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The Best of the Best 2005

Confronting war and disaster or providing hope and distraction, they gave the year its brightness. Cindy Sheehan, the cast of *Lost*, and Bono and Sir Bob Geldof headline a 23-page portfolio by Annie Leibovitz and other top photographers. Essay by James Wolcott.

From the Shadows: An Oral History of Osama bin Laden

In 1997, Peter L. Bergen became one of the few journalists to interview Osama bin Laden. Now, in an excerpt from his new book, Bergen penetrates bin Laden’s inner circle for an unprecedented portrait.

The Road to Kong

Peter Jackson’s epic remake of *King Kong* premieres this month, starring Naomi Watts as the iconic blonde in the big ape’s fist. Krista Smith learns about Watts’s romances, her friendship with Nicole Kidman, and her struggle to make Hollywood’s “go-to” list. Photographs by Norman Jean Roy.

Baryshnikov at the Summit

Annie Leibovitz and Laura Jacobs spotlight Mikhail Baryshnikov’s next leap: his new arts center.

Missing White Female

The disappearance of Alabama teenager Natalee Holloway in Aruba led to a cable news obsession and six arrests. Six months later, the suspects are free, the case remains unsolved, and Natalee’s mother is at war with the entire island. Bryan Burrough digs into the mystery. Photographs by Harry Benson.

Unreliable Sources


A Private-School Affair

The last few years have been ugly for St. Paul’s, the exclusive New England boarding school, as it reeled from allegations of financial mismanagement and sexual abuse. Alex Shoumatoff diagnoses his alma mater. Photographs by Jonathan Becker and Vincent Laforet.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16 JANUARY 2006
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FANFAIR

49 31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE

COLUMNS

58 CHILDHOOD'S END Wanted by an international tribunal, Joseph Kony has kidnapped more than 20,000 Ugandan children for his brutal militia. But Kony is still at large, terrorizing another generation of kids. Christopher Hitchens reports. Photographs by Guillaume Bonn.

66 HOW TO SELL A WAR Scooter Libby's indictment exposes the covert skirmishing between the new "spooks of media-age Washington: White House P.R. operatives and the press. Michael Wolff explores the shadows.

72 LIFE ACCORDING TO LULU The vivid, fantastical imagination behind Lulu Guinness's luxury handbags has spawned a fashion empire—and a blossoming Lulu cult. In London, Laura Jacobs enters Guinness's enchanted world. Photographs by Chris Craymer.

VANITIES

81 WALK ON THE WILDE SIDE Contributing editor Ed Coaster gets sweet revenge. George Wayne chews the fat with Kirstie Alley.

ET CETERA

26 EDITOR'S LETTER
32 CONTRIBUTORS
44 LETTERS In Katrina's Wake
56 PLANETARIUM Carry through, Capricorn
168 CREDITS
170 PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE Catherine Deneuve

NOWHERE MAN
THE ELUSIVE OSAMA BIN LADEN

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SHARING A VISION

The Rolex Mentor and Protégé Arts Initiative provides gifted individuals across a range of artistic disciplines with a whole year in which to learn, create and grow under a recognized master in their field. Mentor David Hockney believes that artists need fresh impressions to stimulate their work, so he took Matthias Weischer, a young German painter, on what was literally a journey of discovery. They not only visited galleries but also inspirational locations throughout the world, unknown to Weischer and seen afresh by Hockney through his protégé’s eyes. Finally, Hockney invited Weischer to sit for a full-length portrait, and, employing a mirror, allowed him to share the entire process. Through their shared experiences, Weischer’s vision has broadened; following in Hockney’s footsteps, he will keep moving in new directions.
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The Man in the Suit

In response to Maureen Dowd's engaging contemplation of the sexes in her book *Are Men Necessary?*, I offer the following to indicate the true differences between the two sexes. There are the obvious: men like the Three Stooges, women don't; men fall in love with their eyes, women with their ears; men do not find it necessary to know the name of a straw, whereas women do. And faced with a mechanical failure in an appliance or some such, women are more than likely to go first into quiet hysterics and then call in a repairman. A man, on the other hand, will tell the womenfolk to step aside, then cast a cool, discerning eye over the inoperative machine. He will calmly fiddle with this knob and then that one. He will examine the wiring. He will flick the switch on; he will flick it off. And with the machine still lying there dormant, he will stand back, confident that he has explored every possible option. And then he will begin hitting it vigorously with a large stick.

Which pretty much describes the administration's response to 9/11. Two and a half years after the invasion of Iraq, the president is paying for that stick. A Web site being linked to around the Internet shows two film clips of him. In one, he is a charismatic, quick-thinking gubernatorial candidate in Texas, all smiles and confidence. The other clip is more recent. It depicts the same man a decade later, speaking haltingly, faltering over his words, unable to get across the thrust of his argument with any sort of clarity. The Web site argues that the president is in the early stages of "pre-senile dementia."

A bumper sticker proclaims: WILL SOMEONE GIVE THIS MAN A BLOW JOB SO THAT WE CAN IMPEACH HIM? Another entrepreneur is selling a key fob with a digital countdown of the time left until the president leaves office: 1,158 days, 12 hours, and 32 minutes as these words are written. That is if the president leaves office voluntarily.

The Bush faithful cling to hope that the president can rise, phoenix-like, from his floor-scaping approval ratings to salvage something out of his second term. You really have to admire their optimism. The Bush administration has plunged the country into two wars without end; taken a budget surplus in the hundreds of billions of dollars and turned it into a deficit in the hundreds of billions; bullied allies and enemies alike; and, at home, shredded Medicare, civil liberties, poverty programs, and 30 years' worth of environmental protections. Almost two-thirds of Americans think the president is doing a poor job, and his poll numbers on issues such as personal trust, honesty, and values are in free fall. Frankly, with all that is collapsing around him, it's a miracle his ratings are as high as they are.

This is the time in most president's second terms when the communication chief hits the road, boosting his eroded morale with crowds of cheering flag-waving foreigners. In November, the president took his forced smile twitcady, hand to Argentina—to attend a meeting of 34 nations from the Americas—and was met with protests and riots. Bush has made such a botched thing that there is no haven anywhere for even the Canadians hate him. Well, is Mongolia. But like a man with a foot of toilet paper stuck to his shoe, the president can't seem to walk away from questions about the moronic scandals at home. Bill Maher recently, "Mr. President ... it's time to do what you've always best—lose interest and walk away. Like you did with your military vice and the oil company and the baseball team ... It's time to move on and try the next fantasy job. How about cowboy or spaceman?

Maher is certainly one of the most gifted political commentators of the age. But perhaps he's wrong about this. What if the president is not the bicycle-riding, video-golf-playing, in-10-FM, dimwit his critics say he is? What if this is all a ruse? What if he is playing a game of almost unfathomable sophistry—and he is closer in management style to the legendary mentor guru Warren Buffett than, say, Daffy Duck? Who does sound like: "He makes swift ... decisions, steers clear of meet and advisers." It's not Bush, it's Buffett, according to a recent profile of him by Susan Pulliam and Karen Richardson in *The Wall Street Journal*. His desk "isn't littered with . . . research. 'I don't use analysts or foretellers.'" That's Buffett, but it could also be someone else we know. The comparisons go both ways. Buffett is the second-richest man in the country—after Bill Gates. Bush is the second-poorest man in the country—after Dick Cheney. The *Journal* reported that in his office recently Bush demonstrated "a newspaper-throwing technique that he manages his operations, he says, the point of abdication." To the president's critics this all but defines Bush's inattention to detail, of things as the rebuilding of Iraq and the destruction of New Orleans. And just as Buffett maintains nearly 17 people at Berkshire Hathaway's headquarters, the president, according to reports, has closed himself off to all but a small group of cheerleaders, all of them women his mom, his wife, Secretary of St Condoleezza Rice, and Uncle secretary of State Karen Hughes. Hmm, perhaps the president has been secretly reading Maureen Dowd. —GRAYDON CAR
Once known as the "Tardy Couple" among their friends, Katy and Owen are now called the "fashionably late couple" thanks to their stylish Mercury Milan.

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*As shown: 2006 Mercury Milan V-6 Premier with optional features. MSRP $24,185. Tax, title and registration fees extra. **Available feature.

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Peter L. Bergen

“I’ve been thinking about Osama bin Laden every day since 1997, when I first met him [during a CNN interview],” says Peter L. Bergen. “This guy changed history, but there’s almost a black hole of information about him.”

To paint an accurate picture of bin Laden, Bergen talked to everyone he could find who knew him, and dug up obscure articles from the Arab press. The result is an history of the world’s most notorious terrorist, which is excerpted beginning on page 7.

Benevolent and human beings and their human commander.” The Osama bin Laden I Know: An History of al Qaeda’s Leader comes out this month from Free P

Norman Jean Roy

Photographed by Norman Jean Roy for this month’s cover, Naomi Watts joins a company of captivating women who have posed for him, including Elle Macpherson, Kate Hudson, and Natalie Portman. Roy easily found what he was aiming for a shooting Watts—a natural, clean intelligent look. “I wanted to make her look obviously beautiful,” he says. “Thankfully, it wasn’t a stretch, as she is a woman: beautiful, sexy, and confident.”

The shoot took place on a stormy dark September day, but Roy, who calls Watts “a timeless presence,” finally found enough sun on his very last shot. “The skies opened up and she glowed,” he says. The result a luminous and complex picture, in which the light “almost lifts her off the page.”

Alex Shoumatoff

This month Alex Shoumatoff writes about the scandal surrounding New Hampshire’s exclusive preparatory institution St. Paul’s School—also his alma mater. “When I heard about the series of problems that it was having all at once, I knew that they were nothing unique, since I have written the history of two other private schools,” he says. “Other schools have had the same problems and much worse.” Still, Shoumatoff has fond memories of his time spent at S.P.S. “My four years there were among the happiest in my life,” he says. “At the age of 13, my roommate had read the complete works of Dostoyevsky, had nine yards of jazz records, and knew who was playing on every cut. We would go to the clubs in New York and hear Thelonious, Coltrane, Dizzy, Stan Getz—all the cats.”

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34
Van Cleef & Arpels
Bryan Burrough

For two months VF special correspondent Bryan Burrough immersed himself in the Natalee Holloway case, which at first had been reluctant to investigate. “It was not something I was particularly interested in pursuing, because I had read and seen much about it already,” he says. “How I was surprised to find that there were two sides to this story: of course there is the family’s side, but the Aruban police are now firing back, saying that the Holloway, in fact, were disrupting their investigation. Burrough laments the situation. “It’s just sad that, instead of uniting and looking for the girl, everyone began, from the open hours of this, sniping at one another and engendering these feelings of mistrust.”

Harry Benson

Contributing photographer Harry Benson has captured some of the most tumultuous events of the past half-century, including the fall of the Berlin Wall and President Nixon’s resignation, but he has never seen anything like the chaos of the disappearance of Natalee Holloway has caused in Aruba and in Alabama, her home state. “I’ve never seen characters like the ones I met down there,” he says. Benson wanted to document both the personalities driving the drama and the sweltering Caribbean geography that has served as the ineluctable backdrop: “The island, the beaches—they are important in the story.” And the television crews swarming like flies around the Holloway case, he says, “They are something about the press, running about with their lights, that’s so bloody u

Seth Mnookin

This month, contributing editor Seth Mnookin confirms his role as a chronicler of the news behind all the news that’s fit to print, having written the definitive account of the Jayson Blair scandal at The New York Times in his book How the News, now out in paperback from Random House. In this issue he looks into how the Times put together its exhaustive report on the involvement of its own reporter Judith Miller in the outlandish Valerie Wilson as a C.I.A. agent. “It is an outgrowth of the turmoil that gripped the paper a couple of years ago,” says Mnookin. “The questions this raises about the strength and stability of the Times all first came up during the tumultuous period when Howell Raines was executive editor from late 2001 through the spring of 2003.” A collection of Mnookin’s work can be found at sethmnookin.com.
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Bryan Burrough

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- AAA Four Diamond Award

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DAME ELIZABETH TAYLOR  GREG LOUGANIS  SHARON STONE  ASHLEY JUDD  ERIC MCCORMACK  TOM HANKS  WHOOPIN GOLDBERG
IN KATRINA'S WAKE
Remember Mississippil; Texans speak out; playing the blame game; and pictures perfect

As a lifelong New Orleanian, I applaud Vanity Fair for its article "Hell and High Water" [photographs by Jonas Karls son, reporting by Ron Bein ner, introduction by David Halberstam, November]. I was amazed at how brilliantly thorough the piece was, and how accurately it captured the broad spectrum of our reality—from entire neighborhoods submerged in water to the private security officers hired to protect the mansions on St. Charles Avenue from looters. This is my first day back in the office after living for almost two months in temporary housing, in Alabama initially, then in Florida, and finally in California. Although the work is piled high and there is much to do, I felt compelled to take the time and thank you for telling our story. Please keep it coming, for the aftermath of this debacle will be felt not for years or decades but for lifetimes.

STEPHANIE MAY BRUNO
New Orleans, Louisiana

We can't sit back and allow what remains of that beloved culture to disappear before our very eyes. The support and coverage from magazines not unlike yours will help to educate the world on what was, what is, and what is yet to come.

MIKE CORSO
Jackson, Mississippi

I READ this article and perused the photos with increasing disbelief that you failed to mention—even in passing—the one federal agency that sprang into action immediately: the U.S. Coast Guard. These dedicated, courageous men and women rescued 33,500 people in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina. And hundreds of Coast Guardsmen are still there helping sweep up the environmental mess Katrina left behind. Yet not one Coast Guardsman merited even so much as a thumbnail photo in your 28-page spread.

VERONICA L. HARTMAN
Chief warrant officer, U.S. Coast Guard
Pasadena, Maryland

WE ARE DEEPLY saddened by your failure to mention the incalculable losses suffered by my fellow Mississippians. Although the Mississippi Gulf Coast has never enjoyed the notoriety of the French Quarter, prior to the storm it did provide a quiet, yet colorful, backdrop for all those fortunate enough to experience the hospitality of communities such as Bay St. Louis, Biloxi, Ocean Springs, and Pass Christian.

LIFE IN BUSH COUNTRY
MOST OF THE FEMALE POPULATION in Waco and the surrounding areas are not idiosyncratic, as portrayed by Shirley Westerfield in "High Noon in Crawford" [by Evgenia Perlitz, November], who stated, "I don't think about the war, because I have about five or six girlfriends that I kind of stick in touch with, and we're not talking about the war when we get together." We actually do discuss the war in Iraq and do believe President Bush is a shyster.

MARIAN NAI
Waco, Texas

"HIGH NOON IN CRAWFORD" was ridiculous I had to laugh. What ever happened to unbiased journalism? Whether Democrat or Republican, liberal or conservative, why not report both sides with accuracy and tastefulness? This article insulting and makes a mockery of the majority of the people who live and work in this small Texas town. Please let me, a former resident of Crawford, enlighten you.

Crawford is not full of uneducated, poor starstruck, and gunslinging country people. It is a town filled with hardworking, educated, open-minded, and warm-spirited people with good values. The real people of Crawford are Democrats and Republicans alike who are just trying to lead normal lives among all of the George Bush hubbub and "peace loving." They just want their town represented accurately, with no bias one way or the other.

MONICA FORD
Knox City, Texas

STORM SURGE
GRAYDON CARTER'S Editor's Letter in the November issue truly is superb medicine ["Gone with the Wind—and the Rain"]. H

POSTSCRIPT
This month marks five years since the late Hunter S. Thompson received a letter from Lisl Auman, who, at 22, had been convicted of felony murder in the shooting death of a Denver police officer in 1998 and had been sentenced to life without parole, even though the gunman, whom she had met only the night before, was Matthaeus Jaehnig, a 25-year-old with an extensive criminal record. (The shooting occurred after police pursued a car occupied by Auman and Jaehnig from the scene of a burglary. Authorities prosecuted Auman for felony murder because, under Colorado law, everyone involved in the underlying felony is guilty of murder when someone is killed following the felony. And Jaehnig? After killing the officer, he turned the gun on himself and committed suicide.)

After reading Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, Auman wrote the gonzo journalist, and Thompson, already aware of and disgusted by her case, began an unrelenting crusade to reclaim Auman's innocence. Thompson enlisted Vanity Fair contributing editor Mark Seal, and in "The Prisoner of Denver" (June 2004) they exposed the corruption and callousness of a legal strategy that damned a young girl.

Thompson spent the last years of his life storming the state capitol with Chivas Regal in hand and assembling a Free Lisl brigade of lawyers, political activists, journalists, musicians (Warren Zevon) and movie stars (Sean Penn, Benicio Del Toro). But the V.F. piece marked a turning point. "The defining moment for Lisl's free dom was the publication of 'The Prisoner of Denver,'" says Lisl's father, Don Auman. "The campaign to free her had been a long uphill battle, and it had become clear that the fight against Lisl's unjust conviction needed to go beyond the confines of Denver's media. Through the article co-written with Mark Seal, Hunter commanded the attention of the world." Sadly, Thompson—who committed suicide last February after battling a number of medical problems—will never see how his efforts, along with those of Auman's family and friends, made a difference. After serving eight years in prison, Auman, now 29, was released on October 17, 2005, to a halfway house in Denver where she will spend at least six months before being completely free from incarceration.

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thinking is logical, rigorous, and courageous. I especially appreciated his term “non-response” for the shameful behavior of the federal government vis-à-vis the Katrina fiasco. I call it medicine because, for all of us who died a little watching the brutality of the non-response to the human cries for help within our national borders, hearing the truth liberates the curative power of anger from the clutches of cold rage.

It is just and proper that whoever holds the power to act should also be held accountable for not doing so in times of absolute need. Because of the magnitude of this disaster, the brutality of the non-response, and the horror of the consequences, only the highest office in the land will do in terms of accountability this time.

**Rosy De Nutt**
Elkhart, Indiana

**IT IS AMAZING** that within your entire diatribe against the administration for its reaction to Katrina you never mentioned Mayor C. Ray Nagin, the Democratic mayor of New Orleans, or Kathleen Blanco, the Democratic governor of Louisiana. This leads us to believe that they had no responsibility to the citizens and no obligation to see to their safe evacuation. Then again, they certainly showed no responsibility.

However, I am sure the mayor and the governor both read the five-part series in *The Times-Picayune* in 2002 that described the city’s vulnerability to flooding. And I am pretty sure they both participated in the 2004 survival exercise involving a mock Category 3 hurricane, but it’s a relief to learn that they didn’t need to do anything with that information. You want us to expect that it all fell to the administration to get the buses running and the citizens evacuated before the storm.

**Julia McFady**
Emerald Isle, North Carolina

**RAP ROYALTY**

I AM absolutely stunned by the “Kings and Queens of Hip-Hop” Music Portfolio (November). I have never, in any magazine, seen hip-hop artists presented with such dignity and class.

I congratulate the photographers for turning out some incredible work. My only suggestion is that *Vanity Fair* should publish a fine, hardcover book so that we can enjoy these photographs forever.

**Matthew McBrill**
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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. Additional queries should be sent to vmail@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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**MORE FROM THE V.F. MAILBAG**

‘**G**raydon, Graydon, Graydon,” begins Glenn, Glenn, Glenn Bratcher, of Katy, Texas, perhaps a tad too chummy. “How empty must your life be that your entire purpose is to slam George W. Bush?” Brutal! Happily, the sly drolleries that follow—references to “Al (Totally Insane) Gore,” “Teddy (Hic) Kennedy,” and “Hillary (Not Really a Moderate) Clinton”—had the Mailbag dissolve in grateful giggles.

“Put James Wolcott’s name up for a Pulitzer Prize!” recommends Catherine Goff, of Dallas, adding, “Please give him a raise.” We’re down with the Pulitzer suggestion. Ms. Goff, but kindly leave any contractual negotiations to us. Wolcott might see this and Get Ideas.

Eminem, LL Cool J, Dr. Dre, Mike Jones, Ludacris, Usher, Flavor Flav, Busta Rhymes, Will Smith, Notorious B.I.G., Tupac, and Ja Rule are among the luminaries (living and dead) some people feel we should have included in November’s Music Portfolio (“The Kings and Queens of Hip-Hop”). Not, however, James Grigsby—a reader, not a rapper—of Brea, California, who, after quoting a 50 Cent lyric that made the Mailbag blush, notes, “Duke Ellington must be turning over in his grave.” Alysha P., of the Bronx, nevertheless found it “refreshing to see hip-hop portrayed in a positive manner.”

Finally, hip-hop detractors raised the “glorification of violence” issue, but, frankly, it’s readers like the one who “tore off the cover and ripped out all of the offensive pages” whom we’re really not looking forward to bumping into on a dark, deserted street. And remember all those Paris Hilton-cover shredders from last month’s Mailbag? Clearly, no more rage-filled, violence-prone subculture exists in America today than the murky netherworld of the Aggrieved Longtime Subscriber—the very subject, as it happens, of yet another controversial cover story next month.
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Fresh Heir
An activist for the environmental organization Riverkeeper, model and student Amanda Heintel, aged 21, was photographed in Montauk, New York, on June 16, 2005.
January

1. HAVE TEA AND COOKIES
   The famed Ladurée tea room and pastry shop of Paris opens another spot, at Harrods, in London. You can still say, "Mais oui," after biting into seasonal macaroon flavors—Gingerbread, Chestnut, Orange, and Liquorice—this winter.

6. BE COOL
   Conoda’s Ice Hotel, a sister to Sweden’s famed frost palace, opens in Quebec. There’s an Absolut Ice Bar, a chapel, art galleries, and suites, all constructed from 12,400 tons of snow and ice.

10. FUEL YOUR FANTASY
    The L.A. Auto Show ups the concept-car quotient. Last year’s event featured design sketches for a flying Mercedes-Benz with propeller fans and a G.P.S. virtual-highway navigation system; a Mini Cooper with a convertible back end designed to hold surfboards and skis; and Hummer’s entry, a roadster described as a “street-legal lunar rover.”

14. LIGHTEN THE LOAD
    In a throwback to the 1930s, the annual Hollywood Bowl summer season kicks off with La Bohème, Verdi’s operatic masterpiece of love and struggle.

16. GEAR UP FOR AWARDS SEASON
    Enjoy the preshow as nominees follow the less-is-more rule of thumb for dressing at this year’s Golden Globe Awards.

18. TRACK A TREND
    Boston’s Museum of Fine Arts presents “Degas to Picasso: Modern Masters,” a survey of pioneering modernist sculpture, graphic art, and painting from 1900 to 1970.

19. BREAK OUT THE PJ’S
    Harry Connick Jr. makes his theatrical debut, with New York’s Roundabout Theatre Company, in The Pajama Game, starring as the factory manager whose love interest is the labor-union rep.

20. ANTIQUE FOR A CAUSE
    Shop for old treasures at the Winter Antiques Show, in N.Y.C. Opening night benefits the East Side House Settlement, giving less old Park Avenue matrons an excuse to redecorate.

22. SCREEN AN INDIE
    Mormons will keep you from your liquor, and backroom deals have already locked up the best new films, but the Sundance Film Festival does allow you to ski on your expense account.

23. STRIKE A POSE
    Even Zeffirelli’s La Traviata can’t compete with the operatic pageantry of the fashion runways during the Paris couture shows. Attending will finally give you inspiration for that diet, because while the dress you’re eyeing weighs a few hundred pounds, you must clock in as a featherweight.

25. ENACT WORLD PEACE
    Power knows many incarnations but only one World Economic Forum, it’s the flashy summit where financial titans, global leaders, and soapboxing celebrities gather, in Davos, Switzerland.

26. TWO-STEP IN A BALL GOWN
    Honky-Tonk meets high octane at the Nashville Opera Guild’s “Lo Bellootte” gala, where wearing cowboy boots under your Valentino is expected and writing big checks is encouraged.

27. FREEZE IN STYLE
    Really macho guys trade in gross for ice while atop 900 pounds of pony and chasing after balls flying at 110 m.p.h. at the Cartier Polo World Cup on Snow, in Saint-Moritz.

28. WEAR WHITE TIE AND TAILS, PLEASE
    The International Red Cross Ball is held of Donald Trump’s Mar-a-Lago, in Palm Beach, gathering everyone from local tycoons to ambassadors to the U.S.

30. LOVE YOUR SHOW TUNES
    New York’s Public Theater’s 50th-anniversary celebration, at City Center, highlights the company’s great musicals, from Hair to A Chorus Line.
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After the publication of Hollywood nanny Suzanne Hansen’s memoir, former employer and hardballing Über-agent Michael Ovitz might swear bitterly: You’ll Never Nanny in This Town Again (Crown). In Eric Dezenhall’s Turnpike Flameout (St. Martin’s), a star-wrangling spin doctor tries to vindicate an aging rocker accused of murder. For boomers in denial about the hell of their nest egg, yet invested with a grandiose sense of “lifestyle entitlement,” Lee Eisenberg’s The Number (Free Press) provides precious accounting. At the request of The Atlantic, Bernard-Henri Lévy re-traced the footsteps of another great French thinker, Alexis de Tocqueville, now his dispatches are collected in American Vertigo (Random House). My Fundamentalist Education (Public Affairs) is Christine Rosen’s chronicle of her Florida childhood, where the ABC’s were the apocalypse, the Bible, and Christ. Peter Schechter’s novel sniffs out a terrorist group’s Point of Entry (HarperCollins). Max Hastings decodes some military folk uniquely wired to become Warriors (Knopf).

A mythological rise to stardom and a spectacular fall into disgrace—Margo Jefferson muses On Michael Jackson (Pantheon).


Boys 2 Men
COMING OF AGE IN APPALACHIA

A nyone who thinks life in smalltown America is simple (a certain hotel heiress comes to mind) will find some hard evidence to the contrary in “Country Boys,” the engaging six-hour Frontline documentary by David Sutherland (“The Former’s Wife”), airing from January 9 to 11 on PBS. Focusing on two troubled teenagers, Chris Johnson and Cody Perkins, coming of age in the hardscrabble hills of eastern Kentucky, Sutherland offers up an extraordinarily intimate portrait of poverty in America. Chris lives in an isolated trailer with his parents, who seem interested more in the monthly check he receives due to a learning disability than in helping him to overcome it. Meanwhile, Cody shakes off a hellish childhood (both parents committed suicide) and cobbles together a sturdy support system consisting of his adoring girlfriend, his storefront church, and his comically priggish step-grandma. (He also fronts his own Christian death-metal band.)

Sutherland says his biggest surprise in making the film was the extent to which cable TV and the Internet have given the rural poor a window on the outside world. “They’re far more sophisticated about us than we are about them,” he says. “Country Boys” should help even the scare. —AARON GELL

MOUNTAIN MEN
Chris Johnson and Cody Perkins in “Country Boys”
Social Hollywood

When restaurateur Jeffrey Chodorow (China Grill, Asia de Cuba) asked his favorite Los Angeles nighthawks if they could envision a swank destination on the funky stretch of Sunset Boulevard that passes through Hollywood, their unanimous reply was “No!” Wrong answer. “That eggs me on,” says Chodorow, who next month opens Social Hollywood, a multi-tasking restaurant-lounge complex on the site of the original Hollywood Athletic Club. Ignoring the skeptics wasn’t difficult once he saw the rombling space’s visual feast of classic L.A. architecture. Designed by Egyptian Theatre architects Meyer & Holler, the Hollywood Athletic Club opened New Year’s Eve 1923 and soon counted Charlie Chaplin, Clark Gable, Errol Flynn, and John Wayne among its members. Whether their on-site exertions counted as athletic is a matter of opinion, but legend has it that Wayne was fined $2,000 for putting his hand through a door to prove he had the hardest punch, and that W. C. Fields had his mistress rolled in a carpet and delivered to one of the club’s private rooms, presumably to practice his swordsmanship. Social will be attired more elegantly in what Chodorow says is a $12 million ensemble meant to evoke Hollywood Old and New. Interior designer Mark Zeff has given the rooms a Moroccan makeover; the bar features a newfangled video well; Michelle Bernstein will collaborate with local executive chef Joe Ojeda; invitation-only members will get their own space upstairs; and if Chodorow has his way, the naysayers will soon proclaim, “Yes!”—FRANK D'IGIACOMO

Millions of Pieces

ALEX TEW HAS WEB SURFERS SEEING SPOTS

Priced out of that primo-Everglades-land deal? Brooklyn Bridge a mile too steep? If so, Alex Tew has a virtual real-estate offer for you…while supplies last. In August, the 21-year-old business student from Wiltshire, England, slapped together a Web site and began selling one million pixels for a buck apiece, which owners could decorate and link to as they saw fit. A week later—wouldn’t you know it—the thing went viral. By press time, Tew had pocketed some $600,000, together with his 15-minute ration of e-lame alongside lip-synching whiz kid Gary “Numa Numa” Brosmo. Not only does Tew’s milliondollarhomepage.com make for addictive surfing, but it’s an aminously eye-catching work of pointillist art, a billboard-choked entrance ramp to the info superhighway. At the moment, between uploading pixels, fielding media inquiries, and shawering his earnings an fellow dorm rats at the local pub, Tew is still holding down a full course load at the University of Nottingham. He’s also cooking up another scheme for “making up money out of thin air,” as he puts it—loginchillout.com, an audiovisual meditation site far stressed-out office workers. If only he’d launched it nions ago: “I could definitely do with some deep-relaxation exercises myself,” he says. —AARON GELL

International entrepreneur David Tang, owner of the fashion house Shanghai Tang, London’s Cipriani restaurant, and the private China Clubs in Beijing, Singapore, and Hong Kong, has recently opened China Tang, an Art Deco dim sum dining box spot at the Chester hotel, in London. Herewith, a few of the eccentric Mr. Tang’s favorite things

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FAVORITE MEAL

Pigskin and fish balls in curry sauce with lotus leaf, wrapped gently, and fried rice.

FAVORITE RESTAURANTS

Kajossee, in Phuket (almost by far); YACOUT, in Marrakech; LE SHIREUSE, in POSITANO; JOCKEY, in MADRID

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GARLIC

FAVORITE PLACE

IN BED WITH ALL FOURS

NECESSARY EXTRAVAGANCE

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IS AS FEARFUL
AS IT IS FRAGILE
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MEMOIRS OF A GEISHA

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF CHICAGO

"...AN EMOTIONALLY SUMPTUOUS LOVE STORY. GEISHA IS A GEISHA: A VIBRANT WORK OF ART THAT ENTERTAINS US FOR A FEW HOURS. THEN DISAPPEARS INTO THE NIGHT, TAKING OUR BEGUILED HEARTS WITH IT."
STAR-STUDDED FASHION

On Thursday, August 18, Max and Lubov Azria, Sarah Michelle Gellar, and Vanity Fair hosted an exclusive party to celebrate the opening of the BCBG Max Azria flagship store, on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. More than 350 guests, including Sharon Stone, Nicole Richie, Rachel Zoe, Garcelle Beauvais-Nilon, Melissa George, Lauren Holly, and Josh Groban, sipped Svedka vodka cocktails and listened to tracks spun by celebrity D.J. Samantha Ronson. The evening benefited the Friends of the Breast Program at U.C.L.A.

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CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

Although you’re facing some interesting opportunities for extracurricular activities (if you catch the drift), you don’t seem ready to take advantage of them. The reason: you’ve lost confidence in yourself during Chiron’s crushing transit of your sign. When it’s time to put up or shut up, you don’t go through with it for fear that you won’t be able to perform. Nonsense: Chiron is out of your sign now, and the only way to prove you’re still a desirable commodity is to do what you’re scared to death of doing. If they laugh, so they laugh.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

If this were ancient Greece, you could swear that somebody had sent the Furies after you. You get rid of one cosmic challenge and—booom!—another befalls you. The news isn’t all bad: a culminating Jupiter is protecting you and sending you a big professional perk. But Mars, Saturn, and Chiron are squeezing you dry, which is why you feel unduly afflicted. Try to remember that any obstacles have been sent by the universe to help you evolve. It’s O.K. to scream.

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

A person in your position shouldn’t have to do grunt work or fight over every nickel. You’re too gentle, sensitive, and highly evolved to worry about boring health issues, argue over money, or listen as people judge your performance or, worse, question your integrity. With planets in fixed signs, however, all Pisceans have to descend to this lowly plane to deal with petty people. Fortunately, it’s just temporary. Thank God for that voice in your head that tells you that, despite the irritations of life on Earth, everything is all right.

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Since Mars went retrograde last fall, you’ve been wise to back off and avoid confrontations that could have led to war. You don’t like being indirect, though. When you can’t be honest, you resent people for making you protect them from your feelings. Your passions have been stirred up again now, and with those passions comes the courage to be more up-front. Not only will that bring an end to passive-aggressive behavior, which you abhor, but what it can do for your love life is worth the risk it takes to put yourself out there.

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

You have a right to be furious. After all, you’ve been storing up your anger for months, and now the pressure cooker is finally blowing its lid. You’ve borne insults and cope with disappointment with noble grace. Enough already. With Mars going direct in your sign, you can’t hold it in one more second. Only a well-meaning fool (or a bad therapist) would tell you to cool it when all you want is action. Since you still have at least one person who loves you, when he or she goes to kiss you, try not to bite.

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Plenty of people who are a lot saner than Gemini are thought to be (however unfairly) would go crazy over Mars’s long, agonizing transit of the solar 12th house. It all started last summer, and even if you have been blessed with self-induced short-term-memory loss—as many in your sign are—you can’t have forgotten how put-upon you have felt. You’re not without helpers, fortunately, which makes work easier. It’s the plots going on behind your back, real and imagined, that will make you nuts if you don’t stay spiritual.
ugly can be beautiful

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Childhood's End

For 19 years, Joseph Kony has been enslaving, torturing, raping, and murdering Ugandan children, many of whom become soldiers for his "Lord's Resistance Army," then go on to torture, rape, and kill other children. The author exposes the vicious insanity—and cynical politics—behind one of Africa's greatest nightmares

In William Faulkner's story "Raid," set in Alabama and Mississippi in the closing years of the Civil War, a white family becomes aware of a sudden, vast, nighttime migration through the scorched countryside. They can hear it and even smell it before they can see it; it's the black population voting with its feet and heading, so fervently believes, for the river Jordan: "We couldn't see them and they did not see us; maybe they didn't even look, just walking fast in the dark with that panting, hurrying murmuring, going on...."

Northern Uganda is centered on the headstreams of the Nile rather than the Jordan, and is a strange place for me to find myself put in mind of Faulkner, but every evening at dusk the main town of Gulu starts to be inundated by a mass of frightened humanity, panting, hurrying, and murmuring as it moves urgently through the crepuscular hours. Most of the "night commuters," as they are known locally, are children. They leave their outlying villages and walk as many as eight kilometers to huddle for safety in the towns. And then, in the morning, often without breakfast and often without shoes, they walk all the way back again to get to their schools and their families. That's if the former have not been burned and the latter have not been butchered. These children are not running toward Jordan and the Lord; they are running for their lives from the "Lord's Resistance Army" (L.R.A.). This grotesque, zombie-like militia, which has abducted, enslaved, and brainwashed more than 20,000 children, is a kind of Christian Khmer Rouge and has for the past 19 years set a standard of cruelty and ruthlessness that—even in a region with a living memory of Idi Amin—has the power to strike the most vivid terror right into the heart and the other viscera.

Here's what happens to the children who can't run fast enough, or who take the risk of sleeping in their huts in the bush. I am sitting in a rehab center, talking to young James, who is 11 and looks about 9. When he actually was nine and sleeping at home with his four brothers, the L.R.A. stormed his village and took the boys away. They were roped at the waist and menacingly, with bayonets to persuade them to confess what they could not know—the whereabouts of the Ugandan Army's soldiers. On the subsequent forced march, James underwent the twin forms of initiation practiced by the L.R.A. He was first savagely flogged with a wire lash and then made to take part in the murder of those children who had become too exhausted to
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I drove out of Gulu—whose approach roads can be used only in the daytime—to a refugee camp nearer the Sudanese border. A few Ugandan shillings and a fit of coughing procured me a Ugandan Army escort, who sat heavily armed in the back of the pickup truck. As we buckled up, the driver told me to buckle it in spite of the parlous condition of the road. “If you have to jump out,” he said, “you will have to jump out very fast.” That didn’t make me feel much safer, but only days after I left, two Ugandan aid workers were murdered in daylight on these pitted, dusty highways. We bounced along until we hit Pabbo, where a collection of huts and shanties huddle together.

“Children who have known pain know how to inflict it.”

walk any farther. “First we had to watch,” he says. “Then we had to join in the beatings until they died.” He was spared from having to do this to a member of his family, which is the L.R.A.’s preferred method of what it calls “registration.” And he was spared from being made into a concubine or a sex slave, because the L.R.A. doesn’t tolerate that kind of thing for boys. It is, after all, “faith-based.” Excuse me, but it does have its standards.

Talking to James about the unimaginable ruin of his childhood, I notice that when he speaks, he stays stock-still, with something a bit dead behind his eyes. But when it comes his turn to tell his story, he immediately starts twisting about in his chair, rubbing his eyes and making waving gestures with his arms. The leader of the L.R.A., a former Catholic acolyte in his 40s named Joseph Kony, who now claims to be a spirit medium with a special mission to impose the Ten Commandments, knows what old Fagin knew: that little boys are nimble and malleable if you catch them young enough, and that they make good thieves and runners. Little James was marched all the way to Sudan, whose Muslim-extremist government offers shelter and aid—such an ecumenical spirit!—to the Christian fanatics. There he was put to work stealing food from neighboring villages, and digging and grinding cassava roots. Soon enough, he was given a submachine gun almost as big as himself. Had he not escaped during an ambush, he would have gotten big enough to be given a girl as well, to do with what he liked.

er as if for protection. In this place are packed about 59,000 of the estimated 1 million internally displaced persons (I.D.P.’s) who have sought protection from the savagery of the L.R.A. Here, I had the slightly more awkward task of interviewing the female survivors of Joseph Kony’s rolling Jonestown: a campaign of horror and superstition and indoctrination.

The women of Uganda are naturally modest and reserved, and it obviously involved an effort for them to tell their stories to a male European stranger. But they stood up as straight as spears and looked me right in the eye. Forced to carry heavy loads through the bush and viciously caned—up to 250 strokes—if they dropped anything. Given as gifts or prizes to men two or three times their age and compelled to bear
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children. Made to watch, and to join in, sessions of hideous punishment for those who tried to escape. Rose Atim, a young woman of bronze Nubian Nefertiti beauty, politely started her story by specifying her primary-school grade (grade five) at the time of her abduction. Her nostrils still flared with indignation when she spoke, whereas one of her fellow refugees, Jane Akello, a young lady with almost anthracite skin, was dull and dead-eyed and monotonous in her delivery. I was beginning to be able to distinguish symptoms. I felt a strong sense of indelicacy during these interviews, but this was mere squeamish self-indulgence on my part, since the women were anxious to relate the stories of their stolen and maimed childhoods. It was as if they had emerged from some harrowing voyage on the Underground Railroad.

He has helped himself to about 50 captives as “wives,” claiming Old Testament authority for this (King Solomon had 700 spouses), often insisting—partly for biblical reasons and partly for the more banal reason of AIDS dread—that they be virgins. He used to anoint his followers with a holy oil mashed from indigenous shea-butter nuts, and now uses “holy water,” which he tells his little disciples will make them invulnerable to bullets. He has claimed to be able to turn stones into hand grenades, and many of his devotees say that they have seen him do it. He warns any child tempted to run away that the baptismal fluids are visible to him forever and thus they can always be found again. (He can also identify many of his “children” by the pattern of lashes that they earned while under his tender care.) Signs of his disapproval include the cutting of lips, noses, and breasts in the village he raids and, to deter informers, a padlock driven through the upper and lower lips. This is the sort of deranged gang—gallant, hysterical, fanatical, lethal, unage—that an unfortunate traveler might have encountered on the roads of Europe during the Thirty Years’ War or the last Crusade. “Yes,” says Michael Orua, director of the Gulu Children of War Habilitation Center, who works on deprogramming these feral kids, “children we have known pain know how to inflict it.” We were sitting in a yard that contained, well as some unreformed youngsters, for random babies crawling about in the dirt. These had been found lying next to the panga-slashed mothers or else left behind when their mothers were marched away.

Kony appointed himself the Lord’s anointed prophet in 1987.

Very few people, apart from his victims, have ever met or even seen the enslaving and child-stealing Joseph Kony, and the few pictures and films of him are amateur and indistinct. This very imprecision probably helps him to maintain his version of charisma. Here is what we know and (with the help of former captives and a Scotland Yard criminal profiler) what we speculate. Kony grew up in a Gulu Province village called Odek. He appointed himself the Lord’s anointed prophet for the Acholi people of northern Uganda in 1987, and by the mid-90s was receiving arms and cash from Sudan. He probably suffers from multiple-personality disorder, and he takes his dreams for prophecies. He goes into trances in which he speaks into a tape recorder and plays back the resulting words as com-

In October, the Lord of the Flies was hit, in his medieval redoubt, by a message from the 21st century. Joseph Kony and four other leaders of the L.R.A. were named in the first arrest warrants ever issued by the new International Criminal Court (I.C.C.). If that sounds like progress to you, then consider this. The whereabouts of Kony are already known: he openly uses a satellite phone from a base across the Ugandan border in southern Sudan. Like the United States, Sudan is not a signatory to the treaty that set up the I.C.C. And it has sponsored the L.R.A., because the Ugandan government—which is an I.C.C. signatory—has helped the people of southern Sudan fight against the theocracy in Khartoum, the same theocracy that has been sponsoring the genocide against Muslim black Africans in Darfur. Arrest warrants look pretty
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The Acholi people are the chief sufferers in all this.

I had a faintly nerve-racking drink with Francis Ongom, one of Kony’s ex-officers, who defected only recently and who would not agree to be questioned about his own past crimes. “Kony has refused Sudan’s request that he allow his soldiers to convert to Islam,” said this hardened-looking man as he imbibed a Red Bull through a straw, “but he has found Bible justifications for killing witches, for killing pigs because of the story of the Gadarene swine, and for killing people because god did the same with Noah’s flood and Sodom and Gomorrah.” Nice to know that he is immersed in the Good Book.

The terrifying thing about such violence and cruelty is that only a few dedicated practitioners are required in order to paralyze everyone else with fear. I had a long meeting with Betty Bigombe, one of those staunch and beautiful women—it is so often the women—who have helped restore Uganda’s pulse after decades of war and famine and tyranny and Ebola and West Nile fever and AIDS. She has been yelled at by Joseph Kony, humiliated by corrupt and hypocritical Sudanese “intermediaries,” dismissed by the Ugandan political elite, and shamefully ignored by the international “human rights” community. She still believes that an amnesty for Kony’s unindicted commanders is possible, which will bring the L.R.A. children back from the bush, but she and thousands like her can always be outvoted by one brutalized schoolboy with a machete.

We are being forced to watch yet another Darfur, in which the time supposedly set aside for negotiations is used by the killers and managers to complete their work.

The Acholi people of northern Uganda, who are the chief sufferers in all this, have to suffer everything twice. Their children are murdered or abducted and enslaved and then come back to murder and abduct and enslave even more children. Yet if the Ugandan Army were allowed to use extreme measures to destroy the L.R.A., the victims would be . . . Acholi children again. It must be nightmarish to know that any feral-child terrorist who is shot could be one of your own. “I and the public know,” wrote W. H. Auden in perhaps his greatest poem, “September 1, 1939”:

What all schoolchildren learn,
Those to whom evil is done
Do evil in return.

And that’s what makes it so appealing and so upsetting to watch the “night commuter” children who come scuttling and scampering in town as the sun departs from the sky. These schoolchildren have not yet had evil done to them, nor are they ready to inflict any evil. It’s not too late for them, in other words.

I sat in the deepening gloom for a while with one small boy, Jimmy Opio, whose age was 14. He spoke with an appalling gravity and realism about his mother’s inability to pay school fees for himself and his brother both, about their fatigue and time-wasting of being constantly afraid and famished and continually on the run. In that absurd way that one does, I asked him what he wanted to be when he grew up. His hesitating answer was that he wanted to be a politician—he had his party, the Forum for Democratic Change, all picked out a well. I shamefacedly arranged, along with the admirable John Prendergast of the International Crisis Group, to get him the meager sum that would pay for his schooling, tried not to notice the hundreds of other eyes that were hungrily turned toward me in the darkness, wondered what the hell the actual politicians here or there, were doing about his plight, and managed to get out of the night encampment just before the equatorial rains hit and washed most of the tents and groundsheets away.

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HOW TO SELL A WAR

During the Cold War, the hidden levers of power were manipulated by intelligence operatives. In the media age, the P.R. strategists (Karl Rove, Scooter Libby) are the spooks, trying to outfox their equally shadowy counterparts (Bob Novak, Judy Miller) in the press.

M

inutes after the special counsel, Patrick Fitzgerald, announced the indictment of Scooter Libby, Lanny Davis, a White House staffer and ubiquitous Clinton defender in the Monica years, was back on television. The next day he was writing an op-ed piece for The New York Times. His fundamental point, that aspects of this investigation threaten to criminalize politics itself, was a plaintively self-interested one: “I can remember all the times I picked up the phone and talked ‘on background’ to reporters, ‘pushing back’ against rumors damaging to President Clinton and citing information that I thought was ‘out there.’”

His cry here is the cry of the message specialist, or public-relations professional, or communications strategist, that anybody who deals with the press is in an equivocal world. A different morality and code of conduct necessarily apply in this alternative reality where publicity and information are negotiated...what works for you...what works for me...what I can get away with...what you can live with...what gives you a story while at the same time sending my message.

Let’s push this further. During the Cold War, the glamorous figures in government were the keen, dispassionate, and amoral geopolitical operators—the best- and-the-brighest types—doing hard things to the enemy before he did such things to us. In the media age, the 24/7-news-cycle age, which has come to dominate politics since the end of the Cold War, the cool guys are those on the front lines of today’s most pressing battle: the one with the media. You have to trick the media before the media plays its trick on you—strike and strike hard in the time, the lightning-quick time, before public opinion congeals and hardens. It’s the age of the message spook. Scooter Libby suddenly, mysteriously, materializing in front of The New York Times’ Judy Miller in Jackson Hole, Wyoming—“a man in jeans, a cowboy hat and sunglasses,” as she spookily described him in the piece she wrote for the Times recapping his involvement with Libby.

And there’s his furtive letter to her releasing him from her pledge of confidentiality: “Out West, where you vacation, the aspens will already be turning. They turn in clusters, because their roots connect them.”

There is, of course, a qualitative, ever-moral difference, as Lanny Davis and other Democrats have been trying to point out between the Democrats’ message tradecraft and the Republicans’. The Clinton people at their most unforthright, used the manifold arts of press manipulation to hide the truth about their man’s sex life. The Bush people have used these dark P.R. arts, these black-ops communication-control skills, to persuade everybody who was anybody in the theoretically skeptical press to embrace at least one if not all of their cockamamie reasons to commence a war that has now cost more than 2,000 American lives.

Scooter is hardly the spookiest among the Bush message spooks. Karl Rove is the
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virtue M of the semi-covert message operation. Cheney—who has, according to former friends, undergone a personality transformation marked by secretiveness and paranoia since becoming vice president—plays a sinister spymaster overseeing the Iraq message. The White House Iraq Group—the “task force,” or “internal working group,” assembled by Bush chief of staff Andrew Card in the summer of 2002 to create, in Bob Woodward’s description, the “echo” for the rationale for war, whose membership has included the best of the Bush message specialists, Rove, Libby, Mary Matalin, and Karen Hughes among them—was in essence a clandestine countermedia unit. These were the message plumb- ers of the Iraq war. A subtext of the covert media side is that it sought mastery over the actual spies. P.R. intelligence trumped actual intelligence. Outing Valerie Plame Wilson, a real undercover agent (she’s the co-
fact signed on to the Bush administration’s specious reasons for going to war, necessi-
tated, with an attention-deficit sort of insis-
tence, a continued defense of the war; the second point was to separate Judy Miller from that same press corps—"a different story," Lemann called her. The problem with disavowing Miller is that almost every-
body else in the Washington press corps had been hoodwinked just like her. So she
had to be disappeared on an ad hominem basis. Lemann, as stuffy a grandee as you’re likely to find in this disintermedi-
ated age, a mandarin in his self-conceit, gray and indistinct in his affect, did this by
offering his recollection of her from 30 years ago as a poseur and hysteric.

Lemann has an air of infinite, even bemused tolerance toward the press. He could
be, in ensuing fictions, a George Smiley-ish sort (though less tragic). In a conversation
I had with Lemann about Miller when she was still in jail for refusing to identify the
now hapless Libby, as her source—at the time
Lemann was still defending her—he kept
saying he was concerned with the larger context. “If you don’t understand the way Washington works,” he kept saying, you
couldn’t appreciate the nuances here. In his
telling, all the facts were shaded by a larg-
er cultural cloud, a way of behaving, of do-
ing business—all too shadowy and insider-
ish for words.

The Washington press is filled with such
spooky people. There’s NBC’s Tim Rus-
sert (married to VF special correspondent
Maureen Orth), whom Libby called to
complain about another NBC reporter’s
creeping anti-war attitude and who, Libby
claimed, told him about Valerie Plame Wil-
son—a claim Russert denied to Fitzgerald.
The more interesting question may not be
what Libby said to Russert but how many of
these calls Russert has gotten over the years—how much information, how many
relationships, how much influence runs through his hands? And Bob Woodward—
there may be no greater, independent, un-
accountable intelligence operation in Wash-
ington. Woodward’s haughty dismissal of
the entire Plame investigation turned out to
be cagily dissembling—he was at the very
center of the deal. We should have known!
Nobody is more octopus-like in his Wash-
ington relationships—Woodward may be
the final information arbiter, the ultimate
station chief.

And then there’s Bob Novak. riding
around town in his Corvette convertible
he’s got spook written all over him.

But who is exactly on what side? Who
is the C.I.A. and who is the K.G.B. in spook
metaphor?

Lemann, in his New Yorker piece, makes
a similar point about mixing up the sides.
He affectionately chides the press for
closeness to the administration. It’s all ab
access, Lemann points out, piously. The
ultimate issue in the source dispute you
have to coddle your leakers by publi-

ing their leaks to keep them leaking to you.
Lemann even evokes, from another gen-
eration, the journalistic icons the Als-
brothers and Walter Lippmann to sug-
est the water-seeking-its-own-level nature
the relationship between journalists and
politicians.

This is, it seems to me, the point of con-
parure in the Bush-age spook narravi
The Alsop brothers and Walter Lippman
in some sense shared power equi-

ly in Washington with the political
side. In this newer, co-dependent world of sources and reporters, leakers
and leakees, communication strategists and media people, the
Bush people are, to confuse the met-
aphor a bit, the alcoholics. Clev-
er, more desperate, more threatening, more hysteric, more demanding, than the me-
dia is. Hence, they—switching back to the
spooky metaphor—were able to dupe, turn, trick, the media into the case for war.

As it has happened in the past who-
spies have made huge blunders, we
getting a glimpse into the shape of the
world—we’re getting to see how one side successfully gull the other. But do we ever see it all? Can we even know the se-
crets of a secret world? (How, in fact, did
Rove slip Patrick Fitzgerald’s bonds at the
second last?) Still, a glimpse is a glimpse.

I have a small one of my own to offer
my own encounter with a Bush P.R. spook.
It took place nearly two years ago, just
as the war was beginning. Setting my Gra-
ham Greene scene: The Middle East . . .
dark desert . . . big black planes flying
overhead.

I thought then that my P.R. spook was
nothing more than unsettling, just an overzeal-
ounfunctionary (an especially overzealous
one). But so many aspects about the war
in Iraq—not least of all the fact that it has
been fought in recent memory twice, by
both a father and a son—keep turning up
like bad pennies, again and again (Dick
Cheney, for one; Judy Miller, for another).
The name of my penny recently sur-
paced in the Fitzgerald investigation—there-
he was, a charter member of the White
House Iraq Group. Before that, he’d done
press for Rumsfeld early in the adminis-

YOU HAVE TO TRICK THE MEDIA
BEFORE THE MEDIA PLAYS ITS TRICK ON YOU—STRIKE HARD.
Dear Ketel One Drinker

if only everyone had such
good taste.
tion, then he'd managed the White House Coalition Information Center for the war against terrorism. And then, in 2003, out into the war itself. I've recently found him in the secretary of state's office—managing communications. He has, in other words, appeared at almost every key message vantage point of the war. (He was also spokesman for Bush in Miami-Dade County during the Florida recount.)

His name is easy enough to find out. But let me not use it. I don't think he, individually, is the point. I think he's more useful to see as pure archetype. He's my model for the quintessential character of the Iraq war. (In the Vietnam War, there were several actual, spooky Zelig types, who became recurring models in many fictional accounts—Iraq will surely generate similar characters and literature.)

He—X—is in fact, hierarchically, not too important. Just recently I called someone I know who is well versed in the intelligence business, and he dismissed X as just a P.R. type. But my friend was, I think, missing the finer point, the reversal in which P.R. becomes strategically more important than the intelligence it's based on, or, depending, not based on.

His was the first name, just about the first word of any sort, I heard uttered when I got to Doha, in Qatar, the headquarters of CentCom, General Tommy Franks's command, a day before the war began. I'd arranged to be picked up by a colleague at the airport, and he filled me in on the instant culture that had sprung up at the main communications facility—the multi-million-dollar facility with its elaborate staging—for the imminent war.

"You can't really see anybody, or get anything done, unless you talk to [X] and get in with him," said my colleague. "He's a kind of . . . it's unsettling."

The basis on which media organizations were persuaded by the war planners to send teams to CentCom and build elaborate communications infrastructures was that this was as close as you could get to Tommy Franks. This is where you had to go to get "inside Tommy Franks's brain" is how the Pentagon communications people were putting it.

Now, X, coming from the White House Iraq Group, had effectively been seconded to Franks's staff—in other words, instead of the military running the press and communications operation in the field, the White House was arguably running it. This thematic coherence, this elegant coordination, was part of the subdural message, that everyone was connected through the chain of P.R. command.

CentCom and its press facility were a 45-minute ride out into a desert no-man's-land, and then there was an hour of security clearance before you passed into the compound. It was remote, secretive, controlled. Inside, instead of getting General Franks, you got X—mysterious, volatile, everywhere, and absolutely in charge. Nothing seemed to happen without him.

He was clearly not just the press liaison, but some greater message enforcer. Most press operatives, no matter how much their function might be to frustrate the press, end up becoming a little press-like themselves. Not X. No accommodation here. No identifying. No banter. He cultivated his own air of mystery—you can't know who I am and what power I might have. Eccentrically, or ominously, he wore a military uniform, though he was not in the military. (His bio lists him as a U.S. Navy Reserve officer.) Very boy-playing-at-soldier. Very, as other reporters began to say, "Hitler youth."

A not insignificant example of the media tradecraft of the war was that X, the person whose job was to coordinate the flow of information, actually had no information. He could not tell you anything. But he could frustrate your ability to find out anything. This was his job: obstruction. The stranger the alternative reality, the more everybody becomes a party to it.

The thing is, you can't really, as a reporter, expose the artifice of how you get information—just as a spy can't expose his own network. The stranger it is, the less inclined you are to expose it. You can't say, if you're Judy Miller, These neocons who are lavishing all this attention on me are weird. You can't even say, These flacks in the White House Iraq Group are, in fact, flacks (rather, they become high officials. You can't travel 3,000 miles, into a war zone, investing hundreds of thousands of dollars in communications infrastructure and then say, We're getting info, or not info, from a nutter. Given the investment everybody has an interest in covering up the sketchiness.

Everybody's drawn into the vortex of weirdness—because you're not allowed to make this odd parallel reality the story itself. You can't let on to the spookiness.

That would compromise everybody—that might make people doubt the news!

The backstory—which was, at CentCom, and in all the other flack-the-war communications posts X has held, intimidation by an angry prick—must never be revealed.

This became the essential strategy of the entire CentCom communications effort: limit all information, with the penalty for trying to get more being that you'd get less.

X was, too, an advocate—not just a source or even a pitchman, but a believer, a proselytizer. He was the "echo" of the Cheney-Wolfowitz-Rumsfeld message. He met almost any kind of skepticism about the war with an angry declaration—red face and popping veins on his neck—that his brother was at that very moment on the front lines. What he did worked. Certainly, the catheism of dubious, incorrect, unverified, self-serving, aggrandizing information that came out of the CentCom press operation is impressive—from the daily imminence of finding W.M.D. to the Iraqis' joy at our arrival, to the purported heroism of the unfortunate Private Jessica Lynch.

His over-the-topness, his weirdness, should have, it seems, been the tip-off that something was drastically amiss here, just as, certainly, Scooter Libby appearing weirdly in front of Judy Miller in Jackson Hole should have given her pause, or Karl Rove ouiting a C.I.A. agent, but, in fact, I think the opposite happens. The weirder the situation, the stranger the alternative reality, the more everybody becomes a party to it.

It is, at the very least, a literary shame that the special counsel has not published the narrative, which he has surely assembled, as to the particular dark, baroque, and even comical back-and-forth among the communications ops and message specialists and various higher-up members of the Washington press corps. Such a report would provide wonderful background for a new literature of subterfuge and indifference and folly. Certainly, if Libby doesn't settle his case, his trial could be one of the great insights into journalistical haplessness and hugger-mugger.

In any event, the relationship of political hacks to political flacks seems too central to the reasons for a hideous and ridiculous and unnecessary war for the backstory not to be told, for the world of P.R. and media spoocks not to open up enough for anyone to see that this is a place where a rarefied bunch of morally dubious men and women now reside.

We're in the new shadow world. □
He's a fan.
Life According to Lulu

Lulu Guinness’s handbag empire sprang from such enchanting impulses as her wish to carry roses everywhere. With a balance of glamour and sensitivity, Guinness is now expanding into shoes, fragrance, and more

By Laura Jacobs

Look into the shop through the window and it might be Cecil Beaton’s dressing room, or a stage set for Lady Windermere’s Fan. The floor is black and white squares, the stylized black and white of the Ascot-races scene in My Fair Lady. A lilac-and-white striped wallpaper speaks of society women sipping afternoon tea, gossipping.

Walk into the shop and things take a turn. The first shelf you meet—well, it’s a world scaled for a rabbit hole. There’s a tea table set for two, with silverware and a centerpiece, but it’s only five inches high. Nearby, not much bigger, there’s a glittering silver castle with twin turrets—you’d need to be a half-inch tall to enter. There’s even a replica of the shop you’re in, complete with black-and-white striped awning.

Are these objects for a dollhouse or an collector?

The red roses answer that question. Made of velvet, they are the size of real roses and are bunched in a black satin pad that is not the size of a real pail, but smaller, slimmer. The pail has a black satin handle because, like almost everything else in this shop, it is a handbag. It was made in 1993, and was added to the permanent collection of the Victoria & Albert Museum in 1997. Its construction, touched with the mysterious luxe of couture, is ingenious. Its simplicity, heartbreaking.

“Roses were my favorite thing,” says Lulu Guinness, the woman who created this world and designed everything in it. “And I remember thinking one day, ‘I would be so great if you could carry a vase of roses around with you all the time.’

Enchantment, invention, wit—you could carry that too. Thus Lulu Guinness entered the cutthroat, megabucks business of luxury handbags (a kind of hand-to-hand combat, really), not with expensive leathers and exotic skins but with a Surrealist sense of the symbolic, not with a plan to break the back of business, but with a little girl’s sense of play. That red rose blossomed into her own English empire.

She was born into a family of eccentricity and empire. Her father, Mill Rivett-Carnac—today, Sir Miles, a baronet—was a commander in the Royal Navy. In 1960 he was stationed in Malta, a pinpoint of a port island, historically important. It was here that he and his wife, Laura, expecting to have their first child, April, expected to have their first child. That is, until April’s mother insisted tightly back to London for the birth. April returned to the tiny island with a tiny girl named Lucinda—Cindy for short. “I hated ‘Cindy,’” Lulu exclaims. “There was something called a Cindy doll. Like a Barbies, and I used to think it was like that.”

After two years in Malta, another two in Singapore, and two more children born, Jonathan, then Simon—the family moved back to Devon, England, where Rivett-Carnac was teaching at the Royal Naval College. It was a traditional countryside upbringing, but there were also trips to the theater, the ballet. It was culture that caught Cindy’s eye, and the limelight. Her favorite daydream as a girl was “It went from being a prima ballerina.” Lulu says, “to being a famous actress.” And something else from the start.

“She would do fantastic sketches—was the first sign that she was naturally artistic,” says Simon Rivett-Carnac, now a director in a fund-management company. “That black-and-white, pen-and-ink approach,” says Jonathan Rivett-Carnac, who works in private-equity venture capital.
euphoria
live the dream
a new fragrance
Calvin Klein
euphoria

a new fragrance

Calvin Klein
I remember that style of drawing, the one that you see on some of her bags.”

At nine, Cindy was in boarding school in Norfolk. It was here, at Riddlesworth Hall—where she was head girl, an elected position—that she finally shed the dreary uniform. Friends, and she had many, started calling her “Lulu,” a nickname that built her confidence, her independence, her love (at 12, no less) of Noël Coward and Oscar Wilde, and an emerging personal style that corresponded to her eccentric wing style: gleefully cultivated, creatively ruced. Turning 13 in 1973, a time of wider-vests and denim, Lulu was fascinated by the high-heeled past, a period many women were all too happy to leave behind. “It was the glamour. And the romance,” says Lulu, adding without apology, “Woodstock does not speak to me.”

Indeed, you could say it all began in her grandmother’s closet. April’s mother, Betty Cohen, came from the family at owned Lewis’s department stores in the North of England and later owned Selfridges. The company was old when Lulu was very young, and she never knew the family history until adulthood. What she did know was that wonderful things came out of that closet.

“My grandmother would have old evening bags,” says Lulu, “and evening clothes which were from old couturiers. I loved all her antique things. So she always knew that I was the best present would be one of her old evening bags.”

They were from the 30s, the 40s, the 50s—the years of Chanel, Dior, Balenciaga, years in which women’s clothes were compartmentalized, a point frequently made by the great couturière Elsa Schiaparelli, who designed corsets with eyes resembling dresser drawers. In these years Lulu discovered the structure of another era’s elegance. It was a perfect fit. At five feet two, with a curvy figure that included hips, pants were not for Lulu. When she began shopping for her own clothes, not at Jean Machine on the Kings Road like every other girl her age, but in the vintage racks on Portobello Road, she knew what to look for. “I started wearing 40s tea dresses with a great big cinched belt, and everyone would say, ‘Oh my God, you’ve got the smallest waist in the world.’ I realized that this suited me.”

Jonathan: “I do remember her picking out outfits that other people wouldn’t dream of looking at.”

Simon: “She never followed.”

For Lulu Guinness, Paris was an education in culture, a tutorial in chic.

It wasn’t that Lulu was rebellious, exactly, but arbitrary rules, whether about style or at school, made no sense to her. “I was seen as a bit of a troublemaker,” she says. “I would argue with people when I shouldn’t.” At 16 she was expelled from the highly academic Downe House for organizing a midnight feast—i.e., girls eating chocolate in the dark. Lulu finished up at Queen’s Gate School, in London, and planned to go to Central Saint Martins College to study scenic design. “But while I was applying, my parents decided they were moving to South Africa for my father’s job.” Hoping to settle down from a life of far-flung travel, Rivett-Carnac had switched to banking, only to find that Barings, his new employer, needed him in Johannesburg. Lulu spent freshman year studying graphic design at the University of Cape Town. She also started to model.

The Cindy thing aside, Lulu was doll-like. She had a round face, puds of cheekbones, a little Cupid’s bow mouth, and a mass of wavy dark hair. In the late 70s, if a fashion photographer didn’t want a rangy blonde, he wanted a Victorian doll and Lulu was it. She met a photographer named Barry, 10 years older than she. “I thought he was about a hundred—he was 28—and I fell completely in love with him. He was moving to Milan to start in the European market.” Meanwhile, her father had done such a good job in Johannesburg, Barings asked him to start up an office in New York City. Lulu could finish college there.

“That was such a defining moment in my life,” says Lulu, “because if I’d gone there, who knows what I would have done. My parents wouldn’t abide me going to live in Milan. So I literally thought, All my friends are in England, here’s Milan, what’s in the middle?” Bonjour, Parée.

For Lulu, Paris was an education in culture, a tutorial in chic. It didn’t so much define her as refine her eye. To please her mother, Lulu enrolled at La Varenne, a famous cooking school, “which I didn’t appreciate at all.” She acted at the American Theater Company: “I got all the best parts because they always did Noël Coward and I had an English accent.” And she had the run of the Parisian vintage shops. “The things I learned in Paris are not things that came from diplomas. It was by osmosis, spending a lot of time with stylists and makeup artists and models. I had my own style, and I was quite known for my style.”

“And it’s really remained very much in-
tact," says best friend Jayne Harkness, now president of the To Order division at Isaac Mizrahi, but then in Paris for design school.

"Her personal style always had an inch of whimsy, but it was always mixing different antique pieces that looked perfectly modern on her. Even if she didn't wear makeup she had those red lips, and it was perfect."

Lulu returned to London in 1980, aged 20, to star in a play called The Reluctant Debutante. It should have been called The Reluctant Actress. "I liked the opening nights," she says, "and about a week. I may have had a little talent, but I couldn't exactly tell when I was good. It made me very nervous. It wasn't fun for me." She found something else that was.

Valentine Guinness was the second son of Jonathan Guinness, Lord Moyne (who was the son of Diana Mitford and Bryan Guinness). He was 21, it was his first year down from Oxford, and he was a singer-songwriter in a band called Panic—camp pop—with a hit song. "Hey Hey C.J.T." Another band member, a friend of Lulu's who knew she could sing, told her they were looking for three backup girls.

"That's where I met Valentine," says Lulu. For her it was love at first sight. "He had lovely green eyes, and was funny, and very attractive to me." When Barry came to London, she told him, "It's over."

Guinness remembers that they'd met earlier than that, at a weekend party. "I sat next to her at dinner and I was very taken with her. She was a very unusual person. Paris had given her this kind of style that the other English girls didn't have. The Lulu style. It's the age of elegance."

It was man-about-town meets girl-about-town, the next six years of courtship basically a blast. He was writing songs. She was singing backup, modeling, and working in P.R. for a building company; then she went into corporate video—"setting up, booking people, getting props"—all the while partying until the wee hours.

"They were just really comfortable together," remembers Jayne Harkness, "and very much in love from the very beginning."

"They could chat for more hours than there were in a day," says Simon.

"We grew up together," says Lulu. In 1986 she married Valentine at Winchester Cathedral and became Lulu Guinness.

"I can't bear to work for someone else any longer. I've got to make a fortune." That's what Lulu said to herself in 1988. Her job required late-night meetings, early-morning shoots, and she was tired.

"Two years into our marriage," says Valentine Guinness, "she was very adrift. I think she sort of wondered what on earth to do with her life. And there was a moment, it was 1987, she said that she had an idea for a briefcase type of thing. And she was going to try and make it."

It was called the Lulu bag, but Lulu refers to it as the "Filofax briefcase." "I mean, it sounds so funny now," she says, "but this phenomenon of the Filofax, someone had made a fortune from it. So I was like, How can I take this idea on from here and sell thousands?" Her idea was to make it for women, make it supremely elegant (black leather outside), add a jolt of color (suede lining of royal purple or bright red), and—the Filofax influence—attach status pockets to the suede, each inset with clear plastic. "It had all these separate little pockets," says Lulu, "that showed off all your really 80s things, which were your Ray-Ban sunglasses, your Mont Blanc pen, and your Sony Walkman."

Getting the prototype made—especially with those transparent pockets—took a year, but the briefcase that appeared in 1989 was beautiful, expensive (about £300), and a success. It sold out at Liberty, Joseph, and Browns. It did not make Lulu a fortune, but already it had a Lulu kind of life: that flash of surprise, a secret inside. Buyers saw something.

"The people that sold it for me, they all said, 'Why don't you design things that are more like you? Like what you carry? Because I used to carry vintage bags. And I was like, 'What do you mean? This is it. This is my invention.' Clearly, she needed another invention. She leapt from the masculine to the feminine and had a breakthrough success with her Baby bag. The concept? 'It was made out of [textile designer] Celia Birtwell's fabric. It was a bag that you could wear with your power suit.'"

"The Baby bag was genius," says Jayne Harkness, "because girls had just started to think about families. It doubled as a really chic tote bag." Another Lulu signature was born: the bag was not what it seemed to be. The Sunday Times ran a photograph of Lulu holding the Baby bag, and the hundreds sold immediately. With £15,000 and in the basement of their Notting Hill house—a late-19th-century, five-street town house they had bought a year earlier, in 1989—Lulu began designing handbags. Her first was the Dolly bag, a 40s shape very much like the makeshift bag a hobo slips onto a stick. "And I'd make funny little bags in satin," says Lulu, "embellishment, because I didn't know where to get that done."

"It was just massive struggle," Valentine says of Lulu's first years, "Getting her stuff into big shops. Getting the publicity. The first four years were this great struggle to make a name for herself."

And then the blossoming. In 1993, latching into her gift, going with her idea, Lulu designed the first Florist Basket, the Filofax briefcase was meant to be off status symbols in its pockets, the Florist Basket itself was not status-y but deeply desirable, poetically rich. It spoke to lovely heart and cultivated gardens. It was a covetable objet, a symbol that could float through a party like something in a sandstorm sit on a table as if painted there by Marianne Moore. In white satin, it was a bride's bouquet. Lulu had been doing "handbags that were handbags," but with the roses, she says, "my true self came through." In other words, her heart.

"That was the quintessential piece," says Jayne Harkness.

"I was taken by her floral baskets," says Sandra Wilson, the accessories fashion director of Neiman Marcus, who bought Lulu Guinness from then on. "It was the first time that I had seen anything like that. And then I met her and became enamored with her personality. I mean, warm funny, so incredibly talented, dry English wit—that light touch we need in the heavy world of this area us."

The Florist Basket made fans of fashionistas and put the business on the map selling in America at Neiman's and Bergdorf Goodman. "The whole thing just exploded," remembers Valentine Lulu's next imaginative leap came in 1999 and constituted her first collectible, the magical, hand-detailed, made-in-England museum-quality handbags she would produce in limited editions of 100 to 500. "It was thinking of shapes you could put things inside," recalls Lulu, "and the house was square and simple as a shape." It was black satin with a red suede roof, and on the front (and back!) it was embroidered in Lulu's curvy style with windows, a door, red roses, and a cat. "At the time, there wasn't embroidery on accessories. That's..."
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1Based on 15,000 miles per year and EPA combined mileage rating.
2Compared to the average new vehicle.
where the really big breakthrough came for me.” The Original House, as it is now called, is irresistible—a wink at artist Sir Osbert Lancaster, a nod to Disney, a fancy.

“It’s a combination of completely original design with an element of handcrafting you don’t find in a lot of bags,” says Amy Todd Middleton, of Sotheby’s in New York, where a special exhibition of Lulu Guinness collectibles ran last March. “They’re so dainty and elegant and sophisticated, but charming and whimsical all at the same time. You just get caught in the Lulu spell.”

The Original House was followed by the Shop, the Classic Room, the Parisian House, the Department Store, the Theatre, the Bordello, even the Circus. In short, a table-top metropolis, a Lilliput of purses. The V&A now has five Lulu Guinness collectibles in its permanent collection. And the list of red-carpet women who buy Lulu includes Helena Bonham Carter, Jerry Hall (who owns at least 20), Patsy Kensit, Sophie Dahl, Demi Moore, Katie Couric, Dame Judi Dench, the Duchess of York, Madonna, and Björk. Even Camilla, the new wife of Prince Charles, has carried Lulu Guinness.

The collectibles are works of art, showstoppers. But, for Lulu, the show must go on. In the three collections she designs annually, her personality plays with the same generosity, but at every price point. This is a line of conventional handbags and accessories, only they’re not conventional. “To make something Lulu Guinness,” Lulu says, “I have to think harder.” Just as her Evening Dress collectible has a petticoat that lifts to reveal the words “Caught You!”, so every piece by Lulu has something that’s catchy, witty: an embroidered aphorism, a visual pun. Lulu is wise about women, the echoes and dimensions that tickle and delight.

In fact, “wise” is the word everyone who knows Lulu uses to describe her. Even when she was a young girl, friends and family went to her for advice. Recently, Rizzoli went to her, and for a similar reason. As the book publisher of Diana Vreeland’s “Why Don’t You?” memos—lifestyle suggestions from that empress of the epigram—Rizzoli was looking for a new Vreeland and found it in Lulu. The result is a coffee-table book that sounds the glam battle cry Put On Your Pearls, Girls!, and places before the reader the lilac-and-white, pop-up-and-pearls, candy-box world according to Lulu (with illustrations by Martin Welch). Like Vreeland, Lulu is quite happy to make pro-

nouncements—to be, so to speak, Head Girl. But where Vreeland’s arbitrary and elitist, Lulu is ins- sive, humane: “Money does not equal style.” “You can be too rich or too thin.” The sense in this s- sibility has struck a chord with women and become a cult with girls the world over.

Volumes bear it out. There are 75 to 80 items in each collection, which add up to 170,000 pieces a year. The company has expanded into shoes, stockings, scarves, handbags, hand-painted purses, and compact mirrors. There are stores in London—the Ellis Street flagship in Knightsbridge, and a shop in the Royal Exchange—and two others, in New York and Tokyo. Meanwhile, portions of each collection sell in more than 500 high-end department stores and boutiques, as the company, in which Lulu is the prin- cipal shareholder, turns an annual pro- fit of $7 million in handbag sales alone. The best-selling item in the Lulu Guinness em- pire sums up the attitude of her custom- er. It is a small, black, zip-top purse embroi- dered with teeny replicas of Lulu’s most famous handbags. They float around the phrase “You Can Never Have Too Many.”

“I’ve seen pictures it always comes out looking like Versailles,” Lulu says of her No- ting Hill house, where I meet her. “Real life’s much more homely.”

She’s looking up at the wallpaper in the entry, where it’s beginning to curl near the ceiling. But what wallpaper! Custom-made by de Gournay in Paris, birds and butter- flies hand-painted on a background so delicately balanced between blue and green you can’t name the color. It travels up the stairs like a vivid imagination.

“And I’ve been about to re-do my kitchen for five years now,” says Lulu, laughing. “It’s my project. It’s why I’m working. It all I want.”

She’s everything you expect her to be—tiny, curvy, pretty, with a size-4 foot and a steep English accent shot through with little-girl light—everything but one thing: she not trying to be perfect. Lulu has been a designer-entrepreneur for 1 years, and while it looks from the outside like a charmed climb up, it has also been about balance. Read Put On Your Pearls, Girls! a second time and you notice dark intonations. Two-thirds of the way through there’s a black-and-white spread that show a haunted stairway, a shadow thrown over the handbag topiaries. The cap
Unforgettable.
A Timeless Image

The timeless elegance of *La Belle Epoque*—a golden age of opulence, romance, and champagne toasts—is just as inspiring today as it was at the beginning of the 20th century. The exquisite images of master photographer Edward Steichen capture the *esprit de vie* as well as some of its most celebrated performers. In honor of these portraits, Perrier Jouët—with its own memorable bottle that has endured since *La Belle Epoque*—honors the fine craftsmanship of Edward Steichen.

Top: actress Lenore Ulric, below, left to right, dancers Maurice and Hughes, actress Claire Luce, and Albertina Rasch ballet group dancers.
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New Product Update

If you have wrinkles, you’ve probably heard about... Idebenol† (e-deb-in-all)

But can this new “miracle” cream really work as good as they say?

By Misty Bott†

P

eople 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 Soave Dermatologic Laboratories. But why are cosmetic “insiders” betting that Idebenol will not only make you look years younger but will breathe new life into a maturing (some would say "stagnant") cosmetic industry? Well, it’s surely not Idebenol’s less-than-spectacular (some would say rather plain) pale green and white packaging. 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, “reverse the hands of time” sounds a wee bit trite, but here’s one juicy little fact that will get you off your butt and running to your favorite cosmetic counter: In a clinical trial conducted on 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 20s (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, Skin Renewal Rates reflect the speed at which new skin cells replace old skin cells... in other words, it’s a standardized measure scientists use to determine the skin’s “aging” parameters... and one reason a 29-year-old always looks younger than a 67-year-old.

Not quite there yet?

It turns out that Idebenol does 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?

For 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 found that free radicals accelerate the skin’s aging process. Terms, free radicals initiate a destructive cascade of events causing the denaturation of structural cellular protein enzyme function, the depletion of natural cellular antioxidants, and a shift in cell membrane lipid oxidation, and ultimate skin’s immune protective system... damaging D predictably resulting in ‘mutational events’... like the loss of elasticity, age spots and, of course, wrinkles... signs of premature aging.”

I don’t know about you, but a cream that can make 67-year-old skin renew itself with efficiency of a 29-year-old... and “kill” free radicals they are at the same time... sounds pretty amazing!

However, Dr. Bishop cautions, “Although the data suggests the compound is highly effective, many more clinical trials are conducted before a consensus regarding this novel skin care emerges in the established medical community.” As even though Dr. Bishop tells us to wait for a “medicinal opinion” after our interview, he asked for a free tube of Idebenol own personal use... what does that tell ya? Never look like most of us, and don’t give a flying fig about a “mature” consensus,” but just want to hear “all the facts”... try it on for size.

FACT: A 32% reduction in the appearance of fine lines and crow’s feet after one month, increasing to a 57% appearance of fine lines, wrinkles and crow’s feet months

FACT: A 34% improvement in the overall appearance skin after one month, increasing to a 45% improvement 3 months

FACT: A 33% reduction in the appearance of wrinkles one month, increasing to a 35% reduction in the appearance of wrinkles in just 3 months

FACT: A 40% rise in skin hydration after one month to more than 50% in just 3 months

FACT: A 32% increase in the appearance of skin firmness elasticity in only 14 days

In today’s world, however, it takes more alone to turn an incredibly innovative new product in international “phenomenon” like StriVectin. It tantalizes (what we used to call word-of-mouth) that “celebrities” use it... the swear by it... and they write about it. So why “insiders” so sure that it destined to become the phenomenon of this or any “Because Idebenol is not omost advanced wrinkle cream market in years,” says Heather Public Relations Director of Skincare Dermatologic Laboratories. “But it, love the way it makes them look their friends. It’s gotten to the point having a tube of Idebenol (because and limited availability) has become status symbol... in other words, Idebenol buzz... lots and lots and lots of buzz.”

So will Idebenol amount to the world’s #1 selling prestige wrinkle cream time will tell... however, the “oddsmakers” are on Idebenol!

See you at the cosmetic counter...

P.S. In the interest of full disclosure you need that as part of this assignment I received a free tube of I love this stuff!
I said, "I would have it own, -loss."

"In the self in itself liler/ as, pultmeector. Lulu's the Ashion now.' The ULTIMATE CHRONICLES through the Clinic, than unfortunately, lift. When the first daughter, Tara, was born, in 1991, Lulu found herself in a postpartum depression that didn't lift. "I went down and down and wn, and I just don't know why. I had a nervous breakdown, and I was spatized." She spent a month at the Mercy Clinic, emerged fragile and on medication. With the support of family, her band, and Charlotte MacFarlane, formerly the company's director of business development, Lulu pushed through the odds, that darkness around the edges. She was bipolar.

"Sometimes, I would be really elated at this had happened to me," she says. "I got to see a much larger picture of the human condition, and people outside my obvious sphere. It’s made me less judgmental. You know, I have never met a creative person who hasn’t suffered similarly. . . . At the moment I’m on almost nothing."

At the moment, equilibrium touches everything in Lulu's life. Almost 2 years ago, after 23 years together, she and Valentine separated. They did it creatively, both believing their greatest achievement is their children, and putting that first. "We both felt we had completed a cycle," says Lulu. "We both became very independent over the years, from each other."

"Well, that's right," says Valentine. "We had a joke that the only time we ever got to speak to each other was if we went to the same party."

Now they talk all the time. Valentine, currently working on the screenplay for a film adaptation of George Orwell’s Burmese Days, lives a few doors down; the girls don't even have to cross the street to see him. And he still tends the family garden.

The company, too, has found a better balance. In the first few years after 2000, Lulu’s little empire—like Alice with her cake—grew too big too fast, overexpanding in the United States. The company was at its highest sales point ever, but design... by that wasn’t 100 percent Lulu. "It’s such a textbook cliché of what not to do in business," she says. "So now my head office is definitely here. The plan—with my new C.E.O., Casey Gorman—is to bring it into being an absolute focused pearl of a company. We've pulled in distribution again and started to go back to where I was in the old days, which is everything is designed from the beginning by me, not you know, too many people being passed. And a new idea each season."

Listening to Lulu, you feel her freedom within the unknown, her trust in her own vision, the ideas that never stop coming. And yet, look again at the collectibles, three in particular. The Castle, finished with Rapunzel's long blond braid hanging from a high tower window. The pale-blue Birdcage, a favorite of Lulu's—you press a button underneath and it sings. And the silver Spider’s Web, now in the V.A. All acts of imagination, all images of the artist held, caged, caught in her gift—unfree.

"I love the unexpected," Lulu says, "how you get something behind it. I like working out how a bag will open and close, that you lift up a skirt, or it stays shut by putting the roof on top of it. I trying to have an idea that’s never been had before. That’s the sort of thing I’ve loved, having moments of inspiration. And I still do."
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OLIVIA WILDE
AGE AND OCCUPATION: 21, actress.
PROVENANCE: Washington, D.C. WILDE CHILD: Wilde, who got her start on Jerry Bruckheimer’s porn-world series, Skin, will appear in two big films this year: Nick Cassavetes’s Alpha Dog and John Stockwell’s Turistas. O.C. CAN YOU SEE? You might not recognize the former blonde from last season’s The O.C. When the met creator Josh Schwartz, she jokingly asked, “’Are you going to make me Mischa Barton’s lesbian lover?’ He was like, ‘How did you know?’” WHAT’S UP, DOC? “I’d love to have a documentary production company someday, as well as make political dramas. Growing up in D.C. with journalist parents (writers Andrew and Leslie Cockburn) makes it sort of unavoidable.” PLAYBOY ON LINE THREE: “I think they call every actress every week. Maxim has no shame; they’ll just keep calling. Playboy’s got great articles, though.” (That’s what they all say.) “I’d like to write for Playboy.” —KRISTA SMITH
Dear Mr. Carter:

Fine, you can let your goons escort me from the C.N.P. building with all my belongings. But I shall not repent. I shall go public with the whole thing at Mediacom! Adam Slushpiltiz will become the blogosphere's cause célèbre, and you will be exposed for the 5-row-upholstered Canadian twit you are.

Adam Slushpiltiz

Brookline Boys Associates
MANAGEMENT COMPANY

November

Dear Graydon:

Perhaps you remember me. I am Josh Freelantzovitz, a former writer whom you corresponded at length in the late 1990s. Recently, I, too, have set up a management company with my brother, Joel, to handle the business affairs of your friend Ed Coaster and his fiancée, Amy Saico. But in light of Ed's and your unconscionable treatment of my friends and colleague Adam Slushpiltiz, I have decided to add you to this potentially lucrative business relationship. Ed Coaster is dead to me.

Not since you failed to retain Joel Stein as Calendar Boy has one of my dear friends been so shabbily treated by you. How dare you! I have powerful friends in the blogosphere, all of whom are prepared to say bitting things about you in your hair on a daily basis until you make amends with Adam. Watch your back, my friend. Watch your back.

Take care now,

Josh Freelantzovitz

The COASTER CORRESPONDENCE

More of the very expensive words of Edwin John Coaster, contributing editor
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WHAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF...

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Kirstie Alley made a mark in the 1980s as a half-Vulcan in Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan, but it was her affinity for comebacks that propelled her to stardom with Cheers and, later, Veronica’s Closet. Recently, the coked-up sex symbol shed her highly publicized weight into the Showtime series Fat Actress. The show is currently in its third season. Alley got prodded by our respondent on her closeness to John Travolta, why men shouldn’t wear underwear, and life after five years of celibacy.

George Wayne: Your bosom buddy John Travolta is truly an awesome human being. Cerny and Mitchell made me think of you two becoming a couple. You’re both funny, eccentric, and we are sort of age mates.

Kirstie Alley: John and I met on Look Who’s Talking and we ended up doing three of those movies together. But I think we became so close because I am sort of the female version of him. He is sort of the male version of me. We have so many similarities and things that we do, and we are sort of age mates.

W: Give me an example of what you are talking about.

K.A.: Well, I have 26 animals: lemurs, chimps—all kinds of things. But that is not how John and I are eccentric. We are sort of the same. We both stuck in a time warp of the 1940s. I expect everybody’s home to be run like a five-star hotel if at all possible.

W: Is that eccentric or anal?

K.A.: Well, anal would mean making sure everything is perfect. Eccentric is John’s thing. He is an ice fanatic. I don’t know if you know that. John has to have an exact amount of ice or it makes him uncomfortable. John’s ice has to be crystal clear, he can clog it. I like my ice to be foggy, because that means it’s crunchier and easier to chew.

W: I can’t decide who got thinner faster, you or Star Jones.

K.A.: I don’t know how much weight she’s lost, and she’s never said how she lost it.

W: I was just about to say that—and neither one of you fesses up to gastric-bypass surgery.

K.A.: Well, I can’t fess up, because I lost it on Jenny Craig. I’m not a surgery girl, but she’s never said how she lost it, so it makes me a little suspect.

G.W.: So the 54-year-old “fat actress” is no longer fat. What caused you to balloon in the first place?

K.A.: I believe I got fluffy because I got lazy.

G.W.: Which is interesting. It is a phenomenon: there are certain celebrities—Janet Jackson, Leo DiCaprio, and Tobey Maguire—and they’re barely in public any more because they’re losing weight. It is a matter of public interest who is going to lose weight. It is a matter of public interest who is going to gain weight.

G.W.: O.K., the camera added a few hundred pounds—what can I tell you? Anyway, you weren’t getting laid for a reason, which is why you are starving for that slamming body. You want to get laid again. The double chin is always the last to go—do you still have more chins than the Hong Kong phone book?

K.A.: That’s funny. Actually, my face is the thing to go first. I first get skinny in the face.

G.W.: Were you always the funny girl in high school?

K.A.: Yeah, I think I was definitely the funny girl, not that I was trying to be funny. I have always been sort of awkward and self-deprecating.

G.W.: And insecure?

K.A.: Yes, I was incredibly insecure, because I was incredibly introverted about my name. Nobody had the name Kirstie. I came from the Linda-Karen generation.

G.W.: One of your declarations is that men should never wear underwear. Why?

K.A.: Because I think that V line below their stomach is just really beautiful and sexy, and I think that when you unzip their jeans you should see that, and not a pair of white underwear.

G.W.: I agree. The obliques are the new erogenous zone. So what else can’t you live without, besides your eyeliner and lace perfume?

K.A.: I could never live without my animals.

G.W.: Your coterie, your zoo . . .

K.A.: I couldn’t live without it. I rarely like people who don’t like animals.

G.W.: Thank you, Kirstie Alley.
A powerful anti-war movement sprang from Cindy Sheehan’s grief, while Joan Hion created a masterpiece from hers. Matthew Broderick and Nathan Lane made the perfect couple, while Tom Brokaw and Dan Rather missed their third man. A nine-year-old swam for Katrina’s victims, and rock stars swung billions for Africa. Lost gained, and a 40-year-old virgin scored. It wasn’t the best of years, but these stars kept the standards shining.

Essay by
James Wolcott
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Essay by
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It’s easy to pay big, fat tribute to heroes, oracles, and whistle-blowers once they’re venerably old or conveniently deceased. Especially when the verdict of history has ruled in their favor. Dying at the age of 92, Rosa Parks lofted to her eternal rest as a national saint, the grandmother of us all. With a simple act of defiance on December 1, 1955—her refusal to surrender her seat on a segregated bus to a white man—Parks set into motion a struggle for racial equality that rolled like a mighty river through the country. An apostle of change, she was honored in death as the first woman to lie in state, a continuous loop of mourners and dignitaries (among them, Supreme Court nominee Samuel Alito, trying to win goody points before his confirmation hearing) circling her casket, in the Rotunda of the U.S. Capitol. Her funeral service, broadcast live on cable news networks, was a starry affair featuring politicians, preachers, civil-rights veterans, and the balcony-bosomed gospel raptures of Aretha Franklin. Touching and eloquent as the testimonials to Parks’s quiet strength and dignity were, however, they carried no cost or penalty. Honoring a Symbol of the Civil-Rights Movement once the good fight has been won and the legal and legislative victories are in the record books isn’t hard. But before Parks evolved into a symbol, a freedom medallion, she and her supporters in the Montgomery bus boycott were flesh-and-blood human beings beset by violence and vilification in a campaign for justice whose outcome wasn’t preordained. Black churches were dynamited, as was the home of a young minister named Martin Luther King Jr., and the country would be shocked by grainy footage of dogs, water hoses, and billy clubs being trained on protesters. Today the conscience of the country has acquired a hard-to-crack shell, aided by media trafficking in fear and antagonism. (An Internet satirist imagined how Fox News would have covered the civil-rights movement had it been broadcasting in the 1950s: under an action-shot of police hosing down demonstrators shrieks the headline NEGROS ATTACK POLICE, DEMAND SPECIAL RIGHTS.) Yet shafts of truth and light still pierce the protective dome of apathy and cynicism, providing reasons to be grateful for the good-doers who refuse to call it quits. Nearly five years of the uncomedy team of Bush and Cheney have so debased our sense of civic decency that we are shocked—thrilled—when those who can make a difference actually live up to their responsibilities and do their duty. Premier among them: Special Counsel Patrick Fitzgerald, conducting the investigation of the Valerie Plame Wilson leak case with a Boy Scout integrity that should shame Kenneth “Aunt Blabby” Starr into sticking his pious head in a bucket. Idealism isn’t dead, as evidenced by the profile in courage known as Captain Ian Fishback, a devout Christian who, like Senator Robert Byrd, always carries a copy of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107

BEST WITNESS

CHARLES EVANS

Before Hurricane Katrina hit, Charles Evans, a nine-year-old resident of New Orleans’ Ninth Ward, was already an everyday hero. He never knew his parents and was raised by his great-grandmother, Ophe. Showing a consideration beyond his years, he regularly gave her the insulin shots she needed to keep her diabetes in check. In the wake of the storm, which destroyed his home, he made his way with other refugees to the Ernest N. Morial Convention Center, where NBC’s Weekend Today co-anchor Campbell Brown found him outside. Wearing a SpongeBob SquarePants T-shirt, he carried himself with poise. “They had several people died out here,” he told Brown. “And, you know, I don’t want to become one of them.” Along with his great-grandmother and 22 other family members, Charles was airlifted to Texas, where he eventually moved in with his relatives, the Morrow family. His great-aunt Alma didn’t survive her trip, ending up as one of the more than 1,000 cases of the hurricane in Louisiana. As Charles’s cousin Kevin Morris tearfully explained in a follow-up segment filed by Brown, the boy sat down and wrote his great-aunt’s obituary with her being asked to do so. Even after the hard times, Charles couldn’t keep from beaming when he took the stage in Los Angeles as a special guest at the Emmys. And his kid side came through loud and clear when he appeared on the Today show for a formal interview and replied to Katie Couric’s questions with monosyllables.

Photographed by Jonas Karlsson in Mesquite, Texas, on October 4, 2005.
BEST STAND
CINDY SHEEHAN

Tens of thousands of people have marched in opposition to the Iraq war, but no demonstration has been as effective as the solo vigil undertaken last summer by a grieving mother, Cindy Sheehan, just down the road from George W. Bush's showplace ranch, near Crawford, Texas. Sheehan, 48, a former Catholic youth minister from Vacaville, California, lost her older son, army specialist Casey Sheehan, on April 4, 2004. He was a mechanic not one month into his tour of duty when he was killed during a mission to bring wounded comrades to safety. Before enlisting in 2000, Casey had been an altar boy and an Eagle Scout. Shortly after his death, his mother, as part of a group of military families, met with the president at Fort Lewis, Washington. Angered by Bush's manner that day, she decided to trouble his August vacation by camping out near his Texas seat, waiting for him to give her an hour of his time and an explanation. The president never met with her, but her campaign wasn't in vain. Before her near month in the heat came to an end, Sheehan had invigorated the anti-war movement, which no longer exists only on the fringes.

Photographed by Jonas Karlsson at her son's grave, in the Vacaville-Elmira Cemetery, in Vacaville, California, on October 6, 2005.
BEST FIND
THE CAST OF LOST

From left: Terry O'Quinn, Harold Perrineau, Evangeline Lilly, Naveen Andrews, Emilie de Ravin, Matthew Fox, Daniel Dae Kim, Yunjin Kim, Cynthia Watros, Michelle Rodriguez, Josh Holloway, Adewale Akinnuoye-Agbaje (in tank top), Jorge Garcia, Dominic Monaghan.

With its cinematic action sequences and omigod plot reversals, ABC's Lost is a real supershow. It's also a veritable museum of TV history, borrowing, ingeniously, from Survivor, The Twilight Zone, The X-Files, Twin Peaks, and even Gilligan's Island. But Lost thrives because of its stereotype-defying characters and the amazing ensemble cast that brings them to life. Matthew Fox (Dr. Jack Shephard), who combines a go-for-it quality with a soupçon of mischief, makes for a rock-solid foundation. The likable Jorge Garcia (Hugo "Hurley" Reyes) is somehow able to imbue the word "dude" with a thousand shades of meaning. Newcomer Evangeline Lilly (Kate) has a grit belying her beauty, and veteran character actor Terry O'Quinn (John Locke) is a mysteriously forceful presence. The Lord of the Rings–tested Dominic Monaghan (Charlie Pace) plays a nice
Shakespearean fool, and Emilie de Ravin (Claire Littleton) is the hot mama. Harold Perrineau (Michael Dawson) is great at being put through hell, and former Guiding Light star Cynthia Watros (Libby) adds to the second season’s beauty quotient. Southern heartthrob Josh Holloway (James “Sawyer” Ford) brings a villainous intensity to the island (but is it really an island?) and makes the perfect foil for the charismatic Naveen Andrews (Sayid Jarrah). Yunjin Kim (Sun Kwon), a movie star in her native Korea, has proved to be a Season Two breakout player, and Daniel Dae Kim (Jin-Soo Kwon) plays a character who’s a bastard one minute and a pal the next. Second-season additions Michelle Rodriguez (Ana Lucia Cortez), of Girlfight fame, and Adewale Akinnuoye-Agbaje (Mr. Eko), who showed off his chops in Get Rich or Die Tryin’, keep the plot twists going and the chat rooms buzzing. Long may they stay lost.

Photographed by Mark Seliger at Kawela Bay, in Oahu, Hawaii, on October 22, 2005.
As a young woman Joan Didion left California for New York and took a job at Vogue. At night she went to work on her stunning first novel, Run River (1963). Soon after its publication, she married writer John Gregory Dunne, and together they adopted an infant daughter, Quintana Roo. With Dunne as her constant companion, co-screenwriter, and in-house editor, Didion went on to delineate, in exacting prose, the changing moods in herself and the world around her in brilliant essays that would make up Slouching Towards Bethlehem (1968) and The White Album (1979). Over the years, her novels, including Play It as It Lays (1970) and The Last Thing He Wanted (1996), turned sparer in their descriptions and tighter in their plots, even as her journalistic works grew denser and showed more engagement with the political world. Her devastating new book, The Year of Magical Thinking, which won the National Book Award, is a memoir of mourning. It recounts the death of her husband and the illness of their daughter, who died between the completion of the work and its publication. Didion, 71, wrote it over 89 days, so that it would reflect the rawness of experience rather than became a literary set piece. Even in her darkest hours her gifts for reporting and description come to the fore, leaving readers with a rare portrait of motherhood and of an unusually happy marriage.

On July 2, 2005, after years of planning and backroom politicking, Sir Bob Geldof and Bono staged the massive Live 8 concert event in 10 cities worldwide. The performances by U2, Green Day, Madonna, Paul McCartney, Dave Matthews, Elton John, Coldplay, Destiny’s Child, Kanye West, Björk, a re-united Pink Floyd, Snoop Dogg, and even Geldof himself were meant to raise awareness of extreme poverty in Africa and to pressure world leaders to do something about it. Five days after the mega-concert, the G8 Summit convened in Gleneagles, Scotland, and all nine world leaders signed their names to the Bono-Geldof-inspired pledge to send $25 billion a year to Africa. Right afterward, Geldof wandered across the Gleneagles lawns, hunched down in a clearing, and began to sob, and the next day, talking to a reporter in Paris, a triumphant Bono said, “I feel like I’ve got a right to punch the air.” Geldof, 63, and Bono, 45, had risked the wrath of fans and hard-line activists by repeatedly meeting with presidents, prime ministers, senators, and secretaries, as well as with corporate leaders, economists, wanks, right-wing pundits, and many others whom rock stars tend to avoid lest they sully their bad-boy images. But Sir Bob and Bono believed Africa represented an emergency, and as such it demanded a strategy more pragmatic than shouting slogans from the streets at the stage. Now comes the tricky part: making sure that the promised money actually reaches the world’s most fragile continent.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at the Chateau Marmont, in Hollywood, California.
Anybody who's been on a safari knows that one's first impulse when attempting wildlife photography is to keep humans out of the frame. (The folks back home don't need to know that your back-to-nature moment was shared with a mini-bus full of Yorkshire retirees.) Over the past 13 years, Gregory Colbert, however, has doggedly violated that unspoken rule, as well as the spoken one about not getting out of the vehicle and playing with the animals. This is a man who is not shy about joining a 4,000-pound elephant for a swim, or about encouraging a young girl to cuddle up with a cheetah.

Approximately 200 of his photographs, each printed on some 54 square feet of handmade Japanese paper, will be on display in Santa Monica next month, housed in a temporary—Colbert would say "nomadic"—structure built with shipping containers and designed by the Japanese architect Shigeru Ban. When the exhibition went up on Manhattan's Pier 54 last March, The New York Times called it "spectacularly vacuous," but collectors, including Laurence Fishburne, Donna Karan, and Brad Pitt—not to mention the thousands of paying visitors who lined up along the West Side Highway, and no less an authority than the Vatican, which will welcome the show to St. Peter's Square—dig the message Colbert is sending: humans and animals are all part of one big, potentially happy family.
BEST LIFT
NIP/TUCK


The most disturbing thing about the über-disturbing FX drama Nip/Tuck is it proves not that some plastic surgeons are just as screwed up as their patients but that we're just as screwed up for caring so much. Now in its third season, the show has become destination television for those in need of a Botox detox. Set in the Miami office of two hunky plastic surgeons, Sean McNamara (Dylan Walsh) and Christian Troy (Julian McMahon), Nip/Tuck draws on outrageously delectable plotlines—e.g., McNamara's teen son is seduced by a transgender life coach, and McNamara and Troy operate on an obese woman to dislodge her from the couch she's lived on for three years. ER, meet the 18-to-35 male demographic.

Tucked out the trouble who name a letter from the chilly, shark-infested waters surrounding
southeastern Europe. Though some were the only to swim or who didn't shrink but presumably drowned instead.
ChasingJohnny Wilson was able to save the beach, there and a half, from the old island prison in the drink. Some presumably
couldn't they? Granted, Wilson was wearing a wet suit and had spent months taking long, bone-chilling paddles.
Mr.—for-unknown reasons five prisoners weren't allowed to do so. Fear they might develop a taste. The last answer from
beach, it's just a few feet away and 10 seconds, 160 feet, Wilson became the youngest person ever to make the cut.
but not by many. 10-year-old strokes. He completed the 1-mile in September and Wyatt Osmer, a second grader, in April. Wilson
swam the entire 36 minutes in only. Only one of the three participants in the relay shows through, probably interfered with
question and the moment coming through 100 feet, however, added a philanthropic dimension to a challenging. Wilson
swam an arm stroke. So far, he has raised more than $43,000 for the Red Cross's Hurricane Katrina relief fund.
Surely the two weren't the only ones who did ugly, lazy, and selfish.

