan the Bear is a great warm and fuzzy to add to grown-up gifts.

More sizes, styles and gifts at gap.com.
GIVE MEMORIES
THEY ALWAYS LOOK GOOD

Kodak is the ideal to go for holiday gifts. Our cameras can capture all of your holiday moments.

Kodak

IDEA NO. 31
MOM: GO ALL OUT
Give her an entire outfit, then slip in a sweet photo. She'll get the picture.

IDEA NO. 34
DAD: THE GADGET GUY
Give some weight to your gift. Enclose the Kodak EasyShare V550 digital camera and Printer Dock Series 3 for great looking pictures in just seconds, at home. Check both out at Kodak.com

Women's: 31 Cord Pea Coat $69.50 32 Cozy Turtleneck Sweater $39.50 33 Leather Gloves $29.50
Men's: 34 Crewneck Sweater $34.50 35 Softest T $19.50 36 Cable Scarf $24.50
LI'L SIS: STUCK ON HER
her an "adorable" outfit, then take her picture in it. Go to Kodakgallery.com/gap and make stickers for her to plaster everywhere.

MAKING IT A PAGE Turner
Create a Photo Book gift with a page for each member of the family and a cool denim cover that says "FAVORITES." Go to Kodakgallery.com/gap. They know the drill.

42
IDEA NO.
BIG BRO: FREEZE FRAME
He's always in motion, so make his holiday photo an action shot.
GIVE SURPRISES
GET CREATIVE WITH GIFTCARDS & WRAP

THE 2005 GAP GIFT CARD AT GAP STORES AND GAP.COM

PICTURE IT
Only at Gap, GiftCards can be totally personalized by slipping your picture in the photo sleeve. Go all the way and frame it too.

45

46
THE PERFECT FIT
A GiftCard is THE best way to give a fit every time.

47
LET IT SING
Slide a GiftCard in a CD of their favorite songs.

48
PRE-LOAD IT
Toss a GiftCard into a wallet.

49
SWEETEN THE DE
Hide the GiftCard in a box of c
MAIL BONDING
Make your own holiday postcards with Gap-only borders. Kodak Mobile will print and mail them for you. Learn how at Kodakmobile.com/gappostcards.

IDEA NO. 51
LET THEM SEE TAPE
Big bows are so two seasons ago. Punch up your package with some shockingly bright electrical tape. The local hardware or art supply store should have plenty.

WRAP IT INSIDE OUT
Start with a colorful gift (like our cable scarves, $24.50) and stay late at work one day. Use the color copier to “copy” the gift and then make your own wrapping paper from the prints. It’s cool because what’s outside is what’s inside. Plus, this way, no one else in the world has the same paper as you.

More sizes, styles and gifts at gap.com.
53 MORNING GUYS
He's all buttoned up. So pull together everything he needs, even a datebook. Then toss in an alarm clock so he won't miss a minute.

For Mr. Music
He's always got to be the dj. So add an iTunes Music Card to his present. Available at iTunes.com

iTunes

Bottom Left: Men's 53 Classic Fit Shirt $44.50 54 Merino Wool Half-Zip Sweater $49.50 55 Chalk Stripe Scarf $29.50
IDEA NO. 57
MAKE IT SING
Slip a CD of their favorite songs into the gift box. It sings a lot about you. Start at iTunes.com.

IDEA NO. 58
A CLASSIC MIX
The classics are hip during the holidays. So give him a shirt and blazer. Then go to iTunes.com and download some classic hits onto his iPod.
GIVE 
CLASSIC 
THE COOL WAY

CORDUROY LOVER
Pea Coat styling in technicolor corduroy. And shortened up more like a jacket. Just her style.

More sizes, styles and gifts at gap.com.
Top Left: Women's: 63 Cord Pea Coat $69.50 64 Cozy Turtleneck Sweater $39.50 65 Sweater Hobo Bag $58
Bottom Right: Men's: 66 Pea Coat $128 67 Zip-Neck Sweater $58 68 Cable Scarf $24.50 69 Suede Gloves $24.50 70 Ribbed Cap $16.50

IDEA NO. 66
A PHOTO OP
Give a great Pea Coat. Add a vintage camera (find one online) and he'll get the picture.

PATTERNS OF SURPRISE
The fair isle knit...as a shoulder bag! For unpredictable types.
GIVE
GOOD ZZZ’S
BEDTIME STORIES ARE NICE AT ANY AGE

SLEEP PATTERNS
Women’s: 71 Flannel PJ Pants $29.50

LOVE TO LOUNGE
Women’s: 72 Sherpa Turtleneck $49.50  Flannel PJ Pants $29.50
     Booties $29.50
     Available only at GapBody stores and gap.com.

LET IT SNOW
Baby: 74 Snowflake Robe $49.50  78 Space PJ Set $29.50  79 Space Slipper $8.50

COZY CHARACTERS
Baby: 75 Puppy Robe $49.50  81 Holiday PJ Set $29.50  82 Puppy Slippers

More sizes, styles and gifts at gap.com.
STORYBOOK ENDINGS
Curl up with Winter's Tale by Robert Sabuda and settle in for sweet dreams. Open a book and you'll open up a season of surprises. Go to Borders or BordersGifts.com and see.

BORDERS.

A DREAMY IDEA
GIVE
PEACE OF MIND
IT’S A RARE GIFT THESE DAYS

89
EASY ON THE EYES
Put a soothing eye mask in the pocket of a plush GapBody robe. Then your gift will soothe her senses.

90
A PEACEFUL GLOW
Add a GapBody scented candle to your gift. It’s the spa thing to do.
91
INVITE HER TO A CALMER PLACE
Give her a day of peace at a spa. Print out a special gift certificate. Go to gap.com/howtogive for more gift certificate ideas.

IDEA NO. 92
BRING THE SPA HOME
Make the gift complete with partnering extras—loofah, gloves, beautiful brushes or a soothing eye mask.

95
CREATE HER NEW SIGNATURE SCENT
Gap's new essential oils can be layered to make unique fragrances. Give her all the oils, and enclose a card dotted with the special formula you created just for her.
GIVE
WARM & FUZZY

96 EVERY CUB NEEDS A BEAR TO BE FRIENDS WITH
Add one to every gift. It'll be unbearably cute.
Women's: **102** Sequined Striped Scarf $29.50  **103** Cozy Turtleneck Sweater $39.50
More sizes, styles and gifts at gap.com.
104 GIVE ONE. GIVE ALL.

IDEA NO.

Wrap up a rainbow of a brand new favorite, the Pocket T Sweater $39.50.
ALANIS MORISSETTE

Since emerging in 1995, the seven-time Grammy Award winner Alanis Morissette has become one of the premier singer-songwriter-musicians in contemporary music. Her deeply expressive music and performances have earned her vast critical praise, a dedicated fan base that extends throughout the world, and album sales exceeding 40 million. Her latest release, the 18-track The Collection, will be available on November 15 on Maverick Records. The album’s single, Morissette’s interpretation of Seal’s Crazy, will precede The Collection.
ICE IS LIKE A MAN'S EGO.
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NORDSTROM

THE BEAUTY. THE MISTERY. THE MAGIC.
NORDSTROM WOMEN'S FRAGRANCE. BEAUTY.
You really wouldn’t want to be the president of the United States in this, the age of One Damned Thing After Another. There was the tsunami last December that killed more than 225,000. Late August and early September—the hottest September worldwide in recorded history—saw the destruction of New Orleans and Biloxi by Hurricane Katrina. The devastation has turned much of the Gulf Coast into a daisy chain of “femalilles”—the rural slums of the future. In October there was the earthquake in Pakistan that damaged some 15,000 villages and left more than two million homeless. (A member of the United Nations response team working there said that they needed more winter-weight tents than existed in the world.) Add to this stew of misery Hurricanes Rita and Wilma, the mud slides in Central America, the serial famines in Africa, and even the rare appearance of thunder and lightning in Southern California. And it just gets worse. There is too much mercury in our fish, the possibility of mad-cow in our beef, and then, for the chicken course, there’s that lingering threat of a global avian-flu pandemic.

You would think all this apocalyptic imagery would be comforting to a large segment of the president’s base—the extreme religious right. Almost two-thirds of Americans, many of them Evangelicals, believe that the events predicted in the book of Revelation, including the battle at Armageddon, are just around the corner. (For more on this, see Craig Unger’s definitive story on Rapture mania, beginning on page 204.) Divine Destruction, a new book from Melville House Publishing, by Stephenie Hendricks, claims that the president’s chipping away at three decades’ worth of environmental law is in itself a nod to an element of his ideological base—Dominion Theologians, who believe that by exhausting our natural resources they can hasten the apocalypse and the Second Coming of Christ. Right-wing-policy types call this the “wise-use” doctrine. Hendricks reports that some officials say Bush refused to sign the Kyoto Protocol on global warming because it was “against God’s prophecies.”

The president’s own party is up in arms because he nominated his astonishingly average office buddy Harriet Miers for the Supreme Court. Right-wing columnists have taken up torches and pitchforks, too. In The New York Times, conservative columnist David Brooks quoted a Republican member of Congress as calling Bush “radioactive.” Meanwhile, not one but two vocal opponents of Bush and the invasion of Iraq won Nobel Prizes—British playwright Harold Pinter, for literature, and the International Atomic Energy Agency and its Egyptian director general, Mohamed ElBaradei, for peace. (More embarrassing still, the president tried and failed to get ElBaradei fired only months ago.) On the torture front, even the Republican-led Senate rejected the president’s desire to have a free hand in the treatment of prisoners at Abu Ghraib and elsewhere in the grim archipelago of American detainee camps that spot the earth.

Blessedly, President Bush doesn’t read the papers. Otherwise he would know that he’s still in the doghouse following his non-response to the devastation of Katrina. He would know that his job-approval rating has skidded to 39 percent—the lowest in his presidency. He would know that more than two-thirds of Americans don’t like the direction he is taking the country in. On top of all this, everything a president would want to go down is gum-up—gas and heating-oil prices, inflation, general, unemployment, bankruptcies. The Republican leaders of both the House and the Senate are under indictment or investigation and the rank and file are looking for the excitement of the 2006 midterm election of which the unspeakable is actually being spoken: the possibility that the Republicans could lose control of one or both houses across town from the Capitol, things are even worse: the Valerie Plame affair has turned the White House into a whispering carou

Did I mention the war? Forget comparisons to Vietnam. Iraq is increasingly looking like it may go down as one of the worst military blunders in history—up there with Little Bighorn at the Gettysburg. The vote for Iraq’s constitution provided little balm for the president. In some precincts the votes in favor of ratification were barely above the 50 percent level. The public knows that virtually all of this president’s interaction with actual civilians are by necessity staged, but the video feed from the message-control techniques of the State Department, the old Soviet news agency in the shade by showing that for this president even the most mundane show-business chatter must be canned. The rehearsal for the in-person session was led by a deputy assistant secretary of defense. Now, call me old-fashioned, but when I hear that sort of title I think of a middle-aged career soldier with a chest full of medals. In this image-conscious administration, a title like this means not to a soldier but a forceful public-relations handler named Allison Barber. Following the accidental release of the rehearsal feed, the White House press corps went after administration spokesman Scott McClellan like the main event that was Piggy in Lord of the Flies. It wasn’t pretty.

You’d think all this would be ample distraction for the president but even the classification of his weekend hideout, the Prairie Chapel Ranch in Crawford, Texas, has been questioned. Warren Vieth, a reporter for the Los Angeles Times, called Bush out for referring to the place in Crawford as a “ranch”—saying that it was something of a stretch inasmuch as the Secret Service agents now outnumber the local police force. Bush has made good use of the spread in his campaign to brush himself as a Teddy Roosevelt-like buckskin president. But when you down to four or five head of cattle, and two of them reportedly have names—Opelia and Eltonia—well, you can see why some people get nit picky. I for one think that if the commander in chief of the most powerful nation on earth wants to call his little hobby farm a “ranch” he should damned well be able to.

—GRAYDON CARTER

ON THE COVER: Kate Moss wears a top by Chloé and stockings by Wolford. Hair products by Bumble and Bumble. Makeup products by MAC. Hair by Sam McKnight. Makeup by Diane Kendal. Set design by Bill Doig. Styled by Sarah Jane Hoare. Photographed exclusively for V.F. by Craig McDean. For details, see credits page.
Jonathan Becker

Four years ago, photographer-at-large Jonathan Becker was commissioned by Prince Charles to document his Prince of Wales Foundation dinner, about which Bob Colacello wrote for *Vanity Fair* (October 2001). Having worked with St. James's Palace, Becker was granted special access to accompany the Prince and his new bride, Camilla, Duchess of Cornwall, on their royal duties. In the intervening time, the couple's situation has changed markedly. "If the first go-round was a happy experience, this was an elated one," Becker says. "The English people were so thrilled to meet them. At times it was like being on the set of a Hollywood musical."

Bob Colacello

The fact that Camilla, Duchess of Cornwall, has vowed never to give an interview didn't deter special correspondent Bob Colacello, the first reporter to whom Camilla has allowed her closest friends to speak. "She's never uttered a word through all the complications in her relationship with Prince Charles," says Colacello (photographed here with Councillor Stuart Parsons, mayor of Richmond, England). "It's intriguing to try to lift that veil of mystery and misunderstanding that surrounds her." Rather than being turned off by Camilla's unfavorable public image, Colacello found that it only made her more tantalizing. "I see how often the press gets it wrong.

Suzanna Andrews

"Interviewing Arianna Huffington," says contributing editor Suzanna Andrews, "is like interviewing a movie star or a politician. You're never quite sure if it's a genuine moment or a performance. She is the master of handling the media." Huffington's transformation from Washington Republican to Hollywood liberal perplexed many people, but, Andrews says, "because of her spiritual view of life, what might seem to be a contradiction to others is simply part of the whole for her. And, anyway, I think she's having a lot more fun now." Andrews recently won a Front Page Award for "Hostage to Fortune," her December 2004 *V.F.* story about A&P heir Huntington Hartford.

Mary Mapes

In January, Mary Mapes, a 15-year veteran of CBS News (and the producer who broke the Abu Ghraib scandal), was fired as a result of the controversy over the authenticity of documents which purportedly exposed President Bush's special treatment by the Texas Air National Guard during the Vietnam War. Now Mapes has come back with her detailed, candid, and surprisingly funny account of the events, in *Truth and Duty: The Press, the President, and the Privilege of Power* (St. Martin's), excerpted on page 304. "It was therapeutic to tell the true story of what happened," she says. When asked what she plans to do next, Mapes doesn't hesitate: "Journalism is what I've done for 25 years, and it's what I am meant to do." Mapes lives in Dallas with her husband, their eight-year-old son, and their dogs.

Vicky Ward

Kate Moss's spectacular fall from grace held special meaning for contributing editor Vicky Ward, who is working on a novel about women and the illusory constructs they are often forced to make of their lives. "I feel sorry for Kate Moss," says Ward. "Throughout her career she's had to be very resilient, but beneath that resilience there's vulnerability that has taken her to drugs and dangerous liaisons. Impressed by the support Moss's close friends have given her in contrast to the lurid exploitation by the British press—W-agrees with them that Moss will rise again. "If she cleans herself up, she'll be back. I've no doubt about it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4
ANNIE & MACK WERE IN TERRIBLE TROUBLE.

Terrible! They had accepted every invitation to every holiday party they were invited to—and three of them were occurring that very same night! But then, by chance, Mack saw a late night TV ad for something named E-Z Transportation Granules...continued at holidaystory.com
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Give the gift of breakthrough beauty treatments for mature skin with Clarins Super Restorative - The Intensives Collection.

Make the holidays bright with TechnoMarine’s Color Ceramic Collection of Swiss-movement chronograph watches.

Present her with Pippo’s interpretation of a traditional 24-hour clock, the brand’s first automatic timepiece designed for women.

Inspire the ladies on your list with Simon G’s sparkling signature diamond pendant in yellow, white, and romantic rose gold.

Celebrate exceptional men with the CHROME by Azzaro Inherent Style Collection, featuring limited-edition Chromatized bottles.
Annie Leibovitz

In her 22 years of contributing to Vanity Fair, Annie Leibovitz has shot almost every conceivable subject, from our Hollywood covers to the Dalai Lama. This month, the award-winning and highly celebrated photographer shot writer, director, actor, and quintessential New Yorker Woody Allen—in his editing room at the Manhattan Film Center—for the third time in her career. Leibovitz, who is very eager to see Allen’s new film, Match Point, wanted to capture him in his everyday environment and she had no trouble finding the appropriate angle: Allen became so absorbed in the work before him that he forgot he was being photographed.

Chris Craymer

Chris Craymer inherited his interest in photography from his family. “My father was a photographer, so he introduced me to it, and I went out on my own,” he says. This month, Craymer, for his second V.F. assignment (his first was shooting Cath Kidston for the September 2005 issue), snapped Ben Goldsmith, Kate Rothschild, and their daughter, Iris. “I like photography people. I like to capture the spirit of someone—that’s my big thing,” he says. “Ben and Kate are so utterly charming. They are a lovely young family, and it was really refreshing.” Craymer is currently working on a project he calls “Romance,” part of which is out this month in his book The Kiss, by Andrews McMeel.

Jonathan Foreman

In the time since his first visit to Iraq, pictured here in Baghdad with Captain Edward Ballanco of the Third Infantry Division, has noticed how relationships have formed between U.S. troops and Iraqis. “There’s much more cultural interchange than you would imagine,” he says. “If you want to see an organization that is truly diverse, there is nothing like the United States Army—in every possible way, except they’re young. That’s when you realize how old you are: the only person your age is a colonel or old sergeant major.”

Foreman is currently at work on a book about Iraq, and in October he published his history anthology, The Pact: A Book of Patriotism (Sterling).
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Arianna Huffington at the blogger’s home. “Her house is one of those houses where people are coming and going all day, and she did not bat an eye,” he says. “It was like the terminal at Chicago O’Hare.” Streiber’s work will be on display at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences next month.

Craig Unger

During the last presidential election, it became apparent to Dallas-raised Craig Unger how powerful the evangelical Christians in America are—and how the secular world is in the dark about it. “It’s as if two countries have inhabited the same landmass and almost never talk to each other,” he says. In reporting for his piece “American Rapture” (page 204), Unger found himself on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. “I thought if I could be a fly on the wall and get to know these people, then I could understand their sensibility,” Unger’s previous piece for V.F., “Saving the Saudis,” evolved into the New York Times best-seller House of Bush, House of Saud (Scribner). Similarly, “American Rapture” will become part of a book on the ascendance of the Christian right and its role in American politics.

Tamasin Day-Lewis

Seasoned food writer Tamasin Day-Lewis is passionate about cooking—and her new kitchen. “I’m finally in a kitchen that I designed. Everything is very simple, but it’s for the cook,” she says. “I have a huge Aga [stove]. You know how males like Ferraris? My Aga is my Ferrari.” For this issue Day-Lewis talks to Londoners Ben Goldsmith, son of the late British billionaire Sir James Goldsmith, and Kate Rothschild, Ben’s wife, in—where else?—their kitchen. Day-Lewis is currently working on a new cookbook, Tamasin’s Classic Dishes, and has a new television series, Tamasin’s Great British Classics, airing in the U.K.
The Address.
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For a complete look at the featured iconoclasts, see the special insert in select November and December Conde Nast magazines, or go to iconoclastsvk.com

Peter Biskind

Spending time with Wood Allen was an uncanny experience for contributing editor Peter Biskind, as he is often compared to Allen eccentric on-screen alter egos by friends—and by himself. “It was like going to the mother ship,” he says. Biskind, a chronicler of cinema who has long been convinced that Allen work is second to none, was impressed by the humility and honesty of the filmmaker, who considers himself a failure when measured against Bergman and Kurosawa. “I was pleasantly surprised at how gracious he is,” says Biskind. “He was open and generous with his time; he couldn’t have been nicer. And to listen to a director of that stature lacerating himself, it was fascinating.” Biskind is currently working on a biography of Warren Beatty.

Richard Merkin

This month, contributing editor Richard Merkin reviews Jazz ABZ, Wynton Marsalis’s poetic tribute to history’s greatest jazz musicians (page 154). “Wynton is like Louis Armstrong,” says Merkin, a writer, illustrator, and inveterate jazz enthusiast himself. “He’s our ambassador of jazz to the world.” Merkin, who now lives in Croton-on-Hudson, New York, regrets that he doesn’t get to hear nearly as much jazz as when he lived in Manhattan, from 1969 to 2000. (He was at Thelonious Monk’s last concert there, in 1975.) “When you live an hour away,” he says, “it makes it difficult to listen to live jazz.

Leslie Hertzog

An accomplished artist in her private life, Leslie Hertzog has brought a painter’s eye to her 15 years of work in Vanity Fair’s production department maintaining the magazine’s high standards of visual clarity and coherence. “My job is very craft-like methodical, and precise, as well as being aesthetic,” says Hertzog, shown here with one of her paintings.

“I finesse the appearance of each page in its final stages to preserve the designer’s graphic intentions while incorporating the text of the story.” Hertzog’s paintings, many inspired by landscapes, will be featured in three exhibits this fall in New York and New Jersey, including a two-person show with her husband, Paul Carrella.
A WRITER'S LIFE

Touched by a memoir; delighted with Carl Bernstein; a former military recruiter objects; cover judgments; hooray from “The Hammer”; and more

Thank you for publishing Marjorie Williams's brave, trenchant, and beautifully written cancer memoir, as adapted by her husband, Tim Noah ["A Matter of Life and Death.", October].

Many of the glowing, richly deserved encomiums of Ms. Williams that I have read since her death have mentioned the barbs upon which she often impaled her subjects. As a first-time novelist, I had the opposite experience. When my novel, Kabul, was published, in 1986, Ms. Williams gave it a long and generous review in The Washington Post.

In 2002, Kabul was reprinted in paperback. I had long enjoyed reading Ms. Williams's unique work in Vanity Fair, so I called her there to thank her again for the review. We had a chuckle that its last sentence had been "To speak in the terms of its own milieu, may it live long." It was a lighthearted conversation—and now I learn that by that time she had already been given a terminal diagnosis.

What a loss to her family and friends above all, but also to colleagues, and readers and writers everywhere. Her voice and talent are irreplaceable.

M. E. HIRSCH
Boston, Massachusetts

I WOULD LIKE TO SAY how moving and accurate I found Marjorie Williams’s "A Matter of Life and Death." I am a cancer survivor (thus far), mother, writer, and human being, and her reflections on what to do with borrowed time were apt and meaningful. You must learn to demand dignity, embrace joy, and hunt for grace.

HEIDI TARR HENSON
Peabody, Massachusetts

I AM not sure quite what it was that made me cry so hard and for so long after reading "A Matter of Life and Death." Perhaps it was the shock of turning the page and realizing that the woman whose prose was so alive had died. Perhaps it was the memory of a college friend whose life was claimed by the same disease 10 years ago. Or perhaps it's the shame of realizing how readily I had lapped up the superficial claptrap that is Paris Hilton 10 minutes before getting to this article. Maybe it's none of those things or maybe it's all of them. But reading about this woman's struggle is unbelievably humbling. Thank you for sharing her talent, bravery, and complete honesty in the face of something I can't, and truthfully hope I never have to, comprehend.

SIAN CURRIE
Erie, Pennsylvania

THE MEMOIR written by the late Marjorie Williams was a beautifully crafted story of how one grows to understand, accept, and plan for the inevitable when given a terminal diagnosis. She wrote with clarity and a sense of purpose, and I understood each step she took while on her final journey. I would hope that I could deal with such circumstances as gracefully.

GAIL D'AUTREMONT
Lakeville, Minnesota

I READ Marjorie Williams's cancer memoir and wept. During one of her last remissions, I called her for help on the Bush book I was writing. After her Vanity Fair profile "Barbara's Backlash" was published, in August 1992, Marjorie became the first of the Stations of the Cross through which one had to proceed in order to uncover the reality behind the mythology of Mama Bush. Characteristically generous, Marjorie spent time on the phone with me, going over her recollections of writing the piece, her sources, names, anecdotes. Before we hung up, she offered to give me her files and call me back with further information. That was the last time we spoke. I did not have the heart to bother her again.

In The Family: The Real Story of the Bush Dynasty, I paid tribute to Marjorie as the best writer of her generation: a champion as dazzling with her prose as Muhammad Ali was with his blows. She was all of that and more.

KITTY KELLEY
Washington, D.C.

I WAS QUITE MOVED by Marjorie Williams's courageous memoir on facing terminal cancer, but I was appalled that the editors at Vanity Fair would choose to include this exquisite piece in an issue that would feature the vapid and curiously famous Paris Hilton on the cover. Ms. Williams, with her razor-sharp mind, was able to translate life's (and death's) greatest truths into heartbreaking and surprisingly witty prose. She deserved better. The saving grace is that Ms. Williams probably would have seen the irony and laughed. I, on the other hand, was horrified.

ELEANOR WELLS
Baltimore, Maryland

"A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH" was the most convincing affirmation of life, and the most honest portrayal of untimely death, I have ever encountered.

I could write about my grandmother, my grandfather, my mother-in-law, and cousin, all of whom died of cancer. Or I could write about my mother, aunt, and three uncles, who are, to use Ms. Williams's words, "complete responder[s]." I could write about my abject terror of dying. Or, worse yet, the possible death of my wife, son, or daughter. Or I could heed what I think is, in part, Marjorie's message and revel in the fact that I have time—time to spend with my family, time to work, time to read, time to write, and, most significant, time to waste. Instead, tonight, I will just keep crying. For Marjorie. For her husband, her daughter, and her son. For my own wife and children. And for myself.

MATTHEW THOMPSON
Los Angeles, California

TWO MEN AND A SECRET STORY

I WAS THORLISHED when I read Carl Bernstein's article "Watergate's Last Chapter" [October]. His beautifully written account was a joy. Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward are
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icons of American journalism. Watergate will always be a chapter in our history, and as it closes with Deep Throat’s identity finally revealed, it was a highlight to hear from the men who exposed a dark chapter in American government. Thank you, *Vanity Fair* and Carl Bernstein, for publishing one of the best articles that I have read in a while.

JESSICA BRAUN
Whitefish Bay, Wisconsin

THANK YOU for “Watergate’s Last Chapter,” and especially for that handsome full-color picture of Ben Bradlee! He remains the sexiest man alive.

JAN BAILEY
Maui, Hawaii

CARL BERNSTEIN’S splendid article provides valuable insights into the media culture then and now, but it does contain a historical error that bears correcting: the House minority leader who, on August 7, 1974, joined Senators Barry Goldwater and Hugh Scott in delivering the news to President Nixon that the last of his Republican support on Capitol Hill had finally evaporated was not Bob Michel but John Rhodes.

GENE KRZYZYNSKI
Tonawanda, New York

**THE SOLDIER HUNT**

IF THERE has ever been a one-sided story, it would have to be the one told by Michael Bronner in his article “The Recruiters’ War” [September]. Please allow me to present another view of military recruiting and the magnificent men and women who serve our country in such a noble endeavor.

I was interviewed by Mr. Bronner for this article. I was the non-commissioned officer in charge of former Marine recruiter Jimmy Massey, who was one of Mr. Bronner’s main sources of information.

While I have no basis with which to refute the experiences of the several recruiters mentioned in the story, the speculative conclusions Mr. Bronner leads his readers to believe are absolutely false and incorrect. Your magazine states that within our military-recruiting commands there is a “system of manipulation, fraud . . . wrecking lives, families, and the military.” This is not only absurd but totally baseless.

What Mr. Bronner’s research produced, rather, was an indictment of the character of the former recruiters he interviewed, who admitted to fraudulent, deceptive recruiting practices. His few, unrepresentative sources chose to subscribe to the popular school of thought that mistakenly holds that the recruiters are not responsible for their own actions, that their moral failures are somehow the fault of a “system” that drove them to wrongdoing, and that everyone under similar pressures will respond in the same corrupt manner. This is a slap in the face to the majority of recruiters, who are hardworking, ethical patriots who would gladly miss their recruiting goals if the alternative were to compromise their character.

Mr. Bronner tells the story of Tim Queen, a young man from Andrews, North Carolina, who joined the Marines; in his case, there was no fraud or deception on anyone’s part at any time from the recruiting command. Just like a large percentage of potential military recruits, he had a questionable physical condition that we, as recruiters, identified to the doctors at the Military Entrance Processing Station when he went for enlistment. A judgment call was made by the doctors there that he was qualified, and off he went to recruit training. Unfortunately, Tim’s condition was more severe than determined by the doctors, and he was unable to complete the training. This incident, while disappointing for Tim, was not the fault of anyone in the recruiting command, and all procedures were properly followed.

No one disputes that military-recruiting duty is an extremely difficult and demanding job; it was the toughest three years of my life. But those who stray from the values drilled into them from day one of boot camp do so willingly and without the knowledge or approval of their respective chain of command. They are not the norm. In the Marine Corps, our core values of honor, courage, and commitment are not taken lightly; these guiding principles stand behind everything we do. I am proud to be a U.S. Marine. I am proud to have been a recruiter.

TIM DALHOUSE
Master sergeant, U.S. Marine Corps
Quantico, Virginia

MICHAEL BRONNER RESPONDS: That Master Sergeant Dalhouse is in the minority in concluding that Tim Queen’s recruitment was appropriate (among others it offended are Tim’s family, the local sheriff and then school-board president, a fellow recruiter from the station Dalhouse commanded, the drill instructors at Parris Island, and a North Carolina congressman, who wrote an angry letter to the Pentagon) does not make the piece one-sided.

I talked at length with Dalhouse on three separate occasions, quoting him in the article and affording him opportunities to provide additional comment and correct any errors. He insisted, at the time, that he could not recall the details of Tim Queen’s case, but nonetheless asserts here with conviction that everything was aboveboard.

Dalhouse’s notion that the recruiters who
I AM a 23-year-old woman on active duty with the U.S. Navy. I am currently stationed overseas, in a little country called Bahrain.

I picked up Vanity Fair and came across the article about recruiting in the Marines and the army. I just wanted to say thank you. It is about time that someone started telling "the other side." I should have been horrified while I was reading that article, but the truth is I found myself shaking my head in acknowledgment of the information pouring through the story. When I was done with the article, I handed it to the woman next to me with an intense "You have to read this" expression. While I continued on with other reading, I heard her gasp, and I looked up while she, too, shook her head and said, "So, the truth has finally begun to come out."

DAWN HARDY
Petty officer second class
Manama, Bahrain

PARIS BLUES

AS A SUBSCRIBER, I am disgusted and disappointed in your coverage of the media phenomenon named Paris Hilton ("The Inescapable Paris," by Krista Smith, October). As your article points out, this is

POSTSCRIPT

Last February, Michael Shnayerson wrote of a rash of burglaries horrifying Beverly Hills, Bel Air, and other affluent Los Angeles neighborhoods ("Nightmare on Sunset"). Highly professional crews were said to be behind the crimes, and a woefully understaffed L.A. Police Department seemed helpless to do much about it.

Soon after Vanity Fair's story appeared, detectives from several L.A.P.D. divisions, along with F.B.I. agents and Beverly Hills police, formed a Hillside burglary task force. The focus, explains L.A.P.D. deputy chief Michel Moore, was "not only the people going over the walls, but where was all this jewelry going?" Over the next five months, the task force made 28 arrests. No one gang was responsible—"This isn't Ocean's 11," says Moore—though the burglars did have networks, not just of housebreakers and safecrackers but of crooked jewelry dealers. More than $2 million worth of jewelry was recovered. This produced a new kind of exclusive event no one wanted to miss. Victims were invited to various police stations to stroll past tables of loot to identify their stolen valuables. The L.A.P.D. could have sold tickets. "I went to one viewing," says a source. "People were lined up around the block—you waited three hours to see the jewelry." In the end, 52 victims identified valuables. (It's unclear how many of them audibly ridiculed—or coveted—their neighbors' bling.)

Moore says that by the time the task force disbanded this past July it had reduced burglaries across L.A.'s West Side, where Beverly Hills and Bel Air are located, by 80 percent. Five affluent victims say they haven't heard "a peep" about burglaries among their friends—a dramatic turnabout from late last fall. One L.A.P.D. insider, however, offers a more jaundiced view: the task force, he says, made tripelicate copies of all the crime reports and tried to find a pattern, but saw none. And where's the so-called Bel Air Burglar—who's thought, by the L.A.P.D., to have robbed up to 40 homes on his own and made off with jewelry and cash worth millions? He seems to have relocated or retired; his signature trait of using a victim's own tools to open the household safe hasn't been noted of late, which is probably a good thing since a fairly clear image of him—white, 40-ish, gray hair—was recorded on one household's closed-circuit security camera. Then again, that really only narrows the suspects down to about 10 million people.

Six years ago, Seth MacFarlane was a 26-year-old boy wonder in animated television on Fox whose show Family Guy had debuted to cheers—and some jeers—for its scabrous humor. As Michael Shnayerson reported in "The Kent School Mystery" (October 1999), MacFarlane had just one problem. A group called ProudSponsorsUSA had slammed the show as lewd in a letter-writing campaign, and sponsors, such as Sprint and Coca-Cola, were wavering. The group's sole member? Father Richardson W. Schell, MacFarlane's former prep-school headmaster. Apparently, Schell was incensed that MacFarlane had named his hapless TV family "the Griffins": the headmaster's longtime personal secretary and confidante was named Elaine Griffin. Schell seemed to feel that MacFarlane was dissing her.

Today, MacFarlane is the happy survivor of two near-death experiences. On 9/11, a hangover made him late for one of the four doomed flights that morning. A year later, Family Guy was canceled—thanks to dismal ratings, not Schell, who had quickly backed off his campaign. But then Fox Entertainment put the shows on DVD and sold 3.5 million copies. And in reruns on Time Warner's Cartoon Network, Family Guy soared. Last spring, Fox officially revived it, along with a new MacFarlane creation, American Dad. Ratings for the two shows are high, and MacFarlane is said to be earning $2.5 million a year as the overseer of both, with a staff of 150. The last time MacFarlane went back to the Kent School, in Kent, Connecticut, was for a reunion five years ago. "I saw him there," MacFarlane says of his old headmaster, "and it was very awkward. There was a definite avoidance on both our parts, and that was probably best. What would you say? Sorry I tried to get your show canceled. '... Heck, that's O.K., don't worry about it.'"

Amazingly, Schell is still headmaster. How did he survive such a public embarrassment? "I don't know," MacFarlane says. "How does Bush survive?" A call to the headmaster's office was answered by Elaine Griffin, who hung up as soon as she heard the words "Vanity Fair."
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I HAVE ADMIRED and enjoyed your magazine since the beginning, but having a porn star on your cover was very disturbing to me. I had hoped your wonderful magazine was above this.

Her story inside wasn’t even interesting to read, and I savored all your special articles and the subjects you choose to expose or talk about. I do hope we have not come to this.

SHIRLEY JONES
Encino, California

I WAS THRILLED that you chose to put Ms. Hilton on the cover of the October issue. Living in Los Angeles, I hear the name Paris numerous times throughout any given day—in elevators, at cocktail parties. Shouts of excitement are heard as she enters her favorite L.A. haunts, such as Koi. She is inescapable! I first learned of Ms. Hilton in your magazine so many years ago. I am now a typical 29-year-old entrepreneur who, I can admit, can’t get enough of Paris. Bravo to Paris for branding herself to America!

DWIGHT COATES
Beverly Hills, California

NICKY HILTON asked, “I’m 21 years old, I run two multi-million-dollar companies, I work my ass off. Like, what were you doing that was so fucking important at that age?” I would like to respond to that. When I was 21, I was busy working toward my Ph.D. in organic chemistry at the University of Minnesota so that I could go on to do valuable research on a cure for breast cancer. My research was published in 1998 by the University of Minnesota. I was the first to synthesize the compound okadaic acid—shown to be a leading cause of breast cancer.

STEVEN F. SABES
Wayzata, Minnesota

VANITY FAIR describes itself as “a unique mix of image and intellect,” claiming it “captures the people, places, and ideas that are defining modern culture,” but you did not do yourselves or your readers a favor by placing Paris Hilton on the cover. She certainly has done nothing culturally defining, nor intellectually advancing. Please keep focusing on strong women who make a difference, and who have an actual story to tell.

NADINE PILOTE
Montreal, Quebec

THANK YOU, Vanity Fair and Krista Smith, for the wonderful article on Paris Hilton! I’m a 56-year-old grandmother, and I think this young lady has it all—beauty, brains, and style. Ms. Hilton is hardly a porn star, as anyone who has seen the video can attest. And it is not her fault that a low-life continued on page 139
Robert Redford + Paul Newman

Environmentalist and legendary actor, director and producer Robert Redford has earned the title of godfather of American independent film since he launched the Sundance Film Festival and Sundance Channel. He teams up onscreen for the first time in more than 30 years with fellow leading man and longtime friend Paul Newman, who is as admired today for his philanthropy as he is his movie roles. Newman reveals why he loves auto racing, his commitment to arts and theater development and how selling salad dressing led to over $200 million in charitable donations.

Premieres on Sundance Channel on Thursday, December 22 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.

Grey Goose Entertainment + Sundance Channel present

Iconoclasts

Premiering in November, a series of intimate, unpredictable portraits of ground shakers who have transformed our culture through their passions. Get an inside look at their lives from fellow creative pioneers, and discover how their work has raised the bar on excellence.

Photographed by Mark Seliger
As one of America's most distinctive actors, Samuel L. Jackson's films have grossed more at the box office than any other actor in history. He goes one-on-one with Bill Russell, the first African-American head coach in any professional sport, who is labeled basketball's greatest innovator and the finest sportsman of the 20th century. Russell unveils his philosophy on leadership, discusses his perseverance to succeed after being cut from his junior varsity team and reveals how an intelligent, soft-spoken person can inspire and motivate generations.

Premieres on Sundance Channel on Thursday, November 17 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.
Award-winning actress Renee Zellweger is known for her versatility in film genres, including comedies, musicals and dramas. Zellweger admires acclaimed CNN chief international correspondent Christiane Amanpour for her commitment as a journalist and her active pursuit to initiate world changes through her work. Zellweger asks Amanpour to describe her interviews with world leaders, years of dangerous assignments, being in the heart of war zones — and her view on making a difference in the fates of millions through her own choices.

Premieres on Sundance Channel on Thursday, December 8 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.
Best known for bringing sex appeal and glamour back into fashion, Tom Ford transformed Gucci into an empire. He draws on the words of Jeff Koons to discover how the artist turned contemporary, mass-produced consumer goods into controversial high art. Koons reveals his challenges, inspirations and use of art to provoke and reevaluate perceptions of society and the world.

Premieres on Sundance Channel on Thursday, November 24 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.
TUNE IN TO ICONOCLASTS, PREMIERING ON SUNDANCE CHANNEL IN NOVEMBER 2005 TO SEE THESE CREATIVE PIONEERS:

SAMUEL L. JACKSON + BILL RUSSELL  
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17

TOM FORD + JEFF KOONS  
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24

BRIAN GRAZER + SUMNER REDSTONE  
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1

RENÉE ZELLWEGER + CHRISTIANE AMANPOUR  
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8

MARIO BATALI + MICHAEL STIPE  
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15

ROBERT REDFORD + PAUL NEWMAN  
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22

For additional show information, log on to www.iconoclaststv.com.
Renowned film and television producer Brian Grazer sits down with entertainment mogul Sumner Redstone to unearth his secrets for success. Redstone reveals why "education is everything" and highlights the importance of character and weighing risks and rewards in business. Grazer discovers how the visionary used his strengths and his fears to make Viacom one of the leading entertainment and media companies in the world.

Premieres on Sundance Channel on Thursday, December 1 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.
Mario Batali is admired worldwide for his award-winning cuisine, cookbooks and always-packed restaurants. Another special ingredient in his life is his love of music. He explores this passion with renegade musician, film producer and friend Michael Stipe, and discovers how the R.E.M. frontman lives outside the mainstream, why he enjoys appearing on Batali’s Molto Mario TV show and what inspires the man behind the music.

Premieres on Sundance Channel on Thursday, December 15 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.
THE WORLD'S BEST MARTINI STARTS WITH GREY GOOSE.

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World's Best Tasting Vodka
VÉSION STRAIGHT FROM THE RUNWAYS, NOW ON STYLE.COM

CRAVING CALVIN

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TOOTING HIS OWN "HAMMER"

THANKS for a great piece ["The Pro Football Snob's Dictionary, Vol. 2"] by David Kamp and Peter Richmond, October]. and, more specifically, it's nice to see that you haven't forgotten an innovator like myself. We're usually the first to be passed over. Everything you said about me was correct . . . let the truth be known!

FRED "THE HAMMER" WILLIAMSON
Palm Springs, California

RIGHT WAR, WRONG BOMBER

PERHAPS IN THE VANITIES "Intelligence Report: America at War" [by Richard Rushfield and Adam Leff, October], you should have listed the American B-29 long-range bomber as the showcase weapon used during World War II. The B-52 jet-powered long-range bomber, cited in your article, did not enter service until 1955.

JERRY RICHMOND
Toronto, Ontario

VANITY FAIR VERSUS POLANSKI

AS A LONGTIME SUBSCRIBER, I delight in reading every last word in the magazine. When I read the October Editor's Letter ['"Roman Holiday," by Graydon Carter], I realized I would have missed a few things about Roman Polanski had he not sued Vanity Fair.

I didn't know just how young (13) the girl involved in his rape case was. Nor was I aware that he sodomized her. Certainly we were all aware that he fled the country like a coward, but I didn't realize that he resumed having sex on a "casual basis" a month after his wife's murder.

BARBARA PRESTON
San Diego, California

GRAYDON CARTER'S editorial on the trial in London, where Vanity Fair was sued for libel by Roman Polanski, is fraught with the kind of journalism that got your magazine into court in the first place.

You were sued over a story that main-
tained that Polanski had stopped off in New York on the way to his wife's funeral, in Los Angeles. And that while he was in New York he had chatted up some Nordic blonde with a promise to "make another Sharon Tate out of you."

You maintain that you believe the gist of your story was true. Really? I know that you had already agreed that the alleged stop-off was a misstatement, because my husband, Victor Lownes, was originally scheduled to testify that, in fact, he had accompanied Polanski directly from London to Los Angeles immediately after learning of the tragedy. That fact alone upsetting the "gist" of your story.

My husband was not present at the trial because his testimony was no longer required once you had conceded that that part of your story was wrong. However, Mr. Carter stated that he was not present because of illness. He is not ill and was not ill at any time this summer. You just make stuff up.

Marilyn cole lownes
New York, New York

EDITOR'S NOTE: We don't really make it all up. Vanity Fair was told by three sources, including a member of Roman Polanski's legal team, that Victor Lownes did not attend the trial because of illness.

THE PLANE FACT

YOUR ARTICLE "The New Establishment 2005" [October] said that I had plans to limit airplane traffic at Friedman Memorial Airport, in Idaho. There's absolutely no truth to that claim.

HERBERT A. ALLEN
New York, New York

BEAUTY'S ROYAL FAMILY

AS ONE OF ESTÉE LAUDER'S "girls," I was both pleased and impressed with Bob Colacello's article "The House That Estée Built" [October]. She was an incredible woman. Colacello's quote from Marvin Traub says much: "She revolutionized an industry and was without a doubt the world's greatest saleswoman." So does Richard Parsons's: "I never met a woman with more force." Although she is gone, her "force" is still with us. I am proud to work for Estée Lauder, and the Lauder legacy continues as we Beauty Advisors worldwide follow her guiding principle: Bringing the Best to Everyone We Touch.

DEBRA B. SCHMID
Marlton, New Jersey

CORRECTIONS: On page 379 of the September issue ("One Glove at a Time," by Jim Win-

DECEMBER 2005
dolff), we incorrectly stated that Dita Von Teese had appeared in the hard-core pornographic video Debauchery 8. She did not. While she has appeared in erotic videos, her representations would like to be known that those performances did not include graphic sex acts with men. On page 258 of the October issue ("The New Establishment 2005"), we incorrectly stated that Harvey and Bob Weinstein bought the film rights to Twins of Tribeca, by Rachel Paine. They bought the publishing rights. On page 334 of the October issue ("Wild About Harry’s," by Vicky Ward), the late Lord Derby was incorrectly identified. He is the uncle of the current earl, the 19th Earl of Derby.

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.

MORE FROM THE V.F. MAILBAG

You have gone beyond fluff—you have given us lint.

Incoming!

But now step aside, Irene Vukovich, of Los Angeles. Because here is Marjorie Dorcely-Henderson, of Miami: “Mr. Carter, what the hell were you thinking?”

O.K., a lot of you didn’t like the Paris Hilton cover. (Gimmie a break!, you said. Et tu, V.F.?) Was it the riding togs she wore? The riding togs she didn’t wear? Possibly you just don’t like Paris Hilton—a selfish, self-centered, spoiled brat” was a relatively measured assessment. In any event, several readers have placed the magazine on probation: “If you ever put Paris Hilton on the cover again, I will cancel my subscription,” threatens Angela Zehr, of Toronto. And Catherine Simon, of West Hills, California, writes, “I’ll give you a pass on this one, but if next month’s cover is Britney Spears and her newborn, I’m outta here!!!” But the most common refrain was “First Jennifer Aniston, now Paris Hilton.” To which we can only admit: Correct—that was in fact the precise sequence of those two covers.

“I ripped this cover off the magazine and am mailing it back to you,” writes Jeanne Morrissey, of Madison, Connecticut. And she did. “Maxim called,” Christyna Laycock, of Birmingham, Alabama, claims. “They want their cover back.” Could that be the one Jeanne Morrissey tore off and sent us? We’ll see that it’s returned to Maxim eventually, but right now we’re a little busy. Giving people lint.

“I would have much preferred to see Ben Bradlee [‘Watergate’s Last Chapter,’ by Carl Bernstein, October] on the cover,” says Yvonne Martin, of Lake Forest, California. It’s uncanny that you should mention Mr. Bradlee. We’re not at liberty to go into details, but this much we can reveal: there were negotiations; they deteriorated; we thought it had something to do with the riding togs.

Midwesterners are up in arms over a line in Graydon Carter’s account of the Roman Polanski litigation [“Roman Holiday,” October]—his “Note to midwesterners” about how Elaine’s isn’t hopping till 9 or 10 P.M. “This Kansas City, Missouri, resident has been to Elaine’s, and a couple of those nights I actually arrived closer to 11!” says Steve Walker. I And from Melissa Jones, somewhere in the Midwest: “Note to pompous East Coast magazine editors: Midwesterners don’t need you to translate for us.” (Note to southern readers: Elaine’s is a popular restaurant on Manhattan’s Upper East Side, as any midwesterner can tell you.)

Finally, a nice letter (addressed to Graydon). “Considering your legal entanglements, I’d like to share with you an obvious awareness. Your stance [in the Editor’s Letter photo] is a near-perfect copy of the ‘Hanged Man’ of the Rider Waite Tarot,” writes “Feng Shui Master, China Rose,” from Silver Lake, California. “This is the card that portends a disastrous situation. . . . Would you consider replacing this photographic image with a more heroic stance?” Graydon, who claims he had been assured that the pose he was striking was a near-perfect copy not of the “Hanged Man” but of the famed (and more winning) “Hangover Man,” says sure—he’s willing to try something new. As long as it doesn’t involve riding togs.

VANITY FAIR ACCESS
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31 Days in the Life of the Culture

December 2005

ASPEN EXTREME

This Slim Aarons photograph of skiers gathering for a stand-up fondue picnic in Snowmass, Colorado, in 1968 is one of many images in Aaron's new book, *A Place in the Sun* (Abrams), out this month.
December 1-4, Miami

**Art Basel Miami** is the sexy stepbrother to the 36-year-old festival in Switzerland and the event that took only one year to establish itself firmly on the art world’s limy radar. The installations and group exhibitions from 190 galleries benefited from the star power of glamorous out-of-towners like Rem Koolhaas, Terry Richardson, Jay Jopling, Lisa Eisner, Julian Schnabel, Yvonne Force Villareal, Mary Boone, Evelyn Lauder, Jeanne Greenberg Rohatyn, Tobey Maguire, Jane Holzer, Richard Meier, and Jeff Koons. They’ve promised to come back again this year and bring reinforcements, all of whom will be on display—performance art if there ever was such a thing—at the parties playing out at, among other standouts, the Delano, the Raffles, the Shore Club, the yet-to-open W South Beach Hotel and Residences, and Gianfranco Versace’s former home (now a private club).

December 4, Washington, D.C.

President Bush and Condoleezza Rice preside over private receptions prior to the annual *Kennedy Center Honors*. Rice hosts a State Department dinner for this year’s honorees, including Tina Turner, Tony Bennett, and Robert Redford, and the president receives the aforementioned at the White House before the awards gala, which rolls out later that night at the Kennedy Center Opera House.

December 7, New York City

The 10th annual *ACRIA Holiday Dinner* with Friends and Family is hosted by Bob Colacello, Donna Karan, Ross Bleckner, Charla Lawhon, and Carolina and Reinaldo Herrera. What sounds like a small gathering over a pot of spaghetti is in fact a posh seated dinner for 160 at the Stephan Weiss Studio.

December 9, Bronx, New York

Pace Robanne takes a turn as sponsor of the seventh annual *Winter Wonderland Ball* at the New York Botanical Garden. Among the co-chairs and committee members donning their gowns are Whitney Fairchild, Anne Grauer, Sloan Barnett, Nathalie Kaplan, Alexis Bryan, Lauren Davis, Tinsley Mortimer, Karolina Kurkova, and Ivanka Trump.

December 8-20, Oahu, Hawaii

An *Abercrombie & Fitch fancy pluck* at the Banzai Pipeline when hundreds of hunky surfers converge for speculating and partying at the *Rip Curl Pro Pipeline Masters* event, which wraps up the *Vans Triple Crown of Surfing*, one of the world’s premier surfing championships.
December 1-31, Paris
Le Rallié is the series of über-snobby dances held for young French aristocrats in their parents' private homes—a decided attempt to keep the blue blood alive. After spending two years attending starchy dance classes, the 16-to-20-year-old set is rewarded with weekend gala parties numbering upwards of 300 guests throughout the school year. The dances rev up during the December holiday season, and Marie Antoinette would feel right at home at these let-it-all-come-cake spectacles where young couture customers are born.

December 28-January 4, Charleston, S.C.
Renaissance Weekend is the annual think-tanky retreat dreamed up 25 years ago by former U.K. ambassador Philip Lader and his wife, Linda, to compete with Davos and the Bohemian Grove. This year’s advisory board includes Bill Clinton and Gerald Ford. World Peace is on the menu, as are family meals and games.

December 31, St. Barth’s
Ronald Perelman has usurped Diddy’s coveted role as the annual New Year’s Eve host to beat in the little harbor of big yachts lining the coast of winter-holiday mecca St. Barth’s. Last year, Perelman’s Ultima III was the site of his ondaid Ellen Barkin’s combination birthday party for the host and high-octane New Year’s bash, which included Francis Ford Coppola, Jerry Bruckheimer, and George Lucas—three men who know something about splashy showmanship.
G

good people, be assured that this column is 100 percent crony-free. Not one author who has ever lent me money, or who is a dear old friend of my mother’s, in the lot, which isn’t to say I’m not keen to cultivate one or two of these fine folks . . .

Speaking of cultivation, David Castronova and Janet Groth’s Critic in Love (Shoemaker & Hoard) is a romantic biography of Edmund Wilson, detailing his shagfests with luscious luminaries Edna St. Vincent Millay, Mary McCarthy, and others, as well as satisfying nights on the town with drinking buddies Dorothy Parker and Dawn Powell. Big kiss.

“Don’t fear failure, and don’t overestimate success . . .” Ernest Hemingway advises A. E. Hotchner, who has compiled their correspondence in Dear Papa, Dear Hottch (University of Missouri). Unlike rap impresario Nick Cohn’s Triksta (Knopf) gives props to the enigmatic world of New Orleans hip-hop. After slipping on his essay-writing hat, David Foster Wallace sits down to truly and deeply Consider the Lobster (Little, Brown), along with Kafka’s twisted sense of humor, the many moods of John Updike, and more. John Lewis Gaddis etches a new history of The Cold War (Penguin).

Lewis Lapham muses on his not so transcendent time With the Beatties (Melville House) and the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. V.F. photographer Bruce Weber reveals how he learned to stop worrying and love fashion in Blood Sweat and Tears (tEues). Jo Laurie and Suzanne Baizerman capture the California Design (Chronicle) dream. John Conemaker animates the life of Winsor McCay (Abrams), creator of “Little Nemo in Slumberland,” and the father of the comic strip. Photographer Eric Boman’s Blahnik by Boman (Chronicle) reveals art snaps of unapologetically extravagant heels in the wild. Sure, they’re a tax deduction, and they make us laugh (though they also make us cry!), but in what other ways can our little nurslings earn their keep? Free no more, the first of Lisa Brown’s remarkable baby books, Baby, Mix Me a Drink (McSweeney’s), instructs toddlers in the fine art of bartending; the second, Baby, Make Me Breakfast (McSweeney’s), cheerfully assists tots in putting together the perfect hangover repast. Hey, wait, that’s what cronies are for!

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COURTING COWBOYS
Heath Ledger and Jake Gyllenhaal in Focus Features’ Brokeback Mountain.

On the Range
THE SECRET OF A COWBOY LOVE AFFAIR

A gay cowboy movie—who'da thunk it? Both unique and universal, Ang Lee's Brokeback Mountain is an epic American love story. Set in the big-sky country of Wyoming and Texas, it is the tale of two down-on-their-luck cowboys, an orphan and an outsider, who meet in 1963, share a summer job herding sheep and coming up against nature, and fall inexplicably and irrevocably in love.

Based on Annie Proulx's short story, adapted by Larry McMurtry and Diana Ossana, it is written large and small; there is the physical majesty of the American landscape, the tension of the Old West pressing against a new world, and, as in every love story, tragedy.

In breakout performances, Jake Gyllenhaal plays a devilish, deeply sexy Jack Twist, and Heath Ledger is heartrending as the laconic, self-punishing Ennis Del Mar. Taking on feelings as dangerous as the world we're living in, Brokeback Mountain never runs from its characters or subject matter; instead, it slowly unfolds. Rugged and intimate, it's an instant classic. (Rating: ****½) —A.M. HOMES

Nude Revue
BARING IT ALL FOR THE THEATER

Newly widowed and living large in 1930s London, Laura Henderson, the dotty real-life dowager played with sparkly gumption by Judi Dench in Stephen Frears's Mrs. Henderson Presents, eschews needlepoint for a more involving hobby: despite a notable lack of theatrical experience, she buys a shuttered West End music hall and hires a crusty pro, Vivian Van Damn (Bob Hoskins), as her general manager. Many of the film's most amusing moments involve the duo's acerbic squabbles over how the place should be run. Mrs. Henderson herself gets the credit, however, for the showbiz innovation that would earn the theater a nostalgic footnote in London's wartime history: "Why don't we get rid of the clothes?" she suggests, winning government approval by having the showgirls pose in classically inspired tableaux vivants. The latest entry in a peculiar British mini-genre concerning otherwise mild-mannered royal subjects with a sudden, irresistible urge to get their freak on, the film takes a sober turn with the arrival of Luftwaffe bombers in the skies of London, at which point Mrs. Henderson casts her topless revue as a matter of patriotism. And rightly so—where would Benny Hill have been without her? (Rating: ****) —AARON GELL

HOLIDAY HOT REELS

RENT (WALT DISNEY)

SYRIANA (WARNER BROS)
A political thriller about U.S. intelligence efforts in the Middle East. Starring: George Clooney, Matt Damon, Amanda Peet.

MEMOIRS OF A GEISHA (SONY)
This adaptation of the best-seller delivers mystery, and an epic romance. Starring: Ken Watanabe, Ziyi Zhang, Michelle Yeoh.

THE PRODUCERS (UNIVERSAL)
The Broadway sensation becomes a movie-musical event. Starring: Nathan Lane, Matthew Broderick, Uma Thurman, Will Ferrell.

MUNICH (UNIVERSAL)
Dear Ketel One Drinker
It’s the thought that counts.
Thank you for thinking of us.
n the best of all possible worlds the adventurer would set out with a light heart because, as Martha Gellhorn said, “Now it’s happening, we’re starting, we’re travelling again.” Since 9/11 the travel process has been necessarily heavy-handed, oppressing the lighthearted enterprise of seeking new experience with the onerous duty of removing one’s shoes at airports ruled by the tin-pot Hitlers of security. So, as I sat in the Hotel Caruso, in Ravello, Italy—the year’s best new hotel, high above the cerulean Amalfi Coast—drinking the world’s best Bellini, made by the world’s best bartender, Carlo Carlini, the best news was that the Americans are traveling again. Gore Vidal was in his Ravello villa; the voices of New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles resonated in Positano.

Suddenly, last summer, travel seemed full of possibilities. Travel is fantasy; it disproves Paul Theroux’s dictum that “travel is only glamorous in retrospect.” Once, there was the grand tour and a Henry Jamesian view of louche aristocrats. There were the grande-dame hotels and precious little else. Now we expect our pillows to be filled with the down from archangels’ wings wherever we lay our heads.

And so it has come to pass. Fantasy Island? The best new kid on the coral reef block is indubitably One & Only Reethi Rah, in the Maldives, not just for the 12 perfectly curved man-made beaches but also for the deliciously healthy food, the crisply professional spa, and the whiz-bang high-tech gym. You could travel there with just the world’s best capsule wardrobe, from Bamford in London, comprising silk-cotton sweats and T-shirts, pashmina shawl, cashmere socks, the perfect coat, and a tiny linen-covered hot-water bottle for the flight from Lady Bamford’s new range. Her clothes are so pure they’re practically organic.

As we travel to change ourselves, so we embrace adventure. Beautiful extraordinary Bhutan is open to visitors for the world’s most alcançable king. Diddy has already been to the mountain kingdom, and television has only just been permitted, but Christina Onassis has opened a new hotel there, Uma Paro, and the first Amanresort, Amankora, has arrived. Get ahead of the crowd.