Photograph by / News & Observer, San Francisco, with permission from the donor.
The release last summer of The 40 Year-Old Virgin was historic in two respects: (a) it represented the birth of a promising new subgenre, the gross-out middle-aged romantic comedy (think of American Pie during a hormone drought), and (b) it starred the most average-looking man ever to carry a major motion picture, Steve Carell, who not only was co-writer and co-executive producer but also—unlike, say, Vince Voughn or Owen Wilson—could plausibly be confused with the drone who sold you a box of manila folders last week at Staples. Carell was formerly recognizable mainly for his fake-news-guy role on The Daily Show with Jon Stewart, his supporting roles in Bruce Almighty and Anchorman: The Legend of Ron Burgundy (this time as a weather guy), and his starring role as the boss on the unjustly sniffed-at American version of The Office, but thanks to The 40 Year-Old Virgin’s poster, Carell, with his beatific gaze, has become something of an icon. (Was he channeling a Sunday-school portrait of Christ?)

Like his friend and frequent colleague Will Ferrell, Carell makes a fierce, almost primal commitment to character—in this he may well prove to be the Marlon Brando of American comedy, or at least the James Dean. For-fetched? Was Brando’s “Stella!” any more goose-bump-raising than Carell’s cris de coeur while being chest-waxed?

Photographed by Mark Seliger at the Los Angeles Theatre, in Los Angeles, California, on October 29, 2005.
Continued from Page 90

Constitution in his pocket. Captain Fishback refused to dummy up about the abuse of prisoners he witnessed at the Iraq-Syria border and near Fallujah, challenging the military's violation of the Geneva Conventions and addressing his concerns to Senator John McCain. For his conscientious impertinence, Fishback has been sequestered at Fort Bragg to keep a lid on his accusations. Also trying to do the right thing is Bunnatine "Bunny" Greenhouse, the procurement overseer for the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers who guards against taxpayer waste and has incurred the wrath of higher-ups for questioning the billion-dollar no-bid contracts to companies such as Halliburton. "She has raised a mighty storm upon herself for standing up, before members of Congress and live on C-Span to proclaim things are just not right in this staggeringly profitable business," wrote the A.P.'s Deborah Hastings. Nobody questions Dick Cheney's pet corporation without Corleone payback, and Greenhouse was demoted and cast adrift into bureaucratic limbo. Odd how Cheney's paw prints keep turning up everywhere. Former chief of staff to then secretary of state Colin Powell, Colonel Lawrence Wilkerson, able to hold his peace no longer, let rip with a rousing speech about the hijacking of foreign policy and the bungling of the Iraq invasion by the "cabal" of neoconservatives and true believers in Cheney's secret clubhouse. Wilkerson also boldly traced the paper trail of state-sanctioned torture to the toilet roll in the vice president's office. Assenting to Wilkerson's revelations with a courtly nod was wise elder Brent Scowcroft, who, in an interview with The New Yorker, broke the old-school code of silence to decry the disastrous folly of Iraq and to intimate what many of us have darkly suspected: the Dick Cheney we see with his jaw permanently tensed in a true-grit grimace is a dangerous impostor—a pod. "I consider Cheney a good friend—I've known him for thirty years," said Scowcroft. "But Dick Cheney I don't know anymore."

Iraq isn't the only arena that brought out the moral best from the distressed. Consider those ordinary citizens whose quick-witted daring and stoic endurance lay dormant until the existential test. Quick responders such as the Indian bus driver Kuldip Singh and conductor Budh Prakash, who foiled a terrorist attack during the recent wave of bombings in India by removing a bag of explosives planted under a passenger seat and tossing it away before it could detonate. Or the English schoolgirl Tilly Smith, who spotted the warning signs of a tsunami while vacationing at a Thai resort—"I saw this bubbling on the water, right on the edge, and foam sizzling just like in a frying pan"—and told her parents the news. While her father "relayed Tilly's warning to the hotel staff," the A.P. reported, "the girl dashed back toward the beach, filled with about 100 people," and told two resort employees, who "spread the warning and the beach was evacuated—minutes before the devastating waves struck." And, as New York Times op-ed columnist Nicholas D. Kristof has indisputably argued, no one walks taller in Rosa Parks's radiant wake than Mukhtaran Bibi, the Pakistani woman who was gang-raped and—instead of killing herself, as rape victims usually do in villages like hers—pressed charges, saw six of her rapists convicted, and used the compensation money she received to open a school. She not only defied native custom but also refused to bow to the bullying pressure of President Musharraf's government, which put her under detention to muzzle her dissent until an international outcry forced it to relent. Free to speak, Bibi said, "I have a message to the women of the world and all the women who have been raped or any of that kind of violation: that, no matter what, they must talk about it and they must fight for justice."

The truth kept breaking out in 2005, and perhaps in 2006 justice (long overdue) will follow.

www.vanityfair.com | VANITY FAIR | 107

N U A R Y  2 0 0 6
Their eyes were ours. Starting in the early 1980s, they peered into the glaring strobe light of a turbulent world and, each night, shared with us a gleam of coherence, truth, and story line. Now, in a blink, their era—the Age of the Lane, Steady-Gaze News Anchor—has passed. NBC’s Tom Brokaw, 65, left the anchor chair in December 2004; Dan Rather, 74, of CBS, did the same last March. Brokaw—a reassuring presence and consummate reporter (the first American to be granted a one-on-one interview with Mikhail Gorbachev; the only anchor to report the fall of the Berlin Wall in real time)—will also be remembered for his crowning offscreen achievement: his 1998 best-seller, The Greatest Generation, which paid homage to Americans shaped by the Depression and World War II. Rather, his style homespun yet ever on edge, was best defined by his on-the-scene dispatches (from hurricanes to civil-rights marches, from Vietnam to Watergate to Afghanistan), his scoops (he landed the only Gulf War interview with Saddam Hussein; his team broke the Abu Ghraib prisoner-abuse story), and his pivotal showdowns with Richard Nixon and George H. W. Bush. As the two men convened for a rare dual portrait, they talked of wives, of fishing, and of a friend who loomed large, off-camera: Peter Jennings, their ABC colleague, who died in August at age 67, after a battle with lung cancer. To these three, the last triumvirate of network news, we say, Good night, and Gadspeed.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in New York City on October 27, 2005.
The fact that they're perfectly mismatched in The Odd Couple just goes to show what a natural pair they make. Matthew Broderick and Nathan Lane simply go together. Like pastrami and rye. Or maybe cheesecake and coffee. Broderick, 43, excels at playing the unassuming, hemmed-in Everyman. Lane, 49, despite his five-foot-five frame, has an aura of bigness and has proven himself to be the master of the showstopping song, the killer line reading, and the never-ending comic pause. They first wowed audiences as a duo in 2001, when they took to the stage in Mel Brooks’s musical-comedy romp The Producers. They’re back at it in the film version with the same results, early buzz has it. And when the news went out that Broderick and Lane would re-unite for a faithful revival of Neil Simon’s 1965 charmer, theatergoers went berserk, gobbling up $21.5 million worth of Odd Couple tickets a month before it opened. Now, that’s chemistry.

Photograph by Annie Leibovitz at the Brooks Atkinson Theatre, in New York City, on November 3, 2005.
Osama bin Laden has been seen largely as a symbol, rather than as a man. In an excerpt from his new book, PETER L. BERGEN provides an unprecedented portrait, taken from interviews with the terrorist leader’s family, friends, fellow jihadists and former employees. He also reveals the personal influences that led a privileged young Saudi to form his own army, the details of his life (and near death) at Tora Bora, the enmity between him and Saddam, and his plan to take advantage of what he saw as inevitable: the U.S. invasion of Iraq.

At a 2002 press conference, President Bush remarked that Osama bin Laden was “a person who’s now been marginalized.” Some have even joked that bin Laden is, in fact, Bin Forgotten. Far from being marginalized, al-Qaeda’s leader continues to exert considerable authority over the global jihadist movement, which he had a large role in creating. It’s not simply that each day that bin Laden remains a free man is a morale booster for his followers around the world, but also that al-Qaeda’s leader continues to supply the overall strategy for his organization’s actions and for the broader ideological movement it has spawned.

Since the 9/11 attacks, bin Laden has released around 20 statements on video or audiotape, which have reached audiences of tens of millions via the BBC, CNN, Al Jazeera, and other television networks, and which have had a direct effect on world events. The attacks in London in July that killed 56—including the four suicide bombers—were a response to bin Laden’s repeated calls to fight countries participating in the coalition in Iraq, as were the attacks in Madrid a year earlier that killed 191. An indicator of bin Laden’s continued influence is that in 2004 the most-feared insurgent commander in Iraq, the Jordanian Abu Musab Zarqawi, pledged his allegiance to al-Qaeda’s leader. For millions of Muslims around the world, bin Laden remains an inspiration.

A worldwide opinion poll taken by the Pew Global Attitudes Project in 2004 found that he is viewed favorably by key percentages in Pakistan (65 percent), Jordan (55 percent), and Morocco (45 percent)—all key U.S. allies in the war on terrorism.

Despite his impact on history, bin Laden remains shrouded in a fog of myth, propaganda, and half-truths. For eight years I have been interviewing people close to him and gathering documents in order to fill out the picture of this mysterious man. Some questions I have attempted to answer: What is he really like? Was al-Qaeda a formally planned organization? Was bin Laden ever associated with or sympathetic to Saddam Hussein? Was he at Tora Bora in 2001? What is his significance today and his possible legacy?

I. The Man

Osama bin Laden grew up during the 1960s and 1970s in Jiddah, a port on the Red Sea in Saudi Arabia, 30 miles from Mecca. He came of age as the Muslim world was experiencing an awakening known as the Sahwa. This peaked in 1979 with a series of seismic events that profoundly influenced bin Laden and other future members of al-Qaeda: the overthrow of the Shah of Iran in 1979, the seizure of the U.S. embassy in Tehran by militant Islamic students, and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Bin Laden and many of his compatriots looked upon these events as signs that the era of U.S. influence and Israel’s occupation of Palestinian territory had come to an end.
by the cleric Ayatollah Khomeini; the armed takeover of Islam's holy of holies, the mosque in Mecca, by Saudi militants; Egypt's cease-fire agreement with Israel; and the Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan.

Osama bin Laden to Jamal Ismail, a Palestinian correspondent for Al Jazeera television, 1998: As it is well known, my father, Sheikh Muhammad bin Awad bin Laden, was born in Hadramawt [in southern Yemen]. He went to work in Hejaz [in Saudi Arabia] at an early age. Then God blessed him and bestowed on him an honor that no other building contractor has known. He built the holy Mecca mosque and at the same time—because of God's blessings to him—he built the holy mosque in Medina. When he found out that the government of Jordan announced a tender for restoration work on the Dome of the Rock Mosque [in Jerusalem], he gathered engineers and asked them, “Calculate only the cost price of the project.” He was awarded the project.

Jamal Khalifa, bin Laden's brother-in-law: [Osama] likes his father very much. He considered him as a model. He was not with his father much, because his father died when he was 10 years old. And, also, the father didn't meet his children much. He was very busy—a lot of children, a lot of houses—so he just met them officially. There are 54 children, and he had 20-plus wives. Osama’s mother is Syrian; he’s the only child from his mother and Muhammad bin Laden.

Brian Fyfield-Shayler, a British citizen who lived in Saudi Arabia and taught English to a number of the bin Laden boys: All the sons are very good-looking. I don’t think that I have ever met any ugly bin Ladens. Osama’s mother, I am told, was a great beauty. Since his father never had more than four wives at any one time, he was constantly divorcing the third and the fourth and taking in new ones. This was an anachronism even in the 1950s and 60s.

This was my fourth year teaching, when [Osama] came along [in 1968, when he was 11]. Osama was one of 30 students. He [used to sit] two-thirds of the way back on the window side that looked out onto sports fields and playing grounds. Why did I remember Osama? First of all, I would have noticed because of his name, because of the family, and, of course, when you walked into a class of anyone of his age, he was literally outstanding because he was taller than his contemporaries, and so he was very noticeable. His English was not amazing. He was not one of the great brains of that class.

It was big news, national news, when [Osama's father] was killed [in a plane crash in 1967]. And for the next year at least the future of the business [hung in the balance]. There were a lot of projects that were not completed, and it was the major construction company of Saudi Arabia, so it was of huge importance, and there was probably only Salem [Osama's oldest brother] and three or four brothers at that period who were of an age even to take on the mantle. Salem was educated at Millfield [a boarding school in England]. Salem was a fraction younger than me, but not much. I was introduced to him by mutual friends. He was very Westernized. His English was beautiful; it was very fluent, very characteful.

A relative of the bin Laden family: Salem was a unique individual by any standard. By Saudi standards he was off the charts. Very charismatic, amusing, no facial hair. He played guitar—60s hits like “Where Have All the Flowers Gone?” He acted as sort of a court jester to King Fahd and was part of Fahd’s inner circle. Sometimes he overstepped with the king. One time he built the king’s camp in the desert with one of his planes, which went down badly, but he was always taken back into the fold. Salem took control of the business beginning in '73—'74. If King Fahd wanted a palace built, Salem would build it for him.

This raises the question of how much money Osama bin Laden inherited from his family. Certainly far less than the $200 million or more mentioned in the media after 9/11. In fact, according to someone designated by the family to speak to me, bin Laden benefited from the distribution of his father’s estate according to Sharia law, which says that sons receive twice as much as daughters. However, with 54 children, even Muhammad bin Laden’s vast fortune did not go too far. Until Osama’s family cut him off, in 1990, he had probably received something like $20 million.

Christina Akerblad, former owner of the Hotel Astoria in the town of Falun, Sweden, recalling how in 1970 Salem bin Laden, in his mid-20s and his younger brother Osama paid a visit. They came with a Rolls-Royce, and it was forbidden to park the car outside building in this street. But they did it, and [my husband] an said to them, You have to pay [a fine] for every day and every hour you are staying outside this hotel, but they said, “Oh, it doesn’t matter—it’s so funny to go to the police station and talk with the police. We will stay where we are.” It was like a joke to them. They had so much money they didn’t know how much money they had. I asked them how they had managed to come to Sweden with this enormous Rolls-Royce. They said, “We have our plane.”

They stayed one week. They were dressed very exclusive. They had two double rooms. They slept in one bed and on the other bed they had their bags. On Sunday, I had no cleaner at the hotel, so I took care of the room myself, and I was shocked because the big bag they had lots of white, expensive shirts from Dior, Yves Saint Laurent. When they had [worn] the shirt once, they dropped it. So the cleaner had taken these shirts to wash them but they said, “No, we are just using them once, so you can hand them if you want.”

Khaled Batarfi, three years younger than bin Laden, met him when Osama was in his teens and they lived next door to each other in Jidda: I was the soccer captain even though Osama was older than me. Because he was tall, he used to play forward, he used his head and put in the goals. I was a tough guy then. Osama was the peaceful one. He was very shy, very observant. He liked Western movies. One of the TV series he liked was Fy.

[It ran on NBC from 1955 to 1960.] He used to watch that, and he liked karate movies. Bruce Lee. He liked to go climbing mountains in the area between Syria and Turkey. He loved horse riding.

He would fast every Monday and Thursday. [Such] fasting is an extra thing, because it’s what the Prophet used to do, but we don’t have to do it, [Osama’s mother] is a moderate Muslim. I watch TV. She [has] never been very conservative, and [current husband’s like that; their kids are like that. So Osama was different, but then, he was different in a quiet way. He wouldn’t bother his brothers sometimes for looking at the maid or this or that. Of course, he woke them for prayers in the morning and that was good—nobody complained. But sometimes he would kind of upset if something is not done in an Islamic way. “Do wear short sleeves, don’t do this, don’t do that.” At 17 he mo...
One year after 9/11, al-Qaeda was still on life support. Today it's on steroids.
ried his cousin in Latakia [in Syria]—a beautiful resort, I hear—
the daughter of his uncle, the brother of his mother. And then he
got to the university and I saw less of him.

Jamal Khalifa, recalling his years with bin Laden at Jidda's King
Abdul Aziz University: In '76, I met Osama. He was in a different
college, in economics. I was in science, but our activities were
the same. I was almost 20, and he was 19. At that time we were reli-
gious and very much conservative. Of course, no girls—don't even
talk about it—and no photographs. That's why I don't have any
pictures with Osama. I was photographed in high school, but
when I became religious I threw everything away.

We [discussed] polygamy, and we recalled our fathers, how
they practiced polygamy. We found that they were practicing it in
a wrong way, where they married and divorced, married and di-
vorced—a lot of wives. Some of those practicing polygamy will, if
they marry the second one, neglect the first one—not the Islamic
way at all. And we look at polygamy as solving a social problem,
especially when it's confirmed that there are more women than
men in the society. It's not fun, it's not a matter of just having
women with you to sleep with—it's a solution for a problem. So
that's how [Osama and I] looked at it, and we decided to practice
[polygamy] and to be a model.

Jamal Khoshoggi, a Saudi journalist who knew bin Laden in Jidda:
Osama was just like many of us who become part of the [Mus-
lim] Brotherhood movement in Saudi Arabia. The only difference
which set him apart from me and others, he was more religious,
more literal, more fundamentalist. For example, he would not listen
to music. He would not shake hands with a woman. He would not
smoke. He would not watch television, unless it is news. He wouldn't
play cards. He would not put a picture on his wall. Even though
he comes from a rich family, he lives in a very simple house.

Khaled Batari: Did you know he went to America? He took his
[first] son, Abdullah, because Abdullah has problems with his head—it was deformed—so he took him for a medical trip.

Even after his marriage, for a year or so he was still living in
his mother's house. Later on, after he got his first child, it seems
like it was too tight a place for him, especially since he was plan-
ning to marry another woman. So they moved to a building in the
Al-Aziziyah district [in Jidda]. He gave each wife an apartment.
I visited him once and I saw that they were bare apartments. I
mean, I wouldn't live there myself. Very humble.

Carmen bin Ladin (a frequent alternative spelling), former wife of
Yeslam bin Ladin, Osama's older half-brother, in her 2004 book.
Inside the Kingdom: One day, Yeslam's younger brother Osama
came to visit. Back then he was a young student attending King Ab-
dul Aziz University in [Jidda], respected in the family for his stern re-
ligious beliefs, and recently married to a Syrian niece of his mother's.

Catching sight of Osama and his [adult] nephew Mafouz, I
smiled and asked them in. "Yeslam is here," I assured them, but
Osama snapped his head away when he saw me and glared back

In Saudi culture, any man who might one day become your
husband is not supposed to see you unveiled. Osama was among
those men who followed the rule strictly.

Wisal al Turabi, wife of Hassan Turabi, who became the de facto
leader of Sudan after a coup in 1989. In the early 1990s the Turabi
and bin Laden families socialized together in Khartoum: [one of bin Laden's wives], Umm Ali [i.e., the mother of Azzam],
had four wives. And he married the other three because
were spinsters. They were going to go without marrying in
world. So he married them for the Word of God. In Islam
we do this. If you have a spinster, if you marry her, you will be rec-
ed for this in the afterworld, because you will bring up you
spring as Muslims.

Noman Benotman, a Libyan former jihadist, remembers the
Laden lived a life far removed from that of the average billion-
son: He's living a normal life, the life of poor people. I saw
many times. You see his kids—you will never, ever in your
think those kids are bin Laden's kids; [rather] they are poor
from the poorest family in the world. I saw them. You won't
believe it—they're kids running around in old clothes. He al-
tells his followers, "You should learn to sacrifice everything for
modern life, like electricity, air-conditioning, refrigerators, a
line. If you are living the luxury life, it's very hard to evacuate
go to the mountains to fight.

Abu Jandal, bin Laden's former bodyguard, in an interview
with the London-based Arabic newspaper Al-Quds al-Dirani,
His wife Umm Ali asked Sheikh Osama for a divorce when
still lived in Sudan. She said that she could not continue to
an austere way and in hardship. He respected her wish
divorced her in accordance with the Koranic verse "Husb
and wife should either live together equitably or separate in
ness." The other wives stayed with him, however, although
come from distinguished families and are highly educated.

The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in 1979 was a profoundly
shocking event for bin Laden, as it was for thousands of other
; devo"t young Muslims, who were drawn to the Afghan jihad
during the 1980s. It was the first time since World War II that a
non-Muslim power had invaded and occupied a Muslim natio
Indeed, for bin Laden it was the most transformative event of
life. A key to this transformation was his encounter with the
charismatic Palestinian cleric Abdullah Azzam. Azzam was a
critical force both ideologically and organizationally for the
recruitment of Muslims from around the world to engage in the
Afghan struggle against the Soviets. Azzam became bin Lade
mentor, and in 1984 they founded the Services Office, an
organization dedicated to placing Arab volunteers either with
relief organizations serving the Afghan refugees who had fud
into Pakistan, or with the Afghan factions fighting the Soviets.

Osama bin Laden in 1997: The news was broadcast by radia-
tions that the Soviet Union invaded a Muslim country; this was
sufficient motivation for me to start to aid our brothers in Af-
gistan. In spite of the Soviet power, God conferred favors on us
that we transported heavy equipment from the country of the
Holy Places [Saudi Arabia] estimated at hundreds of tons
gather that included bulldozers, loaders, continued on page
“Bin Laden will never be captured. He’s not Saddam Hussein. He’s Osama.”
QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE

Oscar-nominated actress Naomi Watts, star of Peter Jackson's hotly anticipated King Kong, in Stamford, Connecticut, September 15, 2005.
For years, Naomi Watts was "the next big thing"—while she scrounged to pay the rent and watched her close friend Kidman reach the top. Now, four years after Watts's breakthrough, in Mulholland Dr., the next big thing has come to her. As the 37-year-old actress stars in Peter Jackson's remake of King Kong, he tells KRISTA SMITH about her ex-boyfriend, her new man, and her run-in with Fay Wray, the great ape's first love.
verywhere she goes, it's the same thing: "Hey, has anyone ever told you that you look like Naomi Watts?"

"I just smile. And keep walking," says none other than Naomi Watts, in her Anglo-Australian lilt. "If I were decked out in my stilettos, hair and makeup ready every day, then I might draw a little more attention to myself." This anonymity will cease to exist on December 14, however, when Universal Pictures releases Oscar winner Peter Jackson's *King Kong* in theaters around the world, transforming its leading lady from the woman who looks like Naomi Watts to the woman who is Naomi Watts, no questions asked. In the words of David Lynch, who cast her in her breakout role, in 2001's *Mulholland Dr.*. "Whoever sits in the palm of King Kong is a movie star for life."

At the Mercer Hotel, whose status as the favored destination for actors visiting New York was confirmed last June when Russell Crowe hurled a telephone at the concierge, I find Watts sitting on a banquet with her hair pulled back, wearing no makeup, in a chic but understated all-black outfit: Marc Jacobs camisole, her favorite old Roland Mouret pants, and simple flats. Next to her is her boyfriend, Liev Schreiber. "I get recognized more when I'm with him, because there is no mistaking him," Watts says. "He's tall, he's got a unique face. I just look like anybody. This is dressed up for me, by the way."

Watts and Schreiber began dating last spring, more than a year after she split from her previous boyfriend, Heath Ledger. That glamorous duo's relationship was always scrutinized through the prism of age, since Watts is 11 years older than Ledger. "I think deep down we both knew that there wasn't a forever plan," Watts says. "It was not an easy breakup but, you know, a bearable one. Is that a word? Bearable? It's sad saying good-bye to someone that you care for, but we always knew that it was in sight, so it was the inevitable that happened." Today, they remain friends, and Watts has even met Ledger's fiancée, Michelle Williams, who gave birth to the couple's daughter in late October.

One gets the feeling that Watts and Schreiber are at least entertaining thoughts of a "forever plan." They are a perfect match, not just physically but, more important, in terms of talent and intellect. At 38, Schreiber is one of Broadway's most respected actors, and Watts admits that she's always had an "actor crush on him." Last night, they had their first official outing as a couple, at the premiere of Schreiber's movie *Everything Is Illuminated*, his directorial debut. Our plan for today is to hit a few galleries in search of black-and-white prints to hang in Watts's house. For tips on where to go, she calls her older brother, Ben, a successful photographer who shoots for this magazine.

This is a short visit to New York for Watts; in a few days she'll return to China to finish filming a screen version of W. Somerset Maugham's *The Painted Veil*, with Edward Norton. Schreiber politely makes an exit to run a few errands before the trip—hastening a supporting role in the film—and once he's gone I press to talk about him behind his back. "He's just a solid guy," says. "And he's complex, which I love. And has a brilliant mind which I am totally in awe of. And he's incredibly funny—you have to laugh. For some people that's not such an important, but I need that. We understand each other very well, we're at very similar places in our lives."

The place where Watts finds herself right now is a very place indeed. After struggling for a decade to catch a break is, at 37, on the very short list of "go-to" actresses who can carry a movie made in Hollywood. At the top of that list is one of best friends, Nicole Kidman. Watts is so respected in Hol-wood that even the elusive Sean Penn. her co-star in 2003's *Grands*, doesn't hesitate to pick up the phone and extol her as a woman and as an actress: "She's the best of what you Watts is like. She's a very, dear person, deeply human, with a fire handy in her pockets when she wants them—and they hot in any color she wants. So it's really the most tremendous pleasant sort of person to be around and work with." He help but add, "And she's not half-bad-looking, either."

Kate Hudson, who starred with Watts in Merchant Ivory's *Divorce*, says, "You know what I love about Naomi? She do show up to everything. She wants to experience her life. It's hard people to stay away from their celebrity, and I think Naomi an amazing job." It's true: Watts rarely goes out unless it means something to her. She's not one of those actresses who tend the opening of a mini-bar as an excuse to dress up, get picture taken, and maybe go home with a free phone. Hudson on: "It's so rare that you actually remain friends with somebody you work with, especially females. When she got her break working with David Lynch, you looked at her and thought, Wow, is an extremely talented girl who's never had the opportunity to be so talented. It's like Kurt [Russell] said the other day: 'Look at Nicholson's first 10 movies and, you know, Naomi could be female Jack Nicholson.'"

Naomi Watts, who not so long ago was evicted from her apartment and felt grateful to have landed a role in *Child of the Corn IV: The Gathering*, now has a beautiful home in Los Angeles, "I owned it for a year," she says. "I've been there 30 nights there." And she has the words "Oscar-nominated" manently attached to her name. It was her nominated per-formance, as a grieving wife and mother in *21 Grams*, that made Jackson so determined to have her as his Ann Darrow, the her in *King Kong*. "Naomi delivered beautifully crafted performance in *21 Grams* and *Mulholland Dr.* Her work in those films is true and revealing and utterly honest," says Jackson, who won three arate Oscars in 2003 for writing, directing, and producing *The turn of the King*, the last film in his *Lord of the Rings* trilogy. "I Kong-Ann story doesn't work, the film won't work," he says. "gave her heart and soul to the film, and this was not an easy to make; six months in New Zealand doing big emotional scenes again blue screens is a tough task. One of the first things I covered, to my relief, is that Naomi has a very bawdy sense of mor. I feel incredibly blessed that she came to the movie."

For Watts, the deal was sealed over a three-and-a-half-hour in London with Jackson and Fran Walsh, his wife and par-text continued on page 155. Photographs continued over
Fay Wray whispered in my ear, ‘You’ll make a great Ann Darrow.’”

Katr is a longtime friend of Nicole Kidman’s. The two starred together in the 1991 Australian film Flirting.
HIGH WATTAGE

Before Mulholland
Dr., Watts spent
years chasing a
break—a struggle
satirized in her recent
film Ellie Parker.
“plan,” Watts says of her breakup with Ledger.
The last frontier of New York is space,” says Mikhail Baryshnikov, and he would know. It’s been 32 years since his 1974 Apollo landing in the West, a Soviet defection that rebooted the dance boom. In those 32 years “Misha” has made frontier a priority: We got the first hint of his interests when he crawled out on a limb in a 1989 Broadway production of Kafka’s Metamorphosis: the Sun God of classical ballet was suddenly psychically six-legged. Metamorphosis became Baryshnikov’s aesthetic M.O., moving him from mega-star artistic director of the American Ballet Theatre in the 80s to modern-dance man of the White Oak Dance Project in the 90s. Now, in this millennium, another transformation: mover behind a whole new scene.

The Baryshnikov Arts Center (BAC), an immaculate sequence of column-free, light-drenched, poured-concrete studios, is located in the top three stories of 37 Arts, a state-of-the-art performing-arts complex at 450 West 37th Street. The building, by architect John W. Averitt, is raw yet warm, with a Bauhaus posture. “The idea that we could purchase this space and design it specifically,” says Christina Sterner, Baryshnikov’s longtime business partner and BAC’s managing director, “that we could actually have a space to incorporate Misha’s very expansive vision, was exciting.”

International, interdisciplinary, BAC offers residency programs and fellowships to artists of all stripes. “I knew something like this would be an ideal playground for artists,” says Baryshnikov, who wants to see the kind of collaboration, combustion, risk, that was New York’s signature in the days when time and space were cheap. As for the location, he says, “I always passed this neighborhood driving downtown and said, ‘it’s kind of empty here.’ Not anymore. Up in the air on West 37th, with magnificent views of the Hudson River, floats another frontier, what Baryshnikov calls “the last chapter of my creative life.”

—LAURA JACOBS
THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

Mikhail Baryshnikov reaches new heights atop the Baryshnikov Arts Center, in New York City's Hell's Kitchen, October 4, 2005.
A missing girl. A desperate family. A tropical island. The disappearance of beautiful, blonde teenager Natalee Holloway on Aruba last May has become America’s most tragic reality show. But behind the cable-ratings bonanza is a war of wills and cultures, as Natalee’s mother, Beth Twitty, alleging an official cover-up, has turned Aruba upside down to find out what happened to her daughter. Sorting fact from rumor, with new information from the police, BRYAN BURROUGH cuts to the heart of the case.
RASHOMON

(1) Aruba deputy police chief Gerard Dompig. (2) The beach where Natalee was reportedly last seen. (3) Beth and Jug Twitty in Aruba on July 8. (4) Beth and her support group of friends. (5) Joran van der Sloot, center, with Satish and Deepak Kalpoe at Carlos ’n Charlie’s. (6) Aruban businessman Charles Croes. (7) Aruba Today reporter Angela Munzenhofer and editor Julia Renfro. (8) Natalee with the Dorian dance team in 2004.
I
t had been a soccer mom’s dream weekend, just the three women lying around the lake house at Hot Springs, Arkansas, sunbathing, relaxing, and luxuriating in the fact that, for three entire days, they were free of teenagers, dirty laundry, and housework. Now, on Monday, May 30, they were driving home in Beth Twitty’s Chevy Tahoe, barreling east out of Memphis, looking to make it back to suburban Birmingham, Alabama, in time to get dinner on the table by nightfall.

A little after 11 A.M., Beth’s cell phone rang. “Hello, this is Beth,” she said in her soft southern accent. It was Jody Bearman, one of seven adults who had escorted a group of 124 students from Birmingham’s Mountain Brook High School on a senior trip to the Caribbean island of Aruba. Twitty’s 18-year-old daughter, Natalee, a hard-driving, straight-A student who was heading to the University of Alabama on a full scholarship, was on the trip. Beth’s brow furrowed as she tried to digest Bearman’s message: Natalee had not appeared in the Holiday Inn lobby for the return flight to Alabama.

No one, in fact, had seen her since the night before. Another mother might have surmised that her daughter was still out partying, maybe passed out in a hotel room. Not Beth Twitty. “I knew immediately that my daughter had been kidnapped in Aruba,” she says today. “Natalee has never been late in her life.”

Beth didn’t panic. She became, in her words, “extremely focused.” From her cell phone she called 911, telling the dispatcher her daughter had just been kidnapped and she was driving 110 miles an hour straight through Mississippi, and she wasn’t stopping for anything. She called her husband, Natalee’s stepfather, George “Jug” Twitty, and the F.B.I. By the time Beth reached Birmingham, a family friend had already arranged for a private jet. By five o’clock she was on board, along with Jug, the general manager of a Birmingham metals-industry facility, and two of Jug’s longtime friends. They left a seat empty for the return trip—for Natalee. The jet landed at Aruba’s Queen Beatrix International Airport around 10 P.M.

Thus began a long night’s search that brought the Twittys face-to-face with the Dutch teenager they would come to believe was responsible for the disappearance of their daughter, a search that within days would captivate America, or at least that sizable part of it that watches the nightly “justice shows” on cable television. Soon Beth Twitty would become a recognizable media fixture, giving interviews or meeting with everyone from Greta Van Susteren to Diane Sawyer to Dr. Phil to Condoleezza Rice. She has never wavered in her search for Natalee or in her belief that a boy named Joran van der Sloot knows her daughter’s fate and that the corrupt police and government of Aruba have conspired to cover up the truth. The Twittys and others, including Bob Riley, the governor of Alabama, have called for American tourists to boycott the island.

Yet a deeper look at the investigation into Natalee Holloway’s disappearance suggests the case is more complicated than it might appear on television. The Twitty family’s obsessive quest has proved to be a national trauma for Aruba, a Dutch possession that has been repeatedly depicted in the U.S. media as overrun by drugs and crime. Stung by criticism they view as unwarranted, many Arubans, including a number who were once the Twittys’ closest allies, have turned on the family, depicting them as Ugly Americans.

“They’re killing Aruba,” says Aruban businessman Charles Crieos, a former ally. “That girl, Natalee, I wish she’d stayed home. I hope she’s found alive there. Because no one would care. No one. The kid is just not worth all this trouble, this heartache. Is Natalee worth it? Is she?”

The Aruban police have reached a breaking point. In a wide-ranging interview, Gerard Dompig, the deputy police chief in charge of the case, says the biggest obstacle to solving it has been the Twitty family itself. Among other things, Dompig charges that pressure from the family sidetracked the investigation from the outset, forcing the premature arrests of the main suspects and destroying the best chance police had of gathering evidence to solve the case.

“They brought out their big guns on the
very first day, and they started shooting,” grouses Dompig, seated in a tiny office inside his neat, European-style police station. “They didn’t understand the way things are done in our system. They didn’t want to understand. They act like they came from a world where you can just crush people. It was very harmful to our investigation.”

Dompig traces these difficulties to the first hours of his probe, when he met with the Twittys to assure them that everything possible would be done to find Natalee. Instead of gratitude, he says, he was met with angry threats. “Jug and his Alabama friends, they basically came out and said they would bring hell to our island if Natalee wasn’t found—‘burn it down’ were the exact words. That’s when I knew we were in serious trouble.” (Jug Twitty denies this happened. “Where would he get that?” he asks. “We thought he was a nice guy.”)

The Holloway case is now one of the most popular reality shows in America thanks to the hosts of cable television’s nightly justice shows, chiefly Greta Van Susteren on Fox News, Rita Cosby on MSNBC, and Nancy Grace on CNN Headline News. The story has all the elements the justice shows adore: an innocent victim, missing or murdered; avenging loved ones; and a handsome, white-male suspect. Throw in a gaggle of luckless cops and colorful minor characters, set it all in an island paradise, and you have the kind of real-life mystery that keeps Americans glued to their sets.

And make no mistake: Natalee Holloway has been very, very good for cable television. Van Susteren all but moved her show to Aruba this summer and saw her ratings jump nearly 60 percent. The case helped Rita Cosby leap to No. 1 at MSNBC. At CNN Headline News, Holloway served to introduce viewers to the frightening former prosecutor Nancy Grace. Not to mention the endless hours of programming by Bill O’Reilly of Fox, and Dan Abrams and Joe Scarborough of MSNBC.

But not without flak. The coverage has been assailed from all sides, for crowding out real news and for de-emphasizing the searches for other missing persons, especially blacks, Latinos, men, and the poor. In August, Bob Costas bowed out of a stint to be the guest host on Larry King Live rather than pore over the case’s details. On CNN, Anderson Cooper lambasted the coverage as overblown. The mainstream media have mostly demurred, sharpening the line between their definition of news and that of the justice.

“I’m putting together another strike against Aruba. They should never have messed with me,” says Beth Twitty.
The beach where Joran claimed he left Natalee.

The Marriott hotel.

The Holiday Inn tower where Natalee was staying.

The casino where Joran said he met Natalee.

The pond that was drained.
MILLER TIME
Opposite, the New York Times offices, on West 43rd Street, New York.

Unreliable
Jayson Blair brought down The New York Times’s top editors. Could Judy Miller bring down its publisher (and her longtime friend), Arthur Sulzberger Jr., who defended her as a media martyr when she was jailed for refusing to name a source in the Valerie Plame Wilson scandal? SETH MNOOKIN details Miller’s stonewalling of colleagues, the newsroom’s belief that it had a loose cannon in its midst, and the growing questions about Sulzberger’s judgment.
n Monday, October 3, a frightened and vulnerable Judith Miller walked into The New York Times’s cluttered Manhattan newsroom. It was the first time in three months she’d been inside the only professional home she’d known since 1977. Four days earlier, Miller had been released from Virginia’s Alexandria Detention Center, where she’d been incarcerated after refusing to testify in front of a federal grand jury investigating whether government officials had leaked the identity of undercover C.I.A. operative Valerie Plame Wilson. After 85 days in jail, Miller, aware that she could end up spending more than another year behind bars, had negotiated a deal that allowed her to testify. (“I don’t want to spend my life in here,” she’d told a friend while in Virginia.) Miller’s imprisonment, and her release, had made her a central figure in a scandal that was threatening to envelop the White House, as special prosecutor Patrick Fitzgerald homed in on Bush-administration officials who now seemed destined to be indicted for their role in the case.

Miller was not the first writer, or the first Times reporter, to have been jailed for refusing to share confidential information with government officials. In 1978, the Times’s Myron Farber was imprisoned for 40 days for his refusal to hand over notes in a murder trial. As recently as 2001, Vanessa Leggett, a former private investigator who was working on a book about the killing of a Houston socialite, stayed in jail for 168 days rather than turn over her notes to prosecutors. Unlike Miller, both Farber and Leggett were released from jail without having to reveal any confidential information.

In Farber’s case, as in Miller’s, the Times had waged a passionate crusade on its reporter’s behalf, and for seemingly good reason: there is no greater sacrifice, and no greater test of the journalist’s code of ethics, than going to jail for refusing to name a confidential source. Without reporters’ ability to promise confidentiality to those willing to share information that their bosses—or the government—might not want published, journalism as we know it would grind to a halt. During Miller’s imprisonment, the paper’s editorial page—run by Times publisher Arthur Sulzberger Jr. and editorial-page editor Gail Collins—published piece after piece championing Miller as a highly principled American hero. “We stand with Ms. Miller and thank her for taking on that fight for the rest of us,” read one typically crusading column.

In the Times’s third-floor newsroom, Miller was not given a hero’s welcome. (She had been so wary of the reception she might receive that she’d asked a friend to escort her into the building.) The more than 100 reporters and editors who had gathered in the center of the room—traditionally the site of Pulitzer Prize celebrations—greeted Miller with tepid applause. Miller, always slim, had lost quite a bit of weight during her confinement and looked pale and frail under her trademark pageboy.

Bill Keller, the paper’s executive editor, acknowledged the tension in the room. “I know that you and our readers still have a lot of questions about how this drama unfolded,” Keller told the assembled staff in a drawl that was at once folksy and patriarchal. “Now that she’s free, we intend to answer those questions to the best of our ability in a thoroughly reported piece in the pages of The New York Times, and soon. We owe it to our readers, and we owe it to you, our staff.” Keller was right. Times employees, along with the rest of the country, were wondering what, exactly, Miller’s relationship had been with I. Lewis “Scooter” Libby, the source she had seemingly gone to jail to protect, and whether she was the right reporter on whose behalf to wage a campaign. Most pressingly, they wanted to know what, exactly, had changed to allow Miller to testify after both Miller and the Times had so passionately and persistently argued that no amount of jail time would compel her to reveal her sources.

Keller had already set some of the room’s most trusted journalists on the case. Earlier that day, reporters David Barstow and Adam Liptak and editor Jon Landman had gone out to lunch at Virgil’s, a Times Square barbecue joint that Landman, especially fond of, to discuss putting together a report on Miller and her saga. Barstow, highly respected reporter at the paper, Liptak, a former Times in-house counsel, and now the paper’s national legal correspondent, had worked together on a libel project two and a half years earlier. A 14,000-word dissection of the Jayson L Stark case, Landman, the paper’s deputy managing editor, would oversee and edit the story. Over lunch, Barstow, who had asked by Keller the previous Friday to work on the project, said he was unsure whether it would be appropriate for him to join the team. He’d sat next to Miller in the paper’s investigative unit for several years and was close to the controversial correspondent. Indeed, Miller herself had asked Barstow to work on the story.) Throughout lunch, Landman and Liptak tried to convince Barstow he could be an asset to the team.

“’There was a perfect-storm aspect to this. Post-Howell, Arthur and Judy were both looking at resurrecting their reputations,’” Keller said.

on because I just think he’s so good. [Barstow] was right.”

Back in the newsroom, Susan Edgerley, the paper’s metropolitan editor, asked Barstow if she could speak with her. “She led me all the way across the newsroom into her office,” Scott, one of the paper’s better writers, remarked. “And she had a look on her face . . . I don’t know. I was worried I had screwed up on something. I mean, she was very jolly normally.” Once inside her office, Edgerley closed the door and asked Scott to join the team.

Barstow, meanwhile, was wrestling with the decision he had to make. Eventually, he asked Don Van Natta for his advice. Natta, another member of the paper’s investigative team, had recently returned to New York from a posting in London. Natta had worked with Miller before—two had even shared a byline on a story a 2001 series that eventually won a Pulitzer.
new he had a very close relationship
with Judy,” Van Natta says of Barstow. “And
I to him immediately. ‘Absolutely not. I
can’t work on this.’

Van Natta himself, however, had no
conflicts. That night, he met his old
friend the Washington, D.C.–based Times
Columnist Maureen Dowd at the Royalton
to dinner. A group of Dowd’s clos-
traits from the paper were there, includ-
ing TV reporter Bill Carter, book critic
Kakutani, and managing editor Jill
Abramson. At one point, Abramson took
Natta, with whom she is very close,
“Don, I need you for something,”
said. “I need you to work on
the Miller story.”

On that unseasonably warm
day in early October, writing the Times’s own ac-
count of the Miller tale must have seemed like an
evitable assignment, but
one that could be com-
pleted without too much hassle. Keller had
already implicitly promised that the team
would get full access to all areas of the news-
er. Miller herself had said just that af-
noon that she would cooperate with the
paper’s reporters, before hastily adding that
she might also write up her own account in
ook.

But the process of shepherding the story
to print would be anything but smooth. It
uld be two full weeks and several blown
dlines before the Times’s account of Mil-
ner’s story—and Miller’s own dispatch de-
ting her grand-jury testimony—made it
to the pages of The New York Times. By
then there was no longer any illusion that
Miller was being greeted with open arms or
that the circumstances of her jailing and re-
lease were anything but deeply troublesome
for the Times. The Times reporters working the
story found that the editorial board
many of the paper’s top executives ei-
ther refused to speak with them or were pro-
bited from doing so. Sulzberger himself
d explicitly barred at least one executive
from speaking about the case. (According
to several newsroom sources, had
strumental in crafting the paper’s ini-
tial response in the Miller case. When
asked to comment for this article, Sulzber-
ger wrote in an
continued on page 164
One of America's most prestigious boarding schools, St. Paul's, has been hit by scandal after scandal over the past few years: financial improprieties, the ouster of its highly paid rector, a hazing investigation, a drowning in its new, $24 million fitness center, and allegations of sexual abuse by revered teachers. ALEX SHOUMATOFF returns to the 2,000-acre Concord, New Hampshire, campus, to learn how hubris, stonewalling, and the information revolution divided—though never conquered—his alma mater.
For the past 150 years St. Paul's School, the "exclusive" (as it is invariably called) boarding school in Concord, New Hampshire, has been the Eton of America's upper crust. Or perhaps it is its Hogwarts, as Harry Potter's fictional academy is called, providing the country with many of its most accomplished wizards—not just at making money, although that is what its graduates have tended to do, but in practically every endeavor. Its main constituency has traditionally been the conservative old Wasp families of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia—the plutocracy that has been running the country for generations. But this is changing. Since the first black student was admitted—in my class, which graduated in 1964—the school's admissions policy has been progressively more meritocratic. The "natural aristocracy," based on virtue and talent, to use Thomas Jefferson's distinction, has been displacing the "artificial aristocracy," based on wealth and birth. Every year there are fewer "legacies," fewer fourth- or fifth-generation Paulies, among the 533 students, who now come from 37 states and 21 countries.

Despite its reputation for being a breeder of staunch, old-line Republicans. St. Paul's has also turned out a distinguished roster of liberals, including the cartoonist Garry Trudeau and Senator John Kerry. Kerry was in the class of '62, two years ahead of me, and even then he seemed to be plotting his run for the presidency. When he finally got his chance, many of us alumni were hoping he would win, not only because we felt the Bush administration was such a disaster but also because St. Paul's has yet to produce a president, whereas Groton prepped F.D.R., Choate J.F.K., and Andover both Bushes. But Kerry was a terrible disappointment. He simply lacked the common touch—which is not something you acquire at St. Paul's.

Last November, while Kerry was underperforming at the polls, a series of crises was rocking our alma mater. Elements of the trouble had been brewing for several years, but what busted the whole thing open was an article in the August 25, 2003, Wall
“Let’s cut to the chase,” says one form director.
“How much did the Bishop rip us off for?”
MONEYED CLASSES

Street Journal which revealed that the rector, as the headmaster of this venerable Episcopalian hall of learning is called, was being paid $524,000 a year in salary, pension, bonuses, and perks that included having his daughters' tuition at the University of Chicago picked up by the school. Parents, students, and alumni were stunned, and a rumor went around that the amount was more than the president of Harvard is paid. (It's actually a little less, and some prep-school headmasters get even more.)

The rector, as his name implies, is supposed to be a pillar of rectitude, especially if, as Craig Anderson was, he is also a bishop of the Episcopal Church. But "the Bish," as he was fondly called by students, had been accused of using the rector's discretionary fund—which is supposed to be reserved for school expenses—to pay for personal ones, including his membership in a yacht club in Maine. ("It was not a fancy yacht club," Anderson says from Minnesota, where he and his wife now live. "The dues were minimal—$1,000 to $1,200 a year. In my contract, there were certain provisions for memberships in clubs. One year, this was used for the yacht club, but when this was brought to light and felt to be inappropriate, I repaid it fully.") On top of this, the trustees who were managing the school's $364 million endowment were accused of having "cozy relationships" with some of the companies they had it invested in, although an investigation found nothing illegal.

All of this prompted an investigation by the New Hampshire attorney general's office, which put the school's finances under review through 2008, even though the rector and vice-rector had cut their own salaries by 10 percent. It also prompted an audit by the I.R.S., which has yet to be concluded. Not one but two scathing articles about the school eventually appeared in The New York Times, the paper of record. Not good for the old image, especially when you are competing for top students against other well-endowed institutions such as New Hampshire's Phillips Exeter Academy, Connecticut's Choate Rosemary Hall, and Massachusetts's Groton School, Phillips Academy Andover, and Milton Academy, not to mention the excellent private day schools and public schools that are attracting a growing number of high-performing teenagers.

This embarrassing spot on the school tie was still painfully fresh when, a few days into the 2004–5 school year, 15 sixth-form (senior) girls were suspended for hazing some of the new girls. The worst thing that
happened was that some of the younger students were forced to simulate fellatio on bananas. Not such a big deal, compared with the 15-year-old girl at Milton Academy who performed oral sex on five members of her school’s hockey team in succession a few months later. (Not such a big deal either, apparently: judging from a recent S.P.S. graduate’s response: “The question is: Did they win?”) Or compared with the student at Northfield Mount Hermon School, in Massachusetts, who had the word Homo carved into his back by two jocks in 1999. Or with the freshman football player at McGill University, in Montreal, who was prodded in the rear with a broomstick during a hazing ceremony last August 27, prompting the school to cancel its entire 2005 football season. But the banana incident violated New Hampshire’s hazing law and had to be reported to the police. Groton’s trustees had gotten into hot water a few years earlier for trying to keep the lid on sexual-abuse allegations. So there was an investigation, and the papers got wind of it, and the school suffered a second public-relations disaster.

Then, on November 7, only five weeks after the school’s monumenial new $24 million gym and fitness center opened, a boy in the fourth form (the 10th grade) drowned in its Olympic-size swimming pool. While this appeared to fall into the category of pure tragedy (although the parents have sued the school), it couldn’t have happened at a worse moment. One couldn’t help thinking that the Lord was not smiling on this devoutly Christian school, where attendance at chapel four times a week is still obligatory.

The fourth element of the St. Paul’s calamity had been incubating for years: the allegations that, from the late 1940s through the early 90s, dozens of the school’s masters (as the teachers were known until women joined the faculty, in 1972), including several revered ones, had sexually molested students. Perhaps this shouldn’t have been surprising, given that molestation—or “inappropriate boundary-crossing by a teacher,” as it was more delicately described by Dean of Faculty Candice Dale—is a problem in schools the world over. Some of the alumni of Seelwyn House, a private all-boys day school in Montreal that has educated much of the city’s Anglophone elite, for instance, have filed a class-action suit against the school for abuse they allegedly suffered from a teacher in the 70s and 80s. Both Andover and Exeter have also had sex-abuse incidents in the past 15 years.

My heart went out to the school. I had a great time there and learned so much that I entered Harvard as a sophomore. St. Paul’s really gave me a leg up, as it did almost everyone who went there, including the ones who were kicked out or ran away and went on to have stellar careers. So it was distressing to see the treatment it was getting in the press. As one scandal followed another, none of the news articles that my classmates disseminated to one another in hundreds of mass e-mails conveyed what the school was actually like. Many of my media colleagues seemed to be taking relish in tearing down the reputation of one of the sanctums of American elitism. It was such a juicy target, how could you not go for the jugular? But anyone who has gone to St. Paul’s knows what a magical, and surprisingly democratic, place it is.

My interest was piqued because I knew many of the players, including one of the most notorious of the accused masters, who is now living in disgrace in another state. At least I thought I knew him. (He had never come on to me.) I knew the new interim rector, Bill Matthews, who had been an exemplary sixth-form supervisor in the Lower School when I was in the third form. And I knew the new head of the board of trustees, Jim Robbins, because we’d grown up together in Bedford, New York, in the 50s. Both of them had taken office after their predecessors resigned in June. We hadn’t seen one another in years, but I remembered them as good men. I also knew one of the lifetime trustees who had been on the secretive, too powerful Executive Committee and had stepped down, and the investment adviser who had done the report on the school’s governance for the state A.G.’s office. The New England prep-school world of 40 to 50 years ago is a small one.

I had also written the history of two other private schools, attended by my five sons over the years—St. George’s School of Montreal, and Ripponwam Cisqua School, in Bedford, New York—so I knew that schools are fascinating microcosms. They act out what is happening in the society at large. As the parent of a former student told me, after I started writing about the crises and their repercussions, “Everything that happened at St. Paul’s is symptomatic of what our society has become.”

The St. Paul’s campus spreads over more than 2,000 acres of deep woods, spotted with dark ponds, on the outskirts of the state capital. On the largest pond, Turkey, the crews of the rival rowing teams, the Haleys and the Shattucks (every student belongs to one of these, whether or not he

A FINE MESS

The Gothic Upper Dining Room, with its high, vaulted ceiling, contributes to the sense of St. Paul’s as America’s Hogwarts. Photographed on October 6, 2005.
"We discovered a culture of secrecy among teachers and students that enabled the abusers to keep abusing."
or she goes out for crew), race each spring. When they are good enough, usually every other year, the best oarsmen go to Henley-on-Thames, in England, to compete in the Princess Elizabeth Challenge Cup against the crews of Eton, Harrow, and other British public schools. The Halcyon jacket is maroon, the Shattuck cerulean blue, and the lapels of both are fringed with white. Straw boaters, white ducks, white oxfords, and white shirts with the Halcyon or Shattuck tie complete the after-the-race outfit. Hogwarts has Quidditch. St. Paul’s has crew, hockey, and squash.

The central part of campus is bisected by a broad, straight road which becomes a ceremonial way on Anniversary Weekend each June, when the alumni parade down it, class by class. It is the gratitude and the generosity of its 7441 living graduates that keep the school going. But, as a classmate of mine who hails from one of the nation’s oldest families told me, “Those who give like the idea of their kids and grandkids going there, but this has been a problem since the late 80s, when the school turned into some kind of a hothouse that only the crème de la crème can get into anymore.”

My six-day visit to the school in October coincides with one of those glorious little windows known as Indian summer, a combination of Gershwin’s “Summertime” and Johnny Mercer’s “Autumn Leaves.” Each morning the ponds are swathed in mist. I watch students running across the bridge from the Coit Upper dormitory, where they have just had breakfast, to chapel. If they aren’t inside by the time its Westminster chimes toll eight times, their names will be taken and they will get a “bag,” which was called a demerit in my day. Back then, enough demerits put you on a work crew, which was run by a little man who was known to us as “the Toad.” The Toad used to take some of the boys from the best families on a tour of whorehouses in the summer. As far as I know, no one who participated in these outings has ever complained. “The Toad was not a pedophile,” says an alumnus who has made it his mission to expose abusers among the faculty. “At worst he was a voyeur-facilitator.”

By nine o’clock the mist has burned off, to reveal massive white pines, flecked with the flaming oranges and reds of turned hardwoods, leaping out over the ponds. One golden, sun-flooded day follows another. The campus is as idyllic as I remember it. On my first day there, a Friday afternoon, the form directors—who get their classmates to come to reunions, and shake them down for checks—and the trustees have gathered for a “volunteer leadership weekend.” I find everybody in the Schoolhouse, wearing the school tie—black with red and white diagonal stripes. It’s a very bright, high-powered group, like a meeting of the Templars. Marvelous-looking old Wasp, including one who could be the twin of Ben Bradlee, mingle with other distinguished men of less obvious provenance. (Bradlee himself went to St. Mark’s School, in Massachusetts.) There are a few African-Americans and Asian-Americans, and a few women, but it still seems like an old boys’ club.

A lot of the people in the room are very pissed off. The class of ’55, which had its 50th reunion in June, deliberately failed to meet its $2 million goal as a protest against the board and administration that allowed all these things to happen. But the treasurer of the class of ’56’s upcoming 50th tells me, “We have a couple of million at least in the bag already. We’ve got a good momentum going.” And after the Bish was sent packing, donations shot up dramatically. It has turned out to be a banner fund-raising year. “Our return is higher than any endowment out there,” reports the new treasurer of the board. Bob Lindsay (’73), who is a nephew of former New York mayor John Lindsay (’40) and is also head of the search committee that will choose the next rector. By all the metrics—the number of applications, the percentage of students accepted, the proportion who get into the Ivies, the amount of money being raised—the school is in vibrant health.

Jim Robbins, the new president of the board of trustees, is at the lectern, fielding questions like a White House press secretary during a hurricane. Robbins runs his own media company in Atlanta. “Are you going to tell who did what, when, or is that protected?” asks one form director, and another says, “Let’s cut to the chase. How much did the Bishop rip us off for?”

Robbins says coolly that what is released will be what is best for the school, and that Anderson is repaying every penny of his questionable expenses. Robbins would be happy to discuss the exact sum, he says, but he doesn’t want to publicize it lest it trigger another article in The New York Times. I have heard that the dubious expenditures add up to around $300,000. Peanuts by Enron standards, but it’s enough to pay for more than eight full scholarships for a year. (Annual tuition at St. Paul’s is $35,000, plus fees.)

Anderson later tells me he is constrained by the I.R.S. audit from saying how much he is paying back. He says the $300,000 figure is wrong but won’t say whether the actual number is more or less. Robbins and I have known each other since we were kids. In the summer of 1963, my father and I took him and another boy to climb a small mountain called Les Diablerets—the Little Devils—near Villars, Switzerland. We ran into trouble, as happen in the mountains. Robbins very brave and really pulled his oar in life-threatening situation, so I have faith he is capable of “righting the good ship Paul’s,” as he puts it.

But not everyone is convinced that housecleaning within the board has been thorough enough. One member of the class of ’69 would later complain in a mass e-mail, “Much is being said lately by the board leadership about clearing the air and rectifying the trust. That’s a difficult thing to accomplish when many are still on the board signed ‘unanimous’ declarations of support for Anderson, and managed to heap praise on themselves at the same time. A board of trust would return quickly, much air clear, if those board members would demonstrate their sincerity by resigning. There’s really no other way to ‘break’ with the past; those are honors that fall upon their swords.”

Robbins apologizes to the form director for the way all the trouble has made their jobs harder, and tells them, “The problem was that the board did not do due diligence in checking out Anderson before he was hired. They fell in love with the candor and suspended disbelief, and that can’t happen again.” He cites other problems—centrusted power in the Executive Committee—the board’s five-member administrative body, which has since been shaken up—and a lack of communication among the rector, the board, and everybody else. Then he adds, “The school is phenominal, but this murmur—this noise at top—we need to establish a disconnect with it. The students’ experience is unencumbered by whatever noise there has been at the top of the organization. But it’s going to take a while to get out of this ditch.”

There is a lot of talk about getting blood on the 23-member board, but it already seems to be somewhat diverse. In addition to classic Wasp such as Robbins and Lindsay, there is an African-American justice who serves as the clerk and a Jewish New York investment banker who heads the committee. There are also Sabrina Frist and the Nigerian-born Dr. Ofuennim Falusi Olopade, as well as Trinka Taylor of Dallas, originally from Midland and a friend of the president’s. And there is J. Frist, a relative of Senate majority leader Bill Frist, who is under investigation dumping his stock in HCA Inc., a company his father helped found, a few days fore it tanked.

Lindsay tells the room that “the idea that the trustees were enriching themselves is not true.” This will be confirmed a day later by Harold Janevay, the investing banker who did the report on the scho
mement management for the A.G.'s office. "There was nothing that was a charge-offense or even close to it," Janeway says. According to the report, one trustee, George Baker, had been managing the endowment for more than 25 years, with very little oversight. He had invested it in more than 50 "instruments," many of them hedge funds and private venture-capital firms, so money was very difficult to track. "It was so much what they were doing, but they were doing it," Janeway says.

Baker was the head of the endowment committee in New Mexico. Baker confirms that he ran the endowment committee almost single-handedly over the late 70s to 2005 and had "pretty much a carte blanche" because "few trustees were trained in the business." He adds, "They were simpler times." During this period, Baker says, he grew the endowment and shielded it from the dot-com bubble which clobbered many other schools.

It is a relief to know that the alleged financial improprieties seem to have been limited to Anderson. Even he didn't think he was doing anything wrong—just getting what was entitled to in his contract. "The culminating, with Sarbanes-Oxley [the federal regulations imposed on corporations in the wake of Enron's collapse, in 2001] mixing to the nonprofit sector, has brought to light S.P.S. under a lot of scrutiny, which is probably good," he says. "But to be in the past in terms of the new government regulations, to suggest that people act inappropriately, is insensitive. There is a new way of operating."

Wondering how the whole thing got started, I began to piece together the irrevocable and rather sordid chain of events ended with Anderson's resignation and removal as director. Sharon Hennessy of the indecentosal, Hennessy, whose salary also nearly tripled in the eight years she was there. At his former school, Anderson had included a membership at the Deerfield Ranch Spa—which reportedly cost him between $20,000 and $30,000—and an annual trip to a pedagogical conference in Tuscany for his personal expenses, Hennessy, who was unable to attend, was given the money.

The chain begins in the fall of 1974, when revered teacher named Lawrence Katzenbach (whose uncle Nicholas had been deputy attorney general under President Kennedy) allegedly dropped his trousers and posed erect penis to a senior girl who was babysitting his newborn baby. "His wife is in the hospital," says the victim, who was not to be named. "He said, 'Come touch it,' and I ran out of the house and at kept running until I stopped somewhere in the woods, shaking." Deeply traumatized by the experience, the woman was unable to tell anyone what had happened until her 25th reunion, in 2000, when she decided to finally get it off her chest.

Ursula Holloman ('75), now a screenwriter in L.A., describes the scene to me: "I was sitting on the lawn with [the victim] and a couple of other women in my class when she started to tell us what Mr. Katzenbach did to her. I was stunned. I took Modern Novel with Mr. Katzenbach, and he was one of the best teachers I had at S.P.S. So we started talking and we remembered that another teacher had a bad reputation as an abuser, and there he was on prominent display right there at Anniversary."

The teacher in question, who has never been charged with any crime, had worked at the school for decades. By 2000, he was retired but still involved with the school, and was one of its best-regarded masters. "We decided. Something has to be done about this, so, using the e-mail chain for our 25th. in the fall of 2000 we started our pro tempore task force on student molestations."

Alexis Johnson ('76), a native-rights lawyer in Flagstaff, Arizona, who says he had been propositioned by this teacher. joined the task force, which collected eight reports on the retired master and nine on Katzenbach. The former was accused of forcibly holding hands and of physical assault, but not of any sex acts or fondling of private parts. "His victims ranged from some who felt silenced to others who felt completely destroyed," Holloman says.

Eventually the group gathered allegations of abuse by 29 masters over a 50-year period, including 5 who were active in the early 60s, when I was there. "Many who are abused have had their boundaries violated already," Holloman adds. "Predators can smell a victim."

In the fall of 2000, a delegation from the task force, consisting of some of the alumni who had been abused and some who had not, presented the report to the board, but the report was rejected. The board's decision was made with no discussion in public meeting, "just to give them an idea of what had been going on," Holloman says. "They said, 'This is ancient history. It could never happen now.' They were concerned with, basically, covering their butts. They asked if any of the teachers were still at the school, and we said, 'Yes.' And it all became about [the unnamed teacher]. The dead and long-departed teachers they didn't care about. They never asked for the list. They were not interested. He was the only one they had to protect themselves from." Anderson disputes this, saying, "I complimented the work of the task force... I never said the incidents were ancient history. I said, 'We want to do everything in our power to ensure that this never happens again.' We were not interested in just [the one teacher]." (The school declined to answer a number of questions for this article.)

Even when the teacher cut his remaining ties with St. Paul's, no reason was given. The school's policy in such situations appeared to be absolute confidentiality, which deprived the victims of the closure they sought in all the other cases. "It was pretty similar to the Catholic Church," Holloman says. "All we got was lip service: 'We're formulating a new policy on this. It's under control.' We were accused by one trustee of plotting to sue the school, but we were just trying to bring this out into the light so people could talk. because we discovered a culture of secrecy among teachers and students that kept these things hidden and enabled the abusers to keep abusing—a whole repeating pattern." Katzenbach's victim adds, "The thing that became really appalling is that the administration knew it had been happening over a very long time."

As its 25th-reunion gift, the class of 1975 gave a sizable amount of money for boundary training for the faculty and other measures to enhance the security of the students. These have been implemented, according to Dean Dale. But boarding schools attract sexually conflicted adults. Over the years, at least one staff member suspected to be preying on students at St. Paul's was dismissed, but the administration didn't implement a zero-tolerance policy until the early 90s.

Frustrated by what he saw as stonewalling, Johnson says, "I started to wonder: If there is a lack of candor on the crucial issue of the children's safety, what else aren't they being candid about? So I started to look into the financial operation." At the same time, Eleanor Shannon, a wealthy parent from Hanover, New Hampshire, who co-chaired the Parents' Committee with her husband, David Salem, was also looking into it. The couple had been on the verge of giving a six-figure gift to the school when a fellow parent familiar with fund-raising efforts told Shannon at a squash match that she had better take a look at the school's finances, starting with the rector's salary.

Shannon's husband is the founding C.E.O. of a big investment fund for nonprofit organizations, and she believed that, as head of the Parents' Committee, she could be legally liable under New Hampshire law if there were any financial impropriety. Using the Internet, she pulled up St. Paul's statements, as well as those of Andover and Exeter and Deerfield Academy, in Massachusetts, and noticed some unusual expenses in St. Paul's $30-million-plus annual budget that Shannon says were not in those of the other schools—such as $932,118 for legal fees
St. Paul's Scandal

and $3,909,861 for "other." The school explained that there had been an error in filling out the forms but that the problem had been subsequently addressed. According to an alumni familiar with the situation, "Shannon asked for more detailed stuff than what was on the 990 [the statement the school, as a nonprofit institution, was obligated to file], which she was entitled to do."

A 30-page exchange detailing her frustrated attempt to get answers to her questions was posted on an alumni Web site, and she soon resigned from the Parents' Committee. Then she really started digging. Another alumnus started an online chat forum that detailed all sorts of damaging revelations and allegations, which spread around the alumni and ultimately reached the media.

At that point, the momentum leading to the downfall of Anderson and Hennessy and the Executive Committee was unstoppable. As my old blue-blooded classmate reflected, "A school administration used to be able to handle the news. But now there are blogs and cell phones that spread rumors, and the school has to react. The ability to keep information private is gone, and that is really hard for the administration of a school. Something happened at St. Paul's one night at 11 o'clock. I don't remember what it was, but there was an accurate account of it in the Andover student newspaper the next morning. God, I'd hate to be a headmaster and have to wake up every morning wondering, What have the little fuckers done now?"

The faculty was also at odds with the rector and the board. Partly it was because the teachers were liberals, and the trustees were for the most part stodgy conservatives "who have not crossed the postmodern line into the world with the rest of us," as one faculty member put it. And partly it was a class issue: the trustees acted as if the teachers were underlings, when in fact it is the teachers who dedicate their lives and careers to fulfilling the school's mission.

The questions about the school's financial operations were brought to the attention of The Wall Street Journal, possibly by an ex-teacher, and a three-inch-thick dossier entitled "St. Paul's School: Legally Actionable Acts of Commission and Omission" was sent to the New Hampshire attorney general's office. Some of the claims cited in the dossier have the whiff of shadiness, but few Paulines seem eager to go into it. As another classmate told me, "There's probably more bad stuff to be uncovered, but nothing really salacious." People would prefer to let sleeping dogs lie—as long as they don't become rabid again.

Hoping to gain some insight into how these events fit into the flow of the school's history, and that of the country at large, I spent every minute I could at the fabulous Ohrstrom Library, sampling its enormous collection of books. Designed by Robert A. M. Stern and finished in 1991, the library is one of the masterpieces of late-20th-century educational architecture. I didn't have the slightest interest in the school's history when I was a student there, but, as I now discover, it is quite fascinating.

The school was founded in 1856 by a Boston doctor named George Shattuck, who hoped to implement the beliefs of an early-19th-century Swiss pioneer in progressive education named Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi. Pestalozzi espoused the Rousseauian idea that society was irredeemably compromised but that children were a fount of natural goodness. The only hope for reforming society, therefore, was to begin with children and give them a "natural" education.

This meant removing the sons of the Gilded Age's ruling class from their corrupting environs and building a school for them in some pristine place where they could experience the sublime directly through their senses. Green fields and trees, streams and ponds, beautiful scenery, flowers and minerals, are "educators," Shattuck wrote. Nature was character-forming, and so was what Groton's legendary headmaster Endicott Peabody called "corrective salutary deprivation." So the boys had to take cold showers and live in spartan alocves and were completely cut off from the outside world and the opposite sex.

In 1911, Dr. Samuel Drury became the fourth rector and ushered in the school's golden age—the days most people would like to bring back—which lasted until his death 27 years later. Dr. Drury was a feared and revered, larger-than-life headmaster in the mold of Peabody. When Gary W. Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, visited his son at the school and lit up a Lucky Strike, Dr. Drury struck it out of his hand. Dr. Drury had been a missionary and had seen the misery that most of the world lives in; the main thing he tried to instill in his privileged charges was the notion of service. He was always reminding them, "From those to whom much is given, much is expected."

But already the campus was becoming quite grand. The chapel and the Gothic Upper Dining Room, with its high, vaulted ceiling, were positively Hogwartsian. Money was corrupting the mission, despite Dr. Drury's best efforts. "[The school] must not become a place of fashion, an exclusive retreat, where like-minded sons of like-minded parents disport themselves," he expostulated. "Our function is not to conform to the rich and prosperous world which surrounds us but, rather, through its children, to vert it." Nevertheless, St. Paul's was beginning to resemble the St. Midas's School—"the most expensive and the most exclusive boys preparatory in the world"—of F. Fitzgerald's 1922 short story "The mond As Big as the Ritz" of Nelson W. A. Jr. (53), in his book, Old Money: The Alumnus of Wealth in America, describes his at the school as "the St. Midas Ordeal," observer said of the recent scandals. Paul's has always been a mélange of class and money, and money won out, because the church is dying."

In the 60s, the complexion of the school began to change. More scholarships were awarded, and the first minority students were admitted. A revolt of 162 sixth-formers along with a teacher named Gerry Stoddard, who later became a congressman, led to relaxation of the dress code and the admission of girls in the early 70s. The new rector, William Oates, espoused prevailing educational and developmental thinking of the day, that schools should be repressive and that adolescents should be free to experiment and try out different possibilities. In the 80s an impressive performing arts center was built, and the school became more artsy.

Thanks to Manchester Airport and the improved interstate highway system, the school was no longer so remote and cut off. And now that greed was good, people felt the notion of service barely relevant. The school had an enormous problem to raise money and to scrounge the country and find the best and brightest kids. The school had to keep up with rival prep schools, and major building projects were undertaken, architecture that will one day be seen as imperial, climax-of-the-consumer-culture.

By the mid-80s, however, the board was getting alarmed that the students were out of control and the faculty had too much leeway, so they brought in David Hicks, a headmaster of a day school in Dallas called St. Mark's, to tighten things up. Hicks, who now lives in Montana, recalls, "One of the mandates I was given was to improve the quality of the school academically. Nobody had gone to Harvard in five years, except for legacies. I was also mandated to control student behavior. The students were pulled and 80 percent of them were using drugs. It was very vious to anyone who walked around school on Saturday night that many of them were under the influence of something.... On my watch, some prosperous parents from Philadelphia walked into student center and found a boy and a girl having intercourse on a couch. I expostulated, which was not popular. "The original parents of the Gilded
knew what it was like out there, wanting their children to be hardened and not led, but by the time I got there, silly racist ideas encouraged them to think they were something special, that the rules didn’t apply to them, and that was not good. Kids would have been better off in a meritocratic environment.

Hicks alienated the faculty by firing of its most prominent members as part of program to streamline the curriculum, was so disliked by the students that the drama tree in front of the Rectory was killed and a steaming turd was left on the step. When the faculty voted in favor of no-confidence motion, Hicks left in the middle of the year.

In 1996, he published an article in The American Scholar called “The Strange Fate of the American Boarding School.” It includes a thought-provoking passage: “Although the old-moneyed families still exert a considerable influence and control over their community interests, they often do so in ways that suit their own social and financial interests… To some extent, the selfishness of mounting social and financial axiomatics is reinforced by the rise of a new generation of students who have been acclimated to getting what they want, no matter how difficult or unethical it may be.”

I sat in on a Greek class for second-year students. You don’t find Greek being taught at too many high schools anymore. The students, who included one African-American boy and two Asian-American girls, were extremely bright, as were all the students I talked to. And so polite and welcoming. When I asked how they liked the school, they invariably said it was awesome. And who wouldn’t feel the same way? How many high schools have a harpsichord and a corde de ballet?

I jammed with a “frek,” a new category of student since my time who might be described as a latter-day hippie or freak. Freks (the word is derived from “frolic”) are really into the Grateful Dead. This frek had a head on his shoulders. He was an excellent musician and had already recorded a CD. His plan was to move to New York and get into the music business.

I had lunch with Ike Perkins, the son of some filmmaking friends of mine and the great-nephew of Maxwell Perkins, the famed editor of Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Thomas Wolfe.Scads of Perkinses have gone to St. Paul’s. Since
Chapel, which I attended twice, had become a totally different experience. It had become fun, an opportunity for the kids to express themselves rather than have the word of God stuffed down their throats. Both times, a conga line of girls started bumping and grinding in the center aisle. Dr. Drury would have rolled over in his grave if he had witnessed this sacrilege. But the old hymns whose words I knew by heart, though I hadn't sung them in years, were being sung, as was the school anthem, an overt paean to capitalism taken from Psalm 122:

O pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
they shall prosper that love thee.
Peace be within thy walls,
and plenteousness within thy palaces.

I found myself whispering the wonderfully consoling words of the closing blessing as they were delivered by the new interim rector, Bill Matthews: "O Lord, support us all the day long, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done."

After chapel, Matthews met me at his office in the Old Schoolhouse. I had not laid eyes on him in 44 years, since his days of supervising my form-mates and me, but he was just as I had imagined he would be: a sweet and unassuming 62-year-old with a grizzled crew cut, dressed in a tweed jacket and a tie that he must have worn a thousand times before. This is the standard uniform of the New England prep-school teacher, like that of the masters in my day, and in sharp contrast to the Bish’s spiffy attire.

Matthews went to Bowdoin, where he majored in Latin, and returned to St. Paul’s in 1966. Except for a sabbatical year in Paris, he has been there ever since. He taught Latin and Greek, coached hockey and baseball, and served as the director of college placement, the director of admissions, the vice-rector of students, the executive director of the alumni association, and, for the last five years, the director of development (in which capacity he stayed off Eleanor Shannon’s request for clarification on the school’s finances with a letter saying: “It would be simpler if you just trusted us: we’re not perfect, but I do think that we are a place of integrity, and that does have a fair amount to do with Craig Anderson and our Board as its leaders”). Two of Matthew’s children attended St. Paul’s. He is of the school. He understands the values, the joy, and the tremendous responsibility of nurturing vibrant young minds. He is not a guy who is out for himself.

Nevertheless, the school has enlisted Wickenden Associates, an executive-search company that has installed headmasters at more than 200 independent schools, to find a permanent rector to replace Matthews next fall. In October, the firm circulated an admirably frank 12-page job announcement that includes a section titled “Opportunities and Challenges Awaiting the Next Rector,” warning prospective candidates that whoever gets hired will have to:

1. Lead the school with absolute integrity, humility, and transparency.
2. Make a concerted effort to rebuild bridges with disaffected alumni.
3. Support the Board’s continuing efforts to strengthen its own governance and communication practices.
4. Counter the effects of negative publicity and restore the school’s external reputation through a carefully considered public communications and public relations plan.

In the meantime, Matthews’ motto for the 2005–6 school year is “Do the right thing.” “This is a school that has a soul,” he told me, “and it always has.”

I went for a walk in the woods, where I had spent so much time four decades ago. There hadn’t been a course to teach me the names of the trees and birds back then, but there is one now. Some of the animals are even wired so that their movements can be radio-tracked. Sitting down, I soon attracted a half-dozen curious, nervously chirping chickadees. I felt glad that the school had weathered its storm and that the kids have come through pretty much unscathed, although there are still plenty of issues that need to be addressed. The unifying thread among the various constituencies that are always doing a Darwinian dance in any school—the teachers, the students, the alumni, the trustees, the administration, the parents—is that all of them obviously care deeply about the place. And, in the words of John Bickson, a former vice-rector at St. Paul’s, “Everybody is the hero of his own novel.”

A number of alumni have characterized Anderson’s regrettable tenure as a case of “hubris”—the tragic flaw of overreach that has brought down mythical kings such as Oedipus and money kings of today. It seems to be the big word of the moment. The other day, a commentator on CNN was expounding on the “hubris” of the Republican Party.

Hubris seems to have affected not just Bish but the board too. “They’re arrogant, snotty bunch, and not very smart,” one teacher told me. Their fatal error was to blow off donors, alumni, and teachers—care about the school and were trying to raise important questions about its direction.

Some stoic old Paulies think the school itself has a case of hubris. In their view, it was the extravagance of the new gym brought about by the argument of a student in the swimming pool. The school had vived for almost 150 years without a new gym before ripping off three feet of toilet paper once they found out that a million acres of old-growth forest in northern Alaska are being logged up every year for the stuff.

Why not have the kids follow the money trail—find out how the money coming into the school was made, and in exactly what sort of “instruments” the endowments invested? Have them look into how much of the oblivious hyper-consumption takes place not just here but across America, made possible by the backbreaking labor of millions of Third World peasants, in the sweat of their brow and the toil of their bodies?

This is the school that many parents pay for. The school that has a soul. The school that may be a complete Utopia, and Drs. Shattuck and Drury would be proud of it once more.

The chickadees cheered.

St. Paul’s Scandal
Jamal Ismail, who was an editor of Jihad magazine: Coming to Peshawar on a visit in 1984, I met Mr. Osama bin Laden, one of the main financiers of the Services Office. I knew from the beginning that he was not willing to drink any soft drinks from American companies—Pepsi, Coca-Cola, Sprite, 7-Up. He is trying to boycott all American products because he believes that without the Americans Israel cannot exist.

Jamal Khalifa, who joined his university friend bin Laden in Afghanistan: When we decided to work in Afghanistan, early ’83, he told me, “What if you marry my sister Shaiika?” I told him, “Osama, we are going to war. We are going to die, and you’re asking me about marriage?” So he insisted and I told him, “OK, look. If I come back and did not die, I will do it.”

[Despite the fact that he was married to bin Laden’s sister, Jamal Khalifa was angry about what he regarded as his friend’s foolhardy plan to set up his own military operation in Afghanistan. In 1986, bin Laden established a base next to a Soviet military post at Jaji, in eastern Afghanistan. Khalifa knew that bin Laden had no military experience, and he was concerned that young Arabs under bin Laden’s command were being sent on kampfzwecke missions against the Soviets.]

I decided to go myself [to Jaji] to see what’s going on there. I stayed three days. I started to ask the people how it’s going. They said every day, We have plenty of shaheeds [martyrs]—people dying. I said, “Why? They are not trained and they are very young. They don’t have experience and they are facing the Soviets. It’s not a joke.”

So I sat down with Osama in his tent underground. I told him, “Everybody is against this idea. Why are you here? Don’t you know that this is very dangerous?” He said, “We came to be in the front.” I said, “No, we did not come to be in the front. We came to [act as] supporters of the Afghans.” I told him, “Every drop of blood bleeds here in this place. God will ask you about it in the Hereafter. Everybody saying this is wrong, so Osama, please leave the place right now.” Everybody was hearing our argument; our voices become hard. I was really very angry; this is our first time to be like this. I told him, “Look. You will leave the place or I will never see you again.” He told me, “Do whatever you want.” So I left.

Bin Laden’s military ambitions and personality evolved in tandem. He became more assertive, to the point that he ignored the advice of many old friends about the folly of setting up his own military force. That decision also precipitated an irrevocable (but carefully concealed) split with his onetime mentor, Abdullah Azzam.

Hutajfa Azam: You could say that bin Laden separated from my father in 1987. Bin Laden said that he wanted to make special camps for the Arabs only, where we can start our own jihad and we give the orders. We will gather all the Arabs in Afghanistan in one area in Jalalabad [in eastern Afghanistan]. My father was against that. He was shocked. So in 1987, Osama decided to separate and create special camps for the Arabs.

Bin Laden, demonstrating the zeal of a fanatic, told the Syrian journalist Basil Muhammad that he hoped his new base would draw heavy Soviet fire: God willing, we want the Lion’s Den [in Jaji] to be the first thing that the enemy faces. Its place as the first camp visible to the enemy means that they will focus their bombardments on us in an extreme manner.

From his base in Jaji, bin Laden fought a key military engagement with the Soviets during the spring of 1987. This was a critical turning point in his life, when he left behind his role as a donor and fund-raiser for the mujahideen and launched his career as a holy warrior.

Essam Deen, an Egyptian writer and filmmaker, covered the battle of Jaji: They picked the site at Jaji because it was on the front lines. In ’87, it was a very important battle. The Arab group fought against Russian commandos. Not more than 50 or 60 young Arabs, 21, 22 [years old]. Most of them students at the universities. [Bin Laden] fought in this battle like a private. The Russian bombing went on for one week. It was clear now he’d be the leader. I was near him in the battle—many months—and he was really brave. That’s why he got respect from Afghans and Arabs.

Khalid Khawaja, a former Pakistani air-force officer who fought alongside bin Laden: I participated in the Jaji battle. I was introduced to [bin Laden]. First of all he’s not a genius. He was 30 when I met him. He played a lot, always smiling. As a personality I never thought he would make a place in history—he is not charismatic. He is not very intelligent, but he is the most dedicated and self-sacrificing person, to a degree that is unparalleled.

Khaled Batarfi, who remained in touch with bin Laden’s mother during the Soviet-Afghani war, noted her growing concerns about her son, especially after Osama supposedly suffered the effects of a Soviet gas attack: The situation became worse when [Osama] went to jihad. In the beginning it wasn’t for jihad, it was going there just to support, so that was starting to worry his mother, and then he decided to become a fighter, and his mother—oh, God, it went from bad to worse. And then she heard about the chemical gas Rus-
Osama bin Laden

sians used against mujahideen, and her son was affected. Since then, she was [watching] TV, waiting for bad news.

It was not an accident that bin Laden’s split from Abdullah Azzam began around the time of his first meeting with the Egyptian jihadist Dr. Ayman al-Zawahiri, in 1986. For bin Laden, the slightly older, cerebral Zawahiri (a surgeon by training) must have presented an intriguing figure. Zawahiri had first joined a jihadist group at 15 and had recently served three years in Egypt’s notorious prisons for his jihadist activities. For Zawahiri, bin Laden was on his way to becoming a genuine war hero, and his deep pockets were well known. In 1987, Zawahiri set up his own jihad group, which was soon supported by bin Laden.

On May 29, 1988, Salem, Osama’s brother, crashed a plane in San Antonio, Texas, and died on impact. Although Salem did not see much of Osama, because Salem was running the family business and was far more fun-loving and Westernized than his austere younger half-brother, his death was a blow to Osama.

Alia Ghanem, Osama bin Laden’s mother: His older brother Salem was like a father to him after the death of their father, Muhammad. Salem’s death saddened Osama a great deal.

A bin Laden relative: If Salem had still been around, no one would be writing books about Osama bin Laden. Salem had a volcanic temper and had no problem about rocking the boat. He would have personally flown to Sudan [where Osama lived in the mid-90s]. Salem would have grabbed Osama by the lapels and taken him back to Saudi Arabia.

II. Al-Qaeda

Three months after the death of Salem, bin Laden took what would turn out to be a momentous step: secretly founding his own jihadist group, al-Qaeda, in clear opposition to his mentor Abdullah Azzam. Azzam advocated a traditional, fundamentalist interpretation of the nature of jihad: the reclamation of once Muslim lands from non-Muslim rule in places such as Palestine, what was then the Soviet Union, and even southern Spain, which had been under Muslim rule five centuries earlier.

The predominantly Egyptian militants who surrounded bin Laden at the end of the 80s advocated something more radical: the violent overthrow of governments across the Muslim world they deemed “apostate,” a concept of jihad that Azzam and many of his followers rejected, as they wanted no part in conflicts between Muslims. The split between Azzam and bin Laden may have even cost Azzam his life; he was assassinated by unknown assailants in November 1989, a year after the founding of al-Qaeda.

In some circles it has become fashionable to suggest that bin Laden has not been especially significant to the global jihadist movement, or that al-Qaeda has always been only a loose-knit collection of like-minded Islamist militant groups, or even that al-Qaeda was a fabrication of U.S. law enforcement. The fullest exposition of this point of view was made in 2004 in the BBC documentary The Power of Nightmares, written and produced by Adam Curtis, which argued that “beyond his small group bin Laden had no formal organization, until the Americans invented one for him.”

Curtis asserts that al-Qaeda was “invented” during the Manhattan trial of four men accused in the bombings of two U.S. embassies in Africa in 1998. The star witness was former bin Laden aide Jamal al-Fadl. Curtis says, “The picture al-Fadl drew for the Americans of bin Laden was of an all-powerful figure at the head of a large terrorist network that had organized network of control. He also said that bin Laden had given this network a name: al-Qaeda. . . . But there was no organization. These were militants who mostly planned their own operations and looked to bin Laden for funding and assistance. He was not their comman-
members of open duration [meaning open-
ded commitment].
Obedience and obedient,
ereed from a trusted side.
izing statutes and instructions of Al-
pledge [to join al-Qaeda]:
he pledge of God and his covenant is
me, to listen and obey the superiors,
re are doing this work, in energy, early-
gy, difficulty, and easiness, and for his
ority upon us, so that the word of
will be the highest, and His religion
ious.
ork of al-Qaeda commenced on Sep-
er 10 1988, with a group of 15 brothers.
over 13 years after its founding, me launched the 9/11 attacks.
III. Bin Laden
and Saddam Hussein
owing the 9/11 attacks, the American
became convinced that Saddam
and al-Qaeda were in league. By
uary 2003, on the eve of hostilities in
more than two-thirds of Americans
ed that Saddam was implicated in
and a majority continue to believe
Saddam either contributed “substan-
support to al-Qaeda or was behind
, despite the fact that there is no evi-
dence for those views.
It is hardly surprising that the American
ic believes that there was an al-Qaeda-
dam alliance, since Bush-administration
ials constantly touted that supposed
ance as a pressing reason to go to war
nest Iraq. In September 2002, Secretary
ence Defense Donald Rumsfeld said there was
ilproof” evidence of an Iraq-al-Qaeda
ecion. In his January 2003 State of the
ion address, President Bush said, “Sadd-
n Hussein aids and protects terrorists,
ning members of al-Qaeda.” However,
historical record demonstrates that bin
has, in fact, been a passionate oppo-
ten of Saddam Hussein for more than a
cade and a half—especially ever since
invasion Kuwait, in 1990.
ama bin Laden in 1999: A year before
seran entered Kuwait, I said many times
my speeches at the mosques, warning
Saddam will enter the Gulf. No one
lieved me. I distributed many tapes in
ad Arabia. It was after it happened that
et started believing me and believed my
alysis of the situation.
ale Batafi recalls talking to bin Laden on
subject: Last time I saw [Osama] was
, six months before the Iraqi invasion of
Kuwait. It was in Mecca, in a friend’s house,
where a group of intellectuals meet every
Friday. And he came and talked about ji-
had in Afghanistan and told us then that
he’d speak to us about Saddam. He said,
“We should train our people, our young,
and increase our army and prepare for the
day when eventually we are attacked. This
guy [Saddam] can never be trusted.” He
doesn’t believe [Saddam is] a Muslim. So he
ever liked him or trusted him.
Abu Jandal, from an interview with Al-Quds
al-Arabi newspaper, 2004: [Bin Laden] called
on the Saudi government to allow for the re-
cruitment of youths in order to defeat the
Iraqi invasion. His intentions were geared to-
ward ending the Iraqi occupation of Kuwait
and rescuing the Iraqi people from the
domination of the Ba’th Party [Saddam
Hussein’s nationalist-socialist organization].
Sheikh Osama bin Laden was dreaming of
this. He said he was ready to prepare more
than 100,000 fighters in three months. He
used to say: “I have more than 40,000 mu-
jahideen in Saudi Arabia alone.” These were
trained in Afghanistan.
According to bin Laden, he proposed
this to a senior official in the Saudi govern-
ment. He told him, “We are ready to get
the Iraqi forces out of Kuwait.” But the
state policy had already been decided and
U.S. forces had to be called in to get the
Iraqis out of Kuwait.
Prince Turki, former head of Saudi intel-
ligence and current ambassador to the United
States, told the Arab News in 2001: [Bin Laden]
believed that he was capable of preparing an
army to challenge Saddam’s forces. He op-
posed the Kingdom’s decision to call friendly
forces [500,000 U.S. military personnel]. By
doing so, he disobeyed the ruler and violated
the fatawa of senior Islamic scholars, who had
dermosed the plan as an essential move to
fight [Saddam’s] aggression.
I saw radical changes in his personality
as he changed from a calm, peaceful, and
gentle man interested in helping Muslims in-
to a person who believed that he would be
able to amass and command an army to liber-
ate Kuwait. It revealed his arrogance.
Abdel Bari Atwan, the Palestinian editor of
Al-Quds al-Arabi newspaper, interviewed bin
Laden in 1996: The Palestine Liberation Or-
ganization used to be considered an atheist
organization by Osama bin Laden because
they sided with the Soviet Union. He con-
siders [the late PLO leader Yasser] Arafat a
traitor. And a secularist. He hated his guts.
He also didn’t like Saddam Hussein. And he
still considered Saddam Hussein as a man
who is a secular, but he didn’t actually insult
Saddam Hussein the way he insulted Yasser
Arafat. He didn’t like him, and he told me
he wanted to kick him out of Iraq, as he con-
sidered the Ba’th regime to be an atheist
regime. He considered Saddam Hussein an
atheist, and he hates an atheist.
Hamid Mir, bin Laden’s Pakistani biogra-
pher, spoke to him in 1997. He condemned
Saddam Hussein in my interview. He gave
such kind of abuses that it was very diffi-
cult for me to write, [calling Hussein a] so-
cialist motherfucker. [He said], “The land of
the Arab world, the land is like a mo-
th, and Saddam Hussein is fucking his moth-
er.” He also explained that Saddam Hus-
sein is against us, and he discourages Iraqi
boys to come to Afghanistan.
In February 2003, on the eve of the Iraq war,
bin Laden released an audiotape in which
he stated, “Needless to say, this crusade war
is primarily targeted against the people of
Islam. Regardless of the removal or the survival
of the socialist [Ba’th] party or Saddam,
Muslims in general and the Iraqis in particular
must brace themselves for jihad.” Bin Laden
went on to observe that “socialists are infidels,”
implying that Saddam was an apostate from
Islam, the gravest charge bin Laden could
make against a fellow Muslim.
IV. Jihad
In the years after bin Laden left Afghanistan,
after having helped to drive out the Russians,
an armed fundamentalist movement, the
Taliban, meaning “religious students,”
gradually took over the country. The Taliban
emerged in Kandahar in 1994 under the lead-
ership of an enigmatic, reclusive leader, the
one-eyed Mullah Omar. The Taliban enjoyed
quite a high degree of popularity and legitimi-
cy in their earlier years as they brought or-
der and a measure of peace to a country that
had suffered through a decade and a half of
civil war. The Taliban were, at least initially,
also seen as incorruptible and little interested
in assuming power for themselves.
During the early 1990s, bin Laden was
based in Sudan. Coming under increasing
pressure from the U.S. and Saudi govern-
ments, the Sudanese finally expelled him in
1996. Bin Laden chose to return to Afghan-
istan, the scene of his earlier battlefield exploits.
The fact that the Taliban were consolidating
their hold on Afghanistan just as bin Laden
re-based himself there was a fortunate coinci-
dence, which would exploit masterfully. He
entered into a powerful symbiotic relation-
ship with Mullah Omar: al-Qaeda provided
the Taliban with some much-needed cash and
zealous Arab fighters, while the Taliban pro-
vided bin Laden with a safe refuge and carte
blanche to build up al-Qaeda’s training camps.
Abdel Bari Atwan met bin Laden in Novem-
ber 1996, six months after bin Laden had
Osama bin Laden

settled in Afghanistan: I was taken with different people to Tora Bora, the mountain overlooking Jalalabad. There was snow at that time. It was very cold—freezing. And then to the favorite cave of Osama bin Laden. And actually it was a very simple cave, and he was waiting. Then we had dinner. Dinner was really awful. There were about 12 people in that cave. The dinner was rotten cheese, this Egyptian cheese. It’s salty cheese—really very bad. And then there were potatoes soaked in cottonseed oil. And also there were about five or six fried eggs, and bread, which was really caked with sand. So I think this is their typical food. They eat very little. It’s bin Laden who actually loves to live such a harsh life with his followers.

We didn’t talk about his personal life. We never talked about his wives or something like that, because it is a taboo. He took me on a tourist tour in Tora Bora. We walked for about two hours together. We left the cave about eight o’clock in the morning. It was freezing. And so we went around, and the sun started and it was really beautiful, and he showed me the houses of some of his people, their mud-brick houses there above the snow. They were trying to have their own community, grow their foods, and they are marrying each other. It’s like an oasis in Afghanistan. He was in perfect health. He never complained about how high it was in the mountains and it was freezing. He had dry mouth most of the time. I noted that he drinks a lot of water and tea.

He told me how he hated Americans, and he wanted to defeat them even in his agriculture project. So he was actually the happiest man on earth when he managed to produce a sunflower which is a record in its size, much bigger than the American sunflower. He said, “Even I defeated them in agriculture.”

Abu Jandal: Sheikh Osama gave me a pistol and made me his personal bodyguard. The pistol had only two bullets. for me to kill Sheikh Osama with in case we were surrounded or he was about to fall into the enemy’s hands, so that he would not be caught alive. I was the only member of his bodyguard who was given this authority, and I was to use this pistol. I took care to keep the two bullets in good condition and cleaned them every night, while telling myself, “These are Sheikh Osama’s bullets. I pray to God not to let me use them.”

On May 26, 1998, bin Laden held a press conference to announce that he had “formed with many other Islamic groups and organizations in the Islamic world a front called the International Islamic Front to do jihad against the Crusaders and Jews.” Also present were the sons of Egyptian cleric Omar Abdel Rahman, “the Blind Sheikh,” who is jailed in the United States on terrorism charges. At the press conference, Sheikh Rahman’s sons distributed small cards containing their father’s “will,” which was in the form of a fatwa to attack civilian targets in the United States. The fatwa exhorts Rahman’s Egyptian followers, several of whom are al-Qaeda leaders, such as Ayman al-Zawahiri, to “bring down [U.S.] airplanes, burn their corporations, sink their ships.”

The significance of Sheikh Rahman’s will to al-Qaeda hasธานeto not received sufficient attention. This will/fatwa seems to be the first time that a Muslim cleric had given his religious sanction to attacks on U.S. aviation, shipping, and economic targets. It would turn out to be a ticking time bomb which exploded on October 12, 2000—when a suicide attack blew a hole the size of a small house in the U.S.S. Cole in Yemen, killing 17 sailors—and again, with even greater ferocity, on 9/11.

Sulayman Abu Ghaith, al-Qaeda’s spokesman, recalling 9/11: I was sitting with the sheik [bin Laden] in a room. Then I left to go to another room, where there was a TV set. The TV broadcasted the big event. The scene was showing an Egyptian family sitting in their living room—they exploded with joy. There was a subtitle that read, “In revenge for the children of Al Aksa [the Palestinians], Osama bin Laden executes an operation against America.” So I went back to the sheik, who was sitting in a room with 50 or 60 people. I tried to tell him about what I saw, but he made a gesture with his hands, meaning, “I know, I know.”

Bin Laden on a videotape that appeared as the U.S. bombing campaign against the Taliban began, on October 7, 2001. It was the first time he had been seen since 9/11: There is America, hit by God in one of its softest spots. Its greatest buildings were destroyed, thank God for that. There is America, full of fear from its north to its south, from its west to its east. Thank God for that. What America tastes now is something insignificant compared to what we have tasted for scores of years. Our nation [the Islamic world] has tasted this humiliation and this degradation for more than 80 years.

Hamid Mir: [Bin Laden] watches TV—CNN, BBC. I have seen with my own eyes Osama bin Laden watching CNN. I’ll tell you a very interesting thing. When I met him after 9/11, he said, “I was watching you on the Larry King show a few days ago, and you told Larry King that when Osama bin Laden talks on religion he is not convincing, but when he talks on politics he is much convincing. So today I will con you on some religious issues.” So I “O.K., you watched the Larry King show.” He said, “Yes, I am fighting a big war. I have to monitor the activities of my enemies through these TV channels.”

I met three [of his] sons. Muham Ali. Saad. who is in Iran now [2001]. Saad 16. I had a picture with Saad sitting his father, and a gun is lying in his lap. I asked bin Laden, “He is a young boy, is he carrying a gun?” And he said this is his own decision. So I asked a question to Saad: “Are you following the steps of your father?” And he answered confidently, “No. I am following the steps of my Prophet.”

[Bin Laden] told me that “I became a member of a girl after 9/11, and I gave him the name of Safia.” I said, “Why Safia?” he said, “I gave her the name of Safia, killed a Jew spy in the days of Holy Prophet Muhammad, so that’s why.” I said, “Is the age of your daughter?” He said, one month. She will kill enemies of the Prophet like Safia of the Prophet’s time.” So you are visualizing a one-month-old girl as Safia who should kill lots of Jews. This is mind-set.

V. Tora Bora

The question of whether the United States missed an opportunity to capture or kill Osama bin Laden during the battle of Tora Bora in eastern Afghanistan, in December 2000, came an issue in the razor-close 2004 presidential campaign. During the September 30, 2004, presidential debate, the Democratic contender, Senator John Kerry, “He escaped in the mountains of Tora Bora, We had him surrounded.” Writing in New York Times a little more than two weeks later, General Tommy Franks, a Bush appointee and the overall commander of the Tora Bora operation, wrote, “We don’t know to this day whether Mr. bin Laden was in Tora Bora.” At a town-hall meeting in the area around the same time, Vice President Cheney said Kerry’s critique of the Tora Bora campaign was “absolutely garbage.” Pressed, Bush himself weighed in on the question of whether bin Laden’s Tora Bora presence, or the lack thereof, at a campaign rally a week before the election, saying: “It’s part of Kermit’s pattern of saying anything it takes to be elected. Like when he charged that our military failed to get Osama bin Laden at Tora Bora, even though our top military commander, General Tommy Franks, said, ‘A senator’s understanding of events does not square with reality,’ intelligence replaced bin Laden in any of several different countries at the time.”

However, according to a widely rep
round briefing by Pentagon officials 1- December 2001, there was “reason-
worthiness” that bin Laden was indeed
in Bora, a judgment based on inter-
ned radio transmissions. General Franks
himself recounted in his autobiography, 
Soldier, that in December 2001
ed President Bush, saying, “Uncon-
d reports have it that Osama has been
in the White Mountains, Sir. The Tora
area.” In June 2003, I met with sev-
important U.S. counterterrorism officials,
explained. “We are confident that [bin
was] at Tora Bora and disappeared
a small group.” The following accounts
establish that bin Laden was at Tora

Laajaf al-Kuwaiti, an eyewitness, in an
posted to Al-Qaeda’s main Web site in
November 14, 2001. Mujahid Sheikh
bin Laden and his special group ar-
to the area 9,000 feet above sea level in
Bora mountains with its extreme
and cold weather. We were with him.
posed more than 15 trenches to
the mujahideen from the insane Amer-
strikes that started five days before. The
ches were built by our hands and by
our brothers, the Afghan mujahideen.
we witnessed the increase in flights of
Predator drones that did not leave the
night or day.
On December 9, at a late hour of the
night, we were awakened to the sound
of sirens and terrorizing explosions very near.
It was the place where the trenches
of Kh Osama bin Laden was. The night was
long and very worrisome [as we waited]
what the morning would bring [to see]
is this barbaric raid had done.
In the morning we received the horrifying
news! The trench of Sheikh Osama had
destroyed; the trench where Sheikh used
come out every day to check the maja-
hen situation and follow the news of the
e. [But] God kept Osama bin Laden
be, because he left the bunker only two
its [before] to an area only 200 meters

Sallah Tabarak, bin Laden’s Moroccan
eguard. Following the U.S. bombing of
Pakistan, I left Kandahar in the compa-
bin Laden, Ayman al-Zawahiri, and a
ber of guards. During the month of Ra-
lan in the same year, we entered Tora
, where we stayed for 20 days. From
Ayman al-Zawahiri fled, accompanied
Uthman, the son of Oasma bin Laden.
ward, bin Laden fled with his son
hammad, accompanied by Afghan-
als, while I fled with a group made up
only of Yemenis and Saudis in the direc-
tion of Pakistan. We were arrested by
theistani authorities at a border checkpoint,
and they handed us over to the U.S. autho-
ities, who deported us to the Guantánamo
detention camp, in Cuba.

Osama bin Laden on an audiotape that aired
on Al Jazeera on February 11, 2003: Now, I
am going to tell you a part of that great bat-
tle [of Tora Bora] so that I will prove to
you how cowardly [the Americans] are. We
were only 300 fighters. We had already dug
100 trenches, spread out in a space that
didn’t exceed one square mile. On the morn-
ing of the 17th of Ramadan [December 3,2001],
very heavy bombing started, espe-
cially after the American leadership made
sure that some of the leadership of al-Qaeda
were in Tora Bora, including myself and the
mujahid brother Dr. Ayman al-Zawahiri.
The bombing became around the clock.
Not a second would pass without a fighter
plane passing over our heads day and night.
American forces were bombing us by smart
bombs that weigh thousands of pounds and
bombs that penetrate caves.
[That was] in addition to the forces [of
the Northern Alliance], whom they pushed
to attack us for a continuous month.
We fought back against all their attacks.
And we defeated them every time. In spite of all
that, American forces did not dare to go
into our posts. What sign is more than that
for their cowardice? With all its forces that
were fighting against a small group of 300
mujahideen in the trenches, inside one
square mile, in minus 10 degrees of temper-
ate. The result of the battle was that we
lost 6 percent of our force [18 men].