Africa is the eternal adventure, but you must know what you are doing, or know the woman who does. Phoebe Weinberg at Greatways Travel, in Michigan (greatwaystravel.com), is the African Queen. Knows it all, been there, done it, ridden the elephant, and is on first-name terms with the owner of the safari lodge, the guide, and his tracker, all of whom worship at her shrine. Hugely sophisticated, she’s inspired by passion.

And it’s passion that drives Susan Huxter, owner of the world’s best restaurant with rooms attached, Le Quartier Français, in Franschhoek, of the Winelands area outside of Cape Town, South Africa. The simple, stylish rooms are in gardens around the pool, and she’s just added a private cinema for guests where they can sit on pink ostrich-skin seats and drink wine while watching movies.

The actual process of travel is such a dire modern problem that private jets are soaring, fractional ownership in Warren Buffett’s NetJets is one of the best deals, starting with just a 25-hour commitment. And at last a yacht that doesn’t look like a floating apartment block. The YachtPlus “Signature Series,” designed by architect Lord Foster, makes for all-encompassing seclusion. Privacy is the best travel mantra now; we even want our own swimming pool with our bedroom so no one can see our famous faces or our fat bits. Think of the fabulous rock villas at the Evasion Hideaway at Ana Mandara, the best new retreat in Vietnam. We’re traveling again, but the stakes are infinitely higher. —VICTORIA MATHER

A Citation X from NetJets; YachtPlus “Signature Series,” designed by Lord Foster.
BURBERRY
BRIT

THE FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

BURBERRY, NEIMAN MARCUS, NORDSTROM, SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
The ABC's of Jazz
WYNTON MARSALIS IMMORTALIZES THE GREATS

"I love Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer," the late Bobby Short once remarked, "and when they collaborated on the score of St. Louis Woman it was almost too much of a good thing." What is certainly a very, very good thing is an elegant new illustrated history of jazz by Wynton Marsalis and Paul Rogers, published by Candlewick Press. Jazz ABZ tells the story of the evolution of this most American music by splicing each of the 26 letters of the alphabet to a jazz god or goddess, from Louis Armstrong to Dizzy Gillespie. Drenched in robust color and splendidly designed by Jill von Hartmann, Jazz ABZ never ceases to swing. Rogers, who did the gorgeous and lyrical illustrations, is an artist of talent and invention, and the book luxuriates in his taste and skill. The greatest surprise in Jazz ABZ is Marsalis's smashing poetic verses, which carry the book and describe the immortals so gracefully. Finally, Phil Schaap, the eminent jazz historian, contributes fine biographies for all the jazz greats in this grand and wonderful book—a fitting coda for the singular Jazz ABZ.

—RICHARD MERKIN

ALL-ACCESS PASS
Ever wonder what goes on behind the scenes of Hollywood's most glamorous awards ceremony? And exactly how the annual Oscar production, which is televised to hundreds of millions of viewers worldwide, comes together? Next month, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences will host the "All Access at the Academy Awards: Photographs by Art Streiber" exhibition. For the past five years, Streiber's unfettered and unprecedented backstage pass has enabled him to capture images of celebrities, award winners, and production detail. Streiber's stolen moments are as close to the real thing as most of us will ever get.

Pixar's Pieces
CELEBRATING 20 YEARS OF ANIMATION

Little did we know, back in 1995—when the sunlight-deprived nerd posse known as Pixar, Inc., released its first feature film, Toy Story—that Buzz Lightyear's rallying cry, "To infinity and beyond!" would also turn out to be something of a corporate maxim. But since then Steve Jobs's little side project—a creative playpen near San Francisco—has re-invented the animation business, turning out six straight worldwide blockbusters, with a seventh feature, Cars (which promises to do for NASCAR what The Incredibles did for Friedrich Nietzsche), revving up for a summer start. As negotiations with distribution partner Disney drag on, the studio's pixel pushers are getting a high-culture seal of approval with a retrospective at New York's Museum of Modern Art, opening December 14. In addition to a full slate of screenings, there will be a massive exhibition of never-before-seen artwork, from Simon Yarel's noir-ish Finding Nemo concept pieces to Ralph Eggleston's Toy Story colorsprint. "I'm not going to compare the work to Matisse and Picasso, but these people are major artists," says MoMA's co-curator Ron Magliozzi. "Pixar represents itself as this hip, cool Silicon Valley company," he adds, "but they're doing a lot more than riding around on scooters."

—AARON GELL
Cinematic Waves

A TOTALLY TUBULAR SURF ART BOOK RIDES HIGH

For surfers of a certain age, just the title of Matt Warshaw’s book of surf-movie poster art, Surf Movie Tonite!, brings memories of possibility: a packed high-school auditorium, the waft of patchouli and dope, a bottle of peppermint schnapps, a VW van. In the dawning era of the surf film, you could shell out less than two bucks and join throngs of your salty compadres—guys you wouldn’t think twice about dropping in on at your favorite break. The high of a good film had that kind of power, and this collection of memorabilia, along with Warshaw’s smart overview of surf-flick history, captures that acid-flash stoke of the day. It’s all here: airbrushed bikini babes, gruesome wipeouts, cartoons of layabout surf gremlins. As Warshaw recalls, “Thirty years ago going to a big-deal surf movie was a little bit like going to Woodstock.” Flipping through this book is an awesome way to legally trip back to the time when surf was all that mattered and a dude with a tripod might create a classic. —L�UISE RAFFKIN

Apocalyptic Beat

MUSIC THAT MADE US THINK

The War on Terror is no fun. It has brought us nothing but fear and repression. The Cold War was different. It brought fear of another kind: flambayant paranoia. Armageddon seemed inevitable, but there was also a party going on, fueled by a new and exhilarating sense of freedom. Atomic Platters: Cold War Music from the Golden Age of Homeland Security brings together an array of CDs more than a hundred recordings from 1945 through 1969. Encountered here—amid a slew of pop, blues, country, rhythm and blues, gospel, rock ‘n’ roll, and incredible junk—are Homer Harris’s “Atomic Bomb Blues,” with Muddy Waters on guitar (1946), Doris Day’s “Tic, Tic, Tic” (1949), and Bo Diddley’s “Mr. Krushchev” (1962). The unexpected pleasures are many. “You make me radioactive all in my knees,” sings Fay Simmons seductively in “You Hit Me Baby Like an Atomic Bomb” (1954). More than two dozen civil defense spots (by Tony Bennett, Pat Boone, Boris Karloff, Groucho Marx, and others) are scattered throughout. This is history as it should be: a dance of laughter in the dark, the eternal lesson that fear and repression will not deliver us. Nor will advice from Connie Francis to keep an emergency supply of food and water in case of nuclear attack. —NICK TOSCHES
**BEAT THE CROWDS**
Liberty Helicopters flies from three New York City heliports to East Hampton Airport. Buy a summer weekend package starting at $5,400 ($2,700 each way).

**BOOK OF LIFE**
Daniela Scaramuzza's "documentary life photography" chronicles personal moments in hand-bound leather albums. Projects can span several years. Prices start at $16,000.

**SWEET TOOTH**
Groeter's, one of the best homemade-ice cream companies in the country, ships flavors such as mint chocolate chip, black-raspberry chip, and butter pecan to anywhere in the contiguous U.S. Pints are packed in dry ice and overnighted. Six pints, $70.

**SUPPORT THE ARTS**
MoMA's Junior Associates program invites younger art patrons to select openings, behind-the-scenes curatorial walks, and private viewings at artists' studios for an annual fee of $425.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160
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iPod docking station, CD player, and FM stereo, $599.

IPOD NANO
$199.

SHUGA BUDS
Bling-bling Swarovski crystal earphones, $42.50.

THE WICKET MAN
Croquet set with hand-painted cast-iron wickets, $9,900.

IPOD NANO $199.

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GREAT GIFTS

ROGER VIVIER
Patent-leather clutch, $625.

JEAN YU
Vintage hosiery, $48.

PEDRO GARCIA
Jeweled peep-toe pumps, $356.

JEAN YU Rosebud-print silk bralette, $348; top shorts, $368.

PHOTO-ME
The classic photo booth, $20,000.

VERA WANG
7 Days I Love You stacked gold rings, $1,500.

DEMNER
Gold opera gloves, $3,900.

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DECEMBER 2005
HORSEBIT COLLECTION

Rings and Pendants in 18KT gold and diamonds
Power Grid

TODD EBERLE GIVES MODERN ARCHITECTURE ITS CLOSE-UP

Tod Eberle acknowledges that what he loves about modernist architecture, the chilly, “machine-like precision modernism threatened to bring,” is exactly what puts some people off. But the luminous images in his first solo museum show, “Todd Eberle: Architectural Abstractions”—on view at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art this month—will persuade them to take another look. In 13 photographs, Eberle, a V.F. photographer-at-large, follows the motif of the grid, common to virtually all modern architecture, in blown-up details of famous buildings, from Frank Lloyd Wright’s Unity Temple, in Oak Park, Illinois, to Yoshio Taniguchi’s Museum of Modern Art, in New York. There are no exteriors here. All of the prints depict normally unnoticed areas of these buildings: part of the ceiling between two elevator banks in New York’s Lever House, a window grille in Wright’s Johnson Wax Building, in Racine, Wisconsin. What’s more, he says, “the buildings have the illusion of perfection, but some of the lines tremble and others are slightly off. Nothing is exactly lined up. I let these imperfections stand because they reveal the human aspect.” Enlarged, the photographs look like paintings by Agnes Martin or Piet Mondrian. Leave it to Eberle to part the glass curtain of modern architecture and find the art there.

—DANIEL KUNITZ

House of Cubes

ECO-FRIENDLY CONTAINER LIVING TAKES SHAPE

The latest craze in architecture is coming soon to a city block near you. Stacked like Legos, the industrial-strength steel cargo shipping crates—which can easily be transported across the globe—are transformed into modern-looking prefab dwellings: from holiday cottages in Australia and student dorms in Amsterdam to private homes in Los Angeles. After Seattle-based architects Joel Egan and Robert Humble created the art-and-design firm HyBrid in 2003, Egan coined the evolving concept “cargotec- ture.” “There is a movement toward sus- tainable architecture,” Humble says, “and perhaps cargotecture is a convergence of pre-fabricated and modular designs.”

Avant-garde Japanese architect Shigeru Ban’s Nomadic Museum, the permanent home of artist Gregory Colbert’s traveling “Ashes and Snow” exhibition, uses cargo containers for walls, allowing the gallery to be easily constructed at almost any port in the world. Because of this flexibility, cargotecature may be the first step toward nomadic architecture. “We are proposing a health clinic in Sri Lanka,” Humble says, “It could stay in a location for a matter of months and move again.”

—JESSICA FLINT

A JAMAICAN FIRST

First, puckishly billing itself “the only magazine in Jamaica,” is a small-format glossy that has won a hefty cult following among the funkier echelons of the international jet set. Founded last year by 35-year-old photog- rapher and editor Peter Dean Rickards and his business partners, First set out to give Jamaicans a uniquely authentic portrayal of their own culture. Although the magazine, which is sold only in Kingston, wasn’t designed for tourists, it is informally distributed globally by vacationers returning to chillier climates. “Predictably, the tourists seem to love it,” says Rickards. With its unlikely juxtaposition of ghetto reportage, shamelessly glam fashion shoots, and whimsical photo essays, First is an inspired addity that flouts conven- tional magazine wisdom while keeping production values high. “For some reason people don’t seem to think it could have been made in Jamaica—Jamaicans included,” Rickards reports. “I suppose it doesn’t look Third World enough.” Although Rickards is wary of cultural imperialism, his prickly attitude does not appear to be hindering his professional progress: next year Macmillan will publish his first book of photographs, tentatively titled The Afflicted Yard: Photographs of Jamaica That White People Didn’t Take. —STEVEN DAILY
Later on

we’ll conspire

as we toast by the fire.

The conversation is waiting.
HEAVENLY SCENTS
Salon des Parfums delicately packages single-note and more complex essences. $425 to $750.

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Salon des Parfums delicately packages single-note and more complex essences. $425 to $750.

GIFTED AND BEAUTIFUL
THE SEASON'S PRETTIEST PRESENTS

SPARKLING ACCESSORY
DiorPlay contains a pot of ultra-gloss lip color. $50.

SENSUAL COMPOSITION
Frédéric Malle's Compliment Flower perfume is made with bergamot, ylang-ylang, and tuberose absolute. $155 to $220.

GOLDEN CURL
Shu Uemura limited-edition eyelash curlers in hypoallergenic 24k gold and black nickel. $22.

TRAVEL WITH MARC
Marc Jacobs's deluxe miniature set of fragrances, $48, and holiday votives, $40.

EYE-CATCHING
YSL's Secret Luxury multi-use palette is jewelry, makeup—eye sparkle, lipstic, and glass—and a lucky charm. $150.

TUMBLING OF BUMBLE
Bumble and Bumble's holiday-box collection offers travel-size hair products. $20 to $34.

GEISHA GIRL
Fresh's Memoirs of a Geisha collection includes the sake bath, eau de parfum, and an iridescent flower-petal mask. $2 to $48.

PROVENCE DREAM
L'occitane's Charitable Pledge

T he luscious beauty, skin-care, and fragrance lines of L'Occitane en Provence have tickled the senses and soothed the souls of devotees for almost 30 years. But the company's quest for la belle vie is equaled by an exceptional ar-dor for philanthropic work. Olivier Baussan, L'Occitane's founder and creative director, who also runs the European olive-oil emporium O & Co., has spearheaded several initiatives to assist and benefit the blind. More than a decade ago, L'Occi-tane began adding Braille to almost all its products, and, in 1996, Baussan oversaw the opening of Provence dans Tous les Sens, a summer perfume school for blind teenagers in the Alpes-de-Haute Provence region. "I wanted the brand to be open to everybody, to be a tolerant brand ... the goal is to help these children discover something different and escape their everyday lives," he explains.

"The most important thing is not to be blind to other people." This month L'Occitane launches a special-edition gingerbread candle beautifully packaged with seven felt coasters inscribed in Braille with the word "Light." Twenty percent of each sale will directly benefit the American Foundation for the Blind. "It's the season for giving, and this gift gives just a little more.

FROM THE HEART
Olivier Baussan, photographed outside the SoHo store on April 19, 2005.

—EMILY POENISCH

DECEMBER 2005
A DIAMOND IS FOREVER. FOREVER TIMELESS. FOREVER UNIQUE. FOREVER A FORCE OF NATURE. FOREVER ALL THE THINGS THAT MAKE A WOMAN. WOMEN OF THE WORLD, RAISE YOUR RIGHT HAND.
SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22-DEC 21

Relationships are complicated even under ideal conditions, but they get more dicey when people who are normally cool and laid-back start getting possessive. That's just what can happen when the asteroid Ceres in your sign opposes Juno in your solar 7th house. Uncertainty about the future can make even highly conscious people act all clingy and insecure. Be real, though. If you're living on an emotional fault line, is your home life likely to be peaceful? Knowing you, you'll deny everything.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22-JAN 19

While you may still be dealing with the last few degrees of Chiron's transit of your sign, take comfort in your extensive support network of glass-half-full people, who will help drag you out of your darkened cave. Your ruling planet's retrograde motion in your solar 8th house can make you feel less than alive. That is precisely why you need to listen to those who have lived through it and can laugh about it now, even if you can't yet.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20-FEB 18

Provided you have developed a sensitivity to other people and have learned to negotiate relationships, both business and personal, you should be squealing with delight over the professional opportunities that lie before you and the financial windfalls that are set to drop in your lap. There's a hitch, though. Try as you might to deny it, Chiron's approach toward your sign is giving you the hiccups and causing you to wobble from elation to despair. Whatever you do, do not try to control anybody now—other than yourself.

PISCES FEB. 19-MARCH 20

When you're distracted by 9,000 other things, work can be a total drag, and it doesn't help much to be told that doing your job can anchor you during emotionally turbulent times. Still, it's true. Even the crummiest menial tasks will sharpen your focus now. As the ruler of your solar 12th house begins moving forward in Pisces, you've got more adrenaline flowing than a big-league slugger on steroids. While it is impossible to determine the source of this hormonal rush, one thing is certain: you're out of your cotton-pickin' mind.

ARIES MARCH 21-APRIL 19

Only an Aries can go bitching and moaning through the jungle of life and make it across without a scratch. And what a jungle it is: Those close and dear to you should cut you slack if you're erratic, forgetful, and generally wacky. You've had just about all you can take of Chiron in your midheaven. Between your desire to run away to an island where the idiots at work can't find you and a touch of performance anxiety, the strain has been great. Until the planetary pattern improves, remember this: regular sex can be a fabulous outlet.

TAURUS APRIL 20-MAY 20

The house seems different now, doesn't it? When a planet stops moving at the bottom of your solar chart, you can't help thinking about the past anytime you're at home. The holiday you spent there, the people who sat around the table even your parents come to mind. Before you get too weepy, though, open up to the people who are in your life today. They can bring you back into the present where you need to be. Take note: there's someone nearby who can dry your tears and coax you into bed.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21

You're usually such a casual person. Although you've been involved with control freaks, you need your freedom and you're able to grant it to others. In fact, you always have your side relationships (not necessarily sexual) that help relieve the stress of being with just one person. The asteroid Juno is making you unusually possessive, however, and it's unclear if there is real competition or you're just in an insecure period. Two things are apparent: work is certainly cooking, but your communication skills are way off. Why are you scared to talk?

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22

Love life is good. Your heart is open. Kids are well, and you have a healthy outlet for your creativity and your need to express affection, sexually and otherwise. That's due to Jupiter in your solar 5th house, which helps relieve the pressure of dealing with a lingering former relationship and the financial burdens imposed by it. Uranus direct in your 9th house, meanwhile, lets you travel to new places or explore high levels of consciousness, even without drugs.

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FANFAIR
Let Them Eat Pork Rinds

Barbara Bush’s comment that the New Orleans evacuation was “working very well” for the “underprivileged” got the author thinking about famous tumbril remarks, America ruling family, and another (French!) dynasty that pushed it a bit too far.

These lines are taken from Bertolt Brecht’s magnificent poem “A Worker Reads History.” These days, people associate Brecht with old Red cartoons in which men in shiny top hats spit on the poor while wielding truncheon-size cigars and flourishing gold watch chains across their distended bow-window waistcoats. And surely that epoch of ruling-class arrogance is in our past? Of course it is, but that doesn’t mean that certain instincts and attitudes just evaporate. Here was the American president’s mother, speaking grandly from Texas as the descendants...
The most enjoyable reason to arrive fashionably late.

The Audi A8 with a 335 hp V8 or 450 hp W12. With MMI™ quattro® all-wheel drive and a lightweight all-aluminum Audi Space Frame. Once again named "America's Best Luxury Car" by the readers of AutoWeek, the A8, A8 L and A8 L W12 allow you to make an entrance no matter when you choose to arrive. It's greater to lead than follow.
of waves took refuge in the Avondome after the seas had raised it upon their city.

What I’ve been saying, Mr. Wilberforce, is sort of scathing. Is it all well being in Texas. Everyone is so overridden by the hospitality, and so many of the people in the arena here, you know were gentry-ized anyway. so this, is working very well for them.

The White House was later to qualify these gorgeously phrased insults as “personal observation,” which indeed they were. The unmeditated personal observation, that is, of a very much overprivileged person. They made a good “fit” with the performance of her son on his visit to the submerged region. Meeting two sisters who had only the clothes on their backs, the president of the United States directed them to a Salvation Army shelter down the road. The shelter itself, as an embarrassed aide was quick to whisper, had been swept away. But the point was the same and contains the tone of the workhouse master down the ages: “You appear to be distinct-ly poor and fucked up. Do you not have a church basement to go to?” Even at such critical moments, the “faith-based initiative” takes priority. The poor we have always with us. And the rich we have always with us, too. Various benign arrangements will take care of the latter, while the former are better off on their knees and should pray as hard as they can. Perhaps a tract on “intelligent design” to go with that bowl of nourishing gruel?

The subconscious mentality of the uncontrollably well-off was deftly caught by the novelist Joyce Cary (a chap, despite his name), who evolved the phrase “tumbril remark” to catch the essence of polite upper-class incredulity at the sheer inconvenience of having to put up with other people. My preferred example of the remark was once given by the late British Tory politician Julian Amery, who described an acquaintance of his (was it Lady Diana Cooper?—there’s an element of the apocalyptic to some of these tales) as she waited under an umbrella outside the Dorchester hotel in the 1930s and tapped her foot with impatience as the Rolls was brought round to the front. Seizing his chance, a ragged man approached her without the courtesy of an introduction and announced that he had not eaten anything for three days. The outraged Lady Diana drew herself up. “Foolish man that you are,” she instructed him. “You must try. If need be, you must force yourself.”

Wilde’s Lady Bracknell could hardly have bettered this. (“Fortunately in England, at any rate, education produces no effect whatsoever,” she says. “If it did, it would prove a serious danger to the upper classes, and probably lead to acts of violence in Grosvenor Square.”) Yet it’s easy to curl non-apocryphal tumbrilisms. Let me introduce George Orwell, who was writ-

ing a wartime diary in 1940 as London braced for the Blitz. He noted:

From a letter from Lady Oxford to the Daily Telegraph, on the subject of war economies:

“Since most London houses are desert-ed there is little entertaining. … In any case, most people have to part with their cooks and live in hotels.”

Commenting on these perfectly wonder-
ful uses of “most,” Orwell noted. “Appar-
ently nothing will ever teach these people that the other 99% of the population ex-
tists.” Lady Oxford, by the way, was the title of the great socialist and memoirist Margot Asquith. And the decade then just closing—the 1930s—was the scene of some splen-
did tumbril stuff. The diaries of Sir Henry “Chips” Channon provide an especially rich seam, as he describes toddling off to Savile Row to spend a king’s ransom on socks and scarves, before lunching at the German Embassy with the divine Herr and Frau Ribbentrop—the dessert consisting on one occasion of lobster ice cream. What a nuisance, though, to have to step over dirty and unwholesome people as one makes one’s rounds.

“I see no point at all in being poor,” the late Queen Mother is supposed to have said while being driven through some slum. “Mind you, that was a lot of money in those days,” an English duke once told an interviewer known to me, while recalling the loss of some £150 million by one of his ancestors in the goldfields of South Africa. These are the real thing: the failure of the upper crust and the cream of society to have the remotest glimmer of an idea of what life is like for others. (The “cream” was described by Samuel Beckett as “thick and rich,” while nobody seems to know who defined the “up-
ner crust” as “a lot of crumbs held together by dough”.) Som-
times you can make an educa-
ted guess that the speaker is joking at his own expense. “I would not have The Times,” remarked the late Duke of Devonshire in speaking of the decline of that newspaper, “in any of my houses.” While mak-
ing a documentary in Liverpool about how the other half lived, Auberon Waugh addressed a group of prose and breezily told them that his own manor in Somerset “probably costs more to heat than most of you people earn.” Mark Boxer, that effortlessly superior and dandy-
ish cartoonist, once drew a scene of two people in a restaur-
ant during a coal miners’ strike:

“Do you mind the carafe wine?” says the host, looking up over a hugely ornate and tasseled menu. “I’m faintly unhappy when the bill gets too close to the miners’ take-
home pay.” Mr. Humphry Berkeley, an Englishman whose ancestors came over with the Norman conquerors, led the Con-
servative Party partly in protest at its Africa policy and eventually ran for Parliament as a Labour candidate. Asked what was dif-
ferent about the experience, he replied with apparently perfect gravity that “I’ve been meeting the working class and I simply must say that it’s absolutely the nicest class I’ve so far met.”

But then there are old jokes—most of them also English for a reason that barely needs explaining—that are based more on Schadenfreude. Example: Two extremely rich men are sitting in companionable sil-
ence in their overstuffed armchairs in the upstairs window of the Carlton Club, in London. The silence is broken when the first man calls attention to the situation out-
side and says, “It’s raining.” “Good,” replies the second man without looking up from his newspaper. “It’ll wet the people.”

Auberon Waugh’s father, Evelyn, was a
CHAMBORD & CHAMPAGNE

Add a splash of Chambord to your favorite Champagne
Add a splash of Chambord to your favorite Champagne
tremendous snob in many ways, but was generally rather careful to avoid such direct class combat. Indeed, in his masterpiece *Scoop* he gives a tumbril character to a radical type—Mr. Pappenhacker of the *Daily Twopence*, who is rude to waiters at a restaurant that must be the Savoy Grill. "He seems to be in a very bad temper," the shy William Boot observes of Pappenhacker to his host, Mr. Salter:

"Not really. He's always like that to waiters. You see he's a communist. Most of the staff at the *Twopence* are—they're University men, you see. Pappenhacker says that every time you are polite to a proletarian you are helping bolster up the capitalist system. He's very clever of course, but he gets rather unpopular."

In Kingsley Amis's *Girl, 20*, the radical chic Sir Roy Vandervene tries for the same effect by plastering reactionary bumper stickers all over his limousine and driving as arrogant—ly as he can, honking the horn like Mr. Toad and seeking to create resentment among lesser drivers and humble pedestrians. That didn't work. A tumbril remark doesn't work if it's conscious or deliberate. (Indeed, one definition of a gentleman is that of someone who is never rude by accident.) But what does work is an unmistakable, revealing, unfakable reminder of how superiors really view inferiors. The wife of a British diplomat in Saigon in the 1960s, a certain Lady So-and-So, once considered the surrounding carnage and observed soothingly that it wasn't as bad as it might look, since one had to bear in mind that "Orientals" had a different attitude to death. My friend the poet and journalist James Fenton noted as calmly as he dared that from this you could tell one thing for certain—namely that Lady So and So had a different attitude toward the death of Asians.

F or some reason, the Bush family excels at this kind of thing. I remember George senior, having come in third (after Pat Robertson, of all people) in a 1987 Iowa straw poll, being asked why his own supporters apparently hadn't bothered to turn out. Oh well, he replied, there was more to life than politics, and his sort of people "were at their daughters' coming-out parties, or teeing up at the golf course for that all-important last round." To be absolutely honest with you, I do not know to this day exactly what a "coming-out party" is, but it has a nice debutante, Marie Antoinette ring to it when uttered amid the corn-infested fields and pig-strewn farms of Iowa. (A bit like the distribution of free
gateau to the masses, which somehow failed to occur in the inundated states of the Gulf of Mexico in September.) At a later stage, offended by the very idea that he lacked the common touch, George H. W. Bush put himself to the fatiguing effort of de-claiming in public his love for pork rinds and country music, and of guising himself in pleb-like clothing as if to the manner born. This is worse, in a way, because "slumming" on the part of the elite is a carefully graded insult—to the intelligence, among other things. (I knew that John Kerry was through when a friend of mine looked up from *The New York Times* and said, "Oh dear. He's gone goose hunting again.") Oddly enough, and for all the Versailles teasing that she herself had to endure, Nancy Reagan had more "class" when she turned "tumbril" in our language and in our minds because of the imperishable passage in *A Tale of Two Cities* where the carts full of those same, now fallen, haggard courtiers come grinding their way to the Place de la Révolution, and where Madame Defarge sits knitting with her fellow *tricoteuses*, coldly and contentedly marking each crashing slice of the blade. But, for me, the most chilling mention is the very first one, where Dickens recalls a particularly hideous torture-execution ordered by France's "Christian pastors" in defense of the old king's regime:

It is likely enough that in the rough out-houses of some tillers of the heavy lands adjacent to Paris, there were sheltered from the weather that very day, rude carts, bespattered with rustic mire, snuffed about by pigs, and roosted in by poultry, which the Farmer, Death, had already set apart to be his tumbrils of the Revolution.

You can feel it coming . . . "like the stillness in the wind / 'Fore the hurricane begins." The reference to "mire," incidentally, isn't Dickens's only euphemism. A tumbril really means a cart for the carrying away of excrement. Don't tempt me . . .

Other expressions are in our language, also. We still use the adjectives "noble" as positive and "base" as negative: terms that derive their original meaning from the Anglo-French feudal order, where every person knew their divinely ordained position. We employ the word "chivalrous" to mean honorable and gallant, when all it denotes is a noble who owns a horse, or horses, and can thus ride over the unmounted—rather as if a specialist in Arabian equines was to be appointed the head of FEMA, and raise his eyebrows politely at the distasteful news that lesser breeds were sweltering in a dome. Another expression less "commonly" used—and there I go again with another instance of the same linguistic bias—is "below the salt." This refers to the long table in the baron's hall, when seating was by social gradation all the way to the bottom, where sat the greatest scorns and sultions. The precious condiment could not be passed below a certain place about halfway down. How we smile now to think of such primitive social and class prejudices. And then there came a day in New Orleans, a town named for a scion of French feudalism, when the saltwater rose up and didn't just wet the people but drowned them, and nobody was above that salt except those who could fly over it and look down *de haut en bas*, while a lot of lowly people were suddenly well below it. What ever is that distant rumble that I dimly hear?
KILL PBS? OVER MY DEAD VOLVO!

Nixon started the war against PBS, and conservatives have nursed a pathological hatred of Bill Moyers et al. ever since. Now Karl Rove’s cronies are using one of the network’s greatest strengths to destroy it from within.

Why are Republican zealots (a redundancy these days) so intent on squeezing the last puff of life out of PBS? It’s like smothering a frail invalid with a pillow—why bother? Anyone who watches PBS knows how creakily the taxpayer-assisted, corporate-sponsored, viewer-supported (“Viewers Like You”) network wheezes from call-in fund-raiser to fund-raiser. It can be a poignant sight when the Patti Page tribute doesn’t incite a stampede of callers and the phones sit there mute. (The poor volunteers don’t know what to do with their hands—there are only so many ways you can fiddle with a pencil.) Where public television once ventured into creative quadrants with original programming such as the documentary saga American Family (the soap-opera genesis of reality TV) and a racy adaptation of Armistead Maupin’s Tales of the City, it now coasts downhill on fumes of pop-culture nostalgia. Many of its fund-raisers are tied to musical specials devoted to doo-wop, disco fever, and Top 40 hit-paraders, the audiences composed mostly of middle-aged white people swaying and clapping to the beat like Richard Simmons’s chubbies sweatin’ to the oldies. One of the most popular fixtures on PBS is re-edited episodes (with updated material) of The Lawrence Welk Show; whose accordion solos, champagne bubbles, and polka dances cater to baby-boomers’ nostalgia for what their parents tapped their lounge slippers to on those many Saturday nights ago. Nothing is sadder than secondhand nostalgia.

Then there are the marathons of “Britcoms,” some of the viewer favorites so twee and lint-gathering (case in point: As Time Goes By) that watching them is like wearing a tea cozy on your head. Along with pop-music and sitcom antiquities, PBS relies heavily on hard-sell infomercials delivered by Suze Orman (personal-finance guru), Wayne Dyer (self-actualization guru), and Dr. Nicholas Perricone (skin-care guru) to suck in pledges. I saw a recent pledge drive featuring David Carradine, former star of Kung Fu, dressed in what looked like dragon-print pajamas, promoting his Tai Chi DVD with such profound mystic calm that he sounded surreal—bonkers. The blonde cupcake hosting the segment didn’t know what to make of him. This is not a path leading to a fruitful harvest for PBS, little Grasshopper.

If it weren’t for Big Bird and PBS’s other popular children’s characters, Republicans might have euthanized the network a decade ago. Given PBS’s parlous state, why not just let it wilt on the vine? It’s not as if it were harming anyone, and, despite its ossification, it’s still providing valuable programming (Nova, etc.). Well, there are po-
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tical reasons for exerting control, but I think there's also a pathological bluster at work, a sore spot that PBS foes can't leave alone and don't want to leave alone. Conservatives grow fond of their grudges, cradling them to their bosoms like vipers and passing them down to the younger generation, where Ann Coulter and Michelle Malkin model them as necklaces.

Republican resentment of PBS dates back to the Nixon era in its werewolf phase, which the Bush era reprises with a smarter attention to cosmetics and populist camouflage. Bill Moyers can attest to that. He was present at the creation of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, during the L.B.J. administration, retiring last December after a distinguished career at PBS, most recently as host of the news-affairs show Now. In May, Moyers, addressing the National Conference for Media Reform in St. Louis, escorted the audience down the mine-strewn memory lane. "In those days, public television had been really feisty and independent, and often targeted for attacks. A Woody Allen special that poked fun at Henry Kissinger in the Nixon administration had actually been canceled. The Nixon White House had been so outraged over a documentary called The Banks and the Poor that PBS was driven to adopt new guidelines. That didn't satisfy Nixon, and when public television hired two NBC reporters—Robert MacNeil and Sander Vanocur—to co-anchor some new broadcasts, it was, for altered Galbraith's series during the Carter presidency and not, as one might have thought, in the Nixon or Reagan era, when public funding for PBS, NPR, and the National Endowment for the Arts all came under ferocious Republican attack, is a small but telling indication of how the conservative tide rose and even accelerated during that Democratic period." Under Clinton, PBS was berated by Republicans for catering to friends of Dorothy and daughters of Bilitis. James Ledbetter writes in his book Made Possible by . . .: The Death of Public Broadcasting in the United States, "Latching onto In the Life, a gay-and-lesbian variety show that had yet to be aired, [Senator Robert] Dole announced that PBS 'apologists are hiding behind Big Bird, Mister Rogers, and Masterpiece Theatre, laying down their quality smokescreen while they shovel out funding for gay and lesbian shows.'"

Until now, the most threatening challenge to PBS came with the thundering penny loafer of the Gingrich Revolution. Heady with conquest following the capture of the House of Representatives in 1994, Newt Gingrich

OPEN SESAME Clockwise from top left: King Friday and Mister Rogers; U.N. secretary general Kofi Annan surrounded by Muppets; Count Von Count.

IF IT WEREN'T FOR BIG BIRD AND PBS'S OTHER CHILDREN'S CHARACTERS, REPUBLICANS MIGHT HAVE EUTHANIZED IT A DECADE AGO.

Nixon, the last straw. According to White House memos at the time, he was determined to 'get the left-wing commentators who are cutting us up off public television at once—indeed, yesterday if possible.'"

Then came Watergate, threats of impeachment, resignation, the V-fingered salute at the helicopter—and, with Nixon gone, a battered PBS was left standing in the ring. Yet even a Democrat in the White House couldn't protect PBS from conservative mau-mauing.

Richard Parker's recent biography of economist, historian, and former ambassador John Kenneth Galbraith tells the sorry tale of how public television caved to pressure when Galbraith's 1976 BBC documentary series, The Age of Uncertainty, an historical travelogue through the landmarks of economic ideas and follies, was imported for domestic showing. Galbraith's witty eminence as a liberal intellectual made laissez-faire economist and nemesis Milton Friedman—who won the Nobel Prize in Economics that year—stamp his Rumpelstiltskin foot in angry protest. Parker: "Before it could be aired in the United States, The Age of Uncertainty started drawing aggressive, bitter denunciation from American conservatives, who'd been alerted by news of Milton Friedman's dramatic flight across the Atlantic to denounce the show's patent heresies and inaccuracies"—squawks that Parker doesn't take seriously the attributes them to possible envy on Friedman's part but as a neurotically queasy PBS did. Without batting an eye, Galbraith or the producer of the series, KCET, the Los Angeles affiliate handling domestic distribution, put on some conservative voices (including Ronald Reagan) to provide counterweight broadcast and present the rapine of this note as fact that PBS deliberately

led the faux-populist Charge of the Right Brigade against PBS and NPR, attempting to "zero out" taxpayer funding of those feathered nests of elitism. Even though public television had provided a longtime home to William F. Buckley Jr.'s Firing Line—a weekly interview-debate that was quite lively and erudite until the creeping paralysis of boredom left its host looking cryogenically preserved—it was considered a subsidized liberal preserve. "There's nothing public about it," Gingrich grumped. "Rush Limbaugh is public broadcasting." Conservative critics considered Firing Line and similar shows (after the Galbraith ruckus, Milton Friedman got his own PBS documentary series, Free to Choose) little more than fig leaves for firebrand programming such as Frontline and Bill Moyers' Journal. PBS survived the siege after Gingrich tripped over his own ego, underestimating the appeal the network's programming held for moderate suburban Republican women, who also opposed Jack the Ripper slashes in arts funding. But "Never say defeat" is the motto of right-wing Terminators as they clank out of the assembly plant. If at first you don't slay, try, try again. Although a few laggards still lob the elitist complaint (such as John Stossel, the angry musketeer of consumer reporting for ABC News, who, in an op-ed for The New York Sun, decried PBS as "welfare for the well-off"), Republicans now wield a different weapon against public television and radio, a purr word that sounds so soft, innocuous, and inarguable—the need for "balance."

To most sane people, PBS, particularly in its news coverage and

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commentary, is balanced to the point of absurdity, the papier-mâché model of moderation. A civil tone prevails at PBS. Voices seldom spike in anger on its current-affairs programming, no one unships his mike and flounces off the set in a Robert Novak hissy fit, and who's more gentlemanly than hosts Charlie Rose, Tavis Smiley, and Jim Lehrer? Way back in 1982 in Harper's magazine, radical journalist Alexander Cockburn lampooned the judicial measures adopted by The MacNeil/Lehrer Report to ensure that opposing views were responsibly represented, no matter how fiery the issue. It was, he contended, Washington Consensus deliberately putting a restive audience under a hypnotic spell of droning mush. History lesson, Cockburn-style:

The "MacNeil/Lehrer Report" started in October 1975, in the aftermath of Watergate. It was a show dedicated to the proposition that there are two sides to every question, a valuable corrective in a period when the American people had finally decided that there were absolutely and definitely not two sides to every question. Nixon was a crook who had rightly been driven from office; corporations were often headed by crooks who carried hot money around in suitcases; federal officials were crooks who broke the law on the say-so of the president.

It was a dangerous moment, for a citizenry suddenly imbued with the notion that there is not only a thesis and an antithesis, but also a synthesis, is a citizenry capable of all manner of harm to the harmonious motions of the status quo.

With their Svengali gifts for dulling men's minds, MacNeil and Lehrer did their bit to restore domestic tranquility by draining the last drop of blood out of a debate before it began. The comic highlights of Cockburn's essay were imagined M-L panel discussions on subjects that didn't fall neatly within the narrow Beltway spectrum of received wisdom and bureaucratic remedy. Such as, oh, say, cannibalism:

MACNEIL: Good evening. Reports from the Donner Pass indicate that survivors fed upon their companions. Tonight, should cannibalism be regulated? Jim?

LEHRER: Robin, the debate pits two diametrically opposed sides against each other: the Human Meat-eaters Association, who favor a free market in human flesh, and their regulatory opponents in Congress and the consumer movement. Robin?

MACNEIL: Mr. Tooth, why eat human flesh?

TOOTH: Robin, it is full of protein and delicious too. Without human meat, our pioneers would be unable to explore the West properly. This would present an inviting opportunity to the French, who menace our pioneer routes from the north.

MACNEIL: Thank you. Jim?

LEHRER: Now for another view of cannibalism. Bertram Brussell-Sprout is leading the fight to control the eating of animal fats and meats. Mr. Sprout, would you include human flesh in this proposed regulation?

SPROUT: Most certainly, Jim. Our studies show that some human flesh available for sale to the public is maggot-ridden, improperly

cut, and often incorrectly graded. We think the public should be protected from such abuses.

Or slavery:

ROBERT MACNEIL (voice-over): Should one man own another?

(Titles)

MACNEIL: Good evening. The problem is as old as man himself. Do property rights extend to the absolute ownership of one man by another? Tonight, the slavery problem. Jim?

LEHRER: Robin, advocates of the continuing system of slavery argue that the practice has brought unparalleled benefits to the economy. They fear that new regulations being urged by reformers would undercut America's economic effectiveness abroad. Reformers, on the other hand, call for legally binding standards and even for a phased reduction in the slave force to something like 75 percent of its present size. Charlayne Hunter-Gault is in Charleston. Charlayne?

HUNTER-GAULT: Robin and Jim, I have here in Charleston, Mr. Ginn, head of the Cottongrowers Association...
learned that the best way to work their will is not by storming from without but by weaseling from within. Once inside the suites, activate an executive coup and seize control of the steering devices. Republicans no longer seek to eliminate PBS, Moyers told me—that would “alienate their few remaining moderates.” He believes that what they want to do is “neutral it, and then use it.” Assimilate PBS into the Borg. ( Ditto with NPR, which critics have complained about for years for being biased against Israel.) Moyers observes that conservatives have wired up enough not to call for outright censorship of programs they find objectionable. Instead, it’s as if they released “green gas underneath the door and over the transom” that numbs the synapses of producers and executives, subduing them into compliance. Enter Kenneth Tomlinson, the former chairman of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting and designated fumigator—a man I now think of as The Green Gasser.

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en Tomlinson is a dedicated public servant, if by “dedicated public servant” you mean longtime political hack. The former editor of Reader’s Digest, a friend of Karl Rove, The Green Gasser ran the Voice of America under President Reagan and currently serves as the chairman of the Broadcasting Board of Governors, the agency that oversees VOA. and Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty. According to Franklin Foer in The New Republic, Tomlinson is performing a conscientious gut job as boss of the B.B.G., restricting access to the public, rooting out “Democratic sympathizers,” and converting VOA into a Bush propaganda bugle. “How bad is Tomlinson?” asks Foer. So bad that hopes are being pinned on Karen Hughes as undersecretary of state for public diplomacy—she may be just enough of a pragmatist to put the brakes on Tomlinson and arrest further skidding. “In

other words,” Foer writes, “the Democrats are banking on Bush’s most fanatic ally loyal spinmeister to diminish Republican partisanship within the organization. Yes, it’s that bad.” Considering what a lead-footed start Hughes has gotten off to in her new job, getting saddled overseas by Saudi and Turkish women for her bullmoose arrogance (and, by extension, the Bush administration’s), Hughes may have enough trouble of her own making to keep her healthily occupied.

But as we know from Bush’s first term, ineptitude is no impediment to job security nor to advancement inside his administration. Quite the opposite. Failing upward on a wing and a prayer is a way of life under Bush II, as long as craven loyalty is demonstrated. That Tomlinson did, and then some. He went the extra mile into mediocrity. He acted as if he answered to only one man—his pal Rove—and he filled every available slot with apparatchiks. Scott Sherman reported in The Nation, “In recent months Tomlinson has installed Patricia Harrison, a former cochair of the Republican National Committee, as president of the C.B.P.: permitted a White House staffer to draft guidelines for two new C.B.P. offices,” Brownian ( former NBC and CNN political reporter Ken Bookman, who had lobbied for Bush in the 2000-01 summer of Reader’s Digest); and secretly hired and then fired a blacked conserv ate consultant, Frederick Wilks. Wilks, in turn, was to analyze the content of several PBS shows (including NewsHour with Bill Moyers, The Diane Rehm Show, The Tavis Smiley Show and The Tavis Smiley Show) when a powerful hack editor was given backhanded work from a piddling hack. the result is hack.” The Mann report was pockmarked with typos and mistakes such as “Ken Stahl” instead of Ken Starr and on, the irony—Unfiltered.

Then there were the political mislabelings, such as tagging Republican senator Chuck Hagel as a liberal. Tomlinson must have known he had a turkey because he tried to bury it in the backyard. Max Blumenthal reported in The Nation, “When Mann filed his detailed report, Tomlinson hid it from the C.B.P. board. Only an internal investigation by C.B.P.’s inspector general in mid-May revealed the existence of the Mann report. And only when journalists at NPR managed to secure a copy were its contents reported.” Republicans follow the same policy toward the blushing truth that the philanderers in A Guide for the Married Man did toward infidelity: “Deny, deny, deny.”

Oo add even more balance to their balance, C.B.P. funded two new conservative series guaranteed to inspire a complete lack of excitement among “Viewers Like You”: Tucker Carlson: Unfiltered and The Journal Editorial Report, a roundtable discussion of current events hosted by Paul Gigot, Mark Shields’s former jousting partner on the Lehrer NewsHour. Television’s infatuation with Tucker Carlson is one of life’s little mysteries. Filtered or unfiltered, spayed or unspayed, Carlson is a yappy vacuum, careless and callow; the defining moment of his career being when The Daily Show host Jon Stewart called him a “dick” on CNN’s Crossfire. For some reason, Carlson and the producers who insist on hiring him delude themselves into believing that his “dick” status could be parlayed into greater stardom—greater dickhood. But his PBS fastball swiftly came and went without making a rustle before he resurfaced on MSNBC, where his new show opened another black hole.

If anything, The Journal Editorial Report was and is more risible and insulting than Unfiltered. From its harring of the late Vincent Foster to its shameless pimping for Ahmad Chalabi, the editorial pages of The Wall Street Journal have disgraced that newspaper’s quality reputation for decades and left an unsightly stain on American journalism overall. Moreover, the Journal editorial board previously held its weekly coven meeting on CNBC to no great success, and if the show wasn’t a good fit for a financial channel, it really doesn’t suit PBS. Moyers puts C.B.P.’s funding of The Journal Editorial Report into proper warped perspective: “I confess to some puzzlement that The Wall Street Journal, which in the past editorialized to cut PBS off the public tap, is now being subsidized by American taxpayers although its parent company, Dow Jones, had revenues in just the first quarter of this year of $400 million.” Let Dow Jones pay to put these crows on the air.

Even though four public-affairs programs were monitored for political content and guest affiliation at Tomlinson’s behest, it was really Moyers and his program Now that The Green Gasser wanted to gas. Tomlinson told The Washington Post that his epiphany about PBS’s “balance” problem came when he watched a segment on Now about how NAFTA and free-trade policies had immiserated the small town of Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, which struck him as “liberal advocacy journalism” at its most egregious. I suspect that if that segment hadn’t triggered Tomlinson’s mouse-trap, another would have come along to flip the cheese. It is Moyers himself who has been the irritating mite in many a conservative’s eye; nearly everything he does bugs them beyond proportion. Mild-spoken and ministerial, Moyers isn’t given to bombastic statements and guerrilla theater, unlike Michael Moore or the Vietnam-era Jane Fonda, yet he’s lumped in with them, held in similar contempt. In Bernard CONSERVATIVES HAVE LEARNED THAT THE BEST WAY TO WORK THEIR WILL IS NOT FROM WITHOUT BUT BY WEASELING FROM WITHIN.
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cast of February 27, 1968, when he declared the war unwinnable. Building up Joe McCarthy, tearing down Walter Cronkite— it's all part of the same right-wing revisionism.

Could conservatives be so petty and punitive over PBS out of animus against Bill Moyers and everything he represents? You betcha. Character is often divulged in off-hand comments, and I once came across this mind opener by National Review senior editor Ramesh Ponnuru, who, writing on the magazine's group blog, "The Corner," regarding the confirmation battle over Judge Charles Pickering, admitted: "I have the same attitude toward Pickering's nomination as I do toward the proposals to drill in ANWR: It's not all that important, but it'd be worth it to demoralize the Left." Don't push for something because it's the right thing to do, good for the country, and efficacious. Drill in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge even if it doesn't add up to a lot of oil because it'll depress liberals and, what the hell, caribou don't vote. Demoralization is also the name of the game regarding PBS. Conservatives want to despooil it precisely because they know so many liberals are sentimentally attached to it. It's a win-win situation for Republican conservatives. Now that they control all three branches of government and much of the media, they can execute an endless series of squeeze plays, giving PBS just enough air to breathe. If they succeed with their broadcast germyandering, PBS will grow more conservative. (NPR, too, where Daniel Schorr's pinch-hit replacement recently was right-wing jokester and National Review editor-at-large Jonah Goldberg.) If PBS becomes too overtly conservative and liberal viewers curb their contributions (forcing local affiliates to make cutbacks), that'll be fine and dandy, too. Conservatives will be able to cry, What's the point of public television if the public doesn't support it? Then they can decide to perform a mercy killing, or boost subsidies and pervert PBS entirely to their own purposes. It's their toy mouse to bat around until they get bored.

Tomlinson's successor as chairperson of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, Cheryl F. Halpern, will continue Tomlinson's conscientious tradition of mediocrity and sterilization. A big-mama Republican fund-raiser, Halpern is a no-nonsense disciplinarian. "At her confirmation hearing two years ago," reported The New York Times, "Ms. Halpern [who has been on the C.P.B. board since 2002] suggested that journalists in public broadcasting be punished for editorializing." The former chairwoman for the Republican Jewish Coalition, Halpern has also criticized what she perceives as NPR's negative coverage of Israel, where, The New York Times notes, her family has business interests. If she had any more of an agenda, she'd have to push it down the hall in a shopping cart.

It's easy to vilify conservatives, which is why I do it with such pleasure. But liberals have been spinelessly guilty for years of abandoning the battlefield and shying away from defending their own values. Yes,
Surviving the Darkness

A fortune-teller the author consulted as a young soldier was right on the money: his 80th birthday brings a mix of gratitude for his current life and grief over losing his niece Quintana. Meanwhile, a courthouse conversation with Robert Blake, the convicted Samsung wave-pot manufacturing deceiver.

always love going back to Los Angeles, because it was my home for 24 years and I have many friends there. The new restaurant everyone is talking about is the Argyile, on Sunset Boulevard, in a perfect Art Deco Hollywood apartment building. For decades the building has been called the Sunset Tower, and in the old days it was known as the place where movie moguls kept their mistresses in elegant style. Years ago the apartments were turned into a hotel. Jeff Klein, whom I had never met but whom everyone seems to know, is the proprietor, and he has created a drop-dead-gorgeous restaurant, with fabulous food, piano music, and a crowd of great-looking regulars. I went there twice.

The subject of dinner-party conversation everywhere in Hollywood was Mark Seal's story on the ugly financial scandal occurring in the family of the late billionaire Marvin Davis; the article is in the November issue of Vanity Fair, which wasn't even on the stands when I was there, but which everyone seemed to know about. The first mention I heard of the scandal was whispered in my ear by a lady with beautiful long earrings at a cocktail party given by Kirk and Anne Douglas and Alan Livingston, the music mogul, and his wife, the actress Nancy Olson. Patricia Davis Raynes, the oldest of the five Davis children, was claiming in a lawsuit that her trust had been robbed by her father and that he had hit her when she refused to sign certain papers. Barbara Davis, Patricia's mother, is said to be distressed by the article, but she is a popular woman in the Beverly Hills party and char-
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...and she did not cut down on the number of her appearances on the social scene. In fact, her other children celebrated her birthday with her at Spago on a Sunday night, one of the restaurant's biggest nights of the week.

I was in town covering a week of the Robert Blake civil trial, in Burbank. I had been at Blake's criminal trial last March, when he was acquitted of murdering his wife, Bonny Lee Bakley. Civil trials rarely have the drama of criminal trials, since they can end only in a monetary award rather than in a verdict that could result in life imprisonment. Bakley's four children are suing Blake for wrongful death. Trial historians will remember that O. J. Simpson, another celebrity on trial for murder, was similarly acquitted of slaying his former wife, Nicole Brown Simpson, along with her friend Ronald Goldman. One year later, in a wrongful-death civil trial brought by the victims' families, Simpson was ordered to pay $33.5 million. He has never come up with the money—most of it is still unpaid—and he has made it abundantly clear that he has no intention of doing so.

While I was attending the trial, there was an alert that a terrorist act might take place in Los Angeles. The next day a massive power failure took out the electricity in most of the city, and all of us had to leave the courthouse and go outside. For a while I found myself sitting on the steps with Robert Blake. He likes to talk about the movies with me, and I asked him if he had had any offers for parts since his acquittal. He said he was waiting until the civil trial was over. He also told me he was broke. He said he had offered to settle with Bonny Lee's children for $250,000, which, he said, was all he had left. They insisted on pressing forward with the case, however, clearly in the hope of getting more. "So all the money that's left goes to the lawyers for this trial," Blake told me.

I had to leave Los Angeles before Blake took the stand, and as this issue of the magazine goes to press the trial is still not over, but I keep up with the proceedings through reporter friends on the scene. It seems from all I hear that once Blake took the stand he completely took over the courtroom. He is putting on a mesmerizing show, which could very well be his last great performance.

Robert Blake is more on my mind than ever since I went to a screening of the film *Capote*, which deals with the four years Truman Capote spent writing *In Cold Blood*. He called the book the first nonfiction novel, and two years after its publication, in 1965, it became a film starring Robert Blake as one of the killers in the story. Every time I have seen Blake at his trials, he has talked about Capote, and I would love to talk to him again about this movie, which was directed by Bennett Miller from a script by Dan Futterman based on the distinguished biography by Gerald Clarke. Blake scored a movie so much in a long time. The actor who played Seymour Hoffman has reached his zenith playing a young, brilliant Capote.

I knew Truman. He was a close friend and several intense experiences with him. He was a natural, a ma-nipulative person, incredibly talented but apt to say anything, who could tell lies and utterly captivate you at the same time. He befriended the Kansas killers who had been given the death sentence for the murders of the four members of the Herbert Clutter family, and he made them famous as soon as excerpts of his book were published in The New Yorker magazine. He also made them feel that they could rely on him to help them win an appeal. At the same time, however, he knew that he couldn't finish the book that would make him the most celebrated writer in America until he had witnessed their executions, which kept being delayed.

"All the money that's left goes to the lawyers," Blake told me.

Here's a very superficial story about Truman, but a revealing one, I think. In 1964 my wife and I celebrated our 10th wedding anniversary with a black-and-white ball at our house in Beverly Hills, and there was much advance talk about the party. The fire department wasadamant about the number of people we could invite, so we had to let all the guests know that they couldn't bring any friends or houseguests with them. Truman was staying with the producer David Selznick and his movie-star wife, Jennifer Jones, so naturally we invited him. Then he called and asked if he could bring Alvin Dewey—the Kansas detective who had broken the case and arrested the killers—and his wife. (Chris Cooper plays Dewey in the movie.) I told Truman that because of fire laws we couldn't let anyone bring extra guests. But he wouldn't let it go. It was clear that he wasn't going to hang up until he had gotten the Deweys into the party, so eventually I relented. They were great, by the way. And Truman got the idea for his famous black-and-white ball in New York, two years later, from our party, but he didn't invite us.

Fortunately, there was another side to Truman. At the time in my life when I stayed for six months in a one-room cabin in Oregon, without a telephone or a television set, trying to pick up the pieces of my wrecked life, Truman wrote me the most wonderful letter. He said he was filled with admiration that I had dropped out of Hollywood and was dealing with my demons. He ended by saying, "But remember this, that is not where you belong and when you get out of it what you went there to get, you have to come back to your own life." I never forgot that. A year or so later, after I did return to my own life, I went to Truman's memorial service at a theater on Broadway. It occurred to me sitting there that if Truman had gone to a cabin in the mountains of Oregon and dealt with his demons he wouldn't be dead at the age of 60.

The memorial service at Christie's auction house for Nan Kempner, the last of the great New York fashion icons, was just about perfect. Quite rightly, it wasn't a sad event. People waved to one another, blew kisses, and kissed on cheeks. Nearly 800 classy people sat on white ballroom chairs. Serena Balfour was there from London, Sheila de Rochambeau from Paris, Lynn Wyatt from Houston, Betsy Bloomingdale from Los Angeles, and Pat Buckley from Park Avenue. Peter Duchin, in supreme form, sat at a piano on the stage and created a Nan
mood by playing classic dance and show tunes of the 30s, 40s, and 50s. Nan’s widower, Tommy Kempner, who is a man of very few words in social life, gave a loving and beautiful eulogy for his wife of 53 years, and their sons, Jamie and Speedy, read touching farewells to her. Tributes were also paid by Nan’s great friends William F. Buckley Jr., the writer and wit, Kenneth Jay Lane, the jeweler and man-about-town, and Jean Jackson, who had grown up with her in San Francisco. Nan was there. You could feel her presence. She wasn’t going to miss that last happening.

When I picked up the telephone on Friday, August 26, and heard my sister-in-law Joan Didion’s voice, I knew what she was going to say before she said it. “Quintana’s dead,” she told me in quiet, calm tones. Her daughter had been critically ill for months, but it still was a shock to hear the news. The last time I had seen Quintana was on Easter Sunday. For years it had been the habit of my late brother John Gregory Dunne and Joan to have an Easter lunch in their New York apartment, and Joan had continued the tradition this year. The living room was crowded with about 30 friends when Quintana was wheeled into the front hall by Gerry Michael, her husband. Everyone stopped to look at the young woman, because it was the first time they had seen her since John’s funeral. Determined not to be wheeled into the party, she rose from her wheelchair, wearing a long blue bathrobe, and walked the dozen steps to the seat that had been saved for her. Her feet pointed inward, and it was clear that just taking those few tiny steps was an enormous effort for her, but she managed it, and she smiled at her accomplishment. It was a gallant moment for her and an emotional one for the rest of us. Jean Halberstam, the wife of the writer David Halberstam, was standing next to me. “It’s so wonderful to see Quintana again,” she said, turning to me. Our eyes were filled with tears at the tragic sight. Three months later, in June, Quintana was re-admitted to the hospital with an abdominal infection. As always, during the long ordeal, Joan was there by her side, along with Gerry. “I’ll call all the Dunnes,” I said to Joan.

The memorial service at St. Vincent Ferrer, on Lexington Avenue at 66th Street, conducted by a family friend, Father Daniel Morrissey of the Dominican Order, was beautiful. That night the Didion family, the Dunne family, and the Michael family all had dinner at Joan’s. It was one of those occasions where you see and talk to relations you don’t otherwise see very often, and amazing family histories come out. I am one of four brothers. Three of us lost children. So many memories of my daughter filled my mind on the day of Quintana’s service. I drove to my house in Connecticut early the next morning. It was a cold, rainy weekend, and I stayed inside. I didn’t see a soul. It was a time for mourning.