Abdel Bari Atwan, who interviewed bin
Laden at Tora Bora in 1996: I wasn’t sur-
pised [that Osama was in Tora Bora in
2001]. I expected him to be there. I was
in the Gulf region, and I met somebody from
al-Qaeda, and he told me that Osama bin
Laden was injured during the Tora Bora
bombing, and he was operated on his left
shoulder. And then when I saw his first
videotape, immediately after Tora Bora, I
said something is wrong with his left shoul-
der. His left shoulder was very stiff, and
he couldn’t move his left hand. And many
people from al-Qaeda actually were ex-
tremely furious I said that [publicly], be-
cause they don’t want him to be reported
as injured.

Why did the U.S. military not seal off the
Tora Bora region, instead relying only on a
handful of Special Forces on the ground?
Part of the answer is that the U.S. military
was a victim of its own success. Scores of
Special Forces calling in air strikes, in
combination with thousands of Afghans on
the ground, destroyed the Taliban army
in a few weeks of fighting. However, this
approach was a failure at Tora Bora, where
large numbers of Americans on the ground
were needed to throw up an effective cordon
around al-Qaeda’s leaders. Apologists for
the U.S. military failure at Tora Bora will no
doubt provide some compelling reasons why
this was the case, including a lack of airtiffi-
capabilities from the former U.S. air base
known as K2, in neighboring Uzbekistan.
However, such explanations are hard to
square with the fact that scores of journalists
managed to find their way to Tora Bora, a
battle covered on live television by the
world’s leading news organizations. Sadly,
there were more American journalists on the
ground at the battle of Tora Bora than there
were U.S. soldiers. The battle was a missed
opportunity to bring bin Laden to justice.
And where is he today? The short answer
is that no one really knows. Most analysts
believe that he is somewhere in Pakistan,
posibly in the tribal areas along the border
with Afghanistan. Almost all of the key
al-Qaeda leaders who have been captured
since 9/11 have been found in Pakistan.
However, judging from his most recent
videotape appearance, it seems unlikely
that al-Qaeda’s leader has spent four years
covering in a cave. On the tape he appears
healthy, rested, well informed, and well
dressed. Wherever he may be, the hunt for
bin Laden, for now, has hit a brick wall.

VI. The Iraq War

As Michael Scheuer, who ran the C.I.A.'s
bin Laden unit until 1999, has pointed out,
if bin Laden believed in Christmas, the Iraq
war would be his perfect present from San-
ta Claus. The 9/11 attacks and the subse-
quent war in Afghanistan severely damaged
bin Laden’s organization. Al-Qaeda, which
means “the base” in English, lost its base
and training camps in Afghanistan, while
its leaders were on the run, captured, or
dead. One year after the 9/11 attacks, al-
Qaeda was still on life support. Today it’s
on steroids.
That’s because the Iraq war has proved
to be a tremendous boost to bin Laden
and Islamist militants around the world.
Not only has the United States deposed
Saddam Hussein, whom bin Laden has
loathed for years, but the jihadists in Iraq
are costing America in blood and money.
What bin Laden had hoped to achieve in
Afghanistan in the post-9/11 period, which
was to drag the United States into a pro-
tracted guerrilla war like the one he had
fought against the Soviets, never happened.
Instead, that protracted guerrilla war is
now playing out in Iraq, in the heart of the
Middle East.
The Iraq war has greatly expanded the
pool of terrorists around the world and in-
creased attacks. The year 2003 saw the
highest incidence of significant terrorist acts
Osama bin Laden

(ones in which people were killed) in two decades, and the number tripled in 2004.

Bin Laden revealed in American reverses in Iraq in a "Message to the Iraqi People," on a tape released by Al-Jazeera on October 18, 2003: Thank you for your jihad, and may God help you. Be glad of the good news: America is mired in the swamps of the Tigris and Euphrates. Bush is easy prey. Here he is now in an embarrassing situation, and here is America today being ruined before the eyes of the whole world. O youth of Islam everywhere, especially in Iraq's neighboring countries, jihad is your duty and rightness is your path.

The centerpiece of the Bush administration's brief for going to war in Iraq was Secretary of State Colin Powell's presentation to the U.N. Security Council on February 5, 2003. In it Powell tried to make the case for an emerging alliance between Saddam Hussein and al-Qaeda in the person of the Jordanian terrorist Abu Musab al-Zarqawi. What I want to bring to your attention today is the potentially much more sinister nexus between Iraq and the al-Qaeda terrorist network, a nexus that combines classic terrorist organizations and modern methods of murder.

Iraq today harbors a deadly terrorist network headed by Abu Musab al-Zarqawi, an associate and collaborator of Osama bin Laden and his al-Qaeda lieutenants.

Sayf Adel, al-Qaeda's military commander, describing how Zarqawi left Iran for Iraq in 2002 as the United States was gearing up for the invasion of Iraq: Abu Musab [Zarqawi] and his Jordanian and Palestinian comrades opted to go to Iraq. Their skin color and Jordanian dialect would enable them to integrate into the Iraqi society easily. Our expectations of the situation indicated that the Americans would inevitably make a mistake and invade Iraq sooner or later. Such an invasion would aim at overthrowing the regime. Therefore, we should play an important role in the Resistance.

Contrary to what the Americans frequently reiterated, al-Qaeda did not have any relationship with Saddam Hussein or his regime. We had to draw up a plan to enter Iraq through the North, which was not under the control of Saddam's regime. We would then spread south to the areas of our fraternal Sunni brothers. The fraternal brothers of the Ansar al-Islam [a Kurdish jihadist group based in northern Iraq] expressed their willingness to offer assistance to help us achieve this goal. The goal was to go to Sunni areas in central Iraq and begin to prepare for confrontations to face the U.S. invasion and defeat the Americans.

In early 2004, U.S. intelligence intercepted a letter from Abu Musab al-Zarqawi to bin Laden in which Zarqawi proposes a strategy for carrying forward the jihad. He suggests unleashing a civil war between Sunnis and Shia, something bin Laden historically rejected because he hoped to restore a unified caliphate, and also because senior al-Qaeda leaders are living under some form of arrest in largely Shia Iran: You [Osama bin Laden and Ayman al-Zawahiri], gracious brothers, are the leaders, guides, and symbolic figures of jihad and battle. We do not see ourselves as fit to challenge you, and we have never striven to achieve glory for ourselves. All that we hope is that we will be the spearhead, the enabling vanguard, and the bridge on which the Islamic nation crosses over to the victory that is promised and the tomorrow to which we aspire. This is our vision. If you are convinced of the idea of fighting the sects of apostasy [the Shia], we will be your readied soldiers, working under your banner, complying with your orders, and indeed swearing fealty to you publicly and in the news media. If things appear otherwise to you, we are brothers, and the disagreement will not spoil [our] friendship. Awaiting your response, may God preserve you.

Hutaifa Azam has known both bin Laden and Zarqawi for more than 15 years: [Zarqawi] had no relations with Osama until he left to Iraq. His relation with Osama started one year [ago, in 2004], through the Internet.

An unlikely supporter of this view is Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, who told a meeting at the Council on Foreign Relations in New York on October 4, 2004: In the case of al-Qaeda, most—my impression is, most of the senior people have actually sworn an oath to Osama bin Laden, and even, to my knowledge, even as of this late date, I don't believe Zarqawi, the principal leader of the network in Iraq, has sworn an oath.

Thirteen days later, Zarqawi issued an online statement in the name of his al-Tawhid group, pledging allegiance to bin Laden. Zarqawi adopted a new name for his group: al-Qaeda in Iraq. And so, nearly two years after Bush officials had first argued that Zarqawi was part of al-Qaeda, the Jordanian terrorist finally got around to swearing allegiance to bin Laden: [Let it be known that] al-Tawhid pledges both its leaders and its soldiers to the mujahid commander, Sheikh Osama bin Laden (in word and in deed) and to jihad for the sake of God until there is no more discord [among the ranks of Islam] and all of the religion turns toward God.

By God, O sheikh of the mujahideen, if you bid us plunge into the ocean, we would follow you. If you ordered it so, we would obey. If you forbade us something, we would by your wishes. For what a fine comm you are to the armies of Islam, again invertebrate infidels and apostates!

Zarqawi's total commitment to al-Qaeda was proved this past November when seven bombers dispatched by him attacked the hotels frequented by Americans in Amman killing 57 people, most of them Jordanian. A fourth bomber, a woman, who failed to detonate the explosives strapped to her and who was later apprehended, turned out to be the sister of Zarqawi's senior aide Mubarak al-Rishawi, who had been killed in Iraq in 2004 by American forces.

VII. Bin Laden's Legacy

Bin Laden has increasingly positioned himself as the elder statesman of jihad, the big guy who directs overall political strategy, and new role was amply demonstrated by a tape aired in late October by al-Jazeera, which shows Bush administration's frequent claim the Qaeda is attacking the United States because of its freedoms rather than its foreign policy.

You the American people, I talk to you today about the best way to avoid another utrope and about war, its reasons and its sequences. And in that regard, I say to you that security is an important pillar of your life, and that free people do not compromise their security. Contrary to what Bush and claims, that we hate [your] freedom, why did we not attack Sweden? I want you to know about you. Although we are [now in fourth year after 9/11], Bush is still exercising confusion and misleading you and not too you the true reason [why you are being attacked]. Therefore, the motivations are there for what happened to be repeated.

We agreed with the leader of the [him] Hijackers, Mohammed Atta, to perform the attacks within 20 minutes, before 11 and his administration were aware of what was going on.

Your security is not in the hands of Bush or al-Qaeda. Your security your own hands. Any nation that does attack us will not be attacked.

Abdel Bari Atwan, who interviewed bin Laden in 1996: There will be different evaluation Osama bin Laden. Some people will consider him a heroic phenomenon, a mighty David who challenged the might of
Other people will say he was disastrous.\n\nAbu Jandal, bin Laden's former bodyguard: In the case of his death, I think he will be a symbol for all those who follow him, especially in the case of his assassination. He will be an idol for all those who believe in his ideas. He will be a great inspiration for them to follow in his footsteps. His death will be a great force for stirring up everybody's emotions and enthusiasm to follow him on the path of martyrdom.

In case of his arrest, the situation might be a bit different. It might lead to a strong psychological defeat for the group's members and many Muslims.

Khalid Khawaja, who fought with bin Laden in Afghanistan: He will never be captured. He's not Saddam Hussein. He's Osama. Osama loves death. Bin Laden has played his role. Osama has woken up the sleeping bin Ladens.\n
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Naomi Watts

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Continued from page 120 in all things, as well as Philippa Boyens, their writing partner, and Jan Blenkins, Jackson's producer. "I can't remember where we had dinner, but it as some fancy place in London and Peter as probably wearing his shorts," Watts recalls. "They are the sweetest, most humble people—incridibly bright, very literary—and for two hours we talked about everything but the movie." Sometime during hour three, Watts agreed to do the film even though the script had yet to be written.

Jackson's film, which also stars Adrian, rody and Jack Black, will be the third King Kong to hit theaters. The first, in 1933, starred Fay Wray, whose name will forever be associated with her high-pitched shriek in the picture, which was actually dubbed by another actress, Julie Hayden. In 1976, 26-year-old Jessica Lange starred alongside Jeff Bridges in a campy remake.

The 1933 version of King Kong has haunted Jackson since he saw it for the first time, in 1970, when he was nine. "It swept me into an exotic world which was both extraordinary and thrilling," the director says. "I fell in love with Fay Wray and went when Kong died. It was the first piece of cinematic escapism I'd ever encountered, and it created a seismic shift in my consciousness. Kong is the reason I became a filmmaker. I've been trying to recapture the impact of that first experience my entire life."

Before the film went into production, Jackson and Watts made a special trip to New York to meet Wray, who was then 96 years old and still on top of her game. (She died on August 8, 2004.) "Peter was having his emotional moment with her and saying how much he loved her and what a great actress she was," Watts remembers. "When he introduced me he said, 'This is the new Ann Dar- row,' and she was like, 'You're not Ann Dar- row; I am.' But at the end of the night, we drove her home and said good-bye and she whispered in my ear, 'You'll make a great Ann Darrow.' Tears welled up in my eyes and I thought, O.K., good. I've been given the blessing. I have permission to do this."

Jackson's three-hour, $207 million King Kong mostly adheres to the original, 1933 story, by Merian C. Cooper and Edgar Wallace, but it contains some modern character developments. Watts isn't just the blonde girl screaming in the monkey's palm. "Naomi has the ability to draw an audience into the interior life of the characters she plays," Jackson says, "and yet she manages to conceal more than she reveals, so you're always wanting more. I think audiences are going to be surprised." Watts's Darrow is a tough, resourceful, down-on-her-luck vaudevillian who's lured by a filmfam man named Carl Denham (Black) to board a ship bound for a remote island to star in a movie written by her favorite playwright, Jack Driscoll (Brody). On the island, chaos and danger erupt, setting off a chain of events that ends in tragedy at the Empire State Building.

No adventure film nowadays would be complete without a C.G.I. (computer-generated imagery) creature, and King Kong is no exception. But all that cutting-edge technology can take a toll on flesh-and-blood actors, who often find themselves faking emotions while interacting with blue screens, which are replaced with images in post-production. "I was nervous entering into this blue-screen world, something I always swore I would never do," Watts says. "The imagination works to a point, and you stretch it and stretch it, and there is a point where you can't do it anymore."

To preserve the emotional element, Jackson recruited the Australian actor Andy Serkis—who was so convincing as the C.G.I.-enhanced character Gollum in the Lord of the Rings trilogy—to play Kong. "You have to have some sense of reality," Watts says. "In walks Andy Serkis and it's not just a pair of eyes but a soul."

With its exotic settings, rendered in Jackson's trademark sweeping cinematic style, and its strangely gripping love triangle, involving Watts, Brody, and the big ape, King Kong is already inviting comparisons to James Cameron's Titanic, which shattered box-office records and took home 11 Oscars. But before...
Naomi Watts

Naomi ascended to her current perch atop the Hollywood food chain, she was at the bottom scrounging for leftovers.

At a point when most of the homecoming queens who break their piggy banks and catch the bus for Hollywood to become "stars" have long since packed up and crawled back home, Naomi hung in there and then hung in some more. "My mother is a survivor," she says. "That is what she instilled in us, and that is what I've been living on. That survival mechanism has been driving me."

Watts was born in Shoreham, in Kent, England. When she was just four and her brother, Ben, was five and a half, their parents divorced. When she was seven, her father, Peter, a sound engineer for Pink Floyd, died suddenly. "I try not to talk about it too much," she says. "It's upsetting and very personal." At the time of his death, Watts's parents were considering a reconciliation. "I don't have a huge amount of memory of him," Watts says. "That's the most upsetting thing— I feel robbed of the experiences that I was entitled to."

Money was very tight and the family struggled. Her mother, Myfanwy—friends call her Mv—was an actress and a true rock 'n' roll bohemian. "She loved the whole music world," Watts recalls. "There were loads of eccentric geniuses around. My mom was an incredible creative influence on me. It was the people we were being introduced to, it was the way the house was decorated—spending six hours in the car just to get to a certain flea market and get there at a certain time to get the right pieces to decorate the fireplace."

When Watts was 14, her mother moved the family to Australia in an attempt to start a new life. It was there that Naomi blossomed. During drama classes at school, Watts found her passion, only to see it vanish when she went to Japan at age 19 on a modeling contract she was told could earn her a quick $20,000. "I was too short," says Watts, who is five-foot-five. "I didn't have the beautiful look that fashion required. I had a pretty face that could be lit well."

Watts's time in Japan turned into the darkest period in her life, and it ended with her vows never to work in front of a camera again. At 20, she got a job as an assistant fashion editor at Australia's Follow Me magazine. She was about to take another, more profitable job in fashion when a friend begged her to sign up for a weekend acting workshop. Reluctantly, Naomi obliged, and she never looked back. She quit her job and began pursuing acting full-time, landing a part as a boarding-school teenager in the 1991 film Flirting, alongside Thandie Newton and Nicole Kidman. "Naomi actually dated my sister's first major boyfriend prior to my sister," Kidman remembers. "Then we met at some casting call, but I knew of Naomi because she was always the pretty one. I would see her at the Oaks, a pub [in Sydney], and look across and she was just gorgeous." On the set, Kidman and Watts became friends.

Although Watts spent her formative years in England, she has a distinctly Aussie sensibility. She is quick to smile, very down to earth, and not afraid to drink her beer straight out of the bottle.

After a handful of successes in Australia, Watts mustered the confidence to try her luck in Hollywood. There, she was told again and again that she was on the verge of being "the next big thing."

Although Kidman had become Mrs. Tom Cruise, and Watts remained close. The relationship was strengthened by their mutual friend Rebecca Rigg, who is married to the Australian actor Simon Baker (The Ring Two). In the 90s, when all three were living in Los Angeles, it must have been difficult for Watts to see her two best friends succeeding so completely—Kidman working regularly and married to the biggest movie star in the world and Rigg happy at home with a husband and kids. "Naomi just doesn't have that bitter thing or that angry thing," Rigg says. "Her questioning is deep and philosophical. It's never angry. It's never, Why not me?"

Through it all, Watts managed to keep her situation in perspective. And after watching her friend Nicole go through a sudden and very public divorce, she knew how hard a star's life can be. "Nothing is as perfect as it seems," Watts says, "and you can look at one 'perfect' life and want for that, but it's just not how it is."

"We always say to Rebecca that she is the successful one because she has the successful marriage with the three kids," Kidman says. "Becca's the backbone, Naomi's the extrovert, and I'm the screwup. I'm the quieter one, the one that's sort of straighter, but I can be led astray. Naomi is the most gregarious. She's the one that will dance on tables. I always say that all of this comes and goes and in the end you want to be old women and you want to look each other in the eyes and say, I know you. We've stayed friends. I've seen so many things happen and I love you. That's what I search for in friendships, and that's the common thread through all of us. There's an honesty. We age together, we watch each other become wiser and stronger, and we see each other's failings and prop each other up and support each other."

Rigg agrees, adding, "Whenever we get together for any length of time, we always end up having a big fight, but it's always Nicole and me. Naomi's not a fighter. She's a pacifist. It was always up to Naomi to bring us back together. She's such a peacemaker at any cost. Nicole nailed it when we had yet another big argument and she said, 'We are like the three sisters in Chekhov, always going to be difficult and fraught with tension and, you know, by turns absolutely rewarding and hilarious.'"

Those friendships surely helped during the years leading up to the release Mulholland Dr., which Watts remembers the second-darkest time in her life. She labored through more than 15 little-films—Tank Girl, Persons Unknown, Strange Planet, Never Date an Actress—to no apparent effect. Finally, she gave up on film and, Ann Darrow, took a chance on an unsus project with a maverick director. Origin filmed by David Lynch as a TV pilot, Mulholland Dr. sat on the shelf for about two years, until Studio Canal Plus and Free producers Alain Sarde and Pierre Edelman stepped in and financed further shooting turn it into a feature. By then, Watts was "I had gotten to a place where I truly believed everything I was called: 'not sexy,' 'too funny,' 'too intense,' 'desperate.' Watts says, "All those labels they gave me. I took them because there wasn't a trace of my true self."

The last blow came from her agent, the time, who, Watts recalls, said, "What happened? I keep talking with casting directors. I know you are a good actress, that you know you are, but you are freaking this out. I just sat there and sobbed and sobbed to my heart out." But then she summoned her considerable reserves of grit and creativity, and— together with Scott Coffey, a writer-director and fellow actor—created a character based on her travels as a struggling actress. The resulting short, Ellie Parker, became audience favorite at 2001's Sundance Film Festival. (Watts and Coffey later expanded into a full-length version that was released theaters in November 2005.)

Four months later, in May 2002, Naomi found herself walking the red carpet up the Grand Palais at the Cannes Film Festival—arguably one of the most glamorous destinations on the planet—with Mulholland Dr. was shown in competition as a feature film. "There is a song I always use for emotional stuff, 'Morning Has Broken' by Cat Stevens. My mum played it at my dad's funeral," Watts says. "We were just about to arrive [at the Palais] and that song comes on—they are playing it over the loud speaker. This is going to sound really corny but, going back to the father thing, I swear he's been looking after me every step of the way."

That night, Watts finally became the next big thing. She received glowing reviews, as suddenly every agent was clamoring to sign her. Talent heavyweight CAA won out. A quick succession, Watts starred in The Ring and its sequel (the two films have grossed more than $400 million worldwide), as we
The felling of the parents’ house—"a whole different life for her in terms of everything she has ever wanted. And I think she is more than ready for it," Watts says, although she’s bracing for the change. "The struggle is right within me. It’s not something I’ve forged, I know how to deal with it," she says.

The child—"the global rollout, the raised tations, the impossibility of privacy—"is still unknown to me. I’m less familiar with it, and it’s kind of frightening.”

Rebecca Rigg isn’t too worried. "I’m excited for her," she says. "You don’t hammer away at it for 20 years without hoping there is something along these lines at the end. I mean, it’s a dream and it’s a game. You can’t take it all too seriously. They hate your success and they hate your lack of success and, you know, it’s a tough one.”

If anybody can handle the excitement, along with the toughness, Watts can. As she tells me about her life, I notice a recurring pattern of sevens. She was 7 when her father died, 14 when she moved to Australia, 21 when she landed her first significant movie role (in Flirting), and 28 when she suffered her crisis of confidence—only to emerge triumphant four years later with the release of Mulholland Dr. At 35 she had her career on track, but her relationship with Heath Ledger was collapsing. Now, at 37, she is two years into her latest seven-year stretch—about to become a household name and in love with a man who has her friends wondering whether they’ll be bridesmaids in the near future.

For so long, she says, there was always something that needed fixing: "If it wasn’t career, it was relationships." But now this gifted actress who banked everything on her talent is finally in the clear, with a reported $6 million asking price. “I feel like I am entering into a stage where this whole journey of struggle had perfect meaning,” she says. “It’s all in the process of taking care of itself.”

Anna Levy’s family, with the help of the Sund/Carrington publicists, appeared for regular press conferences in their driveway, furnished quotes with an eye toward media deadlines, and even doled out bits of home movies so that cable producers would always have new footage to air. Levy’s murder was never solved—even though her body was found a year later—but the press coverage succeeded in entangling Congressman Gary Condit, and made the case headline news for much of 2001.

By then cable producers had discovered that Missing White Women were ratings gold. The phenomenon is “now an established genre of news, much the way that the O.J. Simpson case enshrined the celebrity murder case as a whole genre,” says Felling. “I don’t think that’s likely to change anytime soon.”

Today the reigning princess remains Natalee Holloway. For that, cable television can thank Beth Twitty, who has proved willing to do almost anything to find her daughter.

One afternoon I reach Beth on her cell phone. "I’m in Columbus, Ohio, on a secret mission," she says. "I’m putting together another strike against Aruba. I tell you, Bryan, those people down there, they’ll never know what hit them. They should never have messed with me.”

Beth must be very tired; one can only imagine the stress she is under. Back in Mountain Brook, the Twitty home, a modest brick split-level in Birmingham’s most fashionable suburb, has been turned into a war room. Neat stacks of mail line the dining-room floor, most of it unsolicited letters of sympathy. The mail is sorted each morning in a friend’s basement: every sender receives a response card Beth has drafted. One of her friends, Carol Standifer, walks me through the operation, our discussion interrupted only by the incessant ringing of the kitchen phone. A machine answers, allowing the caller’s message to echo through the house.

By and by Beth walks in, dressed in faded blue jeans, and takes a seat on the living-room floor. “Somebody said it’s time to start cleaning it all up,” she says, glancing into the dining room, “but I said, ‘No, I don’t think so. Not yet.’” She has lost count of how many interviews she has given—it’s in the hundreds—and she has repeated the same things so many times her answers have an artificial quality. Until all this, the Twittys had led an unremarkable suburban life. Raised in Arkansas, Beth married a State Farm employee named Dave Holloway and, after a move to Jackson, Mississippi, was divorced in 1993. She raised Natalee and her brother, Matt, as a single mother until marrying Jug Twitty in 2000 and moving to Mountain Brook, where she is a special-education teacher in an elementary school.

Beth became part of Jug’s social group of hunting buddies and their wives, and today the Twittys’ support network consists of seven couples who call themselves “the Fabulous Seven.” Most have been to Aruba multiple times. All spend their off-hours sorting mail and returning calls.

According to her mother, Natalee was a typical American teenager, more driven than most, maybe, a fixture on Mountain Brook High’s dance team who, Beth insists, never drank, never had a boyfriend, and never had sex. She is emphatic about this. Left unsaid is the assumption that this gave Natalee little experience in the kind of tequila-fueled revelry for which Aruba is famous. “Natalee was very smart, but,” Beth acknowledges, “very naïve.”

Still, Beth had no doubts about letting her daughter go on the Aruba trip. It was something of a tradition at Mountain Brook High School, and Jug’s son, George, had been several years earlier. On Thursday, May 26, Beth dropped Natalee at a friend’s house at four A.M. for the flight to Aruba. She
promised to pick her up at the airport the following Monday night. It was the last time she saw her daughter.

When the Twittys' private jet arrived in Aruba that first night, it was dark. The group piled into two vans driven by workers from Aruba's general-aviation office, a ramshackle trailer at the back of the airport. The vans wound their way through the quiet streets of the capital, Oranjestad, and made for the island's northwestern corner, where dozens of resorts sprawl along the white-sand beach.

While its main business is tourism—72 percent of visitors are American—Aruba is not a typical Third World Caribbean island. Eighteen miles off the coast of Venezuela, Aruba has a multi-racial population of 70,000. Its infrastructure is well developed, its streets are clean, and the culture has been thoroughly Americanized since Standard Oil built what was then one of the world's largest refineries, at the island's southeastern tip, in 1924. There are McDonald's, Pizza Huts, Taco Bells, and a Hooters. While palm trees have been planted in the tourist areas, the climate is arid, and pencil-like cacti line the inland roads.

At the Holiday Inn, Beth and Jug found another of the senior-trip escorts, a teacher named Paul Lilly, waiting with the only American official Lilly had found, a Drug Enforcement Administration agent. They had no news of Natalee's whereabouts. From all indications, she had never returned to her hotel the night before; her passport and luggage lay where she had placed them in preparation for the return flight to Alabama. She had last been seen, around midnight, at a bar and grill called Carlos'n Charlie's. Some of her fellow students had noticed her talking with a tall Dutch teenager, and were under the impression she had left with him. The day before, Jug's nephew Thomas had played poker with the young man at the Holiday Inn's casino and thought his name was Joran something.

Beth took a hotel employee aside and described him. "She knew exactly who he was: Joran van der Sloot," Beth remembers. "And then she said—these were her exact words—He tends to prey upon young female tourists."

Within minutes everyone headed to Carlos'n Charlie's. Inside, the men fanned out and began asking questions. Beth showed around a photo of Natalee, but no one recognized her. Frustrated, the Americans returned to the Holiday Inn to regroup.

By now they had been joined by Charles Cross, a wealthy Aruban who owned a cellular-phone rental company on the island. According to Cross, who was summoned to meet Beth in a darkened gas-station parking lot. Natalee had made a cell-phone call to an American number, and Beth was curious to know to whom. It turned out to have been an accidental call to a friend.

They decided to split up. The Twittys' friends wandered the beach behind the hotel, showing Natalee's photo to anyone they encountered. Beth and Jug headed upstairs; they wanted to see what Joran van der Sloot looked like, and the casino manager offered to find a video of his poker game the day before. When he did, Beth memorized everything about him: the close-cropped hair, the pimply face, the sloe eyes. Cross, meanwhile, drove north up the beach road and, just below the lightouse, found a group of teenagers drinking cheap wine. They knew Joran, and two volunteered to lead Cross to his home, in the nearby town of Noord. Five minutes later Cross was at the modest ranch-style house, down an unpaved alley and behind a chest-high wall. One of the airport workers, sitting beside him, telephoned the Holiday Inn.

It was time to bring in the Aruban police. The main group of Twitty-family members and friends, now numbering a dozen, met Cross at the police station in Noord. Two uniformed officers agreed to accompany them to the van der Sloot residence. At the house, Beth waited in the van while the officers sounded the patrol car's siren. Across the neighborhood, lights blinked on. There was no movement inside the van der Sloot home. The officers sounded the siren once more. Staring blankly, people began emerging into their yards. After a few minutes, a man in his early 50s came outside. This was Paulus van der Sloot, Joran's father.

Beth watched as the officers spoke to him. She saw van der Sloot take a cellular phone from his front pocket and make a call. He then told police Joran was out gambling, at the Wyndham resort's casino. Van der Sloot climbed into the police car, and the group headed back into the night. At the Wyndham, just down from the Holiday Inn, the group again fanned out in search of Joran. Beth walked behind Paulus, watching him closely. There was no sign of his son. Van der Sloot flipped out his phone and made another call. When he hung up, he said, "He's at home now!"

The group returned to the van der Sloot home. Joran and a friend, a young Surinamese man named Deepak Kalpoe, were waiting in the driveway. The two policemen took the two of them aside. Jug Twitty and his two friends stood by as Joran answered questions. At first he denied any knowledge of Natalee, insisting he didn't even know the name. Twitty began to grow impatient. "Don't say you don't know who she is," Jug said. "We have eyewitnesses who saw you both in the car."

"Just tell us where she is," one of theabama men snapped. "Don't be so rude," Paulus van der Sloot responded. "This is not America. You act like that."

Sensing the increasing tension, Cross decided to try to mediate. "So I went to the father and the police and I said O.K. if I talk to him?" he says. "[T]heolicemen said.] 'Sure, we're not even of this yet. She can't be considered for 48 hours.'"

Looking Joran in the eyes, Cross kept his voice. "You know you're in a weird shit if you don't tell the truth here." he said. "I am telling the truth," Joran said. "Why don't you tell me what happened?" Cross said.

Joran considered this for a moment before talking. He said he had met Natalee in the Holiday Inn's casino Sunday night. In the early evening she asked to join her later at Carlos'n Charlie's. He declined, saying it would be dead on a Sunday. A little before 11 he headed home with his father, who had picked him up at a McDonald's. At home, Joran said, he had some thoughts. He called Deepak Kalpoe, who drove over with his younger brother, Stu, to get him.

"So I snuck out of my house and went over to see her," she said. "She came me huge. Dancing suggestively. Like a belly shots on her, on the bar. [Es- sally she said,] 'Could you take me home? So we left.' When they pilled into D. Kalpoe's silver Nissan, Joran said, he seemed nonplussed to find the two Ken brothers, who are black, sitting in the back. "What are these guys, your slaves?" supposedly asked Joran. By all accounts, Natalee was very drunk.

"What happened then?" Cross asked. "We took her back to the Holiday Inn the front door. When she got out of the car she stumbled and fell. I went to help, but she got up and walked on through the lobby." It was the last time, Joran insisted, that he had seen Natalee.

"O.K.?," Cross said. "Is that the truth?" "Yes."

"That's the truth. Look, Joran, you need to be truthful with me. You need to tell everything. Where'd you go?"

Cross could see Joran's mind work. Finally, he said. "We didn't go to the Holiday Inn. She wanted us to around. The girl was crazy. She was crazy." According to Cross, Joran said that Natalee then told him three things as they walked north past the Holiday Inn: that her r family was "like Hitler," that she was a virgin, and that she was a lesbian. She de him to take her to a beach where she heard she could see sharks, but Joran..."
hat was a local myth. She told him she had to have sex.

Did you have sex with her?" Croes asked.

"Yeah," Joran said. "She gave me a blow job in the backseat of the car." Where'd that happen?"

Joran looked uncomfortable. "Almost next to where we were, my car is parked at;

But I took her to the lighthouse. For a while, I didn't get out."

according to Croes, Joran said that Dee

was was growing up, he agreed to be on the verge of an admission. n, from the driveway, the voice of one of Alabama men rose. "Well, you Aruban rules better get your act together, and go!" (Jug Twitty, while acknowledging his up's impatience, denies the word "ass" was used.)

Joran's head turned. "That's it," Paulus d. "This is no good." The decision was made that the entire group would return the Holiday Inn, where Joran promised would point out a security guard who had helped Natalee. Once there, however, he was unable to do so. The atmosphere again was heated, as Jug Twitty demanded to know what had happened to his stepdaughter. "Don't them anything," Deepak Kalpoe told Joran. "You don't have to tell them anything." By now it was almost five o'clock in the morning. The policemen told Beth to wait at her hotel. A detective would come by and get her at eight. Detective Dennis Jacobs ar

rived at 8:15, took down Natalee's description, and led Beth to the police station. Beth spent the night in the lobby for three hours until Jacobs came to her again. She rose, eager to pour out everything she had learned. Suddenly, Jacobs said, "We won't be needing you." Beth left there, stunned, uncertain what to do. After a moment she walked outside, where she ran into the first of the hundreds of Arubans who would soon encounter that was the moment," she says today, "that realization we were in serious trouble."

Relations between the desperate Twittys and the Aruban police had gotten off an atrocious start and never recovered. Then Beth and Jurg returned to the police station the next morning, they found Officer Cobo's behavior cavalier in the extreme. When Beth mentioned having been to the lighthouse, they didn't have that in mind, either. He said, "I haven't had my Frosteds, and haven't shaved yet," he said as they were out to give him their statement. What the Twittys didn't yet understand was that missing tourists are hardly unusual in Aruba. Only a week goes by without an American or European failing to return to his or her cruise ship, or deciding to stay a little longer in paradise. Almost all turn up within days.

When a tourist goes missing, the last thing the police expect is a murder.

The Twittys, in turn, struck the Aruban police as rude, arrogant, and demanding. "I didn't really know who I was dealing with; I thought it was just a regular American family," recalls Dompig, an F.B.I-trained veteran who worked as a police officer for 10 years in the Netherlands. When he promised to mobilize every available resource to find Natalee, "Beth was wonderful, really understanding," Dompig says. "She asked us to do everything possible, as any mother would. But Jurg and the other guys, they started saying they didn't trust us, because we're not capable, and they've been here 48 hours! You know. 'What kind of show are you running here?' These are the words they used to try and scare me. They were trying to intimi-

In those tumultuous first days, Beth's most valuable ally were Julia Renfro, the 37-year-old American-born editor of an English-language daily, Aruba Today; and one of her reporters, Angela Munzenhofer, a tough-talking American whose family runs one of the island's popular restaurants. When Beth walked into the paper's office the day after she arrived, Renfro, a statuesque blonde, stopped the presses to read a front-page photograph of Natalee. Renfro and Munzenhofer both have children, and they identified with Beth's desperation; the three women became inseparable. The first flyers posted around the island carried two numbers people could call with tips: Renfro's and Munzenhofer's cell phones. "At the beginning, I was the one Beth trusted," says Munzenhofer. "She called me her angel. We were with them day and night. We weren't reporters. We were family. Beth told us that."

Wednesday morning, as Beth gave her statement to police. Renfro and Munzenhofer met in the Holiday Inn's lobby to organize the first search teams. After a series of radio announcements, a hundred tourists showed up, along with a smattering of Arubans and policemen. Jan van der Straaten, the crusty Dutch police superintendent who would end up working the case, was not happy. "Van der Straaten walks up and tells me, 'You can't do this,'" Renfro recalls. "I said, 'Yes I can. I'm going to find this girl.' He told me she wasn't even considered 'missing' for 48 hours. In fact, he told me just to go to Ladies' Night at Carlos n Charlie's that night, that she would probably show up there. Anyway, he talked to the group. And his message was, he asked us not to cause any traffic problems. I just wanted to fall out of my pants I was so mad."

At dusk the searchers returned to their hotel rooms, having found no sign of Nata-

lee. Then, early the next evening, Munzenhofer took an urgent call from a source, who said Natalee was staying in a downtown house with certain unnamed "friends" who wanted to "protect" her. But, the source went on, her friends had agreed to turn her over to the family for $4,000—a quasi-ransom. Renfro relayed the message to Beth, and within an hour everyone had met at the Buc-

car. The restaurant Munzenhofer's fam-

ily owns. Jug had a thousand dollars, and the Munzenhofer's volunteered to donate the other $3,000 from the cash register.

By now more of "the Fabulous Seven" had arrived. Eight men were in the group, and Munzenhofer's husband took them to scout the downtown house where Natalee was supposed to be. It turned out to be what Arubans call a cholder house—a crack house. When the men returned, everyone headed downtown to stake it out. "We were scared—scared to death," Renfro recalls. "We didn't know these people, how dangerous they were, whether they had guns and knives. So we called the cops. It took them 45 minutes to come a quarter-mile. They went in and looked around." Natalee wasn't there. The group spent the rest of the evening searching the neighborhood, and by midnight Renfro realized she had missed all her deadlines.

"The print guys—I don't know what happened—they decided to print the previous day's paper again," she remembers.

At 10 o'clock the next morning and every morning for the next two weeks Renfro and Munzenhofer organized search parties. They traipsed through cactus-strewn vacant lots and windswept beaches from the Holiday Inn, north past the Marriott, all the way to the lighthouse at the island's northwestern tip. One morning Munzenhofer took Jug Twitty to the island's Dutch military base to request help from the Dutch Marines, who joined the search with helicopters and four-wheel-drive vehicles. Another day the jus-

tice minister gave all Aruban government employees the day off to join the search. But no one returned with anything other than sunburn.

The first American cable crew—MSNBC—arrived on Friday, following the first correspondent to the island, from the syndicated show A Current Affair. That night Renfro was working late when she received a call from a source—a former policeman—who had just heard on police radio that an American girl matching Natalee's description had been seen stepping into a Kia sedan outside an ATM in Oranjestad. Immediately the newspaper office emptied: at least 10 cars, packed with staffers and Alabamans, fanned out across the downtown area, looking for the car. When it was sighted, Renfro used cell phones to orches-

trate a covert pursuit. A half-dozen cars fol-

lowed the Kia for 15 minutes until it parked outside a house just blocks from the news-
Aruba Mystery

paper office. Renfro could just make out a man and two women, one of them blonde, inside the car.

They watched the car for 15 minutes before one of Renfro’s friends, a volunteer named Carlos, took the initiative, walked to the car, and exchanged words with the driver, who was puffing on a marijuana cigarette. “Carlos came back and said, ’I don’t think it’s her, she was too happy,'” Renfro recalls. “We said, ’Come on! She’s on drugs! Of course she’s happy.’ [He said,] ’No, she’s too heavy.’ [We said,] ’Maybe she gained weight!’ [He said,] ’But there’s a baby in the car.’”

As they discussed what to do, the Kia drove off. The Aruba Today caravan followed it to another house, where the three of them remained in the car. Forty minutes went by. Police were called. Finally, another volunteer, named O.J., pulled his Bronco in front of the car. When he got out, the driver emerged with what appeared to be a baseball bat and took a swing at O.J., who dived into his car and drove off. One of the women ran inside the house with the infant, but the Kia continued on, eventually stopping at a convenience store.

Soon the police appeared and took the driver and the other girl into custody. By the time the patrol car reached a nearby police station, a crowd of 100 onlookers, including camera crews from A Current Affair and MSNBC, were waiting. Renfro’s spirits rose when, listening to the police radio, he heard an officer say he was “98 percent” sure the blonde girl was Natalee.

Beth and Jug were called. One of the Abamans emerged from the crowd, gave Renfro a bear hug, and shaved $10,000 in reward money at her. Renfro declined it. In minutes the Twittys appeared and entered the station. When they returned outside, their faces were impassive. The girl turned out to be an American woman on extended vacation. “It was the saddest moment of my life,” Renfro says.

Two days later the first arrests were made.

When the police first questioned Joran and the Kalpoe brothers, they told of dropping Natalee off at the Holiday Inn. They mentioned seeing a security guard approach her, so that Sunday the police detained two local men who were former hotel security guards. Beth, who had focused on Joran and the Kalpoes from the outset, angrily told the police they were arresting the wrong men. The deputy chief, Gerold Dompig, insists today that police considered the three teenagers suspects from the outset; in fact, he hints that the boys’ phones were tapped as part of a surveillance as early as that first weekend.

When Beth began giving television interviews the following week, she suggested that the police were protecting the van der Sloots because they were a prominent family. They are hardly that. Paulus has been a minor official in the Aruban justice department; he has trained to be a judge, but isn’t one yet. Joran was a high-school soccer star and an honor student; he was planning to attend Saint Leo University, near Tampa, Florida, in the fall. By Wednesday, June 8, hints of a cover-up had grown so widespread that the Aruban prime minister, Nelson Oduber, released a statement denying it.

Dutch criminal investigations differ from American ones in small but important ways. By and large, Dutch detectives do not speak to journalists, on or off the record. In the Holloway case, this created an information vacuum that not only irritated an already suspicious American press but also led to rumor and speculation on the justice shows. Moreover, plea bargaining does not exist under the Dutch system. Whereas an American detective might arrest all three teenagers and cut a deal with one to squeal on the others, this isn’t an option in Aruba.

Aruban investigations tend to move at what can seem a leisurely pace. “First, we investigate around [suspects],” says Dompig. “We try to establish the facts, look at their backgrounds,” says Dompig. “We want to keep them on the outside, where we can watch them, listen to their calls, see what they’re saying to each other. If we have to pick them up, we can’t look at them. Other than in a cell.

But the pressure to make an arrest—arrest—was overwhelming. “The press was so . . . so . . . just, you could feel it daily basis: ’What is the press saying today? What is Beth saying today?’” says Dompig. “The Aruban government is very insecure and conscious. America is basically our bread and butter. The government, well, everyone was in our case. They wanted the case solved as so as possible. And then you had the Aruba Hotel [and Tourism] Association, which is a very powerful group, that started putting pressure. ’Guys, what about the tourism? The in the hotels!’ Imagine how a law-enforcement team functions with all this. Imagine that pressure! We got calls all the way up to the White House! They called the prime minister.’”

Reluctantly, Dompig gave the go-ahead for the arrest of Joran and the Kalpoe brothers on Thursday, June 9. Joran emerged from his house with a blue-and-green t shirt wrapped around his head. After initial questioning, he was taken into custody. Today, Dompig says pressure from the Twittys, the media, and his own government for police to prematurely make the arrest. “We yes, yes,” he says. “Under normal circumstances, we would have taken much more time to monitor them. We would have had much more evidence had we waited.”

Dompig expected the arrests would please the Twittys. They didn’t. Beth and Jug were intent on keeping the pressure on. “It was like nothing could satisfy them—nothing.” Dompig gripes. “Basically, Jug wanted to come over and beat a confession out of these boys. We couldn’t do that. These are hardheaded, especially Joran. We couldn’t get a confession.”

Under questioning, however, Joran changed his story. Instead of leaving Natalee at the Holiday Inn, he now said, the Kalpoes had dropped him and Natalee off at the beach beside the Marriott, a half-mile north of the Holiday Inn; the area is a lovers’ lane of sorts. He said Natalee was so drunk s
During Beth's nightly appearances, however, the preferred outlet for their frustration was Greta Von Susteren's show, but the tension among her new friends, Beth and Angela Munzenhofer, was totally different. "We're going so much help, how wonderful everything was being, how helpful," says Julia Renfro. "But I got DVDs to me from friends in the States, and I her there. She was totally different." "That's how she is," says Arends. "She's co-faced woman.

We tried to avoid going on those shows," Renfro reports.

Because they wanted lies," says Munzenhofer.

Theories," explains Arends. "What is it take? What is your take? We're reporters. We're not going to talk about theories." The tensions came to a head in the wake of people on the show. "No body knows this, but the fam never the ones determining who goes on shows," she says. "It was all them." That is not the case, when Van Susteren asked about Joran, the defendant as an excellent ten with a good reputation and "an ideal he younger kids" at school. The next day, she was in the Marriott lobby, holding her daughter, when she saw Beth and Jug. She across the street and asked her to meet her downtown, she replied. "He pushed me! I'm holding a sleeping baby. He just starts screaming and yelling. It's you can't print. 'Fuck you! Get the away from my wife! I never want to see that again.' I was just so stunned. I had put my life into finding their girl." Ad- dray, a Fox producer explained that the itty was furious over her comments on Van Susteren show. Renfro was so she filed a complaint with the police inst Juggity. (Jugg acknowledges los- his temper and cursing at Renfro, but lies pushing her.)

Renfro attempted a reconciliation on h, going as far as suggesting that the itty was trying to "protect" her from lo- criticism by pushing her away. "Beth said, that's the blondest thing I've ever heard." says Renfro, a blonde. "After that, I just said, 'I can't deal with this person anymore.'" Beth says she doesn't recall any pushing incident. Of Renfro, Beth says only, "She's a witch."

Both Charles Croes and Angela Munzen- hofer say they broke with the Twittys after angry confrontations with Jug. They, and many other Arubans, have since turned on the family, and viciously. The Aruba Today staff, once the Twittys' most fervent support- ers, has morphed into the unofficial clearing- house for everything anti-Twitty. "We met Beth that first day, and Beth was like glue to us for about a month," Munzenhofer says. "But then we just had to let her go, because I did not agree with what she was saying. She was lying. She got caught in too many lies. I understand it. She's a grieving mother. I'm not against Beth. But, come on, her girl's not a virgin. The girl's an alcoholic. She was drinking... I have personally talked to people who say Natalee bought drugs. I've seen the photo of that girl chugging from a bottle of 151 [rum]. ...Beth. I told her, you have to look at different answers. Drug dealers. Taxi driv- ers. Ex-boyfriends. But she looked at one place only: Joran."

It's true that some of Beth's stories don't hold up. Before I went to Aruba, she told me that the Kalpoe family had been em- broiled in the odd death of a former maid, and that Mrs. Kalpoe had been detained; it turned out the case had involved another family. She also told me that a person on the island had fathered an illegitimate child with a friend's wife, and that the friend had committed suicide. That, too, does not ap- pear to be true.

"People understand what Beth is going through: they do," Julia Renfro told me. "But it's no excuse for misconstruing all the facts. She's hurt a lot of people down here. A lot of people."

By the end of June, with both Joran and the Kalpoe brothers in custody for three weeks, it appeared the case was nearing a climax. Rumors flew that charges were im- minent. On Friday, July 1, the government spokesman Ruben Trapenberg said they could come as early as Monday. On Sunday, police were seen walking with Joran on the beach north of the Marriott as he guided them through what he said happened that night. Expectations were soaring Monday morning when a clerk stepped outside the courthouse in Oranjestad and read an an- nouncement to American reporters and camermen. A gasp shot through the crowd when she came to the point: Not only were none of the three teenagers being charged, the two brothers were being released, indi- cating that the judge had found insufficient evidence to justify their further detention.

Joran was ordered held without charges an- other 60 days.

The Twittys were outraged. Beth tearfully denounced the judge's decision as a travesty, terming the Kalpoe brothers "criminals." She called on the nations of the world to re- ject any efforts they might make to flee the country. All over television, the cable hosts pined on, endlessly castigating the Aruban justice system. For many Arubans, this was the last straw. The next afternoon a former government minister named John Merry- weather helped organize a demonstration in front of the courthouse to protest the media's depiction of Aruba.

One of the Kalpoe's attorneys, meanwhile, attacked Beth's statements as "prejudicial, inflammatory, libelous, and totally outra- geous." Caught off guard, Beth went back before the cameras at the end of the week and apologized "to the Aruban people and to the Aruban authorities if I or my family have offended you in any way."

But the damage was done. "That woman needs help," an angry John Merryweather told me as we sat on his terrace. "This is just a concerted attack on Aruba. A terror- ist attack. Why blame the whole island, a whole country, for something that is out of our control? She attacks our justice system? What about yours? JonBené. Was that ever solved? Michael Jackson—he gets off. O.J. That's American justice, and the woman is criticize us?"

"
fled to Venezuela, that he had disappeared, that he might have been killed.

The Mansur "investigative team," including Wood, Eduardo Mansur, and other Mansur employees and family friends, began holding nightly strategy sessions at the team's de facto headquarters: Hooters. One night they were inside poring over rumors when a Mansur cousin's teenage son suddenly blurted out, "I know Cumpa! He's my uncle's gardener!"

The boy hopped in Eduardo Mansur's truck and led Wood to a large seaside home owned by Josy Mansur's cousin Eric Mansur, a wealthy importer. Wood found Cumpa, whose name turned out to be Carlos, in the yard. "He tells me that on that night, May 30, he couldn't sleep," Wood recalls. "It was 2:30 and it was so hot—he didn't have air-conditioning—he said, 'I got up, I told my wife I'm going to my boss's house,'" which was air-conditioned.

According to Carlos, while driving to Eric Mansur's home a little before three that morning, he took a shortcut, a dirt road through a vacant lot beside the Marriott. To his surprise, he found a car blocking the road. Beside the car were two large mounds of dirt. When he peered into the car, Carlos said, he recognized Joran and the Kalpoes. He said they covered their faces. He then drove on.

Carlos reluctantly climbed into Wood's truck and allowed himself to be driven to police headquarters. He disappeared inside for four hours.

Throughout the summerlong circus, the Twittys remained at the Holiday Inn and later at the Wyndham, whose owners gave them use of the hotel's Presidential Suite. During the day they emerged to pass out prayer cards and photos of Natalee, and at night they sat for interviews. One afternoon Beth was walking through Noord, handing out prayer cards with Greta Vanner and Deepak, when she realized she was near the van der Sloot home. She walked to the gate, thinking she would leave a card. That's when she saw a pair of legs—it was Paulus—in the bushes. She called for him to come out. As he did, his wife, Anita, appeared at the front door, and the couple invited Beth inside for what became a tense 90-minute meeting.

In the first half-hour, Beth listened as Joran's parents lavished praise on their son, though they eventually admitted they had been having trouble with him. According to Beth, the van der Sloots acknowledged that Joran had been seeing a psychiatrist. "Anita told me that," Beth says. "She was saying they were beginning to have trouble with Joran [for a] defiant attitude. The father acknowledged they could not control him. He would sneak out, go gambling, in the pre-dawn hours. They had no control over him."

At one point, Beth decided to press. "I told Paulus van der Sloot that he was responsible for Aruba being trapped in until he came forward, I told him, his body would continue to be trapped in a hell," she recalls. Paulus, while insisting he could remember nothing of the Natalee disappeared, began to sweat finely. "These beads of sweat were rolling down from his head onto the kitchen table. He had to pat him down." (The Sloots' attorney didn't return phone for comment.)

On August 8, Beth forced a similar confrontation on Deepak Kalpoe, who working at a downtown Internet cafe entered with an Alabama friend an MSNBC film crew. "I walked up to counter and I just stood there for about minutes and stared at him," she says, did nothing. That head went right down. All I saw was his white scalp. Then I was speaking with Deepak. I began questioning him. 'Were you a participant or did help her?' I was very graphic."

"And I think it just shocked him. I even say what I said. He told me his money advised him not to talk. I told him repeatedly to hold his head up and look me. I kept offering him the choice $250,000 reward or life in prison. He didn't need the money. Deepak fixed up looked at the very end, and said, media hasn't seen this side of you,' replied. "I've been saving it for you, pak." Afterward, Kalpoe filled a complaint with the police over the incident.

By mid-August, as Beth continued her sade, communication between the police the family had broken down entirely. characterizes this as evidence of the over-up; Gerold Dompig says his men got tired of being yelled at. Still, Beth slo-forward, meeting with Nelson Oduber Aruban prime minister, on August 20 much as it liked the police, her campaign appeared to work when, on Friday, August the Kalpoes were suddenly re-arrested.

No explanation was given, leading to other spasms of speculation on cable and Internet blogs dedicated to the case. It told me the brothers had been re-arrested because the gardener had crippled their all. In fact, Dompig says, this was not the case. The police decided to take a risk—a large as it turned out.

"Once we got a statement from Joran [Natalee] passed out several times while sexually fondling her, we thought we something," Dompig says. Under Dutch could be viewed as sex without consent anyone who enabled the crime could judge an accessory. "We tried Deepak Satish with that point; someone passed
I'm going to try to sort fact from fiction. Dompig agreed to discuss the case in detail for first time. Surprisingly little is known of Natalee spent her time on Aruba. At least initially, Dompig says, Beth asked investigators to refrain from debriefing the Alabama students. Not for weeks did the F.B.I. begin to interview them, and even now, Dompig says, police have not seen these statements. They have, however, taken statements from hotel managers.

“Skeeters Skeeters Skeeters,” says, “lince jody, nricane Joran’s till date. We kept Joran’s true identity is a matter of dispute. Authorities have never released the [Kalpoes] in the first place. Fortunately, the judge, you know, heard and he didn’t agree with us. So we lost Kalpoes. When [they are] walking, Joran’s er says, ‘Well, what about my client?’ in that started rolling, that was the begin of the end.”

In Wednesday, August 31, the judge or Joran released; the next day the brothers were released as well. “It was all about jicatina,” Beth charges. Her anger was fresh today as it was that day. “All the ters were gone to New Orleans,” she says, “So it was time to let the boys go under curtain of Hurricane Katrina. Right there. re your corruption and collusion.”

Joe, Joran traveled with his father to Netherlands, where he enrolled in college was briefly accosted by a producer work for A Current Affair, to whom he repeated of the story he had told Charles Coes is driveway months before. The Kalpoes men to their jobs. The Twittys retreated to Bama for several weeks, but Beth returned Aruba at Halloween as a new group of fliers began using sonar to hunt for the y off the northern beaches, only to quit esparing, citing a lack of cooperation from Aruban authorities.

Since Joran’s release, the only real new he investigation has come from, of all eses, the Dr. Phil show, which sent a team investigators to Aruba. There, in a taped view, a California lie-detector specialist named Jamie Skeeters seemed to get Dee Kalpoe to admit to having sex with ale. The tape is being examined by ess authorities, but Gerold Dompig, for now, finds it inconclusive. I’m skeptical,” he says. “It seems like a hoax.”

an effort to sort fact from fiction, Dompig agreed to discuss the case in detail for first time. Surprisingly little is known of Natalee spent her time on Aruba, he s. At least initially, Dompig says, Beth viewed witnesses in an effort to establish that time line. It’s been widely reported, for instance, that Joran returned to his home that morning around four. In fact, Dompig says, “nobody knows what time he got home.” Nor is it clear how he got there. “He says he walked,” Dompig continues, a distance of about two miles. “That is very unlikely.”

The tennis shoes Joran wore that night have never been found, which police find suspicious. Another missing item involves a break-in that night at one of the low-slung fisherman’s huts that line the beach north of the Marriott. Reported taken were a machete and perhaps a lobster trap. The police do not have a single witness who claims to have seen Joran that morning.

Moreover, Dompig says, this summer F.B.I. profilers completed a detailed psychological evaluation. “He struck us, and the F.B.I., as a guy who can make you believe he’s God’s gift to mothers-in-law,” Dompig says. “But if you look at his actions, he’s anything but. The F.B.I. profiled him as a person who never has been corrected by his parents. He’s the boss of what happens in that house. He’s the boss in the family. He is allowed to do anything... If a person like that is in a position where a person says, ‘No,’ well, that person may change completely. Maybe he blew a fuse when she wouldn’t have sex with him, and something happened.”
Bill Keller’s ascension into the Times’s executive editor’s drab third-floor offices on July 30, 2003, was less than typical. Keller rose to what is arguably the most esteemed (and important) job in American journalism thanks to the very public and very messy meltdown of the newspaper under his predecessor and rival, Howell Raines.

In May 2003, less than two years into Raines’s tenure, Jayson Blair had exploded like a suicide bomber in the Times’s newsroom. Before Raines or Sulzberger realized what was happening, the Times had erupted into an astonishing six-week period of open revolt, one which ended only with Sulzberger’s firing of Raines and his installation of Keller. It was Raines who lost his job, but within the Times the most persistent questions were being asked about Sulzberger. Why was it that, despite more than a year’s worth of increasingly anxious warnings, Sulzberger had seemingly remained oblivious to the damage the blindingly impertinent Raines was inflicting on the newsroom? Through the course of the crisis, Sulzberger—who’d long been plagued by questions about his maturity and judgment—was mocked for what many of his staff saw as his glubness and insouciance.

Upon taking over, Keller worked to soothe an institution that was suffering from what many staffers described as a kind of collective post-traumatic-stress disorder. Reporters weren’t speaking with editors, factions had developed within the paper, and a pervasive sense of unease and distrust marked many interactions.

After surveying the landscape, Keller recognized that dealing with Judith Miller would be one of his first challenges. Miller had been controversial for as long as she’d been wielding a notebook. She was relentless, indefatigable, ultra-competitive, and extremely well connected. (She dated Steve Rattner, one of Sulzberger’s best friends when the three of them worked at the Times’s Washington bureau, and had even, for a time, shared a vacation home with Sulzberger.)

She had a reputation for sleeping with her sources (in the 1980s, she both lived with then congressman Les Aspin and quoted him in her dispatches); for bigfooting her way onto other people’s beats; for raining down torrents of abuse on clerks, travel agents, and drivers; and for cutting down her colleagues. She had her defenders on staff, those editors and reporters who marveled at her determined pursuit of a story, her deep sourcing, her tirelessness, and her work ethic. “She’s incredibly focused,” says a colleague. “I see a lot of people who come in and spend most of their day playing internal politics and reading [the journalism blog] Romenesko and gossiping, and I look at her and I see someone who is single-mindedly focused on her work, sometimes to her own detriment. She very little time making friendships.”

Miller had been covering threats to national security—one of the biggest, most important beats on the paper—since before Raines’s installation, in September 2001. She was working under investigative editor Stu Engelberg, and was, according to Times editors and reporters familiar with her work, one of the lead editors who’d been determining what Miller’s staff was writing about Taiwan, the mass destruction threat in Iraq, and the forthcoming Iraqi crisis, which led to the Pulitzer prize winning packages.

Soon after she won the Pulitzer, Miller’s safety net began to dissolve. Engelberg, increasingly frustrated by what he saw as Howell Raines’s desire to ram sensational stories into the paper, quit. When this time, according to a Times source, Miller referred to herself as “Miss Amok” because, as she said, she didn’t know what she wanted. Times editors began to complain that Raines refused to allow substantial editing of Miller’s work. The result was a series of crenellated stories about weapons of mass destruction in Iraq, and how the Times helped, in the eyes of many, to justify administration’s spin on the war.

Over time, the contempt and frustration directed toward Miller began to indicate a change in perspective. For example, although Miller had shared her byline with Michael Gordon when the Times was covering Saddam Hussein’s attempts to purchase aluminum tubes thought to be intended for use in centrifuges to enrich uranium, it was Miller who was usually blamed for what some considered the piece’s evidence-gathering gullibility, or even willful shillong on behalf of the administration. In fact, it had been Gordon who brought in the aluminum-tube aspect of that story. (Gordon eventually had several corrective follow-ups on the issue.)

By the spring of 2003, when it became clear to most of the country that there were likely no WMDs to be found in Iraq, journalists around the country began writing increasingly critical reports on the government’s claims. But the Times didn’t reverse course, at least not right away. Instead of looking for ways to shore up its paper’s WMD’s coverage, Raines was struggling desperately to save both his job and reputation.

This was the situation Bill Keller faced as he took over. He knew that the post-war reporting and Miller’s embeds...
a team of soldiers sent to hunt for D. in Iraq would only draw more criti-

as time went on. (Keller declined to ment for this article.) He also believed he had to try to mop up the blood on the floor before he attempted to do any housecleaning. He decided to put off idly examining the Time\'s weapons re-

for as long as he could: in the mean-

he\'d assign some of the best journal-

re to re-examine the W.M.D. issue.

way, the paper could solve the problem of good reporting. Finally, he told Mil-

that she was not allowed to cover W.M.D.

ational security. This, he thought, would

at minimize the damage Miller could

doing forward.

le was wrong. While Time\'s editors re-

dially batted down Miller\'s story ideas, he

continued to report on national se-

, continued to meet with her sources at the White House and in the intelligence

unity. (Miller has said that she was

mitted to report on weapons issues that she was assigned stories related to national security.) And now, two years late-

he Judith Miller problem had grown big-

ier.

y Tuesday, October 4, David Barstow

ad told Jon Landman that, because his friendship with Miller, he\'d be un-

to work on the team. That left Adam-

, Janny Scott, and Don Van Natta.

adman was hoping to get at least a pro-

onal story explaining Miller\'s role in

ed case into the paper by the week-

, for the Sunday, October 9, edition. He

ided he needed at least one more re-

er, and he asked another of the paper\'s

ors to approach Clifford Levy.

ey is what newsrooms call a \"doc\"—he has a remarkable ability to pore

ugh thousands of pages of complicated

cuments. Initially, the work he was as-

ed to on the Miller project was relative-

ontained. \"[Landman] wanted me to go through all the editorials that the paper had
ten on the Miller case and write a sec-

 on what the paper\'s editorial views had

over those many months,\" Levy says.

y Wednesday, October 5, it appeared

y would be needed for more than sim-

that—he\'d help write the story, and would

 help sort through the incredible amounts information coming in. \"(As soon as

t came clear we were doing this, everyone

ted to call in with their own Judy horror

\" one of the reporters said.) Liptak, a

er Time\'s lawyer, would focus on the 1st Amendment and legal issues raised in the case. Scott would report on the activ-

side the Time\'s building—on Sulzberger, for example, and on the paper\'s editorial board. And Van Natta would concentrate Miller and her Washington-based lawyer, Bob Bennett, in addition to helping Liptak with legal issues. (Van Natta had been one of the Time\'s lead reporters on the Monica Lewinsky case, in which Bennett defended President Clinton.)

Miller, it soon became clear, was not go-

ng to be an easy source to deal with. She

itually refused to speak with Liptak because, she said, his story about her release from jail implied that she hadn\'t gotten a better deal from the prosecutor than the one that was available to her before she was imprisioned. She refused to speak with Scott because, she told friends, Scott had not both-

ed to write to her when she was in jail. (She also told people that she knew Scott was \"judging\" her.) At various points she wouldn\'t speak with Van Natta either. On Tuesday afternoon, Van Natta approached Miller in the Time\'s newsroom. Miller immedi-

ately gave Van Natta a hug. \"I\'m so glad you\'re involved in this,\" Miller said.

\"Well, I\'d really like to talk to you, now, if you have time.\" Van Natta replied, \"I can\'t do it now.\" Miller answered, \"I\'m running off to go meet with Barbara Walters.\"

\"That was pretty amazing to me. I\'m a

league of hers. I\'m trying to get an inter-

view, and she doesn\'t have time for that,

but she has time for Barbara Walters. And

that night she did another one with Lou

Dobbs.\" The next day, Van Natta ran into Miller again, in Bennett\'s Washington of-

ce; at that point, Miller told Van Natta she couldn\'t speak with him because Lib-

by had given her permission to talk only to the grand jury. That\'s odd. Van Natta told

her. On Monday in the newsroom, she had
told the whole world Libby was her source.

\"We knew it was not going to be easy

ing with Judy,\" Van Natta said. \"At that

point her stance was basically not to co-

perate with us at all, and the things she was saying were just so preposterous. Sometime during that week I began to think to my-

self. I get it. She\'s saving it all for a book.\"

(Miller did eventually agree to speak with the reporters on the record and to this day insists she was fully cooperative.)

By Friday night, October 7, Landman

and his crew were at their wit\'s end. They

ayed up most of the night trying to write a

iece that would at least explain Miller\'s

role in the leak case, but without any of the
details of her grand-jury testimony, they
couldn\'t come up with much.

\"There was no logical reason why she
couldn\'t tell us her testimony,\" Liptak says.

\"To hear her tell it, she was afraid she may

be called as a witness at Libby\'s trial. I

guess the thinking is that she\'s given one

version under oath, and if she says or writes

omething that\'s at odds with that, she\'s

tentially a perjury target. The answer to that
dilemma, of course, is to always be consist-

tent and truthful.\" Despite having little to

work with, by early Saturday morning, the

team had cobbled together a story they

oped to get into Sunday\'s edition.

\"I printed it out at three in the morning

and I read it in the cab home,\" says Liptak.

\"And I just said, \'This thing sucks and I
don\'t want my name on it.\' It didn\'t begin to

ver any of the larger questions about what was really going on here. If this was the

swer to the promise we\'d made to our

readers about coming clean, it was just in-

adequate.\"

Early on Saturday morning, Landman,

ley, Liptak, and Van Natta reconvened in

landman\'s office. They all agreed the piece
couldn\'t run. Miller was scheduled to testify

ce again in front of the grand jury in the

coming week, and maybe, the team thought, she\'d be more cooperative after that.

Meanwhile, the Time\'s newsroom began to

erculate with rumors. Had Sulzberger

personally killed the story? Was the piece

ever going to run? \"There was this enorm-

mous pressure, both from within the pa-

er and from the outside world, to get this

ing in,\" says one of the reporters. \"And

hen when it didn\'t appear. I got these

e-mails saying, \'Just tell me the truth. Has it

en killed?\' There were so many con-

spiracies, about Arthur protecting her, or

hatever. It was insane.\"

The pressure only increased over the next

week. Miller kept avoiding having on-

the-record conversations with Van Natta; at

one point, she complained to Keller about

Natta\'s line of questioning, and Van Natta

elted she was trying to have him removed

from the story. (Miller did something similar in my case. After I approached her for this

ory, she complained to the editor of this

agazine and raised questions about my al-

legiances. She also wrote to me in an e-mail.

\"Seth, I read what you wrote about me in

your book. You never bothered to check

ny of your alleged facts about me. I have

olutely no intention of talking to you.\"

Three weeks later, after the story had been

itten and edited, she sent another e-mail

at that read, \"When you are finished with your

research. and want my input before you

ite, send me a list of questions.\" I sent

iller questions on two occasions, to which

she never replied. Outside of noting that

Miller\'s pre-war W.M.D. reporting was

uty—which Miller herself now acknow-

edges—there are barely any mentions of

Miller in Hard News; my book about How-

ell Raines and the Time\'s. What\'s more,

ile writing it, I tried to reach her nu-

erous times for comment. She never re-

sponded.)

Miller was also delaying handing in a

first-person account of her grand-jury tes-

imony. Part of the problem was that her

lawyers were dead set against her writing
anything that characterized her testimony. David Barstow, meanwhile, was trying to convince his colleague that, having gone to jail to protect the public’s right to know, and now having testified, she owed it to her readers to give an account of her testimony in the pages of the Times. That week, both Keller and Miller asked Barstow if he would help shepherd Miller’s story into the paper. On Wednesday night, as Miller returned from Washington after her second time testifying in front of the grand jury, Barstow met her at Penn Station.

Miller was exhausted. She eventually rejected her lawyers’ advice, and worked with Barstow throughout Thursday and Friday to get her story into the paper. Even so, the two stories weren’t completed until the deadline for the Times’s bulldog edition (a Sunday paper that’s released late on Saturday) had already passed.

When Judy Miller was subpoenaed in August 2004, her decision not to testify was viewed through a charged, politicized prism. People both inside and outside the Times were arguing that Miller, instead of refusing on principle to name a source for a story she had never written, was engaged in something far more nefarious. She was protecting her allies within the administration. Or maybe she was even the initial source of the leaked information. At the very least, the thinking went, she was trying to salvage a reputation sullied by several years’ worth of criticism over her war reporting.

But at the highest level of the Times, Miller was not being viewed with any skepticism or wariness; instead she was seen as a possible martyr. Sulzberger had struggled to prove he was the right man for the job since the day he took over from his father, Arthur “Punch” Sulzberger, in 1992. More than three decades before the Miller saga, in 1971, Punch Sulzberger had fought one of the defining battles of his career, when the Times argued before the Supreme Court for the right to publish the Pentagon Papers, a secret history of the Vietnam War leaked to the paper by Daniel Ellsberg. Now it seemed that Arthur Sulzberger Jr. was looking for his own Pentagon Papers case.

“There was a perfect-storm aspect to all of this,” says a Times journalist intimately familiar with the details of the Miller case. “Post-Howell. Arthur and Judy were both looking at resurrecting their reputations. And Arthur was so oblivious he didn’t care about the repercussions. A business-side employee is even more frank. “Arthur’s very well intentioned. But there’s something approaching panic about the way he deals with things. There have been a lot of very messy problems in not a lot of years. We could all see this was not the right fight to pick. But he was so determined to push ahead.”

This past summer, when Judith Miller was jailed, the Times’s editorial page immediately took up her cause. Repeatedly, it bragged of Miller’s steely resolve. “It should be clear after 41 days in a Virginia jail that Ms. Miller is not going to change her mind,” an August 15 editorial read. “If she is not willing to testify after 41 days, then she is not willing to testify.” For his part, Sulzberger said that he wouldn’t go to a single Bar Mitzvah without talking of Miller’s plight. As editorial after editorial appeared in print, people in the Times’s newsroom began to get more and more anxious. Are we sure, many asked, is this the right fight for us? (Gail Collins, the Times’s editorial-page editor, would not talk to the reporting team about the paper’s editorial policy. When asked to comment for this article, Collins wrote to me in an e-mail, “We actually don’t talk about the editorials in general. The theory is that they should speak for themselves.”)

The collective anxiety surrounding the Times’s support of Miller seemed prescient after Miller struck the deal that she said allowed her to testify. When the leak case began, the F.B.I. circulated blanket waivers to White House employees that would give reporters permission to break any promises of confidentiality. Initially, Miller said she felt that the blanket waivers were, by their nature, coercive, and that communications she had had with her source indicated to her that he didn’t really want her to break her promise of anonymity. George Freeman, the Times’s in-house counsel, and Floyd Abrams, the First Amendment lawyer who had argued for the Times’s right to publish the Pentagon Papers, in 1971, agreed.

Once he joined the case, Bob Bennett increasingly agitated to strike a deal. (“I don’t want to represent a principle,” Bennett told Miller upon taking her case. “I want to represent Judy Miller.”) As Miller spent more and more time in jail, Bennett began to argue that Fitzgerald would likely convene a new grand jury after October 28, when the term of the initial one ended. That meant that Miller, instead of serving just under four months in jail, could have ended up spending almost two years behind bars. At the same time, Miller’s husband, New York Review of Books founder Jason Epstein, was urging his wife to give up the fight.

Other lawyers involved felt Bennett’s efforts to strike a deal with a source once Miller was already in jail would have potentially disastrous results. “I thought then Fitzgerald would not move to keep her longer,” said one lawyer involved in the case. “And I thought it would be horribly damaging to [Miller’s] reputation if she left cutting of what seemed like a very similar to what she had been offered at the one Bennett, who didn’t respond to requests for comment, prevailed, and eventually refused to testify. To this point, Fitzgerald also promised that the grand jury would limit its scope to Scooter Libby and the Wilson case.

“When Judy took that deal, I was crushed,” said one colleague. “Her argument that waivers are by definition coercive was the right one. If anything, it’s more correct to go back to a source when you say, ‘Are you sure you really want to rot away in here protecting yourself?’”

Even Myron Farber, the Times reporter who had been jailed almost three decades earlier, expressed dismay. “I just can’t see doing it,” he told Editor & Publisher. I am just against the notion of waivers. I was in jail, the thought of accepting never crossed my mind.”

On Sunday, October 16, more than 12 weeks after her release, the Times published its 6,000-word dispatch on Miller’s case, accompanied by the Barstow-gate account of Miller’s grand-jury testimony. Two stories highlighted the degree to which Miller was seen as a renegade reporter—replete with details of her unsuperior source arrangements, murky security clearances, Miller’s apparent misleading of her editors. Before the Times report was even published, Bill Keller, perhaps remembering the disastrous “town hall” meeting that had convened in the wake of the Times’s report on the Jayson Blair affair, decamped previously scheduled tour through Times reas in the Far East. While he was gone, a newsroom frustration over Miller mount. Finally, Keller decided to send out a memo which arrived in in-boxes on Friday, October 21. “I wish we had dealt with the controversy over our coverage of WMD as soon as it became executive editor,” Keller wrote. Asia. He also addressed the Miller saga this case I missed what should have been a significant alarm bells. Until Fitzgerald after her, I didn’t know that Judy had one of the reporters on the receiving end of the anti-Wilson whisper campaign. I should have wondered why I was learning this from the special counsel, a year after the fact. If I had known the details of Judy’s engagement with Libby, I’d have been more careful in how the paper articulated its defense, and perhaps more willing than I been to support efforts aimed at expunging compromises.”
The next day, Times columnist Maureen Dowd entered the fray, calling Miller a "man of mass destruction" who gravitated toward powerful men. Dowd accused Miller of stenography, of lacking credibility, of being outrageous and frantic. If Miller were to return to the Times, Dowd wrote, "an institution most in danger would be newspaper in your hands." Finally, Sunday, October 23, Times public editor Byron Calame wrote a harshly critical memo about Miller in which he concluded: "The problems facing her inside and outside the newsroom will make it difficult for her to return to the paper as a reporter.

The Times, suddenly, seemed to be ended in a lynching of a reporter it had just at months defending. Keller was critical for using the loaded word "entangle" when "conversations" would have sufficed. Gadflies like the New York Post and Imus delighted in amping up the conflict between Dowd and Miller. (Punchins: A CATFIGHT BREAKS OUT AT PAPER OF CRAGG," screamed the New York Post day after Dowd's column ran.) Sulzburger, meanwhile, seemed to scramble to make his voice heard. "Bill spoke for newsroom but I concur with his point," he said in a Wall Street Journal article published Monday, October 24. "In regard, some of Bill's 'culpas' were my pas too."

Miller, to the surprise of no one who knew her, dug in her heels and prepared for a fight. Instead of taking several months off, she initially indicated she'd do, she began to make noises about returning to the Times mediately. One source says she called ads and advisers to tell them that her or Sulzburger ever asked to see her, she would have shared them without condition. She demanded she be given time to write an op-ed column refuting the charges against her. She had all-day meetings with lawyers and private conferences with Sulzburger.

Meanwhile, she continued to be defiant, visible in Manhattan and Sag Harbor, on Long Island, where she and Epstein live. Sightings began to take on the currency of potting Leo and Giselle canoodling with her new partners. One day she was seen king through Times Square, the Post's "age Six" reported. On another, she was having breakfast at Balthazar with annum Andreas Peyser, said the gossip site Gawker. She was out "gigling at bar" at a party thrown by Knopf editor in chief Sonny Mehta and Viacon executive in Freston and his wife, Kathy, according to Women's Wear Daily. The New York server ran thousands of words on her trial engagements, describing dinner with ancr Felix Rohatyn and Council on Foreign Relations chairman Pete Peterson.

Coffee with Simon & Schuster editor Alice Mayhew, and support from the likes of novelist E. L. Doctorow and Daily News owner Mort Zuckerman.

Finally, on Wednesday, November 9, Miller and the Times severed their ties. In another staffwide e-mail, Keller announced that Miller had resigned from the paper, effective immediately. At the end of his memo, he included a personal letter he'd written to Miller in which he apologized for his use of the word "entanglement"—it was not meant, Keller wrote, "to suggest an improper relationship." Keller also acknowledged that there remained some disagreement as to whether Miller had ever misled her editors at the paper. The next day, the Times printed Miller's 735-word letter to the editor, in which she defended her reporting, hyped her Web site, and wrote that she was resigning because, "over the last few months, I have become the news, something a New York Times reporter never wants to be." Miller, however, certainly isn't behaving like someone who doesn't want to be making news. Her Web site (which prominently features a demure headshot on every single page) contains self-justifying posts and cherry-picked, laudatory articles; her sundry responses to various Times critics take up more than 3,000 words on their own. The day after resigning from the Times, she spent an hour on Larry King's CNN show, throwing darts at Dowd ("I just want to talk about the serious attacks and criticisms," Miller said when first asked about her former colleague) and hinting that she might end up as a columnist one day.

But it'll be harder than that for Miller to turn the page. One of the biggest legacies of this year's saga will not be the interpersonal soap operas caused by Miller's spectacular flameout, but the fact that prosecutors have been shown, once and for all, that jail does work as a way to break reporters' wills. After all, even the indomitable Judy Miller cracked. Miller, undoubtedly realizing that this point will be contentious for years to come, continues to insist that the deal she got with Libby was substantially different than what she was offered before she went to jail. "I wanted a personal, written letter from Scooter Libby by saving, Judy, I want you to testify. And I wanted the right to question him about whether or not that letter was really voluntary," Miller told King. But Libby wrote in his letter that he was only re-stating what he had said a year earlier—that he had voluntarily waived his rights to confidentiality. And the conversation Miller eventually had with Libby was not an intimate discussion between a reporter and her source but a jailhouse conference call with several lawyers in attendance. As we now know, Miller's testimony was extremely damaging to Libby. Denying that he was the source of Wilson's identity, Libby told Fitzgerald he had actually heard that information from reporters. Miller was the final nail in Libby's coffin, and on October 28 he was indicted for obstruction of justice, perjury, and making false statements. (As ABC News's Jake Tapper pointed out, the Times, by openly questioning Miller's credibility in print, has handed Libby's defense a potential gold mine.)

It will likely prove just as difficult for The New York Times to move forward. The Times's top editors seem to have escaped most of the criticism that drowned Howell Raines in 2003 (although observers in the newsroom have noted that it was managing editor Jill Abramson, in her role as Washington-bureau chief, who was responsible for editing some of Miller's W.M.D. dispatches). Sulzberger has not been so lucky. For the second time in less than three years, he's being accused by his employees of being dangerously out of touch. Why, with a newsroom already so divided about Miller's behavior, did he need to wage such a public campaign on her behalf? "I feel it's as inevitable that Arthur's going to go as I felt it was that Howell was going to go," says an editor at the paper. That's probably an overstatement. Sulzberger's position can be threatened only by members of his family, who control the Times Company's Class B voting stock. But since Miller got out of jail, there's a mantra that's been repeated in the Times's newsroom: If Judy is the new Jayson, then Arthur is the new Howell.

The same night Miller chatted with Larry King, Sulzburger appeared on Charlie Rose's PBS show. The hour-long interview was seen as something between a wash and a disaster by more than a dozen reporters, editors, and business-side employees I spoke with. Outside critics were even harsher. "Sulzberger's jabber," Slate's Jack Shafer wrote of the performance, "differs not one whit from the standard bullshit— 'Move along folks, there's nothing here to see'—issued by every politician and corporate leader who finds himself trapped in the media's crosshairs. When a news subject relies on such transparent talking points as 'it's time to move on,' reporters know the story is only beginning.

"We all know The New York Times is what it is today because it's a family-owned operation," said a journalist who has spent decades working at the Times. "But when these things keep happening, it makes a lot of people wonder what it's going to take for some real changes to happen in the way this place is run."
FASHION
Covert: Naomi Watts's Jones New York Intimates slip from Macy's stores nationwide. Mikimoto earnings from Bailey Banks & Biddle stores nationwide, or call 800-651-4222, or go to baileybanksandbiddle.com.
Page 26: See credits for cover.
Page 49: Amanda Hearst's Vneck sweater from Cota Mesa, Collis, or call 800-301-8873; for Hunter Boots boots, go to hunterboots.com.
Page 81; For Olivia Wilde's Gucci dress, call 800-234-8224, or go to guccic.com; Tiffany & Co. diamond necklace from Tiffany & Co. stores nationwide, or call 800-526-0649, Danieli Paucole for Thomas Treuhaft.
Page 85: Kirstie Alley styled by Emma Trask for pants; dress by Alexander McQueen, from the Paper Bag Princess, L.A., or call 305-385-9266; box from The Way We Wear, L.A., or call 323-937-0978.
Pages 94–95: For Terry O'Quinns's Banana Republic shirt, go to bananarepublic.com, or call 888-BRSTYLE. Calvin Klein pants from Macy's and Lord & Taylor stores nationwide. Horal Perrineau's Giorgio Armanio shirt and pants from Giorgio Armano, NYC, or call 212-988-9919, or go to giorgioarmano.com; Evangeline Lilly's Vivienne Westwood top from Vivienne Westwood, London, or call 0-844-207-629-3757; Kate Spade skirt from Kate Spade boutiques nationwide, or go to katespade.com; Novene Andrews's John Varvatos shirt from John Varvatos, NYC, and L.A.; Levi's, Capitola E jeans from Levi.com, or call 800-USA-LEVI. Emilie de Ravin's Magda Berliner dress from Louis Boston, Boston, or call 617-262-6100. For Matthew Fox's Gap T-shirt, go to gap.com; Levi's Capitola E jeans from levi.com, or call 800-USA-LEVI. Daniel Doe Kim's DKNY tank top and pants from selected DKNY stores, or go to dksny.com, or call 800-238-0884. Yunjin Kim's Vivienne Westwood top and skirt from Vivienne Westwood, London, or call 011-44-207-629-3757. Cynthia Watros's Ann Demeulemeester dress from Barneys New York, NYC, for Michelle Rodrigues's Genero top, go to genero.com; Donna Karan Collection skirt from Donna Karan Collection and Marshall Field's stores nationwide. Josh Holloway's Valentino shirt from Valentino, NYC, or call 212-772-6969; DKNY pants from selected DKNY and Bloomingdale's stores. Adewole Akinnuoye-Agbaje's 2(x)ist tank top from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide, or go to bloomingdales.com, for Tommy Hilfiger pants, call 888-TOMMY4U, or go to tommy.com. For Jorge Garcia's Gap T-shirt, go to gap.com; Dominic Monaghan's Polo by Ralph Lauren shirt and pants from selected Ralph Lauren stores, or call 888-475-7674, or go to polo.com.
Pages 102–3: Bruno Campos's Canali shirt and tie from Bloomingdale's, Nordstrom, and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. Giorgio Armanio pants from Giorgio Armano, NYC, or call 212-988-9919, or go to giorgioarmano.com, vintage Wittouer watch from D. K. Bresler, NYC, or call 212-302-2177. Romeo Moffio's BCBG Max Azria dress from BCBG boutiques nationwide, or call 888-636-BCBG; for necklace by R.J. Groziano, call 212-685-1248, or go to davidyurman.com. Joely Richardson's Jennifer Nicholson dress from Fred Segal, L.A., or call 323-851-4259. Julian McMahon's Canali suit from Bloomingdale's, Nordstrom, and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide, or go to canali.com, tie by David Chu, from selected Saks Fifth Avenue stores, or call 212-277-6407. Dylan Walsh's Hermès sweater from Hermès stores nationwide, or go to hermes.com; Ralph Lauren shirt from selected Ralph Lauren stores. Giorgio Armano pants from Giorgio Armano, NYC, tie by Canali, from Bloomingdale's, Nordstrom, and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide, or go to canali.com. John Hensley's Tom Browne suit from Thom Browne and Bergdorf Goodman Men's, both in NYC. Neiman Marcus, San Francisco, and Ron Herman, L.A., or call 212-632-1917. Ralph Lauren shirt and tie from selected Ralph Lauren stores, or call 888-675-7674. Jessalyn Gilsig's Asprey dress and necklace from Asprey, NYC, and Beverly Hills, or call 888-2177, or go to asprey.com; for bracelet by J.R. Grasso, call 212-685-1248. Kelly Carlson's Collette Dinnigon dress from Linda Dresner, NYC, or call 212-308-3177. Agent Provocateur bra from Agent Provocateur, NYC, and L.A., or call 212-945-0229, or go to agentprovocateur.com; for David Yurman earrings and ring, call 888-DYURMAN, or go to davidyurman.com; for bracelet by M.J. Savitt, call 800-355-VIFT. Deda Cohen for ceramicaagency.com.
Pages 106–7: Steve Carell's Brooks Brothers twed shirt, west, and bow tie from selected Brooks Brothers stores, or call 800-274-1815, or go to brooksbrothers.com; Robert Toldt studios from Robert Toldt stores nationwide, or call 800-747-8778, or go to roberttoldt.com; Ascot & Henley hat from Neil & Palmer, Lodi, or call 814-207-495-4094. Dummy's clothing from Gregorian's Tuedo Shop, L.A., or call 818-980-5480, or go to tuedoshop.com; shoes from Little Ecc, NYC, or call 212-717-515; hat from Western Costume Rental, L.A., or call 818-760-0900.
Pages 110–11: Matthew Broderick's Ermengildo Zegna suit, shirt, and belt from Ermengildo Zegna boutiques nationwide, or call 888-380-3642, or go to zegna.com. Ralph Lauren shoes from selected Ralph Lauren stores, or call 888-475-7674, or go to polo.com; Spencer Hart tie from Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, or call 212-763-7300. Page 118: Naomi Watts's Atelier Versace dress from Versace boutiques worldwide, or call 888-VERSACE. Charvet scarf from Charvet, Paris, or call 01-33-44-260-7799. Mikimoto earnings from Banks & Biddle stores nationwide, or call 800-442222, or go to baileybanksandbiddle.com.
Page 121: Valentino coat from Valentino, NYC, or call 212-772-9619; Christian Louboutin shoes from Christian Loubutin, NYC, or call 212-396-1888.
Pages 122–23: Ralph Lauren suit from Ralph Lauren stores, or go to polo.com. David Yurman bracelets from David Yurman, NYC, Atlanta, Las Vegas, Houston, Bal Harbour, Fla., Manhasset, N.Y., and Costa Mesa, Calif., or call 800-DYURMAN, or go to davidyurman.com.
Page 125: Mikhail Baryshnikov's Valentino and pants from Valentino, NYC, or call 212-772.
Page 170: Catherine Deneuve's Lanvin trench coat from Barneys New York, NYC, Chicago, L.A., or call 212-826-8900; Christian Louboutin shoes from Christian Louboutin, NYC, or call 212-386-1884; for vintage Bulgari earrings and bracelet call 800-BULGARI; Sassy Man for Filomeno.

BEAUTY AND GROOMING
Cover: Naomi Watts's hair styled with Kerastose Paris Creme Busto Enfer, and Emulsion Nutri-Instant; Sebastian Richard for Jed Root; Makeup by Clarins; on her body, Moisture Rich Body Lotion; on her face, True Radiance Foundation in Pale Ivory, and Loose Powder in Translucent; on her eyes, Eye Liner Pencil in Black, and Wonder Volume Mascara in Wonder Black; on her cheeks, Multi-Tender Raspberry; on her lips, Le Rouge Lipstick Emotion 80; Lee Pycroft for Premier.
Page 26: See credits for cover.
Page 34: Seth Moinian's grooming by Sarah Potemina for the Wall Streeters.
Pages 72–76: Lulu Guinness's hair styled with Bumble and Bumble Does All Styling Spray, Penou Romanget for Bunt; Makeup by Givens on her eyes, Magic Koh Linel Pencil in Black, and Parad Eyes Volume, Lip, and Curl Mascara in Black; on her lips, Essential Lipstick in Shop Red, Mel Arter for Givenchy/CLM.
Page 81: Olivia Wilde hair styled with Redken in The Loop. 02. Curl Box and Lush Whip 04 Styling Cream, Thomas
What is your greatest fear?
The war.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Having too many things on my mind at the same time.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Inconsistency.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Spending all my money when I was 17 years old to buy an Hermès Kelly bag.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Beauty.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
My left ear.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
Je ne finis pas mes phrases. [I do not finish my sentences.]

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Nature.

Which talent would you most like to have?
The gift of a scientific mind.

What is your current state of mind?
Restless.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
My future.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
Nothing.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
A wild garden.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
A lime tree.

What is your most treasured possession?
Lucidity.

What is your favorite occupation?
Playing in the garden.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Impassivity.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Fantasy and talent.

What do you most value in your friends?
Uniqueness.

Who are your favorite writers?
Rainer Maria Rilke.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Mandrake the Magician.

What is it that you most dislike?
Insects.

How would you like to die?
In my sleep or standing.

What is your motto?
“À coeur vaillant, rien d’impossible.” [With a valiant heart, nothing is impossible.]
"I knew ad a problem and I couldn't admit it."
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Clifford Coffin, September

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>My name</strong></th>
<th>Kate Winslet</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Childhood ambition</strong></td>
<td>To act</td>
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<td><strong>Fondest memory</strong></td>
<td>Camping as a child in Cornwall, U.K.</td>
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<td><strong>Soundtrack</strong></td>
<td>Rufus Wainwright &quot;Poses&quot;</td>
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<td><strong>Retreat</strong></td>
<td>Any beach, Anywhere!</td>
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<td>A cure for breast cancer</td>
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<td><strong>Proudest moment</strong></td>
<td>Giving birth to my children</td>
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<td><strong>Biggest challenge</strong></td>
<td>My job</td>
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<td><strong>Alarm clock</strong></td>
<td>My son</td>
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<td>Sunday lunch with all the family in England</td>
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"My life. My card."
CONFessions OF A TEEnAGE MOVIE QUEEN
At 19, Lindsay Lohan has lived through enough drama for a month of E! True Hollywood Stories, from the war between her parents to her hospital flameout. The ingenue of Robert Altman’s forthcoming A Prairie Home Companion unloads to Evgenia Peretz. Photographs by Mario Testino.

MR. FITZ GOES TO WASHINGTON
The special prosecutor scarifying the White House has put away al-Qaeda terrorists and indicted Conrad Black. Is anyone beyond his reach? David Margolick profiles U.S. Attorney Patrick J. Fitzgerald—bachelor, brainiac, legal juggernaut.

DRIVEN BY DYNASTY
The adored grandson of the Fiat patriarch Gianni Agnelli, Lapo Elkann was racing to save the family business. Those plans—like his red-carp romance—hit a wall when he was rescued from an overdose in the apartment of a transsexual prostitute. Mark Seal reports from Turin.

KARENNA’S WORLD
Karenna Gore Schiff’s faith in the democratic process was battered in 2000 when her father lost in overtime to George W. Bush. But, she tells Laura Jacobs, she reconnected with the ideals of growing up Gore by writing her first book, about women who fought for justice. Photograph by Gasper Tringale.

GAWK OF THE TOWN
Norman Jean Roy and Jim Windolf spotlight the gossips’ gossips at Gawker Media, whose Web sites are guilty must-clicks.

EVERYMAN’S CASTLE
As the London glitterati converge for the centennial of Everyman’s Library, David Campbell, who revived the imprint, talks to David Jenkins about turning classics into best-sellers, and his no-less-daring transformation of a Scottish Highlands fixer-upper into a Palladian jewel. Photographs by Christopher Simon Sykes.

DON IMUS’S LAST STAND?
A 40-year radio veteran with close to three million die-hard fans, Don Imus looks if he’s been to hell and back. He has. Spending a week with the merciless shock jock, Buzz Bissinger discovers what makes him tick—and explode. Photographs by Mark Seliger.
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Chloé
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3:

154 CAMEROT'S SECOND LADY From her diplomatic dalliances in postwar Paris to her Kennedy-era dominion over Washington society, Susan Mary Alsop got as close to power as any woman could. Then she wrote about it. Susan Braudy illuminates the hidden history of a blueblood beauty.

FANFAIR


COLUMNS

88 THROUGH A LENS, DARKLY Screening a new documentary, Why We Fight, and The Unrecovered, a meditation on 9/11. James Wolcott examines what they reveal about American fears, power, and grief.

96 R FOR REVOLUTION George Clooney’s latest movies may be progressive, but with V for Vendetta, the Wachowski brothers’ new film, Michael Wolff sees a pop-culture insurrection.

106 IN PLANE SIGHT Are air marshals a deterrent or a danger? In the wake of the Miami-airport shooting, Richard Gooding investigates the program, which has been slammed for its dress code, its morale, and its leadership.

VANITIES

113 PATTON-TED SMILE Holly Brubach puts the fantasy back into fantasy football. George Wayne turns the tables on Jerry Springer.

ET CETERA

58 EDITOR’S LETTER
60 CONTRIBUTORS
64 LETTERS Caught Up in the Rapture
86 PLANETARIUM Angst of Aquarius
188 CREDITS
191 PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE Jay McInerney

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Published at 4 Times Square, New York, New York 10036

Subscription inquiries. Please write to Vanity Fair, Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714, or call 800-365-0635.

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The C.E.O. administration, as the George Bush White House liked to call itself when it came into office in 2000—before it became the “Mission Accomplished” administration in 2003—has become the semantic administration. Or, if you’re actually a student of language, the anti-semantic administration. Like the Clinton White House before it, the Bush crew has imprisoned the English tongue. What is, or is not, torture? What is, or is not, extraordinary rendition (in layman’s terms, the “outsourcing of torture”)? Does the C.I.A., or does it not, operate foreign torture prisons? What is, or is not, global warming? The complete brilliance of the Bush administration is that the president has further clouded discourse (perhaps inadvertently) by devising a game plan altogether new in American politics—the One Damned Thing After Another Doctrine. In its simplest terms it is this: Screw up as many things in as many areas as possible, and in as little time as possible, and pray that neither the press nor the public will ever be able to keep up with all of it, or even some of it.

In line with the administration’s attempt to remake America into everything we have long deplored came the charges late last year that U.S. troops had fired massive quantities of white phosphorus shells during a battle against the Iraqi Resistance in Fallujah in November 2004. The apparently reckless use of the chemical in a civilian area—in Fallujah it burned bodies, including those of women and children, caramelizing their flesh down to the bone, according to The Independent—is evocative of Saddam’s gassing of the Kurds 16 years earlier. In typical fashion, the Pentagon at first denied the reports, calling them “widespread myths.” Since then photographs and videos of victims, and interviews with U.S. soldiers who fought in Fallujah—and whose nickname for white phosphorous is “Willy Pete”—have told another story.

Vice President Dick Cheney, reportedly in the West Wing’s doghouse for not delivering the speedy, slam-bam-thank-you-ma’am Iraq conquest he promised the president, is getting some unwanted ink in the foreign press, where they are beginning to refer to him in most unflattering terms. “War criminal” is one such epithet. Which may account for his weight gain. It may also account for his pre-Christmas surprise visit to the troops in Iraq and Afghanistan. Goodness only knows the cheer the vice president’s tour brought to the weary soldiers who were there, so many miles from home during the holidays.

Cheney, on the other hand, had no such Yuletide melancholy. After enduring Iraq for nine hours, he eventually flew back to the U.S., comfortable in the knowledge that only a short jaunt from his “undisclosed location” in the capital was the $2.6 million waterfront house he just bought. It sits on nine acres on the Eastern Shore of Chesapeake Bay. And it’s a stone’s throw from the home of his low-Iraq-war architect Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld. One of the things the vice president attended like many a new homeowner, wasn’t it. Although planes over New York now follow pretty much the same flight paths that they did before September 11, the vice president used the influence his office to have the area around his new weekend home declared a “no-fly zone.” Even when he’s not there.

The president may have re-discovered Iraq in his flurry of stump speeches in December, but by year’s end he most certainly seemed to have lost interest in New Orleans. It appears through ineptitude or neglect, or a combination of both, we gradually losing a great American city. The president proposed marking $3.1 billion to rebuild the levees that surround New Orleans, but those levees would be strong enough to withstand a Category 3 hurricane—not the Category 4 storm that broke levees in the first place. More than three months after Hurricane Katrina swamped New Orleans, just 10 percent of the city’s buildings are operating and fewer than 1 percent of the city’s public schools are open. It can fairly be argued that Baghdad is in better shape than the Gulf Coast. It’s certainly getting more attention from Washington.

The White House, meanwhile, is resisting congressional quests for access to files that record how Bush and his chief of staff, Andy Card, responded when they first got word of the tental devastation of Katrina. The special House committee investigating that response then downgraded the request, asking only Card’s communications. And that was rejected as well.

The administration’s own desire for privacy is in complete contrast to its position that in its crusade for freedom abroad it must minimize everyone else’s freedoms at home. The USA Patriot Act is a strong sword in this battle. Outright spying on Americans is another. Richard Nixon similarly used the apparatus of the U.S. government to eavesdrop on Americans who held views about the Vietnam War antithetical to his own. The president’s interest in the fairs of others is a trait fraught with pitfalls. Indeed, it brings to mind the obituary of a well-regarded English lawyer named Pat "Paddy" Pakenham which appeared in the Telegraph last June. During a drug trial in which Pakenham had clashed often with a testy judge, a bag of marijuana was produced in evidence. Brit to me, the judge ordered. Whereupon he opened the bag and proceeded to place the contents in his mouth. Chewing it, the judge announced that it was indeed cannabis. And where was the suitcase found? he asked. Pakenham turned to the learned magistrate and said, "In the defendant’s anus, my Lord." —GRAYDON CAR
**Evgenia Peretz**

After weeks of trying and failing to set up an interview with Lindsay Lohan, contributing editor Evgenia Peretz assumed the teenage star must be a flaky prima donna. “Moments into the interview—once it was finally nailed down—all my frustration disappeared,” Peretz says. “She’s just so winning. I felt like I was back in high school, making a new, really funny friend.”

Peretz was also impressed with how well Lohan has coped with her crazy fan situation. “Most young people, having gone through the hideous family drama she’s been through—in public, no less—would be total basket cases. Though she has certainly had bouts of weakness, she now seems to be channeling the dark stuff in productive ways.”

**Buzz Bissinger**

When you interact with Don Imus, contributing editor Buzz Bissinger discovered you will invariably be dissected mercilessly on the radio. And, try as you might, there is no sure way to please him. “If I describe him in the story as Jesus,” says Bissinger, “he’d say, ‘Why not Muhammad?’”

Gaining access to the private Imus was a challenge but “once I got in,” Bissinger says, “he was very open and gracious. I think he sort of took pity on me.” Despite Imus’s unpredictable, gruff personality, Bissinger thoroughly enjoyed this assignment. “I had a lot more fun following him around than I did Michael Bloomberg,” whom Bissinger profiled for V.F. in December 2003. Bissinger’s most recent book, the *New York Times* best-seller *Three Nights in August*, comes out in paperback this spring from Houghton Mifflin.

**James Wolcott**

Contributing editor James Wolcott argues that filmmaker Michael Moore—regardless of what one thinks of his politics—should be high-fived for single-handedly resurrecting a moribund genre: the documentary. “I think now that Michael Moore has pushed open the door,” Wolcott says, “we are going to see a flood of more and more documentaries.”

Leading the wave is *Why We Fight*, a new film about 9/11 that Wolcott discusses in “Through a Lens, Darkly,” on page 88. “I think these films are going to be much more on everyone’s radar than they used to be. We have learned that there are new ways to thread a narrative.” Wolcott recently wrote the foreword for *Beene by Beene*, by Geoffrey Beene (Vendome).
Mark Seal

In tracing the scandal surrounding Lapo Elkann, dashing grandson of Fiat visionair Gianni Agnelli, contributing editor Mark Seal became fascinated with Turin, Italy, backdrop for Elkann’s descent into drugs and the company of transsexual prostitute. “The two sides of this cold, gray, foggy company town—that was the most interesting thing to me,” says Seal. “There was such a dichotomy, one side being so upscale, urbane and the other a totally different city.” Elkann brought a flashy style to his task of rejuvenating the once dominant automobile brand: “He was an outrageously public person and he was doing an amazing job.” Seal is currently collaborating with Daniel Snyder, the owner of the Washington Redskins, on Snyder’s autobiography.

Michael Wolff

For this month’s column, contributing editor Michael Wolff strays from his usual culture chaffing to focus on the release of the Wachowski brothers’ new film, V for Vendetta, but a movie review it is not. Wolff sees the picture as not only a media story but also a social and political one that may change the way Americans think. “For the last several years we’ve been told to think that our way of life is imperiled,” Wolff mocks that idea, mocks it in a way that makes you feel just a little sheepish about ever thinking that way,” he says.

“Movies like Syriana and Good Night, and Good Luck are just dramatizing the way liberals would like to think they think—they’re a yawn.” Wolff recently finished a screenplay for Columbia Pictures, which will be directed by Nora Ephron.

Gasper Tringale

When Vanity Fair began preparing name Mark Felt as Watergate’s Deep Throat in the July issue, contributing photographer Gasper Tringale was among the first to be let in on the secret. “It was a real caper,” recalls Tringale. “There was a secret code word for the shoot, and I had to to below the radar with no assistant. By the time I got there, I was afraid to slam the car door too loudly.”

Tringale, whose photographs regularly appear in V.F., captures Kareena Gore Schiff at her N.Y.C. home for “Karenna’s World,” page 140. “She was full of intelligence and grace. As with Mark, you’re dropping into the universe that is another person’s life and then out again. It’s fascinating.” During the shoot, Tringale says, Gore Schiff “couldn’t have been nicer to
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As one of the secular humanists destined to die a gory death in the forthcoming Armageddon, I was prompted by Craig Unger's insightful article "American Rapture" [December] to dust off my Sunday-school-era Bible and reread the book of Revelation. I was amused to (re)discover that the description of the End of Days does indeed read like a lurid treatment for a forthcoming Mel Gibson religious epic—or a post-Sacramento Schwarzenegger comeback vehicle. But before Tim LaHaye and his fellow born-again types work themselves any further into their pre-Raptureous psychosis, perhaps they should be reminded that, like all sequels in this age of media overload, the Second Coming is probably best avoided. It's bound to pale in comparison with the original—which didn't exactly end well for the main protagonist, either.