I’ve passed a milestone since my last diary, and to my great surprise I’m very happy with the new state of affairs. Although I think of myself as a spry 60-year-old, the truth is that on October 29 I turned 80. That’s a big one. It makes you stop and think. Other than experiencing an increasing number of senior moments, however, I’m still going strong, and my intention is to continue my very active life as a spry 60-year-old. When I changed careers and became a writer, at the age of 50, I realized that I finally had the life I had always wanted. I was out for lunch, out for dinner, at every party and screening, at opening nights, flying to London, flying to Los Angeles, sitting in courtrooms and observing trials, and then writing it all down. My horoscope in the New York Daily News recently read, “You are in the process of ending one life chapter, about to enter another, one that will absorb you fully and joyfully…. Jupiter enters Scorpio for the first visit in twelve years. You have a year’s worth of happiness ahead.” That not only sounded pretty good to me but also brought back something I hadn’t thought of in years.

On the night before I was shipped overseas in World War II, I went to a fortune-teller in a town in Massachusetts near Camp Devon, my embarkation point. I was 18 years old. Drafted during my senior year of boarding school, I was the kind of kid who never made the team, and I was scared. I had become almost obsessed with the idea that I was going to be killed in battle. When by accident I passed this cheap little place with a sign out front for psychic readings, I felt compelled to go in. A Gypsy woman with rouged cheeks was sitting at a table covered with gaudy shawls, and there was a crystal ball on the table. She gave me a routine 10-minute reading and then asked if I had any questions. I was very shy in those days, and I stuttered, but I somehow got the words out: “Will I be killed in the war?” She was surprised at the question, I could tell, and I no longer felt as if she were just brushing me off. She stared intently into the crystal ball and said something like “No, you won’t be killed. You will have a long life. Terrible things will happen to you, but the last part of your life is going to be the best.”

I’d forgotten all about that Gypsy lady until I read my horoscope, but I resolved then and there to start out my 80th year on a high. I called the Ritz Hotel in Paris and booked a room as a birthday present to myself. As I was about to hang up, the assistant manager, who remembered me from past visits, said, “Mr. Dunne, do you know how I can get a copy of Empress Bianca?” He was speaking about the recent novel by Lady Colin Campbell that had raised the ire of Lily Safra, the rich widow of the late banker Edmond Safra, who claimed the main character had been based on her.

“It’s been pulped,” I replied.

Quite rightly, Nan Kempner’s memorial service wasn’t a sad event.
RSVP your regrets to the ordinary.

HARRY WINSTON
PREPARED FOR THE WORST

Indictments! Co-conspirators! Murder! The first stage of a political implosion—when the rumors are moving, the phone lines burning up, and the e-mails flying—are equal parts theater, sport, and fantasy. Against the odds, the Bush administration’s legal entanglements are shaping up as a Category 5 scandal that could level the West Wing.

Chances are you know how this turns out. But I’m writing this in mid-October and still waiting.

I’ve just heard from a wire-service reporter that the indictments in the Valerie Plame case will be handed down in the next 48 hours.

I call a highly connected Democratic political operative who says she heard it 24 hours ago (so she’s ahead of my—)

“What do you have?” I ask ear-to-the-ground friend.

“Hours. Not days.”

This calibrating is in some ways actually an effort to slow down time. Not just in case indictments don’t happen but because this is the stage—before the undoing comes to seem inevitable and necessary—and business as usual—that people who cherish political downfalls remember most sweetly. I don’t think it’s just liberals who are savoring it, either. This moment of political awe—this sudden glimpse of events beyond the control of the control freak—is curiously bipartisan. The Republicans too are in gossip heaven.

It’s not just the political establishment that suspects that many careers and its generation of life are about to be undone—the New York Times reporting that special prosecutor, Patrick Fitzgerald, is in jail for refusing to testify about his source. I. Lewis “Scooter” Libby, and who sprung herself by agreeing to testify about, “Scooter Libby, may upend The New York Times as seriously as Karl Rove’s doom may upend the White House.

There are reporters, also in gossip heaven, who now know everything that can be known about Judy—they’re vastly more interested in her than they would be in a mere dirty politician. Arianna Huffington, the political maverick, socialite, dilettante, entrepreneur (you pick), has rapidly built up her new blog business at least in part on the basis of her obsession with Judy (for a profile of Huffington, see “Arianna Calling,” by Suzanna Andrews, on page 332).

It’s a whole new media subspecialty, with sub-sub-specialties—Judy-text specialists, Judy-romance specialists, Judy-and-the-politics-of-The-New-York-Times specialists. Indeed, a real inkling that somebody might, in fact, go to prison (other than Judy herself) first began, I think, with Judy’s CNN...
interview with Lou Dobbs, a week or so after her release, on September 29. Judy said, or people seem to infer she said, that she expected Libby to be indicted—the inference being, since it was her gun up to Scooter's head, that she pulled the trigger. The media is the smoking gun.

I feel kind of sorry for Libby. I'd never really taken notice of him before (the only way for a bureaucrat to get attention may be through scandal). I was surprised that he was middle-aged. Scooter isn't a tow-headed kid behind the soda fountain. He looked worried. Grim. Abject.

I speak to another Washington op, who adds Ari Fleischer to the lineup of soon-to-be-indicted conspirators. Where has Ari been lately? Yes... must be in hiding. I call other people to see if they've heard that Fleischer is on the list (as though the list were, indeed, an actual list), and they in turn call others. (I can track this: When did you hear? Oh, about 40 minutes ago. Hmmm... did you hear it from Op X? I think that's probably my rumor you're confirming for me.)

Rory O'Connor, a media blogger of my acquaintance, is a downer. He's hotly disputing with me Fitzgerald's impartiality—he was, after all, appointed by John Ashcroft—and almost convinces me he'll punt. Still, beyond even the two years and the millions of dollars Fitzgerald has already spent, a special prosecutor, if we've learned anything about special prosecutors, is damn well going to prosecute somebody.

I get another bulletin: Rove will be indicted for mishandling classified documents. That doesn't sound so sexy. That might not even be a felony.

If you think about it, this is all really cheesy stuff. Tom DeLay, for instance, the indicted House majority leader, has pretty much moved into that category wherein his undoing seems preordained, but I could not really tell you, even after some careful study, what the prosecutor in Texas has indicted DeLay for.

On the other hand, suddenly, incredibly, there's murder. Murder!

Jack Abramoff! He may just be the character that keeps on giving. If one theme of the Bush scandal is the parallel reality behind the face of terror toughness and Christian virtue, a reality of sleazeoids, sons of bitches, cronies and incompetents, dirty tricks, and power wielding truncheon-style... well, meet Jack Abramoff and his scant degree of separation from murder.

Abramoff, lobbyist and restaurateur, is the necessary money trail. It's through him that the first White House functionary has been bagged: David H. Safavian (expect to be saying SA-FA-VI-AN with the greatest familiarity), the former head of procurement policy for the White House budget office, has been indicted for lying about his relations with Abramoff and for obstructing the investigation of him. Likewise, as the clock is running down on Rove (saying it like that, assuming it, seems like a possible jinx), the Bush nominee for the number-two spot in the Justice Department, Timothy Flanigan, pretty much everybody's idea of a lightweight and a hack, withdraws his nomination because he too is deep into dealings with Abramoff.

But this is nothing. Abramoff has been indicted with his business partner Adam Kidan, who, it has been alleged, paid money to two men (theoretically for catering and security services)—Anthony Ferrari and Anthony Moscatiello—who have been charged with the murder of Gus Boulis, the Vice President Cheney were actually involved in some of these discussions.

You just assume that the president, particularly a disengaged one, will have somebody else doing the dirty work.

Then again, real scandal is always the dirty work that comes so naturally you don't think of it as dirty work.

Joseph Wilson, a former ambassador of no consequence to the Bush administration, pisses all over a central justification for the Iraq war on the op-ed page of The New York Times. Smoke is obviously coming out of the president's ears. Of course everybody around the Oval Office is going to be talking about it—they read The New York Times, after all. (He may not read it, but they do.) And everybody's naturally saying what the hell was Wilson doing in Africa anyway? And the answer is... his C.I.A. wife sent him. What better way to discredit somebody than by dismissing him as just a bit of nepotism, a wife recommending her husband for a boon-doggle trip.

As though everybody's tracking the same information, I suddenly get a rash of calls about the possibility that Bush and Cheney might be named as unindicted co-conspirators (this is one of those incredibly evocative Watergate designations, though God knows what it actually means). O.K., this must be over the top. In fact, everybody says this is far-fetched, but, nevertheless, worth repeating. (I briefly wonder how anybody in the media or politics business is getting any work done—but, then, we're all hoping this scandal will become our work.)

What's odd is that we—the scandal-dedicated media—failed to catch on until the last minute that the Bush administration might be cracking. It really didn't start to seem possible until, perhaps, Rove was called back for the fourth time. It wasn't even clear to many people that he'd already been there three times! In the heat of the moment, on a press panel in early September, I reacted a little too hyperbolically and called this scandal "one of the biggest stories of our age." My overstatement embarrassed me. Richard Cohen, the Washington Post columnist and a Judy Miller defender, who was also on the panel, hooted, "This is a crappy little crime, and it may not be a crime at all."

That this was something more, that it was at least among the biggest stories of the Bush age, was hard to see because nobody was much telling the story. For nearly two years it wasn't reported, because key re-

**SCANDAL NEEDS A GREAT STORY LINE. . . . MURDER, THAT KIND OF CLARITY, IS MUCH MORE THAN WE HAVE A RIGHT TO HOPE FOR.**

---

founder of SunCruz Casinos. Which casinos Abramoff ultimately bought.

Along with great characters, scandal needs a great story line—but too often what we get is a confusing one. Murder, that kind of clarity, is really much more than we have a right to hope for.

I t's 24 hours after the 48-hour countdown began and nothing much—already a letdown.

Of course, there's Harriet Miers, the Supreme Court nominee, who further lends a there's-nobody-in-charge feeling to the proceedings.

I pick up a piece of mail (everybody is sending stuff to advance the rumors and feed the scandal appetite). Subject line: !!!!!!!!??

A reporter I know has cut and pasted a comment George Stephanopoulos seemed to have just thrown off during his Sunday-morning show about the smearing of Valerie Plame:

Stephanopoulos: ... a source close to this told me this week that President Bush and
The 48-hour timeline has now passed. Let it run. I’d live in this moment forever—with the chickens coming home to roost, and the sons of bitches twisting in the wind. I do so hope we’re not imagining this.

I call around to see if I can get any buy-in, and possibly move a rumor, about Libby rolling on Cheney.

This, it seems to me, is the other pivotal stage of a scandal: people have to roll, implicate, save their own skins.

But I can’t get anybody to waste much time with me on this. It’s in the nature of the Bush people to take a bullet, is the conventional wisdom. I’m not convinced—I saw that look on Libby’s face.

I’m sure he’s ready to confess. Delicious.

There’s a story that’s suddenly in lighting circulation. It’s in the online edition of the National Journal, and it’s by Murray Waas, a peripatetic left-wing freelancer who has been dogging the Plame investigation almost from its inception. In fact, he’s gotten a steady stream of good leaks, seemingly from the special prosecutor’s office. Though, honestly, I can’t understand why anyone would actually talk to Murray. He’s not just partisan but irritating. After I had a brief squabble with him about the odd and dubious press release in all this, he kept calling me at home, haranguing whoever in my family answered the phone. So, a caveat: anybody who’s dishing to Murray is probably as single-minded.

Anyway, his report deflates the Bush-Cheney co-conspirator angle. Murray’s point is that Rove baldly told Bush that he hadn’t leaked anything about Plame or Wilson (and that Bush told the prosecutors this). What’s more, Rove lied to the president, at least by omission, by not telling him about conversations with Matt Cooper at Time. Nor did Rove tell the F.B.I., when he was initially interviewed, about his conversation with Cooper. Later in the investigation, according to Murray, Rove changed his account.

This actually gives me a sudden sense of doubt again. Rove’s Clintonsisms, after all, ought to be at least as good as Clinton’s Clintonsisms—maybe Rove can save himself.

Still, it seems to me, if you take this on its face, with Bush passively accepting Rove’s explanation, the most glaring question is: what was Bush thinking?

And what was his chief of staff, Andy Card, thinking? And Bush’s lawyers? (Would Harriet Miers have been consulted on this?)

Everybody must have known Rove well enough to figure that his account was worth a little more scrutiny.

So it prompts the question: what actually happens if Rove gets indicted? Obviously, he has to resign. But it may be that everybody has to resign, that we have an entire West Wing operation that, by logical inference, either looked the other way or was just too dopey to see the obvious.

I’m thinking, along with perhaps every other liberal, that, as scandals go, this one already seems potentially greater than Monica (it’s historically necessary for liberals to put a bigger scandal between themselves and Monica). Monica, after all, never challenged the essential job competence of the president (impeachment aside). The Rove Affair, on the other hand, is rising to an Iran-contra level. Well, you can make the argument ... a lot of hapless and illegal maneuvering in furtherance of defending unflaptable, indefensible positions, leaving the president looking like a dope and a chump. Actually, the temptation is strong to push this up to the next level of scandal.

A key aspect of Watergate was that it resulted in the wholesale gutting of the White House organization. Nobody was left. Long before the Nixon resignation, the White House was put into a kind of receivership. So who takes over if Rove and the Rove apparatchiks go?

In fact, there’s a sudden new surge of nearly ecstatic rumors: the target of the investigation is now the White House group in charge of masterminding the selling of the war in Iraq. So everybody who spun the whole Iraq ball of wax could go down, from Rove to Libby to Cheney to Condi Rice. In all, I’m hearing that 21 people in the White House could be named as having been involved in the Plame discussions. It’s breathtaking.

So here it is: Colin Powell, whipsawed by Cheney and Rove over his Iraq reluctance, becomes, in some immensely poetic and comic reversal, the new good-government chief of staff.

GREAT scandels require a larger moral narrative. A great scandal is an opportunity for a great correction—a lesson. Aside from the other stuff that creates the circumstance of scandal—in this instance, greedy congressmen, mishandled natural disasters, rampant cronyism, a recalcitrant right wing, falling popularity ratings, an unpopular war—there is, ideally, for history’s and morality’s and narrative’s sake, a direct line back to the fundamental root of evil.

We have it: W.M.D.

The issue here is the faulty and disingenuous and possibly fabricated pretext on which we went to war in Iraq. The cover-up that was begun when the pretext started to unravel. This is, in a sense, the first information scandal.

The Bush people will go to jail for spinning. For their media strategy.

And yet, there is, in all of this, a fantasy component. The reality-avoiding premise, to which I am devoting an increasing part of my day, is that you can undo a presidency when the president, or the president’s party, controls the House and Senate that would have to undo him. What’s more, there’s the matter of the other party ... do we have to even mention the balls or the talent or the lack thereof of the opposition? And yet, the Bush presidency surely seems to be coming undone. Whether Rove is the satisfying agent of collapse—once again, the fate of nations in the hands of a special prosecutor—or not, the game is on, even much against the odds. And it has its own life.

It’s theater and sport, as well as redress.
STROM

THE FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

john varvatos

john varvatos
At a moment when the latest generation of artists appear to be concerned more with how to hook up with a prestigious gallery than with how to pull off a body of work that really nails a new view of the world, along comes "Robert Rauschenberg: Combines." The show, which debuts at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York (running from December 20 through April 2, 2006), and then travels to Los Angeles, Paris, and Stockholm, includes some 65 wall-hanging and freestanding works by the artist, some of them iconic, some of them basically unknown and unseen, all of them created between 1954 and 1964 and now together under one roof for the first time. It will be a welcome reminder of what it means to be a bold and inventive artist.

In 1954, Rauschenberg was 29 years old, living in New York on 15 cents a day, and sleeping on crates scooped up at the Fulton Fish Market. But he was rich with ideas and driven by rebellion against the ruling dogma of Abstract Expressionism. Rauschenberg's challenge—in part both an extension of Dada and a bridge toward Pop—saw him incorporating into his painted and drawn works the kinds of found objects generally deemed off-limits for art: ventilation ducts, roller skates, shoes and socks, a tire, even a stuffed goat. For these transgressions against the cult of paint, his work was called a joke on more than one occasion.

But as the critic Leo Steinberg once wrote of Rauschenberg vis-à-vis Abstract Expressionism, "What he invented above all was, I think, a pictorial surface that let the world in again." For his part Rauschenberg once had this to say about one of his most iconic and controversial works, Bed (which, naturally, includes a bed, quilt, and pillow): "I think of it as one of the friendliest pictures I've ever painted. My fear has always been that someone would want to crawl into it." When the piece comes to the Met as part of this don't-miss show, the guards should keep an eye out. I may just tuck myself in and spend the night.

—INGRID SISCHY
a blind tasting of 21
the world’s finest vodkas,
which one did
de New York Times
declare their
hands-down favorite”?
early Smirnoff.

hat set Smirnoff apart,
e agreed, was its
romas and flavors which
de described as classic.”

RIC ASIMOV,
THE NEW YORK TIMES,
26/2005
AMERICAN RAPTURE

In Tim LaHaye's best-selling thrillers, evangelical Christians are "raptured" up to heaven, leaving secular humanists to perish in an epic bloodbath. To millions of Americans, that's not fiction. It's a theology that touches the White House and, in the Middle East, could spark the Armageddon its true believers want.

BY CRAIG UNGER

On a scorching afternoon in May, Tim LaHaye, the 79-year-old co-author of the "Left Behind" series of apocalyptic thrillers, leads several dozen of his acolytes up a long, winding path to a hilltop in the ancient fortress city of Megiddo, Israel. LaHaye is not a household name in the secular world, but in the parallel universe of evangelical Christians he is the ultimate cultural icon. The author or co-author of more than 75 books, LaHaye in 2001 was named the most influential American evangelical leader of the past 25 years by the Institute for the Study of American Evangelicals. With more than 63 million copies of his "Left Behind" novels sold, he is one of the best-selling authors in all of American history. Here, a group of about 90 evangelical Christians who embrace the astonishing doctrine he espouses have joined him in the Holy Land for the "Walking Where Jesus Walked" tour.

Megiddo, the site of about 20 different...
T o get a good look at the battlefields of the apocalypse, we take shelter under a makeshift lean-to at the top of the hill. Wearing a floppy hat to protect him from the blazing Israeli sun, LaHaye yields to his colleague Gary Frazier, the tour organizer and founder of the Texas-based Discovery Ministries, Inc., to explain what will happen during the Final Days.

"How many of you have read the 'Left Behind' prophecy novels?" asks Frazier.

Almost everyone raises a hand.

"The thing that you must know," Frazier tells them, "is that the next event on God's prophetic plan, we believe, is the catching away of the saints in the presence of the Lord. We call it 'the Rapture.'"

Frazier is referring to a key biblical passage, in the first book of Thessalonians, that says the Lord will "descend from heaven with a shout . . . The dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air."

The words "caught up" are sometimes translated as "raptured." As a result, adherents cite this as the essential scriptural depiction of the Rapture.

"Christ is going to appear," Frazier continues. "He is going to call all of his saved, all of his children, home to be with him."

In other words, "in the twinkling of an eye," as the Rapturists often say, millions of born-again Evangelicals will suddenly vanish from the earth—just as they do in LaHaye's "Left Behind" books. They will leave behind their clothes, their material possessions, and all their friends and family members who have not accepted Christ—and they will join Christ in the Kingdom of God.

Frazier continues. "Jesus taught his disciples that he was going to go away to his father's house, but that he was not going to abandon them, because while he was gone he was going to prepare for them a suitable dwelling place . . . And when the time was right, he would come back to claim his own. . . . Jesus is going to come and get his bride, which comprises all of us who are born again.

"I have no question that right now, as we stand here, Jesus the son is saying to the father, I want to be with my bride. . . . In the same way that we wanted to be with our mates . . . he wants to be with us. He wants us to be with him."

Frazier is a fiery preacher, and as his voice rises and falls, his listeners responds with cries of "Amen" and "That's right."

"I'm going to tell you with zeal and enthusiasm and passion Jesus is coming on the clouds of glory to call us home . . . Now, ladies and gentlemen, I want you to know, if you've read the 'Left Behind' books, [but] more importantly, if you've read the Bible, you know . . . that Christ is coming, and we believe that that day is very, very near."

F or miles around in all directions the fertile Jezreel Valley, known as the breadbasket of Israel, is spread out before us, an endless vista of lush vineyards and orchards growing grapes, oranges, kumquats, peaches, and pears. It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful pastoral panorama.

The sight LaHaye's followers hope to see here in the near future, however, is anything but bucolic. Their vision is fueled by the book of Revelation, the dark and foreboding messianic prophecy that foresees a gruesome and bloody confrontation between Christ and the armies of the Antichrist at Armageddon.

Addressing the group from the very spot where the conflict is to take place, Frazier turns to Revelation 19, which describes Christ going into battle. "It thrills my heart every time that I read these words," he says, then begins to read: "And I saw heaven standing open . . . And there before me was a white horse, whose rider is called Faithful and True. With justice he judges and makes war. His eyes are like blazing fire."

Frazier pauses to explain the text. "This doesn't sound like compassionate Jesus," he says. "This doesn't sound like the suffering servant of Isaiah 53. This is the Warrior King. He judges and makes war."

Frazier returns to the Scripture: "He has a name written on him that no one but he himself knows. He is dressed in a robe that is dipped in blood and his name is the word of God."

This is the moment the Rapturists eagerly await. The magnitude of death and destruction will make the Holocaust seem trivial. The battle finally begins.

Those who remain on earth are the unsaved, the left behind—many of them disolute followers of the Antichrist, who is massing his army against Christ. Accompanying Christ into battle are the armies of heaven, riding white horses and dressed in fine linen.

"This is all of us," Frazier says.

Frazier points out that Christ does not need high-tech weaponry for this conflict. "Out of his mouth comes a sharp sword," not a bunch of missiles and rockets," he says.

Once Christ joins the battle, both the Antichrist and the False Prophet are quickly captured and cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone. Huge numbers of the Antichrist's supporters are slain.

Meanwhile, an angel exults Christ, "Thrust in thy sickle, and reap." And so, Christ, sickle in hand, gathers "the vine of the earth."

Then, according to Revelation, "the earth was reaped." These four simple words signify the end of the world as we know it.

Grapes that are "fully ripe"—billions of people who have reached maturity but still reject the grace of God—are now cast "into the great winepress of the wrath of God." Here we have the origin of the phrase "the grapes of wrath." In an extraordinarily merciless and brutal act of justice, Christ crushes the so-called grapes of wrath, killing them. Then, Revelation says, blood flows out "of the winepress, even unto the horse bridles, by the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs."

W ith its highly figurative language, Revelation is subject to profoundly differing interpretations. Nevertheless, LaHaye's followers insist on its literal truth and accuracy, and they have gone to great lengths to calculate exactly what this passage of Revelation means.

As we walk down from the top of the hill of Megiddo, one of them looks out over the Jezreel Valley. "Can you imagine this entire valley filled with blood?" he asks.

"That would be a 200-mile-long river of blood, four and a half feet deep. We've done the math. That's the blood of as many as two and a half billion people."

When this will happen is another question, and the Bible says that "of that day and hour knoweth no man." Nevertheless,
DOLCE & GABBANA
light blue
A fascination with Revelation, the Rapture, and Christian Zionism has always been a potent, if often unseen, component of the American consciousness. More than three centuries ago, Puritans from John Winthrop to Cotton Mather saw America as a millennial kingdom linked to both the apocalypse and ancient Israel—in a divine way that prefigured the Second Coming of Christ. America was to be the New Jerusalem, the Redeemer Nation, a people blessed with divine guidance.

Imagery from the book of Revelation has inspired poets and writers from William Blake and William Butler Yeats to Joan Didion and Bob Dylan. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" draws references from Revelation. Elements of the book of Revelation—secularized or otherwise—turn up in movies starring Gary Cooper (High Noon), Gregory Peck (The Omen), Clint Eastwood (Pale Rider), and Mimi Rogers (The Rapture), as well as in NBC's Revelations. Already, there have been two "Left Behind" movies—available mostly on video—and a third is in production. LaHaye's "Left Behind" series of books, co-authored with Jerry Jenkins, has brought in $650 million to Tyndale House, its now affluent Christian publisher.

On the Internet, raptureready.com puts Rapture Index at 161 in the wake of Hurricane Katrina; anything over 145 means "fasten your seat belts." A number of Christian Web sites sell clothing emblazoned with Rapture logos. There was even a team of NASCAR drivers, Randy MacDonald and Jimmy Hensley, whose souped-up Chevy proudly displayed "Left Behind" insignia—no not the most propitious message for a driver vying for pole position.

For all that, the new wave of Rapturemania is more than just another multi-billion-dollar addition to America's cultural junk heap. In the 60s, how you felt about the Beatles and Rolling Stones, marijuana and LSD, and civil rights and the Vietnam War told people whose side of American society you were on. Likewise, Jerry Falwell and Tim LaHaye, the pro-life movement and marriage-protection amendment, and the book of Revelation...
Veuve Clicquot
LA GRANDE DAME
Champagne
It's a counterculture that sees Jews as key players in a Christian messianic drama, a premise that has led to a remarkable alliance between Christian Evangelicals and the Israeli right. As a result, political views drawn from an apocalyptic vision—once dismissed as extremist and delusional—have not merely swept mass culture but have shaped the political discourse all the way to Jerusalem and the White House. And if they are taken too seriously, the geopolitical consequences could be catastrophic.

The city of Jerusalem has a profound significance in the traditions of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. And to all three religions no place in Jerusalem is more full of apocalyptic and messianic meaning than the Temple Mount—the massive, 144,000-square-meter platform, 32 meters high, built by King Herod as a base for the biggest and most grandiose religious monument in the world, the shining white stone Temple of the Jews.

To Jews, the Temple Mount marks the holy of holies, the sacred core of the Temple, where Jews worshipped for centuries. Dayan, the venerated Israeli defense minister who won the battle, soon voluntarily relinquished control of it to the Waqf, a Muslim administrative body.

Over the next generation, some 250,000 mostly Orthodox Jews, citing God's promise to Abraham in Genesis—"all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed for ever"—moved into West Bank territories occupied by Israel after the 1967 war, and vowed to keep the government from giving the land back to the Palestinians.

Since Dayan's historic decision, Muslim authorities have usually allowed non-Muslims to come to the Temple Mount, as long as they don't move their lips in ways that suggest they are praying. As a result, the Temple Mount is one of the most explosive tinderboxes on earth. A visit to the site in September 2000 by Ariel Sharon inflamed tensions that soon erupted into the second intifada.

To evangelical Christians, the Mount is an elemental part of messianic theology, because a complete restoration of the nation of Israel, including the rebuilding of the Temple and the reclaiming of Judea and Samaria, is a prerequisite to the Second Coming of Christ. Likewise, to Orthodox Jews, nothing is more important to their messianic vision than reclaiming the Temple Mount and rebuilding the Temple—yet no single event is more likely to provoke a catastrophe.

No one knows this better than Yitzhak Fhantich, an independent security, protection, and intelligence consultant who spent 28 years in Israeli intelligence, many as head of the Jewish Department of Shin Bet. From 1992 to 1995, he was the man in charge of investigating right-wing extremists, many of them strongly religious, who posed a threat to the Temple Mount.

"The vast majority of settlers in the West Bank are positive people with sincere religious beliefs," says Fhantich. "But when you combine religious beliefs with right-wing political views, you have a bomb. The hard core among them will go to any extreme. They are ready to do anything—from killing Yitzhak Rabin to blowing up the mosques at the Temple Mount."

Indeed, in 1984, Fhantich and his team of Shin Bet members assisted in the arrest of 26 Jewish terrorists for planning to blow up the mosques on the Temple Mount in an attempt to disrupt the peace process with Egypt, and in hopes that the Jews would then rebuild the Temple so that the Messiah would come.

And in 1995, Fhantich personally warned Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin about the danger he faced from militant groups outraged by his agreement, as part of the 1993 Oslo accords, to relinquish the West Bank and Gaza territories to the Palestinians. "I told him, on the hit list, you're No. 1," Fhantich says. On November 4, 1995, Rabin was assassinated by a young Orthodox law student named Yigal Amir, whose activities Fhantich had been monitoring for more than a year.

In the 90s, Fhantich says, Israeli intelligence began watching Christian Evangelicals. "As the millennium approached, you had many people waiting for the appearance of Jesus Christ... And Jerusalem, of course, is the home of the Jerusalem syndrome," he says, referring to the phenomenon whereby obsessive religious ideas can trigger violent behavior. "If someone believes God told him to do something, you cannot stop him."

"The mosques on the Temple Mount are like the red flag for the bull. You have to be prepared minute by minute. These Christians, they believe what they are doing is sacred. Some of them are so naive they can be taken advantage of. If something happens to the Temple Mount, I think these American Evangelicals will welcome such an act. After all, religion is the most powerful gun in the world."

Moreover, a potential attack on the Temple Mount, as disastrous as it would be, pales in comparison to the long-term geopolitical goals of some right-wing religious groups. Orthodox Jews, Christian Evangelicals, and the heroes of the "Left Behind" series share a belief that the land bordered by the Nile and Euphrates Rivers and the Mediterranean Sea and the wilderness of Jordan has been covenanted to Israel by God. Taken to its literal extreme, this belief obliges Israel not only to retain control of Gaza and the West Bank but also to annex all or parts of Egypt, Lebanon, Iraq, and Syria. Such a campaign of conquest would be certain to provoke a spectacular conflict.

Beneath it, Orthodox Jews believe, is the foundation stone of the entire world. The Mount is the disputed piece of land over which Cain slew Abel. It is where Abraham took his son, Isaac, when God asked him to sacrifice the boy. At its outer perimeter is the Western Wall, or Wailing Wall, where Jews worship today. And messianic Jews believe the Mount is where the Temple must be rebuilt for the coming Messiah.

To Christians, the Temple is where Jesus threw out the money changers. Its destruction by the Romans in 70 A.D. came to symbolize the birth of Christianity, when a new Temple of Jesus, eternal and divine, replaced the earthly Temple made and destroyed by men.

And to Muslims the Temple Mount's Dome of the Rock is where Muhammad ascended to heaven nearly 1400 years ago, making it the third-holiest site in Islam, behind Mecca and Medina.

After its victory over Arab forces in the Six-Day War, in June 1967, Israel briefly seized the Temple Mount, thereby realizing the dream of restoring Judaism's holiest place to the Jewish people. But Moshe Dayan, the venerated Israeli defense minister who won the battle, soon voluntarily relinquished control of it to the Waqf, a Muslim administrative body.

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The Carter Glass Mansion, in Lynchburg, Virginia, is a handsome manor house that serves as an administrative office for Liberty University and offers a magnificent view of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Inside is the office of Jerry Falwell, chancellor of the university, founding father of the Christian right, and longtime friend and colleague of Tim LaHaye, one of Liberty's most generous donors.
VERSACE
THE
DREAMER
confident as even stirruped questions Rout the trimming concord that has enabled him

to build personal rapturings with even his nearest, ideological foes. From the Reverend

Jesse Jackson to photographer Larry Flynt.

Behind his desk is a mounted page from the

Palestine Post, dated May 16, 1948, head-

lined "STATE OF ISRAEL IS BORN."

Explaining his affinity for Israel, Falwell

says, "Long before I became a political

activist, I'd been taught that the Abraham-
ic Covenant—Genesis 12 and Genesis 15—
is still binding, where God told Abraham,
'I will bless them that bless you and curse
them that curse you.'

'It was obvious to me, beginning with

the birth of the Israeli state, in 1948,
and the Six-Day War, in 1967, that God
was bringing his people back home. So I
came to believe that it was in America's
best interest to be a friend of Israel....
If America blessed the Jew, Israel in

particular, God would bless America."

The special political relationship be-

tween the Israeli right and Evangelicals
dates back to 1977, when, after three de-
cades of Labor rule in Israel, Menachem

Begin became the first prime minister from

the conservative Likud Party. A romantic

nationalist and serious biblical scholar, Be-

gin pointedly referred to the lands of the

West Bank by their biblical names of Judea
and Samaria, and he reached out to Ameri-

can Evangelicals at a time when they were

just coming out of a political hibernation

that dated back to the Scopes trial of 1925,
and Prohibition. "The prime minister said

a person who has got the Bible in his

home and reads it and believes it cannot be

a bad person," recalls Yechiel Kadishat, a

longtime personal aide to Begin. "He said

the Evangelicals have to know that we are

rooted in this piece of land. There should
be an understanding between us and
them." One of the first people Begin sought
out was Jerry Falwell, who was achieving

national recognition through his growing
television ministry.

In 1980, Begin presented Falwell with

the prestigious Jabotinsky Award, gave his
ministry a private jet, and shared vital state
secrets with the televangelist. Begin even
called him before bombing Iraq's

Osirak nuclear reactor, in June 1981.

"He said, 'Tomorrow you're going
to read some strong things about

what we are going to do. But our

safety is at stake,'" Falwell recalls.

"He said, 'I wanted you, my good
friend, to know what we are going
to do.' And, sure enough, they put

one down the chimney."

In the early days of his ministry,

Falwell, like other Evangelicals,

had made a policy of not mix-
ing religion and politics at all—
much less on a global scale. "I had

been taught in the seminary that

religion and politics don't mix," he

says. "Conservative theologians were

absolutely convinced that the pul-
pit should be devoted to prayer,

preaching, and exclusively to spiri-
tual ministry.

"But in the 60s the U.S. Su-

preme Court had decided to re-

move God from the public square,

beginning with the school-prayer
issue. Then, in 1973, the Supreme
Court had ruled 7-2 in favor of
abortion on demand. And I won-
dered, 'What can I do?'"

Several years later, Falwell got

a call from Francis Schaeffer.

An electrifying Presbyterian evangelist

and author, Schaeffer is probably

the most important religious fig-

ure that secular America has never

heard of. Widely regarded by Evan-

gelicals as one of their leading theo-

logians of the 20th century, Schae-

ffer, who died in 1984, was to the

Christian right what Marx was to

Marxism, what Freud was to psy-

WE OFTEN CALL THE WHITE HOUSE AND

TALK TO KARL ROVE," JERRY FALWELL SAYS OF THE ARLINGTON

GROUP. "EVERYONE TAKES OUR CALLS."
Technically speaking, it is beautiful.
In The Battle for the Mind, his 1980 homage to Schaeffer, LaHaye lays out his worldview far more forcefully than he does in person, depicting America as a Bible-based country under siege by an elite group of secular humanists conspiring to destroy the nuclear family, Christianity itself, and even the "entire world." There are no shades of gray in this Manichean tract, which asserts that secular humanism is "not only the world's greatest evil but, until recently, the most deceptive of all religious philosophies.

Life, LaHaye argues, has always been a battle between good and evil. "The good way has always been called 'God's way,'" he writes, and evil has been the way of man—specifically, the post-Renaissance, post-Enlightenment world of art, science, and reason. And, in his view, nothing man has come up with is worse than secular humanism, which he defines as a "Godless, man-centered philosophy" that rejects traditional values and that has "a particular hatred toward Christianity."

In the "Left Behind" books, The Antichrist

Is Nicole Carpathia, the Dazzlingly Charming Secretary General of the U.N. and People's Sexiest Man Alive.


In truth, while tens of millions of Americans might accurately be called secular humanists, very few characterize themselves as members of a humanist movement. But to LaHaye that only proves the deviousness of the humanist project. Instead of openly advocating their point of view, he writes, humanists have used the mass media and Hollywood, the government, academia, and organizations such as the A.C.L.U. and now to indoctrinate unsuspecting Christians.

As a result, LaHaye argues, good Evangelicals should no longer think of humanists as harmless citizens who happen not to attend church. In The Battle for the Mind, he spells out his political goals: "We must remove all humanists from public office and replace them with pro-moral political leaders."

"LaHaye's work, there are the godly people who are on their way to the Rapture," says Berlet. "And the rest of the world is either complicit with the Antichrist or, worse, actively assisting him. If you real-
ly believe in End Times, you are constantly looking for agents of Satan.... [And if] political conflicts are rooted in the idea that your opponent is an agent of the Devil, there is no compromise possible. What decent person would compromise with evil? So that removes it from the democratic process.

"Conservative think tanks like the Heritage Foundation want to roll back the New Deal. LaHaye wants to roll back the Enlightenment."

Like Schaeffer’s writings, LaHaye’s book went largely unnoticed by the secular world, but the Christian right heartily embraced its declaration of war against secularism. Presbyterian televangelist D. James Kennedy hailed The Battle for the Mind as “one of the most important books of our time.” Falwell wrote that all Christians must follow its tenets if America is to be saved from becoming “another Sodom and Gomorrah.”

In 1981, LaHaye took up the challenge, resigning his pastorship to devote himself full-time to building the Christian right. He began by meeting with moneyed ultra-conservatives including Nelson Bunker Hunt, the right-wing oil billionaire from Dallas, and T. Cullen Davis, another wealthy Texas oilman who became a born-again Christian after being acquitted of charges of murdering his wife’s lover and his stepdaughter.

Though still in its infancy, the Moral Majority had more than seven million people on its mailing list and had already played a key role in electing Ronald Reagan president. Beverly LaHaye’s Concerned Women for America was on its way to building a membership of 500,000 people, making her “the most powerful woman in the new religious right,” according to the Houston Chronicle. She and her husband also co-authored a best-selling marriage manual for Christians, The Act of Marriage, full of clinical advice such as the following: “Cunnilingus and fellatio have in recent years been given unwarranted publicity [but] the majority of couples do not regularly use it as a substitute for the beautiful and conventional interaction designed by our Creator to be an intimate expression of love.”

And in the mid-80s, LaHaye created the American Coalition for Traditional Values, which played an important role in electing Ronald Reagan, in 1984. He later became co-chairman of Jack Kemp’s 1988 presidential campaign but was forced to resign when anti-Catholic statements he had written came to light.

With right-wing groups expanding at such a dizzying pace, LaHaye helped to found the Council for National Policy (C.N.P.) as a low-profile but powerful coalition of billionaire industrialists, fundamentalist preachers, and right-wing tacticians. Funded by Hunt and Davis, among others, the organization set out to create a coherent and disciplined strategy for the New Right.

Though its membership is secret, the rolls have reportedly included Falwell and Pat Robertson; top right-wing political strategists Richard Viguerie, Ralph Reed, and Paul Weyrich; Republican senators Jesse Helms and Lauch Faircloth (both of North Carolina), Don Nickles (Oklahoma), and Trent Lott (Mississippi); and Republican representatives Dick Armey and Tom DeLay (both of Texas). The late Rousas John Rushdoony, the right-wing theologian who hoped to reconfigure the American legal system in accordance with biblical law, was said to be a member, as was John Whitehead of the Rutherford Institute, who was co-counsel to Paula Jones in her lawsuit against Bill Clinton.

“Ronald Reagan, both George Bushes, senators and Cabinet members—you name it. There’s nobody who hasn’t been here at least once,” says Falwell, who confirms that he is a member. “It is a group of four or five hundred of the biggest conservative guns in the country.”

The C.N.P. has access to the highest powers in the land. In 1999, George W. Bush courted evangelical support for his presidential candidacy by giving a speech before the council, the transcript of which remains a highly guarded secret. And since the start of his presidency, Falwell says, the C.N.P. has enjoyed regular access to the Oval Office. “Within the council is a smaller group called the Arlington Group,” says Falwell. “We talk to each other daily and meet in Washington probably twice a month. We often call the White House and talk to Karl Rove while we are meeting. Everyone takes our calls.” According to The Wall Street Journal, two high-ranking Texas judges who spoke to the Arlington Group in October at the suggestion of Karl Rove allegedly assured its members that Supreme Court nominee Harriet Miers would vote to overturn Roe v. Wade.

Sometime in the mid-80s, Tim LaHaye was on an airplane when he noticed that the pilot, who happened to be wearing a wedding ring, was flirting with an attractive flight attendant, who was not. LaHaye asked himself what would happen to the poor unsaved man if the long-awaited Rapture were to transpire at that precise moment.

Soon, LaHaye’s agent dug up Jerry Jenkins, a writer-at-large for the Moody Bible Institute and the author of more than 150 books, many on sports and religion. In exchange for shared billing, Jenkins signed on to do the actual writing of the “Left Behind” series—a multi-volume apocalyptic
fantasy thriller composed in the breezy, fast-paced style of airport bodice rippers but based on biblical prophecy.

The first volume, *Left Behind*, begins with a variation of what LaHaye observed in real life. While piloting his 747 to London’s Heathrow Airport, Captain Rayford Steele decides he’s had just about enough of his wife’s infuriating religiosity. Thanks to Christian influences, she now believes in the Rapture. He puts the plane on autopilot and leaves the cockpit to flirt with a “drop-dead gorgeous” flight attendant named Hattie Durham.

But Hattie advises him that dozens of passengers have suddenly and mysterious-ly vanished. They have left behind their clothes, eyeglasses, jewelry, even their hearing aids.

The Rapture has come. Millions of Christians who have accepted Christ as their savior—including Rayford Steele’s wife and young son—have been caught up into heaven to meet Him. Left behind are the vast armies of the Antichrist—those ungodly, evolutionist, pro-abortion secular humanists—and a smaller group of people like Steele, who are just beginning to see that Christ is the answer.

So begin the seven years of Tribulation forecast in the book of Revelation. Rayford Steele and his band of Tribulation warriors are mostly ordinary folks right out of the heartland—not unlike the participants in LaHaye and Frazier’s tour of the ancient world. Doubters no more, they begin to form the Tribulation Force, to take on the armies of the Antichrist and win redemption.

Soon, the Force learns that the Antichrist is none other than Nicolae Carpathia, the dazzlingly charming secretary-general of the United Nations and *People* magazine’s “Sexiest Man Alive.” Carpathia turns the U.N. into a one-world government with one global currency and one religious order. Try as they might, the Force can’t stop him from killing billions by bombing New York, Los Angeles, London, Washington, D.C., and several other cities, or from establishing himself as dictator and implanting biochips that scar millions of people with the number of the beast.

In fact, Carpathia and his Unity Army seem all but unstoppable until *Glorious Appearing*, the last volume in the series, when it becomes clear that God has another plan—the Second Coming of Jesus. The battles between the forces of Christ and of the Antichrist begin in Jordan, with Carpathia urging his troops to attack, only to be confronted with the ultimate deus ex machina: “Heaven opened and there, on a white horse, sat Jesus, the Christ, the Son of the living God... Jesus’ eyes shone with conviction like a flame of fire; and He held His majestic head high... On His robe at the thigh a name was written: KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS.”

LaHaye is not the first author to cash in on the apocalypse. Hal Lindsey’s 1970 Christian End Times book, *The Late Great Planet Earth*, which predicted that the world would come to an end around 1988, was the No. 1 nonfiction best-seller of the 70s. Nevertheless, LaHaye, Jenkins, and their aptly named literary agent, Rick Christian, had a tough time interesting pub-

**FAITHFUL ALLIES**

(1) Tim LaHaye, who helped found the Council for National Policy. Its ranks are sold to include; (2) Foxwell, pictured with Ronald Reagan in 1980; (3) Jesse Helms, pictured with George H. W. Bush in 1990; (4) Tom DeLay; (5) Trent Lott; and (6) Ralph Reed and Pat Robertson.

**"WE MUST REMOVE ALL HUMANISTS FROM PUBLIC OFFICE AND REPLACE THEM WITH PRO-MORAL POLITICAL LEADERS," LAHAYE WROTE.**
Powerless to change the past... She lived to change the future.

YESTERDAY

ACADEMY AWARD® NOMINEE
BEST FOREIGN LANGUAGE FILM
LaHaye became Co-Chairman of Jack Kemp's 1988 presidential campaign but was forced to resign over anti-Catholic statements he had written.

moved to New York. "Growing up, our only source of information in my life was the pastor. We believed in what God had told him to say because we were children, and he was our shepherd, and he had been chosen by God."

A crucial part of that theology dictates a love for Israel, an affection based on faith more than on information. "When I grew up, I did not know Jews walked the face of the earth," she says. "I thought they lived only in biblical times. They were my brothers and sisters in the Lord, but I didn't know they still existed."

That love of Israel is sometimes accompanied by racist hatred of Arabs. On several occasions, an Israeli guide on LaHaye and Frazier's tour told the group that Arabs "breed like fleas" and would soon be forced into the desert. LaHaye's followers responded with warm laughter and applause.

From Israel's point of view, there are many reasons to welcome American Evangelicals, regardless of how well-informed they may be. Tourism is one. Last year, 400,000 Christian tourists visited Israel, where they spent more than $1.4 billion. "During the intifada, loyal Christians still came as tourists. We have to go to the grass roots. It is so important to make them lovers of Israel," says Benny Elon, Orthodox leader of the right-wing National Union, former tourism minister, and a frequent guest of the Christian Coalition's in the U.S.

And given that there are more than 10 times as many Evangelicals in America as Jews, it is understandable that Israel might seek their political support. "Israel's relationship with America can't be built only on the AIPAC [American Israel Public Affairs Committee] and the 2.5 percent of the population in America who are Jews," says Elon.

"When Israel enjoys support because it is the land of the Bible, why should we reject that?" adds Uzi Arad, who served as foreign-policy adviser to former prime minister Benjamin Netanyahu and now heads the Institute for Policy and Strategy, a think tank in Herzliya, Israel. "Whether it is because of expediency or because on some level we may be soulmates, each side offers the other something they want. And the Christian right is a political force to be reckoned with in America."

But Evangelicals have also played a role in disrupting the peace process. "I was ambassador for four years of the peace process, and the Christian fundamentalists were vehemently opposed to the peace process," says Itamar Rabinovich, who served as Israeli ambassador to the U.S. between 1993 and 1996, under the Labor governments of Rabin and Shimon Peres. "They believed that the land belonged to Israel as a matter of divine right. So they immediately became part of a campaign by the Israeli right to undermine the peace process."

No one played that card more forcefully than Benjamin "Bibi" Netanyahhu, who as prime minister used the Christian right to fend off pressure from the Clinton administration to proceed with the peace process. On a visit to Washington, D.C., in 1998, Netanyahhu hooked up with Jerry Falwell at the Mayflower Hotel the night before his scheduled meeting with Clinton.

"I put together 1,000 people or so to meet with Bibi and he spoke to us that night," recalls Falwell. "It was all planned by Netanyahhu as an affront to Mr. Clinton."

That evening, Falwell promised Netanyahhu that he would mobilize pastors all over the country to resist the return of parts of the occupied West Bank territory to the Palestinians. Teleevangelist John Hagee, who gave $1 million to the United Jewish Appeal the following month, told the crowd that the Jewish return to the
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Holy Land signaled the "rapidly approaching... final moments of history," then brought them to a frenzy chanting, "Not one inch!"—a reference to how much of the West Bank should be transferred to Palestinian control.

The next day, Netanyahu met with Clinton at the White House. "Bibi told me later," Falwell recalls, "that the next morning Bill Clinton said, 'I know where you were last night.' The pressure was really on Netanyahu to give away the farm in Israel. It was during the Monica Lewinsky scandal... Clinton had to save himself; so he terminated the demands [to relinquish West Bank territory] that would have been forthcoming during that meeting, and would have been very bad for Israel."

In the end, no one played a bigger role in thwarting the prospect for peace than the Palestinian leader, Yasser Arafat, who rejected a deal with Netanyahu's successor, Ehud Barak, in 2000. In general, the Christian right has not gone to the mat to fight a two-state solution to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. But when the peace process finally resumed during the Bush administration, the Christian right made certain its theology was not ignored. In March 2004, according to The Village Voice, a delegation from the Apostolic Congress, a religious group that believes in the Rapture, met with Elliott Abrams, then the National Security Council's senior director for Near East and North African affairs, to discuss its concern that Israel's disengagement from Gaza would violate God's covenant with Israel. As it happens, Netanyahu, for non-theological reasons, shared the Christian right's concern about the Gaza pullout to such an extent that he resigned from Sharon's cabinet last summer and has vowed to challenge him for the prime minister's post.

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CHEER UP.
IT'S RIGHT BEHIND YOU.

AMSTEL LIGHT.
LIVE TASTEFULLY.
WITH some of the correspondents now in their 70s, the reunion had all the trappings of a last hurrah. But don’t bet on it. For many of us, so young and brash back then, Saigon—don’t dare call it Ho Chi Minh City—had a narcotic quality that could hook for life. So the boys trooped back for the 30th anniversary of the end of “their” war and their youth. Life afterward was never the same. Peter Arnett mimicked it by chasing the world’s endless wars, surely taking more fire than any other correspondent in history, only to be felled by his own words. In Baghdad in 2003 he said what a lot of Americans were thinking, but clearly chose the wrong forum—Iraqi-run television. NBC canned him flat. Arnett knew he had given the right wing one bull’s-eye too many: “There’s a small island in the South Pacific, uninhabited, which I’ll try to swim to,” he said and did a fade. But he showed up in Saigon. So did Joe Galloway, who went to war as a U.P.I. rookie armed with a pencil only to discover his choice would be a different weapon or death in a valley called la Drang (the ordeal was dramatized in the 2002 film We Were Soldiers), and Thanh Cong “Nick” Ut, an A.P. photographer who put the agonizing face on his own country’s war with a Pulitzer Prize–winning 1972 photograph of a burned and naked girl who ran screaming from a napalm attack. Seventy-nine media veterans returned, close to the number of their colleagues who had died there. For all its “young man’s allure,” it was a hard war on reporters and photographers.

This reunion photograph has its own paignity. Only days after it was taken, the great German war photographer Horst Faas was stricken by a rare ailment—a blood clot on his spinal column. Photographers are a conflict’s easiest targets, their death toll highest, but Faas survived the war with only one wound.

Now his illness has left him paralyzed from the chest down, the last casualty of Vietnam. He was airlifted to Bangkok and then to a Munich spinal clinic, where he undergoes daily therapy. But the last hurrah? Get a bet down, if you can find the sucker. Five years from now Arnett will be back if he has to swim, Faas if he has to zigzag his motorized wheelchair through Saigon’s crazy scooter traffic. Odds-on.

—William Prochnau
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The Goldsmith Standard

Like his father, the late Sir James Goldsmith, Ben Goldsmith gambles on his passions. At 25, he's already running his own Mayfair club, funding clean technology, and expecting a second baby with heiress Kate Rothschild.

By Tamasin Day-Lewis
For love, there's the language everyone understands.
I wanted to get out and do something useful,” says Ben. “I wanted real life.”

Ben, in his turn, decided that he would short-circuit conventional tertiary education, that it would prove a waste of time and merely stall his passage through the starting gate of a more important race. “I wanted to get out and do something useful. I wanted real life. My friends at 18 and 19 were all in limbo. I didn’t want to postpone things until I was 22 or 23.” He and a friend from Eton, Michael Radomir, the grandson of Lord Marks, son of one of the founders of Marks & Spencer, “rented a shoebox office in Victoria and started trying to find clean technologies for venture-capital investment for my uncle Teddy [Teddy Goldsmith, who founded the Green Party and The Ecologist magazine]. We looked at renewable energy, alternatives to chemicals, clean industrial processes, technologies that have less of a bad impact on the environment, things that help industry use less energy and water and materials and produce less waste. My passion is the environment. The only way I can get involved in business is where there is no negative effect on the environment.” He decided to invest in “five or six

clubs was named, is pacing the room like a caged animal, exuding the sort of high-frequency, restless energy of someone who can’t sit still and can’t stand confined spaces. He is telling me a story about his father, and obviously relishing the trait that the English bourgeoisie has always considered a little flash, somewhat suspect, the mark of a maverick, a risk-taker. Gambling, it appears, is as ingrained in the DNA of the son as it was in the father. The lore and language of the gaming tables, placing bets, taking a chance, winning and losing are, like the throw of the backgammon dice, second nature to the fledgling businessman across the room from me, speaking at a gallop, constantly unwinding his tall, elegant frame from the sofa before striding the floor, his pin-stripped suit worn with bedroom slippers as casually as most people his age wear their T-shirts and combat pants.

“When my father was 16 and at Eton,” Ben begins, “he took his first big risk. It was the 1940s, so it was a pretty big risk for a schoolboy. He bet £10 on a three-horse accumulator. He won. Eight thousand pounds. Imagine him carrying around £8,000 in used £5 notes in a suitcase. It of the businesses we had looked at, all of which had to stand on their own two feet. As well as being environmentally sound, the technologies have to be competitive.” Meanwhile, Ben took the biggest gamble of his life. At just 22 he married 21-year-old Kate Rothschild. The pair first met when Kate was a 16-year-old schoolgirl. “We fell in love from a distance,” Ben begins. “We spent every day together on my gap year with friends and it slowly dawned on us that we were in love with each other. It was a long courtship, three or four years. I
There's one language everyone understands.

18K gold jewelry from the "Triadra" collection by Di Modolo.

My 3 years and 3 days' gold necklace.
Kate claims. "She gets no processed food and she eats everything. Yesterday she had a grilled lemon sole and she loves homemade chicken-noodle soup and meatballs. I breast-fed her for nine months. Ben is vehemently anti-people who don't. He's very traditional. We don't know the long-term effect of not breastfeeding," she says.

She is a beguiling mix of sophistication and girlishness—way ahead of her generation. "None of my friends are even thinking of marrying and having children yet," she says. She has strong ideals and opinions and a charming, natural uncertainty when she knows her lack of experience is showing. At 23 she is pregnant with their second child. She and Ben could almost be brother and sister, with the same fine-boned elegance and height—Kate with long, harvest-colored hair semi-swept off her face, huge almond-shaped eyes, and a languid, watchful beauty that sparks easily into humor. Her tendency to blush causes her to worry

"that boys think I fancy them when I don't!" She appears a little shy when she talks of falling in love with Ben. "We started going out when I was still at school. I didn't necessarily know from the beginning 'This is it.' With Ben it built up—we were close friends. I had a lot of male friends, though Ben said, 'They are never just friends—all boys just fancy you.' I'd had one other boyfriend for six months. When I went traveling to India with a girlfriend, Ben and I had only been together a short time, but I just wanted to come back and see him. I'd be searching for a telephone almost every night to call him."

"It was devastating when she went off to India," Ben tells me. "I remember being miserable. When she came home I asked her to live with me. It felt absolutely right,

was slow off the mark, though I knew it was happening. One day I said, 'I love you.' I was always very square with girls."

Kate, the daughter of the late Amoschel Rothschild, scion of the great banking family, and Anita Guinness, of the brewing family, is in the basement kitchen. Woody and spacious, it has the country-kitchen look with a huge old dresser, a range, shelves of good cookbooks lining the wall, squashy comfortable armchairs and sofas, and French windows opening onto an immaculately tended flowering courtyard. The feeling is lived-in and cooked-in, not showpiece-kitchen. Their 18-month-old, strawberry-blond daughter, Iris, is picking at meat, mashed potatoes, and green beans in her high chair. "All organic," says.

"We spent every day together and it slowly dawned on us we were in love."

"We spent every day together and it slowly dawned on us we were in love."
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and we moved into a little house in Bourne Street."

So why get married so young? Could it have anything to do with the fact that both Ben and Kate lost their fathers as young teenagers? Ben doesn't dismiss the idea, but does say that marrying young "is a family trait. Both our parents married young, and my brother, Zac, and sister, Jemima, did, too. It seemed an obvious thing to do. We were very happy and very much in love, and there was no real reason not to." He is also quick to admit that "it is much easier getting married having money... It's a gamble, but I didn't look at that far ahead. I'm not worried about responsibilities—the worry is not having the responsibilities."

How many boys at his age are more worried about lack of responsibility than about responsibility? Perhaps a father's death prompts an urgency to get on with life, create your own family.

Kate appears to have been drawn to this quality in Ben as a teenager. "He seemed so grown-up so young," she says of him. "He asked me to marry him when I was 20. I couldn't imagine living without him, but I was a little nervous. I got pregnant four months after we got engaged, so we moved the marriage forward, thinking it would be more fun to have the wedding before the baby." In retrospect, Kate is not so sure. "I was overweight, had to wear an Empire-line, couldn't get pissed, and my feet hurt. I slightly wished I hadn't done it till afterwards! We went on our honeymoon to a cottage in the Camargue, in the South of France, and went all over to the most delicious restaurants. I forced Ben to eat fish soup and ravigote. He loves good food, but he's happiest with things like spaghetti Bolognese!"

Kate's passion for food was instilled in her by her mother at an early age: "Mum always cooked organic food at home way before anyone else did, and I'm obsessed with cooking. I cook pretty much every day, hearty comfort food like chicken in a pot with all the vegetables, and shepherd's pie. Now that I'm pregnant again I'm starving all the time. All I want is bread and potatoes and spicy foods."

Kate's post-school career was brief. She worked for a spell as an assistant to the designer Lady Putnam, helping her with her drawings and samples. "There are a lot of people who don't have set goals of what they want to achieve, but I'd love to write in the future, and I've always wanted to help run a restaurant." Fortuitously, in 2003, Ben became involved in another major gamble. He was approached by renowned restaurateur Marco Pierre White, who had opened the Drones Club (from P.G. Wodehouse), a private club off Bond Street in Mayfair only a beat away from Annabel's. Ben's alma mater in Berkeley Square. Home turf and territory. "Annabel's is still the coolest place—I love it," Ben says. Invited to invest in the Drones Club for a small stake, "I took my share to 10 percent," he says. "It was a bit of a punt, but I liked Marco, and the first year it was a rip-roaring success. By September last year, it had started to quiet down, and I saw an opportunity to take it over, so I bought the place out this March."

When they took over, the menu was the sort of Italian-English hybrid you find all over London, which is where Kate came in. Ben admits it wasn't up to par.

Ben describes the Drones Club as "one of the most beautiful rooms in London."
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lotte. "I was too young to question it. I had no idea, but I was not particularly upset. My mother was always on top of the world. There were periods when my father would be at Ormley [the family home, where Lady Annabel still lives, just outside of London], but when he wasn't, he was always there on the phone. The house was so full of energy with my mother, who makes everything fun and gives her entire life to her children and grandchildren. He was more of a grandfather than a father, but I adored him."

Ben is sure that, had his father lived long enough to see his son grow up, "my relationship with him would have grown as I started getting interested in politics and business and learned backgammon. I never got to play with him. I always listened to him. It was great fun when he was home. He would dominate the table, the whole house. When he died I read his book, The Trap, twice and understood how he looked at things. He was right about so many things: globalization, agriculture, religion, the environment. His worldview was that the world was going fundamentally wrong. I have been very influenced by him and my Uncle Teddy."

The loss of Kate's father, when Kate was just 14, was even more unexpected. "It was the summer holidays. It was just horrible. I was at home. I just got told and it was a big shock. We were very close."

Amschel Rothschild had committed suicide in the bathroom of a hotel in Paris. It was only a matter of weeks since his mother had died. I ask Kate whether she was angry. "No, not angry, just shocked and sad. I was totally oblivious to him suffering from depression—it was totally a secret of his. I don't know if Mum knew, though I'm sure she did. It brought all of us very close [Kate has a brother, James, and sister, Alice], though there was no real fallout, no aftershock. I was a bit naughty afterwards, but all of us were the people we are now, much stronger, pretty tough, and very close. There's only so much you can say. It's not an in-depth journey to go on. I adored him; we were very close. I know it haunted other people in the family, though, because my great-grandfather killed himself. I don't remember my granny dying, because it was eclipsed by my father dying."

The young couple have put their early losses behind them, though they are in some way united through them. They also have, despite hugely supportive extended families on both sides, a strongly independent streak. Whatever the advantages of his unconventionally glamorous heritage and her more conventional yet still privileged upbringing, the world of clubs and restaurants, partying and traveling, does not appear to appeal to Ben and Kate as much as the idea that they should do something good in the world, make their mark.

Over the last year and a half, Ben and his colleagues have continued to concentrate on raising money to invest in clean technology. "We went to wealthy English, American, and European entrepreneurs looking for £25 million. We seeded it ourselves and had a large corner-

Gambling, it appears, is as ingrained in the DNA of the son as it was in the father.

stone commitment from our families. We closed our fund on May 19. We aim to grow substantially over the next three years and invest in more businesses."

The first company Ben invested in, Exosect, involved in controlling agricultural pests, had developed a way of "disrupting the mating cycle of the insects and artificially reproducing the natural pheromone produced by the female to attract the male, so the males couldn't find the females, and the population crashed. Unfortunately, it was more expensive than using pesticides."

So what has it done since Ben's company invested in it? "Because every male insect carries a slight electrostatic charge on the surface of its body, Exosect developed a powder charged to the opposite polarity and impregnated the powder with the artificial pheromone and placed it in dishes in the area they wanted to protect." But is it as effective? "It's been proven in 70 field trials in 26 countries worldwide and it's as effective," Ben says instantly, excitedly.

Call it a gamble, a risk, a philosophy—Ben is determined to go on "investing in things that are not being supported by other people, things that make a difference.” In his beliefs, his passions, his commitment, shared with Kate, he will, I suspect, make enemies, sail close to the wind, suffer losses and setbacks in the same way his father did, but his ideals and determination should turn the odds in his favor. He has a timely sense of how crucial it is to act: "At the moment only 3 percent of foundation giving in the U.K. is to change the environment, but it is the most important thing to give to. Giving to most other things is like re-arranging the deck chairs on the Titanic." □
Clearly, Michelle Williams has never aspired to be an “It girl,” because the 25-year-old invariably gravitates toward unconventional roles. A Montana native, she was always an original, graduating from high school at 15, then legally emancipating herself from her parents. She landed a role on Dawson’s Creek as a big-city blonde who teaches the kids of Capeside the facts of life. After taking a turn toward the commercial abyss with Halloween H20: 20 Years Later, she soon redeemed herself with a slew of art films, including The Station Agent and Imaginary Heroes: Williams validates her independent credo once again in Brokeback Mountain, the new film based on Annie Proulx’s cult classic. Set in 1963 Wyoming, it concerns two cowboys—played by Heath Ledger and Jake Gyllenhaal—whose friendship, initially innocent and unassuming, develops into a romance they can never fully pursue or abandon. As Ledger’s wife, Williams is racked when she uncovers the secret four years into their marriage. “Michelle was the first to audition for the role, but it was obvious,” says director Ang Lee. “She is very special because of her ability to make you believe.” In real life, however, Williams went for a happier ending. She and Ledger began dating on the set, and this month she is expecting their baby girl. “Heath kept asking about her schedule when we started filming,” Lee says. “His caring went beyond that of a leading man.” —Caryn Bieelfeldt
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The War Within the War

Returning to Baghdad, where he was embedded in 2003, the author finds the “Hellraisers” of the Third Infantry facing the challenge of training Iraq’s new army. As the men of Camp Independence cope with culture clashes, clueless bureaucracies, and a porta-potty problem, they know one thing: the mission is crucial.

By Jonathan Foreman

I first saw Baghdad on April 7, 2003, two days before the city fell, while embedded with the army’s Third Infantry Division. What is now the Green Zone was recently a battle-ground, a post-apocalyptic wasteland. A wrecked Russian-made armored vehicle rested silently under a clump of trees. Here and there were the remains of Iraqi soldiers, semi-preserved by the dry heat. The G.I.’s gave some of them nicknames: Headless Harry, Shoulder Sam, Puddle Pete. The only signs of life were the cats you would see gnawing on the corpses.

The area included several palaces, all of them bombed except for the Presidential Palace, a ziggurat belonging to the Ministry of Defense, clusters of apartment blocks belonging to regime favorites, and the green residential area of Tashir.

Its garish mansions, surrounded by flower gardens, ponds, and moats, had all been abandoned in the months leading up to the war—the dust, the lack of furniture, the doors left open, made that obvious. The G.I.s quickly moved in, installed VCRs and TVs, and wandered in wonder through the gardens. They toured in their Humvees past abandoned houses and offices, chased away looters, and occasionally brought in curious Iraqis who’d never seen the area that was reserved for Saddam and the Ba’thist elite.

Now the whole district is at least as off-limits to ordinary Iraqis as it was before. Its green loveliness has vanished behind the concrete blast walls that surround every building and every compound. And when I drove through the zone late last spring, with soldiers who had liberated it more than two years ago, everyone in the Humvee went silent, shocked at the transformation.

“I can’t even fucking find my way round here now, and I drove here every day,” one sergeant said.

Back in 2003, I spent my first nights in
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Baghdad on the floor of the Presidential Palace, the headquarters of the 4-64 Armor Battalion and now, shorn of the giant heads of Saddam that once adorned its roof, the embassy of the United States. Saddam's half-Olympic-size palace pool was then bone-dry. The scouts took showers in the deep end using buckets. Their pals in the mortar platoon pissed in it. Today it is full, and you can see its blue waters through the heat haze, like a mirage, as you land on the Green Zone helipad.

The 4-64 Armor returned to Baghdad with the rest of the Third Infantry Division just after the elections of January 2005, replacing the First Cavalry Division. The soldiers they relieved had seen some of the worst fighting since the invasion, battling the Mahdi militia of renegade Shia cleric Muqtada al-Sadr and Sunni insurgents from Iraq and elsewhere in the Middle East.

Some of the battalion's troops now provide security in the Green Zone, operating checkpoints alongside a legion of private security guards, allied soldiers (mostly Georgians), and Iraqi security forces. Others oversee infrastructure projects in their area of responsibility. Still others are engaged in training the new Iraqi Army and patrolling the streets adjacent to the Green Zone on both sides of the Tigris.

It's all vital work, but the task of training an effective Iraqi security force is now a top priority of the U.S. military. Though the economy manages to function despite the bombs that go off almost daily—indeed, the new cars jammed onto the streets make that all too clear—Iraqi civil society, the country's nascent democracy, and an eventual American departure without disgrace all depend on this. Though U.S. troops rarely find themselves in sustained combat (except where the Marines are fighting near the Syrian border), this past summer has been bloody, especially for the thousands of Iraqi civilians killed by the largely Sunni suicide bombers often referred to by Baghdadis as "Wahhabis."

The company I was with in 2003, and now again, has escaped the tedium and danger of checkpoint duty, much to the soldiers' delight. Nicknamed the "Hellraisers," they are finishing the training of one Iraqi Army unit that was begun by the departed First Cavalry and beginning the training of another. As a friend from my previous visit, Sergeant Richard MacDougal of the Hellraisers' mortar platoon, said to me, "It's the best gig going out here."

But the price of that gig is living out at FOB Independence, on the Muthenna airfield outside Baghdad, instead of in the comforts of the main battalion base at Prosperity Palace, in the Green Zone, with its gleaming shower and toilet trailers and luxurious chow-hall. (Almost all bases are now termed "fobs," or Forward Operating Bases, even if they are in the rear. The big fobs are essentially office parks, like camouflaged versions of a D.M.V. or post office.)

"Fobbit" has become the derogatory army slang for a soldier who lives in, works in, and rarely leaves the FOB. It is the rough equivalent of the epithet REMF (rear-echelon motherfucker) of Vietnam War fame. At FOB Prosperity, there are many soldiers for whom a trip out of the base and to the nearby PX convenience store is a huge, rare deal.

FOB Independence is something else entirely. It's a combat-and-training base out in "Indian" country. There's a fence around the airfield and several high-walled compounds within it. Before you get to the American area, you have to go through an Iraqi National Guard camp. There are gates, and your vehicle has to wind through a "serpentine"—a concrete obstacle course that denies a straight run to truck bombers—to get to each compound.

A few hundred American troops live there, and, next door to them about a thousand troops from the 302nd Iraqi National
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Knowing they are good, and feeling left out of the loop, the Iraqi National Guard brigade operates in a maverick fashion.

American compound on the Muthanna airfield. The Hellraisers’ shelter from the punishing heat and dust consists of three long, drab barracks that are kept at frigid temperatures by roaring air-conditioning units. Their world includes a cafeteria, a small garden, a makeshift gym in a hot and dusty tent, and a recreation area under a palm-frond roof that could have been transported from a Thai beach. Within the compound there are three little stores—a phone center and two Internet cafes—all Iraqi-owned.

The Muthanna airfield hasn’t been used as an airfield since it was bombed during the Gulf War, in 1991. A control tower sits south of the U.S. compound and is occupied by an Iraqi Army unit. Near it are two giant cranes and the foundation pillars of the unfinished mosque—one of several begun by Hussein as he shook off the Ba’ath Party’s secular origins. The U.S. troops call it the MOAM, the Mother of All Mosques, and they use it for urban-warfare training.

The Iraqi Army recruits live in a giant airplane hangar. Apart from the MOAM, the dominant feature of this strange post-industrial landscape is a large mound of days he spends most of his time battling with recalcitrant bureaucracies—Iraqi and American—on behalf of his mission.

On my first day at FOR Independence, Ballanco was dealing with an Iraqi contractor who, instead of trucking the base’s sewage to the main city sewer system, was merely dumping it in an abandoned yard in a nearby neighborhood. Ballanco was also yelling at the supply troops at his own battalion headquarters for their failure to truck up fresh food supplies and ice cream for his men. The Green Zone, where the supply troops are based, is only 10 minutes away. Ballanco and his men travel the route several times a day, and they despise the fearfulness of the Green Zone Fobbits, whose main exposure to the war is through the news, and who are terrified of going out into “the Red Zone”—military jargon for anywhere outside the Green Zone.

Every day a few Hellraisers go on patrol with the Iraqi National Guard, who have just completed a year of training by two different U.S. units here at Muthanna. The I.N.G.’s, as they are called, patrol several times a day, clambering up onto old pickups, some of which have desk chairs strapped on the truck bed for a machine-gunner to sit on.

Though the I.N.G. troops took some time to be cured of their instinct to use the guard towers on the base as sleeping quarters, the Americans who patrol with them now deem them as good as any U.S. support unit. “They search the shit out of things now. They’ll go down sewers if they have to. They leave on time every time. And they’ve got a lot of qualities you wouldn’t expect,” Captain Hunter Bowers, a 25-year-old Nashville native, told me. It’s true, every time I joined them for a patrol, the I.N.G. soldiers were lined up, ready to hit the streets 10 minutes early. One day, when we were running a mere minute late, we found they had already left.

The I.N.G.’s weren’t always this solid. According to First Sergeant Rob Hixson, a 39-year-old St. Louis native and veteran of Haiti and Somalia, they had a transforming moment last year. One of their companies got into a firefight with insurgents, “and they got the shit kicked out of them. One dead and 17 wounded. Then they got serious.”

Hixson adds that it was easier to train
ter their dinner. A couple of days later the food supplier was kidnapped. He was released later upon payment of a $10,000 ransom. The food improved markedly. (The I.N.G. deny they were involved.)

Knowing that they are good, and feeling left out of the loop, the I.N.G. brigade operates in a maverick fashion. Its commander, Lieutenant Colonel Alaa Talib Mokhine, an energetic and fearless man in early middle age who had enlisted in the I.N.G. as a private (though he'd been a colonel in Saddam's army), takes his men on raids outside of the sector, snatching insurgent suspects and bringing them back to the crowded trailer at Camp Independence that doubles as a jail. One day while I was there, I.N.G. soldiers, upon hearing of a big fire in Sadr City, mounted their pickups and drove over to help put it out.

The I.N.G.'s know that one reason they are looked upon with such disfavor by the Iraqi Army's new command is their more Western style of leadership—which gives responsibility to junior officers—here considered a subversive innovation. The regular Iraqi Army is heavy with colonels and generals, like a South American one, yet the Americans have found that in units like the one Captain Ballanco was training no one is willing to make even a minor decision.

The I.N.G. is kind of a platonic ideal of the new Iraqi Army. Not only does it include both Sunni and Shia (the battalion executive officer is a Sunni), it also contains men who had held positions in the Republican Guard and men who had been part of the Shia anti-Saddam underground.

It felt strange to walk down Haifa Street again. Since I had been there last, it had become known as the Street of Death. There were more than 400 attacks against American and Iraqi security forces on the road or in the area around it in 2004 alone. The narrow warrens behind the tall buildings that line Haifa Street were christened with nicknames such as “Grenade Alley” and “Purple Heart Lane.”

Yet it now seemed almost as unthreatening as it had been when the 4-64 and I were here two years ago. Walking through these medieval streets as they bustled with urban village life. I remembered how people streamed out of them in April 2003 to loot the apartment buildings and offices on Haifa Street. The apartment blocks where Saddam had housed members of his favored groups (party activists, Palestinians, Syrian exiles, et al.) had been a particular target.

The lanes look the same now, except that there are air conditioners in a lot of the windows, and everywhere there are satellite dishes, which were banned by Saddam's regime. The three-foot disks cluster like fungus on rooftops and walls. Even the poorest hovels without running water or toilets seem to have satellite TV.

Some of the alleys in the mixed Shia-Sunni neighborhood are friendly; others feel distinctly hostile. In a friendly street, young women with scarves but uncovered faces giggled at the soldiers as they walked by.

The previous week, I.N.G. soldiers caught an insurgent when one of the jundis—the word used for a private—overheard him speaking with a Syrian accent. As Ed Ballanco pointed out, this is something that no American patrol would ever notice.

The patrol walked down both sides of the boulevard, each soldier keeping about 10 feet behind the man in front, staying about a foot from the wall, pointing weapons down side streets. But the general feeling was relaxed. The Hellraisers were attacked with grenades and by snipers here in February and March, but since then they have had minimal contacts.

The Hellraisers are particularly amazed when they're personally recognized on the street. Back in spring 2003 the company's mortar platoon was stationed outside the big looted bank on Haifa Street. Naturally they got to know some of the neighborhood kids. Specialist Chris Masters was there. "The other day we were staging behind Haifa Street for a patrol and this little kid runs up to me and says my name the way they always mispronounce it:
‘Chrace! Chrace!’ I couldn’t believe it. But I recognized him as one of the kids we used to let inside the bank compound to help clear it up. He pointed out another kid, and I realized it was the one we used to call Beaver because he looked like the Leave It to Beaver kid. We had nicknames for all of them because their names were so hard to pronounce.”

I was here for the first day of U.S. training for a new Iraqi Army battalion. The Iraqi recruits had been on the airfield for almost three months, waiting for uniforms and weapons and learning how to march, with that slightly embarrassing goose step that the new Iraqi Army has inherited from the old, along with its venal, authoritarian officer corps.

To the gratified surprise of the Hellraisers G.I.’s, it turned out that the fundis can strip and reassemble their weapons with impressive speed. But that was as far as their soldierly skills went.

The Iraqi troops carried their Romanian and Bulgarian AK-47s by the barrel, by the trigger guard, upside down over their shoulders, or trailing in the dirt, and often pointed them at their buddies and instructors. It was as if they had no concept that guns are dangerous.

Some 30 trainees were asked to fire three single shots at Captain Ballanco’s makeshift targets. (Official army targets had been ordered months before but had yet to make it down the supply chain.) The instructions were given loudly and clearly—all the interpreters were experienced themselves, having spent the past months with the Iraqi National Guard.

The first line of I.A. soldiers stood on the firing line. “Ready!” “Ai-!” BRRRRRRAP! Before the final consonant, all the soldiers emptied their magazines on full auto. Grinning in joy and fear, they seemed to be awakening from a trance when the noise died down and they heard their own officers, the interpreters, and the Americans yelling at them to cease fire. In 10 weeks of basic training, these soldiers had rarely fired their weapons. In the old Iraqi Army, there was almost no live-fire training.

So the rest of the morning was spent teaching the Iraqi battalion how to behave on the range. Sergeant First Class Michael Brown’s voice boomed out to the fundis sitting under camouflage nets to shelter them from the midday sun: “At no time will you point the weapon in the air, at your buddy, at your feet …” A translator in a U.S. Army uniform repeated his words in Arabic. Obviously, the Iraqi lieutenant next to me had his rifle pointed at the navel of the man beside him. “This is how you will carry your weapons in training so you can avoid shooting somebody accidentally; finger off trigger, on safety, pointing down,” shouted Sergeant Brown.

An Iraqi lieutenant’s cell phone rang and he wandered away for a chat. When he strolled back and over to the range where soldiers were learning to sight their weapons, he moved the feet of a soldier lying in a prone firing position, as if to show that he knew his stuff. He did not.

A U.S. Army colonel who had just trained a similar Iraqi Army unit told me that much of the early training is designed to avoid what he and his colleagues call “the death blossom”—when an untrained Iraqi unit makes contact and fires wildly in all directions. “It’s why before we take them out on the streets we do so much training with live fire. We have them clear room with live fire. If they don’t do it properly they’ll shoot each other,” he told me.

Another, rather different culture clash became apparent at the end of the day training. The Americans began to pick up the used brass cartridges on the range and asked the Iraqis they were training to join in. The recruits and their officers seemed utterly baffled by this. Farther up the range Captain Mark McClellan, a 2001 West Point graduate from Macon, Georgia, hav
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ed out plastic trash bags and then we pick up some of the water bottles out carpeted the area. It wasn’t clear which confused the Iraqis. The idea of cleaning up trash by that of an officer joining in such a demeaning task.

Hygiene was the main topic of discussion at that evening’s officers’ meeting. Ballanco was worried about flies and disease as a result of Iraqi Army soldiers relieving themselves in the scrub near the training range. He asked Sergeant First Class Leon “Pete” Peters to order more porta-johns for the back of the range. But as First Sergeant Rob Hixson pointed out, the new porta-johns installed near the I.A.’s hangar hadn’t been used. Apparently they were the Western type, with seats. “Jesus, I got used to squatting in the desert during the war—why can’t they get used to sitting on a toilet?” one of the officers asked. New, Asian-style porta-johns were ordered.

A couple of days later I went on a patrol with a squad from the 302nd Iraqi National Guard battalion, this one through the poor Sunni neighborhood just south of Haifa Street.

Ed Ballanco noted how part of the 40-man platoon had gone forward to ensure security from rooftops and high windows; that they kept their rifles down, fingers off but near the triggers; that they kept the right distance from one another as they walked. “These guys are studs,” he said. Certainly, their discipline was in stark contrast to that of the rabble Ballanco and his men were trying to train that morning.

The I.N.G. men stopped to shoot the breeze with the local shopkeepers. One local man insisted on talking to Captain Ballanco as well as to the I.N.G. commander. A power line had broken nearby. It was obvious he believed that if the Americans knew about it it was more likely to be repaired. The truth is that all soldiers like Ballanco can do is pass the information up the chain of command. If the project is small enough the battalion may take it on. But if it involves something more substantial the request gets passed to the relevant ministry, where it becomes subject to the mysterious and unifying currents of Iraqi politics.

The I.N.G. troops are astonishingly good at spotting roadside bombs. Ballanco Sergeant Hixson showed me the unbelievable squalor of those living quarters. There was no running water. To wash themselves and their one uniform they had to walk up the airfield to some rusting tanks containing fetid rainwater. They relieved themselves in a room at the back of the hangar. They ate on the bunks. The flies were thick. Although he had seen it before, the scene filled the American sergeant with fury.

Ballanco and his own commander, Lieutenant Colonel Robert Roth, had asked for funds to pay for showers, an eating area, and other improvements to the barracks. The 4-64 has been doing what it can, with limited funds, to help the Iraqi trainees. They were allocated $10,000 a month for training purposes, but that amount was cut to $2,500 last April—official U.S. policy is to slowly shift power to the Iraqi Ministry of Defense, which must fund such improvements itself. One colonel told me that the Ministry of Defense is not yet up to the job of provisioning and equipping an army. While the Americans have had success at training soldiers at the tactical level, there are few training efforts at the senior bureaucratic level. The ministry is widely said to be a basket case of nepotism, corruption, and incompetence.

U.S. officers like Ballanco say that now is not the time to let the M.O.D. learn from its mistakes. “Let’s win the war first and then train the bureaucrats.”

The next day it was reported that, although the new, Asian-style porta-johns had been delivered, the Iraqi soldiers still weren’t using them. Sergeant Peters caught several soldiers relieving themselves in the scrub behind the range again. One of the jundis told him that he’d been told that the porta-johns were for officers only. Captain Ballanco said there must be an announcement that they are for everyone, and that soldiers who didn’t use them would be fined. “I can’t believe I’m even discussing this stuff,” he said.

The senior Iraqi Army officers had asked Captain Ballanco not to let the Iraqi National Guard soldiers assist in the training of their troops. Ballanco eventually agreed to this despite the fact that having top-quality Iraqi soldiers helping on the range speeded training enormously.

“The quicker I get these men trained, the sooner they get out on the street and win this war, and we can all go home.”

However, Captain Ballanco and his men refused to give in to the Iraqi officers’ requests that they be allowed to skip physical training and eat separately from their own men. In the U.S. Army, not only do officers eat with their men, they eat last. That means that if there isn’t enough food it’s the people in charge who go hungry.

During an officer-training session, one of the Iraqi officers interrupted Captain McClellan’s presentation about how to plan an operation to point out that “in the Iraqi Army we lead from the back, not from the front.” The American officers didn’t know what to say. The interpreter, a former professor of continued on page 24
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If you have wrinkles, you’ve probably heard about...

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(e-deb-in-all)

But can this new “miracle” cream really work as good as they say?

By Misty Bott

You’ve seen it on the news... you’ve read about it in magazines...

People who have used it not only love it but are buying it again and again and again... racking up huge repeat sales at the cosmetic counters of high-end department stores (and that’s at a whopping $109 for a 3.4 ounce tube). The cosmetic industry hasn’t been this excited about the debut of a new wrinkle cream since the introduction of that “Better Than Botox”? “stretch mark cream turned anti-wrinkle phenomenon” StriVectin-SD. So what in the world is all the excitement about?
The new “wonder” potion is called Idebenol (pronounced e-deb-in-all), from prestige skin care developer Sövage Dermatologic Laboratories. But why are cosmetic “insiders” betting at Idebenol will not only make you look years younger but will ease the new life into a maturing (some would say “stagnant”) skinet industry? Well, it’s surely not Idebenol’s less-than-rectangular (some would say rather plain) pale green and white claging. Nor is it the fact that Idebenol touts itself as a “Facial Anti-Oxidant.” Let’s be real; anti-oxidants are nothing new. So why is everyone so excited?

The reason everybody is so excited about Idebenol is that it can virtually reverse the hands of time. I know, I’ve heard the phrase “the hands of time” sounds a wee bit old, but here’s one juicy little fact that will get your butt and running to your favorite cosmetic counter: In a clinical trial conducted with women with an average age of 67, these mature women increased their Skin Renewal Rate, or “SR,” so dramatically that it matched the skin renewal rate of women in their late 20’s (29-year-olds to be exact). That’s right. 67-year-old skin with a renewal rate of a 29-year-old! Amazing!

So what is a Skin Renewal Rate, you ask? Well, as it was explained to me, a Renewal Rate reflects the speed at which new skin cells replace old skin cells... other words, it’s a standardized measure of the skin’s ability to axel. But what is an “axel,” you ask? An axel is the ability to kill free radicals, but what in the world are “free radicals,” and how does “killing” them help your skin look younger, tighter, and firmer?

An answer, we turned to Dr. B. Grant Bishop, M.D., noted dermatologist and Clinical Professor of Dermatology at the University of Utah. Dr. Bishop told us, “Free radicals are highly reactive molecules that can severely damage skin cells,” explaining, “For more than three decades, researchers have known that free radicals accelerate the skin’s aging process. In scientific terms, free radicals initiate a destructive cascade of events that cause the denaturation of structural cellular protein, the loss of enzyme function, the depletion of natural cellular antioxidants, a shift in cell membrane lipid oxidation, and ultimately the skin’s immune protective system... damaging DNA and ditcantly resulting in ‘mutational events’... like thinning skin, loss elasticity, age spots and, of course, wrinkles... the classic signs of mature aging.”

 turns out that Idebenol is more than just make you look younger. Idebenol is a highly selective “free radical killer.” But what in the world are “free radicals,” and how does “killing” them help your skin look younger, tighter, and firmer?

So will Idebenol overtake StriVectin as the world’s #1 selling prestige wrinkle cream? Only time will tell... however, the “oddsmakers” are betting on Idebenol!

See you at the cosmetic counter...

P.S. In the interest of full disclosure you need to know that as part of this assignment I received a free tube of Idebenol... I love this stuff!
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GEORG JENSEN
SINCE 1904
Once the jundis had been taught basic marksmanship, the American trainers gave prizes to recruits who did best on the range. Ballanco and his men use high-status awards to motivate the Iraqis they are training, sometimes giving away watches and sunglasses. It works very well. (“What is it Napoleon said?” asked Sergeant Dan McDonald, one of the civil-affairs soldiers attached to the battalion. “I could conquer the world if I had enough ribbon??”) The most valued prizes are equipment that American troops themselves favor, such as G-Shock watches and the two favorite brands of ballistic or protective sunglasses, Wiley X and ESS.

One day Ballanco invited several of the Iraqi Army officers to have a go on the range with an M-4 carbine, the U.S. military’s short rifle that’s gradually replacing the M-16. He showed them how to use the red dot in the rifle’s telescopic sight. They all took a few shots at a water bottle he had placed on a wooden post about 60 feet away. They all missed. One of them handed the rifle back, saying he was sure the sight was broken. Ballanco picked up the rifle, which was not even his but his sergeant’s, knocked the bottle off the post with his first shot, and then bounced it up and down the range, hitting the bottle with every shot he fired. There was a thoughtful silence afterward. For the next few days, the Iraqi officers seemed less awkward about taking the advice of their trainers.

Sometimes the culture clashes on the range took on a comical tone. Captain McClellan was disconcerted when his Iraqi charges kept telling him he had a beautiful face. Some of them added their opinion that “women are for babies, men are for fun.” “I just say, ‘Thank you,’ and keep back,” McClellan said.

McClellan believes it’s important to set a reasonable bar for the level of training. “We are not trying to make an army like the 82nd Airborne that can parachute into Tehran. We’re trying to make an army that can support the government in what it needs. We will train them hard and we’ll at least have an army that can see what good is. Certain things stick; they still parade like the British after 50 years. Now there’s a generation of jundis and NCOs [non-commissioned officers] that will have been trained by Americans. They’ll at least know what good soldiering looks like.”

Given how much the training effort depends on the determination and skill of the U.S. officers involved, it was disconcerting to me to find out how little some of the top U.S. brass seemed to understand the challenge.

The MNSTC-I (Multi-National Security Transition Command—Iraq, or “Minstickly,” as it’s called) is based in the greenest, most luxurious part of the Green Zone, near the mansions I stayed in with the 4-64 back in 2003.

M instickly was, until September, led by Lieutenant General David Petraeus, one of the most highly regarded officers in the U.S. Army. (Petraeus is now in command of Fort Leavenworth in Kansas.) His leadership in Mosul after its capture in 2003 by his 101st Airborne Division was wildly successful. Many people here believed that if only his methods had been duplicated elsewhere things would have gone very differently. Petraeus seduced and inspired otherwise intractable sheikhs with a combination of charm, money, and firepower.

But the PowerPoint briefing I was given by two colonels was a mere recitation of numbers: weapons distributed, training days completed, units fully trained. There was no sense of the vast variation in the quality of training among Iraqi units. I mentioned the terrible conditions on the air base, the failure of the Iraqi Ministry of Defense to supply its own troops with food and run-
problem was that most of the recruits were rural men from Hilla, farm boys who simply didn’t like to do their business in an enclosed space. Sergeant Steven Cotton, the medic, had reported two possible cases of typhoid, and Ballanco was at his wit’s end.

In front of me he called the battalion doctor about getting vaccinations for the I.A. trainees. But the voice at the other end was already irritated with the Hellraisers for pressuring him to perform an operation on a local child suffering from hydrocephalus. “Typhoid vaccinations cost $10 to 20 per shot. With 1,500 I.A. that would cost $30,000. So, no way.” Ballanco went red. “No way? What about the soldiers?” “I guess they’ll all get typhoid,” came the reply from the medical officer. “Goddammit!” Ballanco exploded. “Don’t you fucking get it? The quicker I get these men trained, the sooner they can get out on the fucking street and help win this war, and we can all go home.”

Back in 2003 the Hellraisers had no running water (they drew water from a flush toilet in the Tigris PX), no fresh food, no DVDs or computers, no Internet access, and any drinking water that had not been able to speak with their loved ones at home unless a passing reporter had lent them a satellite phone.

Life was very different when I returned, even on a small, relatively uncomfortable base such as Independence, which lacks a big Hulliburton chow-hall, a fancy, air-conditioned gym, and large-screen TVs. These days there’s relatively ‘easy’ phone access on most bases, and Internet access ($2 an hour) provided by Iraqi entrepreneurs. At Independence, many of the soldiers had the Internet in their rooms. People I.M.’d their spouses back home and, used Webcams to flirt with chat-room dates.

Though many of the ROBs still have sandbagged windows from the months when there were daily mortar attacks, there have been few significant attacks on any of the bases in Baghdad since 2004. That means many of the soldiers you see playing on their computers in dusty offices are really in serious danger only when they leave the confines of their brigade and battalion headquarters.

This time, everyone had a laptop. Digital cameras were everywhere. Several soldiers at Camp Independence made digital movies for their own amusement; many of them were quality documentaries. One soldier had spliced in footage from the unit’s Raven, a small video-surveillance drone.

Pornography is technically forbidden by a general order—the same one that forbids alcohol. But the alcohol rule is strictly enforced. Ed Ballanco suspected that some of his men gave in to temptation when the Iraqi National Guard officers in the compound next door offered them beer. But you don’t see any boozed in the barracks themselves. Drugs are even more forbidden and, as far as I could tell, astonishingly rare.

Another huge difference between this army and its drafted predecessors from previous wars is that more than half of its soldiers are married. Marital problems are common in the army—a casualty of one-year deployments. (The Marines and the British are usually sent abroad for shorter periods of time.) At least one soldier I knew from 2003 got divorced when he went home for the first time. They look more insulated from the rest of the world, as did the men I talked to at Camp Independence, who said they didn’t talk much to others, or make friends, or go out much.

And of course, these days, there are no Internet cookies, no Facebook, no iPods, no iPhones, no cellphones. But most soldiers do have a sense of the time—what day it is, what month, what year. They may not talk about the war, but they are living it. And they spend their free time watching DVDs and videos of movies and TV programs, and using computers to watch them as they practice searching cars, setting up checkpoints, and moving under fire between the columns of the MOAB. Not only has the awkwardness of their first few days vanished, the Jundis exhibit genuine enthusiasm. Sometimes they point out to the American trainers the corners where “Wahhabis” would be hiding if this were the real street. When I look surprised at the trainees’ improvement, First Sergeant Hixson says to me, “You should see how bad American army recruits are at the beginning of basic training.” Already the American trainers are spotting jundis with a knock for marksmanship or leadership. Soon they will have to try to persuade the Iraqi general—no one else has the authority—that these are men worth promoting.

I n the chow-hall, Ballanco addressed his company: “I’ve never seen a group of guys work as hard as you have in the last week since I’ve been in the army. I’ve done basic training as an XO [executive officer], and what you are doing is harder than what drill sergeants...”
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FIVE LITTLE WORDS

The 13th-century wisdom of the mystic poet Rumi is now a go-to phrase for Donald Rumsfeld and Angelina Jolie, Trick Daddy, and Al Gore. In the jittery first decade of the 21st century, “It is what it is” may be America’s favorite way of explaining almost anything

BY JIM WINDOLF

It is what it is” has become the great American catchphrase, a mantra for an uneasy decade. Politicians like the sound of it. Hip-hoppers, businessmen, and movie stars say it all the time. It can be profound or meaningless, depending on the context. Poets use it and so do fools.

Dancer Kevin Federline uttered the phrase to express his love for his wife, Britney Spears, in an episode of the UPN reality show Britney & Kevin: Chaotic. New York Yankee star Alex Rodriguez said the same thing to reporters after making a costly error in a playoff game this fall. And Angelina Jolie said it on the Today show, when asked if she minded being branded the “other woman” in the Brad Pitt–Jennifer Aniston split.

Given its flexibility, it sits comfortably on both sides of the political aisle: Al Gore used it to show that he had accepted, to a degree, the fact that he had lost the protracted 2000 presidential election, and on Election Day 2004, George W. Bush reportedly told an aide, “I’m surprised, but it is what it is,” when early exit-poll data erroneously suggested a John Kerry win.

Decades before its current vogue, “It is what it is” started popping up in the works of such writers as Holocaust survivor Erich Fried (“It is madness / says reason / It is what it is / says love”), the great 20th-century American poet Wallace Stevens (“The night knows nothing of the chants of the night / It is what it is as I am what I am”), and Beat novelist Jack Kerouac (“It Is What It Is and That’s All That’s”). John Lennon sang it in his 1974 song “Scared.”

The phrase has apparently been around, in some form, since the 13th century, when mystic Islamic poet and guru Jalal al-Din Rumi titled a collection of his lectures Fih i ma Fih, a Persian expression loosely translated as It Is What It Is for a recent English-language edition. Roughly 700 years after Rumi, this tautological expression became a favorite of U.S. Secretary of defense Donald Rumsfeld. Before the U.S. invasion of Baghdad, Rummy said, “You can call it pre-emptive, as I do, or you can call it preemptive, but it is what it is.”

But it’s not just a tough-talking Republican administration. Rap moguls hip-hoppers Tony Yayo 1-60 D.M.X., Trick Daddy, and Ras Kass have rapped it. Country diva Wynonna Judd has belted it out and sensitive singer-songwriter John Mayer has crooned it. R&B heartthrob Usher repeats “It is what it is” so many times in “It Is What It Is” that anyone hearing the song loses all concept of what it might mean in the first place.

Pro athletes positively rely on it, especially after losses. Sportswriters Gary Mihoces of USA Today and Adam Proteau of The Hockey News got so sick of “It is what it is” that they wrote columns decrying it. J. Daniel Janzen, of the online journal Flak Magazine, wrote a sharp 2003 piece focusing on its use by politicians (citing a few examples mentioned here).

If you’re annoyed by this and other contagious phrases, you’re not alone. “Americans have a tendency to have a negative attitude toward using set expressions,” says Deborah Tannen, a professor of linguistics at Georgetown University and author of several books. “[But] language is fundamentally formulaic. We don’t generate new sentences for every purpose. I think the appeal of the phrase ‘It is what it is,’ the reason it can cut across such a wide range of users, is that the words are such basic words that it isn’t marked for a particular social group. The usefulness of it is that it captures the existential acceptance that there are just some things in life you can’t control.”

Recent times have certainly demanded a lot in the way of existential acceptance, and the little phrase has followed eruptions of war and weather all across the globe. “It is what it is,” a Saudi Arabia–based American man told The New York Times soon after Islamic terrorists killed 22 non-Saudi oil workers in the May 2004 siege at Khobar. More recently, a Mississippi woman identified as Mary Rose, who lost her home to Hurricane Katrina, told CBS News, “It is what it is. I don’t even shed a tear.”

Last year Paris Hilton thought she had come up with a pretty cool new catchphrase, “That’s hot!” She even tried to trademark it. But she misjudged. After 9/11, 7/7, the South Asian tsunami, and Katrina, people seem more at ease with something more tentative and neutral-sounding. It just doesn’t feel like a “That’s hot!” kind of decade.

QUAGMIRE?
Before the U.S. attack on Baghdad, Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld explained, “It is what it is.”
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An open road. An open mind. The possibilities are endless. Lincoln Zephyr.

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The Plot Against Sugar

In 1957, a father-and-son team from Brooklyn kicked off America's love affair with artificial sweeteners when they began manufacturing a mix of saccharin, cyclamates, and lactose—Sweet'N Low. In an excerpt from his forthcoming book, a (disinherited) family member writes of the sugar substitute's creation, success, and subsequent dethroning by Equal and Splenda

By Rich Cohen

Cumberland Packing, the company that manufactures Sweet'N Low, occupies a boxy building across the street from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. It sits amid the factories of Fort Greene, the last of New York City's vanishing industrial base. The neighborhood is ringed by housing projects, dark windows looking out on the long skies over Williamsburg.

During peak hours at Cumberland, the packing machines rattle and the building vibrates and the workers shout over the racket, and all of this builds into a roar. As the packets are filled, saccharin dust drifts into the air, and you breathe it into your lungs. It flavors everything sickly sweet. To make Sweet'N Low, Cumberland uses tons of cream of tartar, dextrose, and saccharin each day. The ingredients are combined in a mixing room on the second floor, a lab where workers wear bathing caps and booties. You see them behind glass, stirring the pre-mix. This product is fed into tremendous whirling, Sheeler-esque machines, which cut and load it into packets and dump them onto a conveyor belt that winds through the factory like a river.

Every packet is tested and weighed. On the factory floor, the conveyor belt breaks into tributaries, each headed for a different machine. Ladies in hairnets direct this flow into boxes, which totter off to the shipping bay, where they are loaded onto trucks that carry them all over the region.

In the 1950s, Cumberland Packing was a prosperous little factory, part of the belt of industry that stretched along the Brooklyn waterfront. My grandfather Benjamin Eisenstadt, who started Cumberland in 1946, employed a few dozen people. The company grossed perhaps a hundred thousand a year, most of it plowed right back into the factory: new machines, more workers. Ben brought home just enough money to buy a car, support a family, send his kids to summer camp. He was packing sugar, duck sauce, perfume, and tokens. My mother, who worked at the factory when she was in high school and college, said she could tell the nature of a run by the smell in the air. Cum-


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**ARTIFICIAL TURF WAR**

Sweet'N Low dominated the sugar-substitute market until Equal, and then Splenda, took over.
We will take our plans off hold.

We will make schedules follow us.
We will forget our laptops more often.
We will exchange office space for wireless coverage.
We will see our phone as more than a convenience.

It's time for Treo.

Email. Phone. Web. Video.
berland had become a transit station, a place where the raw material of the borough was given shape and sent onto the market.

In 1956, Ben and his son Marvin, who would eventually take over the company, began the research that would culminate, later that year, in the invention of Sweet’N Low. There are legends about this discovery, as well there should be. It’s the place where the stream goes under the rocks and emerges as a swift and dangerous river, where the needling problems of a middle-class Brooklyn family become the soap-opera stuff of the super-rich.

According to legend, the invention was an expression of character. That is, the nature of Sweet’N Low can tell you about the nature of Ben, an extension of Ben, or is Ben himself in another form. Sweet’N Low as a sacrament, Sweet’N Low as the holy wafer. Take it onto your tongue and let it dissolve. The rush of sweetness is followed by a bitter aftertaste. That aftertaste is the soul of Ben. My mother said the spark came when Ben was on a diet. Ben was always on a diet because he was never happy with who he was—a psychosis that runs through the family. “Because of this diet, Grandpa Ben was not eating anything with sugar,” said my mother. “In those days, the only substitute was Sucaryl. Not the scarcity of food, but too much. Too many burgers, too many shakes, too many candy bars, too many calories.

“The drug company came to us,” said Marvin. “They wanted us to make a sugar substitute. At that time, there was just Sucaryl, put out by Abbott Laboratories.”

Even if they did not know it, Ben and Marvin were entering into a plot to overthrow sugar, which had been the king of the Western diet for 500 years.

In 1957, Ben hired a chemist to help him devise a mixture that would approximate the look and feel of sugar. Much is made of Marvin’s chemistry degree, but, in truth, Dr. Kracauer was the professional on the project. Paul Kracauer is like Pete Best, the first drummer of the Beatles, mostly expunged from lore, but the name endures on the patents. When my mother mentions his name, it’s with drama, like the name of a villain in a silent movie: “Dr. Kracauer.” I picture it written in wavy freakshow letters: DR. KRACAUER RETURNS! I guess this is because of the name itself, which has an Eastern European concentration-camp ring, but also because of my sense that here is the evil genius behind it all.

In devising the formula, Ben was especially wary of saccharin’s aftertaste. “In many cases this bitter aftertaste actually makes the person nauseous,” Ben wrote in his patent application. The saccharin would therefore have to be cut with a neutral substance. Several years before, the scientists at Abbott Labs had come up with a formula considered the industry gold standard. The 10-to-1 mix: 10 parts cyclamate, which is not as sweet as saccharin, but has no aftertaste, and 1 part saccharin. A perfect complement. When the cyclamate is combined with saccharin in an amount that equals the sweetness of one teaspoon of sugar, it yields a pill the size of a mini M&M. The aftertaste is there, but muted. If Ben wanted to fill an entire packet with the formula, he would need another ingredient to bulk up the mix and approximate the texture of sugar.

Marvin says he found the missing ingredient in a cookbook. According to an old recipe, lactose bulked up food and leached out taste. With the addition of lactose, Ben was able to perfect the formula that became Sweet’N Low. Whereas saccharin had been an artificial sweetener, this was fake sugar: a counterfeit, part of the postwar process whereby the world of our grandfathers would be replaced by a facsimile. But when Ben and Marvin returned to the pharmaceutical company, the executives hardly seemed to remember them, were not sure what Ben was talking about, and did not want to taste that cup of coffee, because they were no longer interested. “We had done all this work and they just

Ben launched the product in 1957, at first positioning it as a medicine, an aid to diabetics.

It came in little pills that you carried in a vial. You put one into a cup of coffee. Or there was a liquid that came in an eyedropper. If you were having iced tea, you might add two drops. But the liquid was too sweet. And the pills never dissolved. My father loved grapefruit. He would crush the pills and spread it on the grapefruit, but that never really worked. It bothered him. It was a problem he wanted to solve.

For Ben, grapefruit is like the apple of Newton, that part of the material world that cracks him on the skull and jars loose the obstruction.

“I have no idea how he came up with it,” my Aunt Gladys told me. “Yes, he was on a diet, but I don’t know. People were dieting and using saccharin, so, O.K., I guess he decided. ‘Let’s invent a sugar substitute.’”

Is this what happened?

Well, Ben was on a diet and he did sprinkle mashed-up saccharin-and-cyclamate pills on his grapefruit, but he did not take the logical next step on his own. The idea for an artificial sweetener in powder form was in fact brought to him by the executives at a long-defunct pharmaceutical company. These men asked Ben if he could devise a sugar substitute that could be packed by Cumberland in the same way the company was packing sugar. Fake sugar real packets. To those men, fake sugar was imagined less as a food than as a medicine. It would be sold in hospitals and drugstores. It would be used mostly by diabetics. With this simple idea, the pharmaceutical executives were offering a solution to a problem new in history, the American problem of plenty.

HEY THERE, SUGAR

Sprite, Tab, Fresca, and Fanta Orange cans from the 60s. Diet sodas would eventually cross over from the diet-food industry into the mainstream market.

[Image of various soda brands]
a new level of vodka.
perfectly balanced.
One sip. You’ll know. A new level of vodka.

...it makes a beautifully balanced vodka tonic. — Bon Appetit, July 2004

...it’s satiny and citrusy. — Men’s Journal, June 2004

...drinking excellence. Go on, fill that jelly glass. — Vibe, April 2004

Tops with our testers who declared it smooth... — U.S. News & World Report, May 3, 2004

A superb unflavored vodka that’s going to turn lots of heads. — Wine Enthusiast, Dec. 31

Move over Grey Goose, there’s a new super premium vodka on the block — Level vodka. Simply the Best, November/December

Thick and ripe, it flows across the palate, a hauntingly delicious finish. — Robb Report, June
 didn't care," Marvin told me. "And we thought we had really accomplished something. Put it in a cup of coffee and it tastes like sugar. But they changed their mind. Maybe they thought the market was too small."

The big moment from which all the other moments flowed was therefore brought about not by an act of genius or will, but out of a first-generation determination not to let good work go to waste. "Well, my dad was angry, and so was I," said Marvin. "We had worked very hard and very long on this and hated to watch it go down the drain. So we decided, you know, let's just make it and pack it and distribute it ourselves."

By showing the government that this new saccharin formula, with lactose as its secret ingredient, was the closest fake thing to real sugar, Ben and Marvin won a "use patent." For 18 years, only Cumberland would be allowed to manufacture the formula. "Now, of course, those 18 years have gone by," Marvin told me. "But once you develop that magical brand name, nothing can touch you. If someone put out the exact same product without our name, we would outsell them eight to one."

From there, it was just a matter of marketing: What will the product be called? What will the packet look like? What color will it be? Where will it be sold? To whom will it be sold?

When I asked Marvin who had been responsible for what, he told me that he had made most of the big decisions, but Ben had been "an inspiration."

"The product was developed by Ben and Dr. Kraeauer," said my father. "I watched it happen. Marvin kept the machines running. He was good at fixing things. He was like a mechanic. His job was to keep those things going."

When pressed for specifics, Marvin said, "Well, the name Sweet'N Low was [Ben's] invention. It was a phrase from his favorite Tennyson poem."

Marvin mentions this often, but it's not exactly true. As Huck Finn would say, it's a stretch—er, a way to class up the joint. The name Sweet'N Low does not come from Ben's favorite Tennyson poem, but from a song written with the words of the poem—the sheet music credits Alfred Lord Tennyson and Joseph Barnby—that had been a hit in the early 1900s, when Ben was a kid. Up until a few years ago, if you called Cumberland and said, "This is Rich Cohen. I am trying to reach my Uncle Marvin," the hold music was "Sweet and Low," a melancholy dirge on a loop, what the military band plays as the boys march to hell.

Marvin said that he came up with the packet color, that he entertained and rejected blue because blue does not occur in nature. But this sounds to me like Marvin reading a criticism of Equal—which would not appear for more years back into the historical record. I say this because (1) blueberries; (2) sky. Gladys told me that it had been Ben who chose pink because Ben thought pink would stand out among the white sugar packets on diner tables. The packet and the logo were designed by my Aunt Barbara, an amateur artist who, on family vacations, used to paint funny faces on tennis balls. Her work on the packet was just beautiful: the name of the product as notes on a musical staff. It has become a classic, as much a symbol of plastic America as the soup cans of Andy Warhol.

Ben launched the product in 1957, at first positioning it as a medicine, an aid to diabetics. He sold it to restaurants and hospitals, simply adding Sweet'N Low to the river of product already flowing out of the factory. Those first shipments were devoured. Packets were swiped from restaurants and stolen from hospitals. People called Cumberland. They wanted to buy boxes wholesale. Ben and Marvin had tapped into the Zeitgeist: they had boarded a bullet train called Fat but Still Hungry. The way you go to the airport and step on a moving walkway and it turns out that walkway is moving a thousand miles an hour. "Then it really happened," Marvin told me. "We got a call from the head buyer of the A&P, the supermarket chain with hundreds of stores across the nation. Manufacturers would kill to get their product in there. They told us they wanted to start stocking Sweet'N Low. That's when we knew this was really going to be something big."

Ben bought billboards on buses. The first ads showed a woman holding a glass of iced tea over the words I CALL MY SUGAR SWEET'N LOW.

At the time of Ben's use of it in Sweet'N Low, cyclamate had long been of concern to the Food and Drug Administration. It had been discovered in 1937. While experimenting with anti-fever drugs, a University of Illinois chemistry student named Michael Sveda set down his cigarette on a lab bench. When he picked it up and took a drag, it tasted as if it had been dipped in syrup. In the course of tinkering, Sveda had freed a hydrogen molecule from a bond, which resulted in a compound 30 times sweeter than sugar. Though still not as sweet as saccharin (which was also discovered accidentally, in 1879), the compound was sweet enough to be used in quantities amounting to zero calories. Unlike saccharin, it had no aftertaste.

Sveda licensed his discovery to Abbott Laboratories, which within a few years was turning out great mountains of the stuff. By
1953, scientists at Abbott had devised the cyclamate-saccharin mixture that was soon being used as Kosh's No-Cal Cola, Diet-Rite, Tab, and Sweet 'N Low. In 1959, after an extensive study, the F.D.A. added cyclamate to its list of approved preservatives. Because it was assumed that the use of cyclamate would be limited almost exclusively to diabetics, the approval was explained as a lesser of evils—a diabetic use cyclamate than live in a world with no alternative to sugar and so be tempted into a wilderness of jelly doughnuts.

In the 1960s, however, the F.D.A. reconsidered: cyclamate was not being used exclusively or even mostly by diabetics, but, like saccharin, had crossed into the mainstream, where it was being ingested by millions of perfectly healthy calorie counters. To the chemists at the F.D.A., the trend seemed reminiscent of a long history of unnecessary disasters, most memorably the tragedy of thalidomide, a pill prescribed to women for insomnia and morning sickness. It was not approved for sale in the United States, because a medical officer of the F.D.A. at the time, Frances Kelsey (her name deserves to be remembered), said that it had not been tested nearly enough. Guilty until proven innocent. In the early 1960s, thalidomide was prescribed widely in Europe, South America, and Canada. When it was taken in the first months of pregnancy, the birth defects were to the parts of the body that develop early: fingers, arms, and legs. According to the F.D.A., even a single dose of thalidomide during early pregnancy could cause major defects. Ten thousand babies were born severely affected. They came to be known as thalidomide babies, as if the sedative had joined with the genetic code to create a new species. Babies were born with flippers instead of arms, or with long forearms and no hands, or with no arms and no ears. Or their eyes didn't work, or their nervous systems, or their hearts. As you get close to the border with Canada, where the pill was prescribed widely, you see them, almost middle-aged, paying for a few bad months in the 1960s. It was a sad triumph for the F.D.A., vindication of the "slow as molasses" style that had made it a target of the drug companies.

In the late 1960s, a series of experiments suggested that large intakes of cyclamate had coincided with an uptick in cases of cancer. The incidences were rare, the tests inconclusive, but the mere mention of the word "cancer" tripped the Delaney Clause, a rider to the Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act that says that any food additive or preservative shown to cause cancer in any living thing must be banned. No questions. Zero tolerance.

In late 1969, the F.D.A. announced its decision to remove cyclamate from its list of approved preservatives and ban its use in foods and nonprescription drugs. When the word "cancer" hit the newspapers, people panicked. Diet products were pulled from the shelves, a river of cola went hissing down the gutters. (It makes me think of the chapter in A Tale of Two Cities called "The Wine Shop," in which a mob kicks open a casket and wine runs in the streets, and in it you see the blood of the coming revolution.) With one stroke, entire product lines had been wiped out. Tab: gone. Diet-Rite: gone. Diet Crush: gone. The tabletop sweeteners that competed with Sweet'N Low (Wei Cal, Sweet Mate): gone. (The diet sodas would eventually come back; the sweeteners would not.) Factories closed, and hustling, Ben-like entrepreneurs accepted corporate positions. The term "job security" came to have a nice ring. Everyone was wounded, everyone bled. Everyone except Ben and Marvin. For Ben and Marvin, the cyclamate ban came as a blessing. "From every disaster we made a victory," Marvin told me. "Because we took advantage of it." Because they were prepared. Because they knew the ban was coming.

But how? Cumberland Packing bought its cyclamate from Abbott Labs, which was headquartered in Abbott Park, Illinois, just a few miles from Libertyville, where my parents were living. My mother knew many of the company wives. From playground scuttlebutt (in such towns, the wives are like the astronaut wives in The Right Stuff) my mother learned that cyclamate would soon be banned and that Abbott would not fight the ban. If a company the size of Abbott chose to fight, the works could be gummed up for years, long enough for the Diet-Rites and Tabs to adjust and be ready.

"Abbott was supposed to fight the ban," my mother told me. "But I found out they wouldn't. I called my father and told him. Because of that, when the ban did come, he had a head start on the entire industry."

But according to Marvin, he was ready for the ban simply because he "had a gut feeling." It was because of this feeling and because of his cautious, plan-for-every-contingency style that, he said, "belt-and-suspenders Marvin developed a product without cyclamate."

In fact, Ben and Marvin already had notes for an alternative formula which they had drawn up years before while searching for a perfectly kosher Sweet'N Low. (Because the original formula contained lactose, a dairy product, it could not be used by religious Jews during or just after meals—in a cup of coffee, say—that included meat.) Marvin dug out these plans, got together with his "key personnel," and went to work. Once they had stripped away the cyclamate, the saccharin aftertaste re-emerged like a repressed memory. Marvin tried everything, in the end finding the answer (once again) in a cookbook: cream of tartar, an ingredient that adds bulk without adding calories, and dextrose, an ingredient that leaches out aftertaste.

Immediately after the ban was announced, but before it was
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enacted, Ben called his distributor and told him to junk the old product and he would send them boxes of Sweet N' Low made without cyclamate. "We gave up all that stuff and we didn't have to," Marvin said. "This was before the ban went into effect. Then we put out the new stuff. We borrowed over a million dollars to cover all the costs. There were headlines in the papers saying that Cumberland Packing, the makers of Sweet N' Low, have reformulated their product. They showed us in Chicago dumping old Sweet N' Low with cyclamate into a landfill."

If the cyclamate ban had not been enacted, Cumberland would have been out millions of dollars for research and junked product. But when the ban was enacted and all of Sweet N' Low's competitors were pulled from the shelves, Ben and Marvin were perfectly positioned, with boxes of their new cyclamate-free sweetener already in stores. The belt snapped, the suspenders

**BAN WAGON**


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**In 1985, Equal outsold Sweet N' Low.**

*Vanity Fair* in December 2003

NutraSweet had become the No.1 brand.

held! In those weeks, when the vacuum left by Wee Cal and Diet-Rite and Tab opened up, the pink packets swirled in. According to articles that ran in *The New York Times* on October 20 and 21, 1977, General Foods, Pepsi-Cola, Coca-Cola, and Royal Crown were all ready with cyclamate-free products within a few weeks of the ban, but those few weeks made all the difference. Cumberland Packing went from being a small company in a competitive field to being virtually the only company in a major industry. Within a few months, sales had tripled—Sweet N' Low became No.1.

In the 1970s, the F.D.A. turned its attention to saccharin, which had long been an obsession of the fake-food cops. With the banning of cyclamate, these officials had shown that it was possible to take on the pharmaceutical industry, even with big money at stake. (A saccharin ban would mean the loss of $1.9 billion a year to the diet and pharmaceutical companies.) During the early 70s, several saccharin studies were under way. The most damning of these was done in Canada, where 100 rats were fed monster doses of the artificial sweetener. It was shot directly into their bodies—the equivalent of 800 cans of Diet Coke a day. Among the second generation of rats, exposed to saccharin in utero as well as during their lifetime, 14 developed bladder tumors. Twelve of them were male. A mega-dose of saccharin, it was concluded, results in bladder tumors in male rats.

If it causes cancer in male rats, will it do the same in men?

The Canadians removed saccharin from the market in early 1977. Once a link to cancer had been established, the Delaney Clause kicked in and Sherwin Gardner, the commissioner of the F.D.A., really had no choice. In March 1977, saccharin was banned in the United States. On March 10, 1977, *The New York Times* ran the story on the front page: F.D.A. BANNING SACCHARIN USE ON CANCER LINKS. In that moment, it was Cumberland's turn to teeter on the edge of the abyss. In the ensuing weeks, Marvin argued, pontificated, wisecracked, shouted his head off, and complained. He went on TV and radio. He talked to anyone who would listen. He became the champion of the diet economy. In a *New York Times* story headlined INDUSTRY RESPONDS TO BAN OF SACCHARIN, Marvin said that to equal the amount of saccharin given those rats “an individual would have to drink diet soft drinks at the impossible rate of more than 1,000 bottles a day.” In another story, he said, “Your organs would have to be bathed in the stuff.” Reading these articles today, you can feel the panic energy of my handsome uncle. The Calorie Control Council, a lobbying group then headed by Marvin, took out a full-page ad in national newspapers that showed my uncle buried neck-deep in pink packets. According to the copy, this was the amount of Sweet N' Low a person would have to eat every day to approach the intake of the study rats.

The letters poured into Congress: doctors worried about diabetics; dentists worried about tooth decay. For the first time in our history, the ugly word “gingivitis” was whispered in the corridors of power. More than the gap-toothed or the insulin-starved, it was the calorie counters who made the difference. When weighing the possibility of a future tumor against the here and now of a skinny life, the consumers chose the here and now. In the week after the ban, Congress received more than a hundred thousand letters, more than received in any comparable period during the Vietnam War.

When the politicians finally weighed in, the bureaucrats were relieved: the F.D.A. had strayed beyond its depth. It did not understand the crazed nature of its own time. On March 18, 1977, a week after the ban was announced, Ted Kennedy, the chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Health and Scientific Research, moved for a delay. That June, Senator Kennedy pushed through a moratorium: the ban would remain on the books but would not be enforced. The effects of saccharin would be studied further. In the meantime, all saccharin products would carry a warning. The entire matter would come back before Congress in two years, at which time either the ban would be enforced, or saccharin would be cleared, or the moratorium would be extended. In November 1977, Jimmy Carter signed the Saccharin Study and Labeling Act into law.