MICHAEL HERRMANN
Perth, Australia

I HAVE THIS HORRIBLE FEELING that if Jesus were to come back as predicted in the Scriptures he would be shocked by those who preach so fervently and hysterically in his name today. Worse, he'd probably be reviled and ignored as an impostor by today's fundamentalist "Christians." If I have interpreted information about this great prophet correctly, from what I have read in the New Testament, he would not destroy the "nonbelievers," would love gays, would put an end to an unprovoked war, and would make certain the poor and sick were fed, clothed, and respected.

If, however, "the Rapture" should happen as the Bible-thumpers predict, then I would prefer to vanish in a cloud of fire and dust or burn eternally. Who would want to go to a heaven filled with those people?

CLAUDE M. GRUENER
Austin, Texas

THE ARTICLE "American Rapture" was a clear attack on evangelical Christians. The printing of it, along with the Editor's Letter ["Have Some Compassion. Please!," Graydon Carter] proclaiming it the "destructive story on Rapture mania," has taken Christian-bashing to a new low.

The entire point of the story, by Craig Unger's own admission, is to enlighten the secular world about the dangerous thoughts of Evangelicals. As evidence, he asserts Evangelicals are part of a right-wing conspiracy attempting to bring on Armageddon in order to prove we are right about our beliefs—beliefs, Unger writes, that were "once dismissed as... delusional." What other kind of delusional? Evangelical Christians know that no human effort can bring on Armageddon!

Furthermore, Unger accuses us of being "almost completely uninformed about the world we live in, of being racist toward Arabs and dismissive of secular humanism of wanting war, and of blindly following preachers' teachings." To him, we are an unholy and racist, right-wing fan base.

I am amused at the notion that Evangelicals represent a truly diverse cross section of America...
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The only certain belief we share is faith in Jesus Christ, our Lord. Unger’s message about Christians is not just a false one but also a very harmful one.

ANITA JONES
Baldwinsville, New York

PROTECTING PBS

JAMES WOLCOTT suggests that PBS has stopped taking risks in its programming choices (“Kill PBS? Over My Dead Vovol,” December). I don’t buy that.

I spent 14 years trying to bring Tony Hillerman’s American Indian–themed mystery novels to the screen. It took the Public Broadcasting Service to make it happen: since 2002, PBS has aired adaptations of three Hillerman novels. I’m proud to serve as one of the executive producers of this series.

PBS’s documentaries are just as fearless. People who are having trouble finding the truth these days should look at shows such as Frontline, Wide Angle, and P.O.V. Each one brings a diversity of views and new perspectives to television.

ROBERT REDFORD
Sundance, Utah

JAMES WOLCOTT paints a highly distorted picture of PBS. During the month his column appeared, PBS aired Rx for Survival: A Global Health Challenge, on the worldwide public-health crisis, Frontline investigated dwindling abortion rights, and News examined the exploitation of the immigrant workers rebuilding New Orleans.

What did PBS’s commercial alternatives air? Discovery Channel viewers saw Sharkbites: Surviving Great Whites. A&E carried Inside the Playboy Mansion. The History Channel aired UFOs and the White House.

As our programming demonstrates, PBS’s mission is to serve—not sell. Citizens understand this. A recent Roper Public Affairs & Media poll ranked PBS as the nation’s most trusted institution, above even courts of law.

Mr. Wolcott believes PBS’s opponents should “let it wilt on the vine.” I believe he should drink more deeply from the source before casting such value aside.

PAT MITCHELL
President and C.E.O.
Public Broadcasting Service
Alexandria, Virginia

HASTERT’S MONEY TRAIL

“AN INCONVENIENT PATRIOT” (September), by David Rose, contains references to Speaker J. Dennis Hastert which could suggest that accusations in a wiretap concerning unaccounted-for contributions were credible and possibly true; those references were themselves unfounded. Unlike many public officials, Speaker Hastert retains information on the identity and residence of contributors, including those contributing less than $200. Those records indicate that there was no basis for suggesting that there were numerous unaccounted-for contributions, much less hundreds of thousands of dollars’ worth of them. The facts are: the data regarding contributions of less than $200 provide the identity of the donors of Speaker Hastert’s un-itemized contributions, confirming that none were of questionable origin or legality. In fact, less than $9,200 (not $500,000, or even tens of thousands of dollars) was donated in October 2000, and only five contributors (whose donations amounted to less than $1,000 total) were from somewhere other than Illinois.

RANDY EVANS
Counsel to Speaker J. Dennis Hastert
Atlanta, Georgia

DAVID ROSE REPLIES: My article did not suggest that the alleged contents of F.B.I. wiretaps in which Turkish targets spoke of donations to Mr. Hastert’s campaign were credible or true. Indeed, it stated that their claims may have been “hollow boasts.” The point is that the contents have been described by the former F.B.I. translator Sibel Edmonds to congressional investigators, but only under conditions of strict secrecy, and as long as the government persists in smothering her case beneath the state-secrets privilege, there is no possibility of testing the veracity of any of her allegations, the reported Hastert wiretaps included.

LOVE, OFFICIALLY

AT LAST! A wonderful, positive article on Charles and Camilla (“Charles and Camilla, Together at Last,” by Bob Colacello, December)

Thank you, Vanity Fair; this couple deserved no less.

JANET BEECH
Alta Loma, California

BOB COLACELLO writes: “Charles was removed from the Civil List in 1993.” The Prince has never been on the Civil List. As the Duke of Cornwall, he agreed in 1993 to pay taxes on the income from the Duchy of Cornwall estates.

THOMAS CAMPBELL
New York, New York

THE 60 MINUTES TAKEDOWN

AS A FELLOW LIBERAL, I advise Mary Mapes to take a long, hard look in the mirror before casting stones in the name of
Facade
Letters

Free Press [“60 Minutes Is Going Down!,” December], Mapes has done what the Bush administration so heavily criticizes does best: shirk responsibility while gathering information from select sources sympathetic to an already drawn conclusion.

Mapes chose as her No. 1 source Bill Burkett, an unreliable, anti-Bush, anti-National Guard former cattle rancher, then had the audacity to fault the subsequent CBS investigative panel for its “rigid, legalistic ideas of how reporting should work.” Dick Thornburgh [the panel’s lead investigator] would have found Mark Felt an inaccurate source.” To compare her cattle rancher to Woodward and Bernstein’s loyal F.B.I. man is shocking enough, but to forget that Felt was only one of a huge number of reliable sources is unethical journalism.

Lauren Wissot
New York

If George W. Bush’s Air National Guard documents were forgeries, they were forged not by a Bush enemy but by a Republican trickster who set up CBS, and, by implication, the Kerry campaign.

Proportional fonts and superscript were not unknown in the early 1970s. My 1972 typing teacher got us to type subscript and superscript, rather badly, by holding the roller between lines, but some typewriters could do subscript and superscript perfectly. I don’t know why this should sound amazing, considering that man had already been to the moon by then. So the Bush documents may well be genuine.

But let’s suppose the documents are forgeries, done on a modern computer. Are we to believe that the forger was meticulous about dates, addresses, and multi-digit numbers, but not about what machine he used? Old electric typewriters are not hard to find; they’re hard to get rid of. Current

Postscript

On December 4, 1998, Suzanne Jovin, a Yale senior, was stabbed 17 times and left to die on the side of the road in New Haven’s wealthy East Rock neighborhood. Police have theorized she was driven to the scene of the crime—two miles from Phelps Gate, Yale’s main entrance, where she was last seen by a classmate—and killed by someone she knew. Who was this someone? We wish we could tell you. Contributing editor Suzanna Andrews investigated the mystery behind Suzanne’s death, for the August 1999 issue (“Murder Most Yale”). At the time, the leading suspect in this highly publicized murder was James Van de Velde, Suzanne’s 38-year-old senior-thesis adviser and a popular political-science lecturer.

More than seven years later, the New Haven police are no closer to identifying Suzanne’s killer, despite a number of new developments in the case. In 2001, police announced that blood scraped from under Suzanne’s fingernails had finally been tested. It was from a man, but the DNA did not match Van de Velde’s or that of anyone else from whom samples had been taken. In 2004, it was revealed that fingerprints of two people were on a bottle of Fresca found at the murder scene: Suzanne’s and a partial print from a man the police could not identify.

All along, Van de Velde has vehemently proclaimed his innocence. And although the police have made no move to charge him, they have also refused to officially clear him of suspicion. Since 1999, Van de Velde has been living outside Washington, D.C., and working as a counter-intelligence analyst, first for the Pentagon and now for the State Department. In his ongoing fight to clear his name, he has sued New Haven police-department officials and Yale employees for publicly identifying him as a suspect. That suit is still pending.

Suzanne would have turned 29 at the end of January. The hunt for her killer continues.

Dan Giacchetto—the high-flying Hollywood money manager who by night partied with “Leo” (DiCaprio) and by day invested the earnings not only of pal Leo but also of Cameron Diaz, Ben Affleck, and a veritable Who’s Who of young Hollywood—landed with a thud just three weeks after special correspondent Maureen Orth chronicled his doings, in the April 2000 issue (“Leveraging the Stars”). Giacchetto was arrested on charges of securities fraud for misappropriating more than $9 million of his clients’ money—including $80,000 at the Chateau Marmont and $55,000 in restaurant bills. He was also sued civilly by the Securities and Exchange Commission for illegally diverting $20 million from the accounts of his lesser-known clients into the account of his A-list “best buddies.”

It was, perhaps, time for him to pause, take stock, and reflect. But nine days after the charges were filed, Giacchetto’s bail was revoked when he was arrested at the Newark airport after an unauthorized trip to Las Vegas. He was carrying $4,000 in cash, about $44,000 in first-class airline tickets, and a doctored passport. Giacchetto pleaded guilty to one count of securities fraud in 2000.

At his sentencing hearing, he threw himself on the mercy of the court, sobbing, “I was living in a world of fantasy.” Unimpressed, the judge sentenced him to almost five years in jail.

To settle his civil case with the S.E.C., Giacchetto agreed to return more than $14 million of the stolen funds and pay a $100,000 fine, and promised never to work in the securities business again. Meanwhile, Robert Geltzer, the bankruptcy trustee of Giacchetto’s financial firm, the Cassandra Group, has set about suing a stunning group of celebrities to get back some of the diverted money. DiCaprio’s manager, Rick Yorn, has had to cough up the most—$610,000. Diaz, Affleck, Matt Damon, Ben Stiller, Toby Maguire, Courteney Cox Arquette, Alanis Morissette, and Mike Ovitz have returned smaller amounts. Altogether, Geltzer has initiated about 100 of these “adversary proceedings” and about 65 of them have been resolved.

Giacchetto was released from prison in 2003. Part of his deal with the government is that 25 percent of his gross earnings from now on will eventually be distributed to victims of the fraud until their losses are paid off. After a stint working as a paralegal for his defense attorney, Giacchetto launched a new capitalist venture in high-end canned foods. His company, Taste, is for those with discerning palates and gourmet can openers.

Ponzi Posse
Leonardo DiCaprio and Dana Giacchetto at a benefit in Los Angeles, 1999.
The new hypnotizing fragrance

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office-supply catalogues offer pages of replacement ribbons, so the machines must still be around. But if the forger was too lazy to find a typewriter, he could have made the documents more credible on his computer by using old-fashioned styles and quaint fonts.

If there was a forger, he wanted the forgeries exposed. And that's the real story—one well worth publishing.

JANET SWANBORN
Calumet City, Illinois

CORRECTIONS: On page 326 of the December issue (“Reconstructing Woody,” by Peter Biskind), we misidentified the wine company Orion Wells (chilled for). He acted in commercials for Paul McCartney. On page 336 (“Charles and Camilla, Together at Last,” by Bob Colacello), the implied duration of Camilla Parker Bowles’s first marriage was incorrect. She was still married in 1976. On page 124 of the January issue (“Baryshnikov at the Summit,” by Laura Jacobs), we neglected to credit Jochen Schweitzer, the stunt coordinator for the photo shoot.

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MORE FROM THE V.F. MAILBAG

Why do you insist on using “-gate” for every single scandal or pseudo-scandal? ... Watergate happened in the early 70s. Please, I implore you, stop.” So pleads Wendy Elaine Harlow, of Indianapolis. Watch this space for further Harlowgate developments.

Here’s what some readers had to say about V.F.’s running stories on Prince Charles and his new life with Camilla, Duchess of Cornwall, and on Princess Diana in the same issue: “Poor decision”; “Was it really necessary?”; “Shame on you”; and “JUST LET THEM BE!” Correction: strike the phrase “some readers” and substitute “Isabelle Micallef, of Los Angeles.” Those observations, we now realize, all come from one, dismayed letter writer.

“Oh, dear, Kate Moss is even more boring than Paris Hilton,” writes A. T. Osgood, of Delray Beach, Florida (“The Beautiful and the Damned,” by Vicky Ward, December). Yes, we’re back to the Great Covers Debate. Some readers (note: in this instance, retain the phrase “some readers”—do not substitute “Isabelle Micallef, of Los Angeles”) found our cover girl uncoverworthy. Moss, claims Kalia Mutsatter, of Sebastopol, California, is “the world’s least interesting person.” But is she? “Ms. Ward refers to Ms. Moss as brilliant,” observes Vanessa Carmichael, of Los Angeles. “Brilliant? Because she can put an interesting outfit together without the help of a stylist? I was named best-dressed in high school—that doesn’t make me a candidate for NASA.” Fortunately, Ann Hoover, of Santa Monica, California, can advise us on the delicate art of choosing covers for a sensitive readership: “Let me spell some of it out for you. We will disdain any covers and stories on Jessica Simpson, Ashlee Simpson, Britney Spears, Pamela Anderson, et al., although we’ll admit it’s a fine line for you to walk because, strangely, we did enjoy your Lindsay Lohan feature a while back. And, O.K., I personally find the Olsen twins interesting.” (You’ve probably noticed our current cover. Quick service!)

The one-woman—or one-feng-shui—master, anyway—campaign to persuade Graydon Carter to change his Editor’s Letter photo (see “More from the V.F. Mailbag,” December) continues. “Since you are born in the Gold Ox year and your monthly sign is a goat, that would explain the ‘Hangover Man’ and possibly the aversion to riding togs,” writes Feng Shui master China Rose, from Silverlake, California. And therefore? “Don’t rule out the barnyard look altogether.” Which is what some of us have been telling Graydon for years. Now maybe he’ll listen.

Finally, our favorite opening sentence this month: “I live in the state of Iowa and in the Kate Moss spread she is wearing a pair of Dior underwear.” Exactly.

Barry Perlman and Gene Montesano of Lucky Brand Jeans with David Spade (center).

BLACK TIE & BLUE JEANS GALA
On Friday, November 11, the Lucky Brand Foundation hosted its ninth annual Black Tie & Blue Jeans Gala at the Regent Beverly Wilshire Hotel in Beverly Hills. Approximately 600 guests from the entertainment, fashion, and publishing industries enjoyed performances by blues singer Jonny Long and the legendary duo of Loggins and Messina. The event, hosted by David Spade, raised approximately $700,000 for the Children’s Health Fund, which will build two mobile medical units to serve the needs of families hit by Hurricane Katrina.
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Making Their Debut

International débutantes Salima Mangalji, Yuki Mori, Nadine Ghosn, Camille de Dampierre, Michaela Raikes, and Quitterie de Rivoire, photographed at the Hôtel de Crillon, in Paris, November 25, 2005. For more, turn to page 82.
On February 8, nominees Franz Ferdinand and the White Stripes rock the house at the 48th annual Grammy Awards, at L.A.'s Staples Center.

Curious George (Universal Pictures) opens February 10. The cast includes the voices of Will Ferrell, Dick Van Dyke, Eugene Levy, David Cross, Joan Plowright, and Drew Barrymore. Jack Johnson performs his original songs.

Swim, tan, and shop. Napoleon’s favored vacation spot, Elba, part of the Tuscan Archipelago, in the Tyrrhenian Sea, is emerging as the destination resort for travelers from around the world. While Europeans have long ferried to the fish-shaped island for its soft white-sand beaches, private rocky enclaves, quaint boutiques, and amazing gelato, the rest of us are only just now getting in on the secret.

APRÈS-SKI

Aspen, the winter-wonderland restaurant and bar in New York City, looks and feels like a ski lodge. There’s a bar with Lucite deer heads, a fireplace, a private Gonzo dining room—in honor of Hunter S. Thompson—and a menu packed with dishes such as bison sliders with chipotle ketchup, brook trout tacos, and pomegranate- and rosemary baby lamb chops. It’s the best of après-ski—without having to un buckle your boots.

BRIT PICKS

No one does satire better than the English. First came The Chap, the magazine for modern gentlemen who prefer ancient rituals of courtesy and dress and shudder at such things as fast-food corporations and the information superhighway. And now there’s Rubbish, the irreverent new fashion annual that targets style-supplement addicts looking for a less serious approach to designers and their sartorial subjects.

Goya’s Last Works begins at New York’s Frick Collection. It’s the first American exhibition to concentrate exclusively on the final phase of the artist’s career. Oil paintings, lithographs, and tiny paintings on ivory make up the 50-piece show. (2/22–5/14).

Hockney’s portraiture, from photographs to watercolors, debuts at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston (2/26–5/14).

The Art Institute of Chicago opens “Girodet: Romantic Rebel,” an exhibition featuring more than 100 French Revolution-inspired works by Anne-Louis Girodet de Roussy-Trioson (2/11–4/30).
noff® Lime and Cola

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Cola

in tall glass over ice

drink responsibly.

1.5 oz. per serving.
For an industry that’s in a suit over diminishing sales, the music business doesn’t make it easy to listen to music. If you can manage to pry open the CD package, listen on your computer without getting attacked by faulty protection schemes, or avoid arrest for illegal copying, downloading, or whatnot, here are some new offerings that I courageously listened to on pre-release discs bristling with encryptions, warnings, and threats. Enjoy.

Rhett Miller, the romantic front man for rock band Old 97’s, releases his second solo CD, The Believer, a George Drakoulias-produced, melodic gem. Manchester fave Elbow’s Leaders of the Free Word is hypnotic and bittersweet. Jessi Colter’s Out of the Ashes is the first new solo album in 20 years from the wife of the late Waylon Jennings. The uniquely talented Beth Orton’s Comfort of Strangers has 14 welcome new tunes recorded in two weeks in New York City with producer Jim O’Rourke. Soul of a Man is from veteran rocker Eric Burden, who devotes his phenomenal voice to blues classics in a tribute to the music of New Orleans.

With that city still on everyone’s mind, the remastered, repackaged Dr. John Plays Mac Rebennack: The Legendary Sessions, Volume 2 is a definitive take on the region’s piano style and the quintessential Dr. John collection. Straight to Hell is Hank Williams III’s ode to broken hearts, drinking, and outlaw ways. Willie Nelson’s You Don’t Know Me: The Songs of Cindy Walker presents songs written by one member of the Country Music Hall of Fame, sung by another. Elvis Costello’s My Flame Burns Blue is a live concert recorded with famed 52-piece jazz orchestra Metropole Orkest in The Hague, and includes a bonus disc with a suite from Il Sogno. Costello’s first full-length orchestral work. Willie Nile’s much-anticipated, heartfelt, and uncompromising Streets of New York was three years in the making. Worth noting: re-releases from Warren Zevon and Nina Simone, and coming to a Starbucks near you is Timeless, a collaboration between bossa nova maven Sergio Mendes and hip-hop and R&B stars will.i.am, Q-Tip, John Legend, Jill Scott, and others.

With a big Hollywood movie, numerous TV specials, a Broadway musical, several new box sets of old material, and a still-to-be-released album recorded with producer Rick Rubin, there’s been a lot of hubbub lately about the late Johnny Cash. One who stayed out of the public commotion was his oldest child, singer-songwriter Rosanne Cash, but now she breaks her silence with the powerful Black Cadillac. The album is dedicated to her father; her mother, Vivian Liberto Cash Distin; and her stepmother, June Carter Cash—all of whom died during the period from 2003 to 2005—and the 12 beautiful songs are, according to Cash, about anger, defiance, grief, gratitude, acceptance, denial, loss of faith, and renewal of faith.

There’s probably no living songwriter more British than Kinks leader Ray Davies—the dance halls and vaudeville palaces of Blackpool, the Waterloo Bridge at sunset, and all that. But an extended stay in pre-Katrina New Orleans (while recovering from gunshot wounds suffered during a mugging) shaped the material for the first solo album of Davies’s distinguished 40-year career. Other People’s Lives contains songs that express a deep appreciation for America’s economic problems as well as all the poignant character studies, sophistication, and wit that we expect from one of rock’s most literate and insightful songwriters. After all, who else can write a song titled “Is There Life After Breakfast?” He’s still not like anybody else.

Ray Davies
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W 

hen I was a girl, my mother told me that there was only one hotel in London where a lady could respectfully stay on her own: Brawn’s. The Ritz was too ritzy, the Savoy too racy, and you never knew whom you might meet in Claridge’s. Brown’s, on the other hand, on Albemarle Street, was above reproach. Queen Victoria had been to Brown’s; Rudyard Kipling wrote The Jungle Book there; Roosevelts Theodore, Franklin, and Eleanor were all guests. Brown’s, in short, was cloaked in a pall of respectability, and, as such, it didn’t register on my Richter scale of exciting places to see and be seen.

Fast-forward to 2006. Dear old Brown’s, once so chintzy, so English, has been bought by Sir Rocco Forte, who, with the help of his sister, the Honorable Olga Polizzi, has renovated the place and whisked the brown right out of it. Its classicism remains, but the calm, contemporary design—pale greens, grays, and creams, Bill Amberg leather in the bar, a dash of silver—makes Brown’s, which used to smell of old soup, 2006-sexy. Photographs by Terence Donovan line the bar, which throbs with rum cocktails; big, cool suites have iPod docking stations and plasma flat-screen TVs, and mobile phones are presented to guests after they check in. And then there’s the Grill at Brown’s, with its comforting wood paneling, where the order of the day is everything English. It’s a fantastic power-lunching spot that’s affordable; it’s magic in a London that’s gone crazily expensive. —VICTORIA MATHER

Garden of Ediths

A MAYSLES FILM MAKES ITS STAGE DEBUT

W

ould you bring my little radio? ... I have got to have some professional music,” says Edith Bouvier Beale in the 1976 cult-classic documentary Grey Gardens. And now she will, as Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright Doug Wright, composer Scott Frankel, lyricist Michael Korie, and director Michael Greif have transformed the Maysles brothers’ film into a musical, opening this month at New York’s Playwrights Horizons, and starring Mary Louise Wilson as Edith Bouvier Beale—the sister of Jackie O’s father, “Black Jack” Bouvier—and Christine Ebersole as her aspiring-actress daughter, Little Edie. In the 1970s the Maysles brothers shot 60 hours of film of the two women living as recluses at Grey Gardens, their mansion in East Hampton, in squalid conditions, with innumerable cats, piles of trash, and, for a time, no running water. “Maybe Big Edie was a narcissist who needed an audience or maybe she provided a safe haven for a daughter who was unable to cope with the real world,” suggests Frankel. “Either way, it’s a complex family romance,” says Wright. Notified of the musical by Albert Maysles before her death, in 2002, Little Edie reportedly said, “It’s perfect. My whole life is a musical.”—A.M. HOMES

GLORY DAYS “Little Edie” Beale in East Hampton in the late 1930s.

HOME ALONE Edith Bouvier Beale, filmmaking brothers David and Albert Maysles, and Edie Beale in the Beales’ bedroom at Grey Gardens, their mansion in East Hampton, New York, in the 1970s.

STEPPING OUT Romeo Stodart, Angela Gannon, Michele Stodart, and Sean Gannon in Los Angeles, November 2, 2005.

MAKING MAGIC

In the forests of British musical opportunity, the Magic Numbers are easy to spot: they’re like woodland creatures, untroubled and gregarious—not at all like the tense, skinny rockers who have lately been making noises. Formed from two sets of siblings, the Trinidad-born, New York-raised Stodarts and the London-reared Gannons, the band—inspired by 60s harmony groups like the Mamas and the Papas and the Lovin’ Spoonful—has a flair for making a corny pop melody fresh again and for sounding optimistically brokenhearted. Hirsute singer and songwriter Romeo Stodart says the effect is deliberate: “I love songs that have a happy-sad element to them. . . . You can’t really pinpoint what you’re feeling, because you’re feeling both emotions.” The Magic Numbers next appear at New Zealand and Australia’s Big Day Out festival, beginning January 20. —EDWARD HELMORE
Having a Ball

THE JUNIOR JET SET TAKES A BOW

Once upon a time, the 18-year-old daughters of the United Kingdom’s aristocracy were presented in the grandest fashion to Her Majesty the Queen in a ceremony that would officially herald the commencement of the season’s most lavish balls. Today, Le Bal Crillon des Débutantes, hosted in Paris each November, carries on the tradition, but with a decidedly international twist. Last year, 23 debutantes, representing 10 countries, curtsied to society—while making sure not to trip over their haute couture floor-length gowns. Americans Ashley Bush, the niece of President George W., Steve McQueen’s granddaughter Molly Flattery, and Rainsford Qualley, actress Andie MacDowell’s daughter, waltzed the night away with, among others, Sofia Barclay, granddaughter of Sir David Barclay; Yasmin Kerr, daughter of Simple Minds singer Jim Kerr and the Pretenders’ Chrissie Hynde; Japan’s Yuki Mori, fashion designer Hanae Mori’s granddaughter; picture-perfect Bianca Brandolini d’Adda, from Italy; and Maria Juncadella-Hohenlohe, whose family helped establish Spain’s Marbella Island. Without question, though, it was the handpicked escorts—dressed in tails, bursting with charm and impeccable manners—who seemed to have the most fun. It was an enchanted evening full of fairy tales and devilish grins. —PUNCH HUTTON
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Clothing designer Rachel Roy’s eponymous spring collection of chic and sophisticated pieces draws inspiration from the sexy silhouettes and tailored styles favored by glamorous film stars such as Ava Gardner and Katharine Hepburn in the 1930s and 40s. The wife of hip-hop mogul Damon Dash, Roy, 31, is a fixture on the L.A. and New York social circuits and is a rising star in the design world.

**BEAUTY PRODUCTS**

Lipstick: **Nars Lip Gloss, Bare**
Mascara: **YSL False Lash Effect**
Moisturizer: **Sonia Dakar Hydragel Cream**
Shampoo: **Korres Laurel and Echinacea**
Hair product: **Nivea Crème, for holding styles.**
Perfume/cologne: **Royal Bain de Caron**
Toothpaste: **Tom’s of Maine, in Spearmint**
Nail-polish: **Chanel Vamp**

**ELECTRONICS**

Cell phone: **Motorola V65, with rhinestones**
Stereo: **Bang & Olufsen**
Computer: **Mac G5 Laptop**
Television: **DreamVision Plasma flat-screen**

**HOME**

Sheets: **Bellora or Rachel Ashwell**
China: **Mixed-and-matched vintage florals**
Car: **Maybach 62, with divider for privacy.**

Where do you live? **Tribeca, N.Y.C.**

**CLOTHES**

Jeans: **Old Levi’s**
Underwear: **Bella Brazil Sol G-string**
Sneakers: **Pro-Keds CEOs**
Watch: **Tie Tac**
T-shirt: **Old Hanes**
Day bag: **Fendi Spy Bag**
Evening bag: **Chloé Jewel Clutch**

**FAVORITE DESIGNER**

Shoes: **Azzedine Alaïa**
Clothing: **Nicolas Ghesquière and Giambattista Valli**

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Fresh flowers in every room—even the closet.

Virgin Comfort

**HEATHROW’S PLUSH PAMPERING OASIS**

With its sassy vibe and cool comfort, Virgin Atlantic Airways has set a standard that’s tough to beat. And now, chairman Sir Richard Branson is sweetening the deal for Upper Class passengers and Flying Club Gold members, with the Clubhouse, at London’s Heathrow Airport. Occupying more than 8,000 square feet, this multimillion-dollar space stands like the mother ship of the Virgin Atlantic brand, housing amenities to mollify even the most persnickety of travelers. Created in conjunction with the London architecture firm Softroom, the Clubhouse—all sexy curves and luxury touches—features wireless technology, a 46-foot bar, a concierge, a restaurant, lounges, and the Gallery, a restful enclave for smokers pondering the puffless flight ahead. But the true centerpiece is the Cowshed Spa, which offers a pool, saunas, steam rooms, a St. Tropez tanning booth, and such treatments as facials, wet shaves, and massages. And then there’s the Bumble and Bumble salon, providing simple cuts or full-on dos. And best of all? Every Clubhouse service, from gimlet to shoe shine, is free. Now there’s a virgin experience.

—EMILY POENISCH

**MILLION-DOLLAR BLINK**

Madonna wears Shu Uemura’s diamond eyelashes in New York, October 23, 2005.

**BRIGHT IDEA**

Take a chance on romance by letting Chanel’s deliciously intoxicating Chance Eau de Parfum and Silky Body Oil sweep you off your feet. Guerlain’s Orchidée Impériale skin-care cream contains orchid extract for powerful anti-aging protection, and Rose Barbore, one in a trio of new Guerlain fragrances, draws its notes from attar of roses.

LOUNGING AROUND

The Poolside Lounge and the Bumble and Bumble salon at Heathrow Airport.
Just a hunch, but shouldn't stock ratings be based on facts?
AQUARIUS  JAN. 20—FEB. 18

Don’t you just love it when well-meaning do-gooders who have no idea of the turmoil you’ve been going through tell you that this is a moment to be patient, compassionate, forgiving, and spiritually correct? While a litanization in your 12th house sometimes signals that it’s time to withdraw for a few weeks to your meditation chamber (or just take to your bed), the configuration can also make it very hard to act holy and accepting. In fact, you’d much rather stand in the middle of the street and scream.

PISES  FEB. 19—MARCH 20

This is a strange phase for you. You are trying hard to be present for those who need you, but the frustration you feel when they exclude you and leave you floundering all alone has you itching to give up and go someplace where you don’t owe anybody anything and aren’t burdened with heavy obligations. With Ceres in your 11th house now, seek advice from those who will give it to you straight. At least you may find out why you can’t run away yet.

ARIES  MARCH 21—APRIL 19

How many times have you told yourself that you’re too good for the job you’ve got, or sworn that you’re ready to throw in the towel and go find yourself? Transitions from a tight regime to complete independence are difficult to realize, mainly because most Arians simply can’t bring themselves to chuck responsibilities and amble off into the sunset wearing a sarong and strumming a ukulele. Unless your job somehow supports your growing need to be creative, though, that transition may be coming soon. Or you can just have a baby. That’s creative, too.

TAURUS  APRIL 20—MAY 20

You have every right to feel angry and to confront whichever insensitive goons you suspect have been giving you the runaround or causing you grief. But you need to be able to use your head and express frustration appropriately, in ways that will advance your cause, not create more enmity or alienation. The fixed cross of Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn in your solar angular houses can release enormous reserves of energy, which when channeled into your career could produce miracles. Failing about in blind rages only gives you excess stomach acid.

GEMINI  MAY 21—JUNE 21

The self-fulfilling prophecy is a real phenomenon, one that shows just how powerful your mind is. If you convince yourself you are going to get financially screwed, you won’t be satisfied until it actually happens and all your fears and suspicions are confirmed. Right now, with Mars transiting your 12th house during a lunaion and part of you sure that you are headed for extinction, it won’t be easy to stay focused on the light. There are too many forces outside your control, so follow your passion but don’t try to beat the system. The system knows all your tricks.

CANCER  JUNE 22—JULY 22

If you’re feeling out of tune with the cosmic design, try to remember that the universe is supposed to present you with only situations and challenges that you can handle. Right now, you’re dealing with 7th-house relationships, both personal and business-related, with people who seem to want to nurture you but who also send mixed messages about how close they will allow you to get. It’s hard to know when to go for the clinic and when to back off and let loved ones or adversaries take the lead—never your favorite course of action.

L E O  JULY 23—AUG. 22

When Saturn goes retrograde through your sign, as it will be doing until spring, it is hard to focus on anything but yourself. Even if you feel as if you can’t spare a drop of energy for anybody or anything, you have to muster your strength, stay on the treadmill (literally and figuratively), and, most important, devote yourself to work with all the tender loving commitment of a mother toward a little baby. That won’t be easy if you’re holed up in the bathroom worrying about wrinkles and searching for a single strand of gray.

VIRGO  AUG. 23—SEPT. 22

Virgos have the most complicated personal lives. When they aren’t frozen into balls of emotional ice, they throw themselves into romance or parenting with such abandon that they are a hundred times more vulnerable to deception than any Pisces staggering down the alley at midnight. With the sun and moon in your 5th house, Saturn in your 12th, and Uranus in your 7th, this much seems certain: the ice is melting fast, and you won’t be returning to the freezer anytime soon.
Take years off your eyes and put back the sparkle!

Eyes that see the beauty in everything. Eyes that still enchant, that find joy in other people’s happiness. Eyes like this are priceless, so Clarins created a product for them:

Super Restorative Total Eye Concentrate.

Firmer skin; eyes appear “lifted” and brighter-looking with Dermayl® ceramides and elastin.

71% of users noticed a reduction in the appearance of wrinkles.*

* In clinical tests under dermatology control, the above results were confirmed after four weeks of use.
THROUGH A LENS, DARKLY

By taking the gloves off the documentary, Michael Moore opened the door for such gut-punching movies as Why We Fight—which exposes the military-industrial complex’s reign of fear and post-9/11 coup d’état—and The Unrecovered, a piercing of the veil that enshrouds the World Trade Center attack.

Every documentarian with integrity to spare should enshrine a Buddha statue of Michael Moore in the editing room, next to the coffee machine. It doesn’t matter whether the filmmaker is a fan of Moore’s or considers him a meatball sandwich—homage should be paid. Without Moore’s brazen effrontery, documentaries might still be poor cousins camped on the stoop, ringing the buzzer and being ignored. He’s elevated everybody’s visibility and expanded the playing field, making it possible for movies as disparate in tone and subject as Super Size Me, Control Room, Bush’s Brain, and Grizzly Man to attract audiences that otherwise might have stayed home and let their hair go gray. It’s not that interesting, provocative docs weren’t being made before Moore shambled onto the scene with Roger & Me (1989), holding the microphone like an ice-cream cone as he bird-dogged the chairman of General Motors, Roger Smith. It’s that they didn’t seem to matter. After the glory run of Gimme Shelter, The Sorrow and the Pity, Harlan County U.S.A., and Frederick Wiseman (High School, Hospital) in the late 60s and the 70s, the documentary genre receded into a prolonged malaise, a diminished status. Like the literary novella or repertory theater, the documentary form seemed a cultural holdover, unplugged from anything urgent. Going to a documentary felt like an educational chore—a force-feeding for our own good. As Pauline Kael wrote in Deeper into Movies, “Many of us grow to hate documentaries in school, because the use of movies to teach us something seems a cheat—a pill disguised as candy—and documentaries always seem to be about something we’re not interested in.”

We might be still digesting our yawns had Roger & Me been a fluke, a novelty item. (For the record, Kael detested it, ac-
THE WORLD'S BEST MARTINI STARTS WITH GREY GOOSE.

GREY GOOSE
World's Best Tasting Vodka
cusing Moore of cinematic chicanery.) But
the ballistic impact of Bowling for Colum-
bine and Fahrenheit 9/11 served notice that
there was a method to Moore’s madcap ap-
proach, a larger ambition. Moore’s movies
made news not only because he had a
Colonel Tom Parker knock for larger-than-
life promotion (“Call it first-person polemic,
or expressionist bulletin board, or theateri-
calized Op-Ed piece” is how film essayist
Geoffrey O’Brien described Moore’s brassy
approach), but also because each succeed-
ing film drilled deeper into the corporate-
political-media dementia we take for grant-
ed. He matured beyond the gaudy antics of
Roger & Me, ascending the slopes of Low-
er Slobovia and elevating his gunsights to
mount a multi-track attack on institutional

power, propaganda, and the destruction
of civic bonds in this new Hobbesian land-
scape. More important, Moore found his
signature theme.

Fear.

Fear is the animating force in Bowling
for Columbine and Fahrenheit 9/11, the
juice that powers the political grid.
Both films analyze and illustrate how fear
is fed into our diet of news and entertain-
ment, climate-controlled, manipulated for
political advantage, fermented into para-
noia, and vented through small- and large-
scale lashings of violence. The shooting
spree in the high-school cafeteria and the
bombing of distant palm-treed villages are
products of the same manufactured path-
ology. Fear has militarized the American
mind, set up occupation, made the coun-
try literally and figuratively gun-crazy. We’ve
become prisoners of our fortress mental-
ity, some of us passive receptors for scare
talk and terror alerts, others trying to tun-
nel their way out to the truth. This fortress
mentalit y keeping us passive and squirrelly
is outlined and demarcated in the new doc-
umentary Why We Fight, while the unclas-
sifiable The Unrecov ered (which deploys
documentary footage) digs underground.

Why We Fight, directed by Eugene Ja-
recki, who previously put America’s mum-
bbling Metternich in the dock in The Trials
of Henry Kissinger (based on the indict-
ment drawn up by Vanity Fair’s Christopher
Hitchens), takes its title from the series of
propaganda shorts directed by Hollywood’s
top populist filmmaker, Frank Capra (Meet
John Doe, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, etc.), to
mobilize homeland support during World
War II. Punctuated with shots of grinning,
jaw-jutting G.I.’s, Capra’s Why We Fight of-
fered an armory of assertions: We fight for
peace, democracy, and “the most expen-
sive luxury known to man,” liberty. The
question posed by Jarecki’s Why We Fight
is why we keep fighting. The U.S. is the
planet’s sole remaining superpower, unis-
veled in military reach and might, and yet
our leaders have us leaping at every mouse.
For more than a half-century, America’s been

The procurement process became such
a self-perpetuating byzantine bureaucracy
that even Ike had to scratch his bald
head in baffled frustration. (He was once
heard to lament, “God help this country
when somebody sits at this desk who doesn’t
know as much about the military as I do.”)
Whenever popular support for militar-
bulking up flagged, a fear injection was ad-
ministered with a jab. To justify the spiraling
extravagance of the defense budget, politi-
cians and defense lobbyists exploited Amer-
icans’ sense of anxiety and vulnerability
from J.F.K.’s “missile gap” to Ronald Rea-
gan’s “Star Wars” initiative to Bush’s “Ax of
Evil.” Similarly, America always found
an excuse to meddle elsewhere, regardless
of whose territories occupied the chair in the

Oval Office. As Wilfrid Sheed muses in
an essay about Eisenhower, “Kennedy sup-
porters… blamed Ike for bequeathing them
the Bay of Pigs, just as LBJ’s people would
blame Jack for Vietnam, and so on. Some-
times it gets hard to remember in whose ad-
ministration what things happened. Who
subverted Iran? Guatemala? Chile? Who
sent troops where? The continuum of post-
war policy flows serenely through the pres-
edencies.” Carrying corpses downstream.

W

ith a chronological arc stretching
from W.W. II to the present, Why We Fight
may sound like an audio-
visual survey course. It is, and it isn’t. The
historical backdrop provides the overture to
its inflection point, its pivotal spike: Sep-
tember 11, 2001. It is a day that refuses to
lie flat in the pages of history. Like Fahren-
heit 9/11, Why We Fight attempts to part
the billowing clouds of a waking nightmare
to trace and fathom the jagged line that led
from the Twin Towers to the toppled stat-
ue of Saddam Hussein. How the hell did
we get from here to there? How did a cam-
paign to avenge 9/11 and overthrow the Tal-
iban detour into the way-Off-Broadway pro-
duction of “Shock and Awe”? Why We
Fight’s answer is no Cracker Jack-box
surprise: American foreign policy was com-
mmandeered by a scrum of neocomserva-
tive ideologues who had been biding their
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Friday, February 3
8:00 pm The Bridge on the River Kwai
11:00 pm Sunset Blvd.
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Saturday, February 4
8:00 pm Sands of Iwo Jima
10:00 pm The Westerner
12:00 am The Pride of the Yankees

Sunday, February 5
8:00 pm Sunrise
10:00 pm She Done Him Wrong
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Wednesday, February 8
8:00 pm Cleopatra (63)
12:15 am My Fair Lady
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Thursday, February 9
8:00 pm The Big Country
11:00 pm The Boys from Brazil
1:15 am North by Northwest

Friday, February 10
8:00 pm Heaven Can Wait (78)
10:00 pm 2001: A Space Odyssey
12:45 am Dr. Strangelove

Saturday, February 11
8:00 pm The Graduate
10:00 pm Kramer vs. Kramer
12:00 am The Big Chill

Sunday, February 12
8:00 pm Out of Africa
11:00 pm The Bridges of Madison County
1:30 am Quiz Show

Monday, February 13
8:00 pm The Awful Truth
10:00 pm Sorry, Wrong Number
11:45 pm 12 Angry Men

Tuesday, February 14
8:00 pm Benji
9:30 pm The Sea Hawk
12:00 pm The Devil and Miss Jones

Wednesday, February 15
8:00 pm Pillow Talk
10:00 pm That Touch of Mink
12:00 pm Born Yesterday ('50)

Thursday, February 16
8:00 pm Sahara ('43)
10:00 pm The Lives of a Bengal Lancer
12:00 pm Here Comes the Groom

Friday, February 17
8:00 pm The Quiet Man
10:15 pm She Wore a Yellow Ribbon
12:00 pm The Long Voyage Home

Saturday, February 18
8:00 pm Who Framed Roger Rabbit
10:00 pm Guys and Dolls
1:00 am Cimarron ('30)

Sunday, February 19
8:00 pm A Place in the Sun
10:15 pm Cat on a Hot Tin Roof
12:15 am Absence of Malice

Monday, February 20
8:00 pm One Hundred Men and a Girl
9:30 pm The Gay Divorcee
11:30 pm Top Hat

Tuesday, February 21
8:00 pm Fried Green Tomatoes
10:15 pm Coal Miner's Daughter
12:30 pm Nashville

Wednesday, February 22
8:00 pm The Professionals
10:00 pm Airport
12:30 pm Bye Bye Birdie

Thursday, February 23
8:00 pm Imitation of Life ('34)
10:00 pm The Facts of Life
12:00 pm A Guy Named Joe

Friday, February 24
8:00 pm The Karate Kid
10:15 pm Same Time, Next Year
12:30 pm A Song to Remember

Saturday, February 25
8:00 pm Awakenings
10:15 pm Sleepless in Seattle
12:00 pm The Birds Cage

Sunday, February 26
8:00 pm Dark Command
9:45 pm T-Men
11:30 am The Court Martial of Billy Mitchell

Monday, February 27
8:00 pm Sense and Sensibility
10:30 pm The Spy Who Came In From the Cold
12:30 pm Anne of the Thousand Days

Tuesday, February 28
8:00 pm The Conversation
10:00 pm American Graffiti
12:00 pm The Buddy Holly Story

Wednesday, March 1
8:00 pm The Bridges at Toko-Ri
10:00 pm From Here to Eternity
12:00 pm So Proudly We Hail!

Thursday, March 2
8:00 pm The Lost Weekend
10:00 pm Love Story
12:00 pm Paper Moon

Friday, March 3
8:00 pm In Harm's Way
11:00 pm The Alamo ('60)
2:30 am The Big Sky

Watch the 78th Academy Awards Sunday, March 5th at 8pm ET/5pm PT

Prime Time Highlights. All Times Eastern.
time under President Clinton and slid into positions of power at the behest of Chene-
yey and Rumsfeld after Bush’s election in 2000. It was a slow-motion coup d’etat.
The neocons were now able to implement what they had been propounding in print for years: transformational change to clear out the deadwood of despotic re-
gimes and convert former adversaries into American franchises. Imperialists without apology, the neocons made it imperative that the United States fill the void left by the fall of the Soviet Union and shape the future in our Mount Rushmore image. The U.S. had not only the right but the duty to intervene whenever a potential foe popped his head out of the hole. “What’s the big fuss about pre-emption?” American Enterprise Institute resident fellow Richard Perle asks in Why We Fight, as if addressing a nursery-school class of the none-too-bright.

F rom her office at the Department of Defense, retired lieutenant colonel
Karen Kwiatkowski (who sounds like the dentist’s wife in Waiting for Guffman) witnessed with dismay the neocon body snatching of foreign policy, which she and other observers in the film attribute to the corpulent influence of think tanks. (Think tanks: the fencing academies of neoco-
servatives, who like to fancy themselves the intellectual-warrior caste.) Very little for-
6 eign policy is made by the foreign-policy establishment, notes Joseph Cirincione of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Like so much in American life, it has been outsourced, privatized, prostit-
uted. A harmonic convergence has been achieved within the military-industrial complex
that oustdoes Eisenhower’s worst pre-
monitions: think-tankers, lobbyists, former military officers, and politicians spin through the revolving door between the public and private sectors to serve on the boards or in the executive suites of corporations that do business with the Pentagon. When Hal-
iburton’s former chief Dick Cheney swore
the oath of office as vice president in 2001, it was the consummation of these incest-
uous relations. “[We] elected a government contractor as vice president,” says Charles Lewis, of the Center for Public Integrity.

The role of the neocons and their host bodies in crafting Bush policy is no brows-
splitting thunderbolt to anyone who’s read James Mann’s Rise of the Vulcans and Vi-
dal’s Dreaming War or watched Robert Greenwald’s Uncovered: The War on Iraq
and Adam Curtis’s The Power of Nightmares. What’s valuable about Why We Fight is seeing Perle. Ken Adelman, arms-control
director under President Reagan (he who
summarily predicted that the invasion of Iraq would be a “cakewalk”), and The Weekly Standard’s editor, William Kristol, on-
screen picked in the juices of their own insider status and papal infallibility, devoid
of any guilt or contrition over the bloody mess they helped unleash in Iraq. It would take a horse doctor to pry even a modest admission of error out of these guys. To see the beguiling smirk on Kristol’s face as he
fauz-modestly soft-pedals the influence of PNAC (the neoconservative think tank
Project for the New American Century), to hear Perle attest to the integrity of Dick Cheney with the fervency of one Borgia sticking up for another (“If I am sure of anything, I’m sure of this: Vice President Cheney had nothing to do with the award of any contract to Halliburton”), is to register the presence of a new species of bird of prey. one that preens not just its feathers but its claws.

A s a counterpoint to such righteous cer-
titude unfazed by the facts, Why We Fight tracks the journey of a retired
New York City cop named Wilton Sekzer, whose elevated train into work each day
made a screeching turn that yanked the
Manhattan skyline and the Twin Towers
into vista view. On that bright, pellucid September morning in 2001, when the blue sky seemed like a magnifying lens, Sekzer looks out the window after the train rounds the curve, and sees that one of the towers is pouring smoke. His son Jason works at the World Trade Center, and Sekzer realizes that if his son is still inside he’s a goner. He
was. In the grief and anger of the following days, Sekzer phones NBC to beg them
to stop showing the footage of the towers’
collapse: “How many times are you going to
show those goddamn towers coming down? . . . Please stop. You’re ripping my
heart out.” He couldn’t watch, and he couldn’t not watch, as the networks broad-
cast the towers tumbling again and again as if their collapse were playing on a con-
tinuous loop. Protests from enough viewers
finally shamed the networks into ceasing nonstop flogging of the towers footage, which had the effect of reducing al-Qaeda’s
fear of mass murder to video wallpaper.

What’s strange is that, after the initial ory
of endless replay, 9/11 footage has ent-
ered the realm of taboo. Apart from doc-
umentaries such as National Geographic’s
Inside 9/11 and the French filmmakers
Gedeon and Jules Naudet’s 9/11 (which
captured amazing footage from inside the north tower minutes before its col-
lapse), so much of what happened that day
before thousands of cameras and millions
of viewers has been sanitized for our protec-
tion, filed away in the video vault, flushed
down the memory hole. It’s as if a crack that
opened in the collective psyche had to be
closed, its hallucinatory contents repressed.
When TV runs a library clip of the towers
falling, it’s usually a high-altitude telephoto
shot that confers grandeur from afar. The collapse looks stately, self-contained, silent-
y majestically—shrouded in inevitability. The
casualties are too distant even to register
as dots. The climactic fall appears self-
acting, as if the buildings had wearied
of their own existence and detonated them-
selves. (TV seldom shows footage of the
airliners striking the towers, which set every-
ting into motion.) Understandably, no one wants to be accused of exploiting 9/11

carnage and deaths for ghoulish effect.
Even the provocateur Michael Moore cut
to black in Fahrenheit 9/11 once he reached
the fateful day, letting the sounds of sirens,
cries, and chaos fill the auditoriums of our
imagination. To pacify critics of his forth-
coming 9/11 film, as yet untitled, director
Oliver Stone took pre-emptive action by as-
suring survivors’ families that he wouldn’t
re-create the towers’ falling.

Everything con-
ected to the Ground Zero memorial has

The key scripture in Why We Fight is Eisenhower’s
prophetic warning about
the menace of what
he termed the “military-
industrial complex.”
been conducted on tender shoots. The events of 9/11 inflicted the most visible trauma in mankind’s history, and yet a veil has been dropped over it, as if Americans must hug the official findings of the 9/11 commission and keep their mitts off Pandora’s box.

People don’t vanish, Jim. It’s a molecular impossibility.
—Grissom (William Petersen), addressing a missing person’s case on CSI.

Roger Copeland’s *The Unrecovered* peels off the protective lid to let out dark thoughts and speculations. Copeland might be labeled an accidental auteur. A professor of theater and dance at Oberlin College in Ohio and the author of a bold expedition into the work and times of choreographer Merce Cunningham (*Merce Cunningham: The Modernizing of Modern Dance*), Copeland became obsessed by the conspiracy theories and counter-narratives that spilled out of 9/11 (emerging in documentaries such as *The Great Deception*) and got busy on a fictional treatment. He managed to wrangle a few grants and, using Oberlin locations and talent, was able to shoot the movie for a dinky $50,000. There’s nothing minimalist about the results. The title, *The Unrecovered*, refers to the bodies that were never recovered at Ground Zero, lives that were seemingly zapped out of existence in an apocalyptic flash and endure only as ghosts of memory. No wonder Halloween looms over *The Unrecovered*’s sub-lunar realm. The whole movie is a haunting, incorporating actual footage of bodies falling from the W.T.C. towers like stricken birds to spook us to a higher recognition of what true shock and awe looks like. The survivors left behind coping with loss and grappling with dead air include a teenage girl who has lost her father; a survivalist who views 9/11 as a scored page out of the Book of Revelation, vindicating evidence that end-time is near; and a postmodern musician who suffers from insomnia, nodding in and out of consciousness to the rhythm of the white pulse on his Apple computer screen. All three are sifting through the debris of that day and diagramming its trajectories in the hopes of discovering or confirming a hidden pattern, a buried message, an encoded transmission. A personal reply that will enable each to find a separate peace.

It’s a highbrow scavenger hunt, with Copeland himself orchestrating the search party. Drawing from folk myth, pop culture (*Fight Club*, whose pre-cognitive vision of 9/11 furnishes the movie’s climax), talk-show discussions, chaos theory, media studies, musicology (much ado about the composer Karlheinz Stockhausen, who was viliﬁed after being misleadingly quoted as proclaiming 9/11 “the greatest work of art in the whole cosmos”), numerology, and literary conceits (such as the concept of “information sickness,” drawn from Ted Mooney’s 1981 novel, *Easy Travel to Other Planets*), Copeland’s safari into the collective unconscious seeks to decipher the signs and symbols of the falling towers and find the links in the broken chain of evidence, a unifying theory. Skeptics and detractors might dismiss *The Unrecovered* as an artiﬁcally academic exercise, and any ﬁlm dedicated to the memory of Susan Sontag risks being called pretentious. The gusdy thing about this brainy movie is that it doesn’t care about the risk. It has the courage of its own detectable zeal. Articulate and quirkily analytical, *The Unrecovered* suggests a cross between a Spalding Gray monologue and the digital scrapbooks of late-period Jean-Luc Godard (where Godard seems to be making movies in his pajamas, rummaging through the remains of the 20th century). For a word guy, Copeland knows how to tease the maximum meaning out of images and juxtapose them to achieve magic realism. He turns the instructional video of a flight attendant demonstrating safety procedures into a ribbon of grief, and gets tone poems out of a backyard swing, construction cranes, the “stigmatic authority of a hotel-room TV, skirn of branches against a winter sky.

It might seem that *Why We Fight* and *The Unrecovered* occupy separate compartments. One is factual, linear, emphatic; the other is ruminative, Cubistic, evocative as different as Edward R. Murrow and Edgar Allan Poe. But they share a sadness, an unresolved ache. Closure eludes them both. The researchers in *The Unrecovered* end in various stages of resignation, their souls emptied out. Stewing with a desire for justice and payback Sekzer—*Why We Fight’s* Everyman—petitions the military to honor his son’s memory by stenciling his name on one of the bomb’s earmarks for Iraq. When his wish is granted and a 2,000-pound guided munition bearing his son’s name (“In loving memory of Jason Sekzer”) is dropped, hitting God knows what and killing God knows whom, Sekzer is grateful—only to be dumbfounded when Bush admits at a press conference that there was no evidence Saddam Hussein had a hand in 9/11. “I almost jumped out of the chair. I don’t know where people got the idea that I connected Iraq to 9/11. What, is he nuts, or what? What’s the hell we go in there for? We’re getting back for 9/11. Well, if he [Hussein] didn’t have anything to do with 9/11, why’re we goin’ in there?” Why, indeed.

And with those questions we come full vicious circle, still confounded at how the grief and fury of 9/11 propelled us into the jaws of Iraq with the job left unfinished in Afghanistan. Afghanistan’s stealth disintegration is the subject of investigative reporter Michele Mitchell’s in-production documentary, *The Good War*, which stations itself at the bloody intersection where warlords, contractors, and mercenaries do business with death, and the trickle of similar documentaries about the War on Terror promises to grow torrential. When George Bush was re-elected, in 2004, some pundits gleefully interpreted it as a repudiation of *Fahrenheit 9/11*, proof that Michael Moore and everything he bulkily represents had been rejected by “real Americans.” Now a majority of those polled agree with Moore’s stance about the Iraq war and accept his accusation that we were deliberately misled. They’ve come around. In a time of deception, documentarians like Moore’s and Jarecki’s are dangerous weapons, packing the conviction and firepower of Bob Dylan’s “Masters of War,” a protest song that—sadly—never goes out of date. □
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V for Vendetta, by the Matrix-making Wachowski brothers, is full of special effects and Star Wars echoes. It also marks the return of the movie as cultural sabotage—remember Dr. Strangelove, If..., A Clockwork Orange?—this time upending the narrative that the White House has used to justify the Iraq war.

The stakes in Iraq, beyond winning or losing, democracy or its antithesis, and the new, Shiite—opposed to the old, Sunni—hegemony, involve an estimation about Western political ecology. At what point—what number dead—does the Iraq quagmire become, the way Vietnam did, the main theme of popular culture?

Everybody understands—you really see this in the growing nervousness among Republicans, even in Bush's anxiety-driven repetition of the word “victory”—that war is binary: you get away with it up to a point, and then you risk something extraordinary. It would be the greatest of ironies: the modern conservative movement—that long and neurotic reaction to the dear, dead 60s decade, born itself of Vietnam—spawns a war which, in turn, provokes another timely and incendiary turn of the Zeitgeist screw.

It's all about reversals. "Every action will create an equal and opposing reaction," imones the quasi-superhero known as V in V for Vendetta, the spectacular and exhilarating upcoming movie by the Wachowski brothers, who wrote and directed the Matrix movies. Here's the punch line of the film: some of the world's most famous towers are blown up—by the good guys.

Perhaps we really are on our way back—movies as cultural sabotage.

I've just told my teenage son (the Netflix representative in our house) to order me up a nostalgic's cinema gift basket: Dr. Strangelove, The Battle of Algiers, If..., A Clockwork Orange...
CLIFTON COLLINS JR.
With a unique versatility and an astonishing ability to embody the characters he plays, Clifton Collins Jr. is an actor with a legacy. The grandson of famed character actor Pedro Gonzales-Gonzales, Clifton has appeared in more than 40 films, including critically lauded roles in Rules of Attraction, Traffic, The Last Castle, and Tigerland. He's now turning heads and generating Oscar buzz with his haunting performance as Perry Smith in Capote.

MAKING A SCENE
PRESENTED BY PORSCHE CAYMAN S

As slick, fast-talking agent Ari Gold on HBO's critically acclaimed series Entourage, Golden Globe and Emmy® nominee Jeremy Piven plays a man who lives life on his own terms. He's also made his mark in memorable roles for the big screen—Old School, Black Hawk Down, Lucky 13, and For the Money—and off-Broadway in Neil LaBute's hit Fat Pig. By playing controversial characters with incomparable style, this classically trained actor is one maverick who proves that he's got talent and bravado to spare.
From television to film, Daniel Dae Kim has certainly made an impression. On ABC’s Emmy-winning series *Lost*, he’s taken the small screen by storm with his portrayal of Jin, the mysterious Korean castaway with a past. Prior to becoming a member of TV’s hottest ensemble drama, he’s had recurring roles on such hits as *24* and *ER*. And, with turns in films including *The Cove*, *Crash*, *Spider-Man 3*, and the highly anticipated *Onion Sketch Movie*, this is one player who’s built to Last.
Jeremy Renner's mischievous smile, charismatic demeanor, and self-assured swagger on the silver screen lurks the spirit of a scoundrel—and a con man, a serial killer, and an outlaw. After garnering an Independent Spirit Award nomination for his breakout turn as the titular character in Dahmer, Jeremy took on dark, thoughtful roles in such independent films as 12 and Holding and A Little Trip to Heaven. Currently, he stars in North Country and will soon be seen in The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford.

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mally directed their new movie. That chore was handled by James McTeigue or McTeigue (there are conflicting spellings for his name, IMDb reports), who himself may not exist, or who, as an assistant director on The Matrix, exists as part of the Wachowskis’ secret brotherhood—anyway, he too has no IMDb picture.

Such facelessness is a very good place to start thinking about V.

V for Vendetta’s operating premise derives from the story of Guy Fawkes, the 17th-century Catholic revolutionary—or, if you will, terrorist—who, on November 5, 1605, contrived to blow up Parliament and to provoke the downfall of James I and the Protestant establishment. Fawkes, his plot thwarted, was hanged and entered into British history as a cautionary tale. November 5 is Guy Fawkes Day, celebrated with bonfires and meant to commemorate the strength of both Parliament and Protestantism. Remember, remember the fifth of November / the gunpowder treason and plot / I know of no reason why the gunpowder treason / should ever be forgot, goes the English schoolboy ditty. But what has come to be celebrated (when November 5 is, in fact, remembered) is the opposite idea: Fawkes gets credit for bravery and cheekiness, for going up against impossible odds.

In the Wachowskis’ movie, Fawkes is transformed, at some uncertain point in the near future, into a man in a Guy Fawkes mask—a physically maimed and emotionally wounded aesthete with superhero qualities: he does nice knifework, wears a cape, and has some facility with taking a bullet.

He lives—in a superhero’s de rigueur fabulous, secret lair—in a totalitarian world. A world in deep shit. A world needing to be saved. Indeed, highly art-directed superhero sets, with their shadowy cities and exaggerated villains and menacing architecture—all precursors to the inevitable video game—turn out to be a great place to stage a political drama, perfectly made for all sorts of Orwellian-ness.

In V there’s the Rush Limbaugh character, Lewis Prothero, “arch-conservative host” of the national news show, with his vast pill supply. There’s John Hurt as the creepy chancellor—“with his gleaming boots of polished leather and his garrison of goons.” There’s a Dr. Mengele subplot, plus any number of other sadists and predators—sexual and otherwise. The comic-book world of the superhero is, finally,
At what point... does the Iraq quagmire become, the way Vietnam did, the main theme of popular culture?

joined with its real-life equivalents. And, of course, you have a world teetering on the brink—apocalypse being the animating anxiety of the superhero genre.

A pocalypse is, too, less than coincidentally, the fortifying principle of the Bush administration, fear of it—“when. not if”—being the leitmotif and political mantra since 9/11. It’s the greatest of all rhetorical devices, and the simplest—well suited to religion, politics, and comic books.

Mass destruction is the super-narrative that belittles all the other, more equivocal ones. “The world is going to end unless we take control” versus “The world is, all things considered, with a bit of luck and fineness, most likely going to be O.K.” Which story has more commercial appeal?

Once the end-of-the-world story gets told, once someone finds the pretext and summons the shamelessness to tell it, everybody else’s story is diminished: hence, the Democrats, finding themselves on the short end of the 9/11 narrative, lamely paredness standards to help state and local governments use the money wisely,” declared the leaders of the 9/11 commission in December, got no narrative traction. But the narrative is always in play.

The Cold War story line—bomb shelters, the very idea of using nuclear weapons, the best and the brightest, Robert McNamara’s brilliantined hair—got turned upside down in the 1960s, became laughable, even. The apocalypse, or the specter of the apocalypse, was stolen back. In Kubrick’s 1964 movie, Dr. Strangelove—produced after a decade of massive nuclear buildup—the petty and perverse and comical men in government are the agents of annihilation. Soon after, Vietnam turned into a literal apocalypse. Hey, hey, L.B.J., how many kids did you kill today? A real apocalypse was occurring because of the fear of a hypothetical apocalypse—that became the story line. We were the bad guys. In The Battle of Algiers (1965), the West is overthrown. Only a radical reaction would do.

It’s the towers of Parliament that are blown up in V for Vendetta (for good measure, the Old Bailey is blown up, too). “Blowing up a building,” says V, our superhero, “can change the world.”

At the point in the future when V for Vendetta takes place—20 years after the U.S.A. has started “its war”—the Ulcer Sphincter of America has already imploded and sunk into mayhem and chaos. A “America’s war grew worse and worse and eventually came to London,” England avoids chaos—“Immigrants. Muslims. Homosexuals”—by submitting to totalitarian rule.

You-know-who, with his goose-stepping minions, is back, commingled with weapons-of-mass-destruction subplot a burning-of-the-Reichstag-like scenario, which involves using those weapons or England itself.

Then again, this is a comic-book movie with incredibly expensive special effects. Nobody wants you to chuck or whine. There’s no need to take this seriously. This is pop culture, not liberalism. Still... Beyond the masked superhero (played by Hugo Weaving), Natalie Portman is the star of V for Vendetta. She’s the dialectical tour de force. The Wachowskis, directly descended from the George Lucas school of epic-special-effects mythmaking (nothing if not fetishistic), have pointedly chosen as their damsel in distress Queen Amidala.

But not only. Because in V for Vendetta Portman eerily, campily, perhaps heretically manages to combine her role as preadolescent fantasy and comic-book superhero royalty from a galaxy far, far away with the stage role that made her famous: the most notable and authentic political character of the 20th century, Anne Frank.

Portman is the porcelain doll, the Star Wars figurine, the stick-figure girl, with cartoon bubbles over her head—“Help! Help!” “Save me!” And, in the same movie, she’s the girl whose head is shaved, who’s curled in a fetal position on the floor of a jail cell.

All a little disturbing, but... well... yes... kind of sexy too.

How much is a successful pop political product created by design, as opposed to the grace of great timing?

The original V for Vendetta, by Alan Moore and David Lloyd, is a cult graphic novel from the 80s. Its real, and rather turgid, point is about Thatcherism. The Wachowskis first wrote the screenplay for V in the mid-90s, long before Iraq and George Bush. Then 9/11 came, throwing the very viability of V for Vendetta into
doubt. Last summer's bombing of the Lon-
ton Underground was another complicat-
on for V, whose penultimate scene in-
volves a major cache of explosives in a
London subway station. Indeed, the movie
was supposed to open with thematic res-
nance on November 5, but was then, skil-
ishly, delayed.

And yet here we are: V for Vendetta,
with its jujitsu of 9/11 iconography, will
open at the end of March, by which point,
if the current count continues, almost
2,500 Americans, put in harm's way by a
jumped-up tale of imminent apocalypse,
will have died in Iraq.

Vietnam may be useful not just as a
cultural standard but as a mathematical
measure as well: in 1967, as the anti-war
movement took off in earnest, the death
rate in Vietnam was near 2 percent of total
troop deployment. We're only a little shy
of 2 percent in Iraq now. What's more, the
kill count in Iraq, which not long ago
averaged two soldiers a day, recently reached
three a day—a 50 percent increase—and is
now on its way to four. Doubling the dead.
It's a devastating algebra.

A good indication that we measure war
only by its numbers—that it's bottom-line-
driven—is the fact that the Bush people are
out volubly insisting that the war has oth-
er, less quantifiable virtues.

Still, the Wachowskis walk a tricky
line—which is part of the drama here. Ob-
viously the marketing people at Warner
Bros., looking at their movie and weigh-
ing public opinion and the general mood
of the moment, have asked: Can we get
away with it? This, oddly, mirrors the dis-

...
IN PLANE SIGHT

In the wake of the Miami airport shooting in December, the Federal Air Marshal Service is under harsher scrutiny than ever. Are “sky cops” making flying safer—or can any terrorist spot an air marshal from 20 rows away? And some critics say the program has serious leadership problems, which is contributing to its agents’ dangerously low morale.

BY RICHARD GOODING

When a disturbed Home Depot paint salesman snapped aboard an American Airlines jet at Miami International Airport in early December, two casually dressed men leapt from their seats and into the fray. In those frenzied moments before Rigoberto Alpizar was shot and killed, he may, in his confused state, never have realized that the men pointing guns at him, ordering him to get down and stop moving, were undercover federal air marshals.

The air marshals, by design, are a shadowy force, and until this incident they had been an increasingly neglected one. With the urgency in the wake of 9/11 long past, efforts to expand their ranks were shelved as too costly; they’ve been plagued by management problems and poor morale; and within Homeland Security, their agency is treated as a stepchild.

And the shooting of Rigoberto Alpizar, justified or not, did nothing to answer very real questions about how air marshals would perform face-to-face with the deadly threat they’re trained to thwart. A real terrorist, after all, would never claim he had a bomb. He’d just use it.

On a heavy travel day last year, I roamed Newark Liberty International Airport and watched for the many ways an air marshals most valuable asset-anonymity—can be compromised:

• These plainclothes members of the Federal Air Marshal Service (FAMS) are not allowed to use most e-ticket kiosks, instead having to go to the ticket counter and show their conspicuously large badges.
• Because they’re armed with a handgun, air marshals bypass metal detectors by going up the exit lane at the securi-

ty checkpoint, in full view of passengers waiting on the entrance lines.
• Marshals have to present their IDs a third time at the gate counter.
• At least one marshal in a team (there are two to a team, sometimes more than one team per flight) boards even before first-class and “passengers with small children or those needing assistance”-to meet the pilot and crew and inspect the plane. This could take place in the presence of airplane cleaners and food vendors.
• By the time everyone else boards, the marshals are already in their seats.

At Newark that day, I sat near enough to one counter to lip-read a man say, “I’m an air marshal.” As he pulled out his wallet and displayed his ID. He was in his mid-30s (as are about 60 percent of marshals; only 4 percent are women), with moderately short hair; he was wearing light khakis and a short black coat and
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HOMELAND SECURITY

Hijacking was not always viewed in the U.S. as misguided. Eastern Europeans fleeing Communism in the late 40s and anti-Castro Cubans escaping the island in the late 50s were for all intents and purposes applauded. But after the Bay of Pigs invasion, in 1961, the direction of most Cuban hijackings—and Washington's attitude—shifted, as a mixed bag of home-sick refugees and militants defied the U.S. travel ban by seizing planes and demanding, "Take me to Havana!"

President Kennedy put the first armed guards in American skies that year, and Congress made hijacking a death-penalty crime. In 1968 the first formal "sky marsh-"al program was created as part of the Federal Aviation Administration (F.A.A.). The next year there were 33 domestic hijackings, making it the worst year ever.

In 1985, Congress reconstituted and expanded the force, though increased overall security measures (and a 1973 U.S.

at full strength, with a force of as many as 4,000. (The actual figure is classified; some media reports say it's less than that.)

In those unsettling months, over 200,000 Americans flooded the government with job applications. The air marshals I've talked to say they were responding to that urge we all had then of wanting to do something—something when little more than shop-and-spend was being offered by our nation's leaders.

Yet even as more Americans than ever are flying—by 2004 domestic-airline passenger levels topped the pre-9/11 record—confidence in FAMS, with an annual budget of about $680 million, has slipped. Before the Miami shooting, the agency almost invariably attracted negative headlines: THE AIR MARSHALS' MESS; AIR MARSHAL LOSES BADGE, ID, GUN LICENSE IN BAR; MARSHAL INDICTED IN ROAD RAGE INCI- DENT; AIR MARSHALS DODGE "SUIT NAZIS."

For three years, no issue drew more ink

I, the history of air marshals offers no clear-cut lesson.

Since the world's first hijacking, in 1931, there have reportedly been some 1,000 attempts worldwide. Sky cops are known to have successfully stopped only a handful.

The Israelis did it most famously in 1970, when officers on an El Al flight thwarted part of the spectacular Dawson's Field plot by Palestinian terrorists to seize four jetliners.

In July 2000, security forces on a Royal Jordanian flight shot and killed a man brandishing a gun and a hand grenade. The grenade blew, injuring 15 passengers, but the plane landed safely.

But the presence of air marshals has contributed to two mass tragedies. In 1985 a security officer aboard EgyptAir Flight 648 exchanged gunfire with Arab terrorists. After bullets pierced the fuselage, the plane was forced down in Malta, where a commando raid led to the death of 57 passengers. A year later, a firefight between guards and grenade-wielding terrorists erupted aboard an Iraqi Airways jet. Sixty-two people were killed.

Cuba extradition treaty) had made air piracy rare in the U.S. Not so overseas: the next six years were the deadliest ever in air terrorism—until 9/11—with more than 1,200 people killed in politically motivated incidents, including the Libyan bombing of Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland, in December 1988, with 270 lives lost.

Prior to 9/11, the last hijacking in the U.S. was in 1991, and the ranks of marshals dropped precipitously through the decade. On 9/11, the U.S. had a mere 33 air marshals—not one of them domestic duty.

Once in every decade since its inception, the U.S. air-marshals program has had to start over nearly from scratch, and always in response to yesterday's threats. In 1985 it was the horror of TWA Flight 847, when Hezbollah Shi-ites tortured and killed U.S. Navy diver Robert Stethem before dumping his body onto a tarmac in Beirut. In the 90s, it was reacting to Lockerbie and bombs abroad. In 2001, suicide hijackings at home.

Six days after 9/11, the F.A.A. began to plan again for a breakneck briefing up of the service. (FAMS, now part of the Department of Homeland Security, has been bumped from one bureaucracy to another within that monolith twice in the last three years.) By the following July, it was to be and heat than the agency's absurdly formal dress code, which made child's play out of spotting marshals in our midst.

Even after Congress directed FAMS, a year ago, to ensure that "no procedure, guideline, rule, regulation, or other policy shall expose the identity of an air mar-shal," the agency's field offices were still churning out stern memos. "Every FAM assigned to this office," said a Miami memo in December 2004, "is expected to have with them and wear, at a minimum, a sports coat. Not 'a coat'—a sports coat. . . . Buttoned shirts with collars and neat-ly pressed slacks with leather shoes are also a part of the minimum standard."

The situation boiled over on Thanksgiving Day 2004 when the FAMS director, Thomas Quinn, went to Ronald Reagan Washington National Airport to laud his troops for working the holiday, and several air marshals instead found themselves dis-"
Security secretary, Michael Chertoff, intervened and Quinn finally relaxed the code, dropping the sport-coat edict and for the first time allowing air marshals to grow mustaches and beards. Before then, the Hawaiian shirt worn by one of the marshals in the Alpizar confrontation would have earned him desk duty.

Thomas Quinn has labeled air marshals who’ve complained to the press about policies as “a small number of disgruntled individuals who are total amateurs.” At least one marshal caught talking to a reporter was fired.

Yet the marshals I was able to interview say the agency does have a morale problem. Many on the force are in their mid-30s, with years of prior experience, often as undercover agents with a good deal of on-the-job autonomy, and they’ve chafed in the more controlled environment of FAMS. “It doesn’t help when they treat us like kindergartners,” one marshal told me. “Guys are getting really pissed off.”

Several aviation-security experts who keep a close watch on the agency agree that all’s not well there. One, who asked that his name not be used because he has known Quinn for years, told me FAMS has “some good people, no doubt about it. But at the very top there are problems. The leadership, in my opinion, is outdated.”

The “malcontent” put-down is “a typical Tom Quinn response,” he said. “That’s not how you manage people—everybody that has a problem is not a malcontent.”

According to the former Homeland Security inspector general, Clark Kent Ervin, that posture of disparaging critics permeates the whole department. As the agency’s internal watchdog, he turned out a series of tough reports—only to be effectively dismissed by the White House after just a year on the job.

“The attitude I got at the department time and again,” Ervin told me, “was ‘We don’t want to hear bad news. . . . Either ignore the problem or deny it exists, or minimize it, or ridicule it, or claim it has already been fixed and our reports are old news.’”

When I asked Adams about Ervin’s August 2004 report criticizing the FAMS background-checking process (he cited 753 documented instances, including marshals’ lying, losing their guns, drinking using drugs, and sleeping on duty), the spokesperson, as if on cue, called it inaccurate, outdated, “grandstanding,” and “one big package of sensationalism.”

The 59-year-old Quinn, who bears a resemblance to Clint Eastwood, is a 20-year veteran of the Secret Service, whose career included heading up Senator Ted Kennedy’s protection detail when he ran for president, in 1980.

But his more recent past reveals a twist worthy of a new scene in Michael Moore’s Fahrenheit 9/11: the man in charge of one of America’s key countermeasures to attacks carried out largely by Saudi nationals worked for Saudi Arabian royalty before taking the FAMS job, in January 2002.

His FAMS biography doesn’t mention it, recording only that three years after retiring from the Secret Service, in 1989, he started his own security-and-investigation firm in New York, with clients ranging “from corporations to the United States and allied governments.” But Adams confirmed it to me. “He worked for the Saudis,” he said. “Did security for them . . . one of the princes.”

(Through Adams, P.F. twice requested an interview with Quinn, who rarely talks to the press. Both times he declined.) Quinn took a slew of Secret Service buddies with little experience in aviation security with him to the air marshals, according to one knowledgeable source.

There was more to it than the appeal of working for a former colleague. Under a little-known legal loophole, Secret Service retirees were once allowed to take a new federal job and collect both their salary and their full pension. Congress put an end to the “double dip” loophole in 1984, but grandfathered in those already on the job, so the perk remained a effect as late as 2004 for anyone retiring after 20 years of service.

As of March 2003, according to government figures, 81 former Secret Service agents (Adams included) had been hired by FAMS, many in supervisory positions.

Quinn is now making $162,100; one expert estimates his Secret Service pension to be around $60,000. Together that’s more than a Supreme Court justice earns. (The average air-marshall salary is about $72,000, but pay can top $80,000—generally more than the compensation for other federal law enforcement agents.)

“IT’S totally legal, and there’s nothing wrong with it,” said Adams. “We retired, and because of the law, there was an opportunity for us to serve the government in another agency.” He added, “We feel we are here to mentor the troops and to make them the future leaders” of the service. “We’re not going to be here forever.”

At least some air marshals aren’t inclined to wait. A public (but unauthorized) Internet forum is full of postings by anonymous marshals calling for Quinn’s ouster and blasting the Secret Service Men in Black mentality for the agency’s ills.

A former head of security at the F.A.A., Billie Vincent, agreed, saying that the agency “is a blooming, flaming mess at the moment, and it’s due solely to the leadership.” He told me the first step forward “is to fire Tom Quinn.”

In Herndon, Virginia, a few miles east of Washington Dulles International Airport, workers inside a nondescript building that doesn’t bear the FAMS nameplate communicate with the agency’s sky cops, analyze their airport-surveillance reports, and schedule their flights. Air marshals ride shotgun on a little bit of everything but focus on “targeted critical flights” —fuel-heavy planes like the ones used on 9/11, those on certain overseas routes, and a wide range of flights into Washington and New York.

According to some estimates, air-mar-
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hals fly on as many as half of those critical flights. For the some 30,000 flights a day, Quinn has put the figure at “more than 5 percent”; some experts believe it’s less.

Air marshals’ schedules are prepared 28 days in advance (they fly 5 days a week; a workday can run 10 hours or longer, depending on delays), but the service claims to be able to make last-minute changes based on “actionable information” from its Intelligence Branch. Just how much actionable intelligence is ever produced in Washington, however, is debatable.

John MacGaffin, a 31-year C.I.A. veteran who became that agency’s number-two clandestine-operations officer and later a senior adviser to the F.B.I., told the 9/11 commission that, owing to the inability to infiltrate al-Qaeda within the U.S., even two years after 9/11, domestic intelligence was still alarmingly scarce.

In an interview, MacGaffin, now an independent security consultant, said the ideal type of intelligence is a specific tip from a recruited source in the innermost councils of al-Qaeda: “Tomorrow. Flight 337. Five guys with beards and Iraqi passports with the following numbers are gonna . . .” The other extreme, he said, goes like this: “Something bad’s going to happen someday, someplace.” But the former scenario almost never happens, he said, and in the latter, the tip is “of no use at all . . . You say, ‘Oh, shit,’ and go back to sleep.”

It’s all of the rest of the intelligence that causes headaches. “It’s somebody the F.B.I. caught on a drug sting—true story—in England or in Europe,” recalled MacGaffin, “who, not wanting to go to jail, said, ‘I know something really important,’ then some Iranians, or some Middle Easterners, are doing something on a flight from Boston to San Francisco to Manila tomorrow or the next day, or maybe it’s Boston—Chicago—Malaysia.”

That warning sent officials scrambling. “I know [the information] is wacko,” MacGaffin said, “but just what if it’s true? So you pass it on. Intelligence, like shit, runs downhill.”

Larry Johnson, ex-C.I.A. analyst, former deputy director of the State Department’s counterterrorism office, and now managing director of Berg Associates L.L.C., an international business-consulting firm, said, “The odds that you’re ever going to get any kind of useful, actionable intelligence, I think, are between slim and none.”

So far, American air marshals have never had to prove themselves against any real hijackers or terrorists.

There were no marshals aboard American Airlines Flight 63 from Paris to Miami in December 2001 when Richard Reid tried to ignite his “shoe bomb”; he was subdued by flight attendants and passengers. And of some 40 arrests made by air marshals since 9/11, none had any link to terrorism.

Far from it. One was an Illinois businessman who was bussed on a federal assault charge for hassling a flight attendant after he stood up during a United Airlines flight and pointed out which passengers he thought were marshals. (He faced six months in prison but got off with a year’s probation.) A Pittsburgh woman was carried off a Northwest Airlines flight after talking about the plane blowing up, and attempting to choke an air marshal who tried to calm her. In court, she blamed boozé: “My memory is not that clear of that day.” (Facing 20 years, she got eight months.)

F ir s t, w e n e e d 9 / 1 1 i n f l a t e d . W e n e e d 9 / 1 1 . F o r e x a m p l e , w e n e e d t o i n f l a t e 9 / 1 1 .

The only other time marshals are known to have even drawn a weapon was in August 2002, when two agents went all out in restraining an unruly passenger on a Delta flight to Philadelphia. For the last 30 or 40 minutes of the flight, one held the entire coach section at gunpoint. “A little bit of Rambo in the air,” one terrified passenger remarked.

Wise guys, abusive drunks, air-ragers: air marshals are trained to stay out of the fray if at all possible: it might be a ruse—terrorists trying to smoke out the marshals as a prelude to an attack. If Rigoberto Alpizar hadn’t allegedly uttered the word “bomb,” he might have been allowed to run off the plane unharmed.

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But for most of an air marshal’s time—hundreds of flights, thousands of hours in the air—nothing happens. As George Novak, a former F.A.A. attorney who once taught legal courses for air marshals and now works as a consultant on airline safety, put it, an air marshal’s daily grind is lonelier “than a beat cop,” and “not as glamorous, not as exciting . . . You don’t get any accolades for being a deterrent.”

One of the most courageous things I know of,” Cathal “Irish” Flynn, who oversaw the F.A.A.’s air-marshal program from 1993 to 2000, told me, “is that the president, the secretary of transportation, and the administrator of the F.A.A. put the planes back in the air three days after 9/11.

“How the hell could they know it was safe? Because I bet that the F.B.I. and the C.I.A. were being wishy-washy as hell . . . They put the planes back. And people flew.”

But the threat to air travel remains, despite all the post-9/11 security measures—from reinforced (but not impregnable) cockpit doors and tighter (yet anything but foolproof) passenger and baggage screening to air marshals and some armed pickets. Spending billions more to try to close the significant gaps that remain—most egregiously, the inability to consistently spot plastic explosives in carry-on luggage—won’t necessarily eliminate it.

There are wild cards working against a terrorist. There could be more air marshals on a plane than he can identify. And there could be one or more of the hundreds of federal law-enforcement officers—F.B.I., Secret Service, drug agents, or even a state taxicab investigator—who are permitted to fly armed on government business every day. Plus, there is the remarkable phenomenon, born of Todd Beamer, of the post-9/11 vigilance of passengers.

But, said Flynn’s predecessor, General O. K. Steele, “anybody who wants to create a sensational thing” is still going to go after a jetliner, if for no other reason than the dramatic difference between “falling out of the air at 35,000 feet . . . and, say, a train wreck.”

And provocative new targets—such as the Airbus A380, with its 800-passenger capacity—are always in the wings.

Steele, 73, who until recently did con-

"IF THE TERRORISTS TRAINED PROPERLY, THEY COULD—I HAVE NO DOUBT IN MY MIND—OVERTAKE AIR MARSHALS AND TAKE THEIR GUNS," ONE MARSHAL TOLD ME.
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PAULA PATTON
AGE AND OCCUPATION: 30, actress.
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FROM MR. SMITH TO WASHINGTON: Patton, whose first role was alongside Will Smith in Hitch, is set to star opposite Denzel Washington in Tony Scott's thriller Deja Vu.
OUTKASTING: After Patton auditioned for the female lead in Idlewild, the upcoming Prohibition-era musical starring OutKast's Big Boi and André 3000, director Bryan Barber asked her to come back... in a 1930s diva gown. "I came back, and I'm waiting at the Chateau Marmont, in the lobby, and I thought, I must look like a hooker. The looks I got, you wouldn't believe."
SECOND ACT: Patton, who went to Berkeley before transferring to U.S.C.'s film school, was five years out of college and working middling TV jobs (including a stint as a P.A. on The Howie Mandel Show) when she decided on a career change: "I had nothing to lose—I'm at home watching Oprah, you know? So I started secretly taking (one-on-one) acting lessons. I didn't want to learn if I was terrible in a class." —KRISTA SMITH
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Fantasy Football: My Team

By Holly Brubach

First, the coaching staff. Offensive coordinator: Ed Harris, in Radio. Defensive coordinator: Gene Hackman, in The Replacements. Head coach and G.M.: me.


I know what you're thinking. You're thinking: Wait a minute—this is a team consisting entirely of the hottest guys who have ever played pro football.

So?

At first, they balked at the uniforms. It took a while to convince them that the ecru-and-black combination, with the numbers edged in dark red and the names written in a tasteful shadow script, was more elegant than what they were accustomed to, but now they wouldn't wear anything else.

My team is meeting the '72 Miami Dolphins in the Super Bowl, which for the first time in history is being played in Paris. Roland Garros has been transformed into a football stadium, necessitating the removal of the bleachers on one side, but that turns out not to be a problem, since the only spectators are my invited guests. These include: my college roommate, my upstairs neighbors, the guys at the gym, and the bartender at Buster's. The Dolphins have no cheering section.

The kickoff. My team runs the ball back for a touchdown. But all hopes of a rout vanish when, three minutes into the first quarter, Bob Griese puts us on notice by firing a pass to Larry Csonka, who easily scores. At the half, it's 21-10, Dolphins.

Our defense has some holes that need plugging, and our blitz isn't working too well. Gene and I make some adjustments. Finally, in the third quarter, we get some traction. Sharpe's first touchdown in 12 years brings the fans, all nine of them, to their feet. Miami puts seven more points on the board. But another long drive and we narrow the gap to four. Then, after sending the Dolphins back down the field, we pull off a spectacular interception, and now we're 30 yards from the goal, with the clock at 1:10. Ed and I confer on the next play. He's advocating a draw, but I think we should go deep. We go deep. Brady is in the pocket; he looks right, he looks left, he finds Gates in the end zone. Touchdown! Gates does a dance, part hula, part Walking Like an Egyptian—very entertaining. The fans go wild. Our kicker, David Beckham, who prefers to play without his jersey, makes the extra point. Yes!

In the end, my team wins, 31-28, and our triumph is commemorated with a confetti-strewn victory parade down the Champs-Élysées, with French fans cheering wildly ("Le Bol Super, c'est superbe!"") and holding charming hand-lettered signs (WELCOME, U.S.A. and NOW WE COMPLETELY UNDERSTAND WHAT IT IS THAT'S SO COMPELLING ABOUT AMERICAN FOOTBALL). Then the after-party gets under way, with a dinner at Lucas Carton. I have done the placement, and I am seated between Brady and Gates, who flirt with me shamelessly. Tom insists that I'm the most attractive head coach he's ever had, and in a quiet moment, he leans in and confides that after a while a man gets tired of supermodels and longs for a woman with brains and a sense of humor. The sommelier keeps the champagne coming.

During dessert, I table-hop. We close the restaurant—it is after three A.M.—and stroll back along the moonlit streets to the Place Vendôme, where the entire team has been billeted at the Ritz. Tom insists that I end this perfect evening in his suite to review the films; Antonio proposes that I join him for a nightcap and, pressing his body against mine, says he wants to run some patterns. I'd be lying if I said I didn't hear the call of duty in these invitations. In the end, however, I extricate myself and gracefully decline, because I want to get home to George Clooney, who calls me "babe" and adores every little thing about me.

But first, I walk to the middle of the Pont des Arts and sit on one of those little benches and watch the twinkling reflections of the city's lights in the Seine and think how great it is to be alive. Pretty soon, the sun comes up, and it's time to head for the airport. But not before swinging by Cartier to get fitted for my Super Bowl ring. I know you're thinking. You're thinking: It's not fair that one woman has all the luck, gets all the guys, and then gets upgraded to first class on Air France. So get your own team.
Cole Haan

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The Greatest American Antihero
Jerry Springer on television, his sex scandal, and being a God

As the ringmaster on his notorious talk show, Jerry Springer juggled feuding dwarfs and pugilistic transsexuals for 16 years, but it was the unlikely marriage of high art and his show's gutter-low subject matter that yielded Jerry Springer: The Opening, a production which started in London last year and will return for a 2006 U.K. tour. Our correspondent sits down with the host of Air America's Springer on the Radio and discusses his return to politics (he was mayor of Cincinnati), the Holocaust, and a little problem with a prostitute.

George Wayne: How many more dysfunctional trannies and incestuous rednecks are you going to foist on John and Joanna Public?
Jerry Springer: The truth is I spend more of my time now doing my political show on the radio for Air America. The television is just a couple hours a week.
G.W. Are you saying that you are now embarrassed by the legacy you are leaving on television?
J.S. Oh, no—I am proud to have the worst show in the history of television.
G.W. That's what TV Guide calls it. I have to admit that if I woke up sometimes in a good mood I turn on the Jerry Springer Show and I am in an even better mood. You are my God!
J.S. If I am your God, we don't have any holidays. We don't get them.
G.W. That other George hates you, though. George Clooney.
J.S. He's a nice guy. I don't think it's personal.
G.W. He's called you an idiot. That's not personal?
J.S. Nah. He comes from a very nice family. I was a competing news anchor with his dad. I can't take it personally. He doesn't like my show? Too bad.
G.W. He was very mean, Jerry. He was regurgitating old talk about your writing a check to some prostitute. Did that really happen?
J.S. Not really to her . . . I don't want to go into details. That was 35 years ago. What do I care?
G.W. But, seriously, where is this laboratory where you breed these people on your show? I mean, it has to be rehearsed.
J.S. Oh, no. We get a thousand calls a week from people who want to be on the show. It's a cross-section of America we are not used to seeing on television. American television is normally upper-middle-class white. And if it's African-American or minority, they put them on one of the side networks. So I think we are shocked when we see people we wouldn't traditionally see on Friends or Seinfeld or whatever.
G.W. You were born in London, where they have paid you the ultimate homage with a West End theater production all about you. How did that come about?
J.S. Because the show has become such a real part of our culture that some people in England had this idea of making this into a great opera, and it really is. I always thought that country music was my show put to music. But really opera is, because it has all the same traditional things: the chaos, the chorus, the gender misidentification, the mock tragedy, the comedy, the farce. So it really works.
G.W. In the 70s you were well on your way to being governor of Ohio. Then you suffered a tumble—
J.S. No, you got it all wrong. That whole check thing was five years before I ever became mayor of Cincinnati. I didn't become mayor until 1977, and when I served out my term, in 1982, because of term limits, I ran for governor, and then I was hired by NBC to anchor the news for 10 years.
G.W. Sixteen seasons on television—that is a lifetime in the business.
J.S. The TV show is a few hours a week, and it will go on forever because it has a niche. At some point I will stop and someone else will take it over. The radio show takes up most of my attention now.
G.W. I love that bouncer guy with the bald head.
J.S. Steve, yeah!
G.W. I want to see him, just once, in nothing but a pair of Speedos, trying to keep control of that show. Can you please arrange that?
J.S. I will tell him to give you a call.
G.W. That would be nice. So, at five years old you are on the Queen Mary, streaming across the Atlantic from the Holocaust to freedom in America.
J.S. Coming to America, for my family, traditional old-line immigrants, was a defining thing in my life. Everything I have is because of that sacrifice. But my parents really believed in the magic of Miss Liberty.
G.W. I still do. When I see Miss Liberty I get tears.
J.S. They lost their whole family in the Holocaust, so that is certainly one of the fundamental events in my life.
G.W. If all else fails, you could always move back to London, where you are king.
J.S. It's a little too late for it to fail.
[ yellow tail ]

have you spotted it?
CONFESSIONS OF A TEENAGE MOVIE QUEEN

Bulimia, drugs, the hideous battle between her violent convict father and co-manager mother—for two years Lindsay Lohan has been in a tabloid-fodder spin.

Somehow, though, she's emerging as a star, with her own romantic comedy, Just My Luck, out next month, and a role in Robert Altman's new film, A Prairie Home Companion. In an interview full of new headlines, Lohan tells EVGENIA PERETZ about her near self-destruction and the emotional breakthrough that resulted in her hit song, "Confessions of a Broken Heart"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIO TESTINO • STYLED BY ANDREW RICHARDSON
Lindsay Lohan on the beach in Malibu, California, on September 21, 2005. “She is . . . almost preternaturally alive on camera,” says Meryl Streep.
f you think her dad sounds unpleasant, you should meet the paparazzi. There’s “Sam the Skulker,” a middle-aged Richard Belzer lookalike—only scary. There’s the charmer in the Jaguar, who alternates between sweet-talking the 19-year-old actress and telling her she’s a bitch. And then there are the lowlifes on wheels, who dodge pedestrians on North Robertson Boulevard as they chronicle her trips to tanning salons and contribute to her car wrecks, she says, like the one back in October when she totaled her Mercedes-Benz SL65 AMG near the Ivy restaurant and cracked her wrist.

“My first instinct was: Get out of this car—they’re going to start taking pictures,” says Lindsay Lohan, her voice raspy and excited, kicking back at Hollywood’s Chateau Marmont. Her hotel room for the foreseeable future, as her new apartment, off Sunset Boulevard, is being renovated. “I ran into this antiques store that’s called Hideaway House Antiques—I mean, the irony of that is just creepy and weird. [The paparazzi] ran down, and I saw them: out the window, and I ran into the corner and sat down on this old chair, and I look down and there’s blood specks all over the chair! . . . I looked at my assistant. I said, ‘Buy this chair. It’s not getting sold on eBay!’”

It’s impressive that Lohan can find humor in it all—given that the tabloids have feasted on her for the past two years, spilling ink in hysterical tones on everything from feuds and fake boobs (which she denies) to the loose-cannon dad, the withering figure, the canoodling sessions with Colin Farrell en each Thursday because you never know who’s going to drop by; and having amazing conversations with total randoms, like that cool, older Australian woman eating here the other night, who was, like, really sexy and 40 and had a kid and everything.

The Chateau is full of advantages. If Lohan wants her amazing Lip Venom, she explains, she can just call up her assistant and have her toss it down the stairs. “You can throw things down the staircases here,” says the actress, who has put on a few pounds and now looks normal-thin, wearing a white T-shirt and dark jeans tucked into high boots. “It’s like a house, it’s so weird. I’m like, ‘This is my den.’ Like, three people were lying on the second floor and walking up to my staircase.” She catches herself and lets out a goofy laugh. “My staircase!”

But behind the playfulness there’s a serious and emotional young woman. Though she has fallen many times in her life, clearly has great reserves of strength has personally survived so much that at point she can’t help but start to let it all out about her damaged relationship with father, her loneliness and rootlessness, the demons inside her that almost ruin her self-destruct. As they say, she is getting there—even while her publicist, Lisa Sloane Zelnik, and mother/co-manager Dina Lohan, work overtime to play dark stuff down.

“A lot of people that are my age are scared, especially in the industry, and [people, managers, and executives] want to have this O.K. image. I don’t have that,” she says. “All my decisions are things I make.” Like putting out a hit single, “Confessions of a Broken Heart,” not about but about a difficult, absent, convict father.

Lohan began writing the song, from new album, A Little More Personal (Re), one night while she was sick with the flu in Paris. Hours later, it unleashed a hysteria that she was desperately trying to contact her dad in jail and bailing out work at a crucial time in her career. A song came to mean so much to her when she talked to Casablance Records chairman Tommy Mottola about it. He says she was the only one who could...
In Malibu, Lohan shows she knows how to avoid tan lines.
NO MEAN GIRL

Lohan proves she is ready for her close-up. “I can really make an impact,” she says. “People with anorexia . . . people that don’t get along with their parents. I can change that.”
"I THINK YOUNGER KIDS SHOULD KNOW IT’S O.K. TO EXPERIENCE THINGS IN LIFE, AND I NOT ENCOURAGING . . . GOING OFF THE DEEP END."
NOT YET A WOMAN?

Lohan getting her beauty rest. Her mother, Dina, says, "When people would interview me and say, 'Oh, she's out at clubs,' I'm like, 'What did you do when you were a teenager? You go to clubs, or you go to parties?'"
U.S. Attorney Patrick Fitzgerald is the scourge of al-Qaeda terrorists, corrupt Chicago political machines, former media tycoon Conrad Black, and—as special prosecutor in the Valerie Plame investigation—the West Wing. DAVID MARGOLICK profiles the 45-year-old son of an Irish-immigrant doorman, whose mainframe-computer brain, unyielding ethics, and 24-7 dedication make him Karl Rove's worst nightmare.
TRUE GRIT

Special Prosecutor Patrick J. Fitzgerald, with overcoat, walks with members of his staff as he leaves the federal courthouse in Washington, D.C., on October 26, 2005.
or months he was the specter haunting Washington, rarely seen and even more rarely heard, incessantly discussed, psychoanalyzed, anticipated, criticized—and feared. Who, everyone wondered, was this guy Patrick Fitzgerald, and exactly what was he up to? What was taking him so long? Why was he seemingly letting columnist Robert Novak, the source of all the trouble, off the hook? And where would it all end, especially after he threw New York Times reporter Judith Miller in the clink for refusing to answer his questions? Critics labeled him a First Amendment scoundrel and compared him to Inspector Javert, the monomaniacal policeman in Les Misérables, a man without humanity or perspective. A "runaway Chicago prosecutor," columnist William Safire called him. A "junkyard-dog prosecutor," seconded The Washington Post's Bob Woodward. Fitzgerald's treatment of Miller, CNN anchor Lou Dobbs charged, was "an onerous, disgusting abuse of government power."

Then, on October 28, everything magically flipped when Pat Fitzgerald took his place on the television screen. The president of the United States was in one corner and the vice president in another, but they were each on mute; it was Fitzgerald—the 45-year-old son of an Irish-immigrant doorman, the man who'd questioned all of the president's men and the reporters to whom they liked to leak—that people really wanted to hear.

Officially, Fitzgerald's mission that day was to announce that a federal grand jury had charged Vice President Dick Cheney's chief of staff, I. Lewis "Scooter" Libby, with five counts of perjury, obstruction of justice, and lying to the F.B.I. But his agenda was actually more ambitious. He would explain why his investigation, designed to determine who had leaked the name of C.I.A. agent Valerie Plame to the press, had netted only someone who'd allegedly lied about it afterward, and why that mattered, and what accounted for the ferocity with which he'd handled it. He would lay out the legal issues involved. And mostly, after nearly two years of taking hits silently, he would finally introduce himself to America.

The face he showed that day looked a bit banged up, as if he'd just come out of a rugby game, though in fact it reflected only sleeplessness. There was a kind of wide-eyed, youthful sweetness to it. One easily understood why, when Fitzgerald and Andrew McCarthy, a fellow Irish-American, had prosecuted Sheikh Omar Abdel Rah-

man in a Manhattan terror bombing assassination conspiracy a decade ago, defense lawyers petitioned for a recess on Wednesday: the blackened foreheads of prosecutors would only accentuate the maddening altar-boy images. (The judge, incidentally, granted the request.)

All three networks pre-empted their regular programming for the announcement, the grand-jury indictment of Libby exceedingly enough, in Fitzgerald's current home base of Chicago, where he was bumped the White Sox victory parade. But it didn't matter; there, at least, they already knew him. He started nervously, blurtling out his words in shaky, sometimes garbled phrases, but he could detect the shyness his friends routine describe. Staring ahead blankly, speaking mechanically, he laid out his case against Libby as if reading it off a teleprompter. In fact, though he'd written something down beforehand, what he said was entirely extemporaneous; while the rest of Fitzgerald was unwinding, his remarkable mind was already up to speed. The angst and awkwardness vanished once he took questions, and that made sense; he had always been better, more himself, in rebuttals than in opening statements.

When he had to think on the fly, he could be sincere, joke or provoke, become Emily.

"We all have our shits: his is the up-fro-the-gutter Irish kid from a poor family," said a lawyer in the Plame case. "It's essentially authentic. But it's also served him well.

Again and again, reporters pressed Fitzgerald for specifics, not just about Libby but also about Dick Cheney (who had discuss

LIES AND WHISPERS

with his chief of staff before the White House deputy chief of staff Rove (who had discussed Plame with two reporters), and Novak (who had Plame in his syndicated column, then, famously, told Fitzgerald). They got only one, but Fitzgerald doled them out enterely and ingratiatingly, appearing more likable than he really was. Some nonsens came with humor, some with base metaphors or colloquialisms. There was of the usual lawyerly stiffness and aloofness was there elegance or eloquence. Proud was modest, self-deprecating, nimble, patient, likeable, even-tempered, ranging, likable, real. And the press quickly thought so.

Charles Laughton as Inspector Javert only morphed into Jimmy Stewart as Eliot Ness. Jimmy was likable, his drinking was base, and it got to be a no-win case—and won.

To those who’ve watched Fitzgerald—his classmates from grade school, high school, college, and law school; his fellow prosecutors; his colleagues in law enforcement—none of this is surprising. At every stop along his way, he has struck people as extraordinary, camouflage it as he might under a regular-guy façade. He landed his last two jobs, United States Attorney for the Northern District of Illinois, in Chicago, and the role in the Plame case, almost by acclamation. He is as beloved as he is respected: 10 days after the press conference in Washington, he showed up at a dinner at the New York Athletic Club for a former colleague, and the hundreds of former and current prosecutors on hand twice gave him prolonged standing ovations, a tribute remarkable even in this cloistered, clubby world. Characteristically, he seemed vaguely embarrassed by it all.

Trying cases per se has not been the hallmark of Fitzgerald’s densely packed career. In his assault on him, Safire charged that Fitzgerald’s efforts would be more wisely spent fighting terrorism. In fact, for seven years, tracking down and trying terrorists was pretty much all Fitzgerald did; with his uncanny memory, his ability to master information and connect gasoline receipts to phone records to address books to plane tickets to intercepted, translated conversations, the work came naturally to him. Long before most Americans had ever heard of Osama bin Laden, Fitzgerald recognized all of his aliases and names de guerre. Few people, if any, knew as early or as much about al-Qaeda and the perils it posed. “You can’t leave!” he pleaded on September 10, 2001, to a colleague thinking of changing jobs. “They’re going to hit us again, and someone has got to be around to work it!” The country would have been far better served, former Nebraska senator Bob Kerrey said in 2004, during the hearings of the 9/11 commission, had Pat Fitzgerald, instead of the C.I.A., been briefing President Bush.

Unaware that he was being bugged, the blind Egyptian cleric Sheikh Abdel Rahman, whom Fitzgerald successfully tried for plotting a “day of terror” in New York—in which the United Nations, the Lincoln and Holland Tunnels, the George Washington Bridge, and the F.B.I. headquarters were targeted—discussed Fitzgerald with his lawyer, Lynne Stewart, and their translator. “He’s like a Crusader,” Stewart said at one point. The translator agreed. “Fitzgerald believes in all these things in his heart,” he said. “He has the faith of doing them the same way the Crusaders did.”

The charge—that Fitzgerald is a zealot, viewing the world in black and white, lacking a sense of nuance CONTINUED ON PAGE 106
After the death of his fabled grandfather, Gianni Agnelli, Lapo Elkann became the dashing public face of Fiat, while his media-shy brother, John, took over the endangered family empire. All eyes were on Lapo as he resuscitated the Fiat name, romanced Italy’s hottest starlet, and brightened his company’s prospects with a sleek new model, the Grande Punto. Then, in October, the 28-year-old scion overdosed in the apartment of a transsexual prostitute. In Turin, MARK SEAL answers the billion-lira question: Why?
Lapo Elkann at the wheel of a Lancia Ypsilon, the first car he and his team launched, in 2003.
It looked like just another overdose in the cocaine-dusted backstreets of Turin, Italy: white male, 28, comatose in a small apartment in the red-light district. The call for an ambulance came at about 9 A.M. on Monday, October 10, a hysterical voice screaming, “Fast! Fast! At my house there is an important person that’s feeling bad!”

The paramedics found him unconscious on the bed, and repeated injections of Narcan—the anti-overdose serum—couldn’t revive him from what would later be described as a near-lethal cocktail of cocaine and heroin. They rushed him to Mauriziano hospital and rolled him into the emergency room. He didn’t come to

for three days, and by the time he awoke and began responding in three of the five languages in which he is fluent, his family had sped in from their villas and the press had announced to the world who he was: Lapo Edouard Elkann, grandson of the late Gianni Agnelli, the so-called unofficial King of Italy, who had turned his family’s automobile company, Fiat, into an international giant. The handsome, dazzling young public face of Fiat today. Lapo is worldwide director of brand promotion for Fiat Auto. In just two years he had achieved the impossible: transforming the stodgy and financially troubled auto brand into an exciting new line.

An anomaly in the notoriously private, 163-member Agnelli family, Lapo had become the rock star of Italian business, and journalists and paparazzi dogged his every move, from his storybook romance with Italy’s No. 1 starlet, Martina Stella, who appeared in Ocean’s Twelve, to his sale of the Fiat trademark on products as diverse as designer sweatshirts and vases. He would streak across the country and his grandfather’s hand-me-down suite of Ferraris, Alfa Romeos, Maseratis—urgently buying to buy Italian products, a sade which had culminated only a month before his collapse in the star-studded launch of Fiat’s new, make-or-break model, the Grande Punto.

In the days when Gianni Agnelli ran Italy, the sordid news of an overdose in a family would never have been the slightest whisper. But this time, as Lapo’s family arrived at the hospital, fighting their way through a phalanx of cameras and reporters, the Fiat brass scrambled to squelch news, the story began to emerge in increasingly shocking installments: first, Lapo had been admitted “for respiratory problems of pharmacological origin,” according to police, that he had been taken from a “woman’s apartment.” The questions everyone asked were: What woman? And where was Martina Stella, the love of Lapo’s life? Next came reports that it had been the apartment of “a South American woman.” A full day later it was revealed that the woman who had called for ambulance was not Martina Stella, a South American. She wasn’t even typically a woman. Lapo had been found unconscious in the apartment of Donna Broco, a 28-year-old transsexual prostitute known as Patrizia, who walks the streets in one of the most notorious quarters of Turin.

According to police, Lapo had arrived at Patrizia’s place before midnight and partied with her and other transsexuals until nearly dawn. Although moderate consumption of cocaine for personal use is not prosecuted in Italy, Lapo was guilty of something more serious: he’d gotten caught.

As he lay comatose, a major Italian station interrupted its schedule programming to report on the situation, and the hospital was besieged by friends, business associates, fans, even a Gypsy patriarch, all seeking an answer to one central question: Why?

“Lapo is like a son to me,” said Henry Kissinger, who told me the week after the incident. “He is intelligent, extremely sensitive, very amusing, and has extremely human qualities—I have known him since he was...
Lapo had been found unconscious in the tiny apartment of a 53-year-old transsexual prostitute.
With the death of great-uncle Umberto Agnelli in 2004, John Elkann, left, became chairman of Fiat and Lapo suddenly became the worldwide director of brand promotion for Fiat Auto. Opposite clockwise from left: Umberto Agnelli; Giovanna Agnelli and her husband, Lapo with Grande Punto; Alain Elkann; Giovanni Agnelli; Alain Elkann; Alain Elkann; Giovanni Agnelli.

Lapo stuck the Fiat logo on sneakers, women’s handbags, watches, luggage, and bottles of wine.
boy… This is…” He stopped, at least for words.

I’ve been an idiot,” Lapo reportedly said when he came to in the hospital.

D

o you love me? Tell me, do you love me? Lapo Elkann’s secret was all in this sentence,” said a writer in the Italian weekly magazine DiPiu in the wake of what Italians had begun to refer to as “the crisis.” “These are the is that he would pronounce obsessively—ever since he would meet up with people: friends and acquaintances, even rivals—and he would run to hug him, to kiss them, to ask them for something, which he seemed to never get enough of. Even so, at first look, Lapo Elkann had everything.”

Damed for a close friend of poet Dante, Lapo had been born into a soon-to-be-traduced fairy-tale existence. His mother, Margherita Agnelli, Gianni Agnelli’s pale, poetic, only daughter, could not have picked a son of a French banker. Now 55 and living in Rome, Elkann is the well-known television personality and bon vivant and sometime adviser to Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi. In many ways, Lapo was the child of his grandfather, the man Italy knew as l’Avvocato (the Lawyer), who had built Fiat into an industrial complex that propelled Italy into being the world’s third-strongest economy. Once estimated to be worth $3.1 billion, Gianni Agnelli’s empire included Fiat, Juventus soccer team, the Château Margaux vineyards, a department store, an aviation plant, and Il Stampa, the Turin-based newspaper. Linked romantically over the years to Jackie Kennedy, Rita Hayworth, Pamela Churchill Harriman, and Anita Ekberg, Agnelli was the essence of la dolce vita, and it was well known in Italian high society that he had a lifelong infatuation with the same substance that got Lapo into trouble,” according to his biographer Alan Friedman.

Lapo inherited his grandfather’s suits, which he often wears with sneakers, and he emulates his speech (rolling his r’s), public dating habits (starlets accompanied by headlines), and taste in cars (an ever changing stable of Fiat-manufactured steeds awaiting him in cities all over Europe).

Lapo was born in New York, and his parents divorced when he was very young. Margherita moved with her three children—John Philip (known as Jaki), Lapo, and their younger sister, Ginevra—who is a filmmaker—to London, where she met and married Serge de Pahlen, a Russian aristocrat. “There were so many kids in that family,” says a relative on the Agnelli side. Margherita and Serge had five more children together, and they moved their brood first to Rio de Janeiro, where Serge worked for French oil companies, and then to Paris.

Fate, which gives out the poker cards of life, gave me a straight flush,” Lapo once told reporters. “But if I don’t know how to play it well, I can lose everything in the first rounds. That’s why I began dealing the cards very early.” When Lapo was 17, his grandfather started him at the Piaggio scooter factory, where he worked “eight hours a day at the Typhoon assembly line for two months during the summer.” He told his co-workers that his name was Lapo Rossi. “I had long hair like the Jackson Five. I would say my father was a worker at Peugeot. They believed me until they saw me on TV at the Turin stadium, caught by the cameras next to my grandpa… I have never asked anyone for anything. When I wanted my first mo-ped, I sold my nicest clothes to my high-school friends.” Lapo also mentioned the 12 months he had served as a
Turin is a company to everyone says, and the company is Fiat—Fabbrica Liana di Automobili Torino. The most glittery symbol of Fiat's dominance over Torino is the Lingotto, the company's headquarters and former manufacturing plant, which, when it was finished in 1920, was the most modern factory in Europe, with a test track on the roof. It has been reconfigured over the last 20 years by Renzo Piano, with a hotel, a shopping mall, an art museum, a futuristic glass bubble conference nexus, and a help desk. If you stand on the roof, you can look down on the foggy "city of kings"—several Italian monarchs were born there—and see the rising in the distance.

You can also get a good view of other Turin, the shadow city of pushers and prostitutes. The center of the drug trade is the San Salvario district, near the train station, where pushers stand openly on the street corners. On or about October 9, Lapo is said to have paid about 1,000 euros ($1,200) for, according to police sources, a number of small packets of cocaine. Blocks away, prostitutes line up to offer their services.

Lapo Elkann penetrated the area deeper still, into the vicinity of the Park of Valentino, the regular gathering place for Turin's trans community. Veteran author Gabriele Romagnoli tells me stories he's written of the men who make an excellent living as women. "Many members of the Turin jet set, who have a very restricted life during the business day, in the extremely precise gray climes where Fiat rules, have ended up the prostitutes' and transvestites' nerds," he says. He talks about such famous transvestites as Valentina, who, when she was murdered in 1995, left behind a billion lire ($620,000) in her bank account and more than a third of that amount in cash on her nightstand, and the Neapolitan who became known as the Baronessa, with her double-E breasts and her wink waistcoat. The most familiar of all the cross-dressers—though, Romagnoli says, is Donato Brocco, whose street name is Patrizia.

Growing up in the Southern Italian port city of Bari, Patrizia was always attracted to men. Mocked and beaten by the other boys in her school, she clung to the dream she later told the Italian magazine Chi, of "Prince Charming to come get me—strong and powerful, able to continue on page 139."
THE HEIR APPARENT

Adored by his maternal grandfather, Lapo inherited Gianni Agnelli's playboy spirit. Opposite: top, Lapo in Venice in 2001 with Agnelli, whom he loved so much he even wore his hand-me-down suits; bottom, with Henry Kissinger in 2005.

Fiat was on the rocks. But if the company was going down, it would go down with Agnelli blood at the helm.
Kareena Gore Schiff stepped into the spotlight with her father’s 2000 run for the White House, making his campaign her cause. Losing the election was a blow that Al Gore’s eldest child has countered with lessons from her family’s—and her country’s—history. As Gore Schiff’s first book, *Lighting the Way: Nine Women Who Changed Modern America*, is published, LAURA JACOBS talks to the 32-year-old author, wife, and mother about her Tennessee roots, the Florida debacle, and what she wants now.

The country got its first good look at her while she waited to take the stage. She was sheathed in a sleeveless dress, her blond Breck Girl hair shining to her shoulders. Television viewers saw her take—touchingly—one deep breath before she walked to the microphone and into history, the first daughter to launch her father’s formal nomination for the presidency. It was August 16, 2000, the third night of the Democratic National Convention, and Kareena Gore Schiff delivered her eight-minute speech with such intelligence and poise, such high-beam humor, that she seemed some kind of natural—to the campaign born—which she was. Looking toward the delegation from Tennessee, Kareena saw many of the same faces forever captured in her earliest childhood memory, another event that took place on a stage in August. It was Lebanon, Tennessee, 1976, her father’s first political win, and it was also the night she turned
Karenna Gore Schiff at her apartment in New York City on November 9, 2005—three months before the publication of her new book, *Lighting the Way.*
three: just after midnight, while the final votes were counted, the crowd sang “Happy Birthday” to Karenna.

The press loves destiny, dynasties, and daughters—and shining blond hair doesn’t hurt. Gore Schiff can check All of the Above. Traditionally, the children of candidates are off-limits, seen but not heard. Vice President Gore and his wife, Tipper, had pointedly not bred their four children to the family line—politics. But Karenna, the oldest, cut her teeth on the stump speech. At three she referred to the family house as “headquarters.” At 14 she looked up from her homework to comment on a strategy session: “I don’t think that’s right, Dad.” At 23 she coined the cleverest line in her father’s debate against Jack Kemp (a joke about chlorofluorocarbon). And by 2000, aged 27, she found herself at the heart of Al Gore’s campaign for president, stumping the states and exhorting Generations X and Y to embrace the political process and vote. Did her father fear the brickbats that would come her way? “I didn’t worry for her at all,” he says today, “because she is so self-possessed, so in command—and with such grace.” The New York Times Magazine called Karenna “the Golden Child.” Pundit and friend Michael Kinsley has said he wouldn’t be surprised if one day she were president. So the obvious question, the teaser that concluded every article, was the one about following in footsteps: Would Karenna Gore Schiff someday claim her heritage and run?

As the Democrats watched the 2000 election go south the wrong way—hanging on a Florida recount, which was stopped by a Supreme Court intervention without precedent—the question for Karenna shifted from public to private. “They were very dark days,” says one of her closest friends, novelist Chloe Hooper. “A lot of the things she had grown up believing in had been not so much broken but smashed. The honorable don’t always win, or at least they do, but you can then fudge the numbers. It was surreal. She was deeply disillusioned.”

The question now was: What to do next? Her answer is a book—due out this month—not about the how, the why, or the election from inside, but a search for illumination.

Her name was inspired by Tolstoy’s Anna Karenina, a novel her mother was reading at the time. By removing the i, the frill, the name flew faster, ending with a lift—perfect for the quick little girl who was born in Nashville, Tennessee, on August 6, 1973, and who climbed out of her crib at seven months. “Al and I knew we were in for a challenge,” says Tipper.

Because Karenna was such a handful, the run-ragged Gores often dropped her off at her grandparents’, the farm of Pauline and Albert Gore Sr. in Carthage, one hour outside of Nashville. Grandfather Gore was breeding Angus cattle nearly full-time, and though he and Pauline adored Karenna, they didn’t baby her. She swam in the ice-cold Caney Fork River, helped her grandfather with farm chores, and was expected to shake hands with workers on the farm. When one man demurred because his hand wasn’t clean, Gore Sr. told his granddaughter, “Don’t you not shake somebody’s hand because it’s dirty.”

When Karenna was eight, she made a trip with her grandfather to show a Gore-farm bull in Kentucky’s All-American Futurity. The bull was bigger than she was (so was her whip), and most of her competitors were adults. “I was so scared,” says Karenna. “I knew it was really important—I was representing my family, and I had to get it right. And I continued on page 174.
Nick Denton, the 39-year-old founder of Gawker Media, is "the Rupert Murdoch of the blogosphere," according to pundit-socialite Arianna Huffington. He may not run the world yet, but Denton shares Murdoch's tabloid instinct and empire-building urge. A London-born Oxford graduate who once worked as a Financial Times reporter, he's Manhattan's newest and cheekiest media baronet.

Through his 14 Web sites, Denton serves up gossip, reviews, and more gossip in frequently updated squiblets running down the left side of clean, well-lit Web pages. Among the hirelings working under his banner are Jessica Coen and Jesse Oxfeld, of the New York flagship site, Gawker; Washington, D.C., scourge Ana Marie Cox, who writes the ribald, funny Wonkette; L.A.-based Mark Lisanti, of the fearless, Hollywood-skewering Defamer; and Noah Robischon, who reviews gadgets for Gizmodo. Other sites give the Gawker treatment to the worlds of porn (Fleshbot), cars (Jalopnik), and video games (Kotaku).

In the Denton blogosphere, there's no Paris Hilton item too insignificant to link and no wisecrack too cheap to make. With a combination of smart-ass writing and low subject matter folded into crisply designed sites, the Gawker gang is bringing some wit and nasty fun to a dour decade.

—JIM WINDOLF
TIME SMART SET

Gawker Media C.E.O. Nick Denton,
Gizmodo's Hugh Sisson, Gawker's Jessica
dChen, Washington Post's Ana Marie Cox, Gawker's
Jim Hoffman, and Defamer's Mark Lisanti,
photographed in New York City on
October 27, 2005.
LITERARY CHARACTER

David Campbell, the publisher of Everyman's Library—which is celebrating its centennial—in the study of his Palladian house in the Scottish Highlands, November 13, 2005.
EVERYMAN'S CASTLE

Rothschilds, royals, and the cream of literary London are expected next month for the centennial of Everyman's Library, and to celebrate David Campbell, whose beautifully bound, affordable classics turned the moribund imprint into a financial success. With the same bravura style, he has restored a 1790 Palladian ruin in the Scottish Highlands.

DAVID JENKINS meets the dashing master of Barbreck

pubisher David Campbell has a flair for restoring old institutions that's in defiance of all common sense. Only Campbell could have seen the potential in Everyman's Library and recruited such supporters as Mick Jagger and the Prince of Wales when he bought the ailing imprint in 1990. And only Campbell would locate the worthy Everyman above a sex shop in London's raffish Soho district.

At the 1991 relaunch party in Spencer House—Princess Diana's ancestral home in London—Jagger let it be known that he had bought three complete sets of Everyman's exquisitely bound
collection. (Then consisting of 50 books, it included Pride and Prejudice, To the Lighthouse, and The Wealth of Nations.) As for Prince Charles, he has, as Campbell says in his emphatic, upper-class tones, “always been a keen supporter,” and he is expected to be there on February 15 when Campbell, 57, throws another party, this time for about 350 people in the Fine Rooms of the Royal Academy in London, to celebrate his imprint’s centennial. Mick, alas. can’t come—it’s “a drag.” he has e-mailed, but he’s tied up with the Stones that day. Still, there should be a slew of Rothschilds and probably a platoon of Amises and Rushdies.

It’s Campbell’s bravura which makes him “attractive to women and yet a man’s man,” as one observer puts it, and which has enabled this once moribund publishing house to print more than 12 million copies of nearly 500 titles in the last 15 years. And it is the same daring vision that in 1985 inspired him to buy Barbreck, his ravishing Palladian house in the Scottish Highlands, when it was all but a crumbling ruin.

At the time, he owned another Georgian house, in London, that had just lost its roof, and he recalls there were those who felt “two roofless Georgian houses was one too many.” The first summer Campbell spent there with his wife, Alexandra, his son, Charles, and his daughter, Iona, it rained and rained. They “ate like Pathan tribesmen crouching round a fire outside,” he remembers. But Campbell saw that the house was as strong as “the Pyramid of Cheops”; it just needed “tweaking and a little T.L.C.”

It got it. The house, which dates to 1790 and was built by a member of the Campbell clan in the traditional family territory of Argyll, has been as beautifully restored as Everyman. Most activity takes place on the first floor (what Americans would call the second), which is reached by a cantilevered stone staircase. That first floor, with its 14-foot-high Adam ceilings, includes a study, a dining room, and a drawing room. Above are six bedrooms, while the ground floor is largely given over to a hall full of Wellington boots, fishing rods, and the swords, lances, and shields that would have been used by Campbell’s bellicose ancestors. Some of the furniture belonged to Campbell’s grandfather: “There was no money but a lot of quite good and quite big furniture and paintings. So I was either going to have to find a place for them or sell them and buy small furniture for a small house.”

In the distance is the island of Jura. Campbell enjoys taking guests there for picnics, driving his boat past “the most dangerous whirlpool in Europe. Completely calm most of the time, but occasionally can be very, very dangerous. And I have been known to run out of petrol.”

In the house, there is music, “a certain amount of wine,” and excellent food. Campbell grows his own oysters, so there are three to four thousand at hand. It’s fun, he says, to pop down be-

CHARMING MANOR

Clockwise from above: the drawing room at Barbreck, with its portrait of “La Belle Stuart,” said to be the most beautiful woman in the court of Charles II; boots, swords, and the staircase to the main floor; the house and grounds, with grazing sheep; the happy homeowner; a window view of the sea and fields.
Campbell saw that the house was as strong as "the Pyramid of Cheops"; it just needed "tweaking and a little T.L.C."

He has buckets of élan too. Campbell rides to work at his London office on an old-fashioned bicycle with a basket over the front wheel: "I'm probably the only head of a publishing company who occasionally delivers a book by hand." He can also display a regal disdain for the diurnal life of the deskbound. According to his longtime friend Sonny Mehta, chairman and editor in chief of Knopf (which publishes Everyman in the U.S.), "Everybody is charmed by David's exotic absences. You try to call him and he's off fishing in the Falklands."

Right now, though, Campbell is worrying about his party. It is indeed a "drag" about Jagger; a literary-minded pop star has more media pull than a prince. But there is in London one pop star with a children's book to her name. And...well, here's Campbell speaking the words written on a postcard he once received:

"Surprise No. 1: Madonna has a library.
"Surprise No. 2: it's full of Everyman."
Don Imus's verbal grenades hit the airwaves every morning, drawing millions of listeners and high-profile guests such as Tim Russert, Tom Brokaw, and John McCain. But even as the 65-year-old shock jock has conquered vodka and cocaine dependencies to become a serious political, cultural, and philanthropic force, he still uses his radio show for brutal personal attacks. After a turbulent week in Imus’s orbit, including a visit with his family at their beachfront Connecticut house, BUZZ BISSINGER reports on the good, the bad, and the just plain bizarre.
RADIO COWBOY


Last Stand?
It's Monday morning and I'm in a stretch limousine with Don Imus. "I have this moronic from Vanity Fair with me," he says into his cell phone. "He fucked me. Ordinarily I wouldn't take him."

I laugh, because he obviously wants me to hear him say this and he enjoys a good audience. His tone is low to the ground and world-weary, yet laconic. I have a feeling it's true that he doesn't want me in the limo, because of its unavoidable requirement of social interaction off the air, which he isn't so crazy about. Or, as he says at one point, "I talk to millions of people every day. I just like it when they can't talk back."

It's also true that I did fuck him. I took a hired car to the studios of the cable channel MSNBC, in Secaucus, New Jersey, from where his radio show is simulcast, with no scheduled ride back in the very hope that he would take pity and give me a return lift to New York.

Although this is our first day of meeting face-to-face, we have already had our share of skirmishes. Because of his reputation for being a flamethrower of ridicule, I am on my guard. I am also genetically thin-skinned, which means that I represent the ultimate in possibility for Imus. In a previous conversation, on the phone, I told him I didn't appreciate his on-air and off-air mockery of my work as a journalist and author, which commenced once I learned that I wanted to profile him. He responded by calling me a "titty baby." I paused for a split second at the insult. It took me out of my righteous rhythm for a beat, maybe because nobody had ever called me a titty baby before, not even in prep school. "I take my fucking work seriously," I said. "I don't have fucking time to coddle a thin-skinned journalist," he said. "You've got a radio show. I don't," I said. And then, with the kind of chuckle that villains give right before they start up the chain saw, he said, "Just remember that." But like a car doing a U-turn on the interstate at 85 miles an hour, he immediately became conciliatory. "What do you want?" he said.

What I wanted was access. Here in the limo on this Monday at the end of October, I have access. But he still has me off-balance, and I have to assume he likes that as well. Prick. Pervasive. Smart. Savvy. Curious. Child-like. Moody. Mercurial. Out of it. Into it. Appealing. Asshole. During the week I spend with the legendary radio host listened to by millions on his nationally syndicated show, Imus in the Morning, my reactions to him swirl round and round in a game of emotional roulette.

After nearly 40 years in radio, he is still making waves. The way he did in the late 60s at an AM radio station in Sacramento when, still developing his persona of flamboyant outrageousness, he called up a local McDonald's posing as the sergeant of something called the International Guard and ordered 1,200 hamburgers for his soldiers, to go. The way he did in the 70s when he took New York by storm on WNBC, and Life magazine called him the "country's most outrageous disc jockey." The way he did in the 80s when he developed twin dependencies on vodka and cocaine and lived in such debauchery that a close friend worried he would have the same tragic demise as John Belushi. The way he did in the early 90s when his radio show moved from shock-jock shite to substance and began to wield such influence that some political pundits credited him with a pivotal role in the presidency of Bill Clinton's victory in the New York presidential primary. The way he did several years later, in 1996, at the annual Radio & Television Correspondents' Association dinner, when he delivered tasteless remarks about President Clinton's alleged extramarital affairs while the president and Hillary sat only a few feet away. The way he did in 2004 when remarks he made on the air caused a prominent physician to sue him for defamation.

He has taken off his cowboy hat in the stretch limo, revealing a thin cloak of gray and white hair that looks like an Elizabethan wig. He's wearing cowboy boots, blue jeans, a soft blue shirt, a finely tailored Joseph Abboud jacket, and a western-style belt buckle big enough to be a breastplate. He's not wearing a gun on his hip, because he's not licensed to carry a gun in New Jersey. But when we get back to his office in Queens, one of his first acts will be to strap on a .40-caliber Glock, since he is licensed in New York. Like many celebrities, he worries about being accosted. But given where we are when he packs heat, inside the studios of WFAN radio, his flagship station, I am not sure whom he thinks he might have to shoot.

He's seated in the corner of the limo and appears pale and frail and sucked dry. At 65 he looks 10 years older. He's been a mine worker, a window dresser, a failed singer, a New York shock jock on the meteoric way up and then down, an alcoholic, a cocaine user, a rehabbed newlywed at 54, a new father near 60, and he's still the powerful Pied Piper to such members of the media elite as Tim Russert, Anna Nicole, and Tom Brokaw, and to so many members of the political establishment, Senators Joe Biden, John McCain, Chris Dodd.

"I don't feel well," he says in the limo. It's something he says a lot during the week, just as he groans a lot and sighs a lot and has coughing fits and screams his ears hurt and utters "Oh, man," "Oh, shit." He often sighs when he was as if this were his final step, and his body has been to hell and back, damaged beyond the considerable toll taken by the beat and the drugs and the smoking—a misadventure when he was a young man. He broke both his legs, a collapsed lung, terrible fall from a horse that collapsed other lung and broke his ribs, collarbone, and shoulder and almost killed him, a tator cuff torn after pulling off a saddle that still hasn't healed, a small emphysema needs oxygen at night when he sleeps in high altitude of New Mexico), difficult hearing from years of spinning rock 'n' roll and wearing headphones.

He looks tired, perhaps from getting up at 4:30 in the morning for nearly 40 years and doing the morning drive time on radio with energy and focus. The voice once a manic rat-a-tat as sharp and syncopated as an extended Buddy Rich drum roll, is softer now and sometimes garbled. His eyes seem squeezed, compressed.

Minutes earlier he finished his race show, carried by roughly 90 stations around the country, along with the MSNBC simulcast. It has at least 2.75 million individual listeners a week, according to the late summer survey by Talkers magazine, which crows the talk-radio industry. It ranks Imus 13 nationally, significantly behind Rush Limbaugh (13.75 million), Sean Hannity (12 million), and Howard Stern (7.75 million). Regardless of ranking, what continues to separate Imus from his competitors is his influence and impact of the show, often source of news because of revelations made by high-echelon politicians craving a time. His audience base is considered to be loyal, affluent, and coveted by advertisers.

The show that Monday had its usual array of diverse guests calling in, among them New York assistant managing editor Eva Thomas, NBC White House correspondent David Gregory, and author Doris Kearns Goodwin, promoting her latest book, Team of Rivals, about Abraham Lincoln. "Who gives a fuck?" he said of Goodwin's book off the air. "Just what we need, another Lincoln book." But he deftly showed interest and appreciation when she came on the air, leading me on continued on page 153
Imus likes getting into nits even if there is a wink-and-nod quality to it all, a pleasure that comes from being a prima donna puppeteer.
Beautiful, blue-blooded, and fascinated by power, Susan Mary Alsop spent her first marriage as the darling of postwar Paris diplomatic circles. Alongside her second husband, renowned columnist Joseph Alsop, she reigned as J.F.K.’s favorite Georgetown hostess. Finally, after her divorce, she tackled history on her own terms, as an acclaimed author. From the true parentage of Susan Mary’s son to Joe’s closeted sexuality, SUSAN BRAUDY recaptures the hidden scandals and hard choices of an American princess
My mother's interest was power, power, power.
—Bill Patten Jr.

hen Susan Mary Alsop first hosted Jackie and John Kennedy together, on February 14, 1961, the new president, seated on her right, said, “Tell me about your friend Harold Macmillan.” In her grand and thrilling voice, Susan Mary boldly told a story she had heard from Kennedy’s favorite historian, Lord David Cecil. Describing Prime Minister Macmillan as true (if strange) in the area of sex, Susan Mary said that he knew his beloved wife, the frumpy Lady Dorothy, had been carrying on a long affair with another friend of Susan Mary’s. Family members had conspired to get Dorothy’s lover married off. But Dorothy invited herself along on her lover’s honeymoon. Harold Macmillan’s response was to flee to the country that weekend, getting sick periodically out the train window. John Kennedy laughed. The story precisely catered to his hobby—sex. Though Susan Mary was indifferent to sex, she knew it was a coin of the realm for most rulers of the earth. And that night with Kennedy, Susan Mary was in deferential mode. Susan Mary’s story would later help Kennedy negotiate a key friendship with England’s seemingly invulnerable leader. The story also sealed her own bond with the president, who would sit by her at dinner more than 75 times.

Jackie Kennedy, on the other hand, did not laugh, as—according to historian Barbara Leaming—Susan Mary had stirred Jackie’s fear of similar gossip about her own heartbreaking accommodations to her husband. More than a decade older than Jackie, Susan Mary Jay Patten Alsop was a brainy aristocrat at ease with butlers and decanted wine and le grain of French nobility. She knew as much French history as anyone at the American Embassy in Paris. As Bill Patten Jr. said, “My mother overcame restrictions of patriarchal society to enjoy three brilliant careers.”

In her first career, she spent 15 years as the life of the parlor and a great hostess in Paris, entrancing writer Jean Cocteau, Ambassadors Duff Cooper and Gladwyn Jebb, British labor leader Ernest Bevin, and Prime Minister Winston Churchill. A serious New England puritan, Susan Mary picked up a few bad-girl moves in Paris. Her vice was curiosity to see “history on the boil.” wrote novel of the upper classes Nancy Mitford, when fictionalizing Susan Mary as the brainy Mildred Jinglefleisch in her 1960 novel, Don’t Tell A Fred. The woman who conquered Paris in Dior sample couture was the adored protégée of Lady Diana Cooper, the famous beauty and indecorous star of the Duke of Windsor’s inner circle. Adding to her mystique, Susan Mary claimed that she bore a son in 1948 by Diana’s husband, the 58-year-old Ambassador Cooper, a man loved by Winston Churchill and the English people.

When Jackie met her, Susan Mary was diving into her second great career, as the Washington hostess and the wife of famed political power broker and syndicated columnist Joseph Alsop. But it was her third career that made her happiest. In 1975, no longer “a glamour girl” (as she
Susan Mary had style, both mental and physical, that tickled President Kennedy’s fancy.
Susan Mary knew that Paris was the red-hot center of the world.
Susan Mary Jay was six years old the first time she curtseyed for a head of state. It was 1924, and she was residing in the palatial U.S. Embassy in snowy Romania. Writing of it a decade later, Susan Mary described how the very pink Queen Marie, with long, soft hands, had asked for a kiss. Susan Mary shrank away. "No, thank you," she said. "I don't think I want to meet you." Her English nanny gasped.

Susan Mary had no idea Queen Marie was an intimate of her father, Peter Augustus, the U.S. ambassador. All she knew was that the queen smelled so many flowers and overheated so. That night Susan Mary was sent to bed early, but she was perfectly elated having met the queen on her own.

When Susan Mary was eight, her life ed a sharp corner. She woke up one morning to find that her older sister, Mary, had vanished into thin air. No explanations were given. It made for a pitiful Christmas in Buenos Aires. Peter Jay, ambassador to Argentina, told Susan that he was retiring early from the diplomatic service (to the Jay family the most noble calling), citing failing lungs. It was not until their ship, the Pan America, dropped anchor in New York in early 1927 that Susan Mary's father told her that her sister was dead, and that she lay inside a small mahogany box in her mother's stateroom.

She hopped off to the Foxcroft School, in Virginia hunt country. Susan Mary buried her sadness in history books and politics. Although emboldened by a blazing intellect, Susan Mary shunned her curiosity with stylized manners. She had such ring that everything she touched seemed blessed with beauty. The girls at Foxcroft knew she was American royalty. Her father's study was decorated with artifacts of his ancestor John Jay, founding Father and the first chief justice of the Supreme Court. Also perched in the family tree was the first John Jacob Astor. Although obsessed with deflecting attention from herself, she fixed her flattering eyes on an acquaintance and lusted with all her might, the effect was thrilling.

After Susan Mary's father died of lung disease, at age 56, her sister, Susan McCook, Jay, sometimes blamed his early retirement for their daughter's lack of a trust fund. Susan Mary's mother had little time for her, so during most summers when she was a teenager, she was sent to a rich aunt in Paris who lived in a comfortable 19th-century house by the fashionable Bois de Boulogne. When she visited her mother in Maine, Susan Mary would dancing at the Bar Harbor Club. One night she locked eyes in the ladies'-room mirror with Marietta Peabody, a young, long-legged beauty whose New England forebears founded the Grot-School. "The smell of stale face powder in this ladies' room is the smell of fear," remarked Marietta. Susan Mary instantly knew Marietta meant that it reeked of girls terrified of not being asked to dance. Susan Mary masked elation; if the vivacious Marietta admitted fear, then Susan Mary's secret shyness was permissible. Marietta and Susan Mary (nicknamed Soozie by Marietta) were "birds of a feather," remembers Sam Peozle, Marietta's younger brother. The girls had such stamina for intellect! They constructed broad strategies for global peace and speculated about Susan Mary's late grandmother Emily Astor Kane Jay, who had been the toast of Paris as a diplomat's wife and was said to have rouged her nipples.

By this point, Susan Mary was a dazzler: stick-thin, but endowed with an ample bosom. Despite her stiff poise and the startling symmetry of her face, she had visible character and a rather contradictory constitution. She would mumble bits of self-deprecating politesse, but she still came across with the intensity of a加载更多文本bara in mid-leap. She would greet a girlfriend with invigorating warmth, taking both her hands as if forgiving her friend for something dreadful she had just done, but her dark eyes were measuring. Seated, Susan Mary looked like a Sargent painting of the most beautiful girl, but she walked fast, like a tomboy, and longed to go to college. (She would not go, although she did attend a few classes at Barnard. Her mother was ungenerous, despite her pride in her own mastery of diplomatic history.)

By summer 1939, Susan Mary was living with a rich uncle in New York, on Fifth Avenue. She and her friend Babe Cush ing posed for Vogue photographers while floating in parachutes over the 1939 World's Fair. When the courtly Bill Patten walked toward Susan Mary at the St. Regis hotel, she fell instantly in love, and soon commenced "hot pursuit" of him. He was an idealist with a valet and the charmer of the Harvard class of 1932, witty and utterly kind. And she was the best of the best, a brainy young American royal.

But Bill Patten was skinny, already crippled with the lung dis-
GLAMOROUS LIFE

(1) Susan Mary’s Schiaparelli wardrobe arrives in Venice, for the Biestegui ball, September 1951. (2) At the press attaché’s office at the U.S. Embassy in Paris, Bill Patten and Ben Bradlee wait for election results the night of Eisenhower’s victory, November 5, 1952.
ease that had killed Susan Mary’s father. Amazingly, Patten never complained—ever. Susan Mary was certain she would find a cure for her Bill. Her mother disliked Bill and warned the young beauty that he’d never have a career because of his lungs. The decision to marry him was the gesture of a strong-willed, generous young woman who had wanted to rescue her ailing father, and, in doing so, perhaps show her mother a thing or two. It revealed what her second husband, Joe Alsop, called “her Florence Nightingale complex.” Susan Mary herself said that she was “cocksure and confident of my own ability to find a cure.”

It was through Bill that Susan Mary came to know the amazing Joseph Wright Alsop V, Bill’s close friend from Harvard and Groton, and his roommate in Manhattan when Patten worked as a Wall Street runner. At 29, Joe Alsop was already a grande. He was part of a small elite group he named “the WASP Ascendancy,” whose male members belonged to the same clubs, had family ties, and ran the country. Alsop was vicious, alluring, mysterious, and funny—a snob and a poseur whose intelligence was nearly unmatched. Like Bill Patten and Susan Mary, Alsop was an idealist about the United States and government service. Susan Mary was awed by Alsop, who wrote a powerful, nationally syndicated column. When Alsop was posted in Washington, his mother saw to it that he initially breakfasted and later attended a New Year’s party with distant cousins Franklin and Eleanor at the White House. The series he wrote with Turner Catledge (who would later become executive editor of The New York Times) for the Saturday Evening Post about Roosevelt’s scheme to pack the Supreme Court became a best-selling book. Alsop was a government insider who would come to advise—bully—five presidents.

At Susan Mary’s big Westbury, Long Island, wedding to Bill Patten, on October 28, 1939, Joe was an usher. An upper-class wedding of this sort was Joe’s idea of heaven on earth. And this time Joe adored both the groom and the gorgeous, wellborn bride. A homosexual, Joe had only one known sexual relationship in the United States during these years, according to Alsop biographer Robert W. Merry. Frank Merlo, his partner in this affair, was a good-hearted man, an autodidact, a sailor, and later the caretaker and lover of Tennessee Williams. Mostly, though, Joe Alsop had flings in foreign capitals, picking up syphilis in China.

Once married, Susan Mary and Bill quickly settled in a large, borrowed house near Phoenix, Arizona, because Bill’s doctors had advised a dry climate. They knew that leaving Phoenix would shorten Bill’s life, but both young people were soon bored stiff by country-club dances and longed to play a part in the war against evil in Europe. After aggressive finagling by Susan Mary’s mother, Bill avoided a physical exam and was appointed as a foreign-service reserve officer to the U.S. Embassy in Paris. In April 1943, Susan Mary joined him there, and she hit the ground running. Her cousins lent her the comfortable early-19th-century house by the Bois de Boulogne that she had visited as a girl. Her guests drank vintage champagnes with K-ration biscuits from the PX, and she presented precious canned vegetables on old blue-and-white Sèvres china. A leather pinwheel held the placement cards, and her searchlight ques-
tions produced great conversation in both French and English.

In her long daily letters to her mother and to her old friend Marietta Peabody (now married to Desmond FitzGerald, who would become the C.I.A.’s top spymaster in the Far East), she described bicycling through grim streets past shuffling skeletons who had been prisoners of war. Paris was still desolated by the Nazi occupation. It seemed to Susan Mary as if the only people with reasonable food were former Nazi collaborators.

Susan Mary knew, on the other hand, Paris was the red-hot center of the world, and her husband’s place of business, the American Embassy, was in the thick of it. The rulers of Europe were arriving to discuss paralyzing problems in their cities, factories, mines, and railroads. Bill was assisting his boss Chip Bohlen, head of the Military Assistance Program for France, in drawing up plans to rebuild the country. Within a year, Susan Mary was a major presence. “No embassy reception was complete without her,” recalls Chip’s daughter Avis Bohlen. After Secretary of State George Marshall announced the benevolent Marshall Plan, allocating up to $20 billion to European recovery, even a gut-wrenching stomach flu and a blinding fog couldn’t keep hero-worshipping Susan Mary from the embassy party for him.

One night, pluckily steering her bicycle in the slippery rain between cars to the American Embassy portal, she nearly crashed into Lady Diana Cooper. The 53-year-old bohemian and her husband (called “les Duffs”) were adored by Parisians: first for Duff Cooper’s early refusal to placate Hitler, and now for Lady Diana’s theatrical embassy parties and her love of French artists. The chance meeting changed Susan Mary’s life.

Lady Diana found Susan Mary a “gay, waif-like figure,” and no common American, according to
Joe Alsop made the rules of who was in and who was out, and only he could break them.
Lady Diana's biographer Philip Ziegler. Lady Diana admired Susan Mary's spirit and brains, but, best of all, Susan Mary deferred. Lady Diana was a performer; Susan Mary an audience. They were a perfect fit. Lady Diana impulsively decided to seat Susan Mary next to Duff at a British Embassy dinner. Lady Diana knew her ailing husband would be touched by the much younger American who read New Deal legislation. “Les Duffs” were hard to resist.

Soon afterward, Susan Mary swept into the salon vert of the beautiful British Embassy on Bill Patten's arm for a dinner in honor of Prime Minister Churchill, wearing a Balenciaga gown (borrowed from the designer). She was positively giddy. Lady Diana's seating broke protocol: Susan Mary, though the wife of a lowly American Embassy official, was flatteringly positioned next to the elderly, gruff British ambassador, and on her left was Jean Cocteau, whose writings Susan Mary knew well. Almost 30 years older than Susan Mary, Ambassador Duff Cooper was slowly drinking himself to death. With his liver and kidneys in a bad state, he was dozing off during long meetings. Nonetheless, he was a great man. He had gained international acclaim and Churchill's undying loyalty by resigning a government post to rebuke Chamberlain for appeasing Adolf Hitler. He had advised the Duke of Windsor at the eleventh hour about abdicating. Like Susan Mary, Cooper was a wordsmith, a history buff, and an idealist.

Springing into action to capitalize on her fortunate placement, Susan Mary asked the ambassador a nuts-and-bolts question about a recent speech by General Marshall. Cooper growled and had one of his “veiners,” Diana's word for his temper tantrums that caused veins on his forehead to throb. Susan Mary was only temporarily cowed. In fact, Cooper was flattered to be grilled about his current diplomatic mission—to mend relations between France and England. Duff Cooper spent the next year trying to seduce Susan Mary. In fact, in The Duff Cooper Diaries, edited by his son John Julius Norwich and recently published in England, the entry of February 27, 1947, includes, “I kissed Susan Mary for the first time and find her most attractive.” The Cooper marriage was odd, even for English aristocrats. Lady Diana loved her husband, but she wasn't interested in sex, and the ambassador was a womanizer. According to the diaries, when Duff and Susan Mary emerged from the embassy library in July of 1947, Diana laughingly brushed face powder off his shoulder, but another of Duff's mistresses was displeased.

Susan Mary and her husband became the only Americans who were regulars, when Bill's health permitted, at razzle-dazzle dinners, set in motion by Lady Diana's grand and wicked attitudes. “Every meal, even lunch with two guests, was a piece of theater for Diana,” wrote Susan Mary. Pretty soon, the younger woman began hosting Lady Diana and Duff and their high-flying circle. When Susan Mary asked the secret of Lady Diana's success as the best hostess in Paris, the ambassadress replied modestly. “Oh, just give them plenty of booze and hope it will go.”

While the Coopers were courting her, Susan Mary decided to throw the first postwar ball in Paris. The woman with a sense of history decided that Parisians were ready to shed gloom. Her masked ball would not be frivolous, as she would sell tickets to it to help war orphans in Lorraine. Assisted by Duff's social
Susan Mary Alsop was a witness to “history on the boil.”
secretary, she sent invitations to le gratin of Paris and to key international diplomats. No one bought a ticket. A neighbor told her to get pneumonia or leave Paris at once—she was not French or fashionable enough to lead Parisians to a masked party at this sad time. The next morning Susan Mary went to Lady Diana in the older woman’s cavernous bedroom, which was draped in red damask. Diana jumped out of bed. “Diana is as good as she is beautiful and as practical as she is wise,” wrote Susan Mary rapturously of her rescuer. Diana dragged her to Schiaparelli, to Lanvin, and to Balenciaga. The ambassador asked disingenuously to see masks commissioned by guests for Susan Mary’s ball, all the while dropping names of other likely guests—such as Cecil Beaton and Greta Garbo—and soon enough word of Diana’s patronage had spread. Susan Mary’s tickets sold out and even changed hands on the black market. Joe Alsop stayed at the ball until five in the morning. Susan Mary saved the orphans.

In late summer 1947, Susan Mary finally became Duff Cooper’s mistress. He was more seriously ill than her husband, but her attentions buoyed him. All of Susan Mary’s masks were in place. She joined the Cooper ménage without ever giving Bill Patten cause for unhappiness. Bill Patten Jr., Susan Mary’s son, mused recently that, to her, sex was like changing a tire, a job that keeps things running and amuses men. “But,” he wrote in his book, My Three Fathers, which will be published next spring, “given my mother’s vivid sense of idealism, her strong Calvinist habits and her need to rescue, her extended relations with the ailing and elderly Duff Cooper were almost a form of public service, an action of foreign policy in its noblest and most self-sacrificing form. It is likely that it embodied an even more passionate attachment to Duff’s wife Lady Diana than to Duff himself.” Susan Mary wrote in one of her daily letters to Duff that “my instinct tells me that your relationship [with Diana] is a wonderful, undamageable thing, apart from and undisturbed by your relations with other women.”

They would often whisk away to St. Firmin—the Coopers’ weekend château near Chantilly—where Susan Mary once picked lilies of the valley with Orson Welles. There Winston Churchill doted on beautiful, young Odette Pol-Roger, who was married to a member of the eponymous champagne family. Susan Mary noted that Churchill had a rule: Odette must be invited whenever he dined at the embassy. Susan Mary described Churchill’s infatuation with Odette—her best girlfriend on the party circuit—as “a beautiful December-May relationship, quite harmless and smiled on by Mrs. Churchill.” But after arduously deferring to grannies in person, Susan Mary often made real, fearless observations in her writing. An unpublished letter to Joe Alsop reveals Susan Mary’s sharp, non-deferential eye about Odette’s other amours. Odette, she wrote, had had a tragic miscarriage: “I never knew a more maternal nature or a life that so badly needed a point… I never knew whose child it was.”

In winter 1948, Susan Mary was distraught to learn that a five-month stomach ailment was in fact a pregnancy. The Pattens chose Joe Alsop as godfather. She was certain Duff Cooper had fathered the baby, but confided only in Marina Sulzberger, wife of New York Times columnist C. L. Sulzberger (first cousins of former Times publisher Arthur “Punch” Sulzberger). Susan Mary was discreet. It would be 50 years before she told Bill Patten Jr. her secret, during a family argument. Others, such as Susan Mary’s daughter, Anne Patten (born in 1950), and her goddaughter Pulitzer Prize–winning author Frances Fitzgerald, daughter of Marietta Peabody and Desmond Fitzgerald, knew the story.

Susan Mary continued to nurse both her husband and her lover. Anne remembers her mother and father as trying desperately to be cheerful: “They were dancing on ice together.” Said Bill, “My mother was always grappling with death—my father, its constant reminder.” Bill once peeked into his father’s darkened bedroom in fear that he would see him having a bad spell, attached to steel oxygen tanks by a rubber tube. But Susan Mary was simply reading aloud to him from a novella called The Ship That Died of Shame, about a doomed boat. In contrast, his mother’s bedroom looked like a command center. Bill junior admired her powers, seeing her sitting in her immaculate bed with her morning breakfast tray, tea and two dry biscotti (no butter), her address book open, her face covered in white night cream, and her black telephone to her ear. He understood why Nancy Mitford had nicknamed the character based on his mother the “commandant” of the expat community.

On the night in late 1947 that Duff Cooper was fired as ambassador by Ernest Bevin, then the foreign secretary, he and Susan Mary had a lovers’ tryst. At the Coopers’ last British Embassy party, she lingered until five in the morning. She later wrote to Duff she would have given anything if “in return I could have the next five minutes sitting on your lap and be held tight, tight against your heart and forget that you were leaving.” In Paris, Susan Mary became a popular guest of another British ambassador, Gladwyn Jebb, who once impulsively took her on a closed-day tour of the Louvre. Her son later heard of an affair from reliable British friends. When Duff died on a yacht bound for Jamaica, New Year’s Day 1954, Susan Mary rushed to Lady Diana’s side. Diana honored Susan Mary by leaving her alone with the coffin. Susan Mary told Cooper biographer John Charmley that she would always Duff’s voice on the telephone, his wise letters (two a day), and dinners a. In 1960, Susan Mary became a widow self. Bill Patten died at age 50.

Late that spring Susan Mary took her band’s ashes to Lancaster, Massachusetts, a town settled by the Thayers, her maternal forebears. She then returned to Paris, where she received Joe Alsop’s proposal. Her friend and Wasp cohort, the war-loving paper columnist, was hosting a grand plan. In a letter Joe explained that since he was homosexual theirs would be a loving, monogamous marriage. Susan Mary declined graciously. She professed surprise at Alsop’s secrecy, despite having heard of such matters. The truth was: Susan Mary was 41 andzoeking beautiful, and although two men in her life had died, she hadn’t given up hope of another real marriage. But Joe Alsop never took an answer, and he wrote to her again. An overwhelming part of his tantalizing package was John Kennedy, a man in love with Great-looking, very bright, young, and graceful, the presidential candidate possessed magical charisma. Unsurprising matters, Alsop said that Kenn issued an appeal to “a kind of snobbery of style.”

Vacationing with her children in the south of France, Susan Mary was thrilled by an letter from Alsop, at the Democratic Convention in Los Angeles, describing how he, Philip Graham, publisher of The Washington Post, had whispered secret passwords to into John Kennedy’s hotel suite and handed the nominee the draft of the highly competent Senator Lyndon Johnson as his running mate. Undoubtedly, he was still wooing Susan Mary to be his wife and hostess. Alsop was the only man in the Georgetown-salon business, making his select social access the key to his power and his widely read columns. Alsop made the rules of who was in and who was out, and only he could break them. His guests included his cousin Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Robert and Ethel Kennedy, Phil and Katharine Graham, King Hussein of Jordan, and fellow members of the Wasp elite such as George Kennan and the Bohlens.

Susan Mary described Joe’s dinners not for the meek. He would stop guests from talking by shouting a question about Moscow’s latest stratagem. Chip Bohlen on stomped out, and written apologies soon followed. It was “salonism,” said Susan Mary. But Joe Alsop was lonely. His writing partner with his brother Stewart (the kind gentler Alsop) had just dissolved, in no small part because of an alarming incident in San Francisco when Joe was picked up by police in an area where homosexuals met. Sex. Stewart worried about Joe’s clandestine
The decisive factor seems to have been the president's impulsive Inauguration Night visit to Alsop's majestic villa on Dumbarton Avenue. (Designed by Joe in 1949, it was his only modern house in Georgetown.) At 1:30 A.M. on January 20, 1961, President Kennedy was wound up after five big inaugural balls. Jackie had gone home pleading exhaustion, but instead of turning toward the White House, Kennedy's caravel raced to Georgetown. Secret Service cars strung out behind his limousine. Moments earlier, Alsop had been stoned and in a tizzy, wanting to get home so he could pop champagne corks. He had scattered invitations to several of John Kennedy's girlfriends in the course of the night in hopes they might pass the word on to the new president. After arriving at his home, Alsop found two women already knocking at his door. He brought them in, switched on his lights, and raised his shades. Within a few minutes, scores of people, some of them beautiful women who had slept with John Kennedy and many who had not, streamed in from the cold night. The guests included: Flo Smith, a rich Palm Beach hostess; Pamela Turnure, who later worked as Jackie's press secretary; Afdera Fonda, the gorgeous Italian ex-wife of Henry Fonda; and Peter Lawford, who had brought many beautiful women into John Kennedy's life. (Susan Mary was not in Washington that week. She missed the inaugural balls due to a severe bout of stomach flu, and, perhaps, cold feet at leaving Paris to marry Joe.)

Meanwhile, confused Secret Service men radioed one another that the new president was going to make a last, unscheduled visit, his only one to a private home. The silent caravans stopped in piles of drifting snow in front of 2720 Dumbarton Avenue. Alone and unguarded, Kennedy walked up to the winding staircase. Nobody had ever looked better to Joe Alsop than the new, young, gloriously handsome, and elated president. In a flash, Kennedy was in the Alsop house. Alsop pulled down the shades. Secret Service men paced outside for more than an hour. Nobody knows for certain what happened inside. Alsop claimed that he had defrosted terrapin soup and had drafted bandleader Peter Duchin as bartender. Duchin, a Kennedy loyalist, swore to Bill Patten that nothing untoward had taken place. Afdera Fonda wrote that she cooked spaghetti.

The historic visit was a portent of amazing access for Joe Alsop. Indeed, the president would take Joe's excellent advice and draft Douglas Dillon as secretary of the Treasury, George Kennan as ambassador to Yugoslavia, and Averell Harriman as ambassador-at-large. (Thus indebted to Joe, powerful men began lining up as sources, dinner guests, and recipients of his policy-making advice.) Joe vetoed Senator J. William Fulbright as secretary of state: too vain, too powerful, and hard to control. He voted no on Albert Gore Sr. with a ditty shouted at dull dinner speakers at his Harvard club: "It's a terrible death to be talked to death; it's a terrible death to die. It's a terrible death . . ."

According to author Betty Beale, some Washington insiders repeated rumors that, from Inauguration Night on, President Kennedy used the Alsop house for trysts. Kennedy did visit during Jackie's absences from Washington, and at least once Kennedy asked Joe to invite his mistress Mary Meyer—"the dark lady of Camelot"—to dinner. Years later Susan Mary recalled carefully, "I had to have my hair done all the time, just in case I'd be asked to the White House." Whatever happened on Inauguration Night, many friends agree it was the most important social event of Susan Mary's Georgetown life, even if she wasn't there for it.

That February, Susan Mary endlessly celebrated her upcoming marriage: on February 9, over terrapin soup and sucking pig at Alsop's table with Phil and Kay Graham; on February 10, over drinks with Vice President Johnson and Lady Bird at their house; on February 14, with a toast from the president and the First Lady along with Alsop's brother Stewart, his wife, Tish, and the Gramas. That was the night Susan Mary told John Kennedy the Macmillan story. A tradition was born.

It was salonsim at its height. Susan Mary became the rare woman his own age whom John Kennedy asked to be seated by at dinner. With her jewels and Balmain gowns, she was an exotic against the backdrop of the other Georgetown women, who wore mostly tweeds. Kennedy always looked right through Katharine Graham, another woman his age. But clearly, despite no longer being young, Susan Mary had style, both mental and physical, that tickled the president's fancy, as Joe Alsop had known it would.

Susan Mary's marriage to Joe took place in a very small ceremony at All Saints Protestant Episcopal Church. Her children did not attend. They learned of the marriage after it took place. Afterward the couple dashed to Paris, where Susan Mary supervised the packing of her heirloom Thayer and Jay silver, her gift candlesticks, and her fabulous blue-and-white Chantilly-pattern Sévres china. She also transferred Anne and Bill to boarding schools in the United States. The couple honeymooned (albeit platonicly) before briefly following separate paths. Joe returned to Georgetown. Back in Paris for several months, Susan Mary shipped her rich wine closet (including 12 cases of vintage clarets) to Georgetown.

The Joe–Susan Mary alliance received varied responses, but mostly people were perplexed. Her son and daughter had been
startled. "Isn't Joe family?" asked Anne. "I thought you don't marry family." Marietta worried to her daughter Frances Fitzgerald: Why had Susan Mary married Joe Alsop? Lady Diana informed Evelyn Waugh that her dear Susan Mary was marrying a rich man. Ben Bradlee summed it up when he said, "Why those two married is anybody's guess." When asked recently if his mother wondered what people thought of the marriage, Bill Patten said, "It was like Alice looking down the rabbit hole. At times, she believed her own myth." Bill remembers his mother's hope to change his stepfather's sexuality as one of her blind spots.

Susan Mary was profoundly touched by Joe's tenderness in the first year of their marriage. He built a bedroom with a double-tier closet for her gorgeous couture gowns and a garage for her car. He bought her a bright-pink Dior gown for a reception in London given by Jackie's sister, Lee Radziwill, at which President Kennedy confided to Joe that he was still badly shaken from his first summit meeting with Soviet premier Nikita Khrushchev in Vienna.

"I think my mother married Joe for security," says Bill loyally. "She could have married one of several Euros, but Joe was part of a New England past that she shared with Bill Patten."

Indeed, Susan Mary had complex reasons, her most noble being that she wanted to influence the new president's policies for the public good. Like Joe, she loved history on the boil, and history frequently visited the Alsop house, whose many chambers opened onto the symmetries of Joe's brick-terraced garden. In that house lighted candles flickered in the chandelier. Alsop's faded old family curtains were drawn in front of Christmas lights—the effect was like more dim candles. The place just exuded significance.

Joe took his duties as stepfather seriously. He visited Bill's teachers at Groton. When Anne faked a suicide attempt (she walked straight into traffic in full view of a school official) to get out of boarding at the National Cathedral School, Joe grunted in disbelief—but home to Dumbarton Avenue she went, where Joe tutored her in Latin at night. Anne recalls that sometimes, at the last minute, she would be told to visit a girlfriend because the president was coming to dinner and the Secret Service needed her bedroom, which was on the ground floor. One night she returned home early and peered out her window to see Bobby Kennedy madly kissing a woman who was not his wife in an open convertible.

In autumn 1962, Susan Mary wrote to Jackie and John Kennedy, inviting them to a good-bye dinner for the new ambassador to France, Chip Bohlen. The dinner was Joe's way of flexing his muscles at the French, showing that it was he who could provide Ambassador Bohlen with critical social access to John Kennedy. Susan Mary was tense as the mid-October dinner drew near. Her job was to make sure the president was relaxed and yet stimulated, which proved to be quite difficult. On the morning before the Bohlen dinner, unbeknownst to Susan Mary and Joe, President Kennedy was sucked into the top-secret Cuban missile crisis. He was suddenly facing a military showdown with Khrushchev. Ten hours before dinner, Kennedy was shown C.I.A. photographs of Soviet missiles newly stationed in Cuba. On this oddly fortuitous night, he was desperate to continue his consultation with Bohlen, a great Soviet expert.

As Jackie and John Kennedy climbed the circular staircase to the cinder-block front of the Alsop house, Susan Mary's nervousness vanished. She had reread history books and political essays, she was wearing a black Balmain gown with black and white feathers along the hem, her maid had laced up Susan Mary's beribboned shoes, and Susan Mary had artfully arranged blue delphiniums and white freesias sent by her friend Bunny Mellon—matching Joe's ancient Chinese porcelains. She was sure the evening would run like clockwork.

After cocktails in the garden, guests Philip and Kay Graham and British philosopher Isaiah Berlin strolled into the red lacquered dining room, lit by Susan Mary's gilt candlesticks and plastered with dour Alsop-ancestor portraits. ("It's an attempt to make old family faces look like wallpaper," said Joe.) But instead of joining the other guests, President Kennedy drew Chip Bohlen to the end of the garden. For close to a half-hour, the two men circled low boxwood hedges. Bohlen kept steadfastly refusing Kennedy's request to postpone his trip to Paris, predicting that a delay might tip off the Russians that Kennedy knew about the missiles and was rattled. Meanwhile, Susan Mary worried about the country, but also about her dinner party. Avis Bohlen's back was hurting even though she had taken codeine, and the leg of lamb was drying out in the oven. At dinner, Kennedy asked Bohlen and Isaiah Berlin twice about how the Russians had behaved when boxed in militarily. Susan Mary's mind was turning; Kennedy was the best questioner and extractor of information. Why was he going back to a dull question? "The poor president had to sit by me when he came to dinner. That night he was revved up—I wish I could think of a better simile. It seemed to me that the very powerful engine, say Bentley or Ferrari, beside which I had the honor of sitting many times, running at 50 miles an hour, had been thrown into the intensity of full power, controlled—the throttle was out and, what's more, he was enjoying it. It was thrilling, like sitting by lightning... My struggle to comprehend, but the new been very commonplace that week.

Despite such historic moments, Susan Mary was not happy. As Ben Bresnahan recalls, "Joe refused to relinquish hosties." Alsop had promised Susan Mary she would be a grand Washington hostess; would help him guide Kennedy to a a generous leader, but if she so much as suggested a wine, Joe muttered, "Oh, no good." Susan Mary never mentioned the reason Joe poured full-bodied 1924 Roger champagne for guests was that happier time she had told him it was Churchill's favorite tipple.

At family dinners, Joe began picking mercilessly on Susan Mary. Stewart Alsop's daughter Elizabeth Winthrop, the new woman, remembers such meals as "ghostly, long, tense," and Susan Mary frequently left table early and went to bed. Joe's nieces and nephews and Susan Mary's children played on holidays, and one such shrewdly Joe talking to Susan Mary. When she shouted, "Goddammit, Susan Mary, the play was quickly canceled, "by order the management." Joe Alsop may have believed himself a genius at manipulating presidents, but refused to share domestic life. Why she? He presented the best table in Washington—quail eggs, leg of lamb—and he picked the greatest wines.

Susan Mary was lonely. She breakfasted alone in her bedroom. After his usual midday meeting in the garden room, Alsop read the day's guest lists—for lunch, cocktail, and dinner. Susan Mary promised to "up any efforts to change" him.

In early 1963, Susan Mary's beloved Lillie Diana Cooper came to Washington for whirlwind fortnight whose high point was dinner with President and Mrs. Kennedy. Joe's menu included caviar blini with a 19 Kenh Charge Latfite Rothschild and Moët Chandon champagne. Joe also invited British ambassador David Ormsby-Gore and David Bruce, U.S. ambassador to England. Susan Mary fretted about whether Kennedy's low British aristocrats would overcome his distaste for older women, and during dinner Susan Mary watched hopefully as Joe "translated" Lady Diana's grand and outrageous remarks to Kennedy, saying over and over, "Who did Lady Diana mean?..." But Susan Mary breathed a sigh of relief when, as he was leaving, Kennedy remarked, "What a woman..."
Jack Kennedy had discussed whether the president should go to Texas. (At request, Jackie had shown the Al-pale-pink suit she planned to wear.) Mary and a gloomy Joe were soon to the White House for small din- th the new president and Lady Bird. I had been so besotted by Kennedy that, much Susan Mary kept reminding Joe such he admired Lyndon Johnson's the new president could do little right eyes.

Porousl told Jackie Kennedy to reject Joe's offer to make her ambas- d a country in Europe or Latin Amer- believing that Johnson was trying to her to him. At first, an unsteady John- e to Joe's overwhelming power. ample, in an early morning telephone fiercely taped by the president, Joe re- to be convinced of the efficacy of son's plans to put a Texas commiss- ge of investigating the president's as- tion. Instead, Joe insisted on a blue- national commission; he asserted se- mes that the attorney general, Robert ey, should not be involved in the inves- . Amazingly, Joe had the upper hand, promised the president, saying, "Mr. Pres- I must not keep you because you'll be- tting into your trousers."

June 15, 1964, Joe and Susan Mary to the White House with Johnson ad- Clark Clifford and his wife. While eing the southwest lawns of the White e, with the Washington Monument in background, Joe warned Johnson to com- more troops to Vietnam or else preside our first defeat in United States history. continued to play his social cards, and Bird marveled in her diary about how oved to speak of the personal lives of ongarians, and said that he reminded of the salonistes and author Madame Taul.

In the midst of his mourning, Joe was becoming a bitter drunk. Susan Mary r complained, but friends were horri- by his attacks on her. "Balls! That's my stupid," he would say. "Who asked?" . . . "Stop talking nonsense." . . . n't let's talk about that anymore." Kay ham, one of the rare people to take s's side, told Alsop's biographer Robert fry that Susan Mary sometimes refused back down from a topic of conversa- and "would really get her teeth in his ile." When Graham told Susan Mary Joe still felt trapped by the marriage, alarm went off. Susan Mary stopped asking at all about the war in Viet- and when he would attack such well- minded colleagues as Frances FitzGerald, would spend her energy buoying his spirits. Stephen Schlesinger, the historian, members Susan Mary only as deferring to Joe: "I had no idea Susan Mary was so smart."

Perhaps this was because Joe had the most pronounced of agendas. Joe was the hawk with the sharpest talons, and his po- sition was "unfashionable," as he well knew. In Vietnam, he shouted instructions at gen- erals about how to win the war, and he crit- ized President Johnson for not escalating. The president retaliated by forbidding staff members to partake of Joe's Georgetown hospitality in exchange for leaks. When Joe began to suspect the F.B.I. was tapping his phone and scaring away his government sources, he attacked the president for sup- pressing news about Vietnam. In March 1965 the president ranted at Attorney Gen- ral Nicholas Katzenbach that Joe Alsop was trying to blackmail him. According to Johnson, Joe had suffered "two or three breakdowns," and told the president that he suspected his phone was being tapped. John- son pretended outrage, but both Johnson and Joe knew that the government phone tapes were blackmail too—Joe's sex life might be leaked. They both continued to play the game. In 1967, Joe told Johnson to issue a statement that the war could be won, and Johnson in turn asked Joe to draft it with Walt Rostow, the national-security adviser. It was never released.

Susan Mary hung in, although she took to her bed with stomach problems and fre- quently traveled by herself to England or Barbados, where Marietta had a home. Af- ter Richard Nixon became president, Susan Mary and Joe's White House invitations dwindled to only one a year, for cousin Alice Roosevelt Longworth's birthday.

In 1972, Susan Mary accompanied Joe on a V.I.P tour of mainland China arranged by Communist leaders. She later wrote to Joe, "I rarely go to sleep without thinking of walking around the outer walls of the For- bidden City with you . . . tall willows, water, and two old musicians playing their instru- ments against the walls . . . and [we] loved it." Nonetheless, two years later Susan Mary politely left Joe Alsop, after 12 years, with- out ever raising her voice. Joe was devastated by heriptoe exit. She rented a penthouse at the Watergate Hotel, but left her gift candle- sticks on Joe's table.

On top of this, Susan Mary's 94-year-old mother was dying. At a loss in her life, Su- san Mary implored her old friend Marietta for advice. Second-wave feminism was in the air—even Jackie Kennedy Onassis worked in an office—so Marietta wisely suggested that Susan Mary collect her letters from Paris as an eyewitness history. Marietta tele- phoned Ken McCormick, then an editor at Doubleday, who was absolutely delight- ed, and Susan Mary wrote Joe humbly ask- ing for permission to publish under his fa- mous last name.

To Marietta from Paris: 1945-1960 was published in 1975, and many believe it is the best eyewitness social history of the recovering city. The wonderful epistolary memoir is a perfect portrait of the great city sloughing off the scabs of Nazi occupation. Lady Bird threw a book party at the L.B.J. Ranch, and the book was celebrated in the United States, Paris, and London.

Susan Mary was honored when Cecil Nicholson, one of her publishers, asked her to write a biography of his amazing grandmother Lady Sackville. The biography, Lady Sackville, published in 1978, depicted an in- experienced illegitimate daughter of Britain's ambassador who took Washington society by storm in the early 1880s. Susan Mary also wrote emotional personal letters that went to enormous lengths to console an increas- ingly gloomy Joe Alsop.

When Susan Mary was 59, her mother died and she inherited a precious plenty, in- cluding the first homes she ever owned. She downplayed all of her splendid possessions: the Georgetown house on 29th Street was "a hideous little gray place that looks from the outside rather like a Victorian girls' refor- matory." There was also a lovely John Singer Sargent portrait of her father, Peter Augustus Jay, as a young child.

In 1982, Susan Mary's stash of Jay-family documents became the wellspring for her book Yankees at the Court: The First Amer- icans in Paris. She wrote of John Jay, Ben Franklin, and John Adams—who nurtured the fragile alliance with the Court of Versailles, so necessary to our War of Independ- ence. Although engrossed in her writing, Susan Mary nevertheless kept up her social rounds. She frequently sat Joe at the head of her table with their friend Henry Kiss-inger, who had been Joe's guest of honor and last hope for the Vietnam War during the Nixon years. She sent Joe checks when friends said he needed money, calling him "the wittiest and most diverting man alive," and she thanked him for being so kind about "my tiresome eyes." She did not say she was going blind.

Three years after they split up Susan Mary wrote a thank-you note to Joe in wobbly handwriting after one of his dinner parties and perhaps too much champagne. She explained that she treasured him because he was the only person who remembered her good times with Bill Patten: "All my his- toric moments have been with you... . You gave me the Kennedy years—Johnson White House, most curious and interesting, in re- spect, of all. Do you remember the night of Anne's 12th birthday when the President [Kennedy] summoned us to the White House so we had to call poor Anne and tell her that Rive Gauche was off. And I drove you and Mac Bundy to the White
Susan Mary Alsop

House and the President snapped at my fanny and said to Kay Graham, why does such a thin girl wear a garter belt? ... My dear love, Susan Mary.” Presidents no longer lingered at private dinners in splendid Georgetown homes. “We were at the center of the world, just as we feel like we aren’t now,” Susan Mary said.

Susan Mary, however, never managed to venture far from the nucleus of power. She wrote some 70 articles about powerful people in palaces for Architectural Digest. She was a guest at Pierre Trudeau’s Art Deco mansion outside Montreal and found among his treasures a Ming vase—a gift from Mao Zedong.

Susan Mary was revered as the great lady of Georgetown. Historians flocked to her and she distilled the essences of key players of the Kennedy and Johnson presidencies. In 1984 she published The Congress Dances: Vienna 1814–1815, about diplomats who dined by night with great hostesses at the 1815 Vienna peace conference.

Joe Alsop died in 1989 of lung cancer. Susan Mary’s life turned another corner in the mid-1990s, when her son, Bill, caught one of her doctors staring at him with compassion. It sent a shiver up his spine. “What is it?”, Bill demanded. Instead of answering, Susan Mary told in rich detail of how Lady Diana had taken Ambassador Duff Cooper’s body to Paris and then to Westminster. “Of course, Duff’s your father, you know,” she added at the end. Bill was stunned. He felt as if he were losing Bill Patten Sr. a second time—it was the same feeling he had had at age 12 when his mother came to see him at boarding school to tell him his father was dead. Susan Mary’s son, a contemplative man and Unitarian minister, numbly asked if her trysts with Duff Cooper ever took place at his romantic weekend château, St. Firmin. She said that the lovers would just meet in a Paris hotel.

According to Bill and Anne, the results of DNA tests that they both took showed that Susan Mary’s two children had different fathers. So, in 1996, Bill went to see Diana and Duff Cooper’s son John Julius, the second Viscount Norwich, respected author and public figure, who upon greeting Bill remarked, “You look nothing like Duff.” But according to Bill, Joe Alsop’s sister-in-law Gussie said, “I stared at your photograph and pictured a mustache like Duff’s, and I knew it was true.” Struggling to absorb the news, Bill concluded that he loved his father Bill Patten, who had taught him kindness by example as well as how to throw a baseball and how to feather his oars in rowboats in the Bois de Boulogne.

Lindsay Lohan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

heavy, dark foundation, is having a guarded chat with Doug Liman, a prospective director for Lindsay. Her demeanor is tightly wound and hard-edged, in complete contrast to her daughter's.

The set is a replica of Lindsay’s middle-class house in Merrick, Long Island. Lindsay’s bedroom is pink, with pictures of puppies on the walls. The Lohan parents, played by actors, shriek at each other. Dad clocks Mom in the face. Meanwhile, the younger daughter—played by Lindsay’s real-life younger sister, Aliana (Ali), a stick-thin 12-year-old—blocks her ears and coils up in terror. (Lindsay also has two brothers, Michael, 18, and Dakota—usually called Cody—9.) Lindsay, playing herself in a bejeweled Monique Huillier gown, crashes about the bathroom, singing and sobbing into the camera.

“Daughter to father! Daughter to father! I am crying. A part of me’s dying... Daughter to father! Daughter to father! Tell me the truth. Did you ever love me?” Subtle it’s not, but it’s hard not to get a bit choked up, and it’s a lot more intense than any song of, say, Hilary Duff’s.

“It’s a therapy,” Lohan says later, wrapped in a bathrobe, taking a cigarette break in her trailer. “It’s like the best acting that I’ve ever been able to do is in this video. I freak out and just kind of go with it and create my own scene... It’s offensive and I want it to be. I’m saying, Dad’s what I needed: I was seeking your comfort and I didn’t have it.”

When Lohan describes her childhood, the picture that emerges is of a family trying to hold on to the trappings of the middle class while being held hostage to a dishonest, unpredictable, and violent father. The terror didn’t take long to kick in. After marrying in their early 20s, Dina and Michael separated when Lindsay was just three. “My parents were in court and I got kidnapped out of the courtroom by my father,” claims Lindsay. But, like many young people, love, Dina took her husband back for a period.

“It got to the point where my father was not come home for a few days,” Lind said. “He would come home three days and be very angry, and we’d be walking on eggshells, and it would be a very scary household.” Usually, he was “blowing his fucking money away,” and doing drugs which she first discovered when she happened upon them in a pack of his cigarettes. In addition to disappearing on drug binges he was having run-ins with the law. “I remember I was coming home from an audition and that was when it was bad. My mother was away,” says Lindsay. The first time he was sent to prison for criminal conduct in a securities case. He has since amassed several other convictions—for assault, violations of a protection order, driving under the influence. “He’s been in and out of jail my whole life. My whole life,” Linds says. Even before she became hugely successful, she changed schools because her family life had become too exposed, and it was simply too mortifying. Eventually her parents separated again, and Michael was not allowed near the children.

Strange as it was to have a father in jail...
pect of his being on the loose was not frightening. For a time, Dina and I went to live with her parents be- cause it was too afraid to stay at home, which was just around the from Michael’s crash pad—his parole. But four years ago, when things cramped and the drive to school be- came too hassled, the family decided to move back into their house. They up in the driveway, and what hap- pened next was, as Lohan puts it, “really up.” Followed by Ali and Dakota, two things inside. She proceeds to the bathroom. and Dakota, already cautious at his ages, were right behind her. Sudden- ly, according to Lindsay, out of the show- room Michael, Dina and the kids ran coming out of the bathroom and tore the stairs. “He came running out of house,” says Lindsay, “and I got in the and Ali and Cody ran into the car, and floored it and drove back to my parents’ house and wouldn’t go back he house and got rid of the house.”

She would never suspect anything about the personal drama from seeing the 11- year Lohan on-screen, playing identi- cal sisters—one British, one American— in the 1998 remake of The Parent Trap. Di- rector Nancy Meyers recalls a happy-go- lucky girl who bounced around and became just like a member of her family.

“She was fun,” says Meyers. “She would jump into my trailer and she and my daugh- ter would play really loud music and dance crazy.” Meyers also realized that, even at every young age, Lohan had an instinct that came to acting, even for rather com- pleted challenges. For the scenes in which Annie and Hallie were together, for in- ce, Lohan played each sister in separate scenes, with a stand-in actress for the other. She had to remember every cadence of interaction when she then played the as the other twin. “It was an amazing job,” says Meyers.

After the success of The Parent Trap, Lohan earned around $66 million domest- ically, the family might easily have gone Hol- lowood, but Dina opted to stay on Long Is- land and keep Lindsay in school. For a cou- ple of years, Lindsay was a normal teenag- eploying soccer and cheerleading. Then, in one of her friends from the young- ers’ circuit, such as Lacey Chabert, land- roles, Lindsay started getting hefty feet. na recalls, “She’d see some of her friends passing her, and she’s like, ‘I have to do this’.”

The oeuvre that followed—Freaky Friday, Confessions of a Teenage Drama Queen, Mean Girls, Herbie: Fully Loaded—is not at you’d call meaty. But in each of her movies Lohan has exhibited an unusual bright and intelligence about how people think and feel that sets her apart from other young actresses in their various princess movies. “She just got it,” says Sara Sugarman, director of Confessions of a Teen- age Drama Queen, which is about an eccentric city kid who goes to live in the New Jersey suburbs. “It was exactly how I imagined it on the page.”

In Freaky Friday, her instinct for what’s real—and what’s not—kicked into full gear even before she was offered the part. As the script was written, the character was Goth, Lohan recalls: “No one could relate to the character when she was really Goth. There was nothing there.” She took it upon herself to change it—before the audition. “I dressed really preppy,” she says, “I wore a collared turquoise Abercrombie & Fitch shirt and khaki pants, swear to God, with a white headband. And my hair was really straight and pretty and red and blond. My agent calls and was like, ‘What are you doing?’”

The studio ended up re-writing the char- acter entirely.

She was just as effortless when it came to the first movie she’d have to carry, Mean Girls, the 2004 high-school-bitch comedy that is up there with Heathers. “She never paraphrased a sentence once,” says Saturday Night Live’s Tina Fey, who wrote the screen- play and played the brainy, lonely teacher. “She has this really quick-to-memorize, spongy mind that you cannot have when you’re 17. Between takes she would be talk- ing to me and Amy Poehler [who had a role in the movie]. At the time it was ‘I’ve got to find these baby-blue Ugg boots online’—which was obviously a few years ago be- cause I know she wouldn’t wear them now—and then they would say they were ready to shoot, and she would just turn and be fully present and really good in the scene. Then Mark [Waters] would call ‘Cut’ and she’d be like, ‘Anyway, I saw this thing . . .’”

Following her success in Mean Girls, Lo- han’s life took a sharp turn from her high-school friends. While they were heading to college to live among their peers, Lohan moved into the Four Seasons in Los Ange- les—alone. Even more alienating, her father’s embarrassing antics became public. He as- saulted a sanitation worker. He beat his brother-in-law with a shoe at a family first- Communion celebration. He reportedly passed out at the Manhattan strip club Scores and skipped out on a $3,800 hotel bill. He complained—through the New York Post’s “Page Six”—that his daughter was being destroyed by “lowlives.” “I was going through the phase of wanting to be with my family more and [wondering], What exact- ly am I doing?” recalls Lindsay. “Who are my real friends? Do I have any? If I needed to call any, would they be there like they would if I was in New York?”

She did what many young women would do when faced with the strange combination of loneliness, public embarrassment, being worshipped, and suddenly having loads of money. She dabbled in Kabbalah. She began going out with a fellow star, Wilmer Valderrama, of That ’70s Show. She started shopping like a Trump wife. (She confesses that she dropped $100,000 in a single day.) With Paris, Nicole, or an Olsen twin in tow, she started hitting the clubs—Mood, Concorde, and Marquee—the sort that lavish free drinks on celebrities. She became a staple of the tabloids, which was how some family mem- bers were now getting their information about her. “I remember my sister called me up: ‘I heard you got Pamela Anderson boobs.’” And she now admits she began using drugs “a little,” but quickly says, “I’ve gotten that out of my system.” When asked later if those drugs included cocaine, she gets flustered, denies it, and says, “I don’t want people to think that I’ve done . . . you know what I mean? It’s kind of a sore subject. I’ve lost a family member over it, practically.”

(The day after the admission, Sloane Zel- nik goes into a tailspin, attempts to erase the drugs from the record, and then wonders aloud how she will “spin” it.)

By fall 2004 she had her first disastrous shoot, Herbie: Fully Loaded, simply because her life had become so toxic. “I was living with Wilmer at the time,” recalls Lohan, who played an aspiring NASCAR driver in the movie. “I had to leave the house at four in the morning to go [on set]. I would liter- ally get home at two in the morning, sleep, and then sleep in the car for an hour.”

While on the set at the California Speed- way, she was trying to record her first album (Speak)—in her trailer, because it was over- due. “I can’t record the album in a trailer, in a movie set, because we’re hearing the cars driving around, on the record! So we start going to a studio. So I leave the set . . . so tired from the day, be in the studio until like 2:30 in the morning.” When it came to dealing with the pain of her parents’ situ- ation, she’d turn to Valderrama, wanting to be with him “every five seconds,” because “I didn’t have anyone to go to.” At 24 years old, he couldn’t handle it, she says.

“I’m ruining this relationship with this guy that I think is my first love,” she remem- bers thinking. “I’m ruining it because I’m taking everything out on him.”

Then one day she realized that something was not right with her body. “I started to get really bad head pains, to the point where I was shaking in my trailer. I got a fever of 102 and they were like, ‘You need to go to the hospital.’ I was like, ‘No, I’m not going to the hospital.’ I went back to
Vanity Fair, "Not a day goes by that I think about the words to your song. They’ve been reminders to me to examine my conscience and re-evaluate my life."

Life didn’t get any easier after the hospital. Wilmer was gone, and Disney, the studio behind Herbie, was so put off by Lindsay’s un-Disney-like behavior that for a time they de-emphasized her on the movie poster. Meanwhile, the drama between her parents got uglier. Her father reportedly violated an order of protection twice in 2004. On one of those occasions; following a soccer game of Cody’s, he is said to have chased Lindsay in a car. At the beginning of 2005, Dina, after 19 years of marriage finally filed for divorce. Among the charges reportedly in the legal papers, she accused Michael of having thrown her down a flight of stairs, and of having threatened to kill the family. “O. J. Simpson has nothing on me,” she claimed he said. “I know exactly how I’m going to kill [them]. I know when I’m going to do it, and I’m going to enjoy it.” He responded that he wanted Dina and other family members to submit to drug and alcohol testing and that he was suing for half of the 15 percent of earnings that Lindsay pays her mother—which could add up to $7 million a year for him—unless Dina and Lindsay signed on to a reality show he wanted to launch. Dina could not comment on the specifics of the case, except to say, “A lot of what makes Michael Lohan tick is money.” In December, the Lohans opted for a legal separation instead of a divorce.

The hideous parental battle made it impossible for Lindsay to work. While on a European tour to promote Herbie: Fully Loaded, Lindsay lost it. “It was the night I wrote Confessions,” she recalls. “I started writing the song and I literally had a breakdown in the hotel room, went to my publicist’s hotel room and sat there and cried and started calling the Nassau county jail. Next thing you know I’m on the phone with a guard. I’m like, ’My father’s in there—you need to put me on the phone with him!’ I was like, ’This is not right. I’m Lindsay Lohan, Michael Lohan’s daughter.’”

Sloane Zehnik, afraid that the guard might call an item in to the tabloids, tried to stop her, but it was no use. Although the guard never put her through to her father, she later reached her brother Michael. “I was like, ‘I’m coming home, I’m quitting this press tour, I need to get home. I don’t care if I never work again. I need to be with my family.’” Lindsay bailed on the remainder of the tour, which she now says she regrets because it was “irresponsible.” (Indeed, her behavior seems to have put some people in an awkward position. Nia Jacobson, the executive whom Lohan credits with shepherdng her career at Disney, declined to be interviewed for this article, as did Herbie’s director, Angela Robinson.) As for her father, still incarcerated, he says, in an open letter to her through
spite her mother’s belief that everyone is getting carried away, Lindsay felt it wake-up call. “You have to learn for and you have to hit rock bottom some- get yourself back up to the top,” she said in a very adult way she rejects the facile defense that young women in the hollywood need not be role models. With a her sister walking in her footsteps, she help but take responsibility. “With my I’ve always had to be cautious of what Lohan says. “I feel like she’s my daugh- at the same time, she says, “I want her now what’s out there… And I think her kids should know it’s O.K. to expe-iences in life, and I’m not encouraging out and getting a fake ID and going off step end and having an eating disorder. laying, if you at least admit those kinds things, that that might happen, then they feel the urge to go and do that.”

decision to address her problems aided with a career turning point that the stakes: the invitation from Robert to play Meryl Streep’s daughter in movie Home Companion, an ensemble based on the public-radio show. Sud- denly, the teenage tabloid sensation, who felt inferior because she wasn’t a real such as Scarlett Johansson or Evan Wood, realized that the world took her seriously. The challenge ahead ap- ple immense. In addition to Streep, the included Lily Tomlin, Kevin Kline, John Cilly, and Garrison Keillor, of whom was initially terrified because he seemed quiet and brilliant. Her role required a ella singing and improvisation, neither of which she had ever done. Scenes were ages long and had to be shot straight tugh.

was scared,” says Lohan, recalling the day of shooting, in Minnesota. She had form a long, intense scene with Streep Tomlin, who plays Lohan’s aunt. “Meryl Lily] are singing this emotional song I’m chining in. And I don’t have a fa- ther in the movie. I don’t really know my A. And she’s talking about the dad and starts singing, and I just started to cry in scene when we were improvising… ey keep rolling and then all of a sudden firl starts crying, Lily starts crying. The ber members start tearing up… We cut. bert Altman starts clapping and every starts clapping. Meryl starts clapping. d they start coming up to me and saying, hat was amazing, I can’t believe it wasn’t apted—it was so beautiful. That was the day of shooting… They were so nice me and kind, and I was so proud of my- T. That changed me a lot, I guess.”

Altman, who had initially been nervous but casting Lohan, was particularly im- pressed with her final scene. “She has to do long which is not very good—her charac- ter’s performance is not very good—and yet it had to be honest, so it couldn’t be tricked,” Altman says. “She was excellent.”

over the course of the shoot, Lohan began to grow up. “For my [9th] birthday, I flew to L.A. for the weekend and sat in a little restaurant with my friends and just, like, had dinner, went back to my friend’s house and didn’t do anything. That’s how much I’ve changed. When I turned 18, I had a party at Avalon with an ‘I’m a Slave 4 You’ theme.”

Following the film, she had to shoot her music video. But before doing it she knew she needed to get away and clear her head. She took a three-mile walk on the beach in Northern California. “A year ago, I wouldn’t have known to do that, to do something that was a bit more earthly to make yourself feel better, rather than going out and getting wasted.” Though she still has three storage rooms full of clothes, she’s even tamed the shopping. With her Mercedes now history, she says, “I still have this BMW 745 that’s, like, white rims, blacked-out windows, so flashy. All I want to is get rid of the car and get a Jeep.”

She has hit that moment when the fu- ture seems overflowing, delirious even, with possibilities—not for fame and fortune but to do something meaningful. She is currently shooting Bobby, about the assimilation of Robert F. Kennedy, directed by Emilio Estevez and starring Anthony Hopkins, Sharon Stone, and Demi Moore.

“Going through shit makes me that much stronger,” she says, sitting up in her chair a bundle of intense excitement. “And doing great things makes me want to do even better things. I want to do things that make me feel good, and work with charities and see the positive side of things. With the position that I’ve kind of come into I’m in a place where I can really make an impact on people and really help girls that are, you know, people with anorexia, people that aren’t in good relationships with their lovers… people that don’t get along with their parents. I can change that a little bit.” At some point soon, she wants to write a film about a girl growing up in Hollywood and about “how crazy a person can go. But, at the same time, how much they can change.”

Admirable as her plans are, it must be noted that Lohan is still a work in pro- gress. Her most recent foray into charity, for instance, was an event for Katrina victims that she reportedly barely made it to—after canceling a private jet, she then missed her commercial flight. In early December, she bailed out of Live with Regis and Kelly at the very last second, forcing them to improvise on-air. And she’s still a wee bit crazy when the sun goes down. Only last night, she says, she was hanging out at L.A.’s Rooselte Hotel lounge with Paris Hilton, Jack Osbourne, the kids from the TV show Laguna Beach, and Adam Levine of the rock band Mar- ron 5. She’s not looking for a nice boy her age but has a number of crushes on older men. “I like the ones I probably shouldn’t like. The rock star kind of people… I’m obsessed with Johnny Depp. Oh my God, because he’s dark and cool and edgy and dirty,” she says. Over the course of last au- tumn, according to the tabloids, she began and ended a relationship with Jared Leto, with whom she’ll star in Chapter 27, about John Lennon’s assassin, Mark David Chap- man. (All she will say is, “We’re great friends.”) Mostly, she’s sick to death of people’s melo- dramatic concern. “Don’t ever say this to me,” she says, going into mushy group- therapy-speak: “Are you O.K.?”

She leans over, looks you straight in the eye, and delivers her classic Lindsay response: “It’s like, Yeah, motherfucker, I’m fine.”

S K E T C H B O O K  B Y  M A R K  S U M M E R S

Edward Lear

Harry Potter

The Changing Face of Children's Literature
Kareanna Gore Schiff

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143. Remember my
grandfather talking to me before I went
out, being very firm, and saying, "You're
tennessee girl, you can do this. You're a
Tennessee girl!"

And she knew, from the beginning, just
what kind of Tennessee girl. A Democrat.
Albert Gore Sr. had served in the House
and then the Senate for 32 years, an old-style
southern liberal Democrat who defended the
underdog and called himself a populist.
He was a man of humble beginnings who took
floral stands, the biggest of them in 1956,
when he was one of three southern sena-
tors who refused to sign an ugly document,
Strom Thurmond's Southern Manifesto. In
1970, Gore Sr.'s progressive stands caught
up with him: he lost his seat in the Senate.

"It was something that I grew up steeped
in," Kareanna says. "My grandfather's loss in
1970, it was a big deal. He was for gun reg-
istration, and for facilitating busing of chil-
dren for integrated schools. And those are
things that still press buttons in the South.
Growing up, I always saw him as heroic.

Kareanna was the classic oldest child, a
"creative oppressor" in her own words, and
infinitely cool to her younger sibs. "She was
four years older than Kristin," says Tipper,
"and six years older than Sarah. [Albert Gore
III was born when Kareanna was 10.] She had
a captive audience and she ruled the roost.
She would do art classes, radio interviews
— you name it. And they had to do what she
said because she made them sign contracts.

"Being a tyrant sort of requires the con-
sent of the terrorized," says 28-year-old Kristin
Gore, a novelist. "She brought a lot of laugh-
ter and action and fun to the household."

"In my own family I was really out-
going," Kareanna says, "and then I was shy at
school. So I've never been able to decide if
I'm an introvert or an extrovert, because it
just totally depends on the context."

The Gore Jr. home— in Arlington, Virginia,
until Al became vice president (summers
and holidays were spent in Carthage)—was a
place where ideas and ideals mattered. If
Dad was bringing home the political issues
of the day, explaining arms control with salt
and pepper shakers as warheads, Mom's ap-
proach was buck-stops-here activism. Nestlé
Quik, for instance, was a no-no because of
the company's unethical practices in Third
World countries. And Mighty Mouse was
verboten because the girl mouse always had
to be rescued, an outmoded message in the
"I Am Woman" 70s.

For Kareanna, the ban on chocolate pow-
der and a caped mouse was nothing com-
pared to the crusade that put her mother
in the spotlight and kept her there for years.
It began in 1984, when Kareanna was 11, in
Thrall to Pat Benatar, Cyndi Lauper, and, yes,
Prince. Tipper heard a song on Kareanna's
Purple Rain album, its lyrics describing mas-
turbation, and marched the record right
back to the store, where she was told that an
opened record was unreturnable. Thus began
her campaign to have record companies vol-
untarily rate their albums for content. Twenty
years after the fact, one wonders at the furor
over Tipper's sensible stand, but in the 80s
she was accused of censorship and was even
the subject of taunting songs, one by Ice-T
no less. Kareanna was mortified.

"It was about the insecurities of a wannabe
punk," she says, "which is kind of how I was
at the time. To be honest. I was interested
in rappers and rock stars, and they were starting
to sing songs about my mother—unflattering."

"It was difficult for her, definitely," says
Kristin.

A sudden burst of rebellion accompa-
nied Kareanna's early teens, years that saw
her and her gang on the Gore rooftop sneak-
ing cigarettes under the stars, or shinnying
down manholes into the D.C. subway sys-
tem, where they spray-painted band names
on the walls. All innocent enough, but done
with the energy and focus Kareanna brought
to academicians at National Cathedral School
and to sports such as field hockey and water-
skiing. It was the little girl all over again,
climbing out of her crib.

"She was the firstborn," says Tipper, "and
she was breaking us in. She questioned au-
thority, which I thought was healthy. I mean,
I had a bumper sticker that said, QUESTION
AUTHORITY, so I couldn't really blame her.
And she always had a hint of humor in it."
("We left" was the message Kareanna once
wrote for Tipper on the kitchen table—
squeezed from a bottle of margarine.)

Just as suddenly, in 1988, the rebellion
was over. When Al Gore ran in the Demo-
cratic primaries for president, 14-year-old
Kareanna found herself caught up in the
issues, and in strong sync with her father. "For
the first time, I got it in terms of what both
my parents were so passionate about," she
says, "and what the legacy had been from
my grandfather's career. It was the end of
the Reagan years, and my dad was sort of a
maverick at the time, because he was a cen-
trist Democrat. It felt exciting and different
and rebellions in and of itself. He was talking
about homelessness and poverty and social
justice. And those things resonated
with my dad."

At Harvard, her father's alma mater,
Kareanna came on quiet. "I met her the
week at a friend's place and she was
shy," says Kate Solomon, director of
marketing for the Redken brand at L'Or
and Kareanna's roommate for two years.
then we decided we should try out for
field-hockey team. She's a great, great
leter, a great team player. That's when I
knew I had to know her. She came out of
shell and was superfunny and advent-
urous and strong-minded and fun."

The studious side of Kareanna, the
standards she set for herself, even the
that sophomore year she became the da-
ter of the vice president of the United Sta-
utes. That is a big deal.

No, and if her friends didn't tell you
would never know that at 17 she was
Phi Beta Kappa at Vassar. She made
maths easy and was one of Harva-
der's hottest concentrations, history and lit-
ture. And when asked about her honors
and the award it won, she makes sure
correct you: "It was second place, O.K."

During her college years, Kareanna did
summer research internships in journalism,
thinking it might be her calling. Upon grada-
tuation, in 1995, she moved to Madrid
work at the newspaper El País. It was
about this time that a close family frien-
d Dad Downey, whose former husband, Chris
Downey, had been a congressman with Gore.
Decided to do some matchmaking
Through mutual friend Jeffrey Sachs,
Downeys had met young Andrew Schiff, a
internist at New York Hospital and scion
the banking Schiffs, an immensely wealth-
civilian family—German-Jewish family descen-
d from the illustrious Jacob Schiff (who
said to have traced his bloodline back
to David and Bathsheba). "Drew" Schiff
not only the one Democrat in a family of
moderate Republicans (there had been two
when his great-aunt Dolly Schiff, the liber-
y owner of the formerly liberal New York Post
was alive), but also one of the most eligi-
bable in Manhattan, Kareanna, though
Sachs and Downey.

According to Schiff, Downey suggests
that Drew fly to Spain to meet Kareanna.
"And I said," Schiff recalls, "That's jus..."
The first impression of him was on the face, actually," says Karenna, "because he put him on with me. I remember seeing and thinking, Wow, what a personality. He's just very in control whatever situation he's in. And very funny and very irreverent. And I need that. I mainly dated boys. He was an adult."

The conversation just continued on untrupted from subject to subject," says I. "She had a sense of herself that was beyond her years. I very quickly knew Karenna was someone I wanted to be the rest of my life with." He felt it, too. "I have such a model [in parents]. I was looking for someone that would stay married to for my whole life. I'm within three dates."

Sarah Gore says, when she heard they to run together, "I figured one of them should stay stragglng. But they were well ched. Both of them run really fast." It was months from the first date, in October, to engagement, in March. A bookstroke wed- followed on July 12, 1997, at Washington lonal Cathedral, where Al and Tipper married in 1970. Karenna wore Vera Wang, a simple satin A-line with a high neck and a smile so big, one friend has said, it dul not fit on her face." At the end of the mony, Albert Gore Sr. yelled, "Joy to erical," and then it was on to the reception. See hundred guests heard Aretha Franklin, Karenna danced to "Tennessee Waltz" in her dad. And President Bill Clinton uthed the words to every Motown song. The couple settled on New York's Upper Side, which amused Karenna's friend- in Tennessee girl now a New Yorker. Two ths later Karenna entered law school at ubana University, and soon after Drew sided to pursue an M.B.A. (He works to- as a managing director of the biotechnolgy fund Aisling Capital, which invests new therapeutic drugs.) When Karenna adated in 2000, at 26, she was the moth- of a little boy—Wyatt Gore Schiff, born th perfect patriotism on July 4, 1999—and campaigner champing at the bit for her his White House run, just ahead.

In person, she isn't the limelight creature of her convention speech. Karenna Gore Schiff has a porcelain complexion of matte odesty, and in profile the curving planes her mother's face. Straight on, you meet a level gaze of her father, blue eyes utterly tentive. When she smiles, she sparkles, her face wrinkling like the field-hockey jock she once was. Karenna appears tall, no doubt because of her lean physique and a breeze of blond hair that send one reaching for similes (Artemis, perhaps, the huntress). In truth, she's only five five. There's no ques- tion, though, that her good looks, analyti- cal mind, and spectacular marriage have iritated Republican pundits, who are quick to relegate her to "spoiled rich girl" status.

She took her lumps in 2000. Bringing on writer and friend Naomi Wolf as an image consultant was pitch less-than-perfect— Wolf irritated Republicans and Democrats alike. And while one Gore aide said, "Ka- renna's a natural politician," there were anonymous rumblings from others, an- noyed by Gore's kitchen cabinet—i.e., the influence of wife and daughter. Some wor- ried that Karenna was too close to her fa- ther, too much like him to be a useful sound- board.

Those who've been there have a different view. Says Cate Edwards, daughter of John Edwards, John Kerry's running mate in 2004 (Cate is now an editorial assistant at Vanity Fair), "Sometimes, honestly, our dads just get caught up in all these very polit- ical answers to questions and policy, and you need someone on the outside, some- one who knows you and what you believe in, to point out certain things."

If she had it to do over again, Karenna says, "well, I would go back to Florida, just press really hard. In terms of inside the campaign, I would have taken a more for- mal approach to my involvement.

One thing she wouldn't change is the fam- ily standard. "It's more important to us," she was quoted in Newsweek as saying, "that he be true to himself than that he wins."

History is consoling. To look back at her grandfather, a man she felt was on the right side of the issues and who lost because of it—there was a lesson in that. And there was guidance in the example of her grand- mother Pauline Gore, one of the first fe- males to earn a law degree from Vanderbilt University and a woman who always said, "Feeling sorry for yourself only makes you more sorry. Do something!"

"I did grow up trusting that things would be the way they should be, that things were going to get better and better," says Karna- na. "The aftermath of 9/11 was just stun- ning ... the handling of the War on Terror and the war in Iraq. It was then that I was thinking about this book. It grew out of see- ing things topping off their pedestals—in- cluding the reputation of the United States—and questioning the way people cope with dissent in this country, and how heroes and heroines are cast."

"This book" began to form around 2002, after Karenna left law practice at Simpson Thacher & Bartlett. She wanted to use her legal skills in a more creative, hands-on way, and to have more time at home for her children (in 2001 she had daughter Anna). As director of community affairs for the Asso- ciation to Benefit Children, a groundbreaking nonprofit organization founded by Gretchen Buchenholz and located in East Harlem, Karenna saw firsthand the social good, the lifted lives, that come with passionate ad- vocacy and adamannt, imaginative problem solving.

When Karenna wrote a preface for the Miramax book My Forbidden Face, a memoir of life under the Taliban, it all came to- gether. As she brainstormed with editor JillEllyn Riley, an idea evolved. It would be a book about women who fought for rights we now take for granted, rights that made Amer- ica a beacon of equality and justice. The book begins in the late 1800s with Ida B. Wells-Barnett, an African-American journal- ist who investigated Lynchings and the lies that surrounded them. It ends with Buchen- holz, who boldly brought a camera crew from 60 Minutes into one of Manhattan's most no- torious welfare hotels. In between, there are well-known names such as champions-of-the-working-man Mother Jones and Frances Perkins, and lesser-known civil-rights activ- ists Virginia Durr and Septima Poinsette Clark—but all are covered in a serious, fasci- natingly footnoted (Karenna: "I like reading books with footnotes"), yet warm personal style. The book is titled Lighting the Way: Nine Women Who Changed Modern America (Miramax Books).

"Courage and patriotism don't have to look like a big ballyhoo military escapade," says Karenna. "It can look like Septima Clark opening citizenship schools in the South and being thrown in jail for promoting integra- tion."

"There's this sincerity about Karenna that is very rare and very refreshing," says Cindi Leive, editor in chief of Glamour (which is owned by the Condé Nast Publications, the parent company of this magazine), who has contributed essays. "She deeply believes in the political process, in public service. She could be living a life of extreme, capital-F Fabulosity—and she's writing about Ida Wells-Barnett! I mean, how great is that?"

"It's exactly like something she'd do," says Chloe Hooper, "in that it's the perfect thing to do. She's gone back to the source. Writing these stories was a quest to reconnect with the ideals on which she was raised: you have to fight for justice, for democratic progress."

"It's an odd moment in my life to describe," says Karenna, "where I am and where I'm going. I feel that I'm in a period of figuring it out. I want to make a difference. I want to help people. I want to create something."

How better to light the way than with history?
And it has come up in Washington, where some feel that Fitzgerald's doggedness has been misdirected. To his critics, it should have always been clear that no crime was committed when the still-unidentified White House official disclosed Flame's C.I.A. ties in an apparent attempt to discredit her husband, a critic of the Iraq war. For all the recent adulation, Fitzgerald's relentless pursuit of the case, and particularly of journalists, has left lingering wounds—and doubts. "He should get a life," said one of the reporters he pursued. "A lot of people most enthralled by him and the vigor of his pursuit of Libby and others and his sureness in his own virtue would be very upset at the same level of diligence if applied to dissidents or people whose views they happened to agree with," says a lawyer representing that reporter.