The Sweet N' Low packet would now carry the label: “Use
I'm a come-what-may person. If something's right, I'll go with it. It's not the outcome that excites me, it's the creative process. When finishing a novel, Amy often writes from noon to dawn. Here, she fuels her creativity with the touch of a button. With Purchase: TASSIMO Hot Beverage System creates a perfect cup of cappuccino (with real milk!) and many other hot drinks— in about a minute.

Amy Tan, Saving Fish From Drowning

A best-selling author of The Joy Luck Club, Amy Tan also created two children's series in memory of her late parents. Amy Tan's career has seen countless tributes: "I'm a come-what-may person. If something's right, I'll go with it. It's not the outcome that excites me, it's the creative process. When finishing a novel, Amy often writes from noon to dawn. Here, she fuels her creativity with the touch of a button. With Purchase: TASSIMO Hot Beverage System creates a perfect cup of cappuccino (with real milk!) and many other hot drinks— in about a minute.

Amy Tan, Saving Fish From Drowning

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MICHAEL IMPERIOLI
Actor, The Sopranos

Michael Imperioli knows a choice role when he sees one. "You have to look for a character who has a serious inner conflict. That's when it gets interesting." Though best known as an actor, he's also a writer, producer, director, and recently founder of Studio Dante, a Manhattan theater company for progressive new plays. Michael turns to freshly brewed coffee to kick-start his creativity. He enjoys a rich cup from the TASSIMO system, which offers endless variety, including tea, hot chocolate, latte and cappuccino.
Katrina Markoff, chocolate is not just a tasty treat, but a way of life. “People think it’s far-fetched to think I can spread peace through chocolate. But when you expose them to ingredients from around the world through such a universally loved medium, they open their minds to new ideas and new people.” Trina believes that nothing complements the flavor of chocolate like espresso. Here, she indulges in a bold brew from TASSIMO. Its patented T-DISC® system assures optimal conditions for one perfect cup after another.
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The CoffeeTeaCappuccinoLatteHotChocolateEspresso Machine.”
of this product may be hazardous to your health. This product contains saccharin, which has been determined to cause cancer in laboratory animals.”

“Ted Kennedy proposed that,” Marvin told me. “And it was unfair. Because it said the product causes cancer in animals. But it was only rats.”

The warning would appear on all saccharin products until Congress voted to remove the label in 2000 after a joint study by the National Cancer Institute and the F.D.A. found that saccha-

In every test, something came out wrong. Over time, a sinister aura grew up around aspartame, rumors which have never entirely disappeared. Just go to the Internet and look up all the freelance nutters who have attached the compound to a conspiracy that traces a line from Donald Rumsfeld to Ronald Reagan to airplane crashes to early death. They say it does freaky things to your brain, knocks you for a loop, blows a hole in the cortex. They sing of headaches, seizures, blackouts, memory loss, lesions, slurred speech, mood swings, anxiety attacks, coma, extremity numbness, and loss of limb control.

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The NutraSweet Company responds to these rumors and complaints on its Web site: “The overwhelming body of scientific evidence clearly demonstrates that aspartame, even in amounts many times what people typically consume, is safe and not associated with adverse health effects. The FDA has investigated alleged complaints since 1982 and states that there is no ‘reasonable evidence of possible public health harm’ and ‘no consistent or unique patterns of symptoms reported with respect to aspar-

T he F.D.A. rejected aspartame in the 1960s and again in the 1970s. Because of certain discrepancies. Because of certain worrisome patterns in the tests. Since the market at the time was already well served by cyclamate and saccharin, there was no reason to introduce a questionable new compound into the food supply. Then cyclamate was banned. Then saccharin.

It was a scientific study commissioned in the late 1970s that finally convinced regulators that aspartame was safe. According to the study, the compound is indeed a danger, but only for the tiny sliver of the population that suffers from a hereditary dis-

case called phenylketonuria (PKU), an enzyme deficiency in the brain that, if acted on by phenylalanine, can send a sufferer into seizures and damage the brain. Babies with PKU, if exposed to aspartame, can suffer mental retardation. (Diet Coke cans carry a warning for those with PKU.) With this new study, the results from early tests had been explained: it was just a few people with a disease you’ve never heard of. In 1981, after 20 years of controversy, aspartame was approved.

There tend to be two explanations for this approval: (1) executives at Searle, knowing their product was good and true. pressed on, searching for and then finding the reason for the occasional seizure; and (2) executives at Searle surely suspected that their wonder chemical left a wake of blinded, jittery, panicky amnesiacs, but pressed on anyway, because that’s corporate America. until just the right cards were dealt—a cyclamate ban, a saccharin ban, a fat-obsessed nation, a market without an un-

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“We were running [an aspartame] test product here, and the girls, some of the girls, just couldn’t run it because they would get hives,” Marvin told me. “The dust. Some people are allergic to it, and it affects their vision, and they don’t want to take a

F ollowing the announcement of the saccharin ban, there was no F.D.A.-approved artificial sweetener, no “safe” alternative to sugar. The result was a race like the race to the moon. Who will find the alternative to the alternatives? Who will plant the flag? Because they had long been the market leader and the owner of the most famous brand, Ben and Marvin would have had a great advantage in this race. They would not have been starting at zero. They would have been building on their existing dominance. Nor would they have had to devise a clever way to introduce a strange product from the laboratory. They could instead have sold any sweetener as new and improved Sweet’N Low, in the same way that Coca-Cola introduced its new formula as N. Coke. But Cumberland ducked out of the race, or did not even realize that a race was under way, and instead directed its time and resources to saving saccharin. But the market opened and the conglomera-

In 1977, GD Searle, an Illinois-based chemical manufacturer, brought in squinty-eyed Donald Rumsfeld to restructure the company and presumably get its chemical sweetener, aspartame, approved by the F.D.A. The company had been founded by Gideon Daniel Searle, who, in the years just after the Civil War (he was a twice-wounded, shell-shocked veteran), built a chain of pharmacies in Omaha, Nebraska, then opened an elixir factory in Illinois, where he made his first fortune with Dramamine, a motion-sickness pill perfectly suited for the new, footloose, travel-happy American middle class. In 1925, Searle moved his company to McHenry County, Illinois, then to Skokie, where, in 1965, aspartame was discovered by accident.

A chemist named James Schlatter had been searching for a formula to treat ulcers and heartburn when the potion bubbled onto his hands. He licked his fingers: Eureka! It was 200 times sweeter than sugar and could be used in quantities so small as to amount to no calories. Aspartame is made of two amino acids: phenylalanine and aspartic acid. When they enter your system, they produce methanol, which, according to Merriam-Webster’s Collegiate Dictionary, is “a light volatile flammable pois-

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banned artificial sweetener, and, most important, a Republican administration. For two decades, aspartame had failed to win approval. Then Ronald Reagan was elected president, and Donald Rumsfeld, while keeping his position at Searle, worked on the president-elect's interim foreign-policy team. Soon after Reagan was inaugurated, Searle re-applied for approval of aspartame. Within a few months, Reagan had named a new head of the F.D.A. and the chemical got the green light. Rumsfeld had correctly recognized that Searle's problem was not scientific; it was political.

Searle created a new division, the NutraSweet Company, to market aspartame, the first new sweetener on the market in 25 years. The company registered two trademarks: Equal, the tabletop sweetener (fake sugar) it would introduce in 1981, and NutraSweet, the food-and-drink additive it would introduce in 1983.

"I was told we were going to lose our business," Marvin said. "I was not panicked, for two reasons. One, I felt that we'd been in the market for such a long time people would not desert us. Two, there were questions about Equal, health things. Three, taste. For people used to Sweet\'N Low, [Equal] wasn't sweet enough."

The launch of Equal and NutraSweet was brilliant; not Harvard Business School or Wharton brilliant, but Sun Tzu or Von Clausewitz brilliant. It was a military campaign. It was a slaughter. Searle, not content with just a good debut, wanted to overwhelm the field.

In 1983, Searle sent a gumball sweetened with NutraSweet to millions of homes. It was like the drug dealer giving the kid on the playground a taste of cocaine, saying, "Pass it around, let 'em all try it. You know where I am if you want more." That summer, kids talked about the new miracle product the way Columbus once spoke of the antipodes. Here I speak not as a historian or scholar but as one who was lucky enough to be young at the time, who went to the mailbox expecting to find bills and flyers and instead found a gumball in a clear envelope. The gumballs came in red, yellow, green, blue. Some kids tried to collect them all, lining them up like trophies, eating them all at once, then, through all that gum, pontificating on the mysteries of taste. By introducing aspartame in a gumball, Searle was not presenting itself as the lesser of evils. The people who eat gumballs are not, after all, the same people who count calories. Searle was taking on sugar itself.

In 1984, Searle made deals with Coca-Cola and Pepsi and many other companies that sold diet foods. These companies would be sold NutraSweet at a tremendous discount. In exchange, they would carry the NutraSweet trademark (a red-and-white swirl) on their labels. The swirl became part of the Diet Coke can. Aspartame, long troubled by its bad reputation, remade itself in the trusted image of Coke and Pepsi. In December 1984, Robert Shapiro, then president of the NutraSweet Group, told The New York Times, "Sugar is in trouble. The industry will have to adjust to that reality. They can't do anything to improve the product."

By the time NutraSweet was introduced as a sweetener, the ground had been well prepared. The mothers had been targeted. The kids who ride backward through the supermarkets and make all the decisions had been brainwashed. It was called Equal. It carried the swirl. It was sold in a light-blue packet because white is nothing and pink is for girls but blue is rational, blue you remember, blue stands out, blue is progress, blue is ocean, blue is sky. Nothing was accidental. Unlike Sweet\’N Low, Equal was marketed not as a "sugar substitute" but as an "alternative sweetener." Executives at Searle had determined that, when attached to a food, the word "substitute" (why were they the first to realize this?) is like poison. Also, as sugar is among the most beloved products of the earth, consumers are skeptical of vainglorious efforts to create a facsimile. With "sugar substitute," you get people who want to be thin and don't care how. With "alternative sweetener," you get everyone.

In 1985, Equal outsold Sweet\’N Low. NutraSweet had become the No. 1 brand in America. Aspartame sweetened the majority of all diet drinks. Searle reported annual sales of $132 million. Cumberland's were half that, around $67 million. Sweet\’N Low had been pushed out of the top spot it had occupied since the early 1970s. By the end of the year, Searle and its NutraSweet subsidiary had been sold to the agro-giant Monsanto for an astounding $2.7 billion. (In 2000, Monsanto sold its NutraSweet business and now Merisant manufactures the tabletop sweetener.)

Sweet\’N Low, the industry leader for decades, eventually dropped to a distant third behind Equal and Splenda, an artificial tabletop sweetener (it comes in a yellow packet) introduced by Johnson & Johnson in 2000. Yet, amazingly, Cumberland has made almost twice as much money annually in recent years as it did 30 years ago, when Sweet\’N Low was the top brand. By bringing artificial sweeteners into the mainstream—many people drink Diet Coke not because they are on a diet but because they prefer the taste—Monsanto supersized the market. In
2004, U.S. manufacturers of artificial sweeteners generated sales of $343 million (compared with $911 million of "real" sugar), of which Cumberland products represented 19.4 percent, or about $66.5 million. "Equal opened up the market," Marvin told me. "And though our share went down, the market got much bigger. Let's say, for example, someone that would never use saccharin decides, because he is bombarded by their sales pitch, to try Equal. He tastes it and says, 'Well, it's O.K.' Then he goes to a restaurant and they only have Sweet 'N Low, so he says, 'O.K., I'll try it.' And it tastes even sweeter. So he begins to buy Sweet 'N Low."

The artificial-sweetener market is currently dominated by Splenda, the only product I've talked about not discovered by accident. Splenda is part of the scary effort to get into the toy box and tinker with the grains and spices of the earth. We are in the age of the genome and the genetic code, the double helix twisting toward the sun. The age of the accidental discovery is over. Known in the lab as sacralose, Splenda is the result of a holy-grail-like search for a sugar that behaves like saccharin, that leaves no trace in the gut, ass, or hips. It was discovered in 1976 when a scientist at the British sugar company Tate & Lyle re-arranged a sugar molecule, replacing its three hydrogen-oxygen molecules with three chlorine atoms, resulting in a compound that is something like a mirror image of sugar; it looks and tastes like the real thing, yet, because it's so strange, goes unrecognized by the body. It slips right past the turnoffs and checkpoints on its way to the toilet. As if it had never been there. As if that Weight Watchers cake never existed. Splenda is not just another sweetener. It is sugar remade, a molecule stolen from God, put up on blocks, painted, and thrown back on the market.

In 1998, sacuralose was introduced in diet foods and soft drinks. Within two years of its release, Splenda had passed Sweet 'N Low as the No.2-selling brand. By the summer of 2003, Splenda had passed Equal. By the winter of 2004, Splenda had reached $173 million in annual sales. According to Information Resources, a market-research group in Chicago, Splenda then had 51 percent of the market, Equal 19 percent, and Sweet 'N Low 15 percent.

In the beginning, sugar was valued because it offered a treasure of calories and energy in a small dose. Sugar accordingly fueled the growth of the modern city, the modern workforce, and the modern nation. It powered the slave trade and made possible the rise of the mercantile class that overthrew the kings. It fueled the revolutions that gave birth to modern democracies and modern wars. The spread of sugar led to the plagues of obesity and diabetes and tooth decay that generated a need for alternative sweeteners realized with saccharin and cyclamate and aspartame, which, by their success and the resulting health problems, created a need for a new kind of sugar. As NutraSweet's Robert Shapiro said, "Sugar is in trouble. They can't do anything to improve the product." But that's exactly what happened. By scrambling molecules, the scientists replaced an ancient food, valued because a little gives you a lot, with a designer spice, valued because a lot gives you nothing—no calories, no energy. A wooden nickel, a check on an overdrawn account. An old friend returned to us lobotomized, a big fat zero, millions spent to unmake sugar, or remake it with no value. It's the story of the age. Taste without content. Food without value. By the late 1990s, sugar had lost 70 percent of its market to high-fructose corn syrup, saccharin, aspartame, and sucralose. With the invention of sacuralose, the story of sugar comes to an end. □

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WILLIAM MOSELEY

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 18, actor. PROVENANCE:
Gloucestershire, England. GOOD WILL: Moseley stars in
the big-screen adaptation of C. S. Lewis's The Chronicles
of Narnia: The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe.
What's it like spending seven months on set in New
Zealand? "You're 17, you love the independence, but
you still want Mum to cook for you and wash your
clothes, if you know what I mean." O BROTHER: Moseley
stars as the oldest of four siblings who enter Narnia
through the wardrobe. In real life, however, he is the
oldest of three and has no magical powers. AGENT ZERO:
At first, Moseley's U.K. agent didn't put him up for
the part; "She thought the acting world had been a bit
harsh on me, and if I got rejected for anything else,
there might be fatal consequences." Thankfully, he got
the role. GROUNDED FOR LIFE: Moseley says the only
effect of his success on his family is that "they just try to
ground me a lot more. They're just trying to keep me
on the earth rather than up in the sky." —KRISTA SMITH
October 27, 2005

Graydon:

FYI, the VH1 folks sent me this pitch they received from Ed Coaster. Something tells me he didn’t run it by you before sending it off.

They told me they passed on it, but that, in light of the recent death of Bob Denver, they have an opening for an older white man on *The Surreal Life* 7. (!?!) (signed)

ATTACHMENT INCLUDED

The Coaster Correspondence

More of the very expensive words of Edwin John Coaster, contributing editor

VANITY FAIR

VANITIES

BETH KERNAR
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC RELATIONS

October 27, 2005

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*F* samples a few of the new star-studded magazines on the drawing boards

BY ANDREW HEARST
LISTEN LARGE
America’s Largest Playlist

The Perfect Holiday Gift
## THE MOST 100% COMMERCIAL-FREE MUSIC CHANNELS

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On the stand with Nancy Grace

After her fiancé was brutally slain 23 years ago, Nancy Grace laid aside her dreams of being an English professor and enrolled in law school. The take-no-prisoners former Atlanta prosecutor continues her crusade on Court TV’s Closing Arguments and on CNN Headline News’s Nancy Grace. Our correspondent presses her buttons on the subjects of her bark versus her bite, Michael Jackson’s acquittal, and the new chief justice’s tan.

George Wayne: A lot of people will be pleasantly surprised to hear that Nancy Grace is rather petite and nice. Behind all that vitriol, she seems to have a heart of gold.

Nancy Grace: Anything to do with the law or Lady Justice I feel very strongly about, especially having been a crime victim myself.

G.W. Were you a crime victim?

N.G. Why is it, when a woman has her pocketbook snatched, she is a crime victim, but when my fiancé is murdered, I am not a crime victim?

G.W. Your fiancé was the victim of a rather heinous crime. He was shot five times. Did you have to identify his body?

N.G. No, I wasn’t with him. But I was a witness at his killer’s trial.

G.W. And you still haven’t gotten over it?

N.G. I’ve done a lot with my life since Keith was murdered. I chose the life of a prosecutor.

G.W. Is your bark worse than your bite, Nancy Grace?

N.G. I don’t know. Ask the guys I’ve put in jail. Why bark if you are not going to bite?

G.W. Do you consider yourself shrill?

N.G. I don’t think of myself as shrill now.

G.W. Bellicose?

N.G. No.

G.W. Combative?

N.G. No. I am simply speaking the truth. Telling it like it is. Now, if that offends people, and they don’t like it, there is nothing I can do about that.

G.W. So what’s it like for you at CNN? I know there is a lot of Nancy envy there.

N.G. There is? I did not know that.

G.W. And the CNN snobs say: Just as long as they keep her over there at Headline News, and not CNN.

N.G. You know, I have not been subjected to that, and you know why? I am so focused on trying to do the right thing. I am so happy, sometimes I just hug myself on the elevator. Because I get to give a voice to victims.

G.W. What do you think of the new chief justice?

N.G. Well, I am very suspicious of his obvious self-tanning—number one. And we know so little about him! And you know what? All my years through law school, and all my years as a prosecutor, I revered the Supreme Court until... Bush v. Gore. You know what? Regardless of who won or lost, the justices always voted down party lines—whether they were appointed by a Republican or Democrat.

G.W. That’s a brilliant point.

N.G. They are supposed to be above politics. So that was a rude awakening for me, to realize that they so were not above politics.

G.W. So you are enjoying life at CNN. What do you think of Anderson Cooper getting blown away by these hurricanes? It’s the funniest thing ever.

N.G. I like Anderson’s stories. He is on my show practically every night, and he knows what he’s talking about. And I admire his coverage and like him personally.

G.W. So do you think Michael Jackson has a fatwa out for your beheading?

N.G. Maybe. It’s amazing to me that he walks, after these paper trails of young boys. And then that boy’s mother goes down for welfare fraud!

G.W. Do you think Jackson moved to Bahrain to join al-Qaeda?

N.G. I think he went to Bahrain for a shopping spree.

G.W. Little-boy shopping sprees. Do you think he’s doing young boys in Bahrain?

N.G. I think Michael Jackson is an incredible talent, and unfortunately that talent got him off the hook. And I hate to see a miscarriage of justice.

G.W. Do you have Tom Mesereau’s e-mail address?

N.G. I don’t think Tom Mesereau would want to hear from me.

G.W. You are dismissed, Nancy Grace. Thank you.

ILLUSTRATION BY VASCO
2005 Employee-Satisfaction Survey

Well, here we are again. You're doing a heck of a job! It seems like only yesterday we were celebrating the beginning of the second term. As part of our continuing mandate to offer the best government possible, it’s time for our annual Employee Satisfaction Survey. And remember, be honest. And no peekin'!

**PART I: PERSONAL INFORMATION**

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If no, choose from the following list of available nicknames Please indicate by circling

(A) Scooter (B) Stretch (C) Pedro (D) Pancho (E) Guru (F) Big Time (G) Action Man

**PART II**

Primary area of responsibility: Please indicate by circling (A) Fighting evil doers (B) Cleaning up the U.N. (C) Waging war against the press (D) Bringing democracy to the Middle East (E) Overturning Roe v. Wade (F) Curbing civil rights (G) Getting even with Democrats, C.I.A. operatives, and anyone else who doesn’t agree with us (H) Disaster relief

Are there any areas in which you feel we could be doing a better job? No Not really

How would you describe your immediate supervisor? Please indicate by circling (A) Genius (B) Brilliant (C) Dedicated (D) Hardworking (E) Family man (F) Cool

In rating the President, would you describe his performance as: Please indicate by circling (A) Excellent (B) Outstanding (C) Terrific (D) Heaven sent

In the past year, I have been: Please check all that apply Promoted Indicted Both

Were you called to testify before a Grand Jury in the past year? Yes No

Do you mind if we look at all your phone records and e-mails? Of course not

**PART III**

In the coming year I would like to see the administration focus on: Please indicate by circling (A) Tax cutting (B) Intelligent Design (C) Faith-based initiatives (D) Drilling for oil in Alaska (E) Tort reform (F) School vouchers (G) Defending the Patriot Act (H) Staying the course in Iraq (I) Dismantling the Department of Education (J) Mars (K) Maintaining Enemy Combatant status for terrorists (L) Bringing it on (M) Overturning Roe v. Wade

If there are any openings at a senior level, I would be very interested in pursuing: Please indicate by circling (A) Chief of Staff to the Vice President (B) Chief Political Adviser to the President (C) Supreme Court Justice (D) Prime Minister of Iraq

Are there any items you would like added to the cafeteria menu? Please check all that apply Yes, chalupas

Would you be interested in making the weekly Employee Bible Study Group daily? Yes Of course

Thanks for your time! We look forward to another successful year. Bring it on!

DATE SIGNATURE SIGNATURE OF TRUST-FUND GUARDIAN
The Oprah Factor
A mini-novel of international intrigue

CHAPTER 1: BLACKBERRY BLUES

producers and producers’ assistants searched frantically for Oprah, but they didn’t think to look in the boiler room beneath the packed Chicago television studio. That’s where she was—squatting in a dank corner, a BlackBerry held to one cheek.

“All right,” she said. “I’m alone now. Tell me what this is about.”

At the other end of the call was Sonny Mehta, the suave editor in chief of the Alfred A. Knopf publishing house in New York. “It’s time,” he said. “Time to start Oprah’s Book Club again. Like it used to be, with current authors.”

“Oh, no. Not that, Sonny. I’m through with it.”

“Before we get into this further, may I just say it’s wonderful to be hearing your voice again? It reminds me of how I feel about you. Simply put—I like you, Oprah. Very much. Have I ever told you that?”

“You used to tell me all the time . . . in Prague. You said other things, too . . . unspeakable things.”

“Ah, Prague. We made forbidden love to the sound of rioting.”

Oprah’s tears were flowing. He still had her in his grip.

“When can I expect the announcement, my dear?”

“I told you—I won’t do it.”

“We both know that when Sonny calls the tune, Oprah dances. When shall it be?”


CHAPTER 2: CAROUSEL OF SHAME

Mehta strolled toward the famous old carousel in Central Park. A pale fellow dressed in black emerged from the shadows. This was the emissary from Knopf’s parent company, Bertelsmann AG, the German media monstrosity.

“So glad you made it, Herr Mehta. Now we take horsey ride, ja?”

They paid the fee and mounted garishly painted steeds. The band organ wheezed and thundered. The carousel turned.

“Vell! Did Oprah agree?”

“That she did—albeit reluctantly, I must say.”

“Sehr gut. Rest assured, you haff done a good deed.”

“Then why do I feel so damned dirty about it all?”

The German laughed. The carousel spun faster. Mehta clutched the pole, feeling more like a corporate lackey than Manhattan’s most glittering man of letters.

CHAPTER 3: SCOTCH-N-STEADMAN

On the penthouse balcony, Oprah gazed out at Lake Michigan and took a swig from a bottle of Johnnie Walker. Steadman, wearing a purple silk bathrobe, sidled up to her.

“How was the show today, baby?”

“Don’t make me laugh. Bunch of schoolteachers got brand-new Acuras. Silly bitches.”

“Man on CNN said you’re doing that book club again. The way it used to be. No more Faulkner, no more Tolstoy, no more Hurston.”

Oprah lit a Merit. “What’s your point, Steadman?”

“Is he back? Just tell me, baby. Is Mehta back?”

“He never went away, Steadman. He never went away.”

CHAPTER 4: THE RED FOX

The pale German waited in a Maryland field. A helicopter appeared overhead. Climbing down its rope ladder was a woman in a red jumpsuit and matching helmet. She let go suddenly and landed on her feet. She whipped off the helmet and shook out her sensible hair.

The German clicked his heels together. “Guten Tag, Frau Bush.”

“The name is Red Fox. You got news for me?”

“Ja. Oprah has agreed. Are you pleased?”

“Oh, yes, very much so. The United States thanks you.”

“May we now expect that your great nation will allow our suffering nation to have a full-strength military once again?”

“You’ll be hearing from Cheney on that.”

“Cheney? You double-crosser!”

Arms outstretched, Red Fox grabbed the rope ladder. She scampered up plant rungs as the copter zoomed off into the blue.

CHAPTER 5: ON THE BEACH

In his Cambridge days Mehta had associated Chicago, that somber city, with Bellow. Now, as he approached its skyline in a Gulfstream he saw only Oprah . . . saw her in every smokestack and slaughterhouse.

On a moonlit beach he held her. Smelly Lake Michigan water lapped their ankles. They kissed, making loud smooching noises—until Oprah Without, saying, "Easy tiger. There’s something you should know: you should hate me for it, but I won’t be choosing a Knopf book as our first selection. Slap me, if you must.”

“Such trifles are of no concern to me.”

“Then why’d you make me do it? Why, Sonny, why?”

He pressed his lips to hers. That shut her up. Shut her up good.

CHAPTER 6: LAST CALL

In the not-so-rugged hills of New Jersey, an armed minion placed a call. He was using a cellular telephone with a Pakistan area code. Red Fox answered. The minion passed the phone to his boss.

“Ah, Red Fox, we speak again. Is it accomplished?”

“It’s all over the news. I’m sure you’ve heard by now, wherever you are.”

“It would give me ever so much more pleasure to hear it from your lips.”

“Oprah’s Book Club is back. You happy? Now you had better live up to your end of the bargain: no more of your . . . antics . . . for a good long while.”

“Certainly. But first, let me clarify something: no more classics, correct?”

“It’s all new books, just like it used to be.”

“What a relief! That Faulkner gave me a headache. Thank you, Red Fox.”

With that he ended the call. His minion brought him a Ring Ding. Osama unwrapped the foil and ate it slowly, savoring each bite under the Bergen County moon.

—jim windolf
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THAT DAY WITH DIANA

Just months before Princess Diana’s death, she sat for a now famous photo shoot that would forever change her coiffed and guarded image. Along with never-before-published portraits from his new exhibition and book about the session, MARIO TESTINO, the talent who wielded the camera, discusses the fun and intimacy of that day as he coaxed his royal subject to let go, imitated top runway models to make her laugh, and got an indelible glimpse of the girl behind the myth.
I said, "Let's sit as if we're just talking, the two of us, on the sofa," and so she leaned back and that's how the shoot started.

BUTTONED UP

Diana arrived at the studio quite "done up," but allowed the makeup artist and hairstylist to give her a more natural look.
since 1979, the year that I moved to London from Peru, it had been my ambition to become a fashion photographer. I had always liked fashion. I guess I acquired this sense of clothes from my mother—a great dresser—this sense of chic, proportions, and the right lengths.

At the time, I was drawn to the photographers David Bailey, Oliviero Toscani, and Chris von Wangelin as well as to Richard Avedon, Irving Penn, and Helmut Newton. And I have been hugely influenced by Cecil Beaton. He represented everything that I didn’t know when I went to England, and that I felt I needed to learn.

After nearly a decade of working in London, and a short-stint in New York, I began to spend more time in Paris. I realized that, much as I adored London, it was a great place to start, but if you wanted to become something other than the latest trend you had to go somewhere else. In Paris, I met the fashion stylist Carine Roitfeld (now editor in chief of French *Vogue*). We had the same sense of aesthetics. Our reference was the 70s—the hedonistic period when we were both young and loved dressing up. I started opening my eyes. Carine encouraged me to bring the personality of a personal project—for example, the black-and-white nude photographs that I had been taking using natural daylight—and apply that freedom to my fashion work. You’ve got to be adaptable with fashion. I started being noticed, and one day I got a call saying that Madonna wanted to meet me. She asked me to do an advertising campaign for Versace with her. I really had never thought of doing celebrities or personalities, because I was so obsessed with fashion and models and perfection. So when I photographed Madonna it was like a mixture of fashion and portraiture that was a new type of fashion photography for me. At the time it was somehow very fresh. It’s only now that celebrities are put on every cover of every magazine.

Then I started working for a lot of the fashion houses and doing their campaigns. In the 90s, I joined forces with Tom Ford at Gucci, which was really the beginning of establishing my sort of photography. It was the period when I felt for the first time, This feels like a Mario Testino photograph, because for many years I had tried to emulate the

English. I was so inspired and amazed by them and their style and their sense of reference and their Gainsboroughs and their Reynolds! Now I wanted to give the girls a fresh vision, a fresh look—to make them look as beautiful as possible and of today. And that was the time, in September of 1996, when Meredith Etherington-Smith, who was then marketing director at Christie’s, called, asking me to photograph Princess Diana to promote the New York sale of her dresses (which was Prince William’s idea). The photographs were to run in *Vanity Fair*.

At the time, they also asked Lord Snowdon to do the photographs of Diana for *American Vogue*, and Snowdon did the really classical royal photograph of her. I didn’t have access to any palace or anything to make it look like that. I just had a studio, and I had one day to photograph her. So, in discussion with the stylist, Charlotte Pelcher, we decided that it would be a good idea to do Diana in a completely bare, simple way. Charlotte said, “You should do her with no jewels, without shoes—make her fresher and more modern rather than portraying her in the usual way.”

We worked with the French hairdresser Marc Lopez and the makeup artist Tom Pecheux, my team for many years, and I said to them, “We have to make Diana look incredible and we should do a really natural feeling.”

The actual day of photographing Diana, I was nervous at first because I didn’t really know how to approach her. I first said to her, “It’s really hard for me to call you ‘ma’am’ because I call my mother ‘ma’am,’ but she’s a lot older than you!” So she said, “Just call me Diana.” It might sound disrespectful, but for a photographer to get contact with somebody you need intimacy. In this case, just that name meant intimacy, and it created a huge difference, because it made me feel that this person was putting herself in my hands, trusting me a hundred percent.

I was quite amazed that she was so open about us doing anything we wanted to. When I introduced her to Tom and Marc she said to us, “I respect your work and I’ll follow your opinion.” Which was amazing because she’d created an iconic image of herself. When Diana arrived for the shoot she was dressed informally, wearing a shirt and a pair of trousers, but she had a “hairsty.” I realized that she was quite “dressed up” for her age, but then, she had to fit into a role. From being a little girl she had had to become a woman. And what’s a way of making somebody become a woman? Do a hairsty, you know. We just wanted to treat her like a young woman, in these evening dresses.

I had been doing a lot of these photographs where the environment had become obsolete. After having been drawn to the funky, alternative world of London, which I couldn’t have found in Lima, and which I had expressed in “out there” work for *The Face* and for Franca Sozzani at *Per Lui* and *Lei* in Italy, I later went into a more cinematic world. I started telling stories. I used to produce all these very staged, complicated sittings, full of extras, and props, and sets. I remember Manolo Blahnik once saying to me, “My God, I love the floor in that house in Peru you photographed!” And I realized all of a sudden that the girl had become just one more thing in the photograph—a prop, like a table or a lamp! When I started working with Carine she hated

Excerpted from *Diana, Princess of Wales* by Mario Testino at *Kensington Palace*, to be published this month by Taschen TBC; © 2005 by the author. An exhibition of the same name will open at Kensington Palace on November 24.
PHOTOGRAPHY IS ABOUT THE RIGHT MOMENT, AND I WAS LUCKY TO BE PRESENT AT THE RIGHT MOMENT IN HER LIFE.
they were dresses she was entering a new part of her life."
props. She liked things simple, and I guess that made me focus on the girl, which is the approach we wanted to take with Diana too.

So David Collins made a white sofa for me, and I just put some white panels behind it and used available light. I wanted just her, just Diana. It was about the dresses, but as all the dresses were different, they didn't have a real fashion connection between them. They were dresses she was letting go. She was entering a new period in her life. She had just been made Princess Diana, rather than Her Royal Highness Princess Diana.

We straightened her hair and did the simplest makeup. I think she felt she looked great. I said to her, "Would you kindly sit here?" on the white sofa. And she sat in a very proper way. Quite stiff. And I said to her, "You sit so properly, and if somebody told me to sit on that sofa, this is how I would sit." And I threw myself on the sofa! I guess that lourgy, beachy lifestyle that I had for many years growing up in Peru helped in that instant, because she immediately burst out laughing. I said, "Let's sit as if we're just talking, the two of us, on the sofa." and so she leaned back and that's how the shoot started.

At the time, supermodels were the biggest, hottest thing around. I was going to all the fashion shows, and I could almost walk like each of the girls: they each have their own step, their own way of walking, like a dance. And if you're Peruvian you love to dance! I put on this CD of a disco version of the 70s French singer Dalida, and I said to Diana, "I'm really into the catwalk." She said, "What do you mean?" So I "did" each of the girls for her—Kate, Naomi, Claudia, Linda, and Nadja. Growing up in Peru, anything that was slightly effeminate was unacceptable. So for me it was liberating to be able to copy these girls—and I do it quite well! Diana couldn't believe it—she roared with laughter! I said, "Look, you can do it, too!" So we started doing the catwalk together—it was a really funny little moment. People become vulnerable in front of a camera and she had kept something back, but that broke the ice and helped her to relax.

I had done work for Harper's Bazaar when it was being revamped by Liz Tilberis, and I learned a lot from the magazine's creative director, Fabien Baron. Fabien said to me, "Whenever you do a picture, the girl is really serious, but if one ever has dinner with you, one does not stop laughing." So I started evolving this idea that photography didn't need to be detached from me, that it could be related to my life and to what made me enjoy life. I started embracing the idea that people could have a good time in my pictures. I guess that is what I wanted to capture with Diana. An intimate moment. Because I realized that although the world over were obsessed with her, not many could find themselves next to her. So I thought, If I'm going to be that person next to her, let's try and get something that she would give only to me at that moment.

You try to do various things. So I photographed her on the sofa, and later I sat her on the floor. I've always liked the end of the evening, when girls are in their evening dresses but they've thrown their shoes off and they can sit or lie down on the floor. I wanted Diana dressed in eveningwear but in her mind to be wearing jeans.

At one moment I was dancing around, and I said, "Oh, I just want you to move and dance and laugh," and there I am moving and she was ... state! So I said, "Oh yes, but do you think it would be possible ... " and she said, "I know what you want but I can't deliver; I'm not Peruvian!" It was a very endearing thing, because the English can be very reserved. And she was very proper. She was hugely proper. Not for nothing did marry the future King of England. She asked me something that always stayed with me: "When you were young, did you think you were going to have a big thing happen in your life?" Because I always felt that something big was going to happen in my life.

When I first edited the images, my friend Patrick Kinmonth, who's been my collaborator for the past 25 years, said to me, "You've chosen everything laughing." And he picked an image of her in repose, was just soft and pensive. He said, "It's such a beautiful moment of her," and I realized that sometimes I dismiss these moments for the happy moments, because I know it is hard to get someone to laugh from the inside, real laughter. In some images I can see her insecurity—a sense of whether to just go or not.

When we had edited the pictures and sent them to Diana for her approval, she said to me that her sons had told her the pictures were the most like her that they had seen. This was a great compliment because, of course, I didn't know her. I just tried to grasp something on the spur of the moment. Photographers have to be intuitive about their work and less reflective at more proactive. I guess there are people that you meet in your life that just have a very nice feeling to them, and you just hit it off with them. And that was the feeling I got from her. She was a sensitive, beautiful, kind person.

People said, "You changed her," but I don't think I changed her that much, apart from the hair and a bit of the makeup, as maybe used the right light for her, but really I was more of a documenter who happened to be there in the right time at the right place. Later, I went back and looked at the clippings, the paparazzi photographs of Diana. And I thought, She does it differently. All those photographs were taken of her in a very detached way by people who managed to get a glimpse of her at certain distance. But what we were doing was obviously a much more intimate experience. It was influenced by the fact that liked her, so I wanted to make her have a good time, make her laugh, make her enjoy that day. And I wanted the results to be worthwhile for her cause, to raise funds to donate to people with AIDS and cancer, two diseases that have been very close in my life through my family, AIDS through my friends.

The reaction after the pictures came out was pretty amazing. The "Diana" Vanity Fair became one of the top-selling issues in the magazine's history. I never imagined the shoot would have the repercussions that it did. It was odd, really; you've slave for 15 years to get your pictures right and suddenly the work knows you for this one thing.

Diana died two months after the pictures were published. I never think of her any other way than how she looked in them.

I guess photography is so much about the right moment, and I was lucky to be present at the right moment in her life. I think it is so privileged to have been able to document her life like that. She was really divine that day. She looked so happy and fresh and secure of herself. It was just laughter and laughter and laughter and laughter...
WE SENT THE PICTURES TO DIANA, AND HER SONS TOLD HER THEY WERE THE MOST LIKE HER THEY HAD SEEN.

“I wanted Diana dressed in eveningwear but in her mind to be wearing jeans,” says Testino.

THE BAREFOOT PRINCESS
As a veteran producer for 60 Minutes II, the author broke many stories, including the Abu Ghraib torture scandal with Dan Rather. Their next big story—the September 2004 exposé on George W. Bush’s National Guard service—got her fired, sped Rather’s departure as anchor, and left CBS bloodied. What happened? In an excerpt from her unflinching new book, MARY MAPES gives her side of the controversy: the rush to broadcast, the midnight blog attack, the backtracking sources, and the corporate damage-control operation that cast her as the villain
SUBJECT: Tender of Resignation

TO: Air Reserve Personnel Center/OPAAD
3800 York Street
Denver CO 80205

1. I, George Walker Bush, under AFR 35-41, paragraph 20-10, hereby voluntarily tender my resignation from all appointments held by me at this time.

2. The reasons for the submission of this resignation are: inadequate time to fulfill possible future commitments.

3. I understand that, if this resignation is accepted, I will be honorably discharged from all appointments held by me.

4. I am not accountable or responsible for public property or funds.

[Signature] 1LT SUMMARY 590 1FCLD USN

(Date) Nov 9, 1974

(Paper Chase)

Former CBS Evening News anchor Dan Rather at the network's 57th Street offices, in New York. Inset, an undisputed 1974 resignation letter from Lieutenant George W. Bush (above, circa 1970), citing "inadequate time to fulfill [sic] possible future commitments."
When CBS’s Wednesday-night news program 60 Minutes II was accused of airing falsified documents pertaining to George W. Bush’s Vietnam War-era service in the Texas Air National Guard, the resulting scandal effectively shifted the country’s focus, at the height of the presidential-campaign season, away from Bush’s lackluster military record and toward the shortcomings of the mainstream news media. In an effort to contain the damage, CBS commissioned an independent panel, which published a harshly critical report on January 10, 2005, 10 days before Bush’s inauguration for his second term. In response to the report, three network employees were asked to resign, and one—Mary Mapes, the segment’s producer, who had worked at CBS News for 15 years—was fired. In these pages, she answers her critics.

I woke up smiling on September 9, 2004.

My story on George W. Bush’s National Guard service had run on 60 Minutes II the night before and I felt it had been a solid piece. We had worked under tremendous pressure because of the short time frame and the explosive content, but we’d made our deadline, and, most important, we’d made news.

Dan Rather and I had aired the first-ever interview with former Texas governor Ben Barnes on his role in helping Bush get into the Texas Air National Guard. Getting Barnes to say yes had taken five years, and I thought his interview was a home run. Finally, there were on-the-record, honest, straight-ahead answers from a man who intimately knew the ins and outs of the way Texas politics and privilege worked in the state National Guard units during the Vietnam War.

Our story also presented never-before-seen documents purportedly written in 1972 and 1973 by Bush’s then commander, Lieu-

tenant Colonel Jerry B. Killian, who died in 1984. These documents appeared to show that Killian had not approved of Bush’s departure from the Guard in 1972 to work on a U.S. Senate campaign for Republican Winton Blount in Alabama. They seemed to indicate that Killian had ordered Bush to take a physical that was never completed and that Killian had been pressured from higher up to write better reports on Bush than were merited by the future president’s performance. The Killian memos,

as they came to be called, challenged the version of George W. Bush’s Guard career that the White House had presented.

I had spent weeks trying to get these pieces of paper and every waking hour since I had received them vetting each document for factual errors or red flags. I compared the new memos with Bush’s official records, which I had been collecting since 1999, when it first became apparent that he would be running for president. They meshed in ways large and small.

Furthermore, the essential truth of the story contained in the memos had been corroborated by Killian’s commander Major General Bobby Hodges in a phone conversation two days before the story aired. He said the memos reflected what he remembered about how Killian had handled Bush’s departure from the Guard.

We had a senior document analyst named Marcel Matley fly to New York to look at all the documents we had, the official records that had been previously released by the White House as well as the “new” ones. After examining them for hours, blowing up

DON’T MESS WITH TEXAS
Clockwise from above: a still from the September 8 report that started it all; Rather interviewing Bill Burkett about the origin of the contested documents; Rather and Mary Mapes flying to Afghanistan, January 2002; Lieutenant Bush, circa 1970.

Excerpted from Truth and Duty: The Press, the President, and the Privilege of Power, by Mary Mapes; © 2005 by the author; reprinted with permission from St. Martin’s Press, LLC.
I told Burkett my greatest fear was that this was a political dirty trick by one side or the other.

New Yorker came out with his story on the subject. All of us at 60 Minutes II felt like we were on a roll.

Things began to change at about 11 a.m., when I started hearing rumbles from some producers at CBS News that a handful of far-right Web sites were saying the documents had been forged.

I was incredulous. That couldn’t be possible. When we’d shown the president’s people the memos, the White House hadn’t attempted to deny the truth of the documents. In fact, the president’s communications director, Dan Bartlett, had claimed that the documents supported their version of events: that then Lieutenant Bush had asked for permission to leave the unit.

Within a few minutes, I was visiting Web sites I had never heard of: Free Republic, Little Green Footballs, Power Line. They were hard-core, politically angry, hyperconservative sites loaded with vitriol about Dan Rather and CBS. People posted their questionable recollections that electric typewriters in the 1970s did not do "superscripts," the small "th" or "st" suffixes following a number and lifted higher than the other letters. This was important because, in the Killian memos, "11th" was sometimes typed as "11th." Other bloggers claimed there was no proportional spacing on old typewriters—using different widths for different characters—even though some of the old official documents had proportional spacing. The claims snowballed.

I remember staring, disheartened and angry, at one posting, "60 Minutes is going down," the writer crowed.

I phoned Matley, who said he had seen some of the comments and dismissed them out of hand. He disdained the anonymity of the postings, saying that any real analysts would use their names and credentials. And he pointed out that, in the process of downloading, scanning, faxing, and photocopying, some computers, copiers, and faxes changed spacing and altered the appearance and detail of fonts. He thought that a basic misunderstanding of how documents changed through electronic transmission was behind the unfounded certainty and ferocity of the attack on the documents.

I thought Matley’s belief that a technical misunderstanding was all that was behind the ferocious attack was too good to be true. He knew a great deal about documents and signatures. But I knew attack politics.

I remember looking at the Drudge Report at about three p.m. and seeing that the lead was a huge picture of Dan with a headline that read something like SHAKEN AND STUNNED, RATHER HIDING IN OFFICE.

The phone rang and it was Dan. “Mary, someone has just handed me something from the Drudge Report saying that I am all shook up and hiding in my office. I just want you to know that’s not true. I’m not worried and I’m not even in my god-damned office.”

I knew I could count on Dan. He told me that he had confidence in the story and that he was lucky to work with me. He signed off by saying something that had become a shorthand for us over the years: “F-E-A.” That was code for “F— ‘Em All,” a sentiment that needs to be expressed from time to time in any newsroom. Dan was too much of a gentleman to say the real thing—at least most of the time. [Rather could not be reached for comment on this story.]

The day continued to deteriorate. I got a stream of phone calls from Betsy West, a CBS News senior vice president, and Josh Howard, the new executive producer of 60 Minutes II. Their calls all began with the same ominous words: “Mary, we’ve gotten a call from [fill in the blank].” It could be The Washington Post, The New York Times, the New York Post, the Los Angeles Times. It felt as though the whole world were reading the blogs and repeating their talking points without questioning them.

We put our heads down and aimed a strong and reasoned defense on the CBS Evening News the next night. Dan ended the report by asking that the president answer the long-standing questions about his National Guard service. But no one listened. Everyone in the media wanted to cover CBS, not the National Guard story.

On the night of Friday, September 10, we found we had a new problem. General
Bobby Hodges, the man who had corroborated the content of the documents before we aired our story, called to say that he had seen all the coverage and he, too, thought the documents were forgeries.

With horror, I realized I had no recording of his earlier corroboration. I felt sick. I read him the notes I had taken during our previous conversation, on Labor Day, September 6. He admitted he had indeed said all those things but insisted that now he didn’t think the memos were real. [Hodges later told the CBS panel he did not confirm the contents of the memos.]

Late that night, CBS News president Andrew Heyward showed up at the 60 Minutes building, something that I didn’t see happen very often. I joined him, along with Josh Howard, in Betsy West’s office. Andrew asked how many document analysts we could summon for a news conference on Monday. He visualized a sea of analysts who would literally “stand behind the documents.” I reminded him that they were photocopies, not original documents. There was no ink or paper to test. No reputable analyst would give 100 percent assurance of authenticity or of fabrication, a point I had made clear from the beginning.

“But they have people who are doing that, Mary,” Andrew said, “and it’s killing us. If the blogs are using people that are lousy analysts to make their case, then let’s get some lousy analysts of our own.” I

message. Near the end of the call, Andrew yelled into the phone that “if someone fucked this up, they’ll be phoning in from Alcatraz.” Nothing like a vote of no confidence to help build your stamina for a long campaign.

[According to CBS News, “Mr. Heyward never raised his voice. He did say, in a normal tone of voice, ‘If we’re wrong about this, we’ll be apologizing from Alcatraz.’”]

There was a great deal I didn’t know back in September 2004. I didn’t know that the attack on CBS News and the story we aired was just another part of the Bush supporters’ aggressive pattern of sliming anyone and everyone who raised questions about the president.

In the months before the 2004 election, the White House certainly didn’t want the country talking about the choices young Lieutenant Bush made during the Vietnam War. I thought it was a good time to talk about it. But then, I didn’t see our story as an attack on the president. We were simply reporting what we had found. But to the defenders of George W. Bush, our story was a declaration of war.

I didn’t know that the attack on our story was going to be as effective as a brilliantly run national political campaign, because that is what it was: a political campaign. I didn’t know that we were being bombarded person whose politics drove her journalism. Journalists should do their best to abide personal views when doing their jobs, but I can no longer stay silent and must answer the bloggers, the babblers, and the true believers who have called me everything from a “fascist” to an “elitist" liberal to an "idiot."

If I was an idiot, it was for believing a free press that is able to do its job without fear or favor.

If I am an elitist liberal, I have to bias it on my privileged background. I grew up in an elitist-liberal hothouse, a tiny farm in Washington State, where for generations my family worked from daylight to darkness, feeding cattle, raising crops, watching the skies obsessively, hoping for good weather. Like most elitist liberals, I learned to drive a tractor, rake hay, a narrow pastures long before I sat behind the wheel of a car.

When I stepped in shit—literally, some days—nobody bailed me out. In family, we learned quickly we had to clean up after ourselves. I did not have weak parents or influential family friends who helped me. I still know manure when I see it. And I know the people who attack my story are more gifted at working with fertilizers than facts.

I made my first round of phone calls on George W. Bush’s military service in the summer of 1999. By then, I was working full-time at 60 Minutes II, the newly launched Wednesday night offshoot of the long-running Sund program. I had lived in Dallas since 1976 and had covered Bush for the CBS Evening News, so I was familiar with the simmering controversy over his National Guard service.

President Bush entered the Texas Air National Guard in May 1968, the bleakest month for American soldiers in Vietnam. He had just finished college, a graduate-school deferment was no longer available. Because his father was a Texas congressman, Bush was able to meet the Texas Guard officials who ran a unit basis in Houston, part of his father’s district, and tell them in person that he wanted to join the Guard and be a fighter pilot like his dad. Although Bush scored only a 70 out of 100 on his pilot aptitude test, he was awarded a coveted training spot.

The young airman trained at Moody Air Force Base, in Georgia, where he may be best remembered for the time in 1969 when then President Nixon sent a government plane to pick him up for a date in Washington with First Daughter Tricia.

After completing CONTINUED ON PAGE 310
CBS SURVIVOR

Former CBS producer Mary Mapes outside her Dallas home with her Labrador retriever, Honey, October 4, 2005.
The Beautiful

After London’s Daily Mirror ran front-page photos of Uber-model Kate Chanel, and H&M reportedly totaling close to $4 million. But while fashion elite rallied to her defense. Was she the victim of overzealous media scrutiny about the growing stress she felt, her devotion to her young daughter, and...
And the Damned

...ing cocaine, the 31-year-old style icon lost contracts with Burberry, bloids screeched about her decadent image and damaged career, the of her own edgy lifestyle? Talking to Moss's friends, VICKY WARD learns ngerous influence of her hard-partying boyfriend, rocker Pete Doherty
For Kate Moss, an evening in early September spent at the side of boyfriend Pete Doherty, the front man of the rock group Babyshambles, must have felt like just any other jam session. The 31-year-old model sat in a corner of a recording studio in West London, looking impossibly glamorous in knee-high black boots and shorts, her 100-pound, five-foot-seven-inch frame as ethereal as ever, her hair wavy, with a golden tinge, falling just below her shoulders. Doherty, 26, was sitting nearby, exposing his somewhat meaty upper torso.

Quiet and friendly, cracking jokes, as she likes to, Moss, according to the Daily Mirror, cut lines of cocaine, passing them round to the people present. Holding a cigarette and drinking shots of vodka and whiskey, she snorted five lines in the 40 minutes recorded in a grainy video by a hidden camera. Those images subsequently made their way onto the front page of the British tabloid. It’s sister paper, the Sunday Mirror, was successfully sued by Moss last summer after it alleged back in January that she had passed out in a cocaine-induced stupor following a charitable event in Barcelona in 2001. (Moss sought between $25,000 and $350,000 in damages.)

According to the Daily Mirror, in one scene of the video—circulated on television and on the Internet since then—Moss teasingly withholds some of the drug from Doherty, saying, “It’s just gone now. You’ve missed it.” The vignette, an acquaintance feels, sums up the dynamic of the couple’s relationship—a desperate struggle on her part to control Doherty’s open use of crack cocaine and alcohol. Until he met Moss, in January of this year, at her 31st-birthday party, it was also heroin.

“The fatal attraction for Kate—a woman who is always told she is beautiful, wonderful, and has everything—was that she could never completely control him,” says this person, adding that he thinks Moss has always known that she had a lot to lose because of the relationship, characterized as a hopeless love affair for her. Right from the start friends of Doherty’s, described by one of the inner sanctum as “hangers-on,” sold pictures of the two to the tabloids.

Moss told Doherty at the beginning of their romance that he had to quit he in, the acquaintance says. “She knew there was a tightrope she mustn’t cross and she did have in the back of her mind that she had to protect Courtney Love, and she said to him, ‘You must get [naltrexone—either inserted in the abdomen as an implant or worn as a patch—which nullifies the effects of opiates]. I can’t have you around if you’re out of control because it’s going to get me into trouble.’”

It did, and that is something Moss is not accustomed to. Since she shot to fame, at age 18, when Calvin Klein first put her wail-like figure in his underwear ads alongside singer turned actor Mark Wahlberg, Moss has been given the benefit of the doubt by both her colleagues and the companies that hired her. She has rarely given interviews—and then usually only to top magazines, such as American Vogue, which focused on her unusual style, mixing bohemian and classic.

When stills from the fuzzy video first appeared, a defiant Moss, working in New York with photographer Mario Sorrenti on a shoot for W magazine’s November issue, wondered who could have taken the video. She was shocked at the invasion of her privacy. “Fuck off! Fuck off!” she allegedly told a reporter who followed her and Doherty to the Mercer hotel one afternoon.

On another occasion she tried to have dinner with Sorrenti, a close friend, at SoHo’s Omen restaurant. Sorrenti, whose own brother died of a drug overdose eight years ago, was appalled at how they were hassled by the press as they tried to get into a car. “It was like rats over the garbage,” he says. “She got pushed and shoved. So did I.”

Doherty stayed in New York with Moss for a few days and then flew back to England for a concert, reportedly causing a disturbance on the plane. A week later, following a performance in a music hall in Shrewsbury, in central England, he was arrested on suspicion of drug possession. He claimed that the police had mistaken the patch for narcotics, and he was released. Meanwhile, Moss stayed in the Mercer hotel, receiving calls and text messages from friends around the world—many of whom were in London for that city’s Fashion Week. Her mood, people say, shifted from shock and fury to devastation as the significance of what had happened slowly settled in. Magazine publisher Jefferson Hack, 34, an ex-boyfriend and the father of her young child.

"I feel all going," Moss confided to people at a photo shoot.
“What did I learn in rehab?” Moss said.
Grace, was on the phone offering his support. So were such friends as artists Sam Taylor-Wood and Tracey Emin, fashion designer Bella Freud, designer Fabien Baron, and many others on the creative side of the fashion world.

The night the story broke, David Lipman, the advertising guru, went to her hotel suite, hugged her, and said, "Kate, this is going to be a storm. You are going to need to stand strong and be tough. This is not going away." He knew, "I knew that the English media was going to be brutal."

Sure enough, as if according to a script, London newspapers began to question whether Moss was an appropriate role model for 17-year-old girls. Reporters were sent to various stores that carried products she endorsed to survey young shoppers on their views about her. The Independent reported that the head of the Metropolitan Police, Sir Ian Blair, who has been leading a campaign against a burning cocaine epidemic in Britain, said worries would be questioning Moss. In the ensuing weeks the Evening Standard reported that traces of cocaine had been found in the bathrooms of hotels where British Labour and Conservative Party leaders had held conferences. Journalists began to write columns about their own experiences with the drug. The Kate Moss story took on a life of its own.

It was, says one of Moss's closest friends, London hairdresser Sam McKnight, a sinister of what had happened to the Princess Diana, whose hair he styled. His singing someone out, we haven't seen

to a friend with a wink. "A lot about alcohol."

for a long time. I guess it's because powerful, strong woman is a bit of an enigma, aren't they?"

There were false reports that socialites would consider taking away Moss's lighter, pictured in the press attending a third-birthday party, dressed as a fairy, arms of a nanny. Around the same time, it was reported that once she returned England Moss would be arrested for drug use. (The veracity of both rumors was denied by her lawyer Gerard Tyrrell.) According to reports, the recording studio Moss had been videotaped using cocaine was raided for drugs.

Moss met in New York with a representative of the fashion retailer H&M—the store has not ruled out working with Moss again. "The statement we released a couple of weeks back is more or less the same stand that we have right now. We haven't announced any changes to the planned campaign either, publicly, so right now we're kind of sitting between decisions and actions, and more or less still standing by our original statements," she says. Asked why H&M hired Moss in the first place, given the fact that she has long been associated with an edgy lifestyle, Sandberg replies, "We believe in people."

The British media reported that Moss has been dropped by Burberry, H. Stern, Chanel, and others, but, comments Alexandra Shulman, the editor of British Vogue,
The dangerous-Kate vibe has been par
dicted to drop it. The company put out a statement that said, “We wish Kate all the best,” but it did not rule out using her again. Fabien Baron (who, as creative director for Harper’s Bazaar in 1992, introduced Moss to Calvin Klein) spoke to Rose Marie Bravo, Burberry’s C.E.O., and suggested the company keep her. He was hopeful, he says, because Bravo had “always adored Moss. . . . My personal advice to the company was: Stay on.” Baron was upset with their decision to cancel the campaign, but told Moss not to worry. “They will bring her back,” he says of the British press. “And the fashion business will support her.” The December edition of French Vogue, of which Moss is the guest editor, is running as planned, with “some changes,” according to Baron, “due exclusively to availability, and not to her current situation.

Over at Chanel, a private company which changes its model every season, “the executives were initially shocked,” says one source close to the company. “Then, on second thought, the only one who was talking sense to me, was saying, ‘Well, it doesn’t really matter.’” Ultimately, though, the company announced that her contract was due to expire in October, and it had no plans to renew it. Taking a quiet line is Dio, the public relations spokesman for Rimmel, the Coty-owned cosmetics brand, said they were preparing a statement announcing their support of Moss and their intention to continue work with her. Fortuitously, the company had shot a campaign labeled “Recover,” showing Moss looking like her tradem infections—a beautiful after a hard night’s party. If Moss emerges clean and restored from the Meadows clinic, in Arizona, to which she reportedly retreated for one month, Rimmel, most people think, will have a marketing coup. “How fucking brilliant are they going to look?” comments one of the industry’s senior fashion editors. Moss’s friend Marc Quinn, the British sculptor, comments, “She’ll come out a more matured and complex figure.”

According to someone close to Moss, all the big talk shows in the U.K. and U.S. have put in requests to interview her, but she has refused them all. Celebrities such as Sharon Stone, Naomi Campbell, and Robbie Williams have publicly come out in support of her. W magazine’s November issue appeared with Moss on the cover. The British papers have already started declaring a “comeback.”

Quinn recently did an ice sculpture for years people everywhere and not just in the fashion industry—have marveled at Kate Moss’s constitution: “The dangerous-Kate vibe has been part of her mystique, but she has done nothing to promote it,” says Shulman. She has occasionally talked about the loneliness and hardship of becoming one of the world’s top models while in her teens—and also about the remarkable feat of maintaining that position.
"Her mystique," says British *Vogue's* Shulman.
that so many giants of 20th-century Western art, included, can thank for inspiration the citizens of Africa: objects they have been making for hundreds of years—functional, some spiritual, some for adornment. What has been less acknowledged by the West is Africa's contemporary art. It began to change about 20 years ago when a long-needed debate erupted over the colonialist treatment (or ignorance) of art on the European tradition. Since then, exhibitions attempting to present the enormous continent of Africa have been plentiful. Many of these shows, well intended though they may have suffered from heavy ideological baggage, "African Art Now," opens at the National Museum of African Art, in Washington, D.C., on November 16 (after originating at the Museum of Fine Arts in Houston), offers a much more spontaneous and personal view: all the pieces come from the private collection of Jean Pigozzi. His own right, Pigozzi has been buying art from the continent for 17 years with the help of curator André Magnin. They set three rules for themselves: the artists must be black, breathing, and still living in Africa. The works shown in Washington, which include paintings, sculptures, and photographs by 28 artists from 15 countries, defy easy categorization. There's sophistication, naivety, and everything in between. There's hokeyness and the presence of genius—for which there is no explanation and no color bar. —INGRID SISCHY
For decades, Woody Allen could do no wrong. Then, in 1992, his luck turned. bringing personal scandal, legal battles, a front-page drubbing by The New York Times, and shrinking-U.S. audiences. But his extraordinary output never slowed, and this month’s Match Point, starring Scarlett Johansson, may reverse the slide. As the director answers tough questions—about the criticism of his recent work, his breakup with Mia Farrow, and his marriage to her daughter Soon-Yi Previn—PETER BISKIND explores the disconnect between Allen’s bedraggled reputation and his unparalleled film legacy.
Woody Allen, photographed in his office at the Manhattan Film Center, in New York City, on September 30, 2005. He turns 70 in December. "Aging is a terrible thing," he says with characteristic a-cheerfulness.
It’s been a long time since Alvy Singer wooed Annie Hall; on December 1, Woody Allen will be 70. But while that may make his boomer audience feel old, he himself isn’t giving much ground to the Grim Reaper. You can still set your watch by his production schedule: almost every year for nearly four decades he has written and directed a new picture—the Joyce Carol Oates of the movies—and this year has been no different. He is set to release his latest in December, the excellent Match Point, a moral thriller, featuring Scarlett Johansson, Emily Mortimer, and Jonathan Rhys-Meyers, which he shot in London during the summer of 2004.

And on a dull August morning in 2005, he is in London again, on Craven Terrace in Bayswater, reshooting a scene from Scoop, his 36th feature as a writer-director, which will be released sometime next year. It’s a newspaper comedy, also starring Johansson, along with Hugh Jackman, Ian McShane, of Deadwood fame, and Allen himself. (He won’t divulge the plot, but says it’s not based on the Evelyn Waugh novel of the same name.) The scene in question, first attempted some days earlier, was marred by a sentence of dialogue Allen doesn’t like, and so the crew has returned to the street for another try. It’s an extended walking-talking shot in which Allen is caught in animated conversation with Johansson, who is wearing an open white shirt over a gray tank top. The scene ends up inside a launderette. Switching back to director mode, Allen says “Cut!” and then, “Good take, but the mike popped out of her cleavage, so we don’t get sound. We have to do it again.”

Dressed down and wearing spectacles, Johansson looks like an altogether different person from the bombshell she plays in Match Point. At the end of their second collaboration, she and Allen have achieved an easy camaraderie. Full of energy, she bounces up and down in front of him. He steps backward in mock alarm, muttering, “Watch it—I’m fragile.” She even has an array of affectionate nicknames for him, variations on “Woody,” like “Woodrow,” and “Woodness.” Despite his attempts to make her look like a normal human being, she radiates beauty and youth. Under a slate sky, her blond hair fairly shimmers and throbs; she looks like a visitor from another, better world, plopped down into this drab London neighborhood populated mostly by Middle Eastern immigrants. Allen blends into the street scene rather more easily, but that doesn’t stop a considerable number of locals from recognizing him. They flock around him, requesting autographs and photo ops, which he grants with considerable grace. It is clear his appeal extends well beyond the borders of Manhattan, famously his natural habitat.

There are financial reasons this quintessential New York filmmaker has been shooting in London, but the move also feels karmically apt, a kind of symbolic exile. His American audience has dwindled over the last decade, the Hollywood studios that once treated him like a prince have turned cold, and even New York film critics, heretofore his staunchest allies—the hometown fans—seem to greet each new picture with a collective yawn. It’s as if this filmmaker, who in the 1970s and 80s and well into the 90s seemed to connect effortlessly with an influential if rarefied slice of urban America, has slid into irrelevancy.

All of this was dramatized in an extraordinary and venomous front-page piece printed three years ago by The New York Times. The paper’s culture pages had once functioned as a virtual Allen house organ, but on June 5, 2002, under the headline CURSE OF THE JADED AUDIENCE: WOODY ALLEN, IN ART AND LIFE, TWO TIMES reporters with no particular expertise in film drew readers’ attention to the fact that “a grand total of eight people showed up yesterday for the matinee of Woody Allen’s latest movie, ‘Hollywood Ending,’ one month out of the box and now playing in exactly one theater in Manhattan, a $4.95-a-ticket discount house in Times Square.” The ostensible occasion for the piece was a lawsuit Allen had filed against his former longtime friend and producer, Jean Doumanian, for an alleged $12 million owed him. But the article’s prominence and snarky, gloves-off tone seemed to suggest a larger agenda: to take Allen down. The reporters quoted the opinions of various
TARDUST MEMORIES

Allen in his screening room. He has written and directed 35 films at the rate of roughly one a year, since 1969. Despite numerous offers, none of these pictures is "Annie Hall II."
“I’ve gained no wisdom, no insight, no mellowing. I would make all the same mistakes again, today.”
courtouse hangers-on—“His sense of humor is sort of frozen in the 70’s. He appeals to an older crowd”—and even made fun of his physical infirmities. They concluded that “for Mr. Allen . . . after more than 30 years as the on-screen embodiment of angst-ridden, urbane New York, his long moment as cultural icon may be over.” Within Manhattan’s hothouse film and media circles—the world which Allen both lives in and often skewers in his films—this was the equivalent of a stoning in the public square.

Allen has become an artist without honor in his own country—not, unfortunately, an anomalous situation. Many of his heroes have shared this fate. Akira Kurosawa found it nearly impossible to obtain Japanese financing in the twilight of his career; feeling himself shabbily treated by the Swedish government for a few years in the 1970s, Ingmar Bergman refused to make pictures in his homeland; and in two of the most egregious American examples, Charlie Chaplin found it expedient to leave the country altogether in the early 1950s, one step ahead of Red-hunting squads baying at his heels, while Orson Welles in his later years was reduced to shilling for Gallo wine. Still, one would hope that in most countries a national treasure like Allen, especially one who toils in a profession wherein selling or burning out is an all too common occupational hazard, would be showered with distinctions, lionized, and feted.

After all, Allen’s body of work is without precedent in quality and quantity, not measured against just other American filmmakers but worldwide. At the risk of hyperbole, or of sounding like a lunatic, it could be said that there is no such thing as a bad Woody Allen film—worse ones, certainly, pictures that do not work consistently from beginning to end, comedies that aren’t quite funny enough, dramas that are solemn and lugubrious, but never a stupid picture, one that is begging to be walked out on. Even his aesthetically unsuccessful films are better than most of the pictures that come out of Hollywood. If you play the parlor game How Few Outstanding Films Are Necessary to Create the Reputation for Being a Great Director, you arrive at a surprisingly low number. Look at some of Allen’s contemporaries: Bob Rafelson, one (Five Easy Pieces); Peter Bogdanovich, two (The Last Picture Show, Paper Moon); William Friedkin, two (The French Connection, The Exorcist); Robert Altman, four (M*A*S*H, McCabe & Mrs. Miller, Nashville, The Player); and so on.

Even Allen’s beloved François Truffaut directed only three masterpieces, all early in his career: The 400 Blows, Jules and Jim, and Shoot the Piano Player. By this standard, Allen is an auteur among auteurs. Among his 35 films, there are a good 10 that can hold their own against any of those just mentioned: Annie Hall, Manhattan, The Purple Rose of Cairo, Broadway Danny Rose, Zelig, Hannah and Her Sisters, Crimes and Misdemeanors, Husbands and Wives, Bullets over Broadway, Deconstructing Harry, and now Match Point, not to mention a slew of very good second-tier films and one-offs, such as “Oedipus Wrecks,” the only true gem in the anthology film New York Stories.

But perhaps it’s all for the best that Allen hasn’t been embraced by the Kennedy Center or dubbed an American Master on PBS. He insists that although he doesn’t read his reviews, good, bad, or indifferent, he’s aware the ardor that once burned hot in the breasts of the Times and the national critics has at best cooled, and at worst been extinguished, but that he doesn’t care: “You can say about that is, when you’re in the public eye, that’s what happens. And you know, there’s nothing you can do.” Except, in his case, make another movie.

If Woody Allen is philosophical about the vagaries of his reputation, he’s not so happy about getting old. His 70th birthday weighs heavily upon him, although it’s impossible to guess his age from looking at him. His once red hair is graying, and he has a bald spot on the crown of his head, growing, I imagine, like the hole in the ozone layer, but his face is unlined, and he looks a good 10 years younger than he is, maybe more. In the early evening, after a day on the set of Scoop, he is sitting on a sofa in the living room of his rented home in Tony Belgravia, just south of Hyde Park. It’s an odd-looking place on the outside, perhaps originally a carriage house for an estate that no longer exists, a wide, low, white stucco building with a flat roof topped by a balustrade that looks as if it was supplied by one of those American roadside garden emporiums with plaster-of-Paris fountains and pink flamingos out front. It wouldn’t be out of place on a back lot—some hack studio designer’s idea of a Spanish or Italianate villa. Inside, though, it’s light and spacious, with a swimming pool in the basement, an obvious draw for Allen and his wife Soon-Yi’s two daughters, Bechet, 6, and Manzie, 5.

“Aging is a terrible thing,” he says, dourely. “The diminution of options and opportunities. It’s all just bad news. You deteriorate physically and die! I was an extremely good athlete as a child. I can maintain that. I mean, my eyesight’s nowhere near as good. I’ve lost some of my hearing. All the crap that they tell you—about—you know, dandling your grandchildren on your knee, and getting joy, and having a kind of wisdom in your golden years—it’s all tripe. I’ve gained no wisdom. No insight, no mellowing. I would make the same mistakes again, today.”

Allen’s own judgment of his films is probably tougher than his detractors would imagine. “I’ve made, oh, perfectly decent films he says. “But not 8%, The Seventh Seal, The 400 Blows, or L’Aventura—one that I really proclaim cinema as art, on top of the highest level. If I was the teacher, I’d give myself a B.” As late as 1992, Allen expressed the hope that he might still make a film that could hold its own with those of the great auteur directors. “One of the things that happens as I get older is that I realize that I’m not going to do it,” he says. “That real, real genius is in very few people in any art form, in any business, in any arena. Whether you’re a surgeon, or a painter, or a writer, or whatever. When you’re younger, you’ve got a few decades to make films, and so you strive for greatness, because you haven’t proven yet that it’s not going to happen; the final results are not in. I’m going to be 70, and maybe I’ll get lucky, maybe something will come up that’s really extraordinary. But I feel that level of greatness is just not in me anymore. Because I see no evidence of it, after a very, very fair try. It may just be not in the genes, or I just don’t have the humanity to do it. I don’t have the depth of humanity to do that. But I’m resigned to the fact that it’s not going to happen. And I can live with it because, you know, what can I do?”

“That’s a depressing thought,” I say.

“No, it’s not a depressing thought. What happens is that—let’s say I’m in a room with Bergman or Kurosawa, and they have achieved this [greatness], but ultimately they’re going to the same place I’m going to. You understand that art doesn’t save you. It doesn’t save me. So then I think to myself, What’s the value? After Kurosawa sits back and says, ‘Yes, Rashomon—I did a very fine job there,’ what happens? He still has to come home, you know, and eat his bowl of rice, and down the line, they bury him. It’s not that I’m losing my passport to paradise. I’m not. There are a lot of things in life I’m not going to have. I’m not going to play like Michael Jordan. I also will not make films like Kurosawa or Bergman.

There was a time, which lasted a good two decades, when it seemed as if there were no limit to his talent. His success was aided and abetted by friends in high places.
group of studio executives—including legendary Arthur Krim—who gave him complete creative freedom, first at United Artists, then at Orion Pictures; his agent, Leo Cohn, once one of the most powerful in business; and the influential New York film critics who used to dominate the print media and who framed the reputation of Allen's early work. They squabbled about everything—except Woody. Pauline Kael and Andrew Sarris, all as the _Time_ and _Newsmagazine_ reviewers, all agreed that he was a comic genius, they helped bring his brand of urbane humor out of the New York art-house to places such as Toledo and Oklahoma City.

Chief among Allen's admirers was Vincent Canby, the influential lead critic of _New York Times_. Unstinting in his praise, he never met a Woody Allen picture he didn't like. In fact, it's not exaggeration to say that Canby played a key role in the beginning of Allen's film career by being the first picture Allen directed by himself, the mock-caper movie _Take the Key and Run_, into a modest hit with a ringing review. From that point on, Canby was the filmmaker unblinking support. In _The Purple Rose of Cairo_ came out, 1985, Canby wrote that it "again dem- onstrates that Woody Allen is our premier maker...I'd even go so far as to rank it two acknowledged classics, Luis Buñuel's _The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie_ and Buster Keaton's _Sherlock Holmes_." Two years later, on the release of _Deconstruct Day_, he added, "I can't think of any maker of Mr. Allen's generation with whom he can be compared," and when _Manhattan and Wives_ opened, in 1992, af- framing him with Bergman, Truffaut, Fellini, Canby wrote, "The entire Allen...represents a kind of personal cinema, for which there is no precedent in American movies." Canby's enthusiasm was buoyed by Allen's romance with New York, expressed lyrically in his valentine to the city, _Manhattan_, with its iconic shot of Allen and Farrow sitting on a bench by the East River just south of the 59th Street Bridge, present to one degree or another in all his movies. New Yorkers loved him. Not only had he captured the rhythms of late-20th-century urban life, but portrayed the city as New Yorkers fantasized it were, invested with the glow of nostalgia for a time that passed so quickly as over before it really happened, leaving an ache of sadness in its stead.

New cities—Fellini's Rome?—have ever had a filmmaker as fully as New York has to Allen. To find a comparable relationship between place and artist, we have to look to the great 19th-century novelists: the London of Dickens, the Paris of Balzac, the St. Petersburg of Dostoyevsky. Allen was the closest thing New York City ever had to a poet laureate.

But in 1992 he abruptly fell to earth. His longtime companion and lead actress, Mia Farrow, found his nude Polaroids of 21-year-old Soon-Yi Farrow Previn, one of her adopted children (with former husband André Previn), on the mantelpiece in his living room, and the subsequent scandal burst into the headlines like a nuclear fireball. Farrow accused Allen of sexually abusing their adopted daughter, Dylan, then seven. Allen indignantly denied her charges. "I never did anything. I would never molest a child," he said during a hearing. He was cleared by a panel of doctors from Yale New Haven Hospital, but Farrow eventually won full custody of Dylan as well as the couple's biological son, Satchel, then 4, and their adopted son, Moses, 14. The judge in the case accused Allen of being "self-absorbed" and deplored what he saw as Allen's inability to comprehend the negative impact on his children of his and Soon-Yi's relationship. Allen was ultimately denied visitation rights with Dylan and allowed to see Satchel only under supervision; Moses, being older, was given a choice and declined to see his father.

"You understand that art doesn't save you. It doesn't save me. So I think to myself, What's the value?"

Amid the scandalous headlines and the flurry of suits and countersuits, Allen, whose worst sin up to that point had been shunning the Oscar ceremony, was reviled and pilloried on all sides, although most of his close friends stood beside him. ("I love him. He's a very important person in my life," says his old friend and occasional collaborator Marshall Brickman.) He gave an interview to _Time_ magazine in which he didn't help his cause, declaring, with seeming cold-bloodedness, that "the heart wants what the heart wants." Pundits predicted that his career was over. After all, for most of his films to work, audiences had to love him, and now they didn't.

Recalling his assertion that he would make the same mistakes all over again, I ask if this is true regarding Farrow. "I'm sure there are things that I might have done differently," he replies, soberly. "Probably in retrospect I should have bowed out of that relationship much earlier than I did."

"You must have discussed your problems in your therapy."

"I did. I was a chronic whiner in therapy about everything in my life. I did certainly whine about that. I did."

"What do you think would have happened had you not left those pictures of Soon-Yi on the mantel?"

"I don't know. But it was just one of the fortuitous events, one of the great pieces of luck in my life."

"Didn't Freud say there's no such thing as luck? It was either intentional or one of the most flagrant Freudian slips in the history of the world."

"Right. Although Freud also said that sometimes a cigar is just a cigar."

"Or sometimes nude pictures are just nude pictures?"

"I feel this is a case of a cigar being a cigar. It was a turning point in my life for the better."

He answers every question readily, without blinking or dodging, his eyes unwaver- ing behind his trademark glasses with their emphatic black frames. I ask if he ever sees his and Farrow's children.

"No, no."

"How do you feel about that?"

"Well, I feel terrible about it. I spent millions of dollars and fought in court for..."

_November 2005_  

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VANIETY FAIR  

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TWO IF BY SEA
Stefano Gabbana and Domenico Dolce aboard their 92-foot yacht, the Regina d'Italia, on July 22, 2005.
On their 20th anniversary, the Milan fashion team of Domenico Dolce and Stefano Gabbana let TODD EBERLE board their yacht to photograph them celebrating the global expansion of their Mediterranean style.
“THEY TOOK THE THINGS ITALIANS WERE EMBARRASSED ABOUT AND MADE THEM GLAMOROUS,” SAYS ISABELLA ROSELLINI.
"Molto sexy!" is the unofficial mantra of Domenico Dolce and Stefano Gabbana, who use it to spur on their runway models from backstage. This year marks the 20th anniversary of Dolce & Gabbana, their innovative Milan fashion house, known for bringing la dolce vita to haute couture and for dressing such celebrities as Madonna, Jennifer Lopez, Angelina Jolie, Tom Cruise, and Colin Farrell.

Dolce, 47, and Gabbana, 43, met in 1980 at a club in Milan, and they began collaborating in 1982. Their first collection, for women, debuted in 1986 to international acclaim. A men's-wear line and a showroom in Manhattan's SoHo neighborhood followed in 1990. Over the next decade the two designers developed a signature style, daring and ever evolving, yet always unmistakably Mediterranean, as their company expanded into a global operation that includes D&G, the dressed-down-chic label found on jeans of the MTV generation everywhere.

Their 20th-anniversary show in Milan in September featured a Sicilian pastoral fantasy, complete with haystack and straw-strewn models bursting out of gingham and wheat-sheaf and poppy prints. There was also plenty of red lace and lingerie of the kind you won't find down on the farm.

“I have always loved the work of Dolce and Gabbana,” says actress Isabella Rossellini. “It’s a sort of homage to the Sicilian widow, that severe woman dressed in black you see in the cinema of Italian neo-realism. They glorified her and made her sexy. They took the things we Italians were embarrassed about and made them glamorous, and later on, when they started using Hollywood references, it was always from the point of view of a person in the provinces imagining Hollywood with more shimmer and sparkle than the real thing.”

ARIANNA
No question that Arianna Huffington is driven, but by what: Power? Fame? Money? Ideas? Ideals? When a woman has married a gay multi-millionaire, run for California governor, and morphed from conservative Washington pundit to liberal L.A. activist, the answer isn’t simple. As Huffington draws on her blue-chip Rolodex—David Mamet, Nora Ephron, Larry David, etc.—for her new blog, the Huffington Post, SUZANNA ANDREWS wonders if the controversial beauty has found a way to have it all.
It is another busy day at the end of another busy week for Arianna Huffington. She has been up since five A.M. on this Friday in late August, returning phone calls to the East Coast, reading the papers, and knocking off the first of several columns she writes each day for her new online venture, the Huffington Post. At eight, a car from CNN arrived at her mansion, in Brentwood, as it does most Fridays, to shuttle Huffington to the taping of her weekly show Reliable Sources; after that, she was driven to Santa Monica for her weekly appearance on the public-radio political talk show Left, Right & Center. Back home shortly after noon, she has no time for lunch. There are calls to return, the phone rings nonstop, and her staff is lining up with questions. Settled on the couch in her book-lined studio, Huffington calls out to her housekeeper in that soft, Zsa Zsa Gabor purr so well known to the millions who have seen her on TV over the years: “Daaahling, more tea!”

The tea arrives—“Thank you, sweet-heaaarrrt”—and Huffington turns back to the matters at hand. An assistant wants to know which columns to include in the “blast”—a weekly digest of Huffington’s writings that is e-mailed to 80,000 subscribers. Another staffer wants to know whether a posting on today’s HuffPost that includes the phrase “fucked up” can be sent to Yahoo, which has just begun to run portions of the blog. The Hollywood mogul David Geffen has called, three times. The son of the former presidential candidate Gary Hart has called to say he wants to write a piece for the HuffPost about his father’s blogs on the blog. Someone from the anti-war protester Cindy Sheehan’s entourage has called from Crawford, Texas. The 10 phone lines keep ringing, and the intercom goes off again and again: “Arianna, for you” . . . “Arianna, pick up” . . . “Ariaaanna.”

And so life has been for Arianna Huffington ever since May, when she and her business partner, Kenneth Lerer, a former AOL Time Warner executive, launched the Huffington Post. Part daily online newspaper—billed as the liberal answer to the Drudge Report—and part Internet salon, featuring cultural and political commentary, the HuffPost was also, on the day it launched, the biggest burst of star power ever to hit the blogosphere. Until recently, the prototypical blogger was an outsider, a lone voice at the computer, one of millions in a vast and ever more powerful conversation that has challenged the conventional wisdom as expressed by the mainstream media and, increasingly, affected national politics. With the HuffPost, however, Arianna Huffington was creating a site that would showcase the opinions of dozens of bloggers, all of them ultimate insiders.

A woman who has become famous for her gold-plated Rolodex, Huffington put out the calls to her friends last spring, asking them to contribute to her site. And because they “adore Arianna,” or owe her a favor, or “could not resist her,” about 300 of them said yes, including Pulitzer Prize winners Norman Mailer and David Mamet, political comedians Al Franken and Bill Maher, and the writer Nora Ephron. Walter Cronkite also signed on, as did Deepak Chopra and Huffington’s Hollywood friends—Warren Beatty, Rob Reiner, John Cusack, Mike Nichols, Norman Lear, and Gwyneth Paltrow. From Huffington’s political circle came Gary Hart, New Jersey politician Jon Corzine, former California governor Jerry Brown, and the activist Tom Hayden, among others. Robert F. Kennedy Jr. said yes, as did the Democratic power broker Vernon Jordan and a host of political columnists, mainly liberals but a few from the right, including Tony Blankley, the Washington Times columnist who used to be Newt Gingrich’s press secretary. (Note: Huffington also approached the editor of this magazine about contributing to the site.)

And there many of them were on May 9, the day of the Huffington Post’s debut. Like nearly everything Arianna Huffington has ever done, the event attracted much press attention—but the initial reaction was harsh. Although there was praise for the HuffPost’s sleek layout and for its news section, which is overseen by Lerer, the verdicts on the blog site ran the gamut from “a sick hoax” to “a floundering vanity blog.” For Huffington, the writer who called it “nothing new” probably delivered the biggest put-down, unless one counts the review from LA Weekly: “Her blog is such a bomb that it’s the movie equivalent of Gigli, I Spit on Your Grave, and Heaven’s Gate to into one.” And that was from the professional media. In the blogosphere, Web sites sprang up with such names as huffingtonisfullofcrap.com and huffingtontoast.com. There were, to be sure, aspuds of the new HuffPost that invited ridicule, incoherent blogs from celebrities like Seinfeld star Julia Louis-Dreyfus; Deep Chopra’s cryptic admonition that death not to be feared, because “you are dead ready”; and Huffington’s own post on female orgasm, which she declared to be “so complex and strange it could only come from God.” Wouldn’t it be “reassuring,” she wrote, “if the female organs were things that tips the scales in favor of the Intelligent Design crowd?”

But as silly as some of the blogs were, the attacks on the HuffPost seemed to be based less on objections to the site’s content than on a general distaste for Huffington herself. She was, the Boston Herald said in the middle of a review of the site, “a woman who changes her politics like Jennifer Lopez switches husbands,” who “is like most bloggers,” said the Baltimore Sun. “She hasn’t spent more than two days of an adult life out of the media spotlight.” The mockery was not surprising, perhaps, during her 25 years in the U.S. The former Hollywood Huffington has stirred up more than her share of controversy. A Cambridge-educated scholar and socialite, the author of 10 books (on subjects ranging from Las Vegas and Maria Callas to corporate greed and Greek mythology, to politics and spirituality), a television commentator, syndicated columnist, political wife, activist, and, most recently, in 2003, candidate for governor of California, Huffington had many lives, all of them conducted very much in the public eye. And all of them involving a considerable amount of drama—from the allegations of plagiarism that followed the publication of two of her books to the gossip about the proximate men in her life, and the stories about her membership in a controversial coven headed by a former high-school teacher who woke up from a coma believing that he was the emissary of God.

Along the way, there was her marriage in 1986 to Michael Huffington, a conservative Republican multimillionaire who served in Congress. There was also, in 1994, before his divorce from Arianna and his announcement that he was gay, Michael Huffington’s run for the U.S. Senate, in...
As asked at a party why she had crossed over to the left, Arianna leaned close and whispered, "It was the sex, of course."
Long the silent butt of tabloid brickbats, Palace snubs, and popular derision, Camilla Parker Bowles always refused to defend herself. But now, finally married to the man she has loved for 34 years, the new Duchess of Cornwall has allowed friends to speak to BOB COLACELLO, who gets an unprecedented look at the hurt and heartbreak, the campaign for acceptance, and the blossoming glamour and philanthropy at Prince Charles’s side.
A long with three or four thousand residents of Richmond, North Yorkshire, I am standing in the town square awaiting the arrival of the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Cornwall, who are spending one of their typical working days helping the town celebrate the 850th anniversary of its first market charter. It’s a bright mid-September afternoon, the slate-roofed shops around the square sport window boxes bursting with pink and white geraniums, and a special farmers’ market has been set up in the square itself, with stands selling everything from fresh-killed partridge to handcrafted organic soap. Trash bins have been sealed in heavy-duty plastic, and the local police are out in force, as well as Beefeaters armed with automatic rifles.

Their Royal Highnesses made the 250-mile trip up from London on the Royal Train, which has eight deep-purple coaches adorned with the crest of the House of Windsor and interiors decorated in dark-green velvet; they spent the night on a siding outside the train station in Darlington, the largest nearby city. A half-dozen photographers from the Royal Rota (or press rotation) greeted them as their train pulled in this morning, as did Lord Crathorne, the lord-lieutenant of North Yorkshire, Her Majesty’s representative for the county, erect and spiffy in his full-dress black uniform, complete with epaulets, medals, and sword. ("Brilliantly! Brilliantly!"") he bellowed when I asked how he thought the Duchess was taking to her new royal duties.)

Prince Charles stepped off the train first, followed by Camilla. He wore one of his customary double-breasted bespoke suits with a light-blue shirt, a navy-blue and-yellow rep tie, and brown leather shoes so old but well maintained that they gleamed like agate. The Duchess, too, has adopted a kind of public uniform since acquiring her title. The look is stylish but understated: pale-pink bouclé jacket, beige straight-cut skirt, three strands of modest pearls, beige medium heels, and a slim caramel-colored alligator handbag. Her hair is blonder now, her makeup more expertly done, her once tentative smile broad and welcoming. The couple paused a moment for the cameras, then were whisked off by a quartet of officers from Royalty Protection, the British equivalent of the Secret Service.

Their first stop in Richmond was the Georgian Theatre Royal, where they watched a short play on the history of the town put on by the local youth theater. Accompanied by the mayor, Stuart Parsons, wearing his ceremonial “fur-trimmed” velvet robe (“This is actually a politically correct fake,” he confides later, adding, “The original, which is mink, is back in Town Hall”), they then walked to the square,
"With all the intensity of first love, Charles lost his heart to Camilla almost at once."
where they were greeted by a few chants of 
“Charlie! Charlie!” and general applause.

Women far outnumber men in the well- 
behaved crowd, which is polite and curi- 
ous but not adulatory. One can sense the 
townspeople warming up, however, as the 
Prince and the Duchess immediately start 
reaching out and shaking hands. “Hello, 
how are you?” I can hear her saying. 
“Lovely, just been to the theater . . . Yes, 
lovely . . . Hello, how are you?” As the wife 
of the market’s organizer, Felicity Davy, 
has explained to me while we were wait- 
ing, “people have mixed feelings,” even 
though “it’s pretty royalist around here 
out in the sticks.” But she, too, visibly 
brightens as she curtsies to the Duchess 
and presents her with a bouquet of 
white hydrangeas, calla lilies, and lilies 
of the valley.

As planned, Charles and Camilla 
then separate, so that he can work one 
side of the market and she the other. 
As instructed, I stand waiting in her 
path, and when she sees me, she greets 
me like an old acquaintance, even 
though we have been briefly intro- 
duced only the day before, at a St. James’s 
Palace reception for recipients of the Vic- 
toria Cross and George Cross, honors giv- 
en for war heroism.

“Oh,” she says, “here you are again.” 
I’ve heard that she has a deep voice, but 
I’m surprised at just how husky it really is, 
apparently from decades of chain-smoking.

“Yes, Your Royal Highness,” I reply, 
trying not to trip over the honorific.

“Are you enjoying yourself?” she asks.

“Well, it’s a beautiful day, and it’s great 
to see some of the English countryside.”

“Have you had anything to eat?”

“A roast-pork sandwich with applesauce 
and sage-and-onion chutney, ma’am.”

“Oh, delicious. I hope I’m offered one 
of those.” Then she rolls her eyes playfully.

or the next hour, I fol- 
low the Duchess as 
she slowly makes her 
way around the mar- 
ket, displaying her 
familiarity with coun- 
try life and putting in 
a good word for her husband as she 
goes. While the photographers snap 
away, she takes a careful bite from a cheddar- 
cheese twist at the Swaledale Cheese stand, 
then moves on to the Broom Mill Farm 
stand (AWARD-WINNING BACON & SPECIAL- 
TY SAUSAGES), where she samples a piece 
of sausage as delicately as possible. She in- 
quires about buffalo’s milk at the buffalo- 
burger stand (“It’s very creamy, ma’am”), 
asks for a seed catalogue at the plant

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DEB TO DUCHESS

Camilla Shand as a 
glamorous debutante of 
18 with her beau Rupert 
Hambro, 1965. Inset, 
Charles and Camilla— 
weary a Philip Treacy 
hat and a Robinson 
Valentine outfit—at the 
wedding of her son, Tom 
Parker Bowles, to Sara 

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stand, and strikes up a conversation with 
the young woman running the Bluebell 
Organics stand. “You’re doing well, are 
you?” “We’re doing very well, ma’am.” “I 
believe you are.” “Well, more and more people 
demand organic, ma’am.” “More and more 
are, aren’t they? So what are you selling? 
The tomatoes look lovely. It’s been a very 
good tomato year. Did you know the 
Prince of Wales is patron of the organic 
Soil Association?” “Well, Prince Charles is 
all organic, isn’t he, ma’am?”

“I’m still eating,” she says, rolling her 
eyes at me again and accepting a dab of 
Yorkshire clotted cream on a cracker. She 
and Charles are re-united at the soup 
stand (ALL OF OUR SOUPS ARE GLUTEN-
FREE, says the sign) and, at 
the last stand in the market, 
finally get to taste the “Hog 
Roast” sandwich I told her 
about. After taking a few 
bites, the Prince calls out to 
the photographers, “You’ve 
all got to get one of these 
when we’re gone.”

As the royal couple heads 
toward the town hall to un- 
veil a plaque commemorat- 
ing their visit, the Beefeat- 
ers click their heels, raise their 
rifles, and stand at attention: a 
military band strikes up a patriotic an-
them; schoolboys wave Union Jacks; and 
little girls line up to hand the Duchess 
roses and carnations. The initially sedate
The debutante was also an heiress, who would come into a £500,000 bequest from her mother's family.
“There were ponies, dogs, picnics. There was no pomp, no snobbery. The Shands were a happy clan.”
crowd is now quite enthusiastic and has to be gently held back by the police as white-haired ladies and middle-aged mothers thrust out their hands to be shaken and plead, “Your Highnesses, over here, please!” Everyone seems to be having a good time, not least the principals and their Clarence House handlers, who have done their advance work effectively. The scene is like something out of a 1950s Hollywood movie, perfectly staged, beautifully lit, innocently exuberant.

Obviously, there’s a serious purpose to this country street party. Watching Charles and Camilla press the flesh in North Yorkshire, one soon realizes, is not all that different from watching Bill and Hillary or George and Laura in action on the campaign trail. And though the royals inherit—or marry into—their positions, in a very real sense they have to campaign constantly to keep them, never more so than in this age of tabloid aggression and demographic upheaval. In Camilla’s case, how well she does on the trail will ultimately affect whether she becomes Queen, and since their marriage Charles’s future is irrevocably bound up in hers. The new Duchess’s old friends are certain that she is up to the task. They are also convinced that she will be a great support to the Prince of Wales in facing whatever challenges fortune brings while he waits to succeed his mother as England’s 39th monarch in a direct line that goes all the way back to Egbert in 827.

It has been 34 years since Camilla Shand met Prince Charles, 32 years since she married Andrew Parker Bowles and 24 since Charles married Lady Diana Spencer, nearly a decade since both marriages ended in divorce, 8 years since the death of Princess Diana, and seven months since Charles took Camilla as his second wife. “There was a real sense of triumph at Saint George’s Chapel when they came in, these two people who had gone through so much to get there,” says the Prince’s goddaughter, Santa Sebag Montefiore, of the wedding. “Everybody was so pleased for them—filled with this feeling that they’re together at last, and without any doubt about Camilla’s position, finally.” The decorator Jane Churchill, whose family and Camilla’s have always been close, adds, “I really do think that Charles has ended up with his soul mate. Obviously there had been tremendous sadness—anything’s sad where people get hurt. Unfortunately, today marriages do go wrong. . . But if you’re going to go through all that heartache, well, at least if two people end up happy, at least something comes out of it.”

“To see Tom and Laura and William and Harry all together like a real happy, modern family was fantastic,” says Camilla’s nephew Ben Elliot of the couple’s children. “Everybody respects everybody, and it’s very warm and loving, which is what really matters when you come down to it. Prince Charles wanted this for a very long time, and you can tell he’s very happy by just seeing him. And I think his happiness can only mean good things for his sons and for the country.”

This month the pair will make their first trip to the United States together, on a 10-day tour of Washington, New York, and San Francisco, which includes a rare black-tie dinner at the Bush White House, a visit to Ground Zero, and the 11,800th performance of the camp musical Beach Blanket Babylon. When I heard about the trip, I requested a meeting with Prince Charles’s communications secretary, Paddy Harverson, at Clarence House to see if I could do the first authorized profile of the
Duchess. I was well aware that Camilla had sworn to go to her grave without ever having given an interview. But since I have been a friend of her brother, the dashing adventurer and author Mark Shand, for years, I thought that if I could have access to her close friends and family—none of the friends I talked to had ever uttered a word on the record about her to the press—I might be able to discover what this brutally criticized and largely unknown figure was all about.

One by one, some of her friends came around, but only after double-checking with Camilla. Even then, their interviews were full of cautious pauses and carefully chosen words. Jane Churchill went as far as to ask me to make it clear that this was the first and last interview she would give about her friend. Over dinner at the Drones Club, Mark and I reminisced about his Bianca Jagger—dating days, in New York in the 70s, but in the end he told me, “I spoke to Camilla. None of the family have ever talked, and she would like to keep it that way. I think she’s right.”

The picture that emerged from a score of conversations was of a woman who is exceptional because of her “innate ordinariness,” in the phrase of one friend. The words I heard over and over were “normal,” “solid,” “comfortable in her own skin,” “a typical upper-class English lady.” Everyone went on about what seems to be her most outstanding quality, a self-deprecating sense of humor that draws people to her and gets her through anything. Her friends were reluctant to criticize Princess Diana, but it seems clear that Camilla is almost the antithesis of Charles’s first wife. If Diana was a high-strung glamour girl from a grand but broken home, with a withdrawn father, a boozey mother, and a jet-setting stepmother, Camilla is a down-to-earth country lass whose father was a war hero and whose wellborn mother lived for her children and her garden.

Diana and Charles did not bring out the best side in each other,” observes Santa Sebag Montefiore, who grew up around both of Charles’s wives. “They were like two magnets that repelled each other, or one of those children’s train sets where the engine and coach don’t click together. Then you turn the coach around and it fits. That’s Camilla and Charles—they click. They fit like two pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. They like all the same things. They love the countryside and countryside pursuits. They love Scotland, which is his big passion. They love the ballet, theater, and opera. She’s not an airhead who just thinks about clothes or the next party. She’s a deeply intelligent woman. The dynamic between them is perfect.”

Camilla Rosemary Shand was born at King’s College Hospital, in London, on July 17, 1947, which makes her 16 months older than Prince Charles. Her mother, the Honorable Rosalind Shand, was the daughter of Roland Cubitt, the third Lord Ashcombe, whose great-grandfather had made a fortune developing Mayfair and Belgravia. Rosalind’s mother, Sonia Cubitt, was a daughter of Alice Keppel, the official mistress and great love of King Edward VII—the sharp-witted Alice was famous for saying, “My job is to
“Prince Charles wanted this for a very long time, and you can tell he’s very happy by just seeing him.”
curtsy first... and then jump into bed.” Sonia’s older sister, Violet Trefusis, also achieved notoriety, as a lover of Vita Sackville-West, the Bloomsbury writer who was married to the diplomat Harold Nicolson and had an affair with Virginia Woolf. Growing up, Camilla was well aware of these glamorous associations and, according to gossip biographies by Caroline Graham and Rebecca Tyrrell, would brag to school chums about her great-grandmother Alice’s annual visits to Biarritz with the King.

Camilla’s father, Major Bruce Shand, came from a family that had made its money importing calico from India. His father, P. Morton Shand, an authority on architecture, food, and wine, took four wives. Bruce grew up barely knowing him, which perhaps explains why he himself would become such a devoted family man. Raised by a military stepfather, Bruce served as an officer in the 12th Royal Lancers during World War II and fought at Dunkirk and in North Africa. He spent two years as a German prisoner of war and was twice awarded the Military Cross for bravery. “Bruce is a remarkable man,” says Robin Birley, who runs Harry’s Bar and Annabel’s, the exclusive London watering holes established by his father, Mark. “He really is what English gentlemen aspire to be.”

When Robin Birley was 12, he was mauled by a tiger at the private zoo of family friend John Aspinall and had half of his face torn off. After his first major reconstructive operation, he was sent to recover at his grandmother’s house in East Sussex. “I must say, I looked horrendous,” he recalls. “After a morning, my grandmother decided she couldn’t look after me, so she sent me over to stay with Bruce and Rosalind Shand. I’ve never forgotten how uniquely sweet and patient Rosalind was with me. I have rarely encountered a kinder person, so I would imagine that to be brought up by her would be a great blessing.”

Camilla, her younger sister, Annabel, and their brother, Mark, grew up in rural East Sussex, about 50 miles south of London and 10 miles from Brighton and the English Channel. “The house was called the Laines, in a little village called Plumpton,” says the historian and biographer William Shawcross, who has been a friend of Camilla’s since they were children. “There are these wonderful hills that go through Sussex that are called the South Downs. It’s now a national park. In those days it was just open, common land and very lovely, gentle hills rising out of the sea. Rosalind used to let Camilla and Annabel go on riding-and-camping nights. They slept on the downs in sleeping bags. Camilla and Annabel were mad keen on the ponies, as was my sister, Joanna, and they’d go off to Pony Club events together. There’s always a risk of being too nostalgic about one’s own youth. But we were very lucky, growing up in the 50s in the countryside in England.”

Camilla and her sister were enrolled at Dumbrells school, three miles away in the village of Ditcheat, where they received a strict, old-fashioned English education. One teacher remembered Camilla as “a nice, polite little girl [who] didn’t really stand out in any way from the other children.” According to Shawcross, “Rosalind would pick the girls up at the end of the day and, in summer, take them to the beach in Hove... Most families had nannies, but there were no nannies in the Shand family. Rosalind was fully with the kids all the time... Fun was one of the main things I remember about the Shand household. There were ponies, dogs, picnics. There was no pomp, no snobbery, but a lot of fun for all ages. The Shands were a happy clan.”

Like most Sussex gentry, Major Shand was a supporter of the Conservative Party. He was also a master of the Southdown Hunt. “My mother used to hunt with him,” recalls Shawcross. “He was very glamorous on his horse, dressed up in his full rig as master of fox hunts. Bruce was a very good-looking man, and Rosalind was a beautiful woman. They both were tall, slim, and elegant.”

Duncan McLaren, a private art dealer and old family friend, says of the Shands, “They’re all very uncluttered. They’re not impressed by things. And they’re all incredibly close. Rosalind was hugely witty and very forthright, very clear with what she thought of you and things. She was a great gardener, as was her mother. Both old Mrs. Cubitt’s garden and Rosalind Shand’s garden were laid out by [the famous landscape gardener] Russell Page.”

The Shands also had a house in London, where the major was a partner in a fancy winery on South Audley Street, on the site of what is now Harry’s Bar. When Camilla was 10, she was sent to Queen’s Gate, a weekly boarding school in South Kensington which, according to Graham’s biography, was known for “providing wives for half the foreign office and most of the nobility.” Daughters of the squirearchy usually went to full boarding schools, but Camilla took the train home to Sussex every weekend so that she could indulge in her passion for riding horses and foxhunting. At 16 she left Queen’s Gate, where by all accounts she had excelled mainly in fencing. After a year at a finishing school near Geneva, she returned to London for her coming-out party, which was held at Seary’s, in Knightsbridge, on March 25, 1965, and photographed for “Jennifer’s Diary” in Harper’s & Queen. The debutante was also an heiress, who would soon come into a £500,000 bequest from her mother’s family.

Camilla took her first and only job, as a receptionist at Colefax & Fowler, the posh decorating firm, and shared a small flat in Kensington with her old friend Jane Wyndham, who also worked at Colefax. Jane, a niece of the first great English decorator, Nancy caster, who was an owner of Colefax, was soon to become Lady Spencer-Churchill with marriage to Lord Charles Spencer-Churchill, a great-grandnephew of Winston Churchill. “Camilla had this big fat Pekingese called Chang,” Jane recalls, “and she was also drawing pictures of Chang. Then she got into it and took proper drawing classes. Camilla is artistic and likes to paint landscapes, which is another interest she shared with Prince Charles.”

A couple of years later Camilla met Prince Charles at a larger apartment, on Ebury Street, in Sloane Square, with Virginia Carrington, daughter of Lord Carrington, who was about to become foreign secretary under Margaret Thatcher. Virginia went on to marry vorce Camilla’s rich uncle Lord Ashcroft and revert to using her maiden name, according to one report. Camilla’s bedroom, Ebury Street usually looked as if a box had hit it, which the much nearer and more organized Virginia tolerated because Carill was so much fun to be around.

Camilla’s first boyfriend, Kevin Burke, the son of Sir Aubrey Burke, deputy chairman of Hawker Siddeley aircraft manufacturers. They dated for about a year, then she started going out with Rupert Hbro, the banking scion. In 1966, when she was 19, she was introduced to Andrew Polar Bowles, whose brother worked in her father’s wine business. He was 27, a Sandhurst gradu ate and a lieutenant in the Blues and Royals Regiment of the Royal Horse Guards. Athletic and handsome, he was extremely popular with the girls. His parents lived in Donnington Castle, in Berkshire. His father was a close friend of the Queen Mother’s, his mother was a commissioner of the Girl Guides (British Girl Scouts), and Andrew had been a page at Queen Elizabeth II’s coronation, in 1953.

Camilla and Andrew went out for six years before marrying, and their relations had its rocky moments. Andrew was frequently away on duty and evidently not ready to settle down as Camilla was. In 1967 he was Princess Anne’s date during the Cot Week and stayed at Windsor Castle, though he was Catholic and Anne would have to renounce her right to the throne to marry him, there was much talk of a grow romance between the winning lieutenant and the Queen’s only daughter. Coincidentally, not the next summer Camilla met Anne’s elder brother and immediately hit it off with him.

According to one version, Camilla introduced herself after a polo match at Windsor Great Park by complimenting Prince Charles on one of his ponies: “That’s a fine animal.” A second version sets the meeting with Annabel’s and gives Camilla a more sentimtional opening line: “My great-grandmother and your great-grandfather were love...
A more probable version can be found in Jonathan Dimbleby's authorized biography of Prince Charles, which has the couple being introduced by the Chilean ambassador's daughter, Lucia Santa Cruz, who was said to have been Charles's first romantic partner at Cambridge University, and no later, as the wife of the Brazilian ambassador Pablo-Tarso Flecha de Lima, would come an intimate friend of Princess Diana. In arranging the meeting, Lucia told Charles that she had found "just the girl" for m. According to Dimbleby, Camilla "was feckless, she was unassuming, and—with the intensity of first love—he lost his heart almost at once."

At 23, though Charles was billed as the most eligible bachelor in the world, he was actually a shy, introspective, and awkward young man beginning a career as an able sub-lieutenant in Her Majesty's navy. Much has been written about the cold and if way the Queen and Prince Philip raised the heir to the throne. Graham Turner, in a piece for the Daily Telegraph published on the occasion of the Queen's Golden Jubilee, 2002, summed it up nicely:

"A monarch, the Queen's performance has been well-nigh flawless. As a mother, however, she has often been less than adequate, according to many who knew her well. For much of the time, they say, she has been so detached from the lives of her children that she has seemed more like a distant figurehead.

"Utterly, utterly lacking, I'm afraid," said one recently retired courtier sadly. Far from giving children the firmness and guidance they did need at crucial moments in their lives, felt, she had done absolutely nothing. And by failing to take Prince Charles under her wing, as with son and heir, according to former courtiers blameless loyalty, she has arguably made the sure-footedness of the monarchy less secure—an astonishing piece of negligence in a woman so inspired a sense of her own divine calling."

"At the beginning," Lord Charteris, her private secretary, once told me, "she is learning the job and simply had too much on her plate to enjoy Charles and Anne. She spent off on a six-month tour just 18 months after her accession in 1952, leaving the children behind." Charles was three. Anne not yet two.

Even in private, the children had to bow to their mother, and as they grew older, palace siders disclosed to Turner, she refused to talk to them on the phone, requiring them to take an appointment to see her. To a large degree, she delegated the upbringing of the children to Prince Philip, a hectoring disciplinarian who was relentlessly hard on Charles for not being tough enough. Philip clearly feared his naturally athletic daughter, Anne, while the Queen apparently soothed her soft side for her youngest son, Prince Edward.

An upper-class Englishman whose parents were close to Elizabeth and Philip told me, "We all had dysfunctional families. All that stiff-upper-lip crap was a terrible way to grow up. It wasn't that we parents were terrible people. That's the way they were brought up. The previous two generations had wars to fight—that's when the stiff-upper-lip ethic made sense. But in our generation it created a lot of anxiety."

For guidance, Prince Charles turned more and more to his father's uncle, Lord Louis Mountbatten, formerly viceroy of India, then First Sea Lord, and one of the few people allowed to refer to Her Majesty by his childhood nickname, Lilibet. The charismatic and domineering Mountbatten, known as Dickie, had been a constant companion to King Edward VIII before he abdicated to marry Wallis Simpson, and was fond of calling Charles his "honorary grandson."

During his university and navy years, Charles was a regular weekend guest at Broadlands, the Mountbatten family estate in Hampshire, where his great-uncle took it upon himself to invite suitable young women whom the Prince could get to know away from the prying eyes of the gossip columnists. Mountbatten firmly believed that a young man should sow his wild oats but marry a virgin. From the first, he had a candidate for Charles's ultimate pedestal wife: his teenage granddaughter, Lady Amanda Knatchbull. In the meantime, he was quite happy to receive Camilla at Broadlands, and it soon became evident that Charles blossomed in her company.

By the fall of 1972, Charles was completely taken with Camilla but evidently not ready to take the giant step of asking her to commit to a royal marriage. He was also due to depart on an eight-month tour of duty in the Caribbean at the beginning of the new year. That spring Charles, who had been faithfully writing to Camilla and receiving reassuring replies, received a double shock: Princess Anne was going to marry Captain Mark Phillips, and her sometime beau, Andrew Parker Bowles, had finally proposed to Camilla, who had accepted.

Charles was at a loss to understand how Camilla could so abruptly put aside what he described in a letter as "such a blissful peaceful and mutually happy relationship."

To make matters worse, while Charles languished in the West Indies, his first true love and his erstwhile rival were united in what the papers called the "wedding of the year." The ceremony took place at the Guards Chapel, in London, on July 4, 1973, with the Queen Mother and Princess Anne sitting in the front pew.

"Everything in life is timing, and so often time deals you the wrong hand," says Jane Churchill. "Charles and Camilla were both quite young when they met, and she was going out with Andrew, and Charles was abroad and away, and she probably didn't know him as well then, and so she married Andrew."

Andrew and Camilla were a very popular couple," says John Bowes-Lyon, a third cousin of Parker Bowles's. "They're both characters, you know, and she's a wonderful mother. They always lived in Wiltshire, and Andrew was in the army for a long time, so he was away a certain amount. Camilla coped very well."

The Parker Bowles's first child, Thomas, was born in December 1974, and they asked Prince Charles to be a godfather. Charles had resumed writing letters to Camilla six months after her marriage, and soon he was joining the large house parties the Parker Bowleses gave on weekends at Bolney Manor. Andrew had been promoted to major, and he and Camilla were occasionally guests of the royal family at Sandringham and Balmoral. The apparently golden couple had their second child, Laura, in 1978.

After six years in the navy, Charles decided to move on, and for the remainder of the decade would be in search of both a meaningful role as a modern Prince of Wales and a wife. In 1978, in a speech at Cambridge, he admitted, "My great problem in life is that I do not know what my role in life is. At the moment I do not have one. But somehow I must find one." There was some talk between the Palace and the government of appointing Charles governor-general of Australia or ambassador to France. In the end, according to a December 1977 memo from his private secretary to the Queen's private secretary, the conclusion was reached "that his Royal Highness has a far more important role to play by continuing to expand his activities as Prince of Wales in the interests of service to society as a whole and not to one particular segment of it." By that time Charles had already set up his main charity, the Prince's Trust, which was designed to help underprivileged young people advance their education and start careers.

He also became increasingly involved in the management of the Duchy of Cornwall, which comprises 130,000 acres in Cornwall, Devon, and 20 other counties. The duchy was established by Edward III in 1337 to provide an income for the heir to the throne; and Charles automatically became the Duke of Cornwall at age three, when his mother became Queen. Under his direction, the duchy was turned into a profitable brand name, with products ranging from garden furniture to bottled water.

In the late 70s, Charles cut a wide swath through London's young aristo set. Among those he dated were Georgina Russell, whose father was ambassador to Spain, Lady Jane Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington's daughter; and the hip brewery heiress Sabrina Guinness. By then Mountbatten's granddaughter was of marriageable age, and she and Charles had grown fond of each other during time spent at Broadlands and at her parents' house on
Camilla Parker Bowles

Eleuthera, in the Bahamas. After much thought he raised the question of marriage to her and she reluctantly turned him down, explaining that she was not enough in love to take on the sacrifices involved in becoming the Princess of Wales. Charles had an on again, off-again courtship with Lady Sarah Spencer, an older sister of the woman he would soon marry, but he eventually found her "too flighty." He later became involved with Anna Wallace, a Scottish heiress, but their relationship came to an abrupt end at a polo ball in 1980 when Charles completely ignored her and danced all night with Camilla Parker Bowles.

On August 27, 1979, Lord Mountbatten was killed when his fishing boat was blown up by the I.R.A. off the west coast of Ireland, and a devastated Charles turned to Camilla, whom, he told Dimbleby, he had come to consider his "touchstone" and "sounding board." By then many of those close to him, including his mother, who had been told by Lord Charteris, were aware that Charles and Camilla had resumed their affair. Desperate over the loss of his honorary grandfather, Charles reportedly went as far as to ask Camilla to leave Andrew and marry him. According to Graham's book, she pointed out that she could not, because the resulting scandal would force him to renounce the throne, but she promised to be there for him always.

Andrew Parker Bowles was in Rhodesia helping the newly appointed governor-general, Lord Christopher Soames, oversee the country's transition to independence as Zimbabwe. While there, Andrew was reportedly involved with both Lord Soames's daughter, Charlotte, who was estranged from her banker husband, Richard Hambro, and a pretty blonde photographer.

In 1980, Charles bought Highgrove, a 350-acre estate in Gloucestershire, only a 15-minute drive over the county line from Bolehyde. Camilla helped him find the house, believing that the handsome, three-story Georgian mansion was perfect for a future King. The only thing missing, she told Charles, was a future Queen.

According to David Wynn-Morgan, a former royal correspondent and the doyen of London P.R. men, "The Duke of Edinburgh is supposed to have said to Charles, 'You're in this world for two reasons. One, to be King of England. Two, to produce the next King of England. The first thing won't go away, and you're not making very much progress on the second.' There was great pressure on him to get married, and Diana was chosen. This was the closest thing to an arranged marriage in our time. What they had to do was find a bride for Charles who had no history, which in this day and age is very difficult. It was a very planned operation. I personally think even her father was in on it. The only person who wasn't in on it was Diana, who was in love with Charles."

One of the principal advocates for the adorable 19-year-old Lady Diana Spencer was the Queen Mother, whom Charles felt closest to in his immediate family, and whose lady-in-waiting was Diana's grandmother Ruth, Lady Fermoy. The Queen herself was receiving favorable reports about Diana from her assistant private secretary, Robert Fellowes, who was married to Diana's sister Lady Jane. Charles had met Diana at her family home, Althorp, in Northamptonshire, three years earlier, when he was dating her other sister, Lady Sarah, and had found her sweet and unaffected. A year after Mountbatten's death, he sat next to her at a country barbecue and was touched by how understanding she was about his great loss. Most important, however, Camilla approved. Everyone was convinced that Diana, as Dimbley writes, "was young enough to be moulded to the role of wife and mother according to the special needs of the institution."

Their courtship took place mainly at Balmoral and Sandringham during the autumn of 1980, and when the press got wind of it, "Lady Di" was besieged at the apartment in Chelsea she shared with three friends and at the school where she taught kindergarten. Charles dithered, fearful of making a mistake, until Prince Philip laid down the law and told him he had to marry Diana or break off with her before he ruined her reputation. Charles proposed to her in Bolehyde's garden in February 1981, and a pleased Camilla was the first to be told the news after the Queen and Prince Philip. The fairy-tale wedding took place on July 29 of that year in St. Paul's Cathedral with the whole world applauding.

With the birth of the heir, Prince William, in 1982, and the spare, Prince Harry, in 1984, everything seemed to be well and good in the House of Windsor.

In reality, the tragic soap opera that would be revealed to the public in 1992 by Andrew Morton's book Diana: Her True Story began even before the wedding, when Diana discovered a bracelet inscribed "GF"—reportedly for Girl Friday—that Charles was planning to give Camilla as a farewell present. From that moment, Diana was obsessed by the thought that Charles and Camilla were continuing their relationship. Charles and his friends, however, have always maintained that he was faithful to Diana for the first five years of their marriage, until dealing with his wife's emotional problems, including bulimia and several suicide attempts, drove him to seek consolation with his former inamorata.

By then Diana, whom most of the royal family, including the Queen, dismissed "mad," had decided that if she couldn't them she would beat them. In Wynn-Morgan words, "She said, 'We'll find out who's greater command of the affection of the English people.' Diana, whatever else she was not, was street-wise, and she ran around her husband. The thing about Diana was that whenever she was with the sick or the poor she was genuine, and camera picked up on that. When after it came out how contrived she was, and lovers she had, that did her damage."

In May 1991, the British press first noted Camilla's presence on the scene when she and Charles both vacationed without their spouses in nearby villas outside Florence. As the Sunday Mail declared, "The gulf between the 42-year-old heir to the throne, the mother of his two boisterous sons, and the 39-year-old king and queen has come into the open... And into the brink has stepped the Prince of Wales."

In early 1992, the Queen would come to call her annus herbis. Diana flaunted her predicament posing alone and forlorn in front of the Mall rather than accompanying her husband to a speech he delivered to the British Industrialists' Forum.

Rupert Murdoch's Sunday Times began serializing the Morton book that spring—one of those coincidences that show how small the royal circle is. The Parker Bowles were among the Queen's guests in the Royal Enclosure for the polo match at Windsor Great Park the day the first installment ran. From then on, the royal bombshells just kept coming: Princess Anne's divorce, paparazzi photos of the Duchess of York having her toes sucked by an American boyfriend, a tour at Windsor Castle, and, on December 9, the announcement in the House of Commons of Prime Minister John Major that the Prince and Princess of Wales had separated.