In Fitzgerald's world, stories abound about the famous eccentricities of this lifelong bachelor and inveterate workaholic. There are the tales of the socks and underwear he keeps in his office desk, of having to stop at his office en route to weddings to pick up a suit, of colleagues calling at three in the morning to leave messages on his office phone and hearing him pick up. From his discommodated apartments comes lore about Lasagna grown petrified after three months in his oven—that is, once he'd had his stove connected. (For months or years on end, depending on the account, it was not, and he kept newspapers stacked atop it.) There are his practical jokes: drafting a fake (and adverse) judicial decision for a colleague on tenterhooks awaiting the real one, or convincing another colleague that one could tell the Chinese dialect people spoke by taking prints of their tongues. There are also accounts of his occasional, high-testosterone vacations: hang-gliding and bungee-jumping, though he is afraid of heights; scuba-diving, though he can't really swim.

Fitzgerald was the third of the four children of Patrick and Tillie Fitzgerald, immigrants from "the other side"—County Clare, Ireland—who settled in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn; his father was a handily hardworking doorman at 1475 72nd Street, on Manhattan's Upper East Side. (One summer, young Patrick worked the same job not too far away, at 520 72nd Street, and, according to a former classmate, would bite his tongue at the condescension of residents.) By recess of this first day of sixth grade at Our Lady of Mount Carmel School, in Brooklyn, his classmates were already touting him as the smartest kid there, though he insisted on playing sports so as not to be considered an egghead.

"Patrick Fitzgerald was the benchmark of what you had to be," says Martin Snow, who went to grade school and high school with him. "It was one word: Fitzgerald. People would say, 'What do you think, you Fitzgerald?'" Last October, during Fitzgerald's press conference, Snow stopped him when he noticed his friend coming back from three years at the gym: "We've all worked out the gym he runs in Lower Manhattan so that he, and everyone else, could watch his old friend.

Fitzgerald again distinguished himself at Regis High School for boys, the famously rigorous Jesuit institution for New York City's Catholic academic elite, a place that instilled the sacredness of selflessness. Regis alums include Anthony Fauci, the prominent AIDS researcher; Jim Kelly, managing editor of Time magazine; Bill Condon, director of Gods and Monsters, Kiss and Tell, and the forthcoming Dreamgirls; and Kenya Huvane, the Hollywood agent for Julia Roberts, Nicole Kidman, and Jennifer Aniston. (Regis Philbin was named for the place where his father attended for a time.) Fitzgerald's grades had him into Amherst College, where he took up rugby, majored in economics and math, and spoke little in class, mastering what one classmate called his "scafi smart" intelligence. He was somewhat shy, and even his best friends didn't see him a litigator. But he went on to Harvard Law School, which he graduated from in 1986 and where the only sweat he broke was in rugby scrums. "On any given weekend you see him bleeding," recalls Lou DiBell, a Regis and Harvard classmate who is now...
“Even in law school, everyone was throwing knives at each other’s backs, Fitz was generally respected, not for his intellect but as an honest, good guy.”

Fitzgerald showed an instant aptitude for criminal law; he was not one of those analytical types who had to write everything beforehand. And as disheveled as he was, and personal life sometimes seemed a car wreck of a man, was a marvel of organization. In 1973 he handled his first big case, of Mob Mugs John and Joseph Gambino, assailing John Gotti’s, charged with murder, murder, and narcotics trafficking. After a four-month trial—during which Mob boss Salvatore “Sammy the Bull” Grasso testified—a lone holdout hung the jury. The devastating was the outcome that Fitzgerald went into a deep funk and consid-
er changing careers. (To avoid a re-trial, two mobsters eventually pleaded guilty lesser charges.)

By this point, Fitzgerald’s mother had died and his father had Alzheimer’s disease; still, when then attorney general Janet Langford gave Fitzgerald an award for his work in the Gambino case, he brought his father, in his own words, “a very decent human” to his home in the Brooklyn neighborhood. It was a moment that few there would forget. Invariably bringing his office binder with him, Fitzgerald took turns with his sisters caring for his father at his home.

The U.S. Attorney at the end of the Gambino trial, Mary Jo White, then made Fitzgerald chief of narcotics. But his tenure as chief was brief because White needed him to assist on the most serious but difficult case in the office: the trial of Sheikh Abdel Rahman and nine co-defendants. It was a prosecution for which there was little law—unable to find statutes covering bombings that never came to pass. Fitzgerald and his colleagues ultimately relied on a Civil War-era sedition statute—and much of the evidence was diffused, from other countries, and in a foreign language. Even when it was incriminating it could not always be used, for fear of compromising ongoing intelligence operations. Nor, initially, were there any cooperating witnesses. But, after nine months, all of the defendants were convicted. The case got little attention, mostly because O. J. Simpson was in the dock at the same time. “We were very glad, frankly, because it could have been a political circus,” White says.

White then made Fitzgerald co-head of the organized-crime and terrorism unit in her office, the nation’s first. For the next two years, he immersed himself ever more deeply in the shadowy world of Middle Eastern terrorism and the culture of al-Qaeda, poring over intelligence reports and translated documents, studying Islam—including bin Laden’s twisted version of it—interviewing witnesses and defectors, and traveling throughout the Middle East, Europe, and Asia. “He was working very hard to learn where bin Laden was coming from,” says a close associate. Several times, Fitzgerald met with Janet Reno. It was fascinating and challenging work, but not something for anyone craving headlines. “He didn’t go around saying, ‘Hey, look at me, I’m investigating bin Laden,,’” says the associate. “A lot of people might have been tempted to boast a little bit or tell stories out of school, but that wasn’t Pat’s thing.”

During this time bin Laden emerged occasionally via videotape: in August 1996, from his lair in the Hindu Kush mountains, he issued a fatwa against American soldiers in Saudi Arabia; 18 months later, he issued another, this one calling for the murder of all Americans anywhere they could be found. Fitzgerald was a principal author of a sealed indictment, handed up in June 1998, accusing bin Laden of conspiring to attack American military installations. Some thought he had over-reacted, but two months later came the near simultaneous bombings of the two American Embassies in East Africa, which killed 224 people. Many wondered who was responsible, but not Fitzgerald. “When I heard it on the radio, I said, ‘Bin Laden,’” he later recalled. The blasts occurred on a Friday; by Sunday he was in Nairobi, providing legal advice to 500 F.B.I. investigators as well as collecting and sifting through evidence and intelligence.

“He worked through lunch, dinner, took no breaks,” says someone who was there with him. “He was just around-the-clock, thinking of where the case could go, what leads to follow up on. He didn’t take advantage to say, ‘I’m going to take the day off to go on a safari.’”

“His brain was like a computer,” adds Mary Jo White. “You had 224 victims, you had lots and lots of al-Qaeda names, Arabic names that sound alike. He could recite these names and knew the links, knew the history . . . unbelievable. I thought I’d seen everything, and I certainly was massively impressed by Pat from day one. But watching him in that case was just head- jerking.”

The case he eventually put together, against four defendants, went to trial in early 2001. It was complicated legally and logistically, what with bringing witnesses, victims—nearly 5,000 people were injured in the two blasts—and their families from Africa to New York. And bin Laden’s world was still terra incognita to the West: at one point Judge Leonard Sand, who presided, had to ask Fitzgerald how to pronounce “al-Qaeda.” Working from memory, avail-
ing himself of what Kenneth Karas—a colleague of Fitzgerald’s who went to Africa with him and is now a Federal District Court Judge in Manhattan—calls his “mainframe-computer brain,” Fitzgerald laid out what he had. In late May he got his convictions, failing only to get the death penalties he sought for two defendants. After the verdict, when he walked into a room filled with people whose lives were scarred by the bombings, the group saluted him with a tribal chant of praise. “He oozed sincerity, had extraordinary command of the facts, and advocated well for his client,” says Fred Cohn, one of the defense lawyers in the case. “At the end of his summations, you’d sort of cringe and say, ‘What do I do now?’”

In a sense, Fitzgerald had the same problem. Earlier that month, Senator Peter Fitzgerald, of Illinois—no relation—went looking for a United States Attorney for Chicago. As the Republican senator in Illinois, it was, by tradition, his pick, but he was on the outs with his own party, including then governor George Ryan, whom federal prosecutors in Chicago were investigating for corruption. For decades, the post had routinely gone to prominent Chicago lawyers. But the senator, having just read about how Eliot Ness had been summoned to clean up Al Capone’s Chicago, resolved to do the same thing. “I didn’t want to lie awake at night, wondering who was trying to influence my U.S. Attorney,” recalls Peter Fitzgerald, who has since left the Senate. He asked several people, including Louis Freeh and Mary Jo White, to name the best prosecutor in the United States, and each offered Pat Fitzgerald. “This is the guy you want,” James Comey, a former colleague of Fitzgerald’s who was also consulted, advised the senator’s office. “He has the ability and the independence, and he’s portable, because he has no life.” When Peter Fitzgerald first offered him the job,
Patrick Fitzgerald

Patrick Fitzgerald thought he was joking.

He was ambivalent about leaving New York, especially for a place he'd visited only once, and where he barely knew a soul. More important, he was near the end of the African-bombings trial and didn't want to be distracted. Friends had to literally lock him in his office and force him to fill out the application. "People were climbing over each other to get that job, and here was Pat telling them that he didn't have time to talk," recalls Andrew McCarthy, Fitzgerald's co-altar-boy-prosecutor on the Sheikh Abdel Rahman case. "I told him they dye the [Chicago] river green on Saint Patrick's Day," Comey recalls.

On Mother's Day 2001—the only day Pat Fitzgerald could get away from the trial—Senator Fitzgerald unveiled his choice to the Chicago press. Patrick Fitzgerald took over the office, for which he earns $140,300 annually. on September 1; Karas, a Chicago native, gave him a quick tour of his new city, which included taking in a Cubs game at Wrigley Field. Dozens of loyal colleagues, many on shoestring government salaries, traveled to Chicago when Fitzgerald was officially sworn in. He returned to New York to pack up his things and flew back to Chicago the morning of September 11, 2001. He heard about the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon while driving into the city—the news, he later said, was like a sledgehammer into his stomach— and then, in his hotel room, he saw the Twin Towers fall. More than anyone watching that day, Fitzgerald could have said, "I told you so." But he apparently never has, even to close friends. Nor has he reproached himself for not doing more. "You second-guess yourself about whether you'd done enough," says David Kelley, who oversaw the organized-crime and terrorism unit with Fitzgerald. "We had done enough. We'd done more than anyone."

With all airplanes grounded, Fitzgerald offered to drive immediately to New York. Told instead to stay put for the time being, he went to the 51st-floor apartment—stands for "sensitive compartmented information facility"—in the Dirksen Federal Building, in Chicago, and reviewed the latest intelligence, work he continued over the next few days in Washington. Even among the experts, Fitzgerald was counted on to anticipate what bin Laden might do next, and whether there'd be still more attacks. "I made sure that he downloaded all his information to the powers that be," says Mary Jo White. That included reviewing the testimony of all cooperating witnesses in prior al-Qaeda cases. "We went back and made as complete a list as we possibly could of all the ideas they'd ever expressed for kinds of terrorist attacks," she says. The result was a laundry list that only a week earlier would have seemed far-fetched, apocalyptic. Fitzgerald also was consulted on a crucial portion of the Patriot Act, specifically the provision taking down the "wall" between the intelligence-gathering and prosecutorial functions of the government, and prepared for future prosecutions. "He was correctly recognized as the premier anti-terrorism al-Qaeda expert, sort of our go-to guy to bounce off ideas," says Viet Dinh, one of the principal draftsmen of the statute.

Once the post-9/11 frenzy had died down and he'd returned to Chicago, Fitzgerald continued the probe into former governor Ryan. (It had been begun by Fitzgerald's predecessor, Scott Lassar; Fitzgerald is quick to credit him, as he always is with the work of others.) In December 2003, Ryan, a Republican, was indicted for racketeering, tax and mail fraud, and false statements, among other offenses; he is now on trial. The case has burgeoned: at last count, 78 others had been charged in the investigation, 73 of whom were convicted. (The remainder are pending.) Also convicted was Ryan's campaign-finance organization, the first ever to be targeted under the federal racketeering law. In the meantime, Fitzgerald's tentacles reached into the operations of Mayor Richard Daley. By early this December, 37 people, including 20 city employees—had been charged; 25 of them pleaded guilty, and may be prepared to implicate still others. Whether Fitzgerald gets to the mayor or not, he has already prompted Daley to overhaul city hiring and promotion policies and to cloud his political future.

"Maybe the feds want to take over City Hall completely," the lawyer for one of the indicted officials has grumbled. "His office is filled with fleas and elephants with the same zoonick," says David Axelrod, a Democratic political consultant and adviser to Mayor Daley. "At some point there's a line—I don't know where it is exactly—where you begin criminalizing politics in its most innocuous form."

But most people have applauded Fitzgerald's efforts. "I've heard no complaints, either from partisans hooked into the legal system," says Dick Simpson, a former alderman and now a professor of political science at the University of Illinois. Investigations into associates of Democratic Illinois governor Rod Blagojevich are reportedly under way. "In a state that's thoroughly corrupt, as corrupt as Louisiana but without the food, people look at Patrick Fitzgerald as being happy that he's here," said John KasNotes, a columnist with the Chicago Tribune, who campaigned for the appointment of an outsider like Fitzgerald.

The lawyers working under Fitzgerald (there are now 149 of them, 12 more than when he arrived) and federal agents working with him are thrilled to have him there, too. "He is the Tom Sawyer of the Department of Justice, who has all these bright young lawyers painting picket fences red, white, and blue into the wee hours of the morning," says Robert Tarun, a defense lawyer in Chicago. Tarun praises Fitzgerald for his intelligence, diligence, and ability to master the office's docket. But he and others say that Fitzgerald can be almost disdainful of defense lawyers. Another complaint is that he is so intent on convicting big shots that he tramples on their underlings in the process.
When Fitzgerald indicted Conrad Black November 17 for bilking Hollinger International, which owns the Chicago Sun— times, of nearly $52 million, he indicted Black associates too. “I think Fitz— 12’s well intentioned, extremely aggres— extremely effective, but at times I feel er rachers,” says Ronald Safer, of Schiff in, who represents Black’s former law— Mark Kpinis. Black himself has called charges, most of which surfaced in an 11 corporate investigation, “one mass— maser job from A to Z. . . . I accept a competent prosecutor, but he doesn’t know anything about this case. He just steps in for the press conference and says his lines.”

But given Fitzgerald’s clout, some of lawyer critics in Chicago won’t talk at all. “Another puff piece, eh?” one man, Joseph Duffy, remarked when I tried to discuss Fitzgerald. He then re— elaborate and would not return my calls.

Even routine areas of prosecution have been ramped up. Fitzgerald’s office has indicted 14 alleged mobsters for 18 un— ered murders dating back to 1970. That sound ordinary, but of the estimated 10 deaths from Chicago Mob warfare as the Capone days, only 14 have resulted in homicide convictions. Fitzgerald has branched into new areas, prosecuting Sam Arnaout, a Muslim and director of the Benevolence International Foundation, for allegedly funneling charitable dia— ons to al-Qaeda. The first terror-related case brought against a Muslim charity af— ter 9/11 was announced with great fanfare October 2002 by then attorney general in Ashcroft; it, along with reports of re— d probes, enraged Chicago’s large Mus— limir. “Mr. Fitzgerald, if you work for us, you are fired!” I’m firing you the spot right here!” one angry audience member shouted at him during a raucous meeting at a local mosque. But Fitzgerald flicked calmly things down. “He did a remarkable job,” says Kareem Irfan, a past airman of the Council of Islamic Organi— shions of Greater Chicago. “He’s a man of high integrity and is extremely courteous.” I’ll, while Arnaout was convicted of racket— ing, the terrorism charge was dropped, and no link to al-Qaeda was ever established. The 9/11 commission later said such cases raised “substantial civil liberties con— ers.”

In the meantime, Fitzgerald has settled to his new community of Chicago, which marks an upgrade for him; he lives in a downtown close enough for him to jog on Lake Michigan. Its furnishings show woman’s—or at least a designer’s-touch, but not much else has changed, and he is apparently as single as ever. “When you meet him, you can see that he isn’t going to can— cel any plans to see you or make it to a party you’ve been invited to,” says one woman who dated him for a time. “He keeps wait— ing for the next assignment to be over so he can see his family, get married, get a life, but he just never gets there.”

In late 2003, cries arose for an independent prosecutor to find the Bush-administration official who had outed Valerie Plame. Ash— croft recused himself, and the decision fell to James Comey, who was by now his depu— ty. Comey recalls offering the White House a “list of one.” Fitzgerald quickly went to work, moonlighting in Washington while continuing to run the Chicago office. He questioned dozens of people, including Pres— ident Bush. Witnesses call his interroga— tion style polite but insistent. Matt Cooper, of Time magazine, one of those reporters whom Fitzgerald threatened with jail time, described being examined in “microscopic, exquis— cuiting detail.” “He didn’t come across as trying to be a tough guy,” says Robert Bennett, the Washington, D.C., lawyer who represented Judith Miller. “We were two Irish kids from New York and we could get right to it.” To Floyd Abrams, who also rep— resented Miller, Fitzgerald is “a straight shooter, totally reliable, trustworthy, and obvi— ously diligent.”

The day this past August when Comey left the Justice Department was the day Fitzgerald stopped talking to him about the Plame case. Like everyone else, Comey had to wait for the long-anticipated press con— ference. After remaining silent through near— ly two years’ worth of heat—and determined to clam up again once all the questions and answers ended—Fitzgerald had several things he wanted to say that day, set pieces he’d worked on beforehand. One was about the press: he’d not wanted any “First Amend— ment showdown,” he said, and wished Ju— dith Miller, who’d languished for 85 days in jail, hadn’t spent a second there. Such things should happen only very rarely, he insisted, only when reporters were eyewitnesses to a crime.

Another was to disparage the White House argument that Libby had been charged with “technicalities.” “That talking point won’t fly,” he said. Truth is “the engine of our judicial system”; without it, “we might as well hand in our jobs.” A third was about the idea that he was a political partisan. “For what party?” he asked. “One day I read that I was a Republican hack. Another day I read I was a Democratic hack, and the only thing I did between those two nights was sleep.”

Supporters and detractors alike agree that in Fitzgerald’s Manichaean universe nothing is more heinous than lying, especially when the lie comes from a lawyer. “Pat doesn’t take the actions of a criminal per— sonally,” says David Kelley. “A criminal is expected to do that. A lawyer is not ex— pected to lie.” Perhaps, some speculate, this explains the fate of Scooter Libby, Colum— bia Law School ’75, who claimed—false— ly. Fitzgerald insists—that he had heard about Plame’s C.I.A. ties only from re— porters, and that he didn’t even know if it was true. (Libby told Miller, according to the indictment.) Fitzgerald, his critics specu— late, may be above partisan politics, but he is not beyond personal pique. “He was not happy with Mr. Libby, and obvious— ly he took it personally,” says Joseph di— Genova, a former U.S. Attorney. DiGenova’s wife, Victoria Toensing, helped draft the 1982 law protecting covert agents—a law, diGenova insists, that does not apply to Plame.

Bob Woodward, of The Washington Post, has subsequently admitted it was he, not Miller, who may have first heard from the White House about Plame. His disclo— sure may have sullied Fitzgerald slightly but seems unlikely to weaken his case against Libby. Fitzgerald’s star could wane in the still-unlikely event Libby walks, but, accord— ing to his friends, it wouldn’t matter to him. “Regardless of how it affects Pat’s career, it’s not going to affect Pat,” says David Kelley. “He’s going to be perfectly happy to walk away, knowing he did the right thing for the right reason.” Fitzgerald serves at President Bush’s pleasure, though, given what he’s done thus far, “pleasure” is probably not the right word. But if anyone is invulnerable now, it’s he. Axing him, says David Axelrod, would be like Nixon’s Saturday Night Massacre during Watergate.

What’s next for Fitzgerald after Plame and Chicago is anyone’s guess. In a sense, he is checkmated; no other job would give him the rush he now enjoys. All of the cushy perches to which lawyers of his ilk usually parachute—the fancy law firms and large corporations—hold little appeal for him. He hasn’t the stomach for elective office, and a high-level political appoint— ment—to head the F.B.I. or C.I.A., or to be— come attorney general—would require a poli— tician bold, or desperate, enough to tol— erate someone clearly beyond his control. Tony Bouza, a Los Angeles lawyer who went to Amherst with Fitzgerald, suggests that the body politic should be obliged to find something worthy of him. “The guy’s a resource,” he says. “He should be used properly.”

But there is one job that Fitzgerald would certainly take, should it become avail— able: if Osama bin Laden is ever caught and brought to justice, Pat Fitzgerald wants to try the case.

E F B A R E 2 0 0 6

www.vanityfair.com VANITY FAIR | 179
Ims doesn’t seem particularly bothered by defamation suits, since, as he notes, he’s indemnified by his employers, Viacom and NBC. For on-the-air comments. In the recent suit, involving Pearson, whatourt was whether Imus was what he saw as the doctor’s—arrogant and arrogant attitude when a child was brought to Imus’ account, suffering terribly. According to Imus, the young woman has a history of lung operations, had been up all night in excruciating pain, and was in agony when Pearson saw her that he gave her Vicodin. Imus also points out that the young woman, from Afghanistan, died several months later. As in the case of the Limo, there was no bone x-ray confronting Pearson and cussing him out on the air. “I went up to the barn and read the notes out, you know, and told him what an arrogant son of a bitch he was, and if I ever did that again I’d throw his ass off the ranch.”

“He’s an absolute total disgraceful piece of shit. I can’t wait to get [in court] with the motherfucker. But I’m sure he said me not knowing she died. He could be the way the physician I have ever, and I have known a lot of them, that I’ve ever known or meet.”

In a phone interview, Pearson said the woman had had several lung biopsies and that he did give her Vicodin because he did not consider a mild pain reliever appropriate under the circumstances. Pearson said he did not recall when he discovered that the young woman had died. “I hoped [the suit] would shut him up … but it apparently hasn’t.”

Besides the outrage, there is a malefactor in Imus’ voice more potent than anything I have ever heard as a journalist. But Imus also likes stirring up trouble for the sake of it, getting into snits even if there is a wink-and-nod quality to it all, a pleasure that comes from being a prima donna puppeteer with an eight-figure salary, a penthouse apartment on Central Park West with a 1,400-square-foot terrace, a $30 million home in Westport, Connecticut, with an unblemished view of Long Island Sound, and millions of listeners at his fingertips.

He is actually in just such a snit after the show Monday morning. Early on during the simulcast on MSNBC, a decision was made to cut away to provide live coverage of Hurricane Wilma. He didn’t like the decision.

mer chief of pediatric service at Yale-North Haven Hospital. He is also a professor emeritus at the Yale University School of Medicine, where he received the Gillman Award for teaching excellence. At the ranch, he was a paid physician in charge of the children’s medical care, and, until that July, enjoyed a solid working relationship with the Imuses. But on the morning of July 13, 2004, that association completely disintegrated over what Pearson says in his lawsuit was Imus’ reaction to the doctor’s response to a 16-year-old girl at the ranch who had complained of severe pain.

Pearson was walking from the main house to the infirmary, about a quarter-mile away, when Deirdre Imus pulled up in a pickup truck and offered to drive the doctor, according to court papers. But Pearson, claiming in his suit that the nurse who had called him didn’t say there was an emergency, continued walking instead. He said he got there in about five minutes and treated the girl, and she resumed normal activities that same afternoon. But about 45 minutes later, Imus appeared, looking “ashen, shaking and unstable,” according to the suit, and screamed at Pearson for roughly 10 minutes in front of several children and adults, calling him an “arrogant son of a bitch doctor who doesn’t mind letting a child suffer” and saying to him, “I’ll kick your fucking ass off of my ranch.”

On at least four different days, Imus on his show described Pearson as “one of the worst doctors in the world,” the suit alleges.

In 1997, Imus was sued by the late New York State Supreme Court judge Harold J. Rothwax for defamation, stemming from a murder trial Rothwax had presided over in which Imus served as alternate juror. According to court papers, she informed the judge that she felt she should be excused, since her husband’s show was planning to cover the trial. Rothwax, a controversial judge known for his own flamboyance, asked if it was possible for her to tell her husband not to cover the trial, court papers state. She told the judge she didn’t think she could change her husband’s mind, according to court papers, and two days later she was excused. Imus, upset with what he believed was Rothwax’s humiliation of his wife by questioning her out in the open, according to court papers, wrote a letter to the judge saying that his “disgraceful behavior will be the subject of my nationally syndicated radio and television programs for as long as I live.”

Later, in on-the-air comments, the court papers state, Imus referred to Rothwax as a “creep,” a “wiseass,” an “arrogant jerk,” a “snide old dirtbag,” “Judge Scuzwax,” and “Judge Rothwax,” and said he would “go down there and punch him in the mouth if he wasn’t seventy years old.”

Imus reportedly apologized on the air for his comments at the time and said he had no intent to maliciously attack the judge. He acknowledges that it was “just a bad idea; I have his show attempt to cover the trial the suit was ultimately settled with Rothwax’s family for somewhere in the range of $250,000.”

“I was sticking up for my wife,” he said in his comments about the judge. “[He] hated her in front of a packed courtroom.”
He says in the limo it irritated him, almost hard not to wonder if the press secretly pleased him in some way, lending him with an opportunity to say things about the cable network and his supersize ego around. But there is some displeasure that actually stems something beyond his I-Man-versus-Pacific-ecocentric ego—his steadfast loyalty to an alibi. One of the regulars on the show, Bob Bartlett, had come in to work despite being very ill. He had spent two hours keeping to play the character of Dr. Phil, when there was no television simulcast.

They don’t make good decisions,” he says in NBC and its programming. “You can’t idiotic decisions like [hiring hosts] Tucker Carlson and Ron Reagan.” Of conservative Tucker Carlson, he says: “He’s a twit, a pussy.” This is in the same spirit as an ad for campaign Senate majority leader frist (“a fucking criminal”). Similarly, he looks up from his circular desk at a monitor during a commercial break. “Chris Matthews,” the host of Hardball—silently muttering away, he says, “There’s idiot,” to no one in particular.

I wonder if there is a nice opportunity to create a little turmoil for MSNBC, with simulcasts Imus’s WFAN radio show day mornings from six to nine, by not going over to the studios in Secaucus on day to do the show, and broadcasting it from Astoria. There will still be an NBC simulcast, but from the shabby studio of WFAN where the setting is dim and grey. “I may punish them and not go over,” he says in the limo. He clearly doesn’t want to make up his mind yet, because if he there would be no fun, no panic from NBC, no sound of shipmates scurrying away trying to figure out what the hell is going through their captain’s mercurial mind.

The limo I ask Imus questions about his early life, about his show, about how he got into radio, about his life outside of the show. Although he is a major celebrity, with all of New York at his beck and call, he describes himself as basically a shut-in. Once he’s finished with work for the day, around one P.M., he takes a nap, plays chess with Wyatt, talks Deirdre, his wife of 11 years, and reads. “Do you ever go out?”

“No.”

“Never?”

“Why? To what?”

“Dinner, friends.”

“No.”

“Never?”

“No.”

He is accommodating, and he is perfect—sociable despite having said several weeks riter that I could not ride with him unless was willing to drive and wear a limo driver’s cap. But he is clearly distracted by something, though not the MSNBC situation. He looks puzzled, and he turns his attention to his driver, Brant Eaton, and wonders if he has noticed the same thing—the bumpiness of the ride, which irritates him, given that the limo is relatively new.

“I may be full of shit. What did [the mechanic] say?” Eaton says the mechanic told him that nothing can be done about the bumpiness, since the rear suspension works by computer and should automatically adjust to any bumps in the road. “O.K.,” says Imus, much like a child says O.K. when satisfied that the fancy new toy is working properly. And, actually, the ride in the stretch limo is rather bumpy.

As he answers my questions, I’m listening, but really it’s the tape recorder that is listening. I can’t stop looking at his face, the different hues of it, sad at times, exhausted at times, hard at times, vulnerable, handsome, ghouly, confused, sweet, mirthful. All those miles traveled in that face.

He grew up in California and Arizona in relative affluence, his father a rancher who was also in real estate until he squandered most of his money. Imus got kicked out of a variety of schools. He was a wiseass. He made fun of teachers to their faces, much the way he routinely does with people on the radio. In 1957, while living in Prescott, Arizona, he dropped out of school and joined the Marines, transferring from the artillery unit to the far easier lifting of the drum-and-bugle corps. He managed to get an honorable discharge despite the time he and a buddy not only stole the stars off a general’s jeep and put them on their own vehicle but then got mad at the Sentry at the gate for not properly saluting them.

He had a variety of incarnations after the Marines: uranium-miner worker on the northern rim of the Grand Canyon, where he broke both his legs in an accident; window dresser, as which he was fond of staging mannequin stripteases and got fired; the founder of a band with his brother, Fred, called Jay Jay and Freddie Ford, which cut a single called “I’m a Hot Rodder.”

Radio in the early 1960s was rife with payola, which meant that the only way to get significant airtime for a record, particularly one by an unknown group, was to pay for it. Rather than pay a D.J., Imus figured, the smarter thing to do was to become a D.J. himself and play his own records. At smaller stations in those days, D.J.’s doubled as engineers, and the Federal Communications Commission required engineers to be licensed. Using the G.I. Bill, he enrolled at the Don Martin School of Radio and Television Arts and Sciences, in Hollywood. He succeeded in learning enough to get his license from the F.C.C., and also in getting kicked out before finishing, because money from the G.I. Bill for the payment of tuition went to the student directly and the school never got fully paid.

He started out at KUTY, in Palmdale, California, in 1968, then moved to KJY, in Stockton, from which, after he conducted a lookalike contest of Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver on the air and said the word “hell,” he was fired. He landed at KXOA, in Sacramento, where he pulled the 1,200-hamburger order at the local McDonald’s. The stunt helped to earn him Billboard magazine’s disk-jockey-of-the-year award for medium-size markets. He was in Sacramento to only a short time before moving to the bigger market of Cleveland and WQAR. He won the Billboard award again, this time for major markets.

In 1971, less than three years after starting out in radio, he made it to New York, where he started doing the morning drive time for WNBC, and he became a sensation virtually overnight. He handled his plunge into notoriety in the classic way—a combination of self-importance, self-indulgence, and overdinking. He liked photography and had a darkroom in his apartment. Humming along on black beauties, a form of speed, he often stayed up all night making pictures. He hadn’t been much of a drinker before he went to New York, and at first he drank to help him get through client lunches with sponsors, his shyness at odds with his growing public reputation for on-air outrageousness. But then he drank more, and recollections differ as to what he was like. “Don was not a mean drunk,” says Kinky Friedman, the songwriter, author, and current Texas gubernatorial candidate, who became a friend of Imus’s in the 1970s. “He was mean when he wasn’t drunk.”

But there were apparently other times when he became inescapable and physically confrontational. Sometimes friends had to go to his New York apartment and clean up after him. Other times there would be frantic calls from co-workers at WNBC to his friends, saying that Imus had crashed in his office and couldn’t get up, even though his show was on the air. “He was usually able to get it together enough to perform on the air, but often on the air it would go downhill pretty fast,” said Michael Lynne, his entertainment lawyer at the time and close friend, now the co-chairman and co-chief executive officer of the New Line Cinema Corporation.

In 1977 the management at WNBC decided to reformat the station. Imus, along with every other D.J., was fired. He went back to Cleveland, and Lynne told him, “You’re still who you are. Your talent is inescapable as long as you don’t abuse it. Go back and prove you can do it.” But Lynne wasn’t sure—he felt he had watched Imus piss his talent away—and neither was Kinky Friedman: “At
Don Imus

that point I said good-bye to him, and I didn’t think I would ever see him again.”

But behind the self-destruction was an almost pathological fearlessness. He behaved masterfully in Cleveland, showing what Friedman called “the ability to turn his back on the world and let it come to him. Very few have that guts.” WNBC’s reformatting was a disaster, and he was rehired in 1979. The vodka drinking did not stop, and he added a new ingredient to the mix: cocaine. He quit cocaine in 1983, before he quit drinking, because it became too much of a chore: “Cocaine was fun for the first couple lines. Then you run out. You never plan ahead. You always run out. Cocaine dealers are the second-most irresponsible people on the planet. Really. You can’t get hold of them. The guy [says he] will be here with the coke in an hour. And it’s three hours. Oh, fuck it. Too big a hassle.”

But he continued to drink, and his erratic behavior continued on the air and off. He showed up at work without his shoes. He screamed and yelled in his underwear. He urinated in a phone booth. He slept on park benches with thousands of dollars in his pocket. He was in Nashville once and wanted to go to New Orleans but did not have transportation to the airport, so he bought a Cadillac on the spot and to this day isn’t quite sure where he left it.

He visited Kinky Friedman at his ranch in Texas. “He went swimming,” Friedman remembers. “His face looked like a death mask floating on the water. He really looked over.” Friedman adored Imus, the Imus beneath the public persona, the Imus whom he found loyal and funny and as smart as a whip and who had an encyclopedic knowledge of music and an ability to tell just by listening to one cut what worked and what was bullshit. He admired his spiritual toughness, since he had already seen him rise out of the grave once before. But when he saw him swimming that day, he felt great compassion for him as well as something else: “This is the end.”

But Imus self-resurrected again. After a nine-day vodka binge, he went into alcohol rehabilitation at the Hazelden Center, in West Palm Beach, Florida, in 1987. He returned to his job sober, this time permanently. It was at this point that WNBC was sold and its position on the AM frequency filled by WFAN.

“I don’t drink. I don’t like to be around people who do drink,” he tells me from across the limo. “I don’t take any chances. I’ve had 18 sober years. I just got to get through the day… I mean, after a while, two or three drinks, most people get stupid. As I was.”

“How stupid were you?”

“I was not a good drunk.”

It’s Wednesday morning and I’m in Imus’s office at the studios of WFAN. I’m in the groove now, particularly since I have rid myself of any pretense of self-preservation or dignity. With the regular sports announcer, Chris Carlin, out sick, I am doing the sports segments. When asked on the air about my life, I purposely bring up the fact that I am on my third marriage, fertile ground for abuse and mockery from Imus and his ensemble. I experience the considerable narcotic effect of talking to Imus on the air, knowing that he has close to three million listeners.

I can feel the high of becoming part of his incestuous circle of regulars—the media elite who have entrée with the I-Man and have never seemed troubled, at least publicly troubled as far as I can tell, by the show’s forays over the years into homophobia and crudeness and sexism. I like this idea of being right in there with columnists Maureen Dowd and Frank Rich of The New York Times and NBC’s Andrea Mitchell and David Gregory and Tim Russert (husband of Vanity Fair special correspondent Maureen Orth), all Imus regulars. I wonder if there’s some secret media-elite handshake I need to learn, just so I can hear the jubilant sound of the cash register ringing when it comes time to sell my next book, because nobody (with the clear exception of Oprah) sells a book better than Imus.

He likes that power, enjoys going on Amazon to see just how much he can boost a book. During the week I’m there, he has Larry the Cable Guy on as a guest—Larry has just written a book called Git-R-Done. Before the show, according to Imus, the book was about 1,800 on the Amazon list. But when he checks on the Internet just after the show, it’s No. 122.

I wonder if the media elite’s failure to seriously take Imus to task for anything is due to a fear that their book-promotion pipeline will be cut off if they rub him the wrong way. In a 1998 New Yorker piece, Ken Auletta drew up a list, confirmed by Imus, of more than a dozen high-profile journalists who made contributions to the Imus Ranch. It’s hard to quibble with donations to a worthy cause. As George Stephanopoulos said on the air to Imus in 1998, with his book on the White House still in the works, “I’m not too proud to suck up for a good cause. So count me in for $5,000 on the ranch!”

I wonder what I would have done, had I been an Imus regular with a book to sell. When the previous sports announcer for the show, Sid Rosenberg, said on the air last May of a female entertainer who had been diagnosed with breast cancer, "Ain’t gonna be so beautiful when the bitch got a bald head and one titty.” I wonder how I would have reacted to the cackling of various members of Imus’s ensemble over the next minute or so to Rosenberg’s remarks, as well as Imus’s own hardly outraged response: “The reason I fire you about every six weeks did get fired from the show, and Imus- tanced himself from what Rosenberg said. He says the remarks were “horrible” but there seemed to be nothing distasteful about Imus’s repudiation—completely bullshit, as he might put it—given that Rosenberg had already distinguished him on the show in 2001 by calling tennis player Venus Williams an “animal” and noted that she and her sister, Serena, had a habit of posing nude for National Geographic and Playboy. I wonder what I would have done had I been in the audience the day Imus made his crude and unfunny remark about President Clinton and his wife. Who I have said. That’s it, never again. Or we have been like Cokie Roberts of ABC News, who called Imus’s remarks “problematic” and vowed never to go back on the air and then did several years later when the portmanteau arose to push her new book, Are Our Mothers’ Daughters.

Imus considers me a good sport for having displayed myself on the radio earlier that morning. He’s having fun now and so am I. In the studio after the show, he is asking my opinion on things. Maureen Dowd was a guest on the show that day, there to talk about the incendiary column she had written in The New York Times about league Judith Miller headlined WOMAN MASS DESTRUCTION. Imus wants to know what I thought she was conciliatory to Miller in the air after destroying her in print. I don’t think so, but I have a different opinion. And I am still revved up, still on a high from my own appearance.

I think that Imus will be impressed by my virulence, given his famous dislike of phonies and people who rarely say what they feel. Which is why, when he wants a favor from someone, he responds to the openhandedness of “How’s it going?” with “Let’s cut the crap.” Which is why he refused to take the call when Hollywood producer Jerry Weintraub, who represented Imus in the 1970s when he was doing stand-up comedy, phoned him after 20 years on the eve of the release of one of his new movies.

I’m looking to score another point, come my place in the club.

“I mean, that was the most catfight column I’ve read in ages. Come on, she’s na"ive. You write a column like that, you are getting into a fucking catfight. You are jump ing right into the shit pit. You’re setting yourself up for the New York Post and all the bullshit that’s to come.”

Imus looks at me as if I were insane.


I make a mental note to tone it down.

182 | V A N I T Y F A I R | www.vanityfair.com | F E B R U A R Y 2 0 0 6
“Thank you.”
“One serious conversation you can have with [MSNBC]. They all gotta stop being terrified to talk to me. Just come up and tell me what they want to do and it’s fine. It doesn’t make any difference to me. Being on the fucking cable thing doesn’t do anything for me.”
“That’s been hard for them to do.... They should have had Jeanine tell you—at least she’s not afraid of you.”
“There’s no reason to be afraid of me. Why do they have to be afraid of me?”
“Because of your long time in the radio business and often your attitude in the past,” Chernoff explains. “The way you yell and scream and complain about them and everybody else.”
“No, no. What possibly could I do to them?”
“You’ve done it already. How about the day you took out all their anchors, every last one. You might have missed one—I don’t know. You certainly got a pretty long list ...”
“I’m not getting enough respect from them. Do you know how absolutely powerful I am? I don’t think they realize that. They’re used to dealing with these little schmucks over there, but they don’t realize that I’m an American icon. What do you think this dope from Vanity Fair is here for? They’re not doing a profile of fucking Chris Matthews or those other fucking lightweights over there. Why? Because I’m the fucking man.”

He launches into a story about a former general manager at WFAN who issued a no-shorts edict in the middle of the summer and wanted to send an employee home.

“Are you listening, Buzz?”

Not really, because it’s the books that fill up his basement cove of an office that I’m interested in, which include The Confessions of St. Augustine, Invisible Man, From Here to Eternity, Ulysses, Sons and Lovers, The Executioner’s Song, Miss Lonelyhearts, Charlotte’s Web, The Bonfire of the Vanities, Goodnight Moon, and The Great Gatsby.

He pulls out the remarks he made last night on behalf of Michael Lynne, who was honored as “The Best of Brooklyn” with a dinner in Manhattan. He shows them to Chernoff and, me, and he clearly wants our reactions. He’s looking for approval. Someone who has known him intimately for years says of him that all the brusqueness and bluntness are really just a cover for his insecurities: “A lot of his persona comes from an insecurity. I really think that persona is a cover.”

I don’t find the remarks particularly funny. What I do like about them, and find the most revealing, are the last few lines, in which he drops all the irreverence and calls Lynne the most ethical and honest man he has ever met.

Chernoff and I chat as Imus busies himself at his computer, printing out letters. The letters are thank-you notes that Imus’s son, Wyatt, has dictated for gifts he received from Tim Russert and Jeffrey Katzenberg—merchandise from the movie Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron, which Katzenberg’s DreamWorks produced, and a hand-carved cowboy-and-Indian chess set from Russert. To Wyatt’s own messages Imus has added comments in the voice of his son.

To Russert:

Thank you very, very much for the cowboy and Indian chess set. I made the cowboys the white pieces and the Indians the black pieces. Do you think that’s okay? Or will some politically correct dickhead make a big deal out of it if they find out?

To Wyatt’s letter to Katzenberg, chairman of Walt Disney Studios before he co-founded DreamWorks, Imus added:

My mom and dad want me to tell you that I’ve never been to Disneyworld. That’s because they think it’s stupid, not because of the problem you had. They serve crappy food. It’s
Don Imus

Toxic and all the people there are fat. My friend at school went and she said the man in the mouse outfit touched her in a bad place. My parents also explained how that prick Michael Eichman was mean to you and that you sued him and won. That made me very happy.

He’s thinking of getting these and other letters published by Hyperion in a book that would be called A Letter from Wyatt. He wants two and a half million for it, money he says he would give to the Imus Ranch. (The Imuses have already contributed roughly $5 million and make an annual contribution of $500,000.) But he doesn’t know if he will get the money he wants, and perhaps he’s right—the letters are demoted.

We talk about his temper, which he says has improved measurably over the years, as well as about his regrets. He is being heartfelt again. “I regret the times I’ve been mean to people… It’s fine to pick on people who can defend themselves and deserve it. Some people don’t deserve to be picked on who I picked on, so I don’t do it anymore.”

He gets his literary agent, Esther Newberg, on the phone, to ask if it’s O.K. to give me the Wyatt letters. This leads to another letter, this one from Imus to Rick Wolf, of Warner Books. It was written regarding the book Jack: Straight from the Gut, by former General Electric head Jack Welch. The book was published in the aftermath of September 11. Wolf, Welch’s editor and the host of a show on WPAN, said in an interview that his memory of events was hazy but what he may have done was drop off a copy of the book at Imus’s office with a note alerting him to its presence. He does remember receiving the letter, which Newberg starts reading over the phone.

Imus turns on the speaker.

“I’m just going to ignore your note on Jack’s book. But then the more I thought about it the more I wondered what possibly even under ordinary circumstances but especially now would make you think I give a fuck about Jack’s stupid by the way almost unreadable piece of shit book. It also occurred to me that I should probably not write you a mean note at a time when everyone in the country is trying to be civil. But then I also thought here’s a moron who while Americans are mildly distracted by the prospect of the end of the fucking world is sending people gabby chill notes about some idiotic add to the pile business book. Jesus, get a fucking reality check.

“That would be your letter,” says Newberg.

“That was a little harsh, wasn’t it?” says Imus, barely containing laughter. “Must have been a bad day I had.”

New York Yankee manager Joe Torre, who is at WPAN doing some promotional spots, comes in to see Imus.

Imus welcomes him.

“Have you lost weight?” Imus asks.

“No.”

“You look fatter on TV.”

It’s Saturday and I am at Imus’s beachfront home, in Westport, with Deirdre and Wyatt.

Wyatt, who is seven and attends private school in New York, shakes my hand. Deirdre Imus, blonde and fit and with the long legs that made her a high-school track star, wearing size-2 blue jeans and white socks, smiles and says hello. Her husband, out of the cowboy getup he wears when he does his show, is dressed in baggy jeans and blue Nike sneakers. His hair is all over the place, and there is something about him out of costume that takes my breath away. He seems even smaller and more fragile than when I first saw him. I offer my hand, but he doesn’t quite offer his, as if it’s just too much trouble, so I just clutch several of his fingers.

The Imuses purchased the home in Westport, spread over roughly five acres on Long Island Sound, for about $4.5 million in the late 1990s. They promptly tore the main house down and built the new one from scratch. Deirdre decided to decorate it in the neoclassical, Swedish Gustavian style, named after King Gustav III and known for its clean lines and sense of restraint.

Imus is in the corner of the family room in a chair, watching television. But it’s not Imus I’m particularly interested in, anyway, since I have come to WPAN to see the house and to talk to his wife. “I think she saved him,” says Kinky Friedman. (Imus’s first marriage, from which he has four daughters, ended in divorce in the early 1980s after about 20 years.)

As a result of Deirdre’s influence, Imus is now on a vegan diet, and as fragile as he looks, people say that he is in much better physical shape now than he was a few years ago, when he had constant colds. It was Deirdre who helped spur him to create the Imus Ranch in 1998. She is unafraid to get into his face and stay there when he is whining or in a bad mood or acting petulant. “She’s every bit as cynical as I am and swears a lot more than I do,” her husband proudly notes.

We are sitting in the great room. There is a spectacular view of Long Island Sound. The room is impeccably decorated, with a custom-built Indian-redwood Steinway & Sons piano and an 18th-century Gustavian-style daybed. Various books cover the tables: the complete photographs of Julia Margaret Cameron, the views and plans of the Petit Trianon château, at Versailles, as well as a bound volume of the July 2003 Architectural Digest, which featured the Westport house.

I begin by asking her about John Kerry and Lance Armstrong, because Imus earlier in the week said I should. As Deirdre explains it, Kerry visited the Imus Ranch during the summer, looking surprisingly good on a horse-lunch the talk turned to Lance Armstrong fresh off his seventh consecutive Tour de France victory. Deirdre said she felt was something disingenuous about his comments that he had beaten cancer by himself. Based on her extensive experience with hundreds of pediatric cancer patients, she has been to the ranch, she feels that never beats cancer entirely on his own.

Imus wanders in.

“You know one thing I’m pissed off about, I looked great with that red turban and that cowboy jacket.”

“Yeah,” Deirdre says.

“I just saw it on the Tivo. I looked good.”

“And…”

“You just said it was O.K.”

“I said what was O.K.?”

“Well, our outfit.”

“I never said that.”

The discussion turns back to Lance Armstrong and accusations by French journalists that he took enhancers during at least one of his Tours de France wins.

“No, no,” says Imus. “He’s being charged with these French faggots who are anti-American who want to destroy one of the greatest Americans, one of the great heroes in the history of organized sport, Lance Armstrong, and because my wife and nephew are frog-leg-sucking French sympathizers…

“No, we’re not,” says Deirdre. “This nothing to do with France at all.”

Imus exits stage right, back to the fan room. I ask Deirdre about the exchange, and it’s typical of their interaction. “No, we really know us that well, because we do hang around with anyone, but anyone who’s around us, they see us—that’s all the time all weekend, all week.”

“There’s nothing wrong with having different opinions. Also, it’s exciting. He entertains me. I entertain him.”

Deirdre, who went to New York to act as model after graduating from Villanova, in suburban Philadelphia, met Imus in 1979, when she was a guest on the show. She was boxing at Gleason’s Gym at the time, and someone on the show asked whether a woman who was into sports could also be attractive. She had never listened to Imus before and knew nothing about him. As a result, Deirdre says, “I wasn’t afraid. A most everyone that goes on his show is afraid of him. And especially women.” She went into the studio and met him for the first time.

“To me he was the most honest person I’ve ever encountered. He got up and shook my hand and I knew even when I shook his hand, I just knew I liked him. I liked him a lot. I think it was probably love at first sight.

They kept in touch for a while immediately afterward. He sent her some books. I was acutely aware of their age difference.
and they lost touch for a year. But 2 they met up again. They had oppos-

styles. Imus was no longer drinking or drugs, but he still smoked. After they
did get married, Deirdre issued an ul-
m: if he had one more cigarette, “that’s not part of your life.’ And I meant it.
quit smoking. They got married on
umber 17, 1994, on the Navajo Indian
ation in Monument Valley in front of
top. Three and a half later years they
son, Wyatt, named after Wyatt Earp.
deirdre likes to verbally spar with Don,
he is also protective and takes care of
Before the show on Friday, on which
as a guest, Imus was asked if he want-
ething from Starbucks. He said he
did something but wasn’t quite sure what
use of the dietary restrictions she has
ed upon him, and finally just said,
at do I have, honey?”

e all go outside to the back lawn, where

there is a ledge that leads to a private strip of
beach. I watch as Imus hugs Wyatt, calls him
his “little monkey,” fiercely worries that the
boy is too close to the ledge and may fall, and
pulls him back. I watch as Imus and Deirdre
tussle on the lawn, then as Deirdre and Wyatt
do the same. Wyatt tries to tackle his mother,
and they both fall in mirth and giggles. Wyatt’s
mouth is bleeding when he gets up, and it’s al-
ways a test of a child to see what happens at
the sight of blood, particularly a child who has
a rich celebrity for a father: are there tears or
does he tough it out? There is a split second
of indecision on Wyatt’s face. But then he’s
laughing, and they all go back into the house.

Later, Imus will continue to harm me. A
producer for the show will wake me up at
6:50 to ask if I will be on Imus in the Morning
by telephone. I have no idea what Imus wants,
although I’m secretly hoping that he wants
me to do a reprise of the sports, I am ready
to get fitted for my Imus in the Morning media-
elite club jacket. Instead, Imus will accuse
me on the air of misrepresenting who is go-
ing to photograph him for the magazine, then
hang up on me. When I later speak to him on
the phone off the air and explain that I did
not misrepresent anything, he abruptly hangs
up again. As the phone goes click, the word
“prick” will form in my mind, a reaction to
his mean-spiritedness, which he brandishes at
the expense of others for a moment’s amuse-
ment. Then, several weeks later, when I talk
to him again, he’s sociable and chatty, ask-
ing me, “So how’s your hideous life?”

But, for now, as I pull out of the gravel drive-
way, I find myself taken with this family-photo
image. I want to think there is essential truth
in it, the spot on the emotional roulette wheel
where the ball finally comes to rest. I have
just spent a week with Don Imus, and a week
is not a very long time, perhaps, to draw any
conclusions. But when I make that point to
Kinky Friedman, he sounds almost admiring:
“Actually, a week with Don Imus is a very
long time.”

Lapo Elkann

Before the show on Friday, on which
as a guest, Imus was asked if he want-
ething from Starbucks. He said he
did something but wasn’t quite sure what
use of the dietary restrictions she has
ed upon him, and finally just said,
at do I have, honey?”

Lapo Elkann

ITINERARY OF PAGE 105: subject me to
will.” At 20, she fled Bari for Turin, and
the gift of her mother’s retirement com-
sion got a nice job and the first of three
implant operations. She vowed to have
revenge on all the men who had ridiculed
in public but then come looking for her
when they were feeling sad and lonely: “Make
in pay,” she said. “Absurd amounts of
oney. That money is my revenge. It’s the
of their cowardice.” She has said that
clientele represents a wide demographic,
luding “important managers” and “soccer
yers.” But not until the summer of 2005,
coming to her, did she meet the man who
ld make her world-famous, Gianni Agnel-
gorgeous grandson.

After college, John Elkann went to New
York to work at General Electric. In
ptember 2001, just after 9/11, Lapo ar-
ed in New York to become the personal
stant of Henry Kissinger, after Gianni
enni, whom Kissinger calls his “best
end,” had asked the former secretary of

to teach Lapo something about interna-
tional relations. Lapo has said that he was
basically Kissinger’s gofer, spending 30 min-
utes every morning teaching his venerable
oss how to use a personal computer, but
Kissinger says he was much more than that.
“He worked for me, but that was not the
essence,” Kissinger says. “I gave him an op-
portunity to meet all the people I know in
ernational affairs. I let him share my life. I
took him to Japan, Korea, and China. I used
him as a note-taker. But he was very percep-
tive. After he’d take notes, I asked him what
did he think of things, and he would give me
his comments, which were right on. This
was a quality very similar to his grandfather.
Great psychological perception.”

“He lived a fast life, mostly with Italian
itarians from Italy who were based here,”
says the columnist Taki Theodoracopoulos,
who would regularly see Lapo at the down-
town Cipriani and other Euro hangouts in
anhattan. Gianni Agnelli would come
to New York to visit Lapo, who lived in the
agnelli apartment at 770 Park Avenue (which
would sell after Agnelli’s death, in January
2003, for close to $25 million). Mario D’Ur-
so, a longtime Agnelli intimate, would often
join Kissinger, Agnelli, and Lapo for dinner.
hen I call D’Urso, he says he can’t talk,
out of loyalty to Lapo and his family. “But,”
he says, an interview he gave to Corriere
derella Sera the day after Lapo’s overdose “is
accurate.” At that time D’Urso said, “When
Agnelli started spending more and more
time in New York because he wasn’t feeling
well, Lapo would be very close to him. . . .
Lapo could ask [his grandfather] any sort
of question, even the most indiscreet ones.
We’ve always been a little jealous of the in-
timacy they had.”

Lapo is a very pleasant, brilliant, curious
boy,” Agnelli was quoted as saying in Dipiu.
“When he comes into my room, everything
brightens.” In 2002, Agnelli’s prostate can-
er, diagnosed five years earlier, worsened.
“The idea was always that Lapo would come
into a top position at Fiat,” Kissinger says.
“When it became clear how serious his ill-
ness was, in the summer of 2002,” he adds,
Agnelli came to New York and took his be-
loved grandson home with him.

Back in Turin, Lapo lived with his broth-
er at the palatial home of their paternal
grandparents, Jean-Paul Elkann, a banker
and a leader of the French Jewish com-
unity, and Carla Ovazza, who became some-
thing of a recluse after her sensational,
never solved kidnapping in the 1970s, which,
some say, was orchestrated by the Mob to extort
favors from Fiat.

Lapo was assigned first to external rela-
tions at Fiat Group, the parent company, and
then to brand promotion at Fiat Auto. The
automobile company was getting by with sup-
port from its 2000 joint-venture agreement
with General Motors. In 2005, however,
GM paid $2 billion to bail out of the deal
with the money-losing automaker. “Fiat
needs a smile,” Lapo would say as he set
out to find a way to resuscitate the image
of the company’s cars for his generation. He
found an answer one weekend at a sailing
race in Portofino, where he ran into his old
roommate Alberto Bresci, who had launched
a luxury-sportswear company called Hy-
drogen. The first product he had put out
was “l’Avvocato,” a replica of the jean shirt
Gianni Agnelli had made famous. That week-
end Bresci was wearing a felpa, or zippered

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B R U A R Y  2 0 0 6
Lapo Elkann

sweatshirt, emblazoned with the words CHILL OUT IN PARIS.

Lapo loved the sweatshirt, Bresci says, so he took it off and gave it to him, and with that the two friends simultaneously exclaimed, “Why don’t we do one for Fiat?”

They chose a bold company logo from the 1920s, and Bresci went to work. Soon he showed up at Lapo’s office wearing the new felpa under his jacket. His friend went wild for it, and the Fiat sweatshirt, priced at 250 euros, became Lapo’s first step in a campaign to revive the corporate image.

“Lapo said, ‘Alberto, right now Fiat is not making amazing cars,’” Bresci remembers. “‘If you look at German, Japanese, and French cars, you’ll see they’re making nice cars at a very nice price. We have to change, to make cars that are better than they’re making, but we can’t do it from one day to the next. So the best way to keep the young guys, the new generation, close to us, so they love the brand, is to do something else in the beginning.”

“That something else was the sweatshirt,” Bresci continues. “At the beginning, people said, ‘You’re crazy! Who’s going to put on a Fiat sweatshirt? Fiat is the car for normal people. If you put FERRARI on the shirt, you’ll sell more!’”

On December 17, 2003, the Fiat felpa was launched at 10 Corso Como, one of Milan’s smartest, hippest shops. When Lapo walked in, wearing a bright-blue sweatshirt with the word FIAT on it under one of his grandfather’s bespoke suits, young, swinging Italians immediately fell for the idea. First in Italy, then in Europe, Japan, Russia, and the United States, thousands of Fiat sweatshirts flew off the shelves. “We got $5 million worth of publicity without spending one euro,” Bresci says.

“We will transform Fiat into a love mark,” Lapo said as he proceeded to stick the Fiat name or logo on sneakers, women’s handbags, motorcycle jackets, baseball caps, watches, luggage, and the company’s own line of wines—most of these products conspicuously consumed and promoted by the Fiat scion himself, the one-man personification of the radical changes afoot in his grandfather’s company.

Then came the cars. First there was the Lancia Ypsilon, Fiat’s compact luxury car, positioned as a hip model for affluent young women. Lapo helped create a jazzy, 10-minute promo to be shown in movie theaters, along with targeted cell-phone messages and a storefront in Milan, which he turned into the residence of “Ms. Ypsilon,” an imaginative Milanese cutie. Lapo and the marketing department further hyped the hot-young-thing angle at the Lancia Ypsilon launch party at a villa in Rome. Among the guests was Italy’s top rising star, the beautiful, blonde Martina Stella.

The older daughter of a Tuscan tolbooth worker, Martina rocketed to fame in 2001 with the film L’Ultimo Bacio (The Last Kiss). Since then she has been in five films and several TV series, and she is the face of the Blumarine fashion house. Lapo described her as “a keen girl, spirited like hot pepper,” who, at 19, had already had one famous boyfriend, the superstar motorcycle racer Valentino Rossi. A few mean detractors carped that Martina was just a Velveeta-style cheese square, melting into lapo to advance her career, but Martina insisted that when they met she didn’t even know who he was. “She just felt he was bel ricciolino, a nice guy with curly hair,” says Italian Vanity Fair’s writer Paola Jacobbi.

Their every move was tracked by gossip columnists, beginning with their first kiss, on a boat trip with Hugo Boss clothing magnate Matteo Marzotto and supernmodel Naomi Campbell. According to La Repubblica, Lapo had a star (for Stella) tattooed on his wrist, and Martina got an L for Lapo tattooed on hers. “After work he’d take a plane (always commercial—he doesn’t like private jets) from Turin to Rome in order to spend a night and a day with her, and then go back to work again,” says Bresci.

All Italy relished the sweet romance of the young Agnelli prince and his movie-star Cinderella, with just a few reported exceptions—namely, the Agnelli family. In September 2004, a year before the overdose, Lapo’s brother, John, married his longtime girlfriend, Lavinia Borromeo, on an island owned by her family, in Lago Maggiore. The 700 guests at the reception included royals, politicians, and dignitaries, ranging from Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi to Henry Kissinger, to Elle Macpherson. Lapo arrived without Martina, sparking rumors that Lavinia Borromeo disliked the pretty starlet, although Lavinia would later deny such reports. However, Lapo’s mother, Margherita Agnelli, was less subtle, telling an interviewer of her distaste not only for Lapo’s choosing an actress for a girlfriend but also for his high-profile lifestyle. “A lifetime of trying to stay out of the media, and then you have a son who screws it all up for you,” she was quoted saying in the newspaper Il Foglio.

A series of tragedies propelled John and Lapo Elkann to the top of Fiat. When Gianni Agnelli died, he was eulogized by both the Pope and Italy’s prime minister. But Fiat shares had sunk 80 percent since 1998, losses for 2002 were almost $4.6 billion, and the company’s debt had been downgraded to junk status. Most financial analysts predicted that Fiat, which had once provided half of Italy with its cars and which he once said was “part of the DNA of Italy,” would be sold to foreign concerns—their twist to a family history best by insiders.

In 1997, Gianni Agnelli’s chosen successor at Fiat, his nephew Giovanni “Gino” Alberto Agnelli, the son of Gianni’s brother Umberto and “the most enlightened and Americanized Agnelli, a very smart, kind of John-John Kennedy,” acting to Alan Friedman, died at 33 of a form of stomach cancer. Agnelli anointed John Elkann, then 21, as his successor on the Fiat board. Agnelli never even confided his only son, Edoardo, who by then had become a heroin addict with severe psychological problems and a deepening fascination with Islam. “The newspapers were writing about Edoardo as a man who disappointed the family, and he was also said to be his friend Count Gelasio Gaetani believe this is one of the reasons he was up and drove his car to the bridge.” In November 2000, wearing pajamas beneath brown corduroy suit, Edoardo drove his Fiat Croma to a viaduct known as the Bridge of Suicides, between Turin and Savona, and killed himself to his death. At the funeral, Giovanni Agnelli was observed leaping on Lapo, “almost nailing the arm of the child that had become a boy with a head full of hair,” wrote Maurizio Crosetti in La Repubblica. “Giovanni [Gia] Agnelli loved Lapo because, probably, he minded him of himself when he was young, exuberant, easygoing, a little crazy.”

Alan Friedman adds, “Lapo and his brother John, dress the same way Gianni Agnelli dressed: the tie with the particularly large knot, short length; the button-down short sleeves but the collar buttons open; the Rolex Longines watch worn on top of the sleeve.

Agnelli gave John Elkann his Fiat voting rights, according to The Times of London, and bequeathed to Lapo most of his custom-made suits. Because Gianni and Lapo wore the same size, the suits didn’t even need altering. With his crown of curls at his grandfather’s pale complexion and sense of style—which would earn him a place in the International Best-Dressed List in Vanity Fair in 2005 and cause one young London woman to gush, “He makes English men look unbearably dapper”—Lapo was Gianni Agnelli reincarnated. His ascent to the Fiat boardroom began in May 2004, when tragedy struck once again. Umberto Agnelli, the Avvocato’s brother, who had taken control of Fiat after Gianni’s death, also died of cancer, and the company’s C.E.O., Giuseppe Moretti, tried to seize the throne even before Umberto was lowered into the ground.

“At the funeral, Moretti was received by people like he was a son, shaking hands like he was a member of the family,” Count Gelasio Gaetani tells me over a succession of
in his favorite Rome trattoria. Long-haired, ebullient, Gaetani is Italy's flamboyant wine ambassador; once led a Cinzano heireess, he is famous sipping, pouring, and drinking wine as if he were the earth while skydiving. He is Gianni's eldest sister, Susanna, who at 83 is the de facto head of the family. He says the family sprang into action as they realized that Morchio was to become the head of Fiat. “Sunu put us together,” says Gaetani, meaning his three other sisters—Clara, Cristiana, Maria Sole—who rushed from their quasi-crown lives to attend to the turmoil at Lingotto. Within days, word came that despite Morchio was out, and he was soon eased by Sergio Marchionne as C.E.O. Ferrari boss Luca Cordero di Montezemolo as chairman. (Morchio declined to be interviewed for this article.)

So, Giovanni Alberto dead, Edoardo Umberto dead—the only keepers of name left, really, are the Elkanns,” says Friedman. It was true that Fiat was on blocks, “a mess,” as even Sunnu would admit. But if the company was going down, would go down with Agnelli blood at the heart. John Elkann was promoted to vice-president of Fiat Group, and Lapo Elkann named worldwide director of brand promotion for Fiat Auto. The young men's mother, Margherita, dispatched lawyers to adver the terms of her father's will, which she favored her children by Elkann over her sons by de Pahlen. The matter was settled after reaching court. Fiat's future was now in the hands of John and Lapo Elkann.

Lapo was then 26.

Run, Boy, Run!” That was the headline in Prima magazine over an article by Sergio Marchionne and how he would be Lapo, as well as his team and Fiat at age, early in the summer of 2005, during 100 days before the launch of the car on which the automaker had bet its future: the Grande Punto. It was basically a revival of 1993 Punto, but bigger, longer, and sleeker. Designed by the Italian superstar Giorgio Giugiaro in 13 electric colors, it was marketed as the first car created specifically for the hip young Italian and the starter family, with a price dreamed up by Lapo of 11 euros ($13,550). Lapo was given the responsibility of introducing the Grande Punto at Italy's critical young-adult market and then around the world. “Getting [the Grande into] right is not going to save Fiat, but getting it wrong would have tanked us,” Sergio Marchionne told reporters.

In the past, brand promotion had been part of overall marketing at Fiat Auto. “Now that we've done is we've split marketing in If. There's traditional marketing, which is advertising, advertising, TV commercials, and showroom signs,” a Fiat rep tells me in his office in the Lingotto. “And the other elements have been spun off and given to Lapo.”

The other elements include “below-the-line promotional activities that enhance the brand,” including Fiat's sponsorship of the Winter Olympic Games in Turin in February (Lapo signed the Jamaican bobsled team to represent Fiat and appear in auto ads), product placement (Lapo got the Fiat Panda accepted as James Bond's car in the upcoming Casino Royale), special events, and whatever else Lapo and his staff can think up.

Lapo calls his 30-member team his Samurai, and he assembled them not from the labyrinthine hallways of look-alike offices in the Lingotto but, according to the Fiat rep, from "Coca-Cola, Microsoft, and Procter & Gamble—people who don't have a motor-industry mind-set." Most of them are under 30. “It's a volcano of ideas,” the Fiat rep says of Lapo's department.

That's so cool!” became Lapo's recurrent rallying cry as he sat surrounded by his Saint Bernard and his Samurai in his whimsical office, which has been described by one writer as "almost the room of a boy that hasn't yet stopped being a child." It was filled with toys, model cars, gadgets, and a life-size Jamaican mannequin on a hammock with a sign reading, AT FIAT WE NEVER SLEEP. That was where Fiat's veteran wizards of design, marketing, and finance looked for their salvation.

“You have to remember that Fiat is not some sort of cottage industry but a nearly $600-billion-a-year corporation, a big multinational," says the Fiat rep. “So there is a team, and there are marketing and sponsorship experts, all feeding into the boss of this entity, which is Lapo. He has a big job.” Giorgio Airoudo, Fiat's trade-union leader, adds, “In the beginning, he said that every worker, whether you're in the trade union or not, could send him an e-mail, and many did write to him, but that was stopped.” When layoffs multiplied, Lapo agreed to a suggestion for a rotation of workers. “Some could work less, rather than being dismissed," explains Airoudo. "That kind of contact was unusual for the Agnelli family, and Lapo's channel with the workers was stopped.”

“They tried to keep him out of the headlines, but it's impossible,” says Vera Schia- vazzi, a local writer and journalism instructor. “He's always on a first-name basis. "Oh, darling!" he'd say, and hug and kiss me, almost in an embarrassing way.”

"Turin and all of that life is very conventional, and I think this was very hard on him," says Countess Marina Cicogna. "His brother is married and is a much more together person. In my opinion Lapo really doesn't have anybody to run to and dish the dirt, you know?" As a result he became a publicity junkie and would rush toward journalists with his thumbs up, "to symbolize everything is O.K.," as one wrote. "He invents a new thing almost every other day, from the cafes [the latest, the Fiat Cafe, opened in Milan in April 2005] to the five-star beach [supported by Fiat, on Sardinia]. All the representatives of exclusive events fight to get him as a guest star, as do the newspapers."
Lapo Elkann

ment went overdrive in order to come up with new marketing ideas: enlisting the Italian pop star Vasco Rossi to provide the soundtrack for TV commercials; signing a deal with Universal Music so that buyers could download songs from a Fiat Web site; getting the Grande Punto on the Need for Speed video game.

“Lapo has two passions, Juventus and Ferrari,” says his friend the wine-maker Pier Giorgio Scrimaglio. “But even though he could drive the top Ferraris, in public he always drove a Panda, Punto, or Alfa Romeo.” The Alfa Romeo was his mainstay—“white, with a streaming Italian flag from the hood to the trunk,” according to Gelasio Gaetani. “He likes to say the Panda is the car for everybody; and the Alfa Romeo is the car for the 25- to 35-year-old Italian young man. He would drive in a very fast way, passing every car.”

During the 100 days leading up to the launch, however, Lapo drove a Grande Punto. With the tricolor Italian flag embroidered on his shirt cuffs and in the linings of his grandfather’s suits, he propelled himself into the frenzied campaign. He courted the press’s cameras and microphones, and he posed in the new car’s trunk and suggested that they have their tattoos painted on the roof and pictures of their lovers on the doors.

“A car like this has never been made,” he told one reporter, adding, “It’s an island of protection, a home. I have two of them, a blue one with a Joker on the roof and a red one with the ace of hearts on top of it.” He invited another reporter to “look at it! Don’t you think it’s smiling at you?”

Lapo’s old friend Leo Turrini interviewed him in front of 1,000 people gathered in a theater in Sassuolo to commemorate Gianni Agnelli. Onstage, Turrini remembers, Lapo assured the audience that the Grande Punto would not only save Fiat but mark the economic turnaround for Italy. Everyone stood up and cheered.

By the summer of 2005, Lapo was perpetually in high gear. Chain-smoking Marlboros, biting his nails to the quick, speaking to his team about a dozen topics at once, tossing the keys to his Ferrari to people he’d just met, and publicly lambasting Italian politicians for driving foreign cars. He appeared to be an unstoppable force.

On September 6, after a dizzying week of promotional events, Lapo helped produce a gala extravaganza in Turin’s ice-skating stadium to launch the new car officially. More than 1,000 guests watched Grande Puntos whiz in and out and acrobats fly through the air. “Suni Agnelli, someone who is not easily impressed, said it was one of the most incredible events she’d ever been to,” says a family member. “She was awed by the whole presentation of the Punto, and so impressed by Lapo’s work. It was a big moment for him.”

Nine days later the Grande Punto went on sale across Italy. In its first month, a million people looked at the car in Fiat showrooms, and in the first week 15,000 placed orders for it. “It bores well,” said a Fiat spokesman. “I had dinner with Lapo in Milan three weeks ago,” Henry Kissinger told me in October. “He was doing well, and I wrote him a letter saying that I was very proud of him, and I was, and I am.”

Alberto Brecci told me, “After the launch, Lapo called me and said, ‘Alberto, I’m going for five days in Paris, because I am completely destroyed from the work. I’m really working too much. There are problems.’”

Lapo’s collapse, which locals now refer to as the apocalipise, began after he spent the night of October 8 with Martina Stella in Milan, according to his publicist. In Turin the next night, he had dinner in Gianni Agnelli’s villa, with Agnelli’s beautiful, aristocratic, 78-year-old widow, Marella, and John Elkann. After dinner, according to La Repubblica’s Alberto Custodero, John left to go to a classical-music concert at the Linotto. Lapo climbed into his new Panda and drove from the conservative, workaholic side of Turin in the direction of Via Marocchetti, No. 21.

Late one Saturday night in early November, I drove from the Linotto to that address. Dead vines hung down from the balconies of the building, a squat, dull-gray mid-rise. The nameplate on the door lists a dozen tenants, including “Broco.” I rang the bell, got no answer, then rang other bells until one tenant finally buzzed me into a claustrophobic, black-and-white lobby devoid of decoration. I knocked on Donato Broco’s ground-floor door. No one answered, and several passing tenants told me, “She’s gone,” adding that she had fled to Milan, disguised in a blond wig to avoid reporters.

As I was about to leave, the door burst open like a shotgun blast, and a short, bald, fat John hurried out. Behind him, filling the doorframe and standing well over six feet, with a mane of black hair and silicone rosebud lips, wearing a low-cut, skin-tight blouse over her enormous breasts, was Patrizia. “There are two conditions for an interview,” she told me in Italian in an extremely deep voice once she understood the purpose of my visit. “First, there are some things I cannot say about Lapo because of the investigation, and, second, you have to pay!”

I craned my neck to get a look inside the tiny apartment. I could see a couch, a plaster angel on a table, all lit by a cheap little chandelier. “Don’t be a giraffe!” she
BY AND GROOMING


108: See credits for cover.
112: Mark Seal’s grooming by Jacqueline Bush sbtymamhirona.com.
110: Romeo Stodart’s, Angela Gannon’s, and Sean Gannon’s hair styled by Hair by Paul, San Francisco, with the help of senior stylist Ralby Rishel and the help of Lauren Kay Cohen for Luxe.
48: Rachel Ray’s hair by Ashley Javier for Paris/Magnet, makeup by Choyo Yamamura, hair by Chance Eau de Parfum and Silky Oil, go to choya.com; Gerard Orniedeche from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, and Harrods from Bergdorf Goodman, NYC.
113: Paula Patton’s hair styled with Redken Full Volume Volumizing Shampoo, Rest and Work, and Work from Oxygen.
113: See credits for cover.
114: Karenia Gare Schilt’s hair styled with Phyta Phytovolume Aciff and Phytolose. Makeup by Clinique on her face, Perfectly Real Makeup in Shade 01 Light, Airbrush Concealer in Fair, and Stay-Matte Sheer Pressed Powder by Neutrogena on her eyes, Lash Doubling Mascara in her lashes. Lilia Stone, Rapunzel Brides in Berry, Helene Macouay for artistsbtybymamhirona.com.
144–145: Jessica Caen’s hair styled with Mascara Paris Nutritive Volumactive, Moxie Wax Cosx’s hair styled with Keratelas Paris Nutritive Mousse Nutri-Sculpt, Ashley Javier for Magnet, On Cee’s face, Make Up For Ever Liquid Face & Body Foundation in No 2, on her eyes, Make Up For Ever Volume Mascara in Black; on her lips, Givency Lipstick in Rose Romance. On Cee’s face, Make Up For Ever Liquid Face & Body Foundation in No 20, on her eyes, Make Up For Ever Volume Mascara in Black, on her lips, Shila Lip Color in Melissa. Francelle for Magnet.
48: Nick Denton’s, Noah Rabachson’s, Jesse Of held’s, and Mark Lisan’s hair styled with Kiehl’s Haar Styling Products. Create for Rimmel London. Men’s Alcohol-Free Herbal Toner, on their lips, Prada Shading Balm SPF 15; for Kiss for TheWall Group.
152–53 and 183: Dan and Deirdre Imus’s hair styled with Aveda Brilliance and Volumizing Spray. On Deirdre’s face, Perfecting Foundation in F, and Sheer Pressed Powder in Medium, on their eyes, Perfecting Concealer in D, and Eye Shadow in Mystical Pearl, on her cheeks, Cheek Color in Orient; on their lips, Pocket Palette Quad No 1. In Pink Shine. Lisa Foster for Locke Management.
191: Jeff McMenamy’s hair styled with Aveda Control Paste. His face moisturized with Kiehl’s Men’s Moisturizer, on his face, Clinique Advanced Concealer in M; on his lips, Clinique Lip Balm SPF 5. Assumable Clotthesly for Price Inc.

WHERE TO FIND BEAUTY PRODUCTS:
Aveda, Aveda.com. 
Clinique, Neiman Marcus, Saks Fifth Avenue, and other department stores nationwide.
Givency, Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide, or to sephorac.com.
Kiehl’s, Kiehl’s and Barney’s New York stores nationwide, or to ki.ehls.com.
Lancôme, major department stores nationwide, or to lomance.com.
L’Oréal Professionnel, call 888-SEERIO, or go to serienparfums.com.
MAC, MAC stores and department stores nationwide, or go to mac.cosmetics.com.
Make Up For Ever, Sephora stores nationwide, or go to sephorac.com.
Neutrogena, drugstores nationwide, or to neutrogenac.com.
Phyto, Julien Farel Salon and Saks AGF fifth, both in NYC. Prodir, Prodir boutique nationwide. Redken, Redken salon, or to redken.com.
Stila, Sephora stores nationwide, or to sephorac.com.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND MISCELLANY
Cover: Produced on location by GE Projects, Thomas Thurnauer for supercubec.net
48: Emiliana Pucci bow from Pucci boutique nationwide, or to emilianapucci.com
58: See credits for cover.
64: From Kappa/Zuma Press
68: Burt Bacharach from BLMages.
71: Copy work by Jacques Del Conte.
76: By Sme/BlackPhoto Elba, Jon Berry/Magnus Photos (Fat Tuesday), Jeff Haynes/AFP/Getty Images (Art Institute of Chicago), courtesy of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts (Hockney), by Monzy Shilton (Aspen)
80: Top, courtesy of Brown’s Hotel, center, from Morgan Collection/Images, bottom left, courtesy of Moydes Film, bottom right, prop styled by Doran Ransdell for claireourgency.com.
84: By Alexa Hellsen (Chanel and Guerlain products), Frank Micelotta/Getty Images (Madonna), courtesy of Stu Uremeta (eyelashes), courtesy of Virgin Atlantic (Clubhouse Silverware, London, 1997), Frank Micelotta/Getty Images (tard). 
88: Bath from AQP Worldwide Photos.
90: ID by Bettmann Corrnost.
93: From AQP Worldwide Photos.
104: From Chuck Street/Square Photos.
106: Courtesy of Warner Bros.
106: Large photograph from The Miami Herald/WPN, aset from EPA/Lanlay.
108: From AQP/Getty Images.
127: See credits for cover.
130–31: From AQP/Getty Images (Rove), from AQP Worldwide Photos (Cooper, Libby), from Corbis (Norton, from Courtesy, from Courtesy, from Courtesy, from Getty Images (Chenery, Miller), from Reuters Corbis (Wilson).
132–33: From Fotogramma.
134: Left, from AQP Worldwide Photos; top right, from Corbis; bottom right, from Photographers Online.
135: From Getty Images.
137: Clockwise from top: from Fotogramma, from AQP/Getty Images, from Olycom.
138: Top, from Olycom; bottom, from Lo Press/ Zuma Press.
139: From AIFG.
142–43: By Ralph Alswang/White House (6), Molly Bingham/White House (7), Nicole Friedler (2), Axel Koehler/Naoma Wyon (3), Tsumo/World (4), The Tennesseo T5), Cally Shell/Times Life Pictures/ White House (1), Cally Shell/White House (8), Carmen Volkes/WireImage (3).
150–53: Produced by Ruth Levy.
156–57: All from the Patten Collection.
159: Top, from the Patten Collection; bottom, ID by Hulton-Deutsch Collection/Corbis.
160–61: From the Patten Collection (L 2, 3, 4, 7, 8), from Pappertola/ Retrillo (5).
176: By Tim Grohom/Getty Images (Bush), Junior Mnswers/Getty Images (Chloes).
178: By A. Scott Applewhite/AQP Worldwide Photos (Libby), Pat Sullivan/AQP Worldwide Photos (Durst)
183: Produced by Ruth Levy.

EDITOR’S NOTE:
On pages 102–103 in the January issue, the white plates, turkey platter, and tablecloth are by Armosa Corin. The cutlery and silverware are from Williams-Sonoma.
Lapo Elkann

boom, blocking the doorway and telling me that a tour would be included with the interview.

I explained that *Vanity Fair* doesn't pay for interviews, that it's against the rules. "The rules are different in Italy," she said. "Here we are materialists." She led me to believe that other media outlets had paid her for her story. "Chi paid very well," she said.

According to police investigators, the transsexuals said that on the night in question "Lapo paid 1,000 euros per 'girl'"—as opposed to the standard fee of 50 euros for a quickie with a heterosexual hooker. (Lapo's representative contends that he didn't pay the prostitutes.) Patrizia told the police that Lapo had been in her company at least five times over the summer. "Lapo found peace in me," Patrizia told *Chi*. "He was going through a very stressful period . . . psychologically worn out from the fiancée situation, Martina Stella, who had left him. He'd talk to me for hours about the plans for the relaunch of Fiat, about his hopes to get back with Martina. He'd inspire a lot of tenderness in me; I'd cuddle with him. He had found a friend in me. We could have a good time together, even without having sex." He frequently brought her flowers, gifts, and jewelry, Patrizia added.

At around 11 p.m. on October 9, Lapo arrived at Patrizia's—"already tipsy," she said to the press—with a supply of drugs. A party ensued with Lapo, Patrizia, and two of her transsexual friends, Cinzia and Tani. Patrizia, while she is a frequent user of Viagra, says she doesn't do heavy drugs. "But she permits others," according to the police. "[Lapo] used to say that drugs wouldn't scare him," Patrizia told *Dipita*, "because he could dominate them." In the course of the long night, Lapo snorted the coke he'd brought with him and asked the transsexuals to go out and get more. His publicist insists that they came back with cocaine mixed with heroin. "Lapo has never used heroin in his life," she says. "The heroin was passed as cocaine and given to Lapo without his knowledge, and that was the lethal mix."

Before dawn, Cinzia and Tani left, and Lapo eventually fell asleep. At nine a.m., when Patrizia got up to go to the bathroom, she noticed that Lapo's breathing was off. "Then I started shaking him, but he wouldn't respond. At that time I got scared," she said.

That drove Patrizia to do something that simultaneously saved Lapo's life and wrecked it. She picked up the phone. But instead of calling the Agnellis, she called for an ambulance.

Soon after Lapo Elkann arrived at the hospital, Fiat representatives and family switched into gear. "The news about my son's condition has been exaggerated," Alain Elkann told the press, and *La Stampa*, the newspaper owned by the Agnellis, began turning out positive stories about Lapo.

"Fiat Group called—the most important big shot," an investigator told me. "They were expecting they could hide the real story. But if you want to keep a secret, you don't give it to a bitch who stays on the street and then arrive naked at the hospital."

By the end of the day, Patrizia, Cinzia, and Tani were being questioned by investigators. "By afternoon we knew everything," says one reporter. Although prostitution and possession of small amounts of cocaine for personal use are tolerated in Italy, selling drugs is not, so investigators went to Patrizia's apartment to see if she had sold drugs as well as companionship. After assuring the police that Lapo had brought his drugs with him, Patrizia let them look over her apartment—the bed, the sex toys. She told the investigators that, despite her large breasts, she performs sex as a male. She showed them the shower, where, she said, what Lapo had worn the night before—stiletto heels and a "baby doll" nightgown, according to the police—was still littered on the floor. (Lapo's publicist told me that "the clothes he was wearing when he was found in his coma were given back to us in the afternoon of October 10. . . . Diesel jeans, a jean shirt, Adidas Gazelle suede sneakers, and a watch given to him by [Diesel founder] Renzo Rosso. There were no women's clothes involved."

As television crews began questioning other prostitutes, one question came up again and again: Where was Martina Stella? Surely, everyone assumed, she would save Lapo with an explanation or an alibi. But Martina was totally unforthcoming. "Professional engagements and different lifestyles had already brought us further away from each other, even since a couple of months," she said through her spokesman in Rome. (Lapo's publicist maintains that the couple was together the night before his overdose and that Martina called Lapo the next day.)

Lapo's most public defender was Count Gelasio Gaetani, who went on Italy's top nighttime TV talk show, *Porta a Porta*. Gaetani said that 98 percent of the people he knows use cocaine. "Sometimes at parties, a tray of cocaine is passed around instead of cocktails," he said. When *Porta a Porta* called Alain Elkann to inform him that the special was running he was incensed and issued a public statement saying, "I'm ashamed of being Italian."

On October 12 the prince finally arrived. "We will see each other again soon. I am leaving for a brief period, but I will come back in great shape and we will be able to continue the work that we started together," Lapo wrote to his Samurai before leaving Italy for the Meadows Clinic, in Wickenburg, Arizona, where Kate Moss recently went through rehab. By then the Internet had erupted on the subject, with dozens of photographs of Lapo wearing a *felpa* blazoned with the word *COKE* instead of *FIAT*. Jokes began to circulate: "The new of Fiat cars is all white."

"A symbol has fallen into dust," laments the newspaper *Il Giornale*.

"The Lapo story is the story of the crisis of Italy, the crisis of Italian industry, and the crisis of Italy's new generation," says writer Mario Adinolfi, who has become a voice of this generation, which he has labeled the Invisible Generation. "Lapo is the crossroads of all of these things—young, rich, brilliant, and powerful. But in the end an empty box."

Lapo's overdose hasn't sunk Fiat, but road to the automaker's survival remains bumpy. Nevertheless, shares rose to 7.59 euros in December, up from a record low of 4 euros in April.

"Lapo will be back," says the Fiat representative.

"We need him back," says Pier Giorgio Scrimaglio, speaking for Italian trade concerns in general.

"When you fall, that's when you learn," says a princess friend of Lapo's.

Patrizia has claimed that neither she nor Fiat ever contacted her, either to thank her for saving Lapo's life or to pester her for her silence. "If they would have thanked me with money, I would have taken my ass off to a vacation in the sun," she was quoted as saying.

On my last night in Turin, I found Patrizia on her usual corner, standing tall above to other girls as they cast come-hither smiles at the passing parade: old men in used Fiat ordinary Italians in Pandas, up-and-coming in Alfa Romeos, and wild young studs in philandering first-time fathers in Grand Puntos.

Early in December, Lapo was discovered by an Italian-*Vanity Fair* writer at a restaurant in downtown New York, where he was living and attending group-therapy sessions for cocaine addiction. He was pain-free, he said, by "the lies that have been written about me . . . and about the people who rescued me." He added, "I'm not interested in going public about those circumstances."

Someday, Lapo said, he would like to return to Turin and to Fiat. "Do you see this tattoo on my wrist?" he asked, pointing to an Oriental ideogram. "It means, I never give up."
JAY MCLNERNEY

After his first novel, the tragicomic Bright Lights, Big City, in 1984, Jay McInerney was hailed as a modern F. Scott Fitzgerald. He seemingly disappeared among New York’s literati, but returns to reclaim his title with The Good Life, published by Knopf this month. Here, the author reflects on George Plimpton, bespoke clothing, and his ex-wife’s potbellied pig.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Being in love.

What is your greatest fear?
Not being in love.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Pepé Le Pew.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be? George Plimpton.

Who are your favorite writers?
Fitzgerald, Carver, and Austen.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Stephen Dedalus.

What is your most treasured possession?
My first edition of The Great Gatsby.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
No wine list.

Where would you like to live?
The penthouse of One Fifth Avenue.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Foolish optimism.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Susceptibility to my charm.

What is your greatest regret?
Ruining my last marriage.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My twins, Maisie and Barrett McInerney.

How would you like to die?
In bed with my true love after a night on the town.
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You see it in every texture, stitch and sweep. You feel it in every shift, straightaway redesigned and rebuilt from the ground up. Every component is engineered to keep you engaged almost telepathic. Only Mazda could have delivered this seamless expression of...
WHAT DID WARREN BEATTY DO TO MAKE JACK NICHOLSON CRY?
AND OTHER TALES FROM THE MAKING OF REDS
BY PETER BISKIND

SO HOW ARE ALL THOSE WIVES OF
INDICTED BILLIONAIRES HOLDING UP?
BY DOMINICK DUNNE
INSIDE

THE GETTY'S BLUE PERIOD
BURIED SCANDALS AT THE
WORLD'S WEALTHIEST MUSEUM
BY VICKY WARD

SEX, LIES, AND DAVID HASSELHOFF'S "SON"
THE CREEPY WORLD OF MYSPACE.COM
BY JAMES VERINI

PEYTON PLACE TURNS 50
THE TRAGIC TRUTH ABOUT THE
ORIGINAL DESPERATE HOUSEWIFE
BY MICHAEL CALLAHAN

BARBARIANS AT
TIME WARNER'S GATE
BY MICHAEL WOLFF

PLUS

G.I. GEORGE
BUSH'S MILITARY FETISH
BY JAMES WOLCOTT

MEET THIS YEAR'S CHARLIE KAUFMAN
BY JIM WINDOLF

L.A. THROUGH DAVID HOCKNEY'S EYES
BY INGRID SISCHY

CAN A COWARDLY SCOUNDREL
PERSONIFY THE BRITISH EMPIRE?
BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS
A brand is taking a well deserved break. Color, especially red, has a specific reason to be. Black and white return as the ultimate palette. Light is the easy spring is a style of its own. This is where we’re going now.

Shades of New York

Shade shield shade needed a little loosening up. So it a pool of clarity just below the eyes. Go from smoky, from hiding to mystery in one pair of shades. Framed up in white? The nod is to a style that’s always right in sync with the street-level.
Black and white is the classic spring palette and an up-to-the-minute way to dress. Spectator-style contrasts always have great energy. Wearing lots of one, say all black, with a shot of the other, a big white bag, is a great way to go. Then there’s the drama of a little black dress, lightened up with a bright-white trench. It’s an echo of the great city photography of the 30’s... and a glimpse
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FEATURES

285 TOM FORD'S NEW HOLLYWOOD: THE 2006 PORTFOLIO In a year when the stars of Oscar broadcasts past are being challenged by fresh objects of worship, guest editor Tom Ford produces 47 steamy pages of up-to-the-minute obsessions, including Heath Ledger, Natalie Portman, Jason Schwartzman, Q'orianka Kilcher, Terrence Howard, and Sienna Miller.

332 PEYTON PLACE'S REAL VICTIM Peyton Place scandalized 1950s America with its lurid tale of small-town sex and intrigue, spawning a hit movie and the first prime-time soap opera. Just nine years later, the novel's desperate-housewife author, Grace Metalious, sank to an early death beneath the resulting wave of fame, rumor, and booze. Michael Callahan reveals the tragic epilogue to a blockbuster.

340 THE L.A. KID Julian Broad and Ingrid Sischy spotlight David Hockney, whose sun-soaked portraits are finally getting their due: a solo show.

342 FROM SNEER TO ETERNITY Citizen Kane was "shockingly unsatisfying." 2001: A Space Odyssey? "Monumentally unimaginative." Revisiting reviews of nine film classics, Mark Summers points out where top critics completely missed the boat.

344 THUNDER ON THE LEFT: THE MAKING OF REDS By the late 70s, Warren Beatty had proved himself box-office gold. It was his moment to get studio backing for something big—something like a three-and-a-half-hour epic about the American Left and the Russian Revolution starring himself, Diane Keaton, and Jack Nicholson. Peter Biskind chronicles the tumultuous creation of one of Hollywood's most acclaimed, and most improbable, successes.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41
Get Online for the Year's Most Star-Studded Party

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awaits you
even if you do
not smoke

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

FANFAIR

153 31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE
Granger’s grandeur. Elissa Schappell’s Hot Type. Matt Tyrnauer dines at Morimoto; Doug Stumpf visits the Arizona Inn; A. M. Homes on artist Enoc Perez. Victoria Mather gets excessive. Lisa Robinson’s Hot Tracks. John Brodie gets a Shave; Punch Hutton alternatively medicates; David Kamp eats with Giada De Laurentiis. Aaron Gell bows to the Schurs. Michael Hogan hears Neko Case; Patricia Bosworth sees Eugene O’Neill on PBS; Bruce Handy contemplates smoking. Edward Helmore tours New York’s Lower East Side. Maria Ricapito on Korner beauty secrets; Hot Looks; Frédéric Fekkai and H. Stern team up for hair beauty; airline amenities go first-class.

SPECIAL SECTION
FOLLOWING PAGE 174

VANITY FAIR’S GUIDE TO A PERFECT DAY IN L.A. How do the cognoscenti stay fit, well fed, and fully in-the-know in Oscar-season Hollywood? Punch Hutton’s pullout has tailored itineraries for discerning visitors.

COLUMNS

186 SCOUNDREL TIME George MacDonald Fraser has returned to form with his 12th Flashman novel, purging his British Empire antihero of any stray redeeming qualities. Christopher Hitchens applauds Fraser’s rascal and his realism. Photograph by Jillian Edelstein.

192 DRESSED TO KILL Breaking precedent, George W. Bush has used military audiences, backdrops, and costumes to sell his war. James Wolcott probes the commander in chief’s armed-forces fetish. Photo composite by Michael Elins.

203 SHADOW BOXING Being under indictment can cramp a tycoon’s style. Dominick Dunne tracks the fallout for Oscar Wyatt, Conrad Black, and the late Marvin Davis, and for the women who’ve stood by them. Photograph by Patrick Demarchelier.

210 IS TIME WARNER NECESSARY? It’s one man—Carl Icahn—against an $80 billion institution. Talking to the corporate raider and his Time Warner targets, Michael Wolff sees a close contest. Photograph by Joseph Montezinos.
RAISING GLASSES AND AWARENESS

During fall 2005, Baume & Mercier and Vanity Fair held two special events to officially launch Baume & Mercier’s partnership with the sports charity Laureus. On September 29, John McEnroe hosted a reception and an exclusive retrospective of iconic Vanity Fair images of sports figures at his New York City gallery. Guests, including Edwin Moses, Michael Johnson, and Nadia Comaneci, turned out for the evening, which also featured a silent auction to benefit Laureus. On November 3, Edwin Moses hosted a reception, which showcased the Vanity Fair exhibition and featured another silent auction for the charity, at the Island Hotel, in Newport Beach, California.

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CELEBRATING THE SEASON

Faconnable and Vanity Fair joined forces on October 11, 2005, to host an intimate celebration in honor of Darcie Denkert, author of the new book A Fine Romance. A select group, including members of the Young Generation Council of the Motion Picture and Television Fund, gathered at the Faconnable store in Beverly Hills to enjoy cocktails, hors d’oeuvres, shopping from the Faconnable collection, and a conversation with Denkert. All guests left with an autographed copy of A Fine Romance.
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218 THE GETTY’S BLUE PERIOD The J. Paul Getty Trust’s high-flying chief, Barry Munitz, has been battered by the media, his staff, and the trial of former curator Marion True. Vicky Ward hears Munitz’s teary defense of his reign at the world’s richest art institution.

236 THE GOOD SHEPHERD Brigitte Lacombe and Peter Biskind preview Robert De Niro’s upcoming real-life C.I.A. thriller, starring Matt Damon and Angelina Jolie.

238 WILL SUCCESS SPOIL MYSPACE? Rupert Murdoch bought the Web site MySpace last year to harness the energy of 50 million aspiring stars and wanton exhibitionists. Interviewing the site’s founders, James Verini sizes up a clash of cultures. Portraits by Susanna Howe.

250 LEAVING SCHMUCKVILLE Did Zach Helm’s personal manifesto against selling out turn him into one of Hollywood’s hottest young screenwriters? Jim Windolf learns about Helm’s epiphany and the major movies he has in the pipeline. Photographs by Steven Sebring.

256 BETTE DAVIS Sighs Behind the screen legend of Dark Victory and All About Eve was a heartbroken mother and lover. Charlotte Chandler recalls hours of candid conversations with Bette Davis about her four marriages, her daughter’s tell-all, and the man who got away.


ET CETERA

100 EDITOR’S LETTER
111 CONTRIBUTORS
120 BEHIND THE SCENES Welcome to Tommywood!
136 LETTERS The Aruba Mystery
184 PLANETARIUM Play it cool, Pisces
364 CREDITS
368 PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE Dave Brubeck
"To me, business isn’t about wearing suits or pleasing stockholders. It’s about being true to yourself, your ideas and focusing on the essentials.”

Richard Branson, Chairman of Virgin and inspired world traveler.
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

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VANITIES


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100 EDITOR'S LETTER
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MARCH 2006

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SOLE MATES
On November 2, 2005, Lord & Taylor and Vanity Fair hosted a one-of-a-kind shoe event at the Lord & Taylor store on Fifth Avenue. During the evening, a fashion-forward crowd enjoyed wine, dessert, the latest tunes spun by D.J. Cot, and readings by noted “shoe-ologists,” who helped guests find shoes that perfectly match their personality. In addition, shoppers took home customized shoe bags, monogrammed on-site, which made for a truly well-heeled experience.

HOLLYWOOD GLAMOUR
On December 1, 2005, Bailey Banks & Biddle and Vanity Fair presented an exclusive retrospective of iconic Vanity Fair photographs at the Bailey Banks & Biddle store at King of Prussia Plaza in King of Prussia, Pennsylvania. Guests sipped champagne and enjoyed hors d’oeuvres as they viewed the exhibit, as well as a special limited-time preview of the Bailey Banks & Biddle estate collection.

TOAST OF THE TOWN
DKNY, Insomnia Entertainment’s Trent Othick, and Vanity Fair hosted a VIP celebration on November 3, 2005, at the new DKNY store at the Forum Shops in Las Vegas. More than 200 guests, including renowned movers and shakers from the Las Vegas entertainment industry, many dressed in DKNY, turned out to toast both the opening of the DKNY location and Robin Greenspun, president of the CineVegas Film Festival and Greenspun Media Group. With entertainment provided by notable D.J. Michael Shulman, cocktails, and hors d’oeuvres from Spago, the event was a Las Vegas occasion to remember.
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On October 25 and November 1, 2005, DKNY JEANS and Vanity Fair hosted the fourth annual Vanity Fair in Concert to benefit Step Up Women's Network and celebrate Vanity Fair's November Music Issue. The private concerts, held at the El Rey in Los Angeles and the Hira Ballroom in Manhattan's Maritime Hotel, gathered an A-list crowd to raise awareness and funds for Step Up, a nonprofit organization dedicated to strengthening community resources for women and girls. The New York event—hosted by Sarah Michelle Gellar—featured a moving performance by Alanis Morissette, and drew celebrity guests Russell Simmons, Shannen Doherty, and Venus Williams. In Los Angeles, host Jeremy Piven and Jaime King introduced riveting musical performances, by John Legend and the Like, to celebrity guests such as Dana Delany, Jessica Capshaw, and Matthew Perry. Guests at both concerts enjoyed Grey Goose cocktails.
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should have known that inviting Tom Ford to oversee this year’s Hollywood Issue would create a chorus of office lore many octaves higher than the thrill solos that form the usual monthly soundtrack. If I could boil the Tom Ford experience down to a single element for you, it would be the yellow Post-It note I found stuck to a photograph of Angelina Jolie that was pinned to the wall of Vanity Fair’s planning room. In small handwriting were the words “LEAVE IN BUM CRACK, TF.” I had promised Ford a certain amount of independence on the project and was not about to toy with his requests. Nor was I going to toy with Ms. Jolie’s butt crack. The evidence of both appears on page 303.

Ford’s involvement in this year’s Hollywood Issue grew, appropriately, out of a conversation we had in West Hollywood last year, the week of the Academy Awards. My wife and I and Fran Lebowitz were out there for V.F.’s annual Oscar party, and our first night in town we had dinner with friends Angelica Huston, Robert Graham, Kelly Lynch, Mitch Glazer, and Tom and his companion of almost 20 years, Richard Buckley. I’m a sucker for old-style Hollywood glamour, and the restaurant we were eating in, the dining room of the Argyle Hotel, recently redesign by Paul Fortune, sparkles with studio-era sheen, managing to be both glamorous and cozy. A gifted designer, Fortune lives by one of those essential rules of life: It is all about lighting.

In due course, Ford, lubricated by a few martinis, let on that he thought our Hollywood portfolio was getting a bit . . . well, tired. All those group shots . . . Oscar hopefuls . . . old-timers, he said. Really?, I replied. Still, after 11 years of producing the issue, grandfather to the Hollywood issue of so many weekly and monthly magazines these days, I thought he might be right. Why don’t you come in and do it next year?, I said. Well, I just might, he answered. And so, many months later, there I stood, reading instructions on a Post-It note regarding the butt crack of the soon-to-be Mrs. Brad Pitt.

Tom Ford and I had engaged in only one prior professional outing, when I wrote an introduction to the big Rizzoli book Tom put together called, let’s see, what was it . . . oh yes, Tom Ford. My contribution was absolutely minimal. And if there was any doubt as to just where we each were in the food chain, the title page said it all. Tom’s name was in 214-point type (roughly three inches high) and mine was in 6-point type (roughly one-eighth of an inch high). That probably should have given me pause. As should have the actual layout of the introduction: it ran opposite a photograph of the backside of a man wearing nothing but a Gucci thong.

I’m sure there are some of you expecting me to say that Tom was a monster, and that I was crazy to entrust the portfolio to him. But I can’t. Not to go too far out on you, but he was, from beginning to end, a gentleman and a wonderful collaborator. A perfectionist certainly. But funny, and entertaining, and always in good spirits. I can see why Tom has been so successful. He can focus his attention on something and hold it for a good spell. He was at all but six shoots for the portfolio, overseeing everything from location, clothes, and lighting to the position of a subject’s hand.

When I would make a suggestion, he would respond professionally and quickly. At one point I suggested pulling together the members of a newly emerging acting family for a shoot. Tom e-mailed back: “Let’s pass on the family shoot for the moment. Too whole-

some for me.” When I reacted to a particularly “fleshy” photograph, he wrote, “I feel a bit sad for all of you to have worry about such things. This American conservative thing is just so foreign to me after so many years in Europ. After the first few pictures had been taken, he wrote me to say, “I am thinking the all-nude issue. Hmm. You should have seen Harvey and Bob [Weinstein] wrestling in front of the fireplace! Alan Bates in Women in Love . . . O.K., kidding about Harvey and Bob, but seriously, what a GENIUS idea.) Are you having a heart attack yet? Serious, please relax, as I have had a day just before. IT WILL BE BEAUTIFUL, PROVOCATIVE, AND STUNNING.”

Tom spent hours in our planning room. The familiar tinkle ice in a tumbler of vodka would tell me that he and design director David Harris, photography director Susan White, and feature editor Jane Sarkin had finished fidgeting with the portfolio, and was ready to walk me through it. I moved a few things around one day, prompting an exchange of e-mails that resulted in things turning to the way he had let them. The next day he wrote, “De Graydon, I know this is your way of apologizing after your seemingly caffeinated little foot-stomping display yesterday. I am also totally happy to hear your thoughts about the issue, but just not in room full of people and when you are in your boss mode.”

I ran into one of the subjects in the portfolio, Philip Seymour Hoffman, at a party we gave before the Golden Globes at the Sunset Tower Hotel (the Angel’s new name). Mr. Hoffman, the star of Capote, a terribly serious young man, and in an ill-attempt to lighten the moment, I told him that I too do a pretty mean Truman Capote. With the way he stood there, I did my own impersonation, including the high-pitched “fey, lisping voice and the waving of a crooked finger while I adjust my eyeglasses. He gave me a pissed-off look and just walked away.

Everything is about Show Business these days. When Tom left Gucci in 2004 after almost 15 years, his first announcement was that he wanted to make movies. Just as we were finishing the portfolio, I was out getting the papers one morning when I saw Quentin Tarantino shamble out of my local Starbucks. As he headed home he walked past a homeless man who has made our Greenwich Village block his winter residence. The fellow is a cheery-looking sort with a beard, a round face and bright, animated eyes. He appeared to do a double take when the director passed by him. As I approached, he pointed and said to me, “Wasn’t that Quentin Tarantino?” I informed him that indeed it was.

I was telling a neighbor this story a few days later, and she explained to me that the homeless fellow, far from being the adorable he appears, is in fact something of a local menace. During the day he turns the street corner into his bully pulpit and screams at passersby calling them all manner of expletives, including—in this, the veritable epicenter of American liberalism—“Fucking Democrats!” The homeless fellow, it seems, is a big fan of our current president. The irony surrounding his support for the chief executive and his own current state of affairs is apparently lost on him. As he bent over to pick up his belongings following the Tarantino sighting, his pants edged down his backside, revealing something I did not wish to see. He may not know much about Washington, but with a butt crack like that, he might have a future in Tom Ford’s Hollywood.
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soundtrack: Warm & Cool jazz

retreat: My home

wildest dream: I would have had an answer to this question 10 years ago, but now is to find happiness in my everyday life

proudest moment: When I gain trust from someone

biggest challenge: Life

alarm clock: My child's voice

perfect day: Searching for something I cannot reach

first job: Dog walker, and cleaning the stairs of my home

indulgence: Reading adventure novels

last purchase: Ski wear and ski hat

favorite movie: Too many to just choose one

inspiration: I am inspired by so many things every day

My life: is about taking my own path

My card: is American Express

Ken Watanabe

My life. My card.
My name: Kate Winslet

childhood ambition: To act
fondest memory: Camping as a child in Cornwall, U.K.
soundtrack: Rufus Wainwright "Poses"
retreat: Any beach. Anywhere!
wildest dream: A cure for breast cancer
proudest moment: Giving birth to my children
biggest challenge: My job.
alarm clock: My son.
perfect day: Sunday lunch with all the family in England
first job: A kids' cereal commercial
indulgence: Chocolate
last purchase: Latte and a muffin
favorite movie: Waiting for Guffman
inspiration: My parents

My life: Is my family
My card: Is American Express
My name .................................................................

childhood ambition .................................................

fondest memory .....................................................

soundtrack ...........................................................

retreat .................................................................

wildest dream ........................................................

proudest moment ...................................................

biggest challenge ..................................................

alarm clock ..........................................................

perfect day ........................................................... 

first job .................................................................

indulgence .............................................................

last purchase ........................................................

favorite movie ....................................................... 

inspiration .............................................................

My life .................................................................

My card ............................................................... 

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My life. My card.
Tom Ford

A large part of this year’s Hollywood Issue rested in the hands of Tom Ford, the former creative director of Gucci and Yves Saint Laurent, who took on the monumental task of overseeing the portfolio, which begins on page 285, and the cover. “I wanted to put the glamour back into Hollywood,” Ford says. “There are two Hollywoods: the real-life Hollywood, where people go to work and do their jobs, and the mythical Hollywood, which is defined by the films and images you’ve seen.” Focusing on the latter, Ford set out to capture the vibe in today’s Tinseltown. “It’s one of those New Hollywood years,” he says of performances that produced a fresh wave of luminaries, such as Heath Ledger’s and Jake Gyllenhaal’s in Brokeback Mountain, Reese Witherspoon’s in Walk the Line, and Philip Seymour Hoffman’s in Capote.

“The buzz isn’t around the usual suspects. My main criteria in considering which individuals to include were ‘Am I tired of seeing them, or do I want to see more of them? Am I still hungry for this person?’ and ‘Are they part of the New Hollywood?’” Once the list was narrowed down, Ford came up with a concept for each photograph—everything from how the star should be dressed to where the shoot should take place. “I focused on personalities,” he says, “or the perception of personalities.” The result is a 47-page, star-studded study of contemporary glamour, an area Ford is particularly familiar with. Born in Austin, Texas, and raised in Santa Fe, New Mexico, Tom Ford is among the most highly respected and successful designers today. With the creation of influential fashion collections and provocative advertising campaigns that pushed the envelope, Ford is widely credited with reviving the Gucci and Yves Saint Laurent companies, and instituting a new industry archetype: the businessman designer. Upon his arrival at Gucci, in 1994, he turned the then nearly bankrupt label into a multi-billion-dollar empire, and, in 1999, he re-invigorated YSL when the Gucci Group bought a controlling stake in its brand. In 2004, after having won numerous design awards over the course of a decade, he parted with the two fashion houses and began his foray into film, forming the production company Fade to Black in 2005—it now has several films in development. Ford lives in London, Santa Fe, and Los Angeles and is working on his new brand, Tom Ford, which launched a beauty line with Estée Lauder and an eyewear line last year. A Tom Ford menswear collection will debut in the fall.
Annie Leibovitz

Contributing photographer Annie Leibovitz, whose pictures have defined *Vanity Fair's* Hollywood Issue since its 1995 debut, captures images of a talented new generation of actors in this year's portfolio, including Dakota Fanning, Sienna Miller, Joaquin Phoenix, and Camilla Belle. Leibovitz (pictured here with Tom Ford) has been documenting the construction of Renzo Piano's *New York Times* building, on the corner of Eighth Avenue and 41st Street in Manhattan, and large photographs from the project function as an evolving display on the walls around the site. Her next book, *A Photographer's Life*—a collection of personal pictures and work done on assignment—will be published in the fall.

Jim Windolf

This month, contributing editor Jim Windolf profiles screenwriter Zach Helm ("Leaving Schmuckville," page 250), who is directing his upcoming film, *Mr. Magorium's Wonder Emporium*. Windolf, who has interviewed such intriguing writing talents as George Lucas and Sacha Baron Cohen (Ali G), was fascinated by Helm's insistence on maintaining control over his work. "He had sat down and written a list of rules about how he was going to conduct himself in business and in his personal life," says Windolf, who also wrote all the captions that accompany this year's Hollywood portfolio. He believes that Helm will continue to direct his own projects: "The way to maintain control of your script is to direct, like Woody Allen and Paul Thomas Anderson."

Peter Biskind

Warren Beatty's sets are generally closed to journalists, so Peter Biskind was thrilled when the director allowed him to watch the filming of *Dick Tracy*, in 1989. But after numerous takes of a particular scene, a frustrated Beatty "took a piece of chewing gum out of his mouth, flicked it at me, and kicked me off the set," Biskind says. "He gave me a million reasons why I shouldn't write about *Dick Tracy*, but said he'd tell me whatever I wanted to know about [his 1981 movie] *Reds*." Seventeen years later, Biskind and Beatty finally talked about that film ("Thunder on the Left: The Making of *Reds*," page 344), the DVD of which will be released in November. Biskind is currently working on a biography of Beatty.
FEM_BOT FATALE

2 parts SVEDKA CITRON
3 Lemon Halves
1 tsp sugar

Muddle lemons and sugar into a shaker glass.
Add SVEDKA CITRON and crushed ice.
Shake and pour into a tall glass.

Sara Marks’s Team

Director of special projects Sara Marks, our own James Bond—meets—Superwoman, heads a remarkable crew who are the brains behind Vanity Fair’s most prestigious events, from the parties at the Cannes and Tribeca Film Festivals to our annual Oscar bash, in L.A. Architects BASIL WALTER and BRENDA BELLO conceptualize and oversee all design elements, while PETE BARFORD and VICTORIA SWIFT direct and coordinate logistics and production. Whether supervising scaffolding, tweaking table settings, or deck out restrooms, this dedicated and close-knit team finds no job too big or detail too small. With vim, vigor, and a wicked sense of humor, they often work around the clock, come rain or shine, technical problems or hangovers. It would not and could not be the same without them.

Punch Hutton

When planning “It’s Oscar Time! Vanity Fair’s Guide to a Perfect Day in L.A.” Fanfair editor Punch Hutton wanted to break away from the standard “what to do in L.A.” feature. “I tried to create a different, fun, interactive way of experiencing the city,” she says. “There’s great potential for crossover, so you can see where each person’s path might intersect with the others’” While Hutton grew up in Los Angeles and expects that the locals will identify with the spots she highlights, she says the guide is “really a resource for people who are visiting.”

You can hold on to it and use it over and over.” Working on Fanfair each month, Hutton enjoys bringing together a variety of material in what amounts to a mini-magazine on pop culture. “I work with a great team of people. We do things a little differently each month, and that’s what makes it so much fun.”
SVEDKA SALUTES HOLLYWOOD FOR MAKING CELEBRITY WORSHIP THE WORLD’S FASTEST GROWING RELIGION

VOTED #1 VODKA OF 2033
Charlotte Chandler

“One must live in the present tense, but I have always lived in the present tense.”

Bette Davis, who died in 1989, told Charlotte Chandler in their conversations for her new book about the movie star, The Girl Who Walked Home Alone, excerpted on page 256. Chandler caught Davis’s iconic eyes when the actress read the author’s first book, Hello, I Must Be Going, about Groucho Marx. She decided to ask Chandler to write her story, the title of which, appropriately, comes from a Groucho joke: “I always take out two women. I hate to see a girl walk home alone.” Chandler has also written biographies of Federico Fellini (I, Fellini), Billy Wilder (Nobody’s Perfect), and Alfred Hitchcock (It’s Only a Movie). Davis and Chandler, above, were photographed by the composer Marvin Hamlisch in 1983, with a camera that he had bought specially for the occasion.

Michael Callahan

The naughtiness of Grace Metalious’s Peyton Place captivated Michael Callahan as a boy. On page 332, he delves into the story behind the novel. “I have a strong memory of my mom and my aunts talking about it in hushed tones,” he says. “I finally read the book as a teenager, in the 1980s, and it’s one story I’ve never completely forgotten.” While working on the piece, Callahan—who frequently contributes to Men’s Health, Vibe, and Redbook—discovered that Metalious’s life which ended abruptly in 1964, when she was 39, was just as complicated as her novel. “She didn’t have the 1950s sense of propriety,” he explains. “She was somebody who didn’t know any other way to live but to be blunt and outspoken.”

Joe Zee

In his first contribution to V.F., Joe Zee worked with Tom Ford in styling many of the shoots in the Hollywood portfolio. “I tried to facilitate his vision,” says the Toronto native, “to make it cohesive and streamline the message.” Throughout the process, Zee remained in step with Ford’s aesthetic, which Zee defines as “very glamorous, very chic, but at the same time very sexy.” Unaccustomed to L.A. traffic (he’s lived in New York City for the past 16 years), Zee unfortunately left Topher Grace waiting in the Hollywood Hills as he made his way from the Zooey Deschanel shoot across town. Zee was the fashion director at W magazine for 10 years, as well as the editor-in-chief of both Vitals Man and Vitals Woman until last year.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114
DREAMING OF DONNA
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SEE FASHION FIRST
Julian Broad

For this year’s Hollywood portfolio, photographer Julian Broad shot—among others—actor Viggo Mortensen, who hesitated when first given artistic direction by Tom Ford. “I think Tom was surprising everybody with what he was asking the subjects to do,” Bro says. “He was very specific, and he had a vision, and most, including Viggo, fell in line. Compared with past Vanity Fair Hollywood portfolios, this year’s Broad asserts, definitely created the most buzz. “Before, my experiences were spread out over a period of time, a few subjects over a couple of months. This time it was a lot busier, and there was a lot of expectancy, chatter, and excitement about it. L.A.—it was a real pleasure to be involved.”

Vicky Ward

For V.F.'s August 2005 issue, Vicky Ward wrote about the feud and financial woes wreaking havoc at the Guggenheim Foundation. This month, she travels to the West Coast to report on the scandal rocking the J. Paul Getty Trust. “There are similarities between the two institutions in that the world of nonprofits tends to be dominated by very big personalities,” Ward says. “In the case of the Guggenheim, it was Peter Lewis versus the board. At the Getty, it was Barry Munitz against a museum staff who were resistant to his changes.” Despite the trouble at the Getty, Ward still thinks the museum is enriching. “The Getty may have had a very turbulent time, but there is something quite breathtaking about the architecture. No matter what the political shenanigans, it's very uplifting to look at the buildings.

Ingrid Sischy

Throughout her career—from working as editor in chief of Artforum to contributing pieces on visionaries Robert Rauschenberg and Jeff Koons to V.F.—Ingrid Sischy has established herself as an authority on the art world. For this issue, she shared breakfast with British Pop artist David Hockney at his hotel in New York. “Hockney seems to have come out of the womb drawing,” Sischy says. “Aesthetics are such an integral part of his consciousness. And there he was, squeezed into this little room like a bird in a cage.” Sischy, who is the editor in chief of Interview, says her interest in Hockney began when he incorporated the Xerox machine into his work. “He truly is interested in all mediums, immersing himself in them until he makes up his mind about what makes the most profound art.”
WELCOME TO TOMMYWOOD!
V.F.’s guest editor, designer Tom Ford, was going to give the 2006 Hollywood portfolio everything he had. And if that meant filling in for the missing nude at contributing photographer Annie Leibovitz’s cover shoot ...

By now you’ve seen the cover.

There, between two of the loveliest movie stars of the moment, sits design genius Tom Ford, the man who rescued Gucci from oblivion, in an image captured by Vanity Fair’s lead contributing photographer, the peerless Annie Leibovitz.

For this, the 12th annual Hollywood Issue, Ford was the wild card. Editor Graydon Carter sprung him on the staff as surprise guest artistic director of the portfolio, charging him with the task of bringing his fresh eye, his sense of subtly dramatic style, and his talent for the unexpected to the proceedings.

“People won’t believe me,” Ford says, “but I did not plan on being on the cover. I purposefully did not want to put myself in the picture!”

But Ford is one of those people who just always seem to find the limelight ... Or does it find him? He made quite an impression at the Vanity Fair offices, a workplace populated, for the most part, with sensible people toiling quietly and diligently at their desks. As the hours go by, the upcoming issue draws incrementally closer to its finished state. Histrionics are kept to a minimum. Most of the time.

Into this environment strode Ford, a glamorous throwback figure who keeps his crisp white shirts unbuttoned down to here. A model back in his New York University days, he always looks fabulous, a study in black and white (and a subtle tan). But beneath the attractive exterior is a driven man who’s all about work, work, work.

Fresh off a 10-year run as creative director of the multi-billion-dollar Gucci brand (and 4 years overseeing its sibling, Yves Saint Laurent), Ford knows what he wants and isn’t shy about asking for (and getting) it. People at the magazine who suspected he was going to be either an

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“For me, it was one of the best portfolios I’ve worked on. Tom is so dynamic and focused,” says photography director Susan White, who—along with Sarkin, features associate Emily Creed, and senior associate photo editor Sarah Czeladnicki—devoted the last few months to the grand challenge of bringing together the 47 pages of Hollywood fluff and splendor. And let’s not forget Ford’s personal assistant, Whitney Bromberg, who did extra duty by lending her bare legs to the Topher Grace photo after the original model bagged it at the last minute.

THE PICTURES REMIND US THAT THE FILM INDUSTRY REMAINS A COMMUNIT’ OF ARTISTS.

For Nigel Parry’s photograph of movie moguls Bob and Harvey Weinstein, Ford imagined he might persuade the brothers to mud-wrestle in a send-up of their brawling image. When that didn’t go over too well, he changed his mind completely and went for an elegant portrait that captures their toughness and charisma. A stickler for detail, Ford adjusted Harvey’s cuffs and even got down on the floor to tie his shoe before Parry’s shutter started clicking away.

Now and then the special guest editor found that his vision conflicted with certain actors’ self-images—Munich star Eric Bana, for one.

“I saw him in a Speedo, stretched out across the water with his body just floating, shot from above.” Ford says. “I think of him as such a handsome guy, but he wasn’t comfortable with that.” The picture that came of the shoot, with Bana in a white robe, still smacks of L.A. fantasy. It shows a rising star, his hair slicked back, drifting across a swimming pool in a pose that suggests a man who’s aware of his power rather than someone who’s merely taking his ease.

Most subjects were eager to go along with Ford’s plans. Peter Sarsgaard had no problem with being bound in ropes for Art Streiber’s Japanese-bondage photo. Jason Schwartzman was totally cool with posing alongside a nude model for Terry Richardson’s gently twisted parody of a formal portrait. And Pamela Anderson and continued on page 132
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MUSIC AND MARTINIS
Nordstrom at Garden State Plaza, in Paramus, New Jersey, was the site of a sophisticated evening of music and martinis on Thursday, October 27, 2005. Hosted by Nordstrom and Vanity Fair, the event featured the sounds and stylings of the renowned Matthew Rybicki Jazz Trio, Svedka-vodka cocktails, and shopping. With their purchases, guests received an exclusive pre-released copy of Understanding Jazz, the new book and compilation CD produced by Jazz at Lincoln Center.

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coming off. And so Ford's plan of having a gorgeous female threesome was kaput. Leibovitz took some beautiful photographs of Johansson and Knightley as a couple... but something seemed slightly off.

"Three girls in a bed is a bedful of girls," Ford says. "Two girls in a bed are lesbians. At the end of the shoot, Annie said, 'Can you slip yourself in there?'"

Once the pictures were in, it turned out that the ones with Ford had that mysterious something extra that makes for a lively cover image.

"Tom brought a lot of excitement and enthusiasm to the issue," Sarkin says. "We were thrilled to work with someone who was so much fun to be with."

It all came to an end over a margarita-fueled dinner at La Esquina, a speakeasy-like basement restaurant beneath Kenmare and Lafayette Streets in Manhattan. Those who had worked so hard raised their glasses to toast their newest friend and colleague.

"He was really a gentleman," Harris says. "The saddest day was the day he left, because he was so funny and glamorous. He gets his way, but he's a nice guy."

—Jim Windolf

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128 Mamie Van Doren wouldn't be Pamela Anderson and Mamie Van Doren if they had objected to Ali Mahdavi's cleavage-cam shot.

A motif running through the portfolio is the human body, in all its unclothed glory. "We didn't force anyone to take off their clothes," Ford says. "In a couple of instances we had to ask them to put them back on! I've always said, and I mean it, that I find people better-looking without clothes than with clothes. You can go to a gym and go to a steam room and you see someone and think, He's really handsome. Then he puts on his clothes. Some weird pants. A thumb ring. Some weird socks. And it's gone!"

Taken as a whole, the pictures remind us that, beneath the trappings of wealth and carefully tended public images, the film industry remains a community of artists. "Hollywood is a combination of seedy, sexy, and squeaky-clean," Ford says. "Behind the scenes there has always been a freedom. Think back to Ramon Novarro and Rudolph Valentino. Hollywood has always been a louche place, and it still is."

There was indeed no plan to have Vanity Fair's special guest editor in bed with Keira Knightley and Scarlett Johansson for the cover, which was shot on November 11 by Leibovitz at Suite A studio, on Manhattan's Upper East Side. A certain young actress was scheduled to join Johansson and Knightley, but she bowed out when the clothes started...
HANEL AVAILABLE AT CHANEL BOUTIQUE.
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THE ARUBA MYSTERY

Readers weigh in on all things Natalee; helping the children of Uganda; Judith Miller, the scapegoat; tracking Osama's popularity; and more

Bryan Burrough's article "Missing White Female" [January] offers a refreshing look at a story that has gripped America's cable-news networks for months. Mr. Burrough details the story behind the story as well as the story seemingly missed everywhere else.

Too often, members of the American media get caught up in the art of speculation, and in reporting theories as though they were facts. This is about as far away from the craft of journalism as one can get. Countless hours of television to fill with no new news have done more harm than good to American media and those involved in the stories being covered.

The continuous speculation on the disappearance of Natalee Holloway has been a disservice not only to the American public but also to the Twittys, who still have no answers concerning their daughter's whereabouts.

Mr. Burrough isn't afraid to shatter the elements of the perfect-crime story if it means bringing some semblance of truth to Natalee's tragic story.

CAROLINE GRECH
Richmond Hill, Ontario

HOW NICE of Vanity Fair to help the Aruban authorities trash Natalee Holloway. What difference does it make whether she was intoxicated or not? The article reads as though she asked for it. In case you have forgotten, Natalee was only 18 when she disappeared. Please have a little respect for the victim, as she is unable to defend herself.

MICHAEL SMITH
Chula Vista, California

I WAS QUITE PLEASED to read "Missing White Female" because it gave the reader a fair and balanced view of the search for Natalee Holloway, the police investigation, and the actions of her family. Like many people, I have followed this case from the outset, but unlike others, I grew tired of Beth Twitty's use of her frequent appearances on television to spread rumors and innuendo. The shows themselves were no better, as they seemed to give her free rein to speak her uninformed mind and answer questions about subjects in which she has no expertise.

While I do feel sorry for Ms. Twitty and her family, it is not appropriate for her, members of her family, or a cable channel to arbitrarily trash the chief suspects or the justice system of a foreign territory.

JAN DASH
Brooklyn, New York

AFTER READING "Missing White Female," I probably would have been left with somewhat negative views of Beth Twitty and Natalee Holloway. Luckily, I know better. Two years ago I graduated from Natalee's high school. I, like Natalee, decided to travel to Aruba—with many of the same chaperones—to celebrate the end
of high school and to reward myself for the hard work I had devoted to getting into college.

Claims made by Aruba’s deputy police chief, Gerold Dompig, that the students from Natalee’s group were involved in “wild partying, a lot of drinking, lots of rooms switching every night,” and that “Natalee drank all day every day” are almost laughable. The community of Mountain Brook, the Twitty family’s hometown, is a place where virginal naiveté is genuine and “cool,” and drug use, sex, and wild partying are unheard of.

It is detrimental to Natalee’s family and to our community when a magazine of the caliber of Vanity Fair seems to support the Aruban officials’ claims and portray the Twittys, Mountain Brook students, and Natalee Holloway in such a negative light. If Natalee is gone forever, at least let her dignity live.

ANNA DEAN
Athens, Georgia

I ENJOYED READING your unbiased account of Natalee Holloway’s disappearance. I was born on Aruba and still have family there, so I have been following the developments in the case as best I can.

I have been incensed by most of the one-sided versions put out by the American media. The call by Alabama governor Bob Riley for a travel boycott of Aruba made me especially furious. His and the Twitty family’s attack on this small island, so dependent on tourism, is very damaging.

I totally acknowledge that what has happened to the family is horrible. I probably would have moved heaven and earth, too, if something similar had happened to my own daughter. However, a whole island cannot be blamed for one individual’s disappearance. The majority of Arubans are friendly people who do not deserve the media witch hunt that they have had to endure.

NAHLIN BUCKLE
London, England

ANYONE with a heart must feel for a parent going through the agony of a missing child, and whatever their alleged faults or personality quirks, the Twitty family deserves consoling. You also have to sympathize with the people of Aruba, who, virtually overnight, have been thrust into the spotlight and into the maw of the “justice” shows.

But I’m just plain puzzled by Vanity Fair. With “Missing White Female,” you have a story with a cast of characters— an exotic locale, and the fascinating yet urgent purpose of finding out what happened to this missing girl, and Bryan Burrough has constructed it around one but several gaping holes. In the article’s opening paragraphs, Burrough mentions Jody Bearman and the six other adults who accompanied these teenagers to Aruba. Except for a later mention of one other escort, that’s the last we hear about any of them. In a frustratingly fuzzy reference further into the story, we learn that Beth Twitty had “asked investigators to refrain from debriefing the Alabama students.” We never learn why. You can’t keep one teenager quiet, let alone 123—what are they saying? We learn that Natalee has a brother, Matt, and a stepcousin-in-Thomas, who was also in Aruba at the time. So we have seven chaperones, 122 students, and two relatives—surely one of these people can shed light on the virgin/tramp, good-girl/party-animal characterizations. Additionally, the chaperones and students must have some insight into Natalee’s behavior during the four

POSTSCRIPT

FEEL THE LOVE
Robert Evans lies with his wife, Victoria. They were married August 6, 2005, after dating for about three months.

W hen editor-at-large Matt Tyrnauer profiled Robert Evans for the magazine nearly 12 years ago (“Evans Gate,” September 1994), the former production chief of Paramount Pictures and producer of The Godfather was about to publish his memoir The Kid Stays in the Picture. At the time, Evans was down-and-out at his Beverly Hills estate, which he could barely afford to maintain. “I went from legend to leper,” Evans told Tyrnauer, giving a neat summary of his book’s story line.

In the years since, Evans has recaptured his status as a legend. The Kid Stays in the Picture became a best-seller. The book inspired a new generation in Hollywood, as did the documentary version (produced by Vanity Fair editor Graydon Carter), which premiered at the Cannes Film Festival and became an international hit.

Now Evans, aged 75, is putting the final touches on a second memoir, The Fat Lady Sang. The inspiration for the final chapter, titled “The Miracle,” came last year, when he was married for the seventh time, in Cabo San Lucas, to his neighbor Lady Victoria White, who, it so happens, figured in a September 2004 V.F. article about a financial dispute related to the death of her stepdaughter Sita White (“White Mischief,” by Vicky Ward). White, now 43, gained a substantial fortune after the death of her first husband, Lord Gordon White, in 1995. “For once, I married up,” says Evans, whose marriage to actress Catherine Oxenberg lasted less than two weeks in 1998, and whose longest union was with Ali MacGraw (1969 to 1972). Married six months already, Evans says, “[Victoria] has kept her house. But since we married we have not spent one night apart.”

Evans, who is almost obsessively attached to his own home, a 1941 John Woolf–designed villa, hosts his year-old, weekly Sirius radio show, In Bed with Robert Evans, literally from bed. He is also focused on rebuilding his once famous screening room (and pool house), which burned down in 2004. “It will be finished by this summer,” he says. “As close as it was as we can get it … I made The Godfather in that room. Everyone in Hollywood had been in that room. So I want it back.” With luck, it will be up and running in time for watching the dailies of what may be the next Evans-produced film: a fictionalized biography of Sidney Korshak, the late Chicago Mob lawyer, who was a mentor to Evans, and who got the Mafia to stand aside during the making of The Godfather. The movie is based on another V.F. article, “The Man Who Kept the Secrets,” by contributing editor Nick Tosches, from April 1997.
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days she was in Aruba before her disappearance.

Absence of any input from these obvious potential witnesses, or an explanation for their unavailability, cripples whatever investigation there is in this investigative report.

Mike Davitt
Saline, Michigan

UGANDA’S ENDLESS NIGHTMARE

First, I want to commend Vanity Fair for printing an article discussing the nightmare situation in northern Uganda [“Childhood’s End” by Christopher Hitchens, January]. I’m confident that your readers will be moved and will want to get involved. However, the article did not supply any information on how to help. To that end, I would like to direct your readers to a project called Invisible Children (invisiblechildren.com), which a group of college students from Southern California have started. I am very proud to say that one of my students will be traveling with Invisible Children to Uganda this summer to work with the children; I know they can use more support.

Crystal Couch
Orange, California

For some reason, perhaps because these children do not have a voice, we have missed this madman, who is committing gross crimes against humanity. The entire world should rise up, remove Joseph Kony, and bring some peace and justice to this tormented land. Thank you, Christopher Hitchens, for shining a light on a very dark period in our humanity.

Michael McCarthy
Miami Beach, Florida

I read with great interest Mr. Hitchens’s article on the night commuters in northern Uganda. I lived in Entebbe from 1996 until 2003, doing H.I.V. research. My two-year contract turned into seven years simply because I fell in love with the country and its people. What Joseph Kony is doing to Uganda needs to be shouted from the rooftops, and I thank Mr. Hitchens for bringing this story to the people of the U.S. Kony is a terrorist and an overall vile human being. It has always seemed to me that it would not be difficult to remove him—his whereabouts are not unknown! However, the Ugandan government does not seem interested in doing this, as the “rebels” of northern Uganda keep the public eye off the corruption in Kampala. The U.S. is not interested in getting rid of Kony, either, because there’s no oil in Uganda.

For 19 years, governments have turned a blind eye and allowed this “rebellion” to continuously murder, kidnap, rape, and savagely attack countless Ugandans. We should be ashamed of ourselves.

Mary Sullivan
Montkton, Maryland

Thank you very much for your article on the horrific plight of Uganda’s children at the hands of Joseph Kony and the Lord’s Resistance Army. It is embarrassing and dangerous how ignorant we are to the atrocities happening outside our tiny personal circle of concern. But can you ask Christopher Hitchens to please leave out his editorializing? The facts speak for themselves without Mr. Hitchens’s demonstrating to the reader his interpretive prowess with his smug, witty commentary.

Bruce Nachbar
Los Angeles, California

If more articles like Christopher Hitchens’s were written, perhaps those of us in the Western, privileged world would care just a little bit more about those children who have lost their innocence, whether in Uganda or in other war-torn countries. Why are men like Joseph Kony allowed to terrorize whole populations?

Thanks, Mr. Hitchens, for bringing the plight of these lovely children to light. I pray that something will be done to stop the madness.

Lorna Jerome
Waldorf, Maryland

GRAY LADY DOWN

Seth Mookin’s article on Judith Miller [“Unreliable Sources,” January], while illuminating about the inner workings of The New York Times, misses some important points.

First, to suggest that Miller’s reporting about weapons of mass destruction prior to the invasion of Iraq somehow contributed to the unfortunate decision to go to war assigns to Miller and the press in general a power and authority they simply do not possess. George W. Bush is solely responsible for this decision—not Judy Miller, not the Times, and not other news outlets. The press should be clear about this and not let Bush off the hook. Turning the spotlight of criticism on Miller certainly did accomplish one objective of the Machiavellian Bush P.R. policy: when the administration commits an error, shift blame to someone else. Unfortunately, the Times and much of the U.S. press were accomplices in this ruse.

Finally, if the circumstances surrounding Miller’s refusal to testify before the grand jury and her subsequent arrangement to do so did indeed require an “investigation,” the Times was not the organization to conduct it. Institutions such as the Times, or a pres-
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identical administration, are simply not capable of investigating themselves. I would have thought that the Times had learned this lesson from the Jayson Blair scandal. The better course for [Times publisher Arthur] Sulzberger and company would have been to get out from the middle of the whole Miller affair and let an independent body do the investigating. But the best course would have been for the newspaper to have stiffened its spine and not let the spotlight shift to Miller in the first place.

DAVID R. BROUSELL
New York, New York

DOES ANYBODY other than journalism professors and television pundits really give a damn about the professional ethics of a New York Times reporter or the bad judgment of her publisher?

Will tens of thousands of Times readers switch en masse to the Post (Washington or New York)? Will the Los Angeles Times become “the paper of record” for liberals?

Though every Pulitzer may bring new readers to the Times, I’ll bet it doesn’t lose current ones to the sleaziness of a Jayson Blair scandal or the baroque (and somewhat opaque) insider maneuvering of a Judith Miller.

When the Times’s circulation-trend line begins to point south, or when there are four consecutive quarters of declining advertising revenue, wake me up. Until then, what happens behind the scenes at the Old Gray Lady is as scintillating as the private life of Special Counsel Patrick Fitzgerald.

STEVE LEVINE
Orlando, Florida

THE SAMPLE TRUTH

ALTHOUGH THE SHOW of support for Osama bin Laden in the Pew Global Attitudes Project cited in the excerpt of Peter Bergen’s upcoming book certainly illustrates the vast chasm between public opinion and regime policies in the Middle East (the true hallmark of an authoritarian regime), these numbers tell only a small part of the story. [“From the Shadows: An Oral History of Osama bin Laden,” January].

First, in the Pew polls, approximately 40 percent of respondents in both Morocco and Jordan had an unfavorable opinion of bin Laden. I am currently working on a project with the University of Maryland and Zogby International which asks a similar question. However, instead of providing respondents with a list of names, we ask them to offer the names of leaders they admire. The name that tops the list in all six Arab countries surveyed is French president Jacques Chirac. Bin Laden gained a significant percentage (and then just 8 percent) only in the United Arab Emirates, and our survey also included Morocco and Jordan. Although any show of support for bin Laden is unsettling, I think the most shocking finding of the Pew polls is that nearly 10 percent of Americans don’t know who either Tony Blair or Jacques Chirac is.

SHANA MARSHALL
Bethesda, Maryland

PERILS OF ST. PAUL’S

I WAS OVERWHELMED with sympathy for the alumni of St. Paul’s School after reading Alex Shoumatoff’s article [“A Private-School Affair,” January] detailing the appalling events that have been curdling the caviar at the exclusive institution. His account of financial malfeasance, staffing problems, haz ing incidents, a drowning, sexual shenanigans, and just plain bad manners over the past few years reminded me of my own high-school days, except at my parochial school such events happened every day, along with stabbings, muggings, and a couple of drive-by shootings to round out the afternoon.

While the alumni of this prestigious institution gnash their teeth over never having graduated a U.S. president from its hallowed halls, my class is still trying to find someone who can qualify for the police force.

Shoumatoff seems to imply that the decline at St. Paul’s began, as it did for so many institutions, in the 60s, when a class staged a revolt not against the Vietnam War, not against a denial of civil rights, but against the dress code. These brave individuals threw off the shackles of their suit coats and ties and bravely embraced the sweater vest and jeans. After that it was anarchy—women and minorities were admitted, and the whole place went to hell in a handbasket, leading to the current spate of skulduggery and sacrilege, the most serious involving, of course, money.

It just goes to show that the rich, with all their wealth and education, are as clueless as the rest of us when it comes to their kids and not a whole lot smarter about whom and what they throw their money at. They just get to be stupid in better surroundings, with a better class of people.

TINA DEARING
Fort Wayne, Indiana

SOMETHING ABOUT CINDY

NO IMAGE has driven home the cost to Americans of the current administration’s ill-advised and deceptive war more than Jonas Karlsson’s photograph of Cindy Sheehan.
he extreme skin makeover without the extreme measures

were like most women, you probably spent many hours basking under the midday sun. You never thought it would happen, but now the years of sun damage are showing up on your skin, making it look duller, less radiant and more wrinkled than you had hoped. To help undo the signs of photo-aging, some women see a dermatologist for a series of acid peels. Others of us would rather avoid "acid" treatments, seeking alternative treatments that are a bit less painful or drastic.

Fortunately for us, there is a face-saving solution that’s as effective as it is skin-friendly. Neutrogena has partnered with dermatologists to develop a hard-working, naturally derived peel that delivers professional-level exfoliation, yet gentle enough for all skin types. Interested? Read on...

Through on Photo-Aging

Advanced Solutions™ Facial Peel provides visible results up to a professional glycolic peel. The formula works in three key ways:

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The Advanced Solutions™ Facial Peel is an exclusive, acid-free formula that works differently from traditional acid peels, which can irritate skin unless timed or neutralized properly. Neutrogena's peel instead utilizes a naturally derived Smart Enzyme System that deactivates itself once surface exfoliation is complete. The result? Supreme exfoliation without stinging, discomfort or downtime.

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What makes the formula particularly unique is that the Advanced Solutions™ Facial Peel fits easily into your ongoing skin care regimen. Just twice per week for 7 to 10 minutes is all it takes—simply apply, let set, massage and rinse away! Once started, a superb and ever-improving complexion will be yours to keep. Who can resist the chance to have fresher, smoother, younger looking skin? Get Neutrogena's peel, and get glowing!
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YOUR PHOTOGRAPH of Cindy Sheehan relaxing on her son’s grave was inappropriate and grotesque. In a time of war, when many young men and women are fighting for our freedom, Sheehan should not be recognized as “the best of the best” of anything except, maybe, setting a bad example.

My stepson recently rejoined the Marine Corps, as part of the reserve, eight years after his four-year enlistment ended. He will be deployed to Iraq in March. He is a patriot, making his own choices. We support our son. Cindy Sheehan should uphold

her son’s memory by supporting his love of America and by remembering all the freedoms won for her, and for all of us.

SUE REED Reno, Nevada

CORRECTION: On page 155 of the January issue (“The Road to Kong,” by Krista Smith), we mistated Andy Serkis’s nationality. He is English.

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

I

f you haven’t already done so, please cancel my subscription.” There is an undeniably bizarre, downbeat charm to that sentence. Do we really come across as the sort of magazine that goes around pre-emptively canceling people’s subscriptions? Cool.

The letter to the editor we printed in December from Shirley Jones (that Shirley Jones) has elicited a rebuttal from Marty Ingels (that Marty Ingels), her husband. That’s right—pull up a chair. Ms. Jones wrote that she loves V.F. but objected to the magazine’s having put a “porn star” on its October cover. (Don’t bother rummaging for that issue: she meant Paris Hilton.) Now Mr. Ingels, also from Encino, California, writes, “I’m on your side, V.F.! The issue I take is with my sweet wife’s ‘target.’ It’s already steamed up my waters at home some.” Ingels’s point: “Don’t shoot the messenger. Aim, instead, at the culture we’ve made that forces periodicals to report to the planet what its own hot flavors of the week are.” We like his point. We liked her letter. But we nevertheless want to discourage other spouses from thinking that it’s now acceptable to communicate with each other via the Letters pages of glossy monthlies. Because To the Editor: Please cancel my subscription, and tell Fred to pick up a quart of skim milk on his way home. I DARE YOU TO PRINT THIS is but a short, depressing step away.

“I find it intriguing that V.F. continues to explore and uphold the ideas of blue-bloodedness at the same time as you offer hard criticism of our president, a sure product of country-club upbringing,” notes Jen Cowan, of Telluride, Colorado, referring to Alex Shoumatoff’s piece on St. Paul’s. “In fact, the idea of a ‘legacy’ . . . is exactly the kind of antiquated, un-American idea that led a man of negligible intellect to garner a presidential election.” Negligible intellect? Have you seen him stride across that White House lawn?

M

ail this month arrived not only from V.F. readers but also from V.F. listeners. “I’ve heard a lot about the story attacking Beth Holloway,” goes one. Another: “I don’t have to read your article to know how disappointed and angry I am with your ‘story.’” Well, we don’t have to read our magazine to know that they’re talking about the Bryan Burrough investigation of Natalie Holloway’s disappearance in Aruba. Some who actually read the story found it “disturbing.” Still, another reader—Anonymous, from Washington, D.C.—said, “Great job sorting out fact from fiction. You can’t slam the cable channels hard and long enough for the lack of dignity they bring to their profession.”

Finally: “Has Vanity Fair ever published an issue that did not contain the word Zeitgeist?” Well, Gail Snyder of Woodstock, Georgia, this might have been the one—until you came along.

FROM THE DESK OF . . .

A peek at Mr. Shirley Jones’s personal stationary.
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Frank Sinatra “Love Songs”
Johnny Mathis “Love Songs”
Sarah Vaughan “Love Songs”
Willie Nelson “16 Biggest Hits”
Aerosmith “Greatest Hits”
Earth, Wind & Fire “Greatest Hits 1”
Janis Joplin “Greatest Hits”
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Original Player

Actor Farley Granger signed on as a Samuel Goldwyn contract player in the early 1940s. He has starred in such films as Nicholas Ray’s They Live by Night (1949) and Alfred Hitchcock’s Rope (1948) and Strangers on a Train (1951). Photographed in N.Y.C. on December 15, 2005.
LITERARY AWAKENING

Duke Ellington wasn’t the only one who took the A train—a whole generation of artists and writers went uptown and made Harlem their home. Now, decades after this Renaissance, the Sugar Hill section is humming again. On the quaint tree-lined blocks surrounding the Morris-Jumel Mansion (where Aaron Burr lived), book-lovers and history buffs are finding their way to Kurt Thometz’s spectacular Jumel Terrace Books, a three-story brownstone full of titles on subjects as diverse as Cuban Santeria and blaxploitation. (jumelterracebooks.com.)

ART OPENINGS


■ A retrospective of French photojournalist Marc Riboud’s globe-trotting work, which earned him two prestigious Overseas Press Club awards, opens at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts (3/11–5/14).

■ Hauser & Wirth London presents more than 300 Warhol photographs depicting the vibrant social scene surrounding the famed artist (1/27–3/11).

■ Michel Gondry directs Dave Chappelle’s Block Party, a combination of the comedian’s stand-up routines and musical performances by artists and bands such as Mos Def and the Fugees (Rogue Pictures, March 3).

■ The Cary Grant Boxed Set—His Girl Friday, Only Angels Have Wings, The Talk of the Town, Holiday, and The Awful Truth—is now available on DVD from Sony Pictures Home Entertainment.

■ David Wallace’s vibrant coffee-table book Dream Palaces of Hollywood’s Golden Age (Abrams) provides an all-access tour of 25 fabulous homes, hotels, restaurants, and theaters from the 1920s to the 1940s.

■ Through Georgia’s Eyes (Henry Holt), a picture-book biography of artist Georgia O’Keeffe by Rachel Victoria Rodriguez, coincides with the 20th anniversary of her death and Women’s History Month.
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raise be! After the death of his lovely devil-may-care
wife, a grieving Maine minister finds his faith rent asunder,
his child ostracized, and his once devoted flock feeding
wildly on gossip and suspicion. Elisabeth Strout's
greatly anticipated second novel, *Abide with Me* (Random
House), is an answered prayer.

When fate threw sportscaster Howard Cosell and
boxer Muhammad Ali together, the upshot was, as
Dave Kindred reports, *Sound and Fury* (Free Press).
From his druggy childhood in both a Harlem ghetto and
the Hotchkiss School to a life as both an award-winning TV writer and
a Bellevue patient, Dennis Wallington has always been *Chasing America*
(Thomas Dunne). An eccentric father and his six scheming daugh-
ters populate fledgling novelist Galt Niederhoffer's clever comedy of
manners, *A Taxonomy of Barnacles* (St. Martin's). Danielle Trussoni's
vivid memoir of life with her divorced, alcoholic, Vietnam-vet dad, *Falling
Through the Earth* (Henry Holt), makes plain that the horror of
war doesn't end in the trenches.

In the war on sex and women's freedoms, Christina Page trumpets
*How the Pro-Choice Movement Saved America* (Basic Books).
In *The Weather Makers* (Atlantic Monthly Press) the unimpeachable
Tim Flannery provides proof that the climate is changing for the worse. Drawn by strains of Gypsy rumba music, Fernanda Eberstadt
dances into *Little Money Street* (Knopf). Phaidon Press
zooms in on the life of François Truffaut in *Truffaut at Work*. The last volume of Tatal Branch's sweeping history of the civil-rights movement finds America
At Canaan's Edge (Simon & Schuster). Novelist Heather McGowan, a high queen among prose
stylists, presents her *Duchess of Nothing* (Blooms-
bury USA). Kim Barnes and Claire Davis, editors of the anthology *Kiss Tomorrow Hello*
(Doubleday), mine women's tales from the "mid-
life underground," while editor Leslie Morgan
Steiner's "stay-at-home mummies face off against
career moms in *Mommy Wars* (Random House). Sock it to me, Mama!

Fast-forward: Roger Rosenblatt's fiction
debut is the satirical *Lapham Rising* (Ecco).
Jackie Collins spreads her talent in *Lovers &
Players* (St. Martin's). *The Art of Ray Harryhausen* (Billboard)
freeze-frames on the father of special effects. Cindy Adams
is *Living a Dog's Life* (St. Martin's). Pull up The Eames
Lounge Chair (Merrell). Celebrat-snap artist Patrick McManus
captures the high art of the Kiss Kiss (PMc Publish-
ing). William H. Gass's assemblage of essays is
*A Temple of Texts* (Knopf). Editor John Brockman
sent top-ranking eggheads to explore *What We Believe
but Cannot Prove* (Harper Perennial). Bernard Cooper's
new memoir is *The Bill from My Father* (Simon & Schuster). And, in
just in time for Oscar-night parties, V.F. contributing editor David Kamp
and Lawrence Levi roll out *The Film Snob's Dictionary* (Broadway),
an arsenal of insider info designed to insulate you from indie poseurs
and simpering cinephiles. Hallelujah!

**HOT TYPE**

**ELISSA SCHAPPEL**

**Calling All Superheroes**

The next time some lit-crit nicnocomp pronounces the short
story dead and proclaims the novel to be the thing, one
need only point out that Deborah Eisenberg has just published
her seventh stunning collection, *Twilight of the Superheroes*,
and proved that the farm is very much in the pink. The new book, from
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, demonstrates Eisenberg's astonishing
ability to create stories brimming with big ideas and deft social com-
mentary. In prose that is comic, elegant, and pitch-perfect, Eisenberg
illustrates the lives of people rubbed raw by
what the Fates have sent them. A young
woman falls for an arms dealer and
her toddler son, a brother is pinned by
his relationship with his schizophrenic
sister, and in the title story a group of
postcollege pals witness the terrorist
attacks of 9/11 up close. In pared-down,
lucid language Eisenberg distills the hor-
ror of the day when "something flashed
and something tore, and the cloudless sky ignited." But most astute-
ly she captures the way that, while a disaster changes you forever,
the ordinariness of life—working at a job, coping with family, falling
in love—goes on, which is both necessary and sad. In each story
Eisenberg articulates a facet of human experience that seems be-
yond words. Tell me that isn't a superpower.

—E.S.
I'll try it 72

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Following his Iron Chef stardom, and a run as the executive chef at Nobu, in New York City, the stoic pro fryer and sushi laureate Masaharu Morimoto moved, somewhat unpredictably, to Philadelphia, where, in November 2001, he launched an eponymous restaurant, one of the few jewels in the eastern-Pennsylvania culinary crown. Recently, chef Morimoto took his nori wrappers and saucepans north, and opened a branch of his restaurant at 88 10th Avenue, in New York’s Meatpacking District, right below the soon-to-be-pretified High Line railroad viaduct. For the design of the Manhattan Morimoto, the chef turned to Osaka-based Tadao Ando, the hyper-Minimalist architect who is famous for his poetic use of concrete and natural light. The restaurant is Ando’s first work to be built in New York. (In this country he is best known for his 2002 Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth.) As is fitting for a formerly industrial neighborhood, Morimoto’s façade is made of a sheer sheet of steel, punctured by an archway. Inside will be the largest Japanese noren curtain ever to obstruct an entrance. From that point on, Ando-esque serenity will prevail, with glass privacy walls between tables and a ceiling that looks like a suspended raked sand bed for a Japanese rock garden. “I am trying to express Japan as a place of outstanding natural beauty,” Ando says. “My aesthetic inspiration comes from Japanese scenic images. The fabric ceiling expresses the breath of wind, and a wall made of bottles expresses water.”

—Matt Tyrnauer

Nostalgic Triumph
PÉREZ’S DREAMY DESTINATIONS

Enoc Pérez is an artist obsessed with love, with the intangibility of experience and all that is elusive or ephemeral. His is the palette of memory. At 38, the Puerto Rican-born Pérez points without brushes; his images are produced using a hybrid frottage technique, building the painting layer upon layer and color on color, a process not unlike the mechanical method of Warhol’s silkscreens, or the frame-by-frame construction of a film. His paintings—portraits of women and renderings of buildings such as grand hotels and of resort architecture of the 1950s and 60s—echo like snapshots or diary entries, dreamlike, fractured, full of desire, infused with Utopian hope and a late-20th-century sense of loss. “I wanted to affect the way the medium was used from within,” says Pérez, who describes himself as a melancholy romantic with a deeply Latin-American sensibility. “When you affect the way things are made, you can create work that can be radical without being blatantly radical.” A show of his works on paper opens this spring at New York’s Faggionato Fine Art, and in the fall an exhibition of paintings will be displayed at Mitchell-Innes & Nash; a 2007 project for Lever House is also under way. “I hope to be remembered as an artist who discovered a new way of making paintings,” Pérez continues, “a technique that allows me to eliminate gesture, leaving only color and line.”

—A. M. Homes
Luxury is fabulously cheap if you are extravagant. Spend a million taking a week at Lajitas, the 25,000-acre Texan resort ranch, and they will chuck in a private jet. Stay in one of the two penthouse suites at the Hotel Martinez, in Cannes—trust me, the one with the mature olive tree flown in by helicopter has the best view of the Croisette—and a drop-top Porsche or Mercedes is yours to re-create that To Catch a Thief chic on the Côte d'Azur.

The rich are different; they don’t have to pay for anything. The most flamboyant current example of this maxim is Steve Wynn’s villas at Wynn Las Vegas. They’re beyond price, because there is no price for these spacious extravaganzas, with private pool and NASA-like technology, right off the golf course. They’re for the high rollers. You have to be invited. And I thought Wynn had reached the ultimate with his Italianate mini-palazzi at Bellagio, with Renaissance garden, indoor-outdoor fireplace, east wing, west wing, gym, his-and-her bathrooms, 24/7 hairdressing salon, and constant drip-feed of caviar.

Check into the Palladio Suite at the Hotel Cipriani, in Venice, and they give you a private motorboat and driver. It’s so Nicole—swishing across the lagoon to the Venice Film Festival on the Lido, or out to a lazy lunch on Torcello, at Locanda Cipriani. “Always divine,” wrote Peggy Guggenheim in the guest book in 1949, and it still is; the spirit of Ernest Hemingway, who wrote much of Across the River and into the Trees there, exists remarkably peacefully with the presence of Joan Collins. Replete with vitello tonnato, you can cut a swath back to the Palladio’s private dock.

To receive is better than to give. One might have thought that one’s cup was full just sitting on the loggia of the Villa San Michele, in Florence, drinking honeyed wine while looking out on the Duomo. But no, San Michele longs to whisk you to a secret apothecary in Tuscany to have your own scent made. Entirely their treat. Take any suite at the Peninsula Beverly Hills and they will press a 400-series Lexus upon you. Be their guest—and just so you get the picture, your pillowcases will have been monogrammed with your initials before you check in. The Ritz-Carlton hotels play the dog card: arrive with your best friend and R-C gives you an embroidered dog bed that could accommodate a sleepover by King Kong. The Balmoral, in Edinburgh, provides canine guests with squeaky sheepskin dog toys in the shape of bones—believe me, this means more to besotted owners than motorcars or yachts. And then there’s Hugh Grant and Jemima Khan, who had hardly walked through the door of Le Sirenuse, in Positano, before they were offered a classic Riva boat for a trip to Capri, picnicking, lazing, swimming, whatever. It’s the price of fame to have largesse thrust upon you. Think Oscar goody bags.

But I can’t stop thinking. Where will it all end? I know: we’ve only just begun, but I bet Gérard Depardieu and Carole Bouquet never use the topless Porsche when they go to the penthouse at the Martinez; I bet guests at Lajitas often give their handmade gold and silver bracelets to the maid; the rich are great at re-gifting. However, regardless of the fact that Lexuses may remain unused at the Peninsula because all Academy Award nominees have a driver, I bet the coffee will be a winner. Have breakfast at the Peninsula, and if you’re desperate for that Starbucks fix, a darling waiter will pop across the street for a decaffeinated skinny latte. Private jets aside, it’s still the little things that matter.

—VICTORIA MATHER
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W
ho among us has not rolled our eyes as yet another movie astronaut takes off into the wild blue yonder to the accompaniment of Elton John’s “Rocket Man”? Soaring, schmaltzy ballads or “quirky,” “eclectic,” and obscure 70s rock songs are just cheap attempts at conveying emotion that would be better accomplished by talented actors or well-written scripts.

A major exception in this year’s batch of irritating soundtracks and cornball scores is the fantastic music in the George Clooney–helmed Good Night, and Good Luck. Smart, smoky, and sophisticated, this CD is one that jazz fans would be advised to actually purchase, old-school-style, in a store. Or copy or burn or download to your iPod or whatnot. It includes real standards (“How High the Moon,” “One for My Baby,” “Straighten Up and Fly Right”) written by talented composers (Nat King Cole, Cole Porter, Peggy Lee, Harold Arlen) and sung by the great jazz singer Dianne Reeves—who actually appears in the movie. Reeves is seen in subtle transitional segments throughout the film, and it’s a device that cleverly evokes the mood of the era without hitting you over the head. It’s solid, swinging stuff. Kudos to Clooney.

It would be a shock if the song “It’s Hard Out Here for a Pimp,” from the Terrence Howard starrer Hustle & Flow, gets a nod from the Academy for best song. But I defy anyone to name another tune as catchy from any of this year’s movie melodies. Audiences came out of the megaplexes humming it—along with “Whoop That Trick,” from the same film. Both are included in the CD of music “from and inspired by” this feel-good movie about a pimp. Also for hip-hop aficionados: the Get Rich or Die Tryin’ soundtrack has 18 numbers from 50 Cent and his G-Unit posse. For the Bevhillbilly set: country music’s First Lady, Dolly Parton, wrote “Travelin’ Thru” for Felicity Huffman’s transgender tour de force, Transamerica; Emmylou Harris, Willie Nelson, and Steve Earle contribute to the music of Brokeback Mountain; and Dwight Yoakam, Merle Haggard, and Freddy Fender add country (and western) authenticity to the soundtrack of Tommy Lee Jones’s The Three Burials of Melquiades Estrada. Worth noting: No Direction Home, the companion CD to Martin Scorsese’s wonderful Bob Dylan documentary, Yo-Yo Ma’s and RZA’s Perlman’s performances in John Williams’s score for Memoirs of a Geisha; Nathan Larson’s Filmusik, with music he did for films such as Boys Don’t Cry, High Art, Dirty Pretty Things, and The Weatherman. And even though Derailed derailed, check out the soundtrack produced by the RZA. And a saving grace in Bewitched: the Will Ferrell pic that be-tanked, is Frank Sinatra’s “Witchcraft.”

No one understands a life like Frank.

The decision to have Joaquin Phoenix and Reese Witherspoon actually sing rather than lip-synch in the biopic Walk the Line may have been a creative one—or quite possibly a legal one—but it works. Up to a point. The acting is so good that while the two are on the screen you forgive and forget that it’s not really Johnny Cash and June Carter singing. Music producer T Bone Burnett does an admirable job of conjuring up the roots of country and rockabilly and the early days of Sun Studios and Jerry Lee Lewis. Elvis Presley, Waylon Jennings, and Cash. But when the credits roll at the end of the movie and the real Johnny and June sing “Long Legged Guitar Pickin’ Man,” the desire for authenticity takes over. To satisfy that longing, get one of their great boxed sets: two of the current best are Johnny Cash’s The Legend and June Carter Cash’s Keep on the Sunny Side.

—L.R.
If the Beatles killed the barbershop in the U.K., then 1975’s Shampoo put an end to those eras of bayou machismo in Los Angeles. Prior to that, Hollywood had had a thriving tournonial culture. Larry Gelbart got his start when his father, a Beverly Hills barber, pitched his son to potran Danny Thomas. And the late Harry Drucker clipped Frank Sinatra and President Ronald Reagan.

As with Rat Pack songwriter, the vintage barbershop is having its comeback in the farm of the Shave of Beverly Hills. At this storefront on South Beverly Drive, talent agents, producers, and other unisex-salon refugees sit in antique barber chairs and get straight razor shaves. Comely female manicurists relieve the stress from hours of thumbing the Blackberry. Flat-screen TVs play ESPN. Cocktails are served. For celebrities, there’s The Icon Room, with a private entrance off the back olley—which comes in handy, particularly if you’re in for a back wax, listed discreetly on the bill of services as “Sweater Removal.”

The Shave is the brainchild of two former film-distribution executives, 36-year-old Adam Dishell and Bill Sanders, 40. The duo decided to open their gentlemen’s emporium after a revelatory moment under a hat towel at a New Orleans barbershop. “Bill dragged me to Aidan Gill’s, and it changed my life. Prior to that, I were what I’d call an organized scruff,” says Dishell. Adds Sanders of the epiphany, “Shoving with a Bic and a can of foam is like eating at McDonald’s.”

The entrepreneurs figured there was a silent majority of like-minded Hollywood he-men who would support a clubhouse where a shave and a haircut cost $90, and a $4,000 annual membership fee guarantees clients unlimited grooming services, shoe shines, and a place to kibitz between meetings.

—JOHN BRODIE

It’s not an affectionate, the funny, oft commented-upon way that Giada De Laurentis says “spaghetti”: spo-GIT-tee, in quick, syncopated, Italiotone syllables. The 35-year-old Food Network star spent her first seven years in Rome, relocating to Los Angeles with the rest of the De Laurentiis clan when its patriarch, Dino, her film-producer grandfather (Barborella, Serpica, Blue Velvet, La Strada), shifted his operations to the United States. “That’s the way my grandfather says ‘spaghetti,’ and he ought to know, because his father owned a posto factory,” says Giada. Though she studied at Le Cardon Bleu, in Paris, and is therefore equipped with “strict, classical-French Escoffier training,” De Laurentiis has increasingly come to embrace her Italian heritage. Her new cookbook, Giada’s Family Dinners (Clarkson Potter), reflects American culinary traditions with Italian accents—her Thanksgiving-turkey stuffing, for example, is made from ciabatta, pancetto, and chestnuts. “There’s still a long way to go to show Americans that Italian cooking is more than just red sauce,” she says. And evidently there’s still a long way to go in convincing the 86-year-old Dino, an Italian-food purist, that it’s O.K. to make concessions to modern health concerns and the American marketplace. “I did a recipe for meatballs with dark turkey meat and a little bit of ketchup,” Giada says. “My grandfather wanted to die. He wanted to die!” —DAVID KAMP
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The Next It Thing
A SCHUR MATCH OF MUSIC AND COUTURE

They seem an unlikely pair. She’s an up-and-coming fashion designer, specializing in smart, feminine looks that are prized for their aura of chic refinement. He’s the musician whiz who gave the world such fist-pumping, heavy rock acts as Limp Bizkit and Staind, bands without a shot glass of refinement between them. She’s inspired by the 1920s and the Abstract Expressionist Mark Rothko; he’s all about the pop-culture present. He used to be a rock star; she’s in a book club.

It was love at first sight.

Stephanie and Jordan Schur—the designer of the Michon Schur clothing line and the president of Geffen Records, respectively—met in 2001. The alternative-rock band Weezer was releasing a new record, in honor of which Jordan threw one of his infamous Hollywood parties—a moonlit bacchanal for some 600 guests. “I remember thinking it was horrible,” says the more low-key Stephanie. “And they ran out of champagne.” The night wasn’t a total loss, though: she eventually met the host, who plied her with his secret stash of Dom Pérignon. Within a week, she’d moved in. “Stephanie changed my life upside down and backwards,” Jordan says.

They were married in 2003 and had a son, Jake, soon after. Stephanie—who’d studied fashion in college before working as a stylist’s assistant and a salesgirl at Fred Segal—pulled out her old sketchpad. “I really needed a creative outlet,” she says of her first, tentative designs, which she then hired a local seamstress to translate into silk georgette and satin. Encouraged by friends, Stephanie launched Michon Schur (Michon is her middle name), with a showing of just 10 pieces at a modest get-together at the Chateau Marmont. Stylist Christina Ehrlich took a few pieces with her when she left, and within weeks Penélope Cruz was wearing the black velvet skirt and green chiffon top from the neophyte designer’s debut collection, and Rosario Dawson was photographed in a cream-colored satin dress by a bedazzled international press corps at the Alexander premiere, in November 2004. Other fans now include Mischa Barton and Kirsten Dunst, and the line is carried by Intermix and Stephanie’s former employer Fred Segal.

When they’re not traveling for work—Stephanie to France, where she supervises the fabrication of her collection by the same company that handles manufacturing for Chanel and Rochas, and Jordan all over the place in support of Geffen’s artists, from the ethereal art-rock group Sigur Rós to Ashlee Simpson—the Schurs can usually be found at their Spanish Revival villa in Santa Monica Canyon, a four-story hillside showpiece featuring breathtaking views of the Pacific from two wraparound balconies. Under Stephanie’s influence, Jordan now entertains on a gentler scale. Their intimate dinner parties are among the most coveted invitations in town.

—AARON GELL
It's Oscar Time!

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a new cosmetics line by L'Oréal Paris.

If you love color, you'll love HIP high intensity pigments. It's a totally new cosmetics line for your lips, face and eyes. It's new because the color is more intense.


The Menu
A SCHUR MAE

T hey seem an unlikely pair: a singer, specializing in the world such fist-pumping, fist-pumping bands without a shot glass, without the 1920s and the Abstract the pop-culture present. H It was love at first sight, Stephanie and Jordan clothing line and the presic 2001. The alternative-rock in honor of which Jordan if a moonlit bacchanal for som rible," says the more lawke. The night wasn't a total loss, though: she eventually met the host, who plied her with his secret stash of Dom Perignon. Within a week, she'd moved in. "Stephanie changed my life upside down and backwards," Jordan says. They were married in 2003 and had a son, Jake, soon after. Stephanie—who'd studied fashion in college before working as a stylist's assistant—now entertains on a gentler scale. Their intimate dinner parties are among the most coveted invitations in town. —AARON GELL

PHOTOGRAPH BY JASON BELL
WHAT'S YOUR FANTASY L.A. DAY? FROM RUNNING ON THE BEACH IN SANTA MONICA TO BOUTIQUE SHOPPING ALONG ROBERTSON BOULEVARD, TO EATING THE PERFECT SPICY-TUNA Roll, YOU'LL FIND EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT HOW TO SPEND AN IDEAL 24 HOURS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. WHETHER YOU'RE LOOKING FOR PLACES TO TAKE YOUR KIDS, THE BEST SPOT FOR A BLOWOUT, OR WHERE YOU MIGHT BUMP INTO JAKE OR SCARLETT LATE-NIGHT, IT'S ALL HERE. ENJOY THE RIDE

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YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU MIGHT DO OR WHOM YOU'LL RUN INTO

SINGLE GIRL
Home: New York City
Job: Film publicist
Romantic status: She's looking...
Age: 30

COUPLE WITH COLLEGE-AGE SON
Home: Montecito, California
Job: He is a semi-retired money manager; she does nonprofit work.
Romantic status: Celebrating their 25th anniversary.
Son goes to college: U.C.L.A.

SINGLE GUY
Home: San Francisco
Job: Graphic designer
Romantic status: Has a boyfriend.
Age: 35

YOUNG COUPLE WITH SMALL CHILDREN
Home: Chicago
Job: He is an architect; she owns a clothing boutique.
Romantic status: Married
Children's ages: Four and six
They seem an unlikely signer, specializing in their aura of chicness in the world such fist-pumping bands without a shot glass or the 1920s and the Abstract pop-culture present. It was love at first sight.

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—AARON GELL
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Color so compatible, it even complements your skintone.
Color so refined, it won't go too dark or look artificial.
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VANITY FAIR CAMPAIGN HOLLYWOOD
**Single Girl**

Wakes up at the Sunset Tower Hotel, formerly called the Argyle (8358 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood; 323-654-7100).

**Bonus:** The landmark Art Deco hotel has amazing views of L.A., and it allows pets. The building is next to Hart Park, which has a beautiful dog run. This is perfect for Single Girl because she never travels without her Maltese.

**MORNING:** Goes to the Coffee Bean & Tea Leaf for a large sugar-free, nonfat vanilla latte (7915 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles; 323-851-8392).

Takes a yoga class at Equinox. She is so happy that her New York membership is transferable! (8590 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles; 310-289-1900).

Visits the Face Place for a galvanic facial (8701 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills; 310-855-1150).

**LUNCH:** Outdoor patio at the Polo Lounge in the Beverly Hills Hotel for the McCarthy salad and an order of fries (9641 Sunset Blvd., Beverly Hills; 310-276-2251).

**Afternoon:** Hits the clothing boutiques along Robertson and 3rd: Kitson (115 S. Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills; 310-485-2652) and Sultane (8117 W. 3rd St., Los Angeles; 323-655-2142). Then Lily et Cie (9044 Burton Way, Beverly Hills; 310-724-5757), Stella McCartney (8823 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles; 310-273-7051), and Tracey Ross (8595 W. Sunset Blvd.; 310-854-1996). Then swings by the Melrose shops: DVF (8407 Melrose Ave.; 323-951-1947), Fred Segal (8100 Melrose Ave.; 323-651-4129), Marni (8460 Melrose Pl.; 323-782-1100), Marc Jacobs (8400 Melrose Pl.; 323-653-1100), and many more.

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**DINNER:** Cocktail at the Rainbow Room in the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, then dinner at the Hotel Bel Air, where she is staying (3701 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles; 310-276-2100). Then to the Sunset Tower Hotel for a nightcap.

The night wasn’t a total loss, though: she eventually met the host, who plied her with his secret stash of Dom Pérignon. Within a week, she’d moved in. "Stephanie changed my life upside down and backwards," Jordan says.

They were married in 2003 and had a son, Jake, soon after. Stephanie—who’d studied fashion in college before working as a stylist’s assistant—was able to quit her job and open her own boutique, Stephanie—AARON GELL

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They were married in 2003 and had a son, Jake, soon after. Stephanie—who’d studied fashion in college before working as a stylist’s assistant to the stars—was able to quit her job and open her own boutique, Stephanie—AARON GELL
Clockwise from below: Spicy tuna on crispy rice from Koi; the Neil George Salon; sunglasses from the Marni collection; the Fred Segal sign.

and Temperley (8452 Melrose Pl; 323-782-8000). And doesn’t leave out her favorite vintage stores, Decades (8214 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles; 323-655-1960) and Cherry West (8250 Santa Monica Blvd., 323-650-4698).

**PICK-ME-UP:** Meets a friend for tea in the outdoor garden at Elixir Tonics & Teas (8612 Melrose Ave., West Hollywood; 310-657-9300).

Single Girl accompanies friend—who is furnishing her new apartment—antique shopping along La Cienega Blvd. and down Melrose at high-end furniture showrooms. They end up at the fantastic new Williams-Sonoma Home store and are ecstatic because they can finally afford something (8772 Beverly Blvd., West Hollywood; 310-289-2420).

Stops by Kate Somerville Skin Health Experts and contemplates getting eyelash extensions from Dionne Phillips—it’s all the rage—for $350. Decides against it (8428 Melrose Pl., Los Angeles; 323-655-7546).

**DINNER:** Koi (730 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles; 310-659-9449).

**LATE NIGHT:** The Dime (442 N. Fairfax, Los Angeles; 323-651-4421).

**NIGHTCAP:** Mood (6623 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood; 323-464-6663).

Arrive at the Beverly Hills Hotel (9641 Sunset Blvd., Beverly Hills; 310-276-2251).

**BONUS:** No place like it.

**MORNING:** Couple takes tennis lesson with Alex at the B.H.H.

Son goes downstairs to the Fountain Coffee Shop, where Victor and Julio—who
Dramatically lifts and re-tightens skin instantly.

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75% reported skin lifted and tightened**

The night wasn't a total loss, though; she eventually met the host, who plied her with his secret stash of Dom Pérignon. Within a week, she’d moved in. “Stephanie changed my life upside down and backwards,” Jordan says. They were married in 2003 and had a son, Jake, soon after. Stephanie—who’d studied fashion in college before working as a stylist’s assistant—found at their Spanish Revival villa in Santa Monica Canyon, a four-story hillside showpiece featuring breathtaking views of the Pacific from two wraparound balconies. Under Stephanie's influence, Jordan now entertains on a gentler scale. Their intimate dinner parties are among the most coveted invitations in town.

—AARON GELL
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remember him from last year (they never forget a face)—serve him THE BEST straight-from-the-grill banana pancakes and bacon.

Mom goes to Ken Anzai at Umberto Beverly Hills for eyebrow shaping (416 N. Canon Dr.; 310-274-6395), Frédéric Fekkai for a haircut and highlights (444 N. Rodeo Dr.; 310-777-8700), and Chanel for a new purse (400 N. Rodeo Dr.; 310-278-5500).

Father and son go shopping for suits and sweaters at Barneys New York (9570 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills; 310-276-4400), Ermengildo Zegna (301 N. Rodeo Dr.; 310-247-8827), and Ralph Lauren (444 N. Rodeo Dr.; 310-281-1500).

LUNCH: The Ivy (113 N. Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills; 310-274-8303).

AFTERNOON: Son meets up with friend for sneaker shopping at Sportie LA (7454 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles; 323-852-8262) and Undefeated (112½ La Brea; 323-937-6077), which is bigger than the one in Santa Monica (26548 Main St; 310-399-4195). Then to Amoeba Music, the best music store ever (6400 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; 323-245-6400).

Couple goes to the Getty Center for the Robert Adams photography exhibition (1200 Getty Center Dr., Brentwood; 310-440-7300), then for tea at the Hotel Bel-Air, which is where they were married 25 years ago (701 Stated Canyon Rd., Los Angeles; 310-472-1211).

EARLY EVENING: Father has a massage at La Prairie Spa (310-887-2505) at the B.H.H.

DINNER: Dan Tana’s for steak and martinis (9071 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood; 310-275-9444).

LATE NIGHT: Parents: The Polo Lounge at the B.H.H.


NIGHTCAP: The Dime (442 N. Fairfax, Los Angeles; 323-651-4421).

They seem an unlikely couple, a far cry from the world such fist-pumping bands without a shirt glass. as the 1920s and the Abstracts in the pop-cultural present. It was love at first sight.

Stephanie and Jordan met in the early 2000. The alternative-rock-in-sober-clothing line and the press extraction in honor of which Jordan it’s a moonshinum for someone,” says the more low-key, the night wasn’t a total loss, though; she eventually met the host, who plied her with his secret stash of Dom Pérignon. Within a week, she’d moved in. “Stephanie changed my life upside down and backwards,” Jordan says.

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—AARON GELL
Checks into Chateau Marmont (8221 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles; 323-656-1010).

Bonus: His friends live in the nearby Hollywood Hills, and he can walk to Crunch Fitness (8000 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles; 323-654-4550) or 24 Hour Fitness (6380 W Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; 323-461-2024), the gym across the street from the ArcLight, where the city’s best movie theaters are (6360 W. Sunset Blvd.; 323-464-4226).

BREAKFAST: Loves the protein scramble with turkey sausage at Toast. Runs into practically everyone he knows (8221 W. Third St., Los Angeles; 323-655-5018).

SHOPPING: Wouldn’t dare miss stopping by Fred Segal (8100 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles; 323-651-4129), Maxfield (8825 Melrose Ave.; 310-274-8800), Marc Jacobs (8409 Melrose Pl.; 323-866-8255), Costume National (800 Melrose Ave.; 323-655-8160), and John Varvatos (8800 Melrose Ave.; 310-859-2970).

LUNCH: Urth Caffe for good food and fantastic people-watching (8365 Melrose Ave., West Hollywood; 310-659-0628).

AFTERNOON: Buys new speakers to plug into his iPod Nano at the Apple Store in the Grove (1189 the Grove Dr.; 323-965-8400). Remembers when the Farmers Market was the only thing across the street from CBS.

Stops by Mani’s Bakery Cafe to pick up sugar-free cake and cookies for friend’s birthday party later (519 S. Fairfax Ave., Los Angeles, 323-938-8800).

Gets a massage at Burke Williams on Sunset, where the city’s prettiest boys relax (8000 W. Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood; 323-822-9007).

Twilight hike in Runyon Canyon (where Franklin St.

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Young Couple with Small Children

Open their doors onto the patio at Shutters on the Beach (One Pico Blvd., Santa Monica; 310-587-1717).

**Bonus:** Views of the Pacific Ocean, and the rooms, recently renovated by designer Michael Smith, are fantastic.

**BREAKFAST:** Back on the Beach for amazing pancakes and Eggs Benedict, and you sit in beach chairs literally on the sand (445 Pacific Coast Hwy, Santa Monica; 310-393-8282).

Drive up the coast to the Country Mart and Cross Creek, in Malibu. The shops, which include James Perse (310-456-0354), Planet Bleu (310-394-0135), Ron Herman (310-317-6705), and Crush (310-317-8475), open onto a courtyard that has a sandbox, swing set, and jungle gym.

**LATE LUNCH:** The Apple Pan for hickory burgers and apple pie (10801 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles; 310-475-3585).

**AFTERNOON:** Walk to the Santa Monica Pier for roller-coaster and carousel rides and 30 turns on the Ferris wheel.

Dad takes a surfing lesson from the inimitable Paskowitz.

LATE NIGHT: 1-Candy for great-looking crowd and décor. This is the place that Open Bar, the new show on the GLBT logo network, is modeled after (7929 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood; 323-656-4000).
clan (askowitz.com) and then needs a massage from Igor or Michael at One, the spa at Shutters, which looks like the interior of a boat (One Pico Blvd.; 310-458-0030).

Mom looks for Paige jeans at Fred Segal's jeans bar, then buys those scratch-and-sniff T-shirts her kids are obsessed with (peppermint and strawberry, made by Landes Daily) across the street at Fred Segal Fun (500 Broadway, Santa Monica; 310-458-9940).

DINNER: Nanny takes kids to the Third Street Promenade for dinner at CPK (California Pizza Kitchen) (214 Wilshire Blvd., Santa Monica; 310-393-9335) and a movie at the AMC theaters (1310 3rd St. Promenade; 310-395-3030).

DRINKS: Ivy at the Shore for fresh mofos and crab-cake appetizers at the bar (1541 Ocean Ave., Santa Monica; 310-393-3113).

LATE DINNER: Giorgio Baldi (114 W. Channel Rd., Santa Monica; 310-573-1660).

NIGHTCAP: Couple contemplate meeting friends at Beechwood (822 Washington Blvd., Venice; 310-448-8884) but decide instead to tuck into a corner couch at the Casa Del Mar bar (1910 Ocean Way, Santa Monica; 310-581-5533), which is next door to their hotel.
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BEGINNING FEBRUARY 7
Country Makes Its Case
ANTI-'S REBEL-ROOTS STAR

If you loved Walk the Line but couldn’t pick Kenny Chesney out at a sheriff’s lineup, singer-songwriter Neko Case has the album for you. Case started out as a punk-rock drummer, then made a name for herself as an alt-country bad girl with such unladylike antics as peeling off her shirt during a sweltering outdoor concert in Nashville. In 1997 she took an indie-rock turn, adding her kaqky-redhead sex appeal and virtuosic vocals to the New Pornographers, but she’ll return next month with her first solo studio recording in nearly four years. While Fox Confessor Brings the Flood (on the Anti-label) draws an rock influences (Garth Hudson, of the Band, plays keyboard on several songs) as well as the folk traditions of her Ukrainian ancestry, it beats with a stripped-dawn country heart that’s more exhilarating and affest than anything you’ll see on CMT. “I don’t understand Nashville or what happens there or why,” says the ever outspoken Case. “I still love phrasing and I still love reverb and I still love string sections and I still love steel, so I think the Nashville side is there. It’s just the Nashville that isn’t happening now.”

—MICHAEL HOGAN

Waiting to Exhale

A 12-year-old boy asks his father what he thinks makes America the greatest country in the world. Without even thinking, Dad snaps, “Our elaborate system of appeals courts.” That’s an honest answer coming from a lobbyist for the tobacco industry, and indeed Nick Naylor, as played with confidence-man charisma by Aaron Eckhart, provides the moral center, such as it is, in Thank You for Smoking, a very funny Beltway satire adapted by first-time writer-director Jason Reitman (Ivan’s son) from the novel by Christopher Buckley (William F.’s son). Abetted by a wonderful cast (Robert Duvall, Maria Bello, William H. Macy, Rob Lowe, Katie Holmes), the film works best as a kind of taxonomy of contemporary business-political-media sleaze, though beneath the shiny, cynically amused surface, deep down where its vestigial heart clings to some outmoded notion of offering a moral, Thank You for Smoking works up more outrage at nanny-state regulators than it does for Big Tobacco’s death dealing—which is refreshing, in its way. Not my politics, or maybe yours, but we dogooders already had The Insider.

—BRUCE HANDY

Journey of a Lifetime
RIC BURNS ON PLAYWRIGHT EUGENE O’NEILL

Champagne toasts are in order for the magisterial “Eugene O’Neill: A Documentay Film,” directed by Ric Burns and co-written with O’Neill biographers Arthur and Barbara Gelb. As part of the American Experience series, it will be shown on PBS in March.

O’Neill, America’s first great playwright, won four Pulitzers and a Nobel Prize. Writing at a ferocious pace, he revolutionized Broadway starting in 1920, ultimately completing 49 plays—among them Anna Christie, The Iceman Cometh, and Ah, Wilderness!

An obsessed, tormented man, he caroused in bars and went off to sea. After coming close to death, he began to write and never stopped writing or insisting that he wouldn’t sell out. He ultimately eliminated everyone he regarded as irrelevant to his work—he left his first two wives and rejected his children.

This is more than a biography—the documentary segues back and forth in time, with passages from his work brought memorably to life by Al Pacino, Vanessa Redgrave, and Christopher Plummer. And there are amazing comments from Tony Kushner, John Guare, and Sidney Lumet, especially about O’Neill’s last years, when, haunted and sick, he shut himself off and wrote plays that are considered masterpieces—among them Long Day’s Journey into Night.

—PATRICIA BOSWORTH
THE SWINGIN' LOWER EAST SIDE

IT'S ALL HAPPENING DOWNTOWN

If it’s what you desire, you can live on Manhattan’s Lower East Side in a bubble of funky but chic lifestyle choices. It lacks for nothing but a pleasing view, and even this you can get from the high floors of the glass-framed Hotel on Rivington. The area is dense with vintage clothes and electric guitars. You’ll find spicy grapefruit margaritas at Barrio Chino, hot dogs at Dash Dogs, and ice cream at Il Laboratorio del Gelato. Drinking is a central theme, notably at the East Side Company Bar and the semi-secret

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

MARCH 2006

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Below the Delancey, where Chinese gangster boys with one single long fingernail draw on strong cigarettes, is Brown, a cozy and fecund restaurant; Girls Love Shoes; and the Sweet Life, where anything that can be dipped in chocolate is. At the periphery of the area, galleries Maccarone Inc. and Reena Spaulings Fine Art form New York’s latest art enclave. Whatever your pleasure may be, so be it. “Williamsburg was only ever a place for out-of-towners,” artist Nico Ponce de Leon Dios believes. “Manhattan never stopped being cool.”

—EDWARD HELMORE
She's a fan.
KORNERING THE BEAUTY MARKET

Rebecca Korner grew up steeped, quite literally, in the family business, and she has the petal-saf skin to show for it. More than 100 years ago, her Eastern European grandmother founded her first spa in Europe, and in the 50s she followed her son, a cosmetics chemist, to Sydney, saving the sunspotted skin of Australians with a chain of salons, beauty colleges, and labs. "My sisters and I grew up with my father's creams," says Korner, whose mother still works in the business.

Korner's new skin-care line combines native Australian botanicals (such as lilly pilly, wattle seed, and lemon aspen) with other exotics. She travels constantly to search for the next high-performing ingredients.

Her products are campcally chic, with travel-friendly packaging. Jet setting Korner is her own best guinea pig, rotating among her London home, Paris labs, and the various high-end shops (Colette, Selfridges) that have recently debuted her serums. In February, she launched her line in the U.S. exclusively at Bergdorf Goodman, in Manhattan. And when she finds time, she'll return to Sydney, "which can be extremely dry and then like the tropics," she says. "Your skin goes nuts." Luckily, she has just the remedy—Korner Skincare Radiate Presence Day Cream, $120, with protective minerals and soothing essential oils. "Our clients are more and more demanding," she says, "and so they should be, because life is more demanding."

LOVELY HEIR
Rebecca Korner; inset, Mme. Korner's Budapest clinic, in the 1930s.

HOT LOOKS
Make sparks fly with In Love Again Edition Jasmin Étaité, a fruity and floral Yves Saint Laurent fragrance in a heart-shaped bottle. . . Daydream about Annick Goutal's deliciously sweet-smelling Songes. . . Ferre, a seductive scent stemming from the iris flower, evokes a sophisticated, feminine sense of beauty. . . The earthy blend of Hermès's Terre cologne for men will make him even more irresistible.

REVIVING THE WEARY TRAVELER
International travel isn't always glamorous as it seems—especially if you've just crawled off a nine-hour red-eye. But now; customized amenity kits packed with brand-name skin-care products, and designed exclusively for first-class and business-elite airline cabins, can brighten the spirits of the crankiest of travelers.

MOLTON BROWN PRODUCTS Coca de Mer face- and body lotion, vitamin lip balm; also included, toothbrush, toothpaste, mouthwash, earplugs, eye mask, and socks.

TEMPLE SPA PRODUCTS Balm for aching feet and limbs; Take a Grip dry shower in a battle, All Talk lip balm; All in All moisturizing balm for hair and body; also included, toothbrush, toothpaste, mint, earplugs, eye mask.

CLARINS PRODUCTS Eau Dynamisante (water mist), Facial Cleanser, Moisture Quenching Hydra-Care Cream, men's Fatigue Fighter.

LATHER PRODUCTS Lemongrass Warabi Hand Wash, Yuzu Bergamot Moisturizing Lotion, Cucumber Ginseng Facial Mist, Lip Conditioning Balm.

BVLGARI PRODUCTS Gel Eye Mask, Lotion for the Carps (body), Baume for the Legs (legs), Eau de Parfum, Emulsion Après Rasage (after shave), Eau de Toilette, razor.

L'OCITANE PRODUCTS Shea butter face cream, hand cream, lip balm; Olive Daily Face Cream; Aromachologie Revitalising leg gel; also included, toothbrush, toothpaste, razor, shaving cream, mints, earplugs, eye masks.
Dear Ketel One Drinker
Not everyone likes Ketel One.
Then again, not everyone's tried it.
PI S C E S F E B. 1 9 - M A R C H 2 0
Try as you might to be efficient and hardworking, there's no denying that your head is somewhere else. And the distractions keep coming. To outside appearances, you're flush with vitality and can laugh at almost anything. Inwardly, it's a different story. Planetary transits in your solar 12th house can fill you with secret feelings of uncertainty and dread. But while all that spiritual stuff may seem better in theory, this is your opportunity to learn how to love without getting attached.

Catherine Keener

A R I E S M A R C H 2 1 - A P R I L 1 9
Wonder why you're still at the same job you swore you were going to abandon? With Mars, your ruling planet, in Taurus, and Venus occupying your solar 10th house, you still like the income and the status—and don't feel up to telling the boss to shove it. The activity in your 11th house, however, suggests that you're more excited about life outside the office. No matter how long it takes, you are changing course. The trick is to do so without losing money.

Betty Page

T A U R U S A P R I L 2 0 - M A Y 2 0
One would think that keeping your mind focused, your ethics impeccable, and your energy up would be enough to make you a smashing success—especially now that Venus and Mars are in earth signs. Sometimes, though, political factors you would never in a million years consider important creep in to gum up the works. Your solar midheaven in Aquarius is now being visited (one might even say invaded) by forces in the form of people who will call your competence into question. Right or wrong, that's got to sting.

Nicole Kidman

G E M I N I M A Y 2 1 - J U N E 2 1
Ever since last summer, you've been hassled, harried, and even mentally tortured, thanks to Mars's transit of your solar 12th house. The backstabbing and manipulation were enough to drive even the sanest Gemini over the edge and make you afraid to make any move at all. That's just about over now, and before long you'll come out swinging again. The situation directly ahead may call upon you to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but. Sounds easy, but for many Geminis that could present a major moral crisis.

50 Cent

C A N C E R J U N E 2 2 - J U L Y 2 2
Talk about loyalty. Once you bond with somebody, you stick closer than a tick in a dog's fur. Companionship and passion, however, don't always go together, especially when you're coping with 7th- and 8th-house planets. In fact, with Chiron now approaching Neptune, you may have difficulty finding guilt-free ways to get relief. You're still as loving as ever, and that's not going to change as long as Jupiter is transiting your 5th house. It's just that there are a few messy emotional and financial issues that, damn it, won't go away.

Fritz Freeling

L E O J U L Y 2 3 - A U G . 2 2
Call it a paradox, but it should be perfectly clear to you that nothing about relationships is clear right now. For one thing, a new moon between Chiron and Neptune in your solar 7th house shows you just how complicated people can be. If they are withdrawn and wounded, the best you can do is stand by them without hoping to "cure" them. Besides, you can't spend the whole time and energy worrying about saving others. The retrograde Planets, in your sign means you've got plenty to worry about on your own.

Jack Black

V I R G O A U G . 2 3 - S E P T . 2 2
Your unflagging loyalty and need for love make it hard for you to extricate yourself from the emotional morass you've been sucked into thanks to Venus in your 5th house ruled by Saturn in your 12th. That, in turn, makes it hard to feel inspired about a creative commitment that demands your full concentration. Try to shift your focus away from emotional responses and develop a more detached approach to your work and your health. That will help you go from screaming hysteria to efficiency.

Ang Lee

S C O R P I O O C T . 2 4 - N O V . 2 1
Why you continue to dwell on personal issues when you know how high the professional stakes are right now is a mystery. The presence of Chiron and Neptune in your solar 4th house can be a powerful distraction, but you can't let it erode your desire for success and distract you from your career, which requires all your attention right now. There's nothing productive about obsessing over your love life. You might as well sit in the bathroom, stare at the faucet, and wait for it to start leaking.

Frances Mccain

S A G I T T A R I U S N O V . 2 2 - D E C . 2 1
Congratulations on surviving the 2nd-house nightmare over money. Now you can glimpse a shiny bauble in a store window and not tear your hair out lusting after it. You can see a picture of a sunny Greek island and be confident you could visit it if you wanted to. In fact, you suddenly have so many options that you can barely decide where to sleep tonight. What you should do, though, is address this issue of wanting it all. How long can you go on living two lives—the one everyone knows about and the one in your head?

Felicity Huffman

C A P R I C O R N D E C . 2 2 - J A N . 1 9
It's a blessing when Venus moves forward in your solar 1st house. After months of feeling like a total troglodyte (look it up), you have regained your social confidence and are back in the race. You actually feel beautiful again. You're still a Capricorn, however, so you can't spend too long just looking gorgeous. It's time to look squarely at your finances and not shove the paycheck, unpaid bills, and statements into a drawer. Your stock may have gone down, but it's not hopeless. Just find a new angle. You're good at that.

Diane Keaton

A Q U A R I U S J A N . 2 0 - F E B . 1 8
The black-and-white picture you used to think of as your life has become a blurred, abstract wash of color. Turns out you're more complicated than you realized. With an asteroid and an outer planet in your sign, part of you still wants to fight to the bitter end to maintain your position, while another part would like to doze off in a hammock and forget the whole damned thing. If you don't know what you want, how are loved ones and co-workers supposed to figure out whether to hold on for dear life or let you go?
The morning 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, with Clarins Advanced Extra-Firming treatments.

Advanced Extra-Firming Day and Night Creams are powered by innovative neuro-cosmetic technology for firmer skin. Stimulen®, a complex of potent botanicals, protects skin’s “guardian cells” by day for a more “lifted”, firmer appearance. Glistin® renews skin by night.

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Advanced Extra-Firming Day Cream. Tests showed up to an 11% reduction in the appearance of lines and wrinkles.

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*1 From a instrumental measurement, the above results were firmer after 4 weeks of use.

Dermatologist tested. Non-comedogenic.
Extra-Firming Day Cream contains Clarins Anti-Pollution Complex.
Scoundrel Time

Part James Bond, part Bertie Wooster, Flashman has whored, drunk, and weaseled his way through 12 adventures set in British imperial times. As Flashy’s creator, George MacDonald Fraser, enters his 80s, his addictive brew of fact and fiction points up the dangers of “the Great Game” that now ensnares America from the dead and then saved him from the bullet of Professor Moriarty’s vile associate. In other words, Fraser has succeeded not just in making his creation the familiar Zelig of high-Victorian imperial history, but in giving him a cameo part in late-Victorian fiction as well. Flashman is everywhere. And why should this not be so? Tourists visit Baker Street every day to see where Sherlock Holmes “actually” lived and pondered, shooting cocaine and sharing rooms with a chap. (That was in 221B, which never existed.) George MacDonald Fraser has never claimed to be anything but the editor of the “Flashman papers,” discovered by luck during an auction at an English country house. When the first “packet” of papers was published, in 1969, several well-gulled reviewers genuinely hailed it as a grand literary discovery (one of them going as far as to say that there had been nothing like it since the unearthing of Boswell’s diaries). It is the defiant borrowing since Tom Stoppard helped himself to the walk-on parts of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

George MacDonald Fraser was 80 on his last birthday (“same day as Charlemagne, Casanova, Hans Christian Andersen, and Kenneth Tynan,” as he tells me) and is celebrating the publication of a round dozen of edited Flashman papers. I dip my colors in a solemn salute. It makes me whistle when I think how I grabbed the first of his published efforts right off the bat in 1969. Even now I
can tell a fellow addict at 10 paces. Those of us who have tried to cover the new “Great Game” as it has unfolded on the Pakistan-Afghanistan border have gathered in Flashman’s Hotel, situated in the Pakistani Army’s post-colonial garrison town of Rawalpindi, and in the Flashman Restaurant of the Gandama Lodge, in Kabul (Gandamack Lodge being old Flashy’s ill-gotten mansion in rural Leicestershire). These are places where the borders are “porous,” as the newspapers like to say, but where the boundary between fact and fiction is the most porous of all. It is Fraser’s huge achievement to have smuggled his main man across that frontier, in both directions.

Victorian empire (“the greatest thing that ever happened to an undeserving world,” Fraser asserts) was largely dedicated to Lord Macaulay’s belief in progress and improvement: a civilizing mission that would gradually spread light into the dark places of the earth. It involved the Whig theory of history and was supposed to operate according to a near-providential plan. Well, that’s all balls for a start, as Flashman stoutly observes: “In my experience the course of history is as often settled by someone’s having a belly-ache, or not sleeping well, or a sailor getting drunk, or some aristocratic harlot waggling her backside.”

In a way—and there’s no shame in this—Fraser works according to a formula. There is, in every Flashman story, a horrific villain, a brush with an unthinkingly agonizing death, and a bodacious female. Pure Ian Fleming, you might murmur, and indeed Fraser himself was a screenwriter for Octopussy. Why read the James Bond series if not for the certainty of being transported into a reliable parallel universe where there is no Goldfinger without a corresponding Pussy Galore? Ah, but the men Flashman vanquishes, and the women he tumbles, are for the most part “real.”

And so are the events depicted. Fleming on his best day would never have dared match James Bond with the modern equivalent of Otto von Bismarck or send him into the sack with Queen Ranavalona of Madagascar, let alone have succeeded in making it so believable that some readers still do truly believe it. (When Flashman sees Oscar Wilde at the theater, in the course of his authorized but unauthorized invasion of that Sherlock Holmes story, and marvelously describes the poet of decadence as resembling “an overfed trout in a tophé,” we can hear his crusty, clubland grunt.)

But, on the other hand, James Bond did have a license to kill, and a thirst to employ it, whereas Flashman is a cowering impostor who prefers whoring and bullying to any risk of his skin on the thin red line. Thus, every novel must begin with a mise en scène that shows not just history as a chapter of screwups and screwballs but also Flashman’s own participation as an unlucky accident. The anti-hero doesn’t begin by calling coolly on “M” to be briefed on his latest lethal assignment. He begins by running away in the wrong direction. So, to the drama of Bond, Fraser brilliantly adds the absurdity of Bertie Wooster. When Fraser first ushered his Homeric duffer onto the stage, P. G. Wodehouse was tempted into a rare comment, saying, “If ever there was a time when I felt that ‘watcher-of-the-skies-when-a-new-planet’ stuff, it was when I read the first Flashman.”

Well, just as Wodehouse could have quoted the whole of that Keats poem with ease, one imagines that Flashman (or his creator) knows better in the 12th and latest novel, Flashman on the March, when he remarks that the British government is caught “between Scylla and Charybdis.” This is Wooster to the life, half remembering something from the schoolroom until corrected by Jeeves. As Bertie ruefully phrases it, never learning from his mistakes, it is just when you are stepping high and confident that Fate waits behind the door with a stuffed eelskin. And here goes old Flashy:

My spirits were rising as we set off down the bank, the birds were carolling, there was a perfumed breeze blowing from the water, we were within a few miles of journey’s end, I was absolutely humming ‘Drink, Puppy, Drink,’ the larks and snails were no doubt on their respective wings and thorns, God was in his heaven, and on the verge of the jungle, not twenty yards away, a white-robbed helmeted lancer was sitting his horse, watching us.

Or as Bertie inquires in The Code of the Woosters:

“But the larks, Jeeves? The snails? I’m pretty sure larks and snails entered into it.”

“I am coming to the larks and snails, sir. ‘The lark’s on the wing, the snail’s on the thorn’—”

“No you’re talking. And the tab line?”

“‘God’s in His heaven, all’s right with the world.’”

“That’s it in a nutshell. I couldn’t have put it better myself.”

Instead of Aunt Agatha. Fraser has placed a sinister and armed horsemans at the terminus of his idyll, but then, Raymond Chandler (an old schoolmate of Wodehouse’s at Dulwich College) made it a maxim that when action was flagging you could always have a man enter the room carrying a gun.

To say that Fraser can so easily juggle Conan Doyle and Holmes, Fleming and Bond, Wodehouse and Wooster, and Chandler and Marlowe is, I hope, to offer reasonably high praise. But just to pile on the admiration for a bit, I know some eminent historians who have pored over Fraser’s footnotes and appreciated details about, say, the Charge of the Light Brigade that are known to few. The battle scene at Balaklava is meticulously done, and if his own mad charge is

There is, in every Flashman story, a horrific villain, a brush with death, and a bodacious female.

I am not looking for faults after all this drooling on my part, but there is one problem that needs to be faced squarely. In the earlier stories, Flashman is a sadist and a brute as well as a rascally coward and goof-off. He takes positive, gleeful pleasure in the misfortunes of others, especially if he can turn those misfortunes to his own account. In the very first book, he tells us, within months of joining his first regiment, “Myself. I liked a good flogging, and used to have bets with Bryant, my particular crony, on whether the man would cry out before the tenth stroke, or when he would faint. It was better sport than most, anyway.” Some volumes later, in Flash for Freedom!, he is on the Mississippi and running away with the beautiful slave girl Cassy, who has been his bedmate and his companion in adversity. The brutal slave-catchers corner them, and she is “quivering like a hunted beast.” Our hearts are in our mouths as he ponders what to do.

"Cassy!" I snapped. "Can you use a gun?"
She nodded. "Take this, then," says I. "Cover them—and if one of them stirs a finger, shoot the swine in the stomach! There—catch hold. Good girl, good girl—I’ll be back in an instant!"

"What is it?" Her eyes were wild. "Where are you—?"

"Don’t ask questions! Trust me!" And with that I slipped out of the door, pulled it to, and was off like a snarled whip. I'd make quarter of a mile, maybe more, before she would twig, or they overpowered her.

This gave new significance to the old phrase "self-preservation." All you needed, in order to anticipate old Flashy’s moves, was
Flashman prefers whoring and bullying to any risking of his skin.

to guess at the lowest possible motive. And then, unaccountably, our hero started to go soft. In *Flashman and the Dragon*, he is the captive of the sinuous Chinese countess Yehonala:

When two of her eunuchs caught some crows and released them with firecrackers tied to their legs so that the birds were blown to bits in midair, Yehonala had the culprits’ backsides cut to bloody pulp with bamboo whips, watching the infliction of the full hundred strokes with smiling enjoyment. You may say they deserved a drubbing, but you didn’t see it.

The earlier Flashman would (a) not have thought the cruel eunuchs “deserved a drubbing” for their ingenuity, and (b) not have given a damn about their punishment. He would have relished both scenes. Deplorable signs of weakness were already evident in *Flashman’s Lady*, where he burdened himself with a white woman while trying to escape the horrifying soldiers of Queen Ranavalona. On that occasion the inconvenient lady was also his wife, so conceivably an exception can be made. But by the time of *Flashman and the Tiger* the plain fact had to be faced: the old boy had gone positively mushy with emotion and was prepared to risk his own skin—his own skin, mark you—to save his grand-daughter’s honor. There was some muttering in the ranks of the fan base. One blushed to see the pitiful wreck of what had once been such an ignoble man. It is therefore a real pleasure to be able to record a corking return to form in the latest book. Flashman has been chivied all over Abyssinia and saved repeatedly by the exquisite Uliba, an African princess who has acted as his guide, protector, and lover. There comes the moment, however, when their canoe has been swamped, the deadly waterfall is just ahead. Flashman has contrived to catch hold of an overhanging bough, and she has managed to seize one of his legs. As he reflects,

There was only one thing to be done, so I did it, drawing up my free leg and driving my foot down with all my force at Uliba’s face staring up at me open-mouthed, half-submerged as she clung to my other knee. I missed, but caught her full on the shoulder, jarring her grip free, and away she went, canoe and all, the gunwale rasping against my legs as it was whirled downstream. One glimpse I had of the white water foaming over those long beautiful legs, and then she was gone.

Now, that, you will have to admit, is a damn sight more like it. “Yes,” sighs Fraser, “a lot of readers thought he was going soft, or even getting braver. In fact, he can only display the courage of a cornered rat. And my daughter Caro—she’s also a novelist—told me how delighted she was that this time he’d definitely turned nasty again.”

Historians and critics will never stop arguing about the worthwhileness of it all: that amazing conquest and settlement of the known globe by the aristocrats and peasants of a rain-sodden archipelago in the North Sea. Fraser makes Flashman face it in all its squalor and grandeur: the British-owned slave ships, and the British vessels that put down the slave trade; the destruction of dens of tyranny in India and Abyssinia, and the hideous vandalizing of the Summer Palace in Peking; the serf armies and pirate navies that needed crushing, and the magnificent peoples—Zulus, Sikhs, Afghans—who the British had finally to admit were unconquerable. The empire on which the sun never set was also the empire on which the gory never dried. Only a few decades ago, when the Flashman papers were first unwrapped from their oilskin, all this seemed to have vanished like blood off a bayonet. But now British and American soldiers are back in Afghanistan and Mesopotamia, and George MacDonald Fraser, who is known as a curmudgeonly Tory war veteran and staunch hater of Tony Blair, is not best pleased. “Tony Blair,” he snorts down the phone, “is not just the worst prime minister we’ve ever had, but by far the worst prime minister we’ve ever had. It makes my blood boil to think of the British soldiers who’ve died for that little liar.” Even so, in *Flashman on the March*, he ends his footnotes on the Abyssinian campaign ambiguously by noting that, although the British overthrew a crazed despot and then withdrew, “if Britain had stayed, revisionist historians would certainly have condemned it as another act of selfish imperialism.”

This is the morally fraught terrain, between the first sound of the bugle and the news of triumph or disgrace, which it takes a serious man to cover, whether saddled on a mettlesome charger or flourishing only a pen. And, since history is often recounted by the victors, why not have it related for once by who one is something worse than a loser? Imagine if King Hal had kept Falstaff on hand as his bosom chum until the eve of Agincourt and you have a sense of Flashy’s imperishable achievement. ©
Elegance is an attitude
DRESSED TO KILL

From that macho, “Mission Accomplished” aircraft-carrier strut in 2003 to his recent “Plan for Victory” speech, at the U.S. Naval Academy, George W. Bush has used the military as no other modern president has done—for P.R. and partisan politics. His G.I. George performances would be scary, if they weren’t so hollow—just as predictably friendly as military ones,” wrote the A.P.’s Tom Raum, “duty-bound to show respect for their commander-in-chief, often bursting into raucous whoops.” And not just any whoop, but a gung-ho “Hooah!” or, in the case of the Marines, “Oo-rah!” (Which mustn’t be confused with Al Pacino’s lusty “Hoo-hah!” from Scent of a Woman.) Bush’s heart beats to the tomtom of those hearty Hooahs. It’s the rhythm stick that revives his step. These televised rallies with the troops foster the illusion that Bush, whose own military record is a bit smudgy and lacking in heroics, is truly one of them in body, mind, and spirit—a fellow warrior. It
ANNETTE BENING

SHE LOVED HIM, SO SHE SHOT HIM.

A NEW MOVIE BY HBO FILMS

MRS. HARRIS

THE STORY BEHIND THE NOTORIOUS MURDER OF THE SCARSDALE DIET DOCTOR.