As if all that weren't enough, a pair of tapes of bugged phone calls made in 1989 suddenly and mysteriously surfaced. The first came to be known as "Squidgigate," after the nickname given Diana by the man she was talking to on the tape, James Gilbey, of the gin family. A stunned nation read about the tape's disclosure of everything from the joys of marital infidelity to the gratitude of the royal family for the fact that Princess Sarah had done him dirty. The second, known as "Camillagate," contains a conversation between Charles and Camilla, contains equally embarrassing exchange but in places it also portrays the sincerity of their love:

CAMILLA: I do love you and I'm so proud of you.
CHARLES: Oh, I'm so proud of you.
CAMILLA: Don't be silly. I've never achieved anything.
CHARLES: Your greatest achievement is to love me.
C amailla was not seen publicly for eight months, until she was spotted hurrying into the May 1998 wedding of her godson Henry Dent-Brocklehurst. Her situation took a turn for the better when Prince William agreed to meet her at St. James’s Palace in July. The headline in The Sun announced, CAMILLA MEETS WILLS, and the newspaper reported that Camilla said afterward, “I really need a gin and tonic.” Prince William and Prince Harry invited her to the comedy revue they put together to celebrate their father’s 50th birthday, but she was excluded from his official birthday party at Buckingham Palace.

That summer, as he had several times before, the Greek billionaire John Latsis lent his yacht to Charles for a cruise of the Aegean. The Prince put together a party including the Queen’s cousin Princess Alexandria of Kent and her husband, Sir Angus Ogilvy, and Mountbatten’s daughter and son-in-law, Patricia and John Brabourne, with their son, Norton Romsey, and his wife, Penny. Santa Sebag Montefiore, who was there with her parents, Charles and Patty Palmer-Tomkinson, recalls how miserable Charles was because he could not invite Camilla: “We were sitting on the beach, and he said to me, ‘I just so wish she could be here with me.’ It was so sad to see him like that, so longing for her to be at his side.” One year later she was on the yacht, and the Camilla Campaign was back on track.

In January 1999, more than 200 photographers recorded Charles and Camilla’s first public appearance since Diana’s death, on the steps of the Ritz, leaving her sister Annabel Elliot’s 50th-birthday party. That May, when Camilla hosted a dinner at the Ritz for the National Osteoporosis Society, she was wearing a brooch in the shape of the Prince of Wales’s feathers, and in July she was Charles’s guest at a grand Buckingham Palace dinner for American contributors to his Prince of Wales Foundation. Two years later, at the same event, Camilla was his hostess in all but name, and Vanity Fair was allowed to photograph the couple, sitting across from each other at dinner in the Queen’s Picture Gallery. Five days after
Camilla Parker Bowles

that, Charles publicly kissed her for the first time, as she stood in a receiving line at a charity event with Lord Jacob Rothschild.

B y then she was also at the Prince's side for his cultural weekends at Sandringham, regular gatherings of writers, artists, and theater people. Penny Mortimer, the wife of the writer John Mortimer, recalled a weekend in 1998 that included the historian Antony Beevor, the acting couple Edward Fox and Joanna David, and Lady Harrod, "a great expert on Norfolk churches." She told me, "I think John and I were invited because a friend and I started an organization called Leave Country Sports Alone, which was for members and supporters of the Labour Party who were against the ban on foxhunting."

In 1999, Camilla made a high-profile visit to New York with Mark Bolland. The main event was a lunch given by the city's queen of philanthropy, Brooke Astor, for a select group that included U.N. secretary-general Kofi Annan, media tycoons Michael Bloomberg and Mortimer Zuckerman, designer Oscar de la Renta, and Vogue editor Anna Wintour.

In London, she started having clothes made by the Chelsea couturier Antonie Price, as well as by Antonia Robinson and Anna Valentine, whose made-to-order suits and evening gowns have a fresh but classic feeling. For a garden party she attended with Charles at Holyroodhouse, the Queen's palace in Edinburgh, she had her first hat made by the hot young milliner Philip Treacy, whose clients include "everybody from the royal family to Marilyn Manson." He told me, "I expected her to have highly conservative taste, and I was astonished that she actually wanted a very glamorous hat. I had a very difficult Jack Russell terrier called Mr. Pig. He only liked me and a very few other people, but over a 12-year period of having him, I totally trusted his opinion. When I got to the shop, she was already there, and he was kneeling adoringly at her feet. I thought, I like her already, and I hadn't even met her."

By then, Robert Fellowes had left Buckingham Palace for a position with Barclay's Bank, and he was replaced by his deputy, Robin Janvrin, who had always been more sympathetic to Charles and Camilla's cause. Janvrin asked the Queen for permission to meet with Camilla, and he eventually persuaded the Queen to do the same. Her decision was bolstered by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had already paid several visits to Camilla at Ray Mill House and St. James's Palace. In June 2001, Charles was stunned to learn that his mother was planning to attend the 60th-birthday party he was giving for former king Constantine of Greece at Highgrove, knowing full well that Camilla would be there. As one former Palace official said, "Since [the Queen] feels that the succession to the throne must take its natural course, she had to find a way of becoming closer to her son." The encounter between the two women was brief and very formal, "merely a cracking of the ice rather than a breaking of it," in the words of one of Charles's aides.

Where the Queen led, the press followed. In August, The Spectator ran a lengthy article called "The Next Royal Wedding," saying that after the Queen's Golden Jubilee was commemorated, in 2002, the major event on the royal agenda would be the wedding of Prince Charles and Camilla. "It is both cruel and absurd that the Prince and Mrs. Parker Bowles should be forced to contemplate old age deprived of the benefits and comforts of marriage," wrote Peter Oborne, but he also noted that some officials at both Buckingham and St. James's Palaces seemed to agree that Charles's wife should never become Princess of Wales or, ultimately, Queen. "She can just be called Camilla Windsor."

When Prince Charles himself was asked if he and Camilla were planning to wed in the near future, he answered philosophically, "Will I be alive tomorrow? Who knows what the good Lord has planned? You can't be certain about anything."

I t would be another three and a half years before Charles proposed to Camilla, just before New Year's Eve in 2004, having secured the approval of his mother, father, and sons during the family's Christmas holiday at Sandringham. According to a report in The Observer, the 56-year-old heir to the throne "sank to one knee in front of the woman he loved and popped the question" at Birkhall, the house in Scotland he had inherited from his grandmother. Ironically, the Queen Mother had been adamantly opposed to their marriage, and her death, in March 2002 at age 101, effectively removed the last obstacle to Camilla's acceptance by the royal family. Two months later, at the Buckingham Palace ceremony marking the Queen's Golden Jubilee, Camilla was seated directly behind the monarch, and a month after that the General Synod of the Church of England voted to lift the ban on divorced persons remarrying in the church if a former spouse was still living. Perhaps of equal weight in the court of public opinion, Camilla was warmly embraced by Elton John, who had been a great friend of Princess Diana's, at a Somerset House gala co-chaired by Lord Rothschild and London's newest billionaire philanthropist, Lily Safra. According to Hello!, which ran the photograph of Elton John kissing and hugging Camilla, percent of the British people were now in favor of Charles's marrying her.

With the Queen Mother's passing, Charles moved into her London residence, Clarence House, which, like the much smaller York House, his residence since his separation from Diana, adjoins St. James's Palace. Robert Kneime was brought in to redecorate the quarters at a reported cost of $7.7 million, shared by the Crown Estate and the Prince out of his annual income of more than $5 million from the Duchy of Cornwall. (Charles was removed from the Civil List in 1993, therefore no longer receives an annual government stipend; his private income is taxed at a rate of 40 percent.) Camilla was given her own two-room suite, and she was included at dinner Charles hosted there in June 2003 to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Queen's coronation. She was also personally invited to the Queen to the Westminster Abbey service commemorating that historic occasion.

But even as the once antagonistic relationship between the offices of the Queen and the Prince of Wales warmed—a process facilitated by the departure of hotshot Mark Bolland and the arrival of Sir Michael Peat, a former aide and favorite of Her Majesty—as Charles's private secretary—new scandals rocked the royal family. Most distressing to the young princess in particular was the arrival in January 2001, of Diana's butler, Paul Burrell, for the alleged theft of some 300 items belonging to their mother. Two years later, Burrell's trial collapsed when the Queen, in a discussion with Philip and Charles, came to his defense. Her good deed was rewarded a year later by the publication of Burrell's tell-all memoir, A Royal Duty, which included a letter from Diana expressing her fears that her ex-husband was planning to have her assassinated in a car crash. As if that weren't enough, revelations during Burrell's trial led to accusations that an alleged gay raj involving two men in Prince Charles's employ in the 1980s had been covered up by the James's Palace. Both Burrell and the source declared rape victim, George Smith, however, were in the pay of the tabloids that headlined their stories, the Daily Mirror and the Mail on Sunday; respectively, which cast some doubt on the veracity of their claims.

There was little Charles and Camilla could do but go on with their lives and wait. Yet the limbo of living together without official status for her began to chafe on him. In one well-publicized incident Charles refused to attend the wedding of his godson Edward van Cutsem to the Duke of Westminster's daughter because Camilla, not being his wife, was to be seated at the back of the church. She could not accompany him on his o
I greatly annories the Prince's friends and I that he gets so little credit in the press his good works. Charles probably raises much money for charity as any other indi-ual in Great Britain, if not more; in 2004 he raised $191 million for the 16 char-
ities he directly runs, including $473 million the Prince's Trust. When I mentioned
impressed I was by these figures to one of his cousins, the response was immediate
I snapsth: "I'd like to see someone else do his job."

In Richmond, I followed the Prince and
Duchess from the farmers' market to the
station, where they met with five fledg-
eling entrepreneurs from the region who had
their start with the help of ROSE (Rural
portunities for Self Employment), a proj-
odel of the Prince's Trust that makes loans of
$7,000 and grants of up to $2,600 to
needy youngsters 'turn their hobbies into
inesses.' Martina Milburn, the chief ex-
tive of the Prince's Trust, told me, "Last
, through our various programs, we helped
24,000 people between the ages of 14
30 who tend to be near the bottom of
heap to achieve something better." Rich-
Nesling, a 27-year-old craftsman who
sets jewelry, was impressed that Charles
jewel was actually fossilized monkey-
ree. He said, "It felt really great just
t, Thank you, sir, for your help."

The Prince's Trust was making these
loans even before the World Bank, just
Charles himself was ahead of the curve
promoting organic farming, alternative
complementary medicine, architectural
ervation, environmental protection, and
ditional arts and crafts, all causes once
New Age, reactionary, or nerdy, and
cidered respectfully mainstream.

Camilla has also taken on more causes
her own, including the Unicorn Theatre,
's theater on London's South Bank.
David says Camilla has done every-
thing from attending lunches with potential
ors from the City "coming to the site a
hat." For several years she has been
ue of the Wiltshire Bobby Van Trust,
ich, as its former director, Colonel Bob
hardson-Aiken, explains, "sends modi-
police vehicles to visit elderly, vulnera-
or disadvantaged victims of burglaries
other crimes and helps them secure their
mes." The colonel adds, "The Prince of
es has been enormously kind in that he
us a dinner at Highgrove each
, which does have a startling effect on
people who go there. People who meet him
may start out being republicans but end
up being royalists. He wins them over; he's
bly good at it. They are both very caring
and they are very affectionate with each other.
She had to make a little speech at the first dinner at Highgrove welcoming
us all, and I made a point of watching her face whilst she made the speech. He was
almost willing her to do well and was elated when she did."

On February 10, 2005, Clarence House announced that Prince Charles would
marry Camilla Parker Bowles on April 8 in a
civil ceremony at Windsor Castle. The an-
nouncement declared that Charles's wife
would not assume the title of Princess of
Wales but instead would be known as Her
Royal Highness the Duchess of Cornwall.
Furthermore, when Charles became King,
he would be the Prince's Consort, not
Queen.

The following day Buckingham Palace is-
sued a statement from the Queen and Prince
Philip saying, "We have given them our
warmest good wishes for their future togeth-
er." Congratulations were also extended by
Princes William and Harry, Prime Minister
Tony Blair, and the Archbishop of Canterbury.
Earl Spencer, Diana's brother, and Mo-
hamed Al Fayed, whose son, Dodi, had died
with Diana, refused to comment.

And then the problems began. First, the
venue had to be switched, from Windsor
Castle to the nearby Guildhall, because of
an obscure statute that said, in effect, that if
Charles were married in a civil ceremony
in the castle, the general public would automati-
cally be entitled to be married there for
the next three years. Then Labour M.P. Andrew
MacKinlay set off weeks of debate in Parlia-
ment and the press by accusing Clarence
House of hiding the fact that constitution-
ally Camilla would be Princess of Wales and
eventually Queen no matter what she chose
to call herself. A founder of the Diana Cir-
cle, Joan Berry, told the Mail on Sunday that
Camilla was not fit to become a member of
the royal family and called on the Queen to
cancel the wedding "even at this late stage."
Vivienne Parry, a former trustee of Diana's
memorial fund, chimed in: "There is only one
Princess of Wales in people's minds. And
only when Prince William gets married, per-
haps many years from now, will it be time
for another one."

With Pope John Paul II's death the week
before the wedding, even the date had to be
changed. Clarence House first announced
that the wedding would go forward as
planned, even if it conflicted with the papal
funeral. The following day, however, it
was announced that Charles, sans Camilla,
would go to Rome with Tony Blair, and the
wedding would be postponed from Friday
to Saturday.

A
appendantly Camilla woke up feeling
absolutely awful that day, with a high
and flu," recalls William Shaw-
cross. "But she looked terrific at the wed-
ding."

Anna Valentine told me she had six weeks
to make the two outfits for Camilla, the
oyster-colored coat and dress she wore to
the Guildhall and the porcelain-blue coat
and gown she changed into for the bless-
ing and reception that followed in Windsor
Castle. "The coat was made of silk shantung
that we had hand-painted with a design tak-
en from a piece of jewelry that had belonged
to the Duchess's mother. We overembroi-
dered it with gold thread to finish it off."

Philip Treacy's hat, he says, was "a half-
halo of baby-ostich feathers—nothing was
killed—that slightly defies gravity when it
sits on the head. It's a sort of 21st-century
headress."

Only two dozen family members attended
the civil ceremony, including Princess
Anne, Prince Andrew, and Prince Edward;
the late Princess Margaret's children, Vis-
count Linley and Lady Sarah Chatto; and
Camilla's father, sister, and brother. Prince
William and Tom Parker Bowles were their
parents' witnesses, and Prince Harry gave
a thumbs-up sign to the photographers
outside.

The newlyweds were then driven through

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(Signed) John W. Bellando, Executive Vice President/Chief Operating Officer

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Camilla Parker Bowles

the town, where a crowd of 20,000 had gathered, to Windsor Castle. Anna Valentine helped the bride change outfits while they watched TV and saw guests arriving at St. George's Chapel. The Queen and Prince Philip, along with the whole royal family, sat to the right of the altar for the 45-minute Service of Prayer and Dedication, conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Just behind Camilla's family on the other side of the altar were about 20 of her friends, including the Palmer-Tomkinsons, John Bowes-Lyon, and two longtime intimates who are now her unofficial ladies-in-waiting, Virginia Carrington and Carolyn Benson. "I've never, ever seen Camilla look so happy as she did when she walked down the aisle," Jane Churchill told me. "But, you know, when they walk past you must curtsey. And, I tell you, it's just sort of surreal to curtsey to your former flatmate."

"The most surreal thing for me," said another insider, "was seeing Cherie Blair embrace Camilla."

The reception for 800 was, in the words of one guest, like a great big country wedding. Prince Charles had invited his entire staff as well as the employees of his charities, who mingled with King Constantine and Queen Anne-Marie of Greece, Crown Prince Haakon and Crown Princess Mette-Marit of Norway, King Hamad of Bahrain, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Sir David Frost, the designer Valentino, the rock star Phil Collins, actors Kenneth Branagh, Stephen Fry, and Joanna Lumley, the comedian Joan Rivers, and Andrew Parker Bowles with his wife, Rosemary.

By all accounts, the afternoon's highlight was the amusing speech given by a jubilant Queen Elizabeth. "I have two important announcements to make," she began. "The first is that Hedgehunter has won the Grand National." After this reference to the most important race of the year, which was greeted with hilarity, the Queen continued to use the language of the horse world. "My son is home and dry with the woman he loves. They have been over difficult jumps—Buckers Brook and the Chair—and all kinds of other terrible obstacles. And now they're in the winner's enclosure."

They spent their ten-day honeymoon in Scotland, at Birkhall, which sits on the edge of Balmoral's 50,000 acres along the river Dee. Annabel and Simon Elliott flew up to join them for a few days of fly-fishing, and Charles and Camilla spent time sketching and painting. They also carried out their first royal engagement as a couple, the opening of a children's playground in the area. As always in Scotland, Charles wore a kilt, and Camilla tried out her new Scottish title, Duchess of Rothesay.

While I was in London, Clarence House announced that the Duchess of Cornwall had agreed to become a patron of five additional charities, including the London Chamber Orchestra and the Animal Care Trust. It was also announced that Prince William, at 23, would become patron of a charity for the first time. He chose one associated with both of his parents, Centrepoint, which runs shelters for homeless young people in London. It was after a visit to Centrepoint that Charles decided to start the Prince's Trust, and Diana was the organization's royal patron from 1992 until her death.

On September 15, Prince Harry turned 21, and Sky TV ran a half-hour interview. He said of Camilla, "She's a wonderful woman and she's made our father very, very happy, which is the most important thing. Will and I love her to bits."

"They really do love her," confirms S. Sebag Montefiore. "They've come a long way, and it's all due to Prince Charles. Camilla, who must have been very reticent the seven years since Diana died. I knew Charles didn't in any way push Camilla—they would have come to him. I heard that at the wedding, when William and Harry kissed her very affectionately at the end of the reception. It was a real moment. It was for the cameras."

A few days before Prince Harry's in view, he and William were at the wedding of Camilla's son, Tom Parker Bowles, to Sara Buys, in Oxfordshire. Tom writes a food column for Tatler; his bride's a fashion editor at Harper's & Queen. The trendy crowd included Sir Mick Jagger, Hugh Grant, Jemima Khan, and Zac and Sheherazade Goldsmith. One of the couple's best friends, V.F. contributing editor Kate Redon, told me, "I watched Camilla dance. Not only did she not look act ridiculous, she looked sexy. It wasn't Simpleton tits-and-teeth-in-your-face sexiness, it was not vulgar. It was just honest sexiness. And for the first time I could see why Prince Charles fell for her."

John Bowes-Lyon, who was also at the wedding, told me that Camilla reminds him of the Queen Mother, who was a first cousin of his father's. "The Queen Mother had such a sense of humor about herself and about everything that happened in her life. She was also totally foot-on-the-ground. She hated any pomposity. Camilla's got the same sort of sense of humor and a very individual character. I'm sure as time goes on the British people will take her to their hearts. I'm not a clairvoyant, but I suppose, in the natural course of events, there's nothing to stop her from becoming Queen."

Kate Moss

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116 at an age when most of her contemporaries have long since faded.

Her story is now legend. Only 14 at the time, she was spotted at J.F.K. Airport, on her way back home to the London suburb of Croydon, by Sarah Doukas, the founder of the British modeling agency Storm. Gangly and tiny, she had, according to an unauthorized biography, Kate Moss: Model of Imperfection, just lost her virginity, while on vacation.

The daughter of a U.K. travel agent, Pam and a housewife, Linda, Moss was repeatedly turned down by fashion editors because she was considered too short for the runway, and her skinny, schoolgirl looks seemed absurdly out of place in a world dominated by the Amazonian curves of Christy Turlington and Linda Evangelista. "I remember seeing her come into the offices of British Vogue," says Vanity Fair contributing stylist Sarajane Hoare. "She had this amazing face, but her body just wasn't what we were into in the late '80s."

Undeterred, Moss came to America with Sorrenti and met Fabien Baron, who knew that Calvin Klein was looking for someone resembling the diminutive French model and singer Vanessa Paradis, who had just turned him down for an advertising campaign. "And then I brought him Kate Moss," Baron says. (Ironically, Moss would, in the mid-'90s, start seeing Johnny Depp, who would later become Paradis's longtime partner.) Klein took one look and decided to hire Moss on the spot. His images of the child-woman became fashion legend, introducing the controversial look known as "heroin chic."

"She became the iconic model for grunge," says Hoare. And she stayed that way, the year becoming the first-ever model to be on British Vogue's cover 10 times. That magazine's September issue, with her on the cover, was its best-selling issue in five years. It remains to be seen how much money Mosswho reportedly makes between $5 million and $9 million a year and whose net worth has recently been estimated at $55 million—will lose from the scandal. The H&M contract, reported to be for $1.7 million, and the Burberry contract, worth about $700,000 annually, were both terminated, while Chanel opted simply to let its $1.3 million contract..."
Nick Moss expire in October. The canceled tern ad campaign was said to pay about $5,000. Impossible to determine is how the doll will affect Moss’s future income.

Toss’s staying power was attributed to both her distinctiveness and her original style. Columns everywhere were devoted to her skinmin and hollow look. Was anorexia? Stylists and fashion photographers say emphatically not. Hoare recalls moss French fries with her at McDonald’s. Nick Knight, the English photographer, that for lunch she eats fish-and-chips, and much commented on was moss’s action to rock ‘n’ roll boys: any Depp in his wild phase, in he’d trash hotel rooms; the Wood, son of Rolling Tames guitarist Ronnie; the aristocrat Dan Macmillan; Antony Langdon of Space; Jackass prankster John-Knoxville; to name just a few. Only added to her appeal as wan face showed both re- nce and vulnerability. “This the world’s most beautiful man,” said Nick Buckley, art news editor of the Sun-Mirror, to reporter Edward More, for his story on Do- in the July 2005 issue of My Fair. She “likes to party. Yet she always manages to look like Snow White the next morning.”

At the turn of the millennium, she said she had spent much her 90s drunk. “Most people,” remembers photographers and Vanity Fair contributor Patrick McMullan, that’s how we got through the 90s.” He adds, “But I don’t remember Kate as being excep- tionally wild—and certainly not public.”

In 1998, moss spent a perin rehab in London’s Priory, supposedly for “exhaustion.” During her stay she accidentally set her room when a meditation candle too close to a scarf. “What did I learn?” she said later to a friend with a laugh. It was 11 a.m. She’d just ordered glasses of champagne—both for her- self and her guests. “A lot about alcohol.”

Was she addicted, or was she just hav- ing fun? With moss it was hard to know, fortuitously as she never let up on her funkly driven work ethic. “I do know if she says, ‘Come out tonight,’ or whatever, ‘Meet here,’ or ‘Come out, I’m doing . . . I’m doing that.’” I do know that I’m going to be going home at 12 o’clock at night,” says Tracey Emin. “I do know that it’s going to be a good three or four o’clock in the morning. I do know there’s going to be a lot of dancing. I do know it’s going to be a lot of fun. I do know it’s going to be related to music. I know this.” Emin adds, however, that “I have never done a line of coke in my life, and there’s no need to in her presence.”

I n recent years Moss has shown signs of maturing, choosing as the father of her child not one of the wilder men she dated but Jefferson Hack, the editor director of the British magazine Dazed & Confused. He is reputed to be a stable, clever man—a sort of academic,” according to Emin, and he is universally described as “nice.”

Even though Moss and Hack dated for several years, it was not a relationship destined to last. “He fell in love with her, and I think he [thought] the habits of that person will change . . . and I don’t think that’s what he’s about,” says someone who knows the couple. This person says Hack is more likely to settle down to watch TV with Lila Grace while moss is getting ready to go out partying. “It was clearly doomed,” the person says.

Bella Freud (the daughter of the artist Lucian, who painted moss’s portrait in 2002) says moss has a voracious appetite for life. “She really does pay attention to art. . . . She’s really interested in everything. She somehow amazingly just doesn’t miss stuff. Being her, people will invite her to check things out, so you’ll find that she’s actually seen all these amazing performances of some incredible ballet. . . . I think, God, how the hell did she think of doing that, but then, she’s really clever in checking things out.” Freud adds that her 83-year-old father hit it off famously with moss, “largely because of Kate’s intelligence and the fact that she’s not afraid to say exactly what she thinks.”

Moss’s range of acquaintances is far broader than one might imagine. Last year she went with artist Sam Taylor-Wood to Buckingham Palace to meet the Queen, who was greeting Britain’s “women of achievement.” “She is always pitch-perfect in these things,” recalls Taylor-Wood. “She wore a kind of vintage royal-blue dress. I think it was the same color as the Queen’s . . . She pushed me in first. I felt a sharp hand in my back as I thrust forward.”

At the christening Moss held two years ago for Lila Grace in the countryside, with around 50 guests, “she had on something like a pale-yellow or white kind of 50s-style dress, you know, with a strapless bodice and then a chiffon skirt, like to just below the knee . . . like a real lady dress,” remembers Freud, who marvels that Moss looked so “fresh” one afternoon soon after she had given birth to Lila Grace.

Once again, however, the image belied the reality. Although moss is not the type to pound a treadmill, according to Hoare, she was forced to work to regain her figure following the birth of Lila Grace, ultimately accompanying Hong Kong businessman David Tang and his wife, Lucy, to Thailand, where they worked out and ate healthily. “We had a really great time,” says Tang, who notes that moss has “a great sense of style—if she goes into a room she doesn’t like, she’ll change the furniture.
Kate Moss

around or drape fabric over a lamp." Lucy Tang adds, "She certainly wasn't doing drugs then."

Tracey Emin recalls a peaceful time spent recently with Moss and her daughter in Italy. "She sat there reading the novel Poor Cow, by Nell Dunn—about a woman who falls in love with a young criminal while her husband is in jail. I jokingly said to her, 'I'm not sure I agree with your choice of reading.'"

Photographers and stylists say that working with Moss is a pleasure. Some swear she is on time; others say that she isn't. "But you forgive her for being hours late," says one, "because when she's in front of a camera she gives it her all." In fact, many say she often ends up subtly directing the shoot. "She'll say, 'Why don't I wear this silver belt, because it's just so cool'—and usually she's right.... It's not that the clothes dominate her. She dominates the clothes," says Hoare.

One of the secrets of Moss's success is that fashion editors are awed by her personal style—an effortless mix of punk with classic or retro or avant-garde; it's always unexpected and always looks completely unfurled. This year the Council of Fashion Designers of America (C.F.D.A.) gave her an award for fashion influence. The only flaw in the evening was that when Moss got to the podium to accept the award she was so wasted, according to one designer, she could barely say "C.F.D.A." To some of her friends, this was one more sign that the previous year had finally taken Moss over the edge.

In fall 2004, Moss sat in the corner of a room, following a photo shoot. "I just can't handle it all," she confided to people there, people she has known for years. "I don't know whether I can manage to keep it all going." She added that she felt terribly alone: not, of course, in the physical sense, since Kate Moss is seldom literally alone—whatever town she is in, there are always photographers, friends to call up, and handlers to manage her.

But continually re-inventing herself to keep her career on track was tough, and there was now her daughter. Friends were concerned for her. Tracey Emin puts it bluntly: "Kate was holding every bloody thing together until that stupid film came out, until the Daily Mirror showed those photos. Kate is fantastic. She not only has a fantastic career—and it's really professional what she does—she also has fantastic business acumen. She's also really, really a bloody good mother.... Kate is hands-on.... She had one mad, lovely party, on her birthday, and, of course, that gets all in the press. You're allowed to have a birthday party. It's ridiculous."

The party Emin is referring to occurred in January 2004, beginning at Sam Taylor-Wood's house, in Central London, and finishing at Claridge's hotel the next morning. It was themed "The Beautiful and the Damned," after F. Scott Fitzgerald's 1922 novel, a fictional version of his and his wife Zelda's decadent life. In the wake of the Daily Mirror's photographs this September, reports emerged chronicling orgiastic sex taking place in one of the Claridge's suites. Yet, Emin, who attended the party, says she saw no orgy.

It is possible that other people had an entirely different experience—a reflection of Moss's complex personality. "Kate is an overtly sexual person," says a journalist who has interviewed her. "She used to have one pair of shoes with spikes at the back that she called her sex boots—because she said she wore them when she had sex."

Moss herself has been portrayed in the British newspapers and by some acquaintances as quite the libertine. Tabloid reports of a threesome with Jude Law and Sadie Frost drove another wedge between Law and his ex-fiancée, actress Sienna Miller, the allegation coming after Miller had learned Law cheated on her with their nanny, Daisy Wright.

The bad-girl reputation was enhanced when Moss met and was drawn to Britain's most notorious rock 'n' roll bad boy, Pete Doherty, who had co-headed a band known as the Libertines. Following two months in prison for stealing from a bandmate, and after a second Libertines album, he formed the group known as Babyshambles. Its forthcoming album is reportedly to be produced by Mick Jones. Doherty has a notoriously out-of-control lifestyle, but, as a former choirboy who, according to a friend, got into Oxford, he professes to be inspired by the mysticism of Blake.

To Moss, he was irresistible. "She thought he was like Byron or something," says an acquaintance of hers. Mostly, though, some friends saw very quickly that the relationship spelled trouble for Moss. Even loyal Mario Sorrenti says, "Maybe that is not the best relationship that she has ever been in." Jefferson Hack's parents told the Daily Mail that when they first heard about the relationship they thought it so incredible it must be a joke. Sam Taylor-Wood, on the other hand, says that Doherty, in person, is not like his public image. "He's much taller than you imagine, and he has buckets of charisma," she says. "She was probably attracted to that, because she's not a dumb model."

The relationship with Doherty was obvious fodder for the British tabloids—in particular The Sun and the Daily Mirror, who ran photographs of Moss and her companion, making them seem like the modern incarnation of rockers Sid Vicious and Nancy Spungen or Keith Richards and Anita Pallenberg. Doherty's hangers-on, according to one person, alert the photographers when the couple was likely to show up—in particular at the Boogaloos, a pub in North London—and get paid handsomely for their efforts.

Moss, who is used to the attention, took it in stride. According to Gerard Tyrrell, she has always had a "pretty frank relationship with the Daily Mirror," particularly when it was run by Piers Morgan, who was fired when he unwittingly printed photographs of British soldiers abusing Iraqi detainees.

In January, against the advice of Da Tang, who told her not to bother—she submitted the Sunday Mirror, which printed allegations that she had passed out on cocaine, Tyrrell says that Moss was actually with Nelson Mandela at the time she was supposed to be lying in a drug-induced stupor—and that there were many witnesses to prove it.

Who did shoot the infamous video of Moss's legal team would surely like to find out. James Mullord, Doherty's former manager, says he became a suspect after he was fired because he questioned Mick Jones's production style. According to Mullord, "Mick, clearly you like a very raw and natural production style, whereas you work on albums, as a member of the Clash, of course, than the first one, were nice and relatively well produced and refined. How did you resolve that at the time?" He [Jones] just looked at me and walked off and the next day said, "How the fuck do you dare question me? Who do you think you are?" Mullord said, 'Mick, I'm just asking a question....' (Jones did not respond to requests for comment.)

Mullord, who was in the recording studio that night, claims he was initially blamed by Doherty and Moss. He says he pointed out to Mick Jones's wife, Miranda, that the video must have been shot by whomsoever Kate was talking to, because the camera was pointed directly at her face. According to the Evening Standard, the culprits may be two drug dealers who came to the studio that night.

Sources close to Moss's legal team say that they are still working on discovering who provided the Daily Mirror with the stills and the figure—rumored to be anywhere from $80,000 to upwards of $1 million—paid for them. Tyrrell says he heard that the newspaper paid $306,319, whereas the Daily Mirror has said the figure is $87,000. One thing that interests the legal team is that...
the pictures been open to bidders, then News of the World, the Sunday tabloid ed by Rupert Murdoch, would proba have outbid everyone else. But a source on News of the World says they were not offered them.

Which raises the question: Was there any kind of setup? The Daily Mirror has reported that it had a vendetta against Moss, which was trying to nail her drug habit.

Toss, at the time of this writing, is midway through her stay at the Meadows, a place where former celebrities such as Elle Macpherson (who says she was treated for postpartum depression), British girl Tara Palmer-Tomkinson, and others have found help. One of the program’s hits, Pia Mellody, is said to be an expert in dealing with co-dependency issues.

Cell phones are forbidden, and communication with the outside world is limited: however, Jefferson Hack brought Lila Grace over to see her mother briefly before returning to England with their daughter. Some of Moss’s friends say some good might actually come out of the entire unfortunate incident. “She needed a break,” says Emin. “We all do—at times—need to stand back and look at our lives.”

Someone who saw Moss this summer was concerned she was out of control: “Her looks were starting to go. … She was so out of it, although unlike most drug users, who tend to be consistent, Kate is unusual. She can be utterly charming when she wants, and one day she’d be charming and another day out of it.”

When Moss was at the Mercer hotel, her older friends, most of whom are married with children, gave her advice which they say she listened to with good grace. David Tang says he told her that “she shouldn’t worry too much about the business [because] you have to accept up and down, this is down. … I also said to her, never lose your sense of humor. The moment you lose your sense of humor, you lose a sense of proportion.” He adds, “Kate is a very sensible girl.”

And David Lipman says he hugged her and said something to her that made her emotional: “Whatever you do, don’t ever weigh what I say or don’t think you owe anybody anything but yourself. When you make that decision, do me one favor—see Lila Grace in your eyes.”

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TIAINED FROM PAGE 308 his initial in ent, Lieutenant Bush signed papers rising to fly for five more years, until 1974. He was then sent to Ellington Air Base, near Houston, to serve with the 1st Fighter Interceptor Squadron. There, he trained on and flew the F-102, a fighter not much in use in Vietnam. But then already signed papers saying he didn’t plan to go overseas, or a little more than two years, he con ed to fly the F-102. His assignments ap to have been good. Then, in April 1972, according to Bush’s flight records, the future president climbed out of the cockpit and walked away.

George W. Bush says that during his abse from Houston he was working on a late campaign in Alabama and pulling end drills at a nearby Guard base. Sent ence has been found to support his of serving in Alabama, however, and didn’t return to his unit in Houston until May 1973, six months after his candi lost the election.

that fall, Bush was released to go back to and attend Harvard Business School. For breaking a promise to join a reserve in that area, he sought and won a final fation from duty.

ought this was a significant story, an in t into who George W. Bush was and kind of life he had led. It became even more important when Bush made National Guard units a central part of the fight force in Iraq. This was just the kind of ac tity the president had managed to avoid. By midsommer of 2004, as Bush was run re-election, the Texas gossip grape was beginning to reverberate with word that someone had new documents involving his Guard service. Eventually, the rumors led me to Bill Burkett, a former cattle ranch er who lived in the wilds of West Texas. In February 2004, Burkett had gone public with a tale about witnessing what he called a “cleansing” of Bush documents at Texas National Guard headquarters in Austin in 1997, while Bush was governor. One of the people Burkett relied on to back him up had denied all knowledge, leaving Burkett to twist in the wind. He was generally viewed by the press as an anti-Bush zealot. That is how I regarded him, too.

Burkett had left the Guard in the late 1990s, in what appeared to be one of the organization’s seemingly constant personnel purges. I knew Burkett didn’t like Bush. As governor, Bush didn’t do what Burkett thought was needed to clean up the Guard’s endemic corruption. And I knew Burkett was bitter over what he felt was unfair treat ment with regard to medical problems he said he developed while stationed in Panama for the Guard.

But bitterness, medical problems, political differences, and an angry departure from a workplace don’t disqualify someone from serving as a source. In fact, those are often defining elements for a whistle-blower. I decided to keep talking to Burkett.

Finally, late in August, Burkett agreed to get together with an experienced Austin-based researcher named Mike Smith and myself. On Thursday, September 2, we met Burkett and his wife, Nicki, at a family-owned pizza place in Clyde, Texas, a small town not far from their home. Inside, Bill Burkett reached into a blue folder and pulled out a white sheet of paper with a few paragraphs typed on it. I saw the heading “111th Fighter Intercep tor Squadron” and the date “01 August 1972.” I knew that was the date referred to in the official record as the day Bush’s com mander suspended the young first lieutenant’s flight status.

The memo said that Bush was being suspended not just for “failure to meet annual physical examination (flight) as ordered,” but also for “failure to perform to USAF/Texas ANG standards.” That was new. And it was big.

The document said that Bush “has made no attempt to meet his training certification or flight physical” and that he “expresses desire to transfer out of state including assignment to non-flying billets.” The statement about Bush making “no attempt” to meet his certification or to get his physical sounded bad. It sounded as if, instead of arranging for an orderly transfer to Alabama, he’d ducked his duty.

I looked up and told Burkett my greatest fear was that this was a political dirty trick, something one side or the other might pull to hurt either the president or the newspeople who ran with the document. Burkett looked hurt and genuinely shocked. “I can’t believe someone would hate me that much,” he said. Then Burkett handed over another document. This one also contained information that was damning to the president. I didn’t grill Burkett on where he had gotten them. I knew him well enough to worry that, if I gave him time to take the documents back, he was fully capable of doing just that.

But the first thing we found out from the document analysts was that without originals there was no way we could ever date the documents physically. The memos we had were copies or, more likely, copies of copies. But we had no reason to think that this factor, in itself, should bring our story to a screeching halt. Most news reports involving documents—whether the Pentagon Papers or garden-variety court records—are based on copies of documents, not the originals. What was most
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important to us was finding information that would validate or negate the documents and what they contained. Scientific proof isn’t the journalistic standard in such a case. Solid, compelling evidence is.

Analyzing the content of the memos, comparing each detail of information with the official records, getting corroboration from anyone else associated with Bush’s unit—those were the things that could give us a sense of whether these memos were the real thing. This became even more urgent when Burkett produced four additional memos, including one in which Killian complained of pressure to “sugar coat” Bush’s annual review.

I did not find the kinds of telltale flaws that give away forgeries. The addresses were right, the dates were right, the references to the 1972 Air Force Manual cited the right page and the right paragraph. Even Bush’s service number, which had been blacked out on many officially released documents, was correct. When Bush’s former commander confirmed to me that Killian had been miffed at Bush’s departure for Alabama, that Killian had complained about it, and that the sentiments in the memos were familiar to him, I felt we were home free. The clear preponderance of evidence supported the idea that these memos were real. We had to go with the report.

I had envisioned running the story in mid- to late September, but Josh Howard explained that there were some stumbling blocks. Our time slot on September 15 would be taken over by a Billy Graham crusade in about a third of the country, Josh said, and 60 Minutes II would be pre-empted on September 22 because of an hour-long Dr. Phil special. So our choices were really the 8th—just six days after our meeting with the Burketts—or the 29th.

We already knew that many news organizations were chasing the president’s National Guard documents. In sizing up our Bush Guard story—Josh’s very first as executive producer on 60 Minutes II—Josh wanted us to push as hard as we could and get it on the air as soon as possible.

We worked like demons, and at about two in the afternoon on September 8 we had our first screening of the piece, which was set to run that night. It was a few minutes too long, and when the lights went up, Josh made it clear he wanted to leave out the section quoting from the new and old documents and showing how they folded together. He thought it was too confusing, too inside-baseball.

Josh also wanted to remove a section from the script where we reported that General Hodges, Colonel Killian’s direct commander, had corroborated the memos’ contents. We were now excluding altogether two of our strongest reasons for believing that the memos were real. Two of the three sturdy legs supporting our story were knocked aside in haste. [Josh told the CBS panel that it was Mapes who requested taking out the reference to General Hodges.]

The piece we were left with made it look as though our trust in the new memos rested entirely on the word of Marcel Matley, who had examined all six memos, and James Pierce, who had seen the original two. Two other analysts had seen the first two memos as well: Linda James told me she needed to see originals in order to determine their authenticity, and Emily Will raised questions about the superscript “th.” [Will says she called CBS before the segment aired, warning that the documents were problematic.]

I was uncomfortable with the script, and in retrospect I should have done something I’d never done at CBS before. I should have said, “No!” Instead, I went back to work.

Dan came in and quickly recorded changes in narration. We all watched the story one more time, and then Josh said he had to take it. I was later told that the tape of the story was shown to Andrew Heyward. By then I had collapsed on a colleague’s couch.

The story aired at eight, and on the broadcast it looked solid. I began to beat myself up for being so worried. Friends and colleagues called to congratulate me. Dan was pleased. By the barest of margins, it seemed we had pulled it off.

I didn’t know the exact chronology of our demise until long after the shouting and the shrieking had died down.

Just before midnight eastern time, a few hours after the broadcast, an anonymous writer calling himself Buckhead posted a long analysis of our memos based on what he claimed were facts about typography. His screed appeared first on the conservative Free Republic Web site. Whoever he was, Buckhead wrote like he really knew his way around the history of type, typewriters, and computer printing:

Every single one of these memos to file is in a proportionally spaced font, probably Palatino or Times New Roman. In 1972 people used typewriters for this sort of thing, and typewriters used monospaced fonts. The use of proportionally spaced fonts did not come into common use for office memos until the introduction of laser printers, word processing software, and personal computers. . . . I am saying these documents are forgeries, run through a copier for 15 generations to make them look old.

Buckhead’s conclusions and accusations were immediately echoed on a bouquet of other far-right Web sites—particularly Power Line and Little Green Footballs—places that most of the mainstream media had never heard of but would learn about in the hours, days, and weeks ahead. Their claims, unsubstantiated as they were, went virtually unchallenged by mainstream journalists, didn’t know a damned thing about type kerning, or proportional spacing, either tried hard to appear as if they did. Skepticism, a supposed hallmark of journal was largely forgotten.

As it turns out, Buckhead is no strag conservative causes. The Los Angeles Times revealed that his name is Harry W. McDougald, and he is an Atlanta lawyer—years of experience working on right-wing issues. In his day job as a litigator—Wil MacDougald presumably uses his name—he is affiliated with two conservative legal groups, the Southeastern Legal Foundation and the Federalist Society.

MacDougald was also a key player in drafting the petition that eventually won a year suspension of Bill Clinton’s Arkansas law license after Clinton’s misleading testimony in the Paula Jones sexual-harassment case.

Within CBS, we were approaching panic. Part of the problem was that suddenly found ourselves in a war and network didn’t know how to fight war didn’t have a war room. It didn’t have a mentality. The CBS press office was using creating timeless blurs such as: “Hear from Jennifer, the morning after she lost the Tri Council tiebreaker.”

One CBS P.R. man was brought in specifically to help, a confidant of Les Moonves named Gil Schwartz. On September two days after our story ran, Gil sent me e-mail. “If we can destroy the ‘th’ issue, we’re going,” it said.

He meant that he wanted to address subject of the superscript. Critics said that it didn’t exist on typewriters at the time memos were supposed to have been written. But it did exist. We would report this on CBS Evening News that night.

A number of us had stayed up half night on September 9, going through B documents released by the government that we found contemporaneous examples of small superscript “th.” One example that we found in Bush’s official record appears to have been typed as early as 1968, and planned to put it on the air and release online. Although the “th” in the official d ument was not identical to those in the 10 lian memos, it demonstrated that typewriters of the period were equipped to cre superscripts.

I was terribly frustrated, and I back back at Gil in an e-mail: “FOR THE TIME, THE ‘TH’ ISSUE IS GONE. WE HAVE AMPLES FROM THE ‘OFFICIAL’ WHITE HOUSE DOCS. WE’RE SET.” Gil decided to lecture dim-witted colleague:

The problem, Mary, is one of perception. As far as the press is concerned, the “th” issue NOT gone. It’s very much alive, and they be
people crawling all over it. If we want to address the issue until tonight’s news, we will die before tomorrow. As in ... dead. I tell you. How do I get the message out to you now, as in RIGHT THIS VERY MINUTE, that the ‘th’ thing is no longer an issue?

What could I do? I was a journalist. I didn’t have a clue how to launch or win a war.

In September 15, we aired an interview with Marian Carr Knox, an 86-year-old former secretary to Jerry Killian. She said she had known how then Lieutenant Bush got control of the government, and how he had avoided appearing in his physical, upsetting Colonel Killian, and creating resentment among the others. The only problem was that she said she had also thought the memos were fakes because she hadn’t typed them.

The next morning, Andrew called me to tell me that he had asked me to set up a conference with Bill Burkett for later that day. I arranged the phone call, and at the appointment time, Betsy, Dan, and I were shown into the office.

A couple of days after I got the Killian documents from Burkett, I had begun to think about how he had gotten them. Finally, Burkett broke down and grumbled that he had gotten the papers from George Connn, a former National Guard colleague of his. Burkett said Conn would never con him, his story, but I began to try again.

In the call with Andrew, however, Burkett had said he had destroyed the story about Conn to get me to back off. Burkett said he had promised his real source to keep the truth secret.

Now Burkett poured it out on the speakerphone to our shell-shocked group. He said he had received a phone call in late January of 2004 from a woman named Nicki Ramirez who wanted to speak with him. Burkett said he was told to call her at a Houston Holiday Inn a few days later. Burkett said Ramirez told him she was supposed to deliver a package of documents to him.

Burkett told us that Ramirez made him promise that he would handle the package in very specific way. He agreed to copy the documents inside, then burn the papers themselves, and keep the envelope. Burkett said he agreed, assuming that Lucy or whoever she was wanted to destroy any DNA evidence. Burkett said that Ramirez asked him if he would be in Houston, and he had he would be at the Houston Livestock Show and Rodeo within a couple of weeks, working a beer booth. Burkett said he had already decided what he would do with the papers by a “dark-completed” plan. An acquaintance of Burkett’s confirmed to USA Today that he was at a Houston livestock show in early March and that, as Burkett told CBS, he had asked her to hold papers for him in a box she had at the show.

While Burkett’s tale unwound in Andrew’s office, I looked around the room and saw that Betsy and Andrew were open-mouthed, blinking, blinded by their sudden exposure to the weirdness that is and always will be Texas. Dan, having been born and raised in Texas, took the colorful story more in stride.

Before hanging up with Bill Burkett, Andrew asked if he would be willing to go public and do an interview laying out his whole story. Burkett agreed. We settled on doing the shoot in Dallas that Saturday, September 18. I thought it was possible that his stepping forward would actually help the story when viewers saw that Burkett wasn’t a slick political operative or a fire-breathing three-headed ideologue.

Betsy and Dan were the last to arrive at the Dallas hotel, and they looked tired. I took Betsy to the Burkett’s room first. The Burketts told Betsy that this story could end up costing them everything. Nicki stood in her shapeless cotton shift and told Betsy, “Here I stand dressed like a little peasant, hoping and praying that you’re going to treat us fairly.”

The room was quiet by the time Dan came in to greet the Burketts. Dan told Bur- kett that he was going to ask him why he had misled us about where the memos had come from. Burkett said he expected that and he very much wanted to set matters straight.

Dan told the Burketts that he had to go get his “war paint” on, and I went with him across the hall to his room. Once inside, he said, “You know, Mary, I think he is a truth teller.” I thought so, too. But Bill Burkett’s version of the truth could get pretty convoluted. It could be hard to see clearly. It could be self-serving. However, I didn’t think for a moment that Burkett was capable of doing anything like forging documents, faking old memos, or giving anyone in the media something that he knew had been faked.

As we talked, Dan’s door burst open and Betsy flew in, declaring, “Something very odd is happening in there.” She nodded toward the Burkett’s room, across the hall. She said that when she opened the door to their room, she saw that they were “on the ground, on their knees, at the side of the bed,” mumbling. “For God’s sake, Betsy, this is Texas,” I told her. “They’re praying.”

Finally, Burkett and Dan took their seats under the great arc of lights at the front of the big room and the interview began.

Betsy stayed focused on trying to get the most self-incriminating comments possible out of Burkett. In her defense, I strongly believe that’s what she had been ordered to do to protect the company and separate CBS News from Burkett as much as possible. Again and again, Betsy handed me notes that I would read and take to Dan during a break. The notes hit over and over on one thing: Ask him why he lied about where the memos came from.

Burkett, after putting the best face he could on his imperfections, said flat out that he had not told the entire truth in order to protect others. Betsy wanted more. I could see Nicki pacing off to the side and growing angrier and angrier. Dan was unhappy, and eventually he cut off the questioning.

We went back to our rooms. No one felt good. Dan packed up quickly and headed for the airport to catch a plane to Austin so he could visit his daughter. Betsy, Mike Smith, and I were sitting in Dan’s abandoned room when there was a light knock on the door.

It was Nicki, a small figure in that plain dress, her eyes glistening and her lips pursed. Betsy made the mistake of asking, “Why is Bill so upset?”

Nicki erupted. “You asked Bill the same question over and over and over again trying to trip him up and catch him in a lie, but you couldn’t because he didn’t lie. You may think I am just some hick that doesn’t know any better. But I am smart enough to know what you just did. You put a knife in Bill’s back. And I’m damned sure smart enough to know that.” Nicki turned with a whoosh and marched out, slamming the door behind her.

On Sunday, I had barely made it to baggage claim at New York’s LaGuardia Airport when my cell phone rang. It was Dan calling from Austin.

“Mary,” he said, “Andrew has decided to make an announcement tomorrow, apologizing for the story and saying that we cannot authenticate the documents.” He let that sink in, then went on: “Furthermore, he tells me that he is going to appoint an independent panel to investigate the way the story was put together. Andrew thinks, he is not sure, but he thinks the panel is going to be headed up by Dick Thornburgh, the former attorney general.”

I was reeling. I leaned against a wall and listened, my heart in my throat. “Now, Mary, this is very bad, and this is going to be very hard. And I am calling to tell you this, not just to give you a heads-up that this is what’s coming, but because I want you to get yourself a lawyer as fast as you can.” He took a deep breath. “You need to start protecting yourself. We all do.”

I told Dan that I appreciated his tip. I told him good-bye. And I went to the ladies’ room at LaGuardia and cried my eyes out. Jesus Christ, I was finished.

CBS News soon issued a statement that it could no longer stand by the Bush-Guard

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story, and announced that it would select an independent panel to investigate what had gone wrong on the story. Burkett's confession as to misleading us about where he had gotten the documents gave Andrew Heyward and corporate CBS the cover they needed. They were looking for a way out, and Burkett's changing his story must have seemed heaven-sent. I don't know what would have happened if Burkett had stuck to his original story.

It was late October and New York's weather had become chilly. My lawyer, Dick Hibey, law associate Dan Lewis, and I turned up our collars as we walked through the wind toward Black Rock, CBS's famously imposing corporate headquarters. Lewis struggled to pull along his spindly metal cart stacked high with boxes and black notebooks—copies of my notes on phone calls and conversations with sources, my e-mails, some of my phone records, my journalistic secrets. They all had been requested by the panel, and my bosses told me I had to comply. The network had already downloaded all my e-mails from the past who-knew-how-many months and given them to the panel.

The panel members were lawyers from the massive law firm of Kirkpatrick & Lockhart Nicholson Graham, a Washington powerhouse—with the exception of former Associated Press C.E.O. Louis D. Boccardi, who had participated in the New York Times investigation of the Jayson Blair case.

Dick Thornburgh, the Republican former governor of Pennsylvania and attorney general under President George H. W. Bush, is also known to television viewers as one of the first American victims of comedian Sacha Baron Cohen's obverse alter ego Ali G, who asked Thornburgh, "What is legal?", "What is illegal?", and "What is Barely Legal?" Thornburgh, who apparently did not catch the joke in this line of questioning, was asked by CBS News to assess the investigative work of the 60 Minutes II team.

I knew that the panel had been asking whether I had been obsessed by the story or by President Bush himself. I knew they wondered if I was a liberal, a Bush-basher, or maybe a hothead. At least one person had been asked whether I had tried to physically intimidate people. Good Lord. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry at such a twisted line of inquiry.

I met the panel in a large boardroom. They were very mannerly and very corporate. Dick Thornburgh was quite tall. Lou Boccardi, quite short. In fact, he was tiny. I wondered if he was afraid I might turn over the table and put up my dukes.

The panel wanted to know if I had questioned Burkett that day in Clyde, Texas, on the "provenance" of the documents. I hadn't done that. I just wanted to get the papers and get out of there and start working to see if the documents were real. It seemed to me that the panel felt I should have single-handedly put Burkett under oath and then grilled him on the details of his story.

I had to laugh to myself at some of the panel's rigid, legalistic ideas of how reporting should work. With these guys running the newsroom, the details of Watergate would have stayed with Deep Throat in the parking garage. Based on their questioning, I'm convinced that Dick Thornburgh would have found Mark Felt an inadequate source, clearly a person with an agenda or political and personal motivations, something he and the panel thought was inappropriate.

On the second day of hearings, the panel began picking apart countless e-mails that had been dashed off months earlier without a second thought. At one point, Thornburgh motioned that he had something to say. "You'll have to pardon my language here," he droned. "You mean my language, right?" I answered, trying to make light of whatever was to come.

"Yes, it is your language," he said flatly. Oh, shit. What had I said?

"You've written here, 'I am so sick of all of this horseshit.' What did you mean by that?" he asked. I looked at the offending e-mail and saw that it had been sent to Betty West back in September in the context of complaining about the bloggers and their attacks. I told him I had been talking about bloggers and the bad information they were putting out.

"No, that's not what I mean," he went on. "Why did you have to use that word? What did you mean by 'horseshit'?"

What could I say? That "bullshit" is overused and "chickenshit" has an entirely different connotation? I was dumbfounded and finally stammered my way to a conclusion, confessing that I had used the word "horseshit" because I had a horse as a kid and it seemed to suit the situation.

Thornburgh leaned back, looked triumphantly around the table, then finished with "I'm O.K. Who's next?"

I thought back to how Thornburgh had been described to me as an "empty suit," the perfect person for politics, a blank slate ready to carry out whatever orders he got from headquarters. Now I knew differently. He wasn't an empty suit at all. He was completely full of it. Horseshit, that is.

I returned for another round of questioning on December 8. This time, we convened in Washington, where the lawyers took turns trying to ask questions that I couldn't answer. Time and again, they swung and missed.

I knew they had asked everyone about my politics, and I couldn't believe that they wouldn't hit me up for what k of card I carried, too. When it appeared we were wrapping for the day and the truth still hadn't come up, I finally said so thing. "Aren't you guys going to ask ab my politics?"

I could see Dick Hibey glaring at me though I had gone mad. But Lou Boccardi jumped at the chance. "Well," he said, "wouldn't you say it's true that most of the people that you work with think you are liberal?"

"You mean, are you asking me, 'Are you or have I ever been a liberal?,'" I asked, joking reference to the 1950s U.S. Senate hearings where Senator Joseph McCarthy grilled people as to whether they had been members of the Communist Party.

Lou pressed on. "Wouldn't you describe yourself as a liberal?"

I began talking about my beliefs, about how life is complicated and how labels aren't one-size-fits-all. I told them I didn't support the death penalty. I told them that, as an adoptive mother, I had complicated feelings about abortion. My lawyer was given the "Shut up, you idiot!" look.

Finally, I did shut up, but only after the panel had made it clear, or so it seemed to me, that they thought I was a liberal and, that moreover, they felt they had strong proof I was a liberal.

I couldn't help but reflect sadly on what had become of CBS News. The once proud network whose anchorman had braavely called out Joseph McCarthy and denounced witch hunts in Washington now had returned its agents to the capital with a different agenda. This time, the network hired its most powerful lawyers to do some hunting of the own among the news division's journalists. Suspected "liberals" had become the new Communists. People who'd had long and successful careers at CBS, whose work had never before been questioned or criticized were suddenly grilled as though they were strangers under investigation for committing unspeakable crimes. The network had eagerly handed over to the panel my notes, phone records, and e-mails to be used against me.

What in the world would Edward R. Murrow think of his network now?

This time, however, politics was only part of the equation. Money was at the center of this inquisition. I am convinced that CBS and Viacom did not want an angry administration making vindictive decisions that would cost them a single dollar. Viacom has spent millions lobbying Washington, asking for leniency on issues ranging from decency standards to the limits on ownership of media outlets. Nothing that could impact the company financially was left to chance.

So the executives decided to stage the
de-down, inside-out re-enactment of famous face-off between Murrow and Carthy. At this new CBS, the journalists are the bad guys. The corporate fat cats ild cloak themselves as seekers of truth. The American public and its right to informed? Well, who gave a damn about it? I never even came up. All of this didn’t just break my heart. It breaking CBS.

Finally, on the morning of January 10, after weeks and weeks of excruciating y, I got an early call from a friend in CBS in New York saying the report was eing out that day. This was it y nine A.M., my wait was over. The ttang. It was Andrew Heyward. He quickly and without emotion. “Mary,” I said, “the report is out and it’s very bad. going to put [CBS executive] Jonathan chell on the line. Jon, get on.” I knew lly what would happen next. CBS policy rires a witness to any firing, even on the ne. Mary? Jonathan? Can you hear me? rew’s voice had gotten more hollow, e distant. I was going to be fired on a singing speakerphone. Nice touch. Mary, as I said, the report is out. It’s tt bad. You’re being terminated.”

Rick Hickey called and told me he was v. He also gave me some information Andrew hadn’t bothered sharing. Josh ard, Betsy West, and Mary Murphy, the senior broadcast producer under Josh, were being asked to resign. I had been fired. I was the clear villain. They were being asked to step down. They must have been sort of subvillains. Frankly, I was shocked at this.

Ironically, the panel did not find conclusive evidence that the documents were not real. But then it seemed to me that the Thornborough-Boccardi group did virtually no investigative work of its own to catalog the wide disparity of styles and typing techniques I found displayed in Texas National Guard memos. More recently, a private researcher who went to the Texas National Guard headquarters, as well as various archives and libraries across the U.S., has unearthed new documents. I have reviewed them and found that they include right-hand signature blocks, proportional spacing, odd abbreviations, a lack of letterheads, and other characteristics that were used to dismiss the Killian memos as being forgeries. [According to CBS News, “The Panel was not charged with investigating the authenticity of the documents.” In e-mailed statements, CBS News drew attention to the panel’s criticisms of Mapes, including its findings that “only the most cursory effort... was made to establish the chain of custody” of the documents and that “no one said that Mapes gave any indication of the level of controversy in her source’s background.”]

In the end, the panel prepared a document that read more like a prosecutorial brief than an independent investigation. And I think no one was happier to receive this condemnation of its employees than the executives at Viacom. Now they could present themselves to the Bush administration as victims of irresponsible, out-of-control journalists, not as an operation that was actually doing some tough reporting. Gosh, it had all been a terrible accident. (A Viacom spokesman says the panel and its findings “didn’t have anything to do with Viacom. It happened at the CBS News level. Who are these executives and how does she know what they were thinking?”)

In early January, before thepanel’s damning report came out, Broadcasting & Cable magazine reported that CBS News president Andrew Heyward had met with White House communications director Dan Bartlett “in part to repair chilly relations with the Bush administration.” According to the story, “Heyward was ‘working overtime to convince Bartlett that neither CBS News nor Rather had a vendetta against the White House,’ our source says, ‘and from here on out would do everything it could to be fair and balanced.’” [According to CBS News, Heyward and Bartlett have met regularly over the years and “discussed a range of topics, as they always have, one of which was the National Guard story.”]

I had to laugh at the use of the Fox News slogan by the magazine’s source in describing the kind of coverage CBS supposedly promised the White House. Was that a slip of the tongue or a change in CBS’s approach to coverage?

### Arianna Huffington

FINISHED FROM PAGE 334 A campaign that Huffington was perceived to have masterminded.ounced as a “right-wing Lady Macbeth” excoriated for her “viciousness,” Arianna savaged even by her husband’s campaign anger, who described her in his memoirs beautiful but “evil.” The phrase would be a national joke, picked up in the 1990s her friends Bill Maher and Al Franken, who would introduce her on their shows as beautiful but evil Arianna Huffington.”

That was when Arianna was a conservative Republican, one of Newt Gingrich’s esteemed acolytes, and a noted right-wing col- list and television pundit—before she made t is probably the most baffling move of life. In the late 90s, she re-invented her as a liberal—and not a lukewarm liberal as the famously left-wing Al Franken it, “some strange, liberal, green kind of ing to my left.” Shutting the door on the hington chapter of her life, Huffington ed to Los Angeles, where suddenly she was seen in the company of the Reverend Jesse Jackson. She began hosting fund-raisers in her mansion for environmental and anti-poverty causes and denouncing Republicans and conservative policies in her books, columns, and television appearances. In Los Angeles, as she has always done, Huffington befriended everyone who was anyone, and beganmarshaling her wealthy and influential new friends behind her causes: her provocative and much-publicized 2003 ad campaign against gas-guzzling S.U.V.’s, and her unsuccessful run for governor as an independent in the California recall race.

For many observers, the defining image of that campaign, and of Arianna, was the one of her knocking over a bank of press micro- phones as she elbowed her way through the crowd to stand next to Arnold Schwarzenegger and his wife, Maria Shriver, as they posed for the cameras in front of the Los Angeles County registrar’s office. That photo- graph, displayed in the pages of newspapers across the country, seemed to confirm what had been whispered about Arianna Huffington for years: that she would do, and say, just about anything to get attention. Pri- vately, people called her everything from “an intellectual lap dancer” to a woman who, as one writer puts it, “doesn’t have any commit- ment to any core values, only to prominence,” and “doesn’t give a shit what people say about her, as long as they say it.” And as the Huffington Post debuted, this was the critic- ism that was heard all over again—that the site, as this man says, was just another “me- dia play” in a life in which “every waking moment” has been about “getting visibility.”

Even some of the HuffPost’s contributors feared the worst early on: one was cer- tain “the whole thing would implode”; another thought it was “too grandiose.” But then things began to change. David Mam- et’s posting on the firing of New York mag- azine theater critic John Simon was picked up by the mainstream media, as was Nora Ephron’s witty piece on how, during the years she was married to Carl Bernstein, she al- ways suspected that Mark Felt was “Deep Throat.” In July, the HuffPost scored its first major newsbreak with an item by the jour- nalist Laurence O’Donnell reporting that Karl Rove had been the source who leaked the identity of the C.I.A. agent Valerie Plame to Matt Cooper of Time.

Meanwhile, Huffington’s own blogs were
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becoming Topic A at dinner parties in New York and Washington. Her "Russet Watch" offered tough critiques of Tim Russert's weekly performance as host of NBC's Meet the Press, and her "Judy File" raised uncomfortable questions about the New York Times reporter Judith Miller, who was jailed for contempt in the Valerie Plame leak case. Huffington called attention to Miller's controversial pre-war reporting from Iraq, and she published the summer's widespread rumor that Miller had been one of the administration's sources on Valerie Plame—meaning that she had gone to jail to protect her career, not her sources. "She came out and wrote what a lot of people were talking about, but not writing," says Victor Navasky, publisher of The Nation.

Huffington also made waves with her wall-to-wall coverage of Cindy Sheehan (who blogged on the HuffPost), her lacerating denunciation of the Bush administration's handling of the catastrophic flooding in New Orleans, and her continuing criticism of The New York Times and Judy Miller following the reporter's release from prison in September—most notably Arianna's evisceration of the Times's October 16 mea culpa. As advertisers signed up for space on the HuffPost, and its content was featured by AOL and Yahoo, its audience began to grow—to some 1.5 million site visits in September and climbing. The numbers fell short of the Drudge Report's three million, but they were enough to give Huffington's critics—those who regard her as the intellectual equivalent of Paris Hilton—a reason to think again.

"It's very brave to take on The New York Times," says Maher, host of the HBO political comedy show Real Time with Bill Maher. "And Arianna is very brave. There's nothing she feels she can't say. She's not beholden to anybody and she doesn't worry about where the chips fall. There aren't that many people in this country who say things and aren't afraid to get booted." According to Gary Hart, Huffington's "detractors" have always tried to dismiss her as a "non-serious person," but, he says, "she is very serious, and when she gets focused on something, there's usually something very interesting there. She digs around, she works on instinct, until it's clear." Arianna, says one prominent media critic and friend, "has always been searching for something. Like Madonna, there's been all this re-invention. She has worked so hard and she's tried everything—television, marrying a rich man, right and left—and now, with the HuffPost, finally, it may all be coming together for her."

Which would be something, considering that all the aspects of Arianna Huffington have never quite come together in the past.

Huffington is 55, but she looks at least 10 years younger—and not at all evil. She's definitely beautiful, though. There are the high cheekbones and strong jaw, which play so well to the TV cameras, and her perfect posture, which has given some people the impression that she's more than six feet tall, when in fact she is just five feet eight. Even in bell-bottom jeans, flats, and a simple white sleeveless blouse, she has a slightly regal mien. When she was a Republican, Huffington teased and sprayed her hair into a formidable red helmet, but these days she just blows it and lets it hang loose to her shoulders. She seems, indeed, altogether relaxed as she sits at the table in her dining room, picking at the grilled salmon and vegetables that her housekeeper has prepared for their lunch.

The dining room is impressive—vast, and sun-filled, with polished white limestone floors that extend into a two-story rotunda at the center of the house and, toward the back, past a sunken, wood-paneled living room, to a wall of French doors that look out on the swimming pool. It is a cozy home, despite the miles of stone floors, gilt wrought-iron chandeliers, and Florentine furniture. The grand piano and side tables are crowded with framed photographs of family and friends, and the walls are hung with paintings by friends, including Picasso's lover Françoise Gilot, and art by Huffington's two daughters, Christina, 16, and Isabella, 14. Huffington bought the $7 million house seven years ago, after her divorce. "It is the longest I've lived anywhere," she says.

Huffington's smile is warm and easy, except for the eyes, which stare straight into yours and don't let go—as if she is commanding not just your attention but your whole being. This intensity of focus has led friends to describe her as "spellbinding," "incredibly seductive," and "like a radiant heat wave." And it's not just the "Arianna gaze" that draws people in, but her total concentration on the person she's with. No matter how many important people are in the room, says Huffington's friend the art consultant Barbara Guggenheim, "when Arianna's talking to you there's not that sense of social panic. When she's with you, she is with you." Huffinton's conversation overflows with flattery and solicitous inquiries, and there is an almost hypnotic quality to her silken voice and her sultry accent—"which," she has said, "makes everything I say sound vaguely naughty." But it is when she starts to talk, really talk, that people are swept under. This is a woman who actually has read her Kierkegaard, her Schopenhauer, her John Maynard Keynes and Karl Marx, and she can quote from them. At Cambridge she studied economics and was president of the university's storied debating society; the Cambridge Union—which has made her a master sophist, capable of cutting an issue 16 ways and winning the argument without revealing what she really believes. On television, that has made her extraordinarily persuasive, a talk-show guest who "really knows her shit," says Bill Maher, "and never stumbles." In society, among the wealthy and influential, the sheer force of her mind has won her countless friends and admirers. "I don't know why she pulls everyone in," says her friend the socialite and author Sugar Rutoud. "Arianna is probably one of the most intellectually seductive human beings on the face of the planet. She has such a powerful brain and she exudes an intellectualty that is most sexual."

Which is not to say that Arianna Huffington is insincere. On the contrary, she brings great passion to everything she does, especially her politics. Laurie David, an environmental activist and the wife of Curb Your Enthusiasm star Larry David, remembers her distress when she was two years ago when she showed up at Huffington's for a hike and Arianna's Lincoln Navigator in the driveway. David, who had spent months talking to Huffington about the environmental toll of gas-guzzling S.U.V's and about the foreign-policy implications of U.S. oil consumption, told Huffington, "If you aren't connecting the dots, who will?" In a matter of weeks, David says, Huffington had sold her Navigator and bought a little hybrid Prius. And soon after that, she organized the Detroit Project, a group of environmentalists and Hollywood producers that designed and financed an anti-S.U.V. ad campaign. One spot showed S.U.V. owners saying, "I like to sit up high and I sent our soldiers off to war," "You talk to her about an idea and within an hour and two phone calls it happens," David says. "Arianna is definitely someone you want on your side. And she is a true believer."

What Huffington believes right now is that we must "change the way we are doing things in America," she says, "because I believe that the status quo is very destructive for many people at this moment in this country. The war [in Iraq], poverty, inequality, the war on drugs—which is decimating minorities, filling our jails with nonviolent drug offenders—the spinelessness of politicians in both political parties, but the spinelessness of Democrats, especially, in responding to the assaults of the Republicans..." She keeps going, her indignation rising. "I mean look at them. There are almost six percent of Americans against the war and there is no Democratic leader articulating that position. It is astounding. And the war system is rigged, with lobbyists and money, towards perpetuating inequalities and unfairness, and how we have stopped being shocked by what's going on. The passage of the energy bill is shocking, shocking, in the middle of a war and rising gas prices. But
They are not shocked. That is why I am so many about the blogosphere . . . Cou- something relentlessly, day in and day the only thing you can hope will pen- and help to change things ." is the desire to "change things," friends, that makes Huffington work as hard e does, so hard that one Hollywood circle says she is sometimes afraid that "Art d J is" to have a breakdown. Except er children, there is nothing in her life e than her work." No one who knows nana well doubts her passion. It's just in the words of one political journalist who knows her for more than a decade, "she's always a small degree of amnesia re- d with Arianna." It is hard to imagine that a woman whom d Angeles magazine once described as "Sir Edmund Hillary of social climbers" ve been a reclusive child, but Huff- insist that as a young girl in Athens, had to be "pushed to be social, to have lds." The older of Elli and Constantine Kounopoulos's two daughters, she spent of her time alone, reading. She was en- ged in that endeavor by her mother, encouraged almost everything she did. S Kounopoulos barely finished high school, but she taught herself five languages and read all the great philosophers. A fol- of the Indian guru Krishnamurti, she ed a profound lack of interest in social tions. For many years, until her death, 00, Elli lived with Arianna, and promi- New Yorkers and Hollywood moguls ber Elli pattering around barefoot at daughte r's dinner parties, smoking a To Elli, everyone was fascinating, and a d no compunction about inviting her ber to dinner with the prime minister, re did once in London, in the 70s, when ana was dating John Selwyn Gummer, minent Conservative member of Par- Today, Huffington remembers her er as "the biggest influence in my life, was absolutely fearless, and a complete "aude. Her mother, Arianna says, taught her that would never accept limits in life. "There always that combination of making me ve I could do anything and that if I she wouldn't love me any less. It was u, unconditional love," she says, her welling with tears. "You could try any- because failure was not a problem." aanna's father, too, had a disregard for e, but his influence was less benign. A piper, publisher, he spent two years in erman concentration camp during the nd World War, and his life "was very ed" by that experience. "He had the ror's mentality," Huffington says. "In his that it was 'I can do whatever. The rules apply to me.'" He would start newspa- pers and then go bankrupt, throwing the family into chaos. He had "endless affairs, and it wasn't even an issue. My favorite line," Arianna remembers with a mirthless laugh, "was when he told my mother that she should not interfere with his private life. I can still feel her pain, because, you know, that was the big love of her life. She never had anoth- er man." Arianna was nine when she con- fronted her mother and persuaded her, after a long argument, to leave her husband. Acc- cording to her sister, Agapi Stassinopoulos, Arianna has always needed "to tell the truth, as she sees it. When she sees things that out- rage her, she needs to be heard."

It was her mother who encouraged her to go to Cambridge, after Arianna saw a picture of the university in a magazine and "dreamed" of going there. "Everyone else told me I was ridiculous," she recalls. She barely spoke English, but she began to study the language, and when Cambridge accept- ed her Elli paid the tuition by borrowing from her brothers and selling her jewelry and, one by one, the family carpets.

From the day Arianna heard her first de- bate at the Cambridge Union, she says, she was addicted. "It was this extraordinary ex- perience of seeing people, including myself, moved by words. It was orgasmic for me." The Union, she says, "dominated my life," but her first forays into debating were unim- pressive. With her thick accent and overly aggressive and dramatic manner, she was "painful to listen to," one fellow student re- calls. But Arianna practiced "prolifically," her sister says, and she got her reward when she became the third woman to be named pres- ident of the Cambridge Union. In a picture taken in 1971, she's seated in a throne-like chair above a squad of boys in white shirts and thick- rimmed glasses. She's dressed like a Christmas tree, in an evening gown cov- ered in glittering sequins and slit to the thigh. Her shyness had evidently been cured.

Arianna was 22 and just a year out of Cambridge when she wrote her first best-seller. The Female Woman was com- missioned after Germaine Greer's publisher heard Arianna, in 1971, debate a topic she had proposed herself: that the women's movement denigrated marriage and moth- erhood. Today, Huffington says the book was a call to feminists "not to throw the baby out with the bath water," but in fact it was an all-out assault on early feminism—a movement, she wrote, that "would destroy Western civilization." A huge hit in Europe, the book was translated into 11 languages, and it not only brought Arianna enormous publicity but also made her financially se- cure for the first time in her life.

Success at such an early age, she recalls, brought on feelings of anxiety and emptiness. "Certain there was something else," Arianna embarked on a period of spiritual searching. She read the writings of psychoanalysts Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung, and of Yogi Sri Aurobindo and various mystical philosophers. She did dream analysis, explored the New Age programs est and Lifespring, walked on hot coals with the life coach Tony Robbins, and got involved with a mystic who claimed to be channeling a 3,000-year-old man. "I be- gan to see," Huffington says, "how basically for people to find themselves spiritually there had to be an element of service, a dedication to something more than ourselves." The re- sult of this was her second book, After Rea- son, a densely written treatise that argued for the need to integrate spirituality into modern politics. Attacking the "bankruptcy of West- ern political leadership," and describing politi- cals as "our hypnotized acquiescence in this organized sham," the book called for a "spirit- ual revolution" in Western democracies. Nothing less, she wrote, could save "individ- ual freedom" in a culture where "the 'pursuit of happiness' has been reduced today to the pursuit of comfort."

Published in 1978, After Reason won some respectful reviews but sold poorly. For Arianna, that meant pursuing work that paid—ar- ticles for the British editions of Vogue and Cos- mopolitan, a column in the Daily Mail, book reviews for The Spectator. She also threw her- self into London's social swirl, attending every party of any distinction on the arm of equally distinctive men, most notably Bernard Levin, the lionized English intellectual-journalist who was the leading columnist at the Lon- don Times. He was, somebody once said, "half her size and twice her age," but never- theless he was the great passion of Huffing- ton's life. The two remained close until long after she had married Michael Huffington. Things might have gone differently on that front but for Levin, who was a zealous bach- elor. "You see," says Huffington, with a small laugh, "part of it was that the man I wanted to marry didn't want to marry me."
Arianna Huffington

designer gowns and Bulgari jewels—frequently earned a mention in the gossip columns. Those columns also printed the rumors (cleverly encouraged by Arianna, some said) of her relationships with well-known men such as Jerry Brown and the publisher and real-estate magnate Mortimer Zuckerman. “The Rise and Rise of Arianna Stassinopoulos” was the headline of a 1983 New York magazine article that chronicled Arianna’s social climb, noting in particular her knack for establishing “instant intimacy” with prominent figures and her willingness to send invitations to people she barely knew.

While there were those who disliked Arianna, most were dazzled by her intelligence, her charm, and her flattery. And they would have been even if she “hadn’t come with credentials,” as one socialite put it—namely her friendship with her British publisher, Lord George Weidenfeld, whose name she used to open doors. Her “total self-confidence” made her “completely unembarrassable,” says another socialite, who remembers Arianna withdrawing invitations—“Daaahling, would you mind so much not coming to dinner?”—because she’d found a Henry Kissinger or a Barbara Walters to fill the seat. Indeed, while some people felt “badly used” by Arianna, they were rarely the ones with real influence. “It is ridiculous to call her a social climber,” says one prominent New Yorker. “She was in society, but she wasn’t climbing. Social climbing is a very serious affair, and that wasn’t her interest. She wanted power and influence. Society just happened to be there.”

Huffington won’t say much today about this phase of her life. “My Icarus phase,” she calls it, quoting from one of the snickering articles written about her at the time. As she tells it now, New York society nearly suffocated her. Going to parties, spending on clothes, and meeting fascinating people was fun, she says, but it was something that just sort of happened to her. “You know, when you arrive with a big best-seller, you have an accent, you’re Greek, a little exotic—suddenly you’re the new thing in New York.” Her flaw, she says, was that she was “too weak” to resist the attention. And so, in 1984, Arianna, with her mother in tow, suddenly left New York and moved to Los Angeles, to join her sister and to finish writing her fifth book, on Picasso.

It was the heiress Ann Getty who, the following year, introduced Arianna to Roy Michael Huffington Jr. At 35, Arianna was desperate to have children, and she remembers that Getty sat her down one day and said, “We’ve got to find you a husband.” Then Getty took out a legal pad and made a list of eligible men. Huffington was not on the list, but several months later, on the day Getty met him, she called Arianna and said, “I’ve found him!” The son of the Texas oilman Roy Huffington, Michael was 38 years old, tall, very handsome, and so reclusive that only five people in the world had his home telephone number. They met at a weekend party organized by Getty, and, says Arianna, “there is no question that, for me, it was love at first sight.” They were married in New York six months later, in April 1986, in a spectacular $110,000 wedding that Getty paid for. Arianna’s dress alone was rumored to have cost $15,000, but that extravagance paled in comparison with the guest list of 500—the icing of New York and Los Angeles society—and the bridesmaids. “Only Arianna,” says Sugar Rautbord, “could have convinced Barbara Walters, Lucky Roosevelt, and Ann Getty to walk down the aisle in little matching dresses.”

Thirteen years later, in 1999, Michael Huffington outing himself in an interview with Esquire magazine. He spoke of his homosexual encounters, his years of despair about his sexual identity, and how he’d turned to prayer hoping to be healed. He also said that Arianna had known about his sexual crisis when they married, and that she had told him it only made her love him more. Today Arianna denies she knew her husband was gay—“Absolutely not,” she says. At least one friend believes her: on a conscious level, he suspects, Arianna refused to acknowledge what seemed pretty obvious to others. Another friend, however, is less convinced: “Honey, when they fixed me up with him in Houston, I knew he was gay at shrimp cocktails, and Arianna’s smarter than I am. But so what? What’s wrong with marrying a gay millionaire? It’s very practical. She got her two children and the financial wherewithal to be what she really wanted to be, which was this high-grade Cassandra.”

Arianna made her entrance onto the American political stage in 1992, the year Michael Huffington was elected to Congress. By then she’d published two more books, her best-selling biography of Picasso—which created a small, but much-publicized, scandal when she was accused of plagiarizing parts of it—and a coffee-table book on the Greek gods. Flush with his $70 million share of the $600 million sale in 1990 of his father’s oil company, Huffco, Michael decided that he wanted to be a politician. A conservative Republican, he ran for the congressional seat representing Santa Barbara, and spent $5.2 million on a bitter, slash-and-burn campaign to defeat first the popular nine-term Republican incumbent in the primary and then his Democratic challenger.

After he won, however, it was Arianna who attracted all the attention. She handled many of his press interviews and approved all of his public statements, and it was said he couldn’t make a decision without consulting Arianna to ask for guidance. But if Mike Huffington was considered something of a joke in Washington, Arianna was not. So after her husband took office, she attracted the attention of Newt Gingrich, the raving congressman from Georgia, who in a speech she gave challenging the Republican Party to rise to what she called “the conservative spirit.” and commit itself to fighting poverty and inequality. Within weeks, he had become part of Gingrich’s informal trust and co-founder of his Center for Taxpayer Compassion, which was supposed to find ways to develop a conservative anti-poverty agenda.

Everyone makes mistakes—or loses perspective,” as Arianna puts it—and, without doubt, Arianna’s biggest misstep was in suading her husband to run for the Senate in 1994 against Dianne Feinstein. He almost won—after spending a record $30 million—his fortune on vicious attack ads and expensive advisers—but Arianna’s reputation was shattered in the process. “The most ruthless, unscrupulous, and ambitious person I’ve known in thirty years in national politics,” her husband’s campaign manager, the well-known Republican strategist Ed Rollins, would write about Arianna in his memoirs. The book alleged, among other things, that, as her husband was taking a tough stand on illegal immigrants, Arianna lied to Rollins about her husband’s undocumented status. He also claimed that she had hired investigators to collect dirt on Feinstein and on Vanity Fair’s Maureen Orth, when he was writing what turned out to be a corrosive profile of the Huffington. It’s an allegation Arianna strenuously denies, although today some supporters of Tim Russert question whether Arianna’s tough coverage of Russert, who is married to Orth, has been influenced by Orth’s 1994 article.

Arianna had just published her sixth book, The Fourth Instinct, whose thesis was that humanity’s hunger for spirituality was as fundamental as its drives for sex, survival, and power, and that poverty and inequality could be overcome if people volunteered more. Her argument that the whole social-welfare net could be eliminated if people gave part of their incomes to charity had become a central theme of her husband’s campaign—which was helped when the staff at two Santa Barbara charities Arianna claimed to be sponsoring told the press they’d seen her only once or twice when she’d shown up with television crew.

And then there was John-Roger. The pair went wild with the allegation that Arianna had been, since the late 1970s, a minister in the guru’s Church of the Movement Toward Spiritual Inner Awareness (MUSTA). A New Age spiritualist whose seminars and books advance a regimen of therapy, positive thinking, and rigorous self-improvement, John-Roger—real name John de la Pasque—had just published a book called Third Time’s the Charm, in which he accused Arianna of being his spiritual wife. John-Roger had also revealed to the tabloids that he and Arianna had done “sexual yoga” together.

Arianna’s response was to sue John-Roger for libel and to file a claim for his overdue $1 million. In the meantime, she was relieved of her duties as head of the conservative National Review before a full investigation was able to take place. As for the “sexual yoga” allegations, Arianna denied them in a letter to the New York Times—she said she had simply taught John-Roger some yoga—while John-Roger denied that he had ever called her his spiritual wife.

It was a turning point for Arianna. She had made it clear to the world that she was not about to disappear quietly into the woods. She had made it clear that she was ready to fight another battle. And the battle she chose to fight was one of the most important battles of our time. It was the battle of poverty and inequality. And it is a battle that she will fight for the rest of her life. For Arianna, the battle is personal. She has seen the pain and suffering of those in need, and she knows that she can make a difference. And she will do whatever it takes to make that difference.

So when Arianna Huffington emerged from the shadows of her husband’s political career, she did so with a clear vision of what she wanted to achieve. She wanted to help end poverty and inequality. And she knew that she could do it through the power of the media. She knew that by using her platform, she could raise awareness and inspire others to get involved. And she did. She created a website called Arianna Huffington, which became a leader in the fight against poverty and inequality.

As Arianna said in her book The Fourth Instinct, “We are all connected. We are all part of the same human family.” And she is proof of that. She has used her platform to make a difference, and she believes that everyone can do the same. She encourages people to find their own way to make a difference, whether it’s through politics, business, or simply by being someone who cares.

And so, as Arianna Huffington looks toward the future, she does so with a clear sense of purpose. She knows that poverty and inequality are not just problems, but they are challenges that we must face together. She knows that we can make a difference, and she is determined to be part of that change. For Arianna, the battle for a world without poverty and inequality is not just a battle for the poor, but it is a battle for all of us. For Arianna, it is a battle for the human family.
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But John-Roger “talks a lot about [life] as a spiral,” says Arianna. “It’s not a linear progression. You have things that take you down, in order to take you up. In the spiral, [the campaign] was definitely downward, personally and professionally. But I don’t think we’re given anything we can’t learn from.”

Not one to give up in the face of defeat, Arianna returned to Washington in the fall of 1994 and threw herself into promoting the Gingrich Revolution. Night after night, in the heady aftermath of the Republican takeover of Congress and Gingrich’s ascension to Speaker of the House, she threw parties in her vast, $4 million home, in Westley Heights, gathering the city’s leading intellectuals, journalists, and politicians. She called her evenings “critical mass” dinners, and billed them as an attempt at finding nonpartisan solutions to the country’s social problems. Arianna also reportedly taped these dinners—although she says it happened only once—and used the recordings, along with copious notes she would take at other social events, as fodder for a political column she began to write. Glib and provocative, Arianna’s column, which was nationally syndicated beginning in 1995, cleverly articulated the anti-Clinton sentiments that animated the right wing in the 90s. “If Hillary is indicted,” she asked in 1996, “can Al Gore become First Lady?”

In time, after Arianna hired a voice coach to mute her accent, she became an in-demand conservative television pundit. By 1996 she was co-hosting “Strange Bedfellows,” Comedy Central’s coverage of the political conventions, sitting in bed, in a nightgown, with Al Franken.

By then, says Franken, there were signs that Arianna wasn’t comfortable toeing the Republican line. “It was during the 1996 Republican convention, and we’re sitting in bed, and her job is to be a Republican, and she’s having the hardest time trying to defend [Republican presidential candidate] Bob Dole. Her heart just wasn’t in it.” Arianna now says that Franken “sped up my pulling away” from the Republican Party. Franken was writing his book Rush Limbaugh Is A Big Fat Idiot, and he would “say to me, ‘Here’s what Limbaugh said,’ and I’d say, ‘Oh, come on, he didn’t say that.’” So Franken would play her the tapes of Limbaugh’s remarks and of Gingrich’s speeches as well—and that,” she recalls, “opened my eyes to what Gingrich and Limbaugh were really saying.”

In the early days of her association with Gingrich, Arianna says, she believed that he was committed to developing a conservative program to fight poverty and inequality. But she grew more and more disturbed by the Republican focus on cutting the budget, particularly for social programs. “I was bamboozled,” she says. “My focus has always been ‘How do you make a more equal society and take care of those in need?’ I’ve always been pro-choice, pro-gay rights, pro-gun control; there has been no change there. The very fundamental change has been in one area, which is the role for government.”

Her spiritual search had led her to the Republican Party, she says. Guided by the “huge biblical admonition that you shall be judged by what you do for the least among us,” Arianna says, she came to believe that “it had to be done by all of us ... because if we would simply delegate to government, and pay our taxes, and go on with our narcissistic lives, it would not be the point of life.” But then she saw that, while people were giving away millions to fashionable charities, they were not giving enough to social programs. “I’m a big believer to this day that you also cannot solve the problems of...
Arianna Huffington

this country without people stepping up to the plate and contributing time and money,” she says. “I mean, can you imagine what would happen if everyone tithe 10 percent of their income or their time? The effect would be amazing.” But her swing to the left came when she saw that that was “unrealistic” and “that the problems were so huge that you needed the raw power of government appropriations to address them.”

Today, Arianna has no friends left from her Republican days. “To them, I had to be wrong,” she says. Tony Blankley, Gingrich’s former press secretary, is one of the few people from that time she still sees; she debates him every week on public radio’s Left, Right & Center. “I guess I’ve been around long enough that it doesn’t surprise me when people start joining on with a rising cause,” Blankley says. “I don’t necessarily assume it’s a lifelong commitment. So it didn’t crush me when she crossed.” As for the final break between Gingrich and Arianna—which, she has written, occurred in 1997, when he sent her a sharp note chiding her for criticizing Republican policy on the drug war—Blankley says he never heard Gingrich mention it. Arianna, he says, was “not a close or important adviser to Newt. If she hadn’t been the wife of a congressman—a wealthy congressman—she wouldn’t have had that much face time.”

In Hollywood, some still wonder whether Arianna’s leftward move was mostly prompted by her 1997 divorce from Michael Huffington and her decision to return to Los Angeles—“where,” says one friend, “she would not have gotten invited to a lot of parties if she were right-wing.” Her first forays into Liberal Nation were met with suspicion. People would back away from her at parties or ask her outright, “What are you doing here?” A number of contributors to The Nation were wary when the liberal magazine accepted Arianna’s offer to throw its annual—and now, with Arianna as hostess, star-studded—Los Angeles book-fair party at her home. “There are a lot of people who don’t trust her and won’t have anything to do with her,” says one left-wing writer, but Arianna slowly won most people over. As in New York and Washington, her intelligence and charm went a long way toward smoothing her path. Asked at a party by one liberal columnist why she had crossed over to the left, Arianna leaned close and whispered in his ear, “It was the sex, of course.”

And there’s nothing wrong with that. People are entitled to learn and grow,” says her close friend Sherry Lansing, the former chairman of Paramount Pictures. The hours Arianna has spent raising money and organizing for grassroots groups no one has ever heard of is proof, some say, of her commitment. During the 2000 political conventions, “spending thousands of dollars of her own money,” according to her sister, Arianna organized two “shadow conventions.” Held in L.A. and Philadelphia at the same time as the Democratic and Republican conventions, respectively, they featured speakers from a wide array of environmental, anti-poverty, and social-justice organizations. The shadow conventions were “grumpy,” panelists recall, their participants “disproportionately people who wore backpacks,” but they got national press coverage because of the speakers Arianna had personally lined up—among them John McCain, Al Franken, and Jesse Jackson.

Friends say Arianna was under no illusion that the shadow conventions would make much of an impact on the national political dialogue. Not, they say, did she believe that she would win when she ran for governor of California. Both were attempts, Arianna says, to draw attention to “the interests of millions of Americans who don’t have lobbyists” and to issues that are “left out of the political calculations and decision-making” by political leaders. Looking back, however, Arianna says she’d never run for political office again, and it’s easy to see why. A wacky political spectacle involving 135 candidates, ranging from movie actors to Hustler publisher Larry Flynt and a former porn star, the recall campaign was not a high point in Arianna’s career. There was the trip over the microphones, and then there was the vicious attack by syndicated columnist and former Clinton adviser Susan Estrich, accusing Arianna of being a neglectful mother. Soon after she launched her campaign, lambasting “corporate fat cats” who get away with not paying their fair share of taxes, the Los Angeles Times revealed that Arianna had paid zero state income tax and only $771 in federal taxes during the previous two years. Arianna said that her 2002 income of $183,000 was far exceeded by her business expenses and losses of $2.67 million and insisted that all the deductions she’d taken, while aggressive, were legitimate. The defense was a flop. “Do you have a problem with hypocrisy?” one reporter shouted at her during a press conference.

With her standing in the polls at a negligible 3 percent, Arianna dropped out of the race a week before Election Day. Politically speaking, the campaign was a disaster, but it had its upside on the publicity front. In the space of two months, Arianna had made herself a household name in California.

Still, the hardest thing for Huffington, says her sister, was “seeing how the world was ing sucked in by Schwarzenegger, no cause of his values but because of his wood celebrity and his money.” To Ari it must have felt like watching herself in her own game. For if anything unites Arianna’s incarnations, it’s an understanding of the power of money, our, and fame to seduce—and her abil use that power. Those who have dismiss her as an intellectual performance artist not entirely wrong, but they underestimate her. “She is very strategically savvy,” says liberal author and Huffington fan Eric Aman. “Part of her effectiveness is her shenlessness. Being in bed with Al Frank saw that and at first I thought, What fuck? But it was a very effective way to your views across in this crazy, mixcountry of ours.”

Arianna’s knack for getting attention something Tony Blankley admires, des their political differences. It involves, he “the ability to do and say things that are ridiculed and to keep on doing it. That the way with Newt Gingrich. Somet you’re vindicated, sometimes not. But able to have people laugh at you and on takes a lot of courage. Arianna is a former, a promoter. She’s usually promo ideas, though, and she’s very good at it

A and so, on this Friday afternoon, phones keep ringing. “Can you arra for a telephonic appointment?”, Arianna, the assistant who leans in to whisper a call name. “Daabbling, can I call him back morrow?” she says minutes later, when assistant appears to report another call. ianna leans back on the couch sipping tea, and in the dim light of the study looks tired. In addition to the countless her parties, TV appearances, and blog tries, she has immersed herself in the business side of the Huffington Post—pulling advertisers, persuading the Chicago Trib to syndicate the site’s blogs, and negoti the deals with AOL and Yahoo. While 9 blogs are low-cost affairs, the HuffPost, with its paid staff of seven in New York and Los Angeles, cost an estimated $2 million to up. The largest investment came from Kenneth Lerer and his family, but other back reportedly include Larry and Laurie D With more advertisers, including MTV and Sony, signing on, Lerer expects the Huff Post to break even by the end of this year, but friends believe Arianna is hop for more: that her first entrepreneurial v future will end up turning a profit.

It is too soon to predict whether the will be a moneymaker, but “in terms of pol influence,” says the former USA Today columnist and HuffPost contributor Wal Shapiro, “this may be the biggest thing Arianna’s done.” The public disenchant
Woody Allen

TINED FROM PAGE 327 back and fix

The phone might ring, and it could be lawyer saying, 'Do you know that they that you smacked the kid on the top
he head with a ball-peen hammer?' You
't, did you?' And I say, 'No, of course
But I don't sit there and think, That
, she said I hit him on the head with a
peen. I ignore it.

The height of compartmentalization was in 1994 when I was making *Mighty Aphrodite*, right
[1994]. We couldn't think of an ac-
to play my wife. I needed someone who
ightly older, like in her 30s, and so-
ticated. [ Casting director] Juliet Taylor
aying, 'We'll have to use an English
ess, because there's just no American
ess available that's right for that.' And I
to her, 'Let's get Mia.'

According to Allen, the rest of the con-
tation went like this:
tor: 'What are you, nuts?'
len: 'Why not? She's perfect for this.'
tor: 'You must be kidding.'
len: 'No. You know, it won't bother me.
I mean, this is work. One thing has
ning to do with the other. She's a very
d actress. She'll be very professional.
I know her lines and give a good per-
ance, because she'll want to. I don't
't to socialize with her. I don't talk to the
usually, anyhow.'
tor: 'I would never let you do that. I
n, that's the craziest thing—I wouldn't
of that.'

Needless to say, Farrow wasn't the only
(Helena Bonham Carter got it), but
ill insist the notion had merits. "Now
, I want to get the best casting. The
that Mia and I had been terribly con-
ous and had a terrible experience—yes,
true. But, you know, that doesn't mean
she shouldn't play the part. I'm just
not the kind of person that thinks, Well, you
did a terrible thing to me in my life, and
I'm not working with you. I'm not going to
cut off my nose and spit my face. I mean,
there's a line that you draw. I wouldn't put
you, Hermann Göring in a part, but
short of Nuremberg crimes . . .

It's hard to assess the impact that the Far
row scandal had on his subsequent fortunes.
During the next few years he made some of
his best films, including *Bullets over Broadway*
(1994), written with Douglas McGrath, which
earned him Oscar nominations for directing
and screenwriting and won Diane West an
Oscar for best supporting actress (her sec-
ond under Allen's direction, after *Hannah
and Her Sisters*). But it's safe to say the scan-
dal didn't help Allen's career. His sometime
co-producer Charles Joffe admits, "It hurt
him." As Allen himself puts it, "There are
people that just were never crazy about me.
Then, when I hit the newspapers with all of
that, they said, "See? I was right." So now,
whatever I do is bad. I could make, you
know, *Grand Illusion* or *The Bicycle Thief*
and they'll find fault with the movie.

In the wake of the scandal, when *Husbands
and Wives* and its follow-up, *Manhattan
Murder Mystery*, didn't perform as well as
hoped for by Tri-Star—the last link in the stu-
dio daisy chain that had financed his movies
for more than two decades (Tri-Star head
Mike Medavoy had been a co-founder at Orion)—Allen just shrugged and seamlessly
moved on to Sweetland, an independent
production company run by his old friend
Jean Doumanian, best known for her disas-
trous one-year tenure at *Saturday Night Live*
in the early 80s.

At the same time, Allen's cozy relation-
ship with the critics took a hit. Back in 1993,
just when the director needed him most,
Canby moved to the theater beat of the
*Times*. He was succeeded by Janet Maslin,
who liked Allen's films and treated the film-
maker with respect. But when she left the film
page in 1999, she was succeeded by a troika
that included two younger men, A. O. Scott
and Elvis Mitchell. While they didn't have
any particular agendas, it seemed like a gen-
eration gap had opened between them and
Allen; they were not about to give him the
benefit of the doubt.

The relationship with Doumanian came
apart in 2000 when she reportedly told Allen,
only a month before the start date for *The
Curse of the Jade Scorpion*, that she was pull-
ing the plug, giving him 48 hours to find alter-
native financing. Allen sued Doumanian later
for unpaid profits, and they eventually settled,
reportedly for a substantial sum. (Doumanian's
office referred my calls to her lawyer, who
didn't comment because the settlement re-
 mains sealed.) Nevertheless, Allen's suit trig-
ggered yet another avalanche of bad press,
including the page-one "Jaded Audience"
smackdown in the *Times*. (That piece was so
vitiolic that even some people at the paper
blanched. "I thought at the time. This is ou-
trageous," says Maslin. "It was an unusually ski-
eful and vindictive piece. All I could think about
was that if Vincent Canby had been alive, he
would have gone berserk . . . There are people
who'll never forgive Allen for the Farrow scan-
dal, who won't even see his movies anymore.
"

Allen's probably right in his oft stated convi-
cion that drama has a gravitas that comedy,
which comes more easily to him, doesn't. But
the problem with his work, if there is one, may
have more to do with the rate of his output
than with the shallowness of his soul. Anyone
who writes at the furious pace he does is
bound to repeat himself, bound to get tired
or stale. Which brings us to the sticky subject
of his most recent group of films, the ones that
have taken a drubbing from the critics, more
or less starting with *Small Time Crooks*,
in 2000, and followed by *The Curse of the Jade
Scorpion*, *Hollywood Ending*, *Anything Else,*
and *Melinda and Melinda*. He has had slumps
before—every filmmaker has. The real prob-

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Woody Allen

I
t could be true, too, that he's tired of peo-
ple reading his serious films autobiograph-
ically; usually to his disadvantage. For ex-
ample, he often portrays artists of one stripe
or another wreaking havoc on the lives of
those close to them, as in Deconstructing Har-
ry (in which he played the title character, a
narcissistic writer) and Sweet and Lowdown
(starring Sean Penn and loosely inspired by
the life of the jazz guitarist Django Rein-
hardt). Allen invariably denies that these
characters have anything to do with him-
self. But, says Brickman, "it's inevitable that
people are going to identify his characters
in his movies, especially if he's playing them,
as à clef in some way, because that's the way
he made his mark initially, talking about
himself as a stand-up comic. He can deny it,
but it's certainly true."

One reason critics and audiences mine
his movies for scraps of biographical detri-
tus is that Allen is so private. He doesn't—
or hardly ever—make the talk-show circuit,
doesn't open his home to Architectural Di-
gest or InStyle. Even those who have worked
with him closely don't pretend to understand
him. Says Richard Brick, who co-produced
Sweet and Lowdown, Deconstructing Harry,
and Celebrity, "He's the proverbial enigma
wrapped in a mystique."

There's also the question, raised by some
reviewers, of whether Allen has lost touch
with contemporary life and culture. His own
private life has always been circumscribed.
Unlike most of his peers, for instance, he never
did drugs, even in the days when joints were
more common than cigarettes. "I was in the
thick of it, in the 60s, because I was a night-
cub comic who worked with jazz musicians," he
says. "I worked with acts that couldn't walk
onstage, they were so high. I remember
being with Jack Benny, who was much older
than me, and a very staid, Beverly Hills, Jew-
ish comic. And he was saying to me, 'I've got
to try marijuana—I'm just dying to try it.' I've
never had a puff of marijuana. I've never had
cocaine. I've never had speed. I've never had
heroin. I've never in my life had a sleeping pill.
I don't have drug curiosity. I don't have trav-
el curiosity. I don't have any curiosity. That's
part of my symptoms. It's kind of a low-level
depression. It's not the kind of depression
that sends you into the hospital, or makes you
want to kill yourself, or something. It's kind
of like part of or half a depression. Maybe
it would be better for me if I did feel extremes
a little more, and I was irate, or a letter writer,
or broken up when I was treated unfairly, or
experienced great joy and fun when—but this
has just not been my personality. My shrink
said to me, a long time ago, 'When you came
here, I thought it going to be extremely
interesting and kind of fascinating, but it's
like, you know, listening to an accountant or
something.' My life has been very dull."
Allen, please be back in Manhattan, preoccupied about the movie’s first cut, which he will look at in a day or so. “That’s the time the cold shower sets in,” he says. But you’re like to say to you, My idol, this thing is too long and too slow this joke doesn’t work, and that performance doesn’t hang together. Then you have o the real work, the real sweating.

We begin talking about finances, Holly, and his own. While Allen continues enjoy a privileged, nearly unique place in the world—him—he doesn’t have to break cre he can choose from the suits—he has o what everyone else in the film business done from year zero: chase the money. In old days, his films may not have made a dent at the American box office (his best grosser was 1986’s Hannah and Her which took in $40 million), but his au ce was passionate and loyal and he could on foreign grosses, often as much as o less than his American box office, to make any shortfall and even ice the cake. Plus, his longtime studio backers was the the of being associated with a filmmaker quality. But since Deconstructing Harry, he earned $10.6 million. Allen’s grosses were dipped to about $5 million a picture, in budgets that have averaged about $20 million. For Searchlight, which had financed previous movie, Melinda and Melinda, did even bother to bid on distributing Match Point because of Melinda and Melinda’s nume $3.8 million domestic gross and $16 million foreign. Says another distributor who read the new film, “Match Point is wonder ful, but they were asking $7 million for it”, as I recall, a lot of the foreign rights have been sold off.” (Eventually, the film was sold up by DreamWorks.)

and so Allen has discovered that money, east American money, now comes with a good strings attached. “In recent s, the studios’ attitude has changed,” he says. “It’s Look, we’re not just the bank. can’t just come to us and say, ‘Give us o money,’ and then we don’t see it till it’s shed. We’d like to have input.” I don’t think that they’re qualified to give the input. They wouldn’t know a good script from a bad script or how to cast a picture, not first thing about it. That’s not the way I t to make films. It would’ve been tough me to go in and pitch Match Point to ome. They wouldn’t make it, just as w wouldn’t make three-quarters of my oes.” In England, on the other hand, the money, in this case furnished by a consortium of investors including the BBC, comes with no strings, or, more accurately, strings he can live with: a largely British cast and crew, and British locations. Allen likes working in the U.K. “The stars don’t deem it any kind of a comedown to do a three-line part. I’m able to work on a low budget there and it doesn’t look like a low budget. If I made Match Point in New York, it would have cost me more money.”

L ike Match Point, the cost of Scoop is about $15 million, a bit cheaper than most of his recent films. According to Allen, he’s always been frugal where budgets are concerned. “I’ve worked cheaply so I could have my freedom. If I needed two weeks of reshooting, if I wanted to get this actress, if I wanted to have that expensive Cole Porter song—I had to pay half of the costs from my salary... There were times where I ate my entire salary up. I’ve never gotten rich making movies.”

I bring up the duplex penthouse he used to own on Fifth Avenue.

“When I bought my penthouse on Fifth Avenue, in the 1970s, I was a nightclub comic and just starting to make films. I paid a song for it. It was like $600,000.” Twenty years later, when he sold it because it was small for a family with two young kids, he got $13 million. Then in 1999 he and Soon-Yi bought a town house for $17.9 million in the Upper East Side’s Carnegie Hill neighborhood—a big town house, 20,000 square feet, because of his claustrophobia. They put in 29 telephones, he says. But it turned out to be way more space than they needed, so he turned around and sold that in 2004 for $24 million. The family is currently renting on the Upper East Side, pending the purchase of a new home.

“I made more money in real estate than I’ve ever made from movies,” Allen continues. “Compared to my contemporaries, it’s relatively nothing. Barbra Streisand could be in a movie, or someone could direct a movie, and make on one picture what I make in five. I wish I had more money. Take a look at my offices, for example, and take a look at Marty Scorsese’s place up the block. I’ve got these two rooms, with rented editing equipment, and he’s got—I’m not saying he doesn’t deserve it, he does—he’s got archives and screening rooms and conference rooms. It looks like an opulent law firm. It’s beautiful.

“Now, I’m not crying poverty. By the standards of my sister, who worked for years as a teacher, or her husband, who worked as a principal, or my mother, who worked in a flower shop—forget it. Show-business salaries are so inflated that next to a normal salary it’s like a pash or something. It’s unbelievable. But I’m not Hollywood wealthy. I’ve never taken advantage of the sellout opportunities I’ve had. I’ve never agreed to do Annie Hall II. I’ve never really cared that much about money.” (He has in fact been approached “all the time” about doing an Annie Hall sequel.)

I n recent years, Allen has become quite the family man, and he is uncharacteristically upbeat about it.

I ask him what it’s like, at nearly 70, to be married to a woman as young as Soon-Yi? “If somebody told me when I was younger, ‘You’re going to wind up married to a girl 35 years younger than you and a Korean, not in show business, not having any real interest in show business,’ I would have said, ‘You’re completely crazy!’ Because all the women that I went out with were basically my age. Two years younger. Ten years was the maximum. Now, here, it just works like magic. The very inequality of me being older and much more accomplished, much more experienced, takes away any real meaningful conflict. So when there’s disagreement, it’s never an adversarial thing. I don’t ever feel that I’m with a hostile or threatening person. It’s got a more paternal feeling to it. I love to do things to make her happy. She loves to do things to make me happy, it just works out great. It was just completely fortuitous. One of the truly lucky things that happened to me in my life.”

“No, I do not mold Soon-Yi into anything. She’s very self-possessed and she runs the house and the kids and our life. She runs it better than I could ever run it because she’s interested in it. She will check the accountant’s statements, and she will deal with health issues, and she will structure the kids’ lessons after school and their playdates. And I am free to work and have a great time with her and have a great time with the kids. As I say, it was like two people that you would have thought, Are you kidding? Forget it—it’s the craziest thing in the world. And just by sheer accident, it worked out just delightfully.”

The conversation returns to Match Point, which is a departure from Allen’s recent films in that it is a thriller with a whiff of Fatal Attraction as well as a good dose of the usual existential angst. The main character is an inimicable tennis pro at a posh club in London who insinuates himself into the heart of a wealthy family and is then forced to make desperate moral choices when his new position is threatened. Generating good buzz, the film has already been hailed by The New York Times. A. O. Scott, who has been tough on Allen in the past, reviewed the new film last May after its premiere at Cannes and called it “first-rate” and “both a departure and a return to form.” Allen says it is just the kind of movie his fans have
Woody Allen

missed: “It’s a serious picture and I haven’t done a serious picture in a long time. To me, it is strictly about luck. Life is such a terrifying experience—it’s very important to feel, ‘I don’t believe in luck. Well, I make my luck.’”

But the truth of the matter is, you don’t make your luck. So I wanted to show that here was a guy—and I symbolically made him a tennis player—who’s a pretty bad guy, and yet my feeling is, in life, if you get the breaks—if the luck bounces your way, you know—you can not only get by, you can flourish in the same way that I felt Marty Landau could in Crimes and Misdemeanors, where he killed that airline stewardess he was having the affair with, Anjelica Huston.

If you can kill somebody—if you have no moral sense—there’s no God out there that’s suddenly going to hit you with lightning. Because I don’t believe in God. So this is what was on my mind: the enormous unfairness of the world, the enormous injustice of the world, the sense that every day people get away with the worst kinds of crimes. So it’s a pessimistic film, in that sense. But I’ve always been accused of being either cynical or pessimistic—misanthropic, that’s another one—and I never felt I was misanthropic or cynical. But I am definitely pessimistic.”

“Pessimism, cynicism, and misanthropy. The trifecta of Jewish misery, neurosis, or whatever.”

“Yeah. The realists’ trifecta. I feel a cynic is what they call a realist—you know what I mean? Mark Twain was pessimistic. Freud was pessimistic. So what? That’s just a point of view of life.”

Match Point is indeed a pessimistic movie, shocking even, for the violence that shatters the veneer of its upper-class world, but it doesn’t feel like it, because of the pleasure that a well-made movie conveys. And for all its Englishness, it seems pleasantly familiar, like a homecoming: the irony, of course, is that Allen had to go away so that he could return. My guess is that the audiences will embrace this picture; they’re ready for him to return. As Brickman puts it, “Americans are unforgiving, but it’s also true for Americans there is nothing that is as delicious as the cycle of redemption.”

And Allen? Despite himself, he can’t help but pierce the darkness of advancing age with a frail ray of light. He admits, “I’m kind of, secretly, in the back of my mind, counting on living a long time. My father lived to a hundred. My mother lived to 95, almost 96. If there is anything to heredity, I should be able to make films for another 17 years.” Maybe he’ll join Kurosawa yet. But then he adds, “You never know. A piano could drop on my head.”

FASHION

Cover: Kate Moss’s Chloe® top from Chloe, N.Y.C., or call 212-717-8220; Wolford stockings from Wolford boutiques nationwide, or call 800-WOLFORD; Sarajane Haare for Vernon Jolly, Inc.
Page 102: See credits for cover.

Page 118: Leslie Herrzig styled by Kevin Lennex.
Page 285: William Masiely’s 687A sweater film, Ian, Seattle, or call 206-322-7380, or visit sixeightsevenxsix.com, Nudie jeans from Baneys New York, N.Y.C., or call 212-826-8900, or go to nudiejeans.com, For Kim Janes for Umbra scarf, go to umbirdy wymore.com; Polly Banks for Bill Charies.

Page 310-II: For Kate Moss’s Diar by John Galliana bra and panties, call 800-929-DIOR, or go to dior.com; Sarajane Haare for Vernon Jolly.

Page 317: Wolford stockings from Wolford boutiques nationwide, or call 800-WOLFORD; David Yurman ring from David Yurman, N.Y.C., or call 888-DYURMAN, or go to davidyurman.com.


Page 335: Isabella Huffington’s and Christina Huffington’s Diane von Furstenberg dresses from Diane von Furstenberg, N.Y.C., or call 844-486-4800, H. Stern necklaces from H. Stern, N.Y.C., or call 800-711-ESTERN, or go to hesternet.Anonna’s Alexander McQueen sweater by special order, from Alexander McQueen, N.Y.C., or call 212-645-1971, Richard Chai skirt from Baneys New York, N.Y.C.; Dolce & Gabbana shoes from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide, or call 877-TOD-DGUSA.

BEAUTY AND GROOMING

Cover: Kate Moss’s hair styled with Bumble and Bumble Styling Lotion, Styling Cream, and Does It All Spray, from Bumble and Bumble salon, N.Y.C.; Sam McNight for Pantene. Makeup products by MAC, from MAC stores and major department stores nationwide, or go to maccosmetics.com; on her face, Foundation Select Tint SPF.5 in NW20 and Select Loose Powder in NC20, on her eyes, Mineralized Eye Shadows in Aristocrat and Whit, and Zoom Lash Mascara in Zoom Black; on her cheeks, Cream Colour Base in Tint, on her lips, Tinted Lip Conditioner SPF.15 in Plum Perfect.

Page 102: See credits for cover.

Page 168: Leslie Herztig’s hair and make-up by Nomi Warden for artistbythymphiriana.com.

Page 168: Bumble and Bumble holiday box from Bumble and Bumble salons nationwide, or call 800-7-BUMBLE; Battag e Veneta products from Battag e Veneta stores nationwide and L’Artisan Perfumeur, N.Y.C.; Carnal Flavor Editions de Parfums by Frederic Malle from Barneys New York stores nationwide, or go to barneys.com; Diar’s Day/Play Star Product from Diar beauty counters nationwide; Fresh Memors of a Gipsy beauty collection from Fresh, N.Y.C., or go to fresh.com; La Mer’s The Essence and Cream only from Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman Marcus, and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; L’Occitane candle from L’Occitane boutiques nationwide, Marc Jacobs fragrance sets from Bloomingdale’s, Marshall Field’s, Neiman Marcus, and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide.

CREDITS

Salon des Parfums by, Harry Jacques fragrances from Salon des Parfums San Francisco, Shu Uemura eyelash curler from Shu Uemura, N.Y.C. and San Francisco, and selected specialty stores; Yves Saint Laurent multi-use palette from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; Olivier Bourssou’s grooming by Davide Bonilla.

Pages 226-34: Pam Raethmont for Blunt Sharan live for Era Management.
Page 238: Michelle Williams’s hair styled with Redken in the Loop 02, Carl Booster, David G for Redken/celestecagency.com, On her head, Laura Mercier Foundation in Sunny Beige, and Secret Conceler in No. 2; on her eyes, Shu Uemura Pressed Eye Shadow in S Silver 940, and Fiber Fxen Mascara in Xtra Black; on her cheeks, Laura Mercier Cheek Colour in Nectar; on her fingers, Laura Mercier Lip Color in Pixie, Kora Yoshino Baja for avancegroup.com.

Page 297: William Masiely’s hair styled with Bumble and Bumble Thickening Spray; Lisa Eastwood for Premier.

Page 309: Laurie Scholasky for the Campbell Agency.

Pages 310-III and 317: See credits for cover.

Page 332: Arianna Huffington’s hair styled with Aveda Light Elements Smoothing Fluid. Makeup products by Chanel, on her face, Double Perfection Fluid Matte Reflecting Makeup S.P.F. 5 in Shell on her eyes, Les Quatre Ombres de Chanel Quadro Eye Shadow in Influences, Eclaire of Chanel Automatic Liquid Eyeliner in Noir, and Cils Magnas Instant Lash Mascara in Black on her cheeks. Intielle Blush Silky Cheek Colour in Mystery; on her lips, Infraphores Whisperslip Lipstick in Avenue (S.), o call 888-611-AVENUE.

Page 335: On Arianna’s cheeks, Chanel Intielle Blush Silky Cheek Colour in Inconsolable; on her lips, Infraphores Whisperslip Lipstick in Matador; on all other hair and makeup products, see page 332.

Isabella Huffington’s and Christina Huffington’s hair styled with Aveda Be Cur. Curl Enchanted Lotion. On their faces, Chanel Double Perfection Fluid Matte Reflecting Makeup S.P.F. 5; Nude, on their eyes, Les Quatre Ombres de Chanel Quadro Eye Shadow in Influences, and Cls Magnas Intielle Lash Mascara in Black on; on their cheeks, Intielle Blush Silky Cheek Colour in Tea Rose, on her lips, Infraphores Whisperslip Lipstick in Goddess.

Page 370: Maureen Dowd’s hair and makeup by Helene Maccaslo for artistbythymphiriana.com. Hair and makeup products by Clinique; her hair styled with Hair Booster Mousse, and Healthy Shine Serum; on her face, Perfectly Real Makeup in Shade 02, Gentle Light Pressed Powder in Glow 2; on her eyes, Colour Surge Eye Shadow in CaflF Shop and Long Pretty Lashes Mascara in Black; on her lips, Colour Suriga Lipstick in Vintage Red.

Where to find beauty products:
Aveda, Aveda stores nationwide. Bumble and Bumble, Bumble and Bumble salons N.Y.C., or go to bumbleandbumble.com. Chanel, Chanel boutiques and counters nationwide, or go to chanel.com or sephora.com.
Clinique, Neiman Marcus, Saks Fifth Avenue.
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MAUREEN DOWD

For the last 10 years, Maureen Dowd has brought her audacity and acid wit to The New York Times. She has criticized almost every political figure in her path and still managed to win a Pulitzer Prize. All while wearing heels.

Now that her second book, Are Men Necessary?, has hit stores, the girl with gall shares her thoughts on Jeb Bush, Jane Greer, and the mini-bar.

On what occasion do you lie?
On Proust Questionnaires.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
The upkeep.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"Chuckleheaded presidential cronies."

What is your greatest regret?
Lipstick traces.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
You'll be the first to know.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
My credit report.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Covering six presidential campaigns in heels.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
Jane Greer in Out of the Past.

What is your greatest fear?

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Madame X.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Bringing unnecessary presents for unnecessary men.

What is your favorite journey?
Pago Pago (if only Dan Quayle hadn’t been along).

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Gravitas.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
A crisp, perfectly salted French fry.

What is your most treasured possession?
My sanity.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
No mini-bar.

Where would you like to live?
Chateau Marmont, Room 64.

What is your favorite occupation?
Anything but the occupation of Iraq.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Patience.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Impatience.

What do you most value in your friends?
Availability at deadline.

Who are your favorite writers?
Jean Rhys and Preston Sturges.

Who are your heroes in real life?
The personal assistants of famous people.

What are your favorite names?
Rummy, Wolfie, and Brownie.

How would you like to die?
After my enemies.

What is your motto?
“When blue, wear red.”
TIME to make a difference. To learn more about how Baume & Mercier Kiefer Sutherland contribute to programs that improve education for children, seek to cure cancer, and protect the environment please visit: w.baume-and-mercier.com
After 25 years of great holiday ads, we're letting you pick your favorite. Visit absolut.com to make your choice.