HBO FILMS PRESENTS KILLER FILMS/NUMBER 9 FILMS/JOHN WELLS PRODUCTION ANNETTE BENING BEN KINGSLEY "MRS. HARRIS"

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY PHYLLIS NAGY

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 8PM/7C
would be a narcissistic joke if it weren't being carried to such debasement extremes. The psychoanalyst Justin Frank, author of Bush on the Couch and a frequent contributor to the online Huffington Post, characterized Bush's flamboyant photo op as a fighter jock on the deck of the U.S.S. Abraham Lincoln in 2003 to announce the end of major hostilities in Iraq as a Tinker Bell flight of magical thinking. "The action-figure toys made of Bush in his flight suit are inadvertently accurate interpretations of his behavior, the concrete personification of a childish fantasy." Although the grandiosity of Bush's "Mission Accomplished" moment became an embarrassment as the insurgency swung into ruthless action and the casualty toll mounted, Bush's childish fantasy has remained intact, intensified. A Martian viewer of cable news over the past year could be forgiven for believing that the U.S. was under military rule, a banana republic with better production values.

Until Bush, modern presidents were prudent about trick-or-treating around in military rig. They respected the separation of the civilian and uniformed ranks, recognizing that militarizing politics and politicizing the military endanger the Republic, invite tyranny. The White House is meant to be a temporary residence, not a dictator's palace. No modern president boasted a hand-scruples. The only inhibitions this Bush respects are the ones he enforces on himself. Outfitted with an expanding wardrobe of olive-green tops with embroidered nametags, Bush is floating tradition and precedent as he pursues his Place in History, garnishes his legacy, and blurs divisions between military and civilian authority. In an online forum, Washington Post reporter Dana Milbank said, "As for wearing military garb, the experts I checked with said it is unlikely any president had done that since Teddy Roosevelt, and that was before such images would be broadcast into millions of homes." One of the books that Bush reportedly was reading during the holiday season was Patricia O'Toole's account of Teddy Roosevelt's post-presidential years, When Trumpets Call. (An admiral of T.R., around whom he has modeled much of his presidency under Karl Rove's tutoring, Bush must have skipped the bits about T.R.'s conservation reforms.)

Bush's quest to shore up support for the war in Iraq and earn his stripes in history is taking on the pomp of a Prussian operetta. As CNN senior analyst Jeff Greenfield writes on Slate, Lyndon Baines Johnson toured the bases when his Vietnam policy hemorrhaged in the polls, but with this crucial difference: when President Johnson visited bases, according to L.B.J. biographer Randall Woods, whom Greenfield quotes, it was usually to chat informally with the troops: "He didn't stage media events there," the pre-Reagan presidency retained a certain reticence—innocence, even—about converting everything into showbiz. No more. When this White House decided to confront the torpedo blow to Bush's Iraq policy by Congressman John Murtha with a series of Churchillian speeches (if only they could dig up Churchill to deliver them), a major production was prepared at Annapolis, Maryland, home of the United States Naval Academy. As David Sanger reported in The New York Times, "Mr. Bush chose his venue carefully: the midshipmen at the Naval Academy cheered his arrival, a military band punctuated his arrival and departure, and the stage of a huge hall on the famous campus was adorned with a giant background emblazoned with the words, 'Plan for Victory.'"

Unlike Bush's other military audiences, the midshipmen conducted themselves with proper formality and resisted coming down with gospel fever. The result was a bit flat. A disappointed Kathryn Jean Lopez, writing on National Review Online's group blog, pouted, "If you have CSPAN and such on in the office like we tend to here you see a lot of Bush speaking in front of military audiences. And he tends to rock. Feeds off the audience, they feed off him. I see none of that this morning." It's that rocking rapport Bush fans crave from their Commando in Chief. Even more unpopular than Bush, Vice President Dick Cheney got into the act last winter, headlining four rallies for the troops at various military installations. To his credit, he had the modesty not to deck himself out in one of General Schwarzkopf's old uniforms (he has much to be modest about, given that he was the beneficiary of five deferments when he was eligible for the draft during Vietnam), but you still sensed that these events were more for White House PR than for military morale.

It's patronizing to use the armed forces as stage props in a permanent campaign, particularly when they're sent into war with insufficient armor.

Although a somber military record than Dwight D. Eisenhower, the chief of Allied forces in Western Europe in World War II, and he took extra caution to comport himself as a retired general, not someone itching to climb back into the jeep. (His preferred mode of presidential transport was a golf cart.) Jack Kennedy, decorated for heroism as a PT-boat commander in the Pacific theater, wore a presidential seal on his sailing jacket, a jaunty touch that no one mistook for a naval insignia. Richard Nixon, another veteran of the Pacific campaign (who cleaned out his buddies at the poker table), conducted his entire public life as if he had been born in a mortician's suit. Former navy lieutenant Jimmy Carter, a graduate of the Naval Academy and a protégé of Admiral Hyman Rickover's, kept his dress whites in the closet while in office, and Bush's father, George H. W., a bomber pilot who flew nearly 60 combat missions during World War II and earned four medals, including the Distinguished Flying Cross, managed to out Saddam Hussein from Kuwait without pimpling himself as a War President. His son has no such

**IT'S PATRONIZING TO USE THE ARMED FORCES AS STAGE PROPS IN A PERMANENT CAMPAIGN, PARTICULARLY WHEN THEY'RE SENT INTO WAR WITH INSUFFICIENT ARMOR.**
Roberts
Musician
In a self-titled debut album receiving critical raves, this "it girl" has garnered legions of fans with fresh interpretations and trend-drenched stylings. Offstage I might dress sexy, but on stage I dress more understated, like my lyrics my look is always genuine," Roberts says. "My fans know who I am and I don't try to be someone else."

frames: PRADA 18G

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LensCrafters
Webster Stone  
Film Producer, Publisher

This non-stop creative talent produces smart action films while writing and editing bestsellers for his publishing company, Rugged Land Books. Accordingly, his style straddles day-to-night and East-to-West coast. "I try to dress in clothes that will take me from a breakfast interview in New York straight through to a late night pitch in L.A." Stone explains. "Though I've been known to change an entire outfit in the back of a taxi." His Ray-Ban frames are one of many styles that keep him looking book smart and Hollywood cool.

His frames: RAY-BAN 6076
Irina Dvorovenko
Ballerina

American Ballet Theater principal and a red-carpet regular, Dvorovenko is quite literally always on her toes. Before summer’s end she’ll perform in Swan Lake, Romeo and Juliet, Giselle and Le Corsaire. Off stage and on the run her look is graceful and chic. “Ballerinas are always on point when it comes to style,” Dvorovenko laughs. “Even if I’m just running to the store with no time for makeup, I’ll wear a stylish pair of frames and grab just the right bag.”

Her frames: RAY-BAN 6067
Tracie Thoms
Actress

Not only did this Juilliard grad play Joanne, the Harvard educated legal aid lawyer in the film adaptation of Rent, but she has recently joined the cast of CBS's Cold Case as detective Kat Miller. The style parallel? The normally casual Baltimore native has embraced the power suit. "I used to think that wearing a suit would feel uptight and uncomfortable," Thoms explains. "But with a great tailor, you can look strong and sexy."

Her frames: VOGUE 3539
delivery was choppy,” critiqued The Washington Post, “as he gazed frequently at his notes and seemed several times to be groping for the right words.”

It’s always an adventure when Bush goes verbally groping. If you don’t knit the Churchillian cadences into his text, he tends to slide back into his comfort zone of framing the War on Terror in nursery-school formulas of bad people doing bad things to good people, or else he’s glib to the point of being obfus. On New Year’s Day of 2006, the president made a stop at Brooke Army Medical Center, in San Antonio, an episode that would go down in infamy if infamy weren’t already fully booked. Making a mock-heroic allusion to his brush-clearing exploits, Bush told the

staff and patients, “As you can possibly see, I have an injury myself—not here at the hospital, but in combat with a cedar. I eventually won. The cedar gave me a little scratch. As a matter of fact, the colonel asked me if I needed first aid when she first saw me. I was able to avoid any major surgical operations here, but thanks for your compassion, Colonel.” I bet the amputees found that hilarious.

Perhaps the queerest aspect of Bush’s khaki campaign is that on military bases he has begun lobbing partisan grenades at his political opponents. This is more than a break with tradition. It’s a breach of military protocol. In December 2005, Fox News reported, “Twice last month in speeches to military audiences [at Elmendorf Air Force Base, in Alaska, and the Army Depot in Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania], the president attacked Democrats and fired back at their accusations that pre-war intelligence was manipulated by his administration. . . . The attacks against critics in military settings may have put troops in the awkward position of undermining their own

bers being put in a position where it looks like they’re rooting for one side or another is very disconcerting.” Not disconcerting to Fox News, the brass section of the Republican Party propaganda machine, however, which went on to reassure its viewers: “In recent decades, rank-and-file military members have generally become moredecidedly Republican.” Many asked in an unofficial survey told Fox News that they don’t have a problem from when or where this president attacks Democrats.” Let’s face it, Bush supporters wouldn’t care if he attacked Democrats while sitting on Abe’s marble lap at the Lincoln Memorial. The rest of us—who constitute a majority—should. That the military is trending Republican and that Bush and Cheney are showing less and less compunction about exploiting that trend by slamming Democrats as feckless and squeamish should ring alarm bells. U.S. armed forces are not meant to be loyal to one party, the red states’ private militia. That’s how Fascism takes form.

I myself don’t fear boots in the night. There’s something too flimsy behind all this chesty posturing and proclaiming, a hint of overcompensation peeking out from the flak jacket. Bush’s overcompensation

reflects not only his insecurities but also the nation’s. Just as Bush is playing at being a Jedi warrior, the U.S. itself seems to be playing at being an empire, trying to convince itself it’s still cock of the walk. With its global constellation of military bases and high-tech weaponry, it’s pretending at a high performance level of intensity and extension, but without the stomach and stamina it takes to establish an imperium. It wasn’t that long ago that neconser-
he was embedded rivaling that of Brokeback Mountain for laconic splendor.

But as the historian John Gray observes in The New York Review of Books in his assessment of Imperial Grants, the U.S. lacks the essential skill set to regiment a true empire. We’re too insular and creature-comforty a nation, complacently ignorant about the history, culture, and geography of the countries we invade and occupy, to administer a colonial setup. We don’t know much about linguistics, preferring to let them gesture and point their weapons in staccato bursts of loud sign language. Of Kaplan’s observation that few of the counterintelligence officers he met in Afghanistan as he bows to the inevitable. To have him leaning forward onstage while offstage the machinery of withdrawal goes into low gear. As the historian Immanuel Wallerstein observed, “While Bush is staunchly refusing to set a timetable for downsizing the troops, this is a sham front for the obvious fact that the U.S. and all its alliances intend to withdraw substantial-numbers of troops in 2006, and long before what Bush had set as the base point—the point when

Absent another 9/11, however, this strikes me as a low-probability scenario. A crisis mode cannot be sustained indefinitely, and Bush has already milked it for all it’s worth. Bush Fatigue has set in, and Bush himself may be the worst sufferer, his lined, strained face occasionally bruised from his latest bike spill. His safe zone of zero dissent and unconditional acceptance is shrinking into a bubble the size of a diving bell. Protests wherever he goes, his ranch in

were able to converse in the local tongue, Gray dryly notes, “In a ‘global war on terror,’ which relies on good intelligence, a lack of linguistic skills must count as a serious liability.” Yup. Far from being imperial grunts, most men and women in uniform are, to quote another phrase from Kaplan’s book, “tourists with guns,” itching to scam as soon as their rotations are up. Kaplan heralds the “unpretentious willingness to die” of the imperial grunts, but most Americans are rather attached to their lives and would prefer to leave the sacrificial stoicism to the hard core. Or to the beefy-bicep’d cadres of mercenaries and private contractors, who are at least making serious money as heavy-metal samurai. The high price of being unpretentious is more than most Americans are willing to pay.

Lacking popular will and spare bodies, the American Empire is grudgingly receding. Behind Bush’s bold show of staying the course, refusing to cut and run, and setting for nothing less than victory, the U.S. military is even the exits from Iraq, planning an orderly pullout no one will interpret as retreat. One purpose of Bush’s Victory Tour through military installations is to provide him showy cover for the forces of the Iraqi government can deal militarily with the forces of Iraqi resistance. The U.S. has also abandoned any pretense of nation building, deciding not to renew fund allocations for reconstruction programs, leaving Iraq with the multi-billion-dollar burden of restoring its ravaged infrastructure and picking up the pieces of unfinished projects. In news that received little notice, the U.S. military is also backpedaling out of Afghanistan, where the Taliban are waging a sporadic comeback and an increased tempo of violence reflects the importation of insurgency tactics from Iraq. In his contrarian study After the Empire, Emmanuel Todd prophetizes that George W. Bush and his neoconservative helpers, far from being the architects of hegemony, will “go down in history as the grave diggers of the American empire,” and the earth is being spaded as we speak. Some worryworts fear that as the Bush regime loses its grip abroad it will canch its fist at home, with Bush and Cheney wreaking vengeance on the domestic foes they will blame for frustrating their grand designs. After all, there are only so many disarmed countries across to bomb, and Bush is not the sort of lame-duck president to quietly into that good night.

Crawford, Texas, staked out by Cindy Sheehan, and now even the troops are losing that loving feeling. A Military Times poll released on January 3, 2006, revealed that Bush’s status as big daddy among the troops was slipping. Support for his Iraq policy had dropped to 54 percent from 63 percent a year earlier; only 56 percent of those queried felt the U.S. should have gone to war in Iraq; and, most damning, only 58 percent believed Bush had the military’s best interests in mind, a sharp falloff from 69 percent a year ago. If Bush no longer felt comfortable using military bases as theatrical soundstages for fear he wouldn’t get a meaty serving of “Hooah!”s from the chorus, he’d have only Republican fund-raisers where he’d be assured a friendly reception, and he can’t model his signature collection of military sportswear in hotel ballrooms. Wouldn’t be apropos. It’d be a pity to let all those embroidered jackets go to waste, but that could be the wan fate of G.I. George as he finds himself all dressed up and nowhere to go.
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I DREAMED THE NIGHT NEVER ENDED...
Shadow Boxing

Billionaire indictments are a dime a dozen. What the author finds fascinating is how the high-flying tycoons he knows and their glamorous wives—Oscar and Lynn Wyatt, Lord Conrad and Lady Barbara Black, and Barbara Davis, widow of Marvin Davis—conduct their lives in the shadow of pending trials.

Scott Fitzgerald was right: the rich are different. And the very rich are very different. I have frequently had occasion to move in their rarefied world, and I never cease to find it fascinating. Fortunes today are so staggeringly large that the word “billionaire” has become commonplace, and yachts, private jets, private islands, and villas in foreign countries are little cause for excitement. In some cases, however, no matter how much money there is, it’s not enough, and the constant yearning for more leads to what is politely called financial malfeasance. There are a slew of such cases going on or coming up in our courts, beginning with the current trial of Enron chairman Kenneth Lay and C.E.O. Jeffrey Skilling, and there have been so many indictments of billionaires lately that they have lost their shock value.

I happen to know a number of the people involved in some of the biggest cases, including the Houston octogenarian oil-and-gas tycoon Oscar Wyatt, the international press lord Conrad Black, and the family of the late Beverly Hills oil-and-real-estate titan Marvin Davis. These men possessed three of the great fortunes of our time, and their grand lifestyles were thoroughly documented in the press. I have been to their houses and dined at their tables, and I am fond of all three wives, who are now living with huge black clouds hanging over them. What I find most interesting is the way they go on with their lives during the long waiting period leading up to a courtroom and a trial.

After Oscar Wyatt, 81, was indicted, along with five others, by a grand jury in New York for his alleged involvement in a scheme to pay Iraqi officials “millions of dollars in secret kickbacks” under the United Nations oil-for-food program, five F.B.I. agents showed up before dawn on October 21 at his home in the ritzy River Oaks section of Houston. When Wyatt protested, they put him up against a wall and handcuffed him. Though he is free on $2.5 million bail, if convicted he could face a sentence of up to 62 years. It has become known that he maintains dual citizenship and that at his arraignment he surrendered both his U.S. and Austrian passports. A friend in Los Angeles says that Oscar’s wife, Lynn, told her that he is going to sue the U.S. government, which could be a smart strategy, at his advanced age, to stall the proceedings and stay out of prison.

Lynn Wyatt is a popular figure in society here and abroad, with friends in high places, and she always shows up for the important events. I’ve been friendly with the Wyatts for a long time, especially Lynn. I’ve been to their old house in Houston and to the new one. I’ve been to their villa in the South of France, where Prince Albert of Monaco is a frequent guest, as was Prince Rainier before him. Lynn and I were in a group that went to Russia a couple of years ago, so I’ve had breakfast, lunch, and dinner with her, and she wears well. She has never lost her Tex-
as accent. Scott is an immensely loved woman, a fast friend, and a fashion icon. Oscar, who is not interested in society, is less loved and knows it. A lady I know was once seated next to him at a dinner in New York. He said to her, “The hostess mustn’t like you very much if she seated you next to me.”

Following Oscar’s indictment, an item appeared on “Page Six” of the New York Post saying that Lynn had gone into seclusion and was seeing no one but her hairdresser. “Oh, that’s bullshit,” said one of her friends. “She’s there for Oscar whenever he needs her. Whether it’s a court appearance or a subpoena appearance, Lynn is right there. She supports him 110 percent.” Shortly after the indictment, Lynn flew to Los Angeles to attend a Rolling Stones concert at the Hollywood Bowl as a guest of Mick Jagger and his girlfriend, L’Wren

Scott. She also attended the wedding of Elton John and David Furnish, in England, where she ran into Sarah, Duchess of York, better known as Fergie, who once had a well-publicized romance with Lynn’s son Steve Wyatt.

With the help of Mark Seal, who lives in Texas and wrote the article on Marvin Davis in this magazine in November, I got in touch with a number of Texans who know the Wyatts. John W. Mecom Jr., an oilman and former owner of the New Orleans Saints, grew up with Lynn. Like so many in Houston, he was not stunned by the revelation of Wyatt’s alleged involvement in the financial scandal. “I don’t think it was a big surprise to anybody that Oscar was indicted,” he said. “Oscar dealt with Qaddafis when it was illegal. Oscar can handle it . . . I don’t think anyone ever compared Lynn to Oscar. She’s his wife, but beyond that he does his thing and she does her thing. I don’t think there’s anything in the world that Lynn can’t handle—probably better than Oscar.”

The Wyatts have appeared around Houston just as they did before, except for the night of the arraignment. Lynn was scheduled to be one of 35 honored guests at a benefit for the Friends of the Texas Medical Center Library, advertised as “Dinner with Houston’s Most Fascinating.” Betsy Parish, the former society writer for the now defunct Houston Post, who chaired the event, said, “Lynn called me and said, ‘I just cannot come. There’s just no way I can do it, out of respect to Oscar.’ I was impressed that she had the courtesy to call. She could have just not shown up, which everybody would have understood.” Parish added, “We’ve only heard one side of this story. Houstonians are so used to having their contemporaries indicted, it’s just part of the daily activity here. We’ve gone through Enron! An indictment is normally shocking and terrible, but once this community went through Enron, nothing surprises us anymore.”

The socialite wife of another lawyer said, “The Wyatts were at the Mosbachers’ Christmas dinner that year [Robert Mosbacher was secretary of commerce under Bush] and I have to give it to

her. She holds her head high, as if she were made out of Teflon. What a great, regal attitude, not one of arrogance but of sheer, beautiful strength. It takes you back to Scarlett O’Hara: I’ll never be hungry again. It’s not celebrity, it’s not wealth—it’s just . . . it. Lynn and Oscar have made such a Beauty-and-the-Beast pair for so long. He’s expected to offend people; people expect him to be a rogue. She’s the exact opposite. She knows how to work the media. It’s an art.”

Richard Flowers, an event planner in Houston, said, “There’s basically been no real reaction to Oscar’s indictment, and we’ve heard only one side of this. Lynn Wyatt is Lynn Wyatt. She’s been an icon in Houston forever. She set the standard when it comes to fashion, entertaining—everything. People aspire to be like Lynn. Indictment? That’s just the oil business. It won’t affect the way people talk about Lynn in any way. She and Oscar recently chaired the gala for the Houston Grand Opera and raised something like two and a half million dollars—more than had ever been raised. Whatever her husband did or didn’t do in business, that has little to do with Lynn Wyatt. She’s a very strong Texas woman. She’ll stand by him and continue to do whatever she can to make Houston a great city!”

Susan Glesby, a close friend of the Wyatts’, said, “I saw Oscar and Lynn at three Christmas parties. Honey, people were swarming around them. So neither is hiding. Lynn’s not saying a word. Nothing. Look, if I didn’t read the newspaper, I would never know anything was wrong.” Subsequently, Lynn denied to Glesby that Oscar was going to sue the U.S. government.

Some people I talked to think Oscar Wyatt will get off. Some think he’ll wind up paying a fine. Most people, however, think that he will not go to prison.

Unlike the Wyatts, the Blacks have virtually closed the door of their gated mansion in Toronto’s exclusive Bridle Path district, which is also called Millionaires’ Row. Now known as Lord Black of Crossharbour—he gave up his Canadian citizenship for the English title—the former C.E.O. of Hollinger International was arraigned in Chicago in December on 11 counts charging him and three associates with grand fraud in diverting $83.8 million of their shareholders’ money. Free on $20 million bail, Conrad Black has more recently been charged with additional crimes. According to Tim Arango in the New York Post, “The new charges include racketeering, obstruction of justice, money laundering and wire fraud, stemming from an alleged massive fraud that allowed Black and his cohorts to loot company coffers of more than $80 million.” These charges could add another 50 years in prison to the 40 Black is already facing. The Blacks’ double-fronted mansion in Kensington, in London, has been sold, as has their Park Avenue apartment. Their $36 million oceanfront estate in Palm Beach has been seized, and trucks have been
spotted removing trophies and artworks from the Toronto house.

Just contemplating the legal fees of such a case boggles the mind. I was recently at a Park Avenue dinner party attended by several of the business moguls who are regularly written up in the financial pages of The New York Times, the New York Post, and The Wall Street Journal. Their chic wives, in black dresses by Oscar de la Renta and jewels by JAR of Paris, play active parts in the city’s charities. I congratulated one financier on his acquisition of a company, which I had read about that morning in the Times. “Oh, don’t congratulate me when I buy a company,” he said. “Anyone with money can buy a company. Congratulations me when I sell the company. That shows the kind of businessman I am.”

At one point in the evening, the subject of Conrad Black and his mounting legal woes came up. One of the guests said, “Have you heard about the letter that Conrad wrote to [he named a prominent businessman]?” He informed us that Black had written to the man, who was known to everyone in the room, to ask him to round up all their old friends to chip in to help pay Black’s legal bills, with the guarantee that each participant would be paid back. Everyone looked around at everyone else. No one spoke. The conversation went on to other things.

When the going was good, Black and his beautiful wife, Barbara Amiel, who wrote a political column for London’s Daily Telegraph, were society’s darlings in New York, London, and Palm Beach. They moved effortlessly and elegantly in the highest power circles. They exuded glamour. “The Blacks are coming,” hostesses would say when they invited people to dinner—with code for an important evening ahead—and Conrad was invariably seated to the right of the hostess. At 61, he’s a commanding presence and looks great in a dinner jacket. He’s also an admired historian and a dazzling public speaker. I have seen him hold the attention of a dinner table of 16 for 20 minutes, during the main course, as he discussed the war in Iraq. But that is no longer the case. Neither he nor his wife is in social demand anymore. They have been dropped. As one newspaper put it, the Blacks have been blackballed. Their spectacular social and financial fall reminds me of that of Augustus Melmottt in Anthony Trollope’s great novel The Way We Live Now.

In their high-flying days, Lady Black was a radiant partner. Bright, funny, dashing, a literary type. I recently corresponded with her, and she gave me the impression that she could write of her own experience. I firmly believe that Barbara Black has got another act to play. She is an intelligent woman who could have made some of the citizens she has known so well throw a party or two. But the guests don’t have the same clout.

On the other hand, there are those who have a great deal to lose. A bad toupee who was thought to be worth billions, was always part of the show at their parties. One night, as we were sitting down to dinner, he called over to me from his table, “Hey, Dominick, you’re getting fat,” which is not exactly what you want to have yelled at you in a room full of movie stars. Though I had put on a good 25 pounds or more, I was still as thin as a reed compared with Marvin. And while I’m pretty good with zingers at such moments, and I had a great one on the tip of my tongue, I didn’t say it, not because I was such a gentleman, but because his scary look was just staring me to come back at him. That look probably worked wonders in business deals.

The charges that the Davises were guilty of fiscal misconduct came from a most unexpected source, their daughter Patricia, in a 169-page lawsuit brought last October, a year after Marvin’s death, which begins:

This is a case about greed, theft, and betrayal. This is 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—
Mountains have crumbled.
Glaciers have melted.
Continents have drifted.
Diamonds have remained the same.

Clearly, Mother Nature is a romantic.
est, 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 Colorado 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 shocker in Patricia’s lawsuit was that Marvin Davis was not worth $4.9 billion, as Forbes magazine had declared in its 2004 list of America’s richest people, but instead had suffered incredible reversals. “Marvin turned out to be 350 pounds of baloney,” said one of his Beverly Hills friends. After Marvin’s death, Barbara had one last grand party at the Knoll and then put the mansion up for sale. A lady friend of mine, wise in the ways of Beverly Hills social life, told me that in years past the Davises had always bought two $50,000 tables for fashionable charity dinners and balls and filled the tables with their friends, but that in the last couple of years they had bought just two tickets. Clearly, their social situation had been going through great changes.

The lawsuit will affect Barbara Davis most, because it accuses the immediate family of acts of greed and treachery and therefore behooves the picture she and Marvin always sought to create, of a happy family dining and laughing together at an enormous table at Mortons or Spago. There seems to be no doubt that she is already suffering severely. “Barbara’s a complete and total wreck,” said a friend who asked not to be named. “Mother saw her yesterday at the Tamarisk Country Club, in Palm Springs, where she was vacationing with her son Gregg and his wife and children. This has just devastated her.”

“Barbara is keeping a stiff upper lip and never lets down her guard,” another friend told me. “She has said, ‘It’s very hurtful, what Patty is doing, and that’s all I want to say about it.’”

Barbara is certainly not hiding. She recently flew to London for a wedding, and she was in Washington in December for the Kennedy Center Honors. She has hired a new publicist, and her family intends to fight the charges.

In my opinion, the family should settle with Patricia and not allow the case to go to trial. Patricia has great representation in the firm of David Boies, who wouldn’t take on a case he didn’t feel strongly about. If this family winds up in a Los Angeles courtroom, there will be broken hearts, unhealable wounds, and daily embarrassments in the press coverage, which their friends and enemies alike will devour.

I imagine my amazement when I picked up the phone one night and heard the voice of Ralph Fiennes, whom I didn’t know but had just seen in The Constant Gardener. It turned out that he knew my son Griffin, who had told him to call me because I had known the character Fiennes was playing in Bernard and Doris; the movie he was shooting for Trigger Street Independent in New York.

Doris is Doris Duke, arguably the richest woman in America for decades, who was romanced by a lot of gold diggers, and whose second husband was the notorious playboy Porfirio Rubirosa. She is being played in the film by Susan Sarandon. Bernard is Bernard Lafferty, Duke’s Irish butler and confidant, who became so close to her in her last years that she named him the executor of her billion-dollar estate. Duke died in 1993 of cardiac arrest caused by progressive pulmonary edema, but many people suggested that Lafferty had injected the morphine shot that killed her. I told Fiennes, “I went to his funeral, at Elizabeth Taylor’s swimming pool. Yes, I’ll have dinner with you and Bob [Balaban, the director] at Il Cantinori and tell you my Bernard Lafferty stories.”

I met Lafferty at a lunch at Elizabeth Taylor’s house one Sunday during the O. J. Simpson trial. I was amazed to see him there, and when at one point he went to the bathroom, I said to Elizabeth, “Isn’t he supposed to have killed Doris Duke?” “Absolutely not,” said Elizabeth, who is always fiercely loyal to her friends. She was promptly seconded by her husband at the time, Larry Fortensky, the construction worker she had met at Betty Ford’s clinic.

Six months before Duke died, she made her last will, leaving Lafferty an executor’s fee of $5 million and a lifetime annuity of $500,000 a year. One month before she died, Duke left $1 million to the AIDS Foundation of Elizabeth Taylor, Lafferty’s favorite movie star. It was an ingenious move, for it was helping a worthy cause and at the same time helping Lafferty befriend his idol. After he was replaced as executor, he moved to Los Angeles and became a regular at Elizabeth Taylor’s house. They grew very close, and I could see in their relationship the kind of intimacy he must have shared with Doris Duke. I had several conversations with him, and in time I ceased to believe that he had administered the shot that killed the heiress. I actually came to like him in the long run. He died in 1996 of natural causes.

What I didn’t know until Bob Balaban and Ralph Fiennes told me at dinner was that Bernard Lafferty in his will had returned the $5 million to the Doris Duke Foundation. I said to Fiennes, “He was always a servant. He had the mentality of a servant. Even sitting next to Elizabeth, he was a servant sitting down at a table. He never referred to Doris Duke as anything other than Miss Duke.”

We had a very good time at dinner, and I ended up with a bit part in the movie, as one of the five men on Duke’s board of directors. Our first scene is with Susan Sarandon, and it was meant to show how well Duke managed her money. In our second scene, Lafferty is meeting with the board for the first time since Duke’s death. Ralph Fiennes, as Lafferty, was wearing Doris Duke’s mink coat over his shoulders, a lavender brassiere, and huge pieces of jewelry. As he removed his dark glasses, revealing mascara and eye shadow, he smiled winningly at us and said in a dainty voice, “Gentlemen, I would like to make a donation of a million dollars to AIDS.”
IS TIME WARNER NECESSARY?

Trapped in an $80 billion bubble of dysfunction, Time Warner's leadership has been blindsided by Carl Icahn's attack. The corporate raider's audaciously simple plan—just throw the bums out, then dismantle the world's largest media company—has exposed Time Warner's fundamental weakness: there's no logical reason for its existence.

I've been talking about Time Warner, world's biggest media company, and its borderline personalities, its cockamamy synergies, its obdurate fiefdoms, about the very preposterousness of its existence, for half of my career. This has, I confess, been lots of fun—people inside the company and people outside the company competing to describe T.W.'s most exasperating dysfunctions—except for the fact that somewhere along the way virtually everybody associated with the place (and everybody in the media business is associated with the place) seems to have come to the self-fulfilling belief that the company formerly known as AOL Time Warner is the natural media state.

But here I was with a person who could remove this neurotic condition from all of our professional lives. In a certain light—from his great office lair, with the glow of Manhattan and New Jersey illuminating his messy gray hair—he seemed not only like a man with a preternatural ability to make this company, or any company, disappear from the earth, but like a slightly mad doctor. At wit's end, you agree to have Dr. Icahn perform his radical therapy.

I kept going back and forth between feelings of awe at the idea of no more Time Warner—vanished like ITT or Pan Am or, in fact if not in name, AT&T—and wonder at the casualness, the nonchalance, the shoot-from-the-hip-ness of the guy who was proposing to disappear the place (or, to continue the other metaphor, cure us of the malady).

Honestly, it's hard to imagine anyone spending five minutes with Carl Icahn who wouldn't regret at least a little not becoming a corporate activist (as they're now called) or raider (as they used to be called). It's not just the $8.5 billion Carl's made for himself taking over compa-
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nies (TWA, Blockbuster, Texaco, among others) and the Fifth Avenue offices so large that he asks me please not to de-
scribe the place that make you realize you've lived your life inadequately, but his
naturalness. His boyish enthusiasm at 69. His carefree spontaneity. The naked Icahn.
He makes taking over a company seem so easy—so basic. It certainly doesn’t seem
like hard work. Icahn himself appears to have no unique talents, no special knowl-
edge, no larger plan—and to need none.
What he does is just see the obvious and align himself with the inevitable.
You expect a war room—lots of shirt-
sleeves-rolled-up Wall Street types analyzing
data and amassing proxies, lots of really
capitating or benefiting from) a capital war.
And yet Icahn truly seems to have sur-
prised Time Warner. This is surprise in a
more complex sense than just suddenness.
It's surprise in the sense of disbelief. And
hurt.
There's something about Time Warner's
response to Icahn's threats of a takeover
that goes back to the earliest days of the
capital wars—innocent times—when corpo-
ations believed that their respectability, that
being part of the Establishment, that simply
ignoring your inferiors, was the best de-
fense. Such country-club manners, and tem-
peramental disinclination to put up much of
a fight, made possible, among other things,
the rise of a whole generation of Carl Icahns
about TW or the media business in gener-
al, what’s most clear is that he doesn’t have
much patience for any of it. Content? Dis-
tribution? Feh! It’s a sinkhole. He’s brought
in the investment bank Lazard and keeps
saying the guys there will come up with the
plan of what to do. When pressed by li-
teral-minded people about whom exactly
he might get to run Time Warner were
he to actually take it over, he shrugs—then
talks about media executives as if he were
playing some version of Rotisserie baseball,
inviting everyone else to participate. (To-
gether we handicap the chances of getting Meg
Whitman to leave eBay.)
There’s something so unbusinesslike about
Icahn’s proposed takeover—that’s the dis-

"[ICAHN] CALLED US MORONS,”
SAYS MY FRIEND, AN UPPERMOST TIME WARNER GUY.
“CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT? THERES NO EXCUSE FOR NAME-CALLING.”

certing thing for businesspeople. He
doesn’t have the shareholder clout, nor does
he seem to have much of a strategic game.
Rather, he’s like a Washington outsider storm-
ing the Beltway establishment. He has no pro-
gram, no plan, no method, just moral vir-
tue (a corporate raider claiming moral
virtue, at that). It’s virtue that derives sim-
ply from the fact that he’s not them. That
it’s their mess, not his. That it’s their head so
far up their ass.

On the other hand, no one at Time
Warner would exactly, or credibly, de-

defend the idea of Time Warner, either.
Perhaps no company has ever been in such
a long-term existential tailspin—everybody
questioning how it got to be, nobody feeling
he has to take responsibility for it.

In some sense, the best that people
can say about Time Warner is it is somehow
not like other companies—which are funda-
mentally about ownership and control. It’s
a postmodern entity: the inevitable result of
consolidation is that everything is connect-
ed in such a tortured and ham-handed way
that nothing is quite connected.

It’s appropriate that Time Warner is
the great New York company—the hometown
company. The sense that nobody is really in
charge makes it very New York. It isn’t top-
down. It isn’t run by a true mogul. It isn’t
one man’s enterprise—there’s no Mr. Time
Warner. (The legacies of Henry Luce, who
founded Time Inc., and Jack Warner, who
ran Warner Bros., and even Steve Ross, the
parking-lot king who reconstituted War-
ner Bros., have long been submerged in the
pilfer of so many disparate companies.) In
fact, there’s no real leader—no one is really

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“CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT? THERES NO EXCUSE FOR NAME-CALLING.”

expensive lawyers plotting their moves in
Delaware courts, M.B.A.'s of all sorts sweat-
ing the small stuff. But what you get, in
this very big office, is an embodiment of
the peanut gallery, Heaven down litter and
catcalls on the stage, a man in a figurative
Barclay lounging in front of the television set
shouting, "Throw the bums out!"

This is mostly the way the top dogs at
Time Warner—largest magazine publish-
er, second-largest cable company, par-
tent of CNN and HBO and AOL, home of
Warner Bros.—see him: Carl Icahn is a
difficult guy with lots of time on his hands,
writing the company obnoxious letters. (Time
Warner Cable probably gets hundreds of
letters like this every day.)

In early December, shortly after Icahn
began assaulting the company, I ran into an
uppermost Time Warner guy whom I’ve
known for many years as he came out of
his dentist’s office on Madison Avenue. I
gently teased him about Icahn’s being a
particularly brutish sort of dentist. “It’s not
funny,” said my friend. “He called us mo-

P arsons has a point. Time Warner, in
any conventional terms, is pretty much
unassailable. Even trading at slightly un-
der $18 a share, the desultory price around
which the company has been stuck for the
better part of the last four years, Time War-
ner is worth more than $80 billion—too
big to buy or control. After 15 years of merg-
ers and other complicated financial swaps,
many of them for Time Warner shares, no-
body owns enough of the company to make
much of a difference. It does revert in that
sense to an old-style company: the very
weight of its existence protects and ensures
its inefficiencies and independence—certain-
ly against Carl Icahn’s (and his associates')
measly 3 percent.

That’s what’s puzzling—and, for Time
Warner management, infuriating. Why is
Icahn, who must’ve learned a thing or two
as he amassed his $8.5 billion taking over
companies, trying to take over a company
that can’t be taken over? What gall.

Speaking of gall, when Icahn talks

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calling the shots. That means, however, that the main explanation for its existence is that somehow, for better or worse, it just came to exist. The biggest media company in the world; arguably one of the world’s most influential entities, is a happenstance historical by-product.

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Among the high points: there was the loopy and in many ways still-unresolved original marriage of the Ivy League Time Inc. culture with Warner’s semi-outlaw Hollywood culture; there was the crazy and unmanageable financial structure put in place to facilitate the Time and Warner deal that the company would spend years never quite satisfactorily undoing; there were the Warner toughs grabbing power from the Time sissies, but then the untimely death of the Warner boss, Steve Ross, which enabled, from the Time side, the rise of Gerald Levin, everybody’s least favorite C.E.O. Paranoid and isolated, Levin famously protected his position by both letting strong

- less, got to appoint his successor—the glad-handing Parsons.

Still, the overarching sense among current T.W. management is that that was then. That some Rubicon separating the present years from those crazy years has been crossed. That the company now, with pretty-good Dick Parsons in charge, supported, until recently, by that solid and reliable fly fisherman Don Logan as the C.O.O. of half of the company and the handsome and astute Yale guy Jeffrey Bewkes as the head of the other half, has been sober for five years. If they haven’t built a financial juggernaut, if they haven’t exactly returned value, they have avoided the abyss. All of T.W.’s parts are, more or less, in running

- feed me a few lines for a spot of commentary. I’m scheduled to do on CNBC—it’s his idea that Time Warner is like the PBS series I, Claudius, with Levin as Livia, dispatching everybody who might be strong enough to run ancient Rome and leaving only the hapless Claudius, who is Parsons. (I demur.)

But it’s not about just ink and airtime. His is rather, in a higher media sense, a Zeitgeist play.

Carl Icahn is trying to say what everybody is thinking (a little ahead of someone else’s saying it—that’s what you get the big bucks for).

As it happens, this isn’t so hard to do. In the case of Time Warner, it’s perfectly obvious what everyone is thinking. Obvious enough that Icahn doesn’t need to have legions of M.B.A.’s telling him what’s up. No investor, man on the street, politician with his finger in the wind, or employee would tell you differently: Time Warner, along with all the other centralized, vertically integrated, horizontally organized, multiplatform-function media companies, is just too big. The idea of agglomeration without limit turned out not to be such a good one. A no-brainer bad one.

Indeed, this revision-

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WHEN ICAHN TALKS ABOUT TIME WARNER OR THE MEDIA BUSINESS, WHAT’S MOST CLEAR IS THAT HE DOESN’T HAVE MUCH PATIENCE FOR ANY OF IT.

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executives go their own way and killing any executives who might want more central authority, replacing them with courtiers and weaklings. Levin, in part to head off criticism of a stagnating share price (a persistent theme), bought Turner Broadcasting (CNN, the Turner cable stations, and MGM’s film library), another merger never wholly digested. (This is from the C.E.O rule book: You can’t fire a manager who has just done a complicated acquisition.) Then Levin secretly engineered the AOL merger (in which AOL actually bought Time Warner), which promptly revered the appellation “worst deal in business history” and caused the stock to drop more than $200 billion in value. Happily, he lost his job (he’s now involved with a health spa in California) over AOL but, never order—and the people at the top (in the new showcase headquarters at Columbus Circle) aren’t nutteres. That’s not nothing. Hence, they ought to catch a break.

While Carl Icahn may not know much about the media business, his plan of attack is all media strategy. Indeed—and this isn’t a small character note—he has no P.R. firm. He’ll go so far as to tell you that he has no P.R. firm because that’s his job—the main job, in other words.

One evening after work I go over to talk to him, and we sit in his office studying a copy of the obituary Parsons on CNBC and Icahn, on-air response, appealing in its off-the-cuff ness (everybody’s trying to play in this drama). Icahn tries to

- ism is a notion on the verge of becoming as philosophically respectable as the-bigger-the-better theory itself once was. It’s called disestablishment or decapitalization. The advantages gained by aggregating businesses across the horizontal and vertical axes of an industry (owning the studio that makes the content that is then shown on the television network) are illusory ones, at best moving money from one pocket to another, while the disadvantages are magnified—so many of your wins occur because another of your companies loses (Time Warner Cable’s high-speed Road Runner service grows at the expense of AOL).

Viacom, one of T.W.’s competitors, has broken itself into two. The radio giant Clear Channel has broken itself up as well.

The ever popular Jeffrey Bewkes—who, in
The New Infiniti FX
calling the shots. That means, however, that the main explanation for its existence is that somehow, for better or worse, it just came to exist. The biggest media company in the world, arguably one of the world’s most influential entities, is a happenstance historical by-product.

And yet, the blow-by-blow facts of its existence are not hazy or vague. Everybody involved with Time Warner is always telling the story of Time Warner. Not, mind you, to argue its virtues but rather to rehash or fill in more nuances of the essential comedy of Time Warner’s 15-year history.

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The New Infiniti FX

Like every Infiniti, the FX began as a gesture: Two brushstrokes that, together, define the soul of the vehicle. With a flat, horizontal line racing out into the distance and a low-stung roofline giving it an aggressive posture, the gesture served as the mantra for every decision made along the way to building the SUV inspired by sports car design.
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there's nothing in the Wall Street Journal about the original Wall Street Journal; Ivy league graduates, unbeknownst to them, structure the entire company; that there has been no year-to-year underwriter from the New York Times, enabling the New York Times to dominate Parsons. Bewkes in every position, in every position.

H
eads to the Next Big Thing—any Next Big Thing, according to the rules that have been set by Jeffrey Bewkes. The former chairman of the board of IBM is now a Wall Street analyst. But his job (he's now involved with a health spa in California) over AOL but, nevertheless, got to appoint his successor—the glad-handing Parsons.

Still, the overriding sense among current T.W. management is that that was then. That some Rubicon separating the present years from those crazy years has been crossed. That the company now, with pretty-good Dick Parsons in charge, supported, until recently, by that solid and reliable fly fisherman Don Logan as the C.O.O. of half of the company and the handsome and astute Yale guy Jeffrey Bewkes as the head of the other half, has been sober for five years. If they haven't, built a financial juggernaut, fed me a few lines for a spot of commentary I'm scheduled to do on CNBC—it's his idea that Time Warner is like the PBS series I, Claudius, with Levin as Livia. Dispatching everybody who might be strong enough to run ancient Rome and leaving only the hapless Claudius, who is Parsons. (I demur.) But it's not about just ink and airtime. His is rather, in a higher media sense, a Zeitgeist play.

Carl Icahn is trying to say what everybody is thinking (a little ahead of someone else's saying it—that's what you get the big bucks for).

The 150-horsepower V8 engine is positioned near the vehicle's center of gravity, giving the Infinity FX exceptional balance and stability. Its suspension is nested in the body, providing a more linear, more fluid feel to the ride that's enhanced by technologies like Variable Damping Control. Warner Bros. maintain control through tight turns by automatically applying the brake pressure to individual wheels while reducing engine output. Design. Design that performs. Design that helps put our Infinity at home. Design that works. Design that works. Design that works. Design that works. Design that works.
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Among the high points:

- the 1987 merger of Warner Communications and Time Inc., in which two of the most storied names in American publishing and broadcasting joined to form the new财神 1. Don Icahn's갱합도가 급격하게 진행된 것이었다.  
- Dick Parsons in charge, supported, until recently, by that solid and reliable fisherman Don Logan as the C.O.O. of half of the company and the handsome and astute Yale guy Jeffrey Bewkes as the head of the other half, has been sober for five years. If they haven't built a financial juggernaut,  
- The ever popular Jeffrey Bewkes—who, in

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- color, 7-inch screen provides an easy-to-read, navigational perspective of the route. It can even give verbal directions. Infiniti's Lane Departure Warning system helps to keep the car centered and maintain a safe distance between you and the car ahead. If you unintentionally begin to leave your lane, it will alert you to what's important—driving.

Channel has broken itself up as well.
The New Infiniti FX
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Among the high points:

there was a three-year
marriage between
Ivy League origi-
ners and the world
outlaws. Nobody
understood what
was going on from
the outside, at
ner

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work with the gauges, to provide a clear view of what’s in
front of you. your family in control of the helm.

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WOLFF

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Among the high points:

there was the original battle for control by Carl Icahn, which, of course, had its extraordinary outtakings, including the much-heralded situation in which Levin was forced to appoint his successor—the glad-handing Parsons.

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exec.

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Channel has broken itself up as well.

Carl Icahn is trying to say what everybody is thinking (a little ahead of someone else's saying it—that's what you get the big bucks for).

exclamatory tone.

When the bone structure of Time Warner is discussed, it's as if everybody is working to create the illusion that Time Warner is a logical, well-run company that just happened to come about. But it's not. It's the result of a deal struck by the Skyhook Generation. The result is a company that is a bit less than the sum of its parts.

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Brave. By Design.

When the box office of "Brave" in July at $37 million, what's left is a movie not so well in a few years. Accented by his aggressive, bracing reversion from the
battles of wits and shows. And set against with a moment that
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feed me a few lines for a spot of commentary. I’m scheduled to do on CNBC—it’s his idea that Time Warner is like the PBS series I, Claudius, with Levin as Livia, dispatching everybody who might be strong enough to run ancient Rome and leaving only the hapless Claudius, who is Parsons. (I demur.)

But it’s not about just ink and airtime. His is rather, in a higher media sense, a Zeitgeist play.

Carl Icahn is trying to say what everybody is thinking (a little ahead of someone else’s saying it—that’s what you get the big bucks for).

Still, the overriding sense among current T.W. management is that that was then. That some Rubicon separating the present years from those crazy years has been crossed. That the company now, with pretty-good Dick Parsons in charge, supported, until recently, by that solid and reliable fly fisherman Don Logan as the C.O.O. of half of the company and the handsome and astute Yale guy Jeffrey Bewkes as the head of the other half, has been sober for five years. If they haven’t

The ever popular Jeffrey Bewkes—who, in

Of course, Icahn could result in

But don’t dream

his job (he’s now involved with a health spa in California) over AOL but, neverthe-

off-the-cuff-ness (everybody’s trying to play the mensch in this drama). Icahn tries to
a move the company says has nothing to do with Icahn, was elevated to the sole No. 2 position in the company last month, at the height of Icahn’s criticism of Parsons. was one of the executives closely involved with the sale of Warner Music to Seagram heir Edgar Bronfman Jr. At the time of the deal Bewkes acknowledged that TW. might get more if it carried the company longer, but, given all the aggravations of the music business, he said, “who has the stomach for that?” Likewise, Bewkes has joked with his friend Tom Freston, who now runs the MTV-focused half of the old Viacom, that they should join T.W.’s gem HBO (which Bewkes used to run) and Viacom’s MTV and escape from everything else. (Icahn is a company that’s bid on almost every magazine property that’s been for sale in the last two years—an inside track on the magazines. So much for Time Inc. What else might Icahn have to give?)

Icahn likes the Barry Diller card. Diller, the former entertainment mogul who now controls vast online resources, could join Icahn’s bid, take over at Time Warner, accomplish the disassembling of the company, and get AOL for his trouble. That’s something that would surely appeal to the institutional and hedge-fund investors Icahn needs to vote in his slate. But Diller is already a billionaire—he’d probably need at least another billion from the deal. (Perhaps, Icahn speculates, the whole process would best be served by a less sentimental breaker-upper. Not a media-mogul type at all but a heartless outsider—who might work for a few hundred million.)

Icahn is, in some sense, straddling illusion and reality. The difference in profit margins between creating the fiction of being capable of taking over Time Warner and actually getting control of it with the greedy partners that this would entail could be vast.

Really, the gold here is in just making the inexorable case. Icahn’s game may be more an act of politics, or pure logic, or, egad, even journalism, than finance.

One of the media executives—a once penultimate figure at Time Warner—who went up to see Icahn to discuss joining Icahn’s slate of dissident directors came away, the executive told me, not too terribly impressed with Carl: “Time Warner may not have the A-team, but he doesn’t have the A-team, either.”

And yet, in the balance of our conversation, the former penultimate executive’s real annoyance was still reserved for Time Warner. Icahn is Icahn, but Time Warner is Time Warner. “They’re the biggest media company in the world, but nobody affords them that respect. They’re just always at the butt end of every deal. These guys don’t seem to ever do it fucking right.”

What Icahn has to do, in other words, is just keep calling attention to the unlikely thing we’ve all somehow used to living with. Why, for the love of God, does Time Warner, and by extension every other media holding company, actually exist? What do they do for any-smart people who know what there is to know. Hence, the dumb guys (TW.) get into bed with the smart guys (Google). Similarly, in 1994, Time Warner began its relations with AOL, resulting, six years later, in the business world’s most fabulous rout. And now, again, here we are. Google buys 5 percent of AOL for a billion bucks (AOL, formerly worth $170 billion, is now worth $20 billion). Think of it as something like a billion-dollar Trojan horse: Having insulated themselves, the smart guys are able to figure out how really dumb the dumb guys are. Likewise, the dumb guys almost always come to see the smart guys as smarter than they are.

Play this out. The Icahn logic that breaking up the company is better than not breaking it up is not only irrefutable but, in Icahn’s hands, relentless, bound to finally unnerve everybody at Time Warner (they’re media guys—if they can do nothing else, they should be able to read the Zeitgeist) and, at the very least, pique the curiosity and whet the appetite of everybody else in the media business—investors, managers, media writers, all reading the Zeitgeist as well—causing the bright people at Google to morph into white knights, offering their overvalued shares for a decisive chunk of T.W. as an ultimate defense against Icahn.

Carl will be happy, because he can cash out. But as for the rest of us in this business . . . well. I certainly have no reason to believe that logic and good sense and a generally healthy outlook will ever prevail, not here anyway, at Google Time Warner. 

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The Getty's Blue Period

The president of the world's richest art institution, the $9 billion J. Paul Getty Trust, Barry Munitz is on the ropes, with the press lambasting his tenure, California's attorney general investigating, and former Getty antiquities curator Marion True on trial. In a tearful interview, Munitz tries to set the record straight

By Vicky Ward

On an unusually hot day for January in Los Angeles, with the mercury hitting 90 degrees, Barry Munitz, the president of the $9 billion J. Paul Getty Trust, the world's richest art institution, was doing his best to strike a pose to match the sunshine.

"Hi, I'm Barry Munitz. I provided the weather," he says, pumping my hand in the parking lot of the J. Paul Getty Museum's magnificent Roman-style Getty Villa, in Malibu. Situated on 64 hillside acres overlooking the Pacific, it stands just in front of the ranch house that once belonged to the collection's founder, the industrialist Jean Paul Getty. The site of the original Getty Museum, the Villa was closed for eight years for a $275 million renovation so it could house the Getty's collection of ancient artifacts. The January 28 reopening was meant to be the jewel in the crown for Munitz. 64, and was appointed president and chief executive officer of the Getty Trust in 1997. That same year the Getty's collection...
of European paintings, drawings, manuscripts, decorative arts, and photography was relocated from the Villa to the Getty Center, Richard Meier's famous, $1 billion complex of structures, clad in white travertine marble and white metal panels, in Brentwood.

Munitz, slight and lean, with a gray mustache, is wearing a purple jacket that matches the color of his car—a 1996 Chevrolet Camaro convertible. When people talk about Barry Munitz, they talk about his snappy dressing, dynamism, and charisma; some speak with enthusiasm, some witheringly. "I think he spends more time picking out his wardrobe than he did trying to understand the issues and politics of C.S.U.,” says one of the latter, a former colleague from Munitz's days as chancellor of the California State University system.

"I'm a communicator," says Munitz later, sitting at a table in the Villa's sunlit conference room. We've just finished a tour of the place, and Munitz has, with his trademark puppy-dog enthusiasm, pointed out its highlights—particularly the technology that enables the temperature and humidity of the earthquake-proof display cases to be monitored from a central station. Already, he claims, museum officials from around the world have come to look and learn about the technology. "The point of the Getty is about sharing," he says.

But there is a nervous energy in his voice which increases as he talks; one is not altogether surprised when, toward the end of the interview, in which he protests that "it's been a painful personal year, but a remarkable professional year," Munitz bursts into tears.

The painful part starts with his former curator of antiquities, Marion True, 57, who is on trial in Rome, accused of conspiring to acquire illegally 42 ancient objects now in the Getty's possession. She knew, it is claimed, that they had been unearthed by looters—tombaologi (tomb raiders), as they are known. (Italy's 1939 antiquities law says that the Italian state rightfully owns all objects proved to have come out of its ground after 1902.) Also on trial is Robert E. Hecht Jr., an 86-year-old Paris-based art dealer, accused of selling to True many of the antiquities, sometimes through other dealers—although True should have known, according to prosecutors, that they were in fact coming from Hecht and that he dealt in illicit trade. True was indicted last April by Paolo Ferri, a tenacious Italian prosecutor who had been working on the case for many years. The primary evidence was Polaroid photos of thousands of allegedly looted antiquities, some still covered in dirt, which had been discovered in a Swiss warehouse belonging to Giacomo Medici, a Maserati-driving Italian dealer. While True is the only major museum curator to have been indicted by Ferri, the Getty is not the only U.S. museum to own objects that appear in the photographs. So do New York's Metropolitan Museum, Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, the Toledo Museum of Art, and the Princeton University Art Museum, according to Italian court records. However, True's case was not helped by a 2001 raid on Hecht's Paris apartment, where Ferri came across a diary, the entries of which he claims confirm the links among Medici, Hecht, and True.

True's indictment, however, was only the start of Munitz's problems. In June, the Los Angeles Times ran a profile that characterized him as a fast-talking operator who in 2003, while cutting jobs and budgets, was receiving an annual compensation package worth more than $1 million. The article detailed a trip on a yacht with former Los Angeles mayor Richard Riordan and

"Barry was never going to fit well with the museum types, because he didn't have an arts background," says an art dealer.

KING OF THE HILL Top, Richard Meier's Getty Center, in Brentwood, California. The 945,000-square-foot complex of white travertine marble, metal, and glass cost $1 billion and took 13 years to complete. Above, Barry Munitz at a museum opening in Germany in 2004.
his wife, and lavish Getty-financed junkets to Cuba and Greece. Munitz’s contract allows him to fly first-class, and he did so with gusto—taking 30 trips between 1999 and 2002. Also, he purchased, on the Getty’s dime, a $72,000 Porsche Cayenne, which he had souped up with the “best possible sound system, the biggest possible sunroof,” and “power everything.” (The car was justified as being for board members when they visited.) Perhaps most serious, the article accused Munitz of unloading a piece of Getty land for which was alleged to be $700,000 less than market value to his friend the wealthy philanthropist Eli Broad. (In a strongly worded response to the paper, the Getty’s board denied that the sale price was beneath market value; in fact, they said, they were pleased to be able to unload it, because the land has restricted access and they saved a broker’s fee.)

Also controversial—actually, it’s the main gripe of many of the Getty employees interviewed by V.F.—was that Munitz hired as his chief of staff Jill Murphy, now 33, whom he had discovered waiting tables when she was a student at Cal State Sacramento and he was the C.S.U. chancellor. Not only her lack of background in the arts but her management style offended many people. “She’s the type who would [figuratively] kick you in the kneecaps,” says one person.

There has been a steady trickle of senior executives out the door. In 1999, the general counsel of the Getty Trust, Christine Steiner, left amid rumors about a conflict with Munitz. In 2002, acting general counsel Penny Cobey and longtime executive and chief operating officer Stephen Rountree both departed. In August 2004, the museum’s associate director for administration and public affairs, Barbara Whitney, resigned. Two months later, Deborah Gribbon, the museum’s director, left amid reports that she and Munitz had philosophical clashes. “I think she left because she no longer had any faith that the Getty was being run according to sound principles,” says John Walsh, Gribbon’s predecessor. In September 2005, her successor, acting museum head William Griswold, quit to take the reins at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts.

Whitney was outspoken in her criticism of how the Getty was being run. “Barry and his key staff members not only lack the expertise but have little regard—and actually seem to have contempt—for those who do have it,” said Whitney.

“I’m concerned that the Getty board has been spending [too much] time watching old episodes of Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous,” commented Iowa senator Charles Grassley, the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, which oversees tax-exempt organizations, after he read the June 2005 L.A. Times story about Munitz’s alleged extravagances. According to a staffer, Grassley’s office is considering writing a letter of complaint to the Getty board.

In October the board of the Getty Trust set up a five-member team to conduct an internal investigation, spearheaded by Ronald L. Olson, a high-profile Los Angeles lawyer who has represented former Hollywood superagent Michael Ovitz and investor Warren Buffett. Both Olson and the board chairman, John Biggs, who is head of the new team, claimed that the investigation would be entirely “independent.” The L.A. Times and The New York Times, however, pointed out that most of the board members, and especially those on the five-member investigative team, were friends or appointees of Munitz’s. (Olson said that anyone with conflicts of interest would be removed from the investigation.)

Then, in late December, the Washington, D.C.–based Council on Foundations, an advocacy group for nonprofits, announced it was placing the Getty Trust on a 60-day probation pending the delivery of documents answering allegations of financial misconduct. It is tantamount to a notice that the trust is “not in good standing,” said president Steve Gunderson.

Still, the media assaults on Munitz kept coming; a November New York Times piece claimed he had greatly upset Getty museum officials by moving two 17th-century drawings by the Dutch artist Herman van Swanevelt to a room without climate control for a dinner with former Paramount head Sherry Lansing and her husband, the director William Friedkin, who collect Dutch art.

“Could all this stuff in the paper possibly be true?” wondered an old friend of Munitz’s. It was a question many of Munitz’s friends were mulling.

“The person that I have been reading about is not the person I know,” says Sherry Lansing.

Munitz’s reaction to the L.A. Times article, he says now, was astonishment. He was particularly hurt by the implication that his wife is a diva in the mold of the Joan Collins character in Dynasty: “I’m sure you’ve heard from others she is the most caring, modestly living person,” he says.

But more shocks were in store; just four months later, in October, an L.A. Times investigation cited information from confidential documents, widely thought to have been leaked by a former Getty lawyer, showing, among other problems, that Munitz’s estates have been given a loan of nearly $400,000 for a house on the Greek island of Paros by an associate of London art dealer Robin Symes, who had sold objects to the Getty in the late 80s and early 90s. (Symes spent seven months in jail last year for perjury after he lied about two antiques sales worth more than $2 million.) The next year, True borrowed another $400,000 from the collectors Barbara and Lawrence Fleischman to repay the loan just three days after she and the Fleischmans sealed a huge deal for 334 Greek, Roman, and Etruscan antiquities to fill in gaps in the Villa collection. Evidently, senior Getty executives had received a tip about the first loan as long ago as 2002, but did nothing about it. By last fall, California attorney general Bill Lockyer had begun a formal investigation into the finances of the J. Paul Getty Trust, including the pay and perks received by Munitz.

Meanwhile, the Getty tried to take control of events. In October, True retired, although the Getty is still paying her legal fees for the ongoing trial. She was, says sources, disinvited from the reopening of the Villa. (A Getty spokesperson says True is welcome at the Villa at any time and does not need an invitation.)

“The board voted me in ... in 2004,” says Munitz. “It pains me I missed the opportunity to be a better communicator.”
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children of his own. When asked once by Lansing's 12-year-old stepson, Jack, why not, he replied, "Well, I just think I would worry all the time that something would go wrong, and I would be so pained for them... If something would hurt them, I think I couldn't exist." To me he says, "Clearly, when you've been raised with that kind of dysfunction and challenge, you want to try to lessen the likelihood that it's going to happen to others."

Munitz was married briefly to his college sweetheart. He got his B.A. at Brooklyn College and then went on to Princeton for his Ph.D. in comparative literature. He started teaching at the University of California at Berkeley, where he married a former student. He worked on the president's staff at the Carnegie Foundation Commission on Higher Education for two years and then moved to the University of Illinois, where he eventually became a vice president. There he broke up with his second wife and embarked on an affair with Martha Sanford, the beautiful and intelligent wife of a wealthy local businessman. Seven years Munitz's senior, Sanford was interested in education and knew her way around university politics. "I think I was useful to him in that sense," she says now. But she was also the mother of three daughters, and her friends were concerned she was making a mistake in divorcing her husband to marry Munitz.

"It was quite the scandal," Sanford remembers. "But at the time Barry dazzled me."

The pair got married in September 1971. Sanford remembers that even back then Munitz had "a different vision from most people in academia... he basically became unwelcome in Illinois—although that was never made public," she says. Another person there recalls, "He didn't quite fit, in my opinion, in the academic life. I think he was very ambitious and often didn't recognize when he was crossing a line. I don't know that he was told to leave. I know that he might have been encouraged to look at his options."

In 1976, the couple relocated to Houston and a year later Munitz became president of the University of Houston's 30,000-student central campus. There he got involved with the Houston Grand Opera, where he met wife number four, Anne, who worked in the music and production departments. Friends say Martha Munitz was very hurt by the way he flaunted his new girlfriend in public.

In 1980, Charles Bishop was appointed chancellor of the University of Houston system. He and Munitz, evidently, were like oil and water, and few were surprised when, in 1982, Munitz decided to go into the private sector, after his tennis buddy, local business executive Charles Hurwitz, threw down the gauntlet, saying, "You think you're so smart, why don't you come in and try to do this?"

In 1982, Hurwitz made Munitz a senior executive of Maxxam Inc., a large shareholder in the United Financial Group (U.F.G.). Unfortunately, Hurwitz had gotten involved with the notorious head of Drexel Burnham Lambert's bond-trading department, Michael Milken, and soon Munitz was caught up in one of the country's costliest and thorniest savings-and-loan disasters.

Using the United Savings Association of Texas (U.S.A.T.), the principal subsidiary of U.F.G., Munitz and Hurwitz bought nearly $1.8 billion of Milken's junk bonds and other Drexel-brokered securities, while Hurwitz was pursuing aggressive takeover schemes with Drexel financing, including the acquisition of Pacific Lumber,
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PHOTOS (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT): TUCKER ROBBINS, BANG & OLUFSEN, AMERICAN LEATHER, BRUETON, LIGNE ROSET, HENRY HALL, BDDW

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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*, maker of StriVectin-SD.

“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 crows’ 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 it 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 oligo-peptide (called Pal-KTTS) versus retinol, vitamin C, and placebo, on “photo-aged skin” was presented.1 “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-KTTS/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 results were moderate to severe frown lines between the brow and around the eyes. As we expected, the results of the remaining studies confirmed that the Pal-KTTS solution’s effectiveness at reducing the appearance of fine lines and wrinkles far exceeded both vitamin C and placebo.

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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 deep wrinkles, and that moderate to severe frown lines between the brow and around the eyes. As we ever since it was discovered that StriVectin could reduce the appearance of fine lines, wrinkles, and crows’ feet… the kind of fine lines, wrinkles and crows’ 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 dermabrasions are rougher on the skin and wear off.”

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where he compiled a controversial environmental record and closed down the company's pension fund. In 1990 the government had to spend $1.6 billion to bail out U.S.A.T., and in 1995 the U.S. Office of Thrift Supervision filed a civil suit against Maxxam, Hurwitz, Munitz, and other parties who it said had contributed to U.S.A.T.'s failure. In addition to charging that Hurwitz and Munitz and the others who controlled U.S.A.T. ran it into the ground with decisions that were "unsafe and unsound," the government accused its senior management of taking excessive bonuses and severance packages before its collapse. According to the Office of Thrift Supervision, Munitz was, in 1989, 1990, and 1991, "unjustly enriched" by a salary which totaled $595,876, paid from assets that should have gone toward maintaining U.S.A.T.'s net worth.

Munitz and four others settled with the government for more than $1 million in 1999, a year after he arrived at the Getty. All five were prohibited for three years from working at a federally insured bank or similar business. (Hurwitz settled the charges against him in 2002 and then won $72.3 million in sanctions for the government's having brought a frivolous lawsuit. The government is appealing the sanctions, and evidence has emerged that California Republican congressmen John T. Doolittle and Richard W. Pombo joined forces with former House majority leader Tom DeLay to pressure the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation to cease its investigation, which it did in 2002. Hurwitz contributed thousands of dollars to all three, including donations made while the F.D.I.C. case was ongoing, and he has given $5,000 to DeLay's current legal-defense fund.)

The irony of the troubled years spent with Hurwitz is that without them, Munitz agrees, he would not have had sufficient business experience to run the Getty. "If I had it to do over again I absolutely would have taken a detour in business," he says. When asked if he would repeat the Hurwitz experience, he says, "I'm not at all prepared to say absolutely not. I don't know. Because life doesn't present you those retroactive choices. You know, sometimes you learn more from the painful pieces."

Bruce Rinaldi, the federal regulator who deposed Munitz, says, "My feeling was that while Barry Munitz certainly had close involvement with Charles Hurwitz--his office was virtually next door--he wasn't the one with the financial wherewithal or expertise behind these mortgage-backed securities. Munitz played more of a front-man role."

That role, however, had its own problems in that it required Munitz, in his capacity as a director of Maxxam, to be associated with two controversial projects—the clear-cutting of ancient redwoods on land owned by Pacific Lumber and the construction of a luxury hotel in Rancho Mirage, California, on lambing grounds for the now endangered Peninsular bighorn sheep. These would plague Munitz when he returned to academia. Appointed chancellor of the C.S.U. system in 1991, he was nicknamed "the Texas chain-saw chancellor" by environmental activists, and there was a series of demonstrations against him on campuses. At one meeting, he recalls, demonstrators dressed up as trees and fell down when he entered the room, so he addressed them, "Ladies, gentlemen, and trees . . ."

Munitz says he made no attempt to hide his past controversies from C.S.U. "It was very public," he says. "Everybody had a chance to take a shot at me in 1991. There were long newspaper stories about Maxxam . . . And what I said to them, and I guess successfully to be hired, is 'Here's who I am. These are what my values are.'"

California state senators Tom Hayden and John Vasconcellos were among the most vocal opponents of Munitz because of the Maxxam experience. Munitz says they were "unbelievably tough on me in the beginning [but] interestingly, I got to be pretty close to both of them."

"I loved him. I trusted him," says Vasconcellos. The key issues facing C.S.U. at the time were "diversity and quality of faculty. . . . I thought Barry was so bright and so charming. . . . He was a spectacular chancellor."

Brenda Wilson, president of Cal State Northridge until June 1999 and a former board member of the Getty, adds, "We needed someone with the skills to be able to talk to everyone to raise awareness within the legislatures so we'd get the necessary funding. Barry is great at that."

"I loved him. I trusted him," says State Senator John Vasconcellos. "I thought Barry was so bright and so charming."

When J. Paul Getty died, in 1976, the irascible, unpredictable oil magnate, who had never liked any of his children—or, indeed, any of his five wives—left $700 million, the bulk of his fortune, to a trust for funding a museum to be started with his antiquities collection: around 9,000 or so
He basically became unwelcome in Illinois," says Munitz’s third wife, Martha Sanford, “although that was never made public.”

But there was friction at the Getty even then. The seven departments jostled one another for money, and such internal divisions were exacerbated by the fact that the departments were located in assorted buildings around Los Angeles, while the museum was housed in the Malibu villa. Williams and the board had the vision of uniting the branches at the Brentwood Getty Center, a sprawling campus where every building—each housing a faculty—is visible from all the others. In 1984 they commissioned Meier, whose design beat out those of I. M. Pei, Frank Gehry, and Philip Johnson, among others.

In 1997, at a cost of $1 billion, the Getty Center opened, and soon after, Williams retired and was replaced by Munitz, whose arrival was greeted with suspicion. “Barry was never going to fit well with the museum types, because he didn’t have an arts background,” says a prominent art dealer. “People in the museum world are particularly resistant to change and are very snobbish.”

Munitz initially seemed not to care. He introduced himself in a speech in front of all 1,200 employees in the courtyard at the Getty Center. Someone who was there recalls him making promises that might be difficult to keep. When a senior executive pointed that out, Munitz allegedly said, “Theater, it’s theater.” (“Why would I say that?” Munitz asks now.)

Sources said that it was apparent early on that many people would be leaving. “As a change agent . . . I said to them [the staff], ‘Strap on your seat belts’—not that I was looking forward to having a conflict,” Munitz says, adding that the number of people who have left the museum under his watch is proportionally very small.

Some of the worst resentment was caused by Munitz’s chief of staff, Jill Murphy. For one “entire meeting Jill sat in a leather chair [at] a huge conference table,” says a Getty employee. “She had her legs in a lotus position, sort of cross legs. She was wearing a little skirt. And she spent the whole meeting pushing herself off the table and twirling around in the chair . . . like a little kid.” (Murphy did not respond to requests for comments.)

Munitz was evidently aware of Murphy’s shortcomings—he later described her as having “sharp elbows”—but he didn’t want to confront her about them.

“To have this twentysomething ex-waitress who really didn’t know squat about the art world . . . would be forgivable,” says
“It’s because Munitz is not passionately committed, everyone feels he is there for the wrong reasons,” says an insider.
Robert De Niro’s The Good Shepherd is based on the improbable, stranger-than-fiction career of James Jesus Angleton, the C.I.A.’s head spy catcher for many years, and himself a possible K.G.B. double agent, as some fevered minds at the agency suspected, though it’s more likely he was just deranged by the puzzle palace of it all. (At one point, Angleton named Henry Kissinger, Averell Harriman, Olof Palme, and Willy Brandt as Soviet spies.) The script, by Eric Roth (Forrest Gump, Munich), kicked around Hollywood for years. It gained a reputation for being one of those mythic “best unproduced” screenplays, but at the same time one that was too hot to handle, until De Niro—who has for years been fascinated by the period—decided to direct it. He attracted an all-star cast, headed by Matt Damon, whose wholesome, boy-next-door innocence is balanced on the knife edge of the dark side, is perfect for the part, while Angelina Jolie plays his wife. The rest of the cast includes Michael Gambon, John Turturro, William Hurt, Joe Pesci, Alec Baldwin, and De Niro himself. The picture fleshes out the early years of the C.I.A., tracking the journey of Damon’s character (renamed James Wilson) from his rah-rah years at Yale, through World War II—when the good guys were really good and the bad guys were really bad—into the newborn agency, where he lost himself in the maze of the Cold War years, looking for moles who may or may not have existed. As luck would have it, the decade or so it took Roth’s script to get to the screen has been serendipitous—from the filmmakers’ point of view, if not from the intelligence community’s—with the picture coming out at a time when the C.I.A. is under more hostile scrutiny than it has been at any point since the Church Committee hearings, in the mid-1970s. The film’s theme of idealism gone wrong—if idealism is the word for it—couldn’t be more timely. We’re not in Tom Clancyland anymore.

—PETER BISKIND

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Will Success Spoil MySpace?

In two years, MySpace has become the most popular social-networking site on the Web, a virtual city of sex and youth culture, with its own celebrities, Casanovas, and con artists. But MySpace's most unlikely character may be its conservative new owner: Rupert Murdoch

By James Verini

On the second level of a shopping mall in Costa Mesa, California, a short drive down the Pacific Coast Highway from Los Angeles, is a nightclub called Sutra Lounge. Don't let the location fool you: to the partying young suburbanites in these parts, there is nothing incongruous about a nightclub in a shopping mall. (Shopping is fun; clubs are fun; there you have it.) And anyway, once you're inside Sutra, you could be anywhere—anywhere in the vicinity of Los Angeles, that is.

At around one A.M. on a Monday, Sutra is pulsing with that special brand of synthetic Southern Californian abandonment. Tanned, toned girls in denim skirts no wider than cummerbunds rub up against surfers and real-estate pashas as actress-walking-a-past-by carrying trays loaded down with bottles of Grey Goose vodka. Professional dancers make mock love to assorted poles and railings. There is enough silicone bobbing around to improve the Statue of Liberty's self-image.

Even in this place, though, Jeremy Jackson stands out. A child actor turned club promoter, Jackson is one of the most shameless voluptuaries on MySpace, the social-networking Web site that, according to ComScore Media Metrix, had more page views in November than Google or eBay.

And even on MySpace, a haven for shameless voluptuaries, Jackson stands out. His profile page is plastered with photographs of him out on the town in a series of increasingly preposterous getups, like a walking Zoolander outtake, accompanied by one busty woman after another—some of his 1,818 "friends." His name assaults you in an oversize pink-and-black font that could have been ripped from a Def Leppard album cover.

Jackson, 25, does not disappoint in per-
Bennett Miller directs his attention to some particulars of Intel® Viiv™ technology
Capote director Bennett Miller has launched his directorial career with a bang.

With the stunning Capote, his first feature, Bennett has steered an independent film on a relatively tight budget to a starting spot in the race for the Oscars. The accolades still rolling in — among them “top newcomer” from The New York Film Critics Circle; the San Diego Film Critics’ best director; the Toronto Film Critics Association’s prize for best first feature; a 2006 Independent Spirit Awards nomination for Best Feature Film; the 2005 Gotham Awards’ Best Feature Film; and a place on the top 10 list of the American Film Institute — Bennett’s deft handling of the curious and conflicted Truman Capote seems destined, like the author himself, to become iconic in American culture.

Known for his exact and exacting style, Bennett understands the value and convenience of high-quality digital entertainment at his fingertips.
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*Remote may be sold separately
Chrissy rolled her eyes and tried to swat Jackson, who bounced off again in search of more conquests.

“He’s so fucking funny!” she said. Chrissy, it turned out, was a mother in her 30s.

All in all, it is an astounding display. Part of the credit goes to Jackson himself: charming, unrepentant, he is impossible not to like, even when he’s vulgar, which is often. But the general atmosphere of permisiveness owes just as much to MySpace, which in its short existence has emerged as a new breed of communication medium for the Internet Age, a place where identity and performance mingle wantonly.

“People are just way more comfortable on MySpace,” Jackson says the morning after our Sutra expedition. He’d ended up going home with Jennifer at 3:30 A.M. Her roommate had walked into her room at eight A.M. and asked, “Is that Hobie?”

“I know guys who are not even as good-looking as me who get laid like crazy because of MySpace,” Jackson says.

“I’m the only girl in here who hasn’t fucked Jeremy yet.”

This is very possibly true. A few nights earlier, Jackson took me to the Shark Club, a nearby spot he also promotes, where a small army of women he’d bedded with the help of MySpace were in attendance.

“I fucked this girl off MySpace!” he announced, indicating Loraine, a dark beauty. She smiled and spelled her name. Next was a striking Romanian woman, and after her a more matronly catch, whom we’ll call Chrissy.

“Chrisy is the one I was telling you about today—the ejaculator!” Indeed, earlier that day, Chrissy had called Jackson while he was trying on a pair of pink cowboy boots at a boutique in Hollywood. After describing to her her signature sexual skill, he’d jumped up and launched into an interpretative pelvis-thrusting jig as an oblivious Japanese family looked on, nodding amusedly.

“I met half of these people on there,” he says, waving an arm. “MySpace is about the ass. There’s an unlimited supply of ass. It’s ridiculous!”

He dashes off, and returns a moment later with a towering blonde.

“I met her on MySpace,” he says, and winks. “I e-mailed her.”

“What did he write? I ask the blonde. “Something perverted” she giggles. Moments later, Jackson is back with another blonde, this one not quite as tall. She makes up for it with a general lack of fabric on her upper body. We’ll call her Jennifer.

“She found me on MySpace,” Jackson says.

Jennifer shakes my hand and says matter-of-factly, “I just want you to know I’m probably the only girl in here who hasn’t fucked Jeremy yet.”

As of tonight, MySpace has become an Internet phenomenon. Launched in January 2004 on a shoestring budget, it now claims more than 50 million registered profiles, about half of which seem to belong to regular users. According to Nielsen/NetRatings, in November there were 24.5 million unique visitors. Each day, 170,000 new members sign up, creating their own pages, filling out profiles, uploading photos, and linking to an extended network of like-minded others. The average MySpace user spends over two hours a month on the site. One analyst estimates MySpace took in $30 to $40 million in 2005, and says that number will likely triple this year.

What’s more startling is the way MySpace has already soaked in to acquire a potent social currency. It is a taste-making force in music, fashion, and other cultural ephemera and a de facto dating service that generates more carnal energy than Match.com or Nerve on their best days. And in the way that Google, Craigslist, and eBay have changed how people share and absorb information and goods, MySpace has changed how people, particularly young people (25 percent of users are under 18), share and absorb one another. They blog, flirt, and diarize, post pictures, videos, personal artwork, songs, and poetry, and generously distribute compliments and insults.

With its infinitely customizable profile pages, like interactive headlines in some central-casting department of life, MySpace has become essential to its users’ notions of themselves and their tribes. It is where they concoct alternative personas and download new friends, most of whom they know only online, like so many new MP3s or JPEGs.

Faster than would seem possible, MySpace has become a “lifestyle choice,” as co-founders Chris DeWolfe and Tom An-
brooding would-be thespians, reality-TV personalities, millionaires’ kids, drag racers, drag queens, religious nuts, D.J’s, rock stars, stalkers, wrestlers, Marines, gangsta rappers, recovering addicts, active addicts, porn stars, fashion designers both talented and horri-

ble—and legions who are just pretending to be those things—go to be seen. There are also plenty of seemingly well-adjusted users, fascinating if only for their normality, as well as successful musicians, artists, and authors. For all of them, it is a stage and a confessional, turgid with the promise of sex and as omnivorous and refractory as pop culture itself.

For some it goes even farther: when the criminal-defense lawyer Robert Shapiro’s 25-year-old son, Brent, a popular fixture around town, died of an Ecstasy overdose in October, his MySpace page became an interactive memorial.

Martin Scorsese once said of the cinema that it answers “an ancient quest for the common unconscious. It fulfills a spiritual need that people have to share a common memory.” MySpace might be said to do the same thing, only in real time, and perhaps without the spiritual part.

And, in a twist as predictable as any Hollywood movie (and a MySpace movie will no doubt be made someday, perhaps even by MySpace), DeWolfe and Anderson find themselves at a moment of reckoning just as they reach liftoff.

Mainstream culture is catching on. The Black Eyed Peas, Neil Diamond, and Depeche Mode are among the musicians who’ve previewed new albums on MySpace. Much of its ad revenue comes from Hollywood studios. In November, Interscope joined with MySpace to form a record label, and a film imprint at Fox is in the works. Casting directors and reality-show producers scour its pages for subjects. Janice Dickinson uses her MySpace profile to announce casting calls for her new modeling show on Oxygen.

On the one hand, this is what DeWolfe and Anderson wanted. They based MySpace in L.A. to get away from Silicon Valley and draw on celebrity and industry capital. They even created their own celebrity in Anderson, who, in an inspired ploy that must have competitors kicking themselves, magically appears as the first friend of all new subscribers. Peering coquettishly over his shoulder from every profile page, he has attained an almost mystical status—somewhere between Jim Morrison and Steve Jobs. At MySpace’s two-year anniversary concert, outside Dodger Stadium in October, the crowd gasped in awe and then dissolved in adulation when he took the stage.

On the other hand, if they’re not careful, or even if they are, DeWolfe and Anderson run the risk of alienating the misfits who make the site such a rare commodity and keep them afloat.

The fact that they now work for Rupert Murdoch heightens that risk considerably.

In September, the Australian media mogul’s News Corp. finalized the purchase of MySpace’s parent company, Intermix Media, Inc., in a $580 million cash buyout. The price now seems like a bargain for what Murdoch is getting: a gold mine of market research, a microscope into the content habits and brand choices of America’s capricious youth market—not to mention millions of potential new customers for News Corp.’s Fox subsidiaries. Murdoch claims he wants MySpace to continue to grow on its own, and DeWolfe and Anderson have been voicing the party line. But at least one insider claims the partners opposed the sale and are wary of News Corp.

Here’s a more pressing matter: will Murdoch, a byword of conservatism, know what to do with the louche compendium of subcultures on MySpace? If only he could take the time to come to L.A. and test out his new toy firsthand, he might rethink the deal. Or he might resign, leave his wife, and move permanently to the West Coast.

He might meet Christine Dolce, probably the best-known MySpacer after Anderson. If Dolce were the only person on the site, she’d be evidence enough that it is changing the nature of celebrity, ushering Andy Warhol’s concept of baseless stardom into a bizarre new realm. Better known as ForBiddeN, Dolce is an Orange County woman, allegedly 24, who, for reasons no one save herself seems able to discern, has racked up 706,000 friends, including the rock star Dave Navarro and the band Nine Inch Nails. With not much more than a housepainter’s flair for eye shadow, a distaste for grammar, and cavernous cleavage that she shows off on her page in an array of custom-torn T-shirts, Dolce has also turned herself into a business. From the site she’s spun off a clothing line, Destroyed Denim, and attracted a manager and a retina of hangers-on. They refer to themselves as Camp ForBiddeN. They have a rival gang in the circle of Tila Tequila, a West Hollywood woman who looks like a sex-crazed Kewpie doll and boasts 760,000 friends.

Dolce has such a following that DeWolfe and Anderson asked her to introduce one of the headline acts at their two-year anniversary concert. (It was a fitting choice, since she has musical as well as acting ambitions.) She showed up with her own camera crew.

“We’re turning her into a brand,” says Keith Ruby, her manager. “I’m her Karl
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Moving on from Camp ForBidDen on his tour of L.A.’s MySpace diaspora, Murdoch might find himself, as I did late one night, hurtling at 60 m.p.h. through the pitch-dark canyon roads of Malibu in the passenger seat of a stripped-down 1986 BMW 325e driven by an underground road racer named Schotz. A mechanic by day, Schotz spends several hours a week storming up these hairpin turns, once blackened by Steve McQueen and the original Hells Angels.

Like many underground racers, Schotz and his crew communicate and recruit new drivers primarily via MySpace. He finds rare parts, discusses technique, shit-talks rivals. Thanks in part to Anderson’s affinity for car shows, where he gets the full V.I.P. treatment, MySpace has helped revivify California’s car culture.

Or, had Murdoch been in town a week earlier, in the small hours of a Sunday morning, he might have found his way to a house hidden behind a thick sheet-metal gate, among a very different but just as populous MySpace circle: the S&M enthusiasts.

The house, on the outskirts of North Hollywood, had been converted into an underground bondage club, where Master Liam, a 49-year-old businessman in leather pants, whipped a petite woman who, dressed only in her underwear, screamed in delighted pain. Master and servant, it emerged, had found each other on MySpace.

Looking on were two dominatrices. “You should really read my MySpace blog,” one said to the other.

MySpace characters are the heroes of a new urban folklore. There is Bad Ass Frank, the freelance copywriter and divorce who moved to L.A. with nary a friend. Now he has 15,000 of them and a burgeoning career as a comedy writer, thanks to the alternative persona he created on MySpace. There is RockDaMullet, who promotes himself by selling T-shirts silk-screened with images of his gravity-defying mullet. (It’s even taller than Jackson’s.) There is Bobby Carlton, the former A&R man who used to prowl around with Adx Rose and Tommy Lee. MySpace nets him just as many eager groups as the rock clubs did.

There is Hollywood Undead, one of the most popular of the more than 660,000 bands on MySpace and the only one MySpace Records and Interscope have so far signed to their joint label. A rap-rock outfit made up of seven friends from L.A., Undead is enjoying serious buzz. Its members are already treated like rock stars on the club scene. But no one has ever seen them play. Their only known work is a handful of MP3 files available on MySpace, and a song on the label’s first release, a compilation called MySpace Records: Volume 1.

There are chat and meet-up groups for every affliction and obsession. There are groups for single mothers, victims of domestic abuse, survivors of Hurricane Katrina and Iraq stockpiled with spray paint, drinking household cleansers and drinking week. They’re almost too perfectly cast for their roles as elder-business-school pragmatist and young visionary with a film degree and guitar. (DeWolfe got his M.B.A. from U.C.S.C.: Anderson attended U.C. Berkeley and U.C.L.A.) DeWolfe, 39, is tall and lanky, with long, graying hair and a preference for baggy pants that give him a tech-dandy look. Anderson, 29, seems to live in a cap and tight T-shirt. (He lifts weights, so it works.)

DeWolfe is married, while Anderson, in a stroke of cosmic luck—or an insanely business-oriented libido—claims that he has always preferred meeting women online. He contacts Spacercs when he’s intrigued by their profiles, which must make them feel pretty special—like teeenyboppers getting asked out by John Lennon in the parking lot of Shea Stadium.

The two met in 2000 at Xdrive Technologies, in Santa Monica, where DeWolfe, who was vice president of sales and marketing, gave Anderson a job. Together they formed ResponseBase Marketing in 2001. A company named eUniverse (now called Intermix) bought ResponseBase in 2002, and DeWolfe and Anderson persuaded then C.E.O. Brad Greenspan to let them create MySpace the following September.

When we meet in the fall, they are about to leave for London, where MySpace is opening its first European office. (The site has more than a million U.K. users and counting.) They have the glow of newly minted millionaires still somewhat surprised by their success.

“I always thought we could take on the big-three portals,” Anderson says, referring to Yahoo, MSN, and AOL. “But in terms of our cultural relevance—turning out to be cool—we just lucked out. If you start out saying you want to be cool, you won’t be cool.”

They walk me to their equivalent of a standards-and-practices department—a tiny, windowless office manned by a young programmer scrolling at robot speed through pages of photographs. MySpace claims not
to have any keyword filter or other system for monitoring its users' pages and messages, but it does check the roughly two million new photos posted each day for inappropriate content. The site also uses a search engine and staffers to try to root out underage (sub-14) users.

"What about that?" DeWolf asks, pointing to a shot of a woman, naked from the waist up, pretending to stick some kind of giant novelty syringe into her breast. "No, see, she's covering 'em up," the pro-

grammer says, gesturing to where her nipples are barely obscured by a forearm.

To their credit, DeWolf and Anderson do seem committed to the idea of "user-generated content," which is industry jargon for letting the users, not the company, post and pick through whatever they like. (This explains why the site cost so little to start.) They also share a moderate fuck-the-system streak as yet unblunted by the Fox windfall. Despite the joint label with Interscope, they are elated when unsigned bands with no marketing budget—the indie breakout Clap Your Hands Say Yeah is a recent example—develop followings through the site, leaving slow-moving record companies in the dust. Still, they're not above exploiting their new big-media connections. In January, MySpace was expected to unveil a filmmakers' site feature, where directors can upload shorts. DeWolf and Anderson plan to mine it for talent for an imprint with Fox.

"There are a lot of obsessives on there, and it's given them a creative outlet," DeWolf says.

When I ask about the obsessives who might be more interested in the countless pictures of teenagers in their underwear, DeWolf says, "The Internet was designed for free speech. We can't take on that responsibility. Anyone under 18, that's the parents' responsibility. Anyone over 18, they're consenting adults. And philosophically, I don't think we'd want to. I walk down the street and see offensive things. But that's life."

Already MySpace is conspicuously promoting Fox.

"Parents aren't clamoring for cell-phone companies to monitor their kids," Anderson says. "Parents don't want to see what their kids are really like, but MySpace makes that really easy."

This is a valid argument, but it also has the faint ring of Dr. Frankenstein pleading the "he's his own monster" defense. The fact is that MySpace has always used sex to sell itself and still does. The site is plastered with graphic banner ads for online matchmaking services. A recent one showed a close-up, shot from behind, of a kneeling girl, her pants around her knees, in the process of pulling down her panties. "Find your next lover tonight," read the teaser. The music on the marketing head's personal page is a jingle being played on the radio. "Whatcha gonna do on MySpace?!" goes the chorus. "I'm gonna get get get laid! Gonna get some boys from off MySpace!!"

And some teens are engaging in activities that are far more alarming than exchanging risqué pictures. In November, a student at a high school in San Antonio, Texas, announced on MySpace that he was planning to bring a gun to school. The message was promptly circulated among thousands of students, who refused to go to school or walked out when they heard, and classes were disrupted for days. Also in November, an 18-year-old Pennsylvania boy, David Ludwig, was arrested with his 14-year-old girlfriend, Kara Borden, after he allegedly shot her parents to death. Ludwig and Borden were avid users of MySpace and other networking sites, and soon after their arrest visitors were posting comments on their pages, airing their disgust and cracking off-color jokes. A coordinator at the Massachusetts attorney general's office has been publicly warning parents about safely using MySpace. She says she receives calls about the site every day from parents and teachers. MySpace points out that it cooperates directly with law-enforcement agencies to swiftly address any issues.

Like L.A., MySpace is a place where the fallen and the exhausted go to re-invent themselves.

Hence Jeremy Jackson. Raised by a single mother who also helped manage his career, Jackson was cast on Baywatch at age nine. Before hitting puberty, he was spending his days on set with Pamela Anderson and a host of other bathing-suit-clad beauties. He was 17 when he fell for an extra who introduced him to crystal methamphet-
followed. He was written out of the show. To support his habit, he built his own meth labs, which led to his arrest at 19. He then spent all his money on lawyers' fees and clinics.

Clean for five years, Jackson now lives in a small house in Newport Beach with his sister and mother, Jalonna, an attractive, friendly woman who often goes with him to the clubs. "I make sure the haters don't get to him," Jalonna says. I ask her about MySpace. "Oh God, he's on there all day," she says, like a mother whose 10-year-old son is playing too much Xbox.

MySpace has helped Jackson turn his life from a bad episode of E! True Hollywood Story into... well, a better episode of E! True Hollywood Story—one with a second act.

The site is more than just a harem wrangler for him. It pervades his life. He uses it to promote his parties as well as his sartorial sponsor, the clothing brand Ed Hardy, whose $75 trucker hats are replacing Von Dutch's as the faux-white-trash accoutrement du jour in L.A. Not surprisingly, he's been pitching reality shows about his life—one that he calls King of Clubs, which he envisions as an Apprentice for aspiring promoters (he'd play the Donald), and another that's about the travails of a former child star trying to break back into the industry. He refers producers and agents to his page. Jackson believes MySpace can help him sharpen his strategy for his imminent re-entrance into Hollywood.

That strategy, he says, is to make people think, This guy's nuts! So the wallpaper on his MySpace page is made up of Trojan Magnum XL condom wrappers. There is a picture of him wearing pink vinyl hot pants and grabbing his crotch. In the Interests section, where people normally list hobbies such as "reading" or "walks on the beach," there is a Flash cartoon of two stick figures screwing. A little ™ accompanies the Jeremy Jackson logo—yes, it's trademarked. And if you have any doubts about the number of women soliciting Jackson, or their degree of willingness, just scroll down to the comments section.

Jackson has been trying to save up for a move to Hollywood so that he can begin auditioning full-time. But he says he recently lost $5,000 to a phony music booker he had met on MySpace. That's in addition to $145,000 he says was embezzled from him by a con artist who claimed to be a consultant and promised to introduce Jackson to reality-show producers.

Joining Jackson and his mom at the Shark Club are his best friend, Wolfie, and Wolfie's girlfriend, Foxie Moxie, who designed Jackson's page.

"The closest he'd ever come to a computer before MySpace was the ATM," says Wolfie, who also happens to be Jackson's 12-step-program sponsor. "He used to type with one finger. He uses two hands now, so that's good—one finger on the left, two on the right. He comes to our house to use our computer, because he only has dial-up."

"I can't imagine my life without MySpace," Jackson says. "I don't know what I did with all my time before this."

Chris DeWolfe and Tom Anderson won't say how much they took home in the Fox deal. One source close to it put the number at about $5 million each.

Whatever the exact amount, it is certainly less than the nearly $23 million made by Richard Rosenblatt, a former Intermix C.E.O. But then it was Rosenblatt and his allies who pushed through the merger, at least according to three separate suits pending in Los Angeles County courts.

The suits—including one filed by Brad Greenspan, who founded Intermix—claim that the Rosenblatt cadre on the board cheated shareholders by selling the company for far less than its true worth, ignoring and even trying to scuttle competing bids. Why would Rosenblatt et al. undersell the company? According to Greenspan, it was partly to appease a venture-capital firm that
had bailed out Intermix and wanted to turn a quick profit, and partly because Murdoch had offered to indemnify Intermix in a spyware suit filed against it by New York State attorney general Eliot Spitzer. (Spyware is illegal software that secretly transmits data to and from computers without the users’ consent; MySpace was not named in the suit.) Intermix ultimately settled with Spitzer for $7.5 million, which it is paying off with News Corp.’s help, but the L.A. city attorney has filed a second spyware suit. A Fox spokesperson dismisses the charges in all our suits and says there was no indemnification agreement.

Greenspan left Intermix on unfriendly terms in 2003. Nonetheless, he remained the largest shareholder, and made approximately $48 million in the Fox deal. But he says he deserves more. MySpace, he believes, is worth between $4 and $5 billion. Rosenblatt scoffs at that figure.

But there can be little doubt that the company’s value has gone up considerably since the sale was announced. “At first it looked like a great deal,” says John Tinker, an analyst at ThinkEquity Partners L.L.C., in New York, and a former Intermix shareholder. “But now everyone’s saying they should have held on. They could have got a lot more.”

Greenspan, who in the meantime has started a rival social-networking site, Vidilife, also claims that DeWolfe and Anderson strongly opposed the Fox deal.

“We may have had a little reluctance at first,” DeWolfe responds. “But we met with all the Fox management and very quickly got comfortable. … These are very smart media folks and they’re not going to do anything to harm the user experience.”

Eventually, however, he and Anderson will have to figure out if and how they’re going to stay autonomous. They are too clever not to know what Murdoch, who has never been accused of being an empty suit, sees in their company. Like radio, film, and television before it, but to a much greater degree, the Internet has the potential to absorb the fringes of culture and translate and package them for the masses. MySpace does that better and faster than any Web site yet concocted, better and faster than anyone could have imagined even five years ago. MySpace is like a direct conduit to future trends, a high-speed connection to the next big thing.

DeWolfe and Anderson know this power may well be too much for a capitalist of Murdoch’s caliber to leave unmolested.

“We’re not programming the content—the users are,” DeWolfe insists. But already MySpace is conspicuously promoting Fox. In the fall, it did massive rollouts for the film Walk the Line and the TV show Nip/Tuck.

And already the deal is causing unrest among users. In January, some complained of corporate censorship when MySpace began blocking links to the rival site YouTube from user pages. (MySpace says this resulted from a miscommunication with YouTube.) And upwards of 50 fake Rupert Murdoch profiles have appeared, along with a few Fuck Rupert Murdochs and one Rupert Murdoch Owns Your Soul.

But until Murdoch slips on the night-vision goggles and commences Phase Two of his world takeover, the ForbiddenTs, Tila Tequilas, Master Liams, and Jeremy Jacksons of the world will use MySpace as they wish.

“I think people take my page as funny, sexy, silly,” Jackson tells me. “It’s an image of myself. Maybe it’s controversial. But, you know, controversy breeds cash flow. If they think I’m an exhibitionist, if they think I’m crazy, that’s good.”

Then again, the act goes both ways. Jackson was contacted recently by the Guess model Megan Ewing. She sent him personal photos and talked about her new house and her dogs. Jackson was smitten. Only after Foxie Moxie did a background search did they discover that the MySpace woman was an impostor. 

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LEAVING SCHMUCKVILLE

Like hundreds of Hollywood hacks, Zach Helm made a nice living as a screenwriter—and no one ever saw his work. One day he found himself banging out a manifesto: no more re-write jobs, no more selling scripts to the highest bidder, and other crazy ideas. His career will never be the same.

BY JIM WINDOLF

Stranger Than Fiction

By Zach Helm

Bleu Revisions March 24, 2005

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wrote it. The funny thing is, his method actually works, for him. And he's such a polite young man, with a sincere manner hinting at his small-town upbringing, that you'd never suspect he was the system-bucking type.

"There were five or six years where I was apparently a professional writer, but no one could see my work," he says. "There were no movies coming out. There were none on the horizon. So it all sort of coalesced into the situation I'm in now!"

The situation is this: Marc Forster, the director of Finding Neverland, has completed principal photography of Helm's Stranger Than Fiction, an odd romantic comedy with Will Ferrell in the lead role and Dustin Hoffman in support. Natalie Portman will star in another movie Helm wrote, a children's fable called Mr. Magorium's Wonder Emporium, with Hoffman, again, in the title role. There's also Thomas Johnson, Helm's TV pilot, a dark comedy about a family man who may or may not be a serial killer, which was purchased by Fox and Imagine Entertainment. In addition, his dark, disturbing play Good Canray, the story of a self-destructive writer, is likely to have an Off Broadway engagement in New York this fall. And that's it—except for a comedy called The Dissociate. Todd Phillips, who made Old School, is in talks to direct that one.

None of this would have come about if it weren't for The Manifesto.

The Manifesto changed Zach Helm's life.

At first he was content just to be in the movie business. Who wouldn't be? Before signing up in 1997 with Twentieth Century Fox's "Fox 2000" program—an attempt by the studio to find unknown talent—he had been supervising telemarketers in Chicago, a job that came on the heels of four happy years spent majoring in acting at DePaul University. When Fox took him on, Helm had only two not-for-profit plays to his credit. So he was grateful to get paid to write movies in sunny L.A.

He quickly dreamed up the idea for Mr. Magorium's Wonder Emporium. But by the time he got the script into shape, Fox had undergone a regime change. His new minders, it turned out, had no interest in his fantastic tale about a magical toy-store owner who is 243 years old and hopes to have a successor in place before his imminent death. So Helm's tender, goofball fable became the property of a studio that didn't want it. After that, The Dissociate, Helm's whimsical story of a modern-day Don Quixote told in the manner of a raunchy, 70s-style comedy, fell out of favor at MGM and then DreamWorks.

Using his dead scripts as calling cards, he got some studio assignments. He punched up screenplays. With the money he made he moved from Koreatown to West Holly-wood. The cell phone in his pocket kept ringing. He worked with Steven Spielberg on an updated Secret Life of Walter Mitty. The mailman kept bringing checks. He did some work on a Harvey remake for Miramax. He moved from West Hollywood to Laurel Canyon. He dated Charlie's Angels hottie Lucy Liu.

The typical screenwriter would be grinning like an idiot after all this, but Helm felt that something was deeply wrong. His best stuff was on the shelf. Even his assignment work had been in vain: The Secret Life of Walter Mitty and Harvey were postponed indefinitely. Other projects he had taken on had vaporized. What was the point?

He sat down at his computer and came up with a set of rules meant to save him from being just another lonely, well-remunerated screenwriter. This proved to be the first draft of The Manifesto. Here is Rule No. 1, Section One: "I will no longer allow financial need or career ambition to determine the direction of my work. I will not put myself in any position in which my work is owed to another party." Here is Rule No. 5, Section One: "Any deal struck in regards to my work will forgo any immediate financial gain if it may mean the surrender of creative control or participation in the work's development."

That's crazy talk. The insane asylums of Beverly Hills are crawling with zombies who once entertained such notions. But Helm was serious. He had a few more contractual obligations to fulfill, but after that he planned to stop being a schmuck. It was time to start living by The Manifesto.

Birds tweet in the hedges outside a three-bedroom, Spanish-style bungalow, 1930s-vintage, in L.A.'s tidy Hancock Park, an old, low-key neighborhood now populated by writers, musicians, and real estate agents. Helm lives here with his fiancée, Kiele Sanchez, a 28-year-old actress who's part of the attractive cast of Related on the WB network. The happy couple has a yapping teacup Maltese dog named Pooh Bear, who does his tiny business on a little white mat near the back door when his "parents" aren't home. Books by J.K. Rowling, Roald Dahl, Samuel Beckett, Dickens, and Shakespeare line the shelves. The rooms are orderly and calm. In the backyard there's a pool about the size of a bathtub.

"I was really, really unhappy," Helm recalls, seated on his leather couch, holding a mug of hot green tea. "So I stopped doing assignment work and I sort of took the risk. I had come up with a group of rules to write screenplays by. It turned out to be like a personal manifesto, and part of that manifesto was the personal politics of writing. How I write. Not forcing myself into any situations. If I had to write for a studio.
Light it up
there were deadlines and expectations, and for me, personally, it doesn’t create the most creative environment, and the script suffered.”

Emboldened by The Manifesto, Helm started a new screenplay, this time on spec, with no studio backing him, no executive looking over his shoulder. The plot seemed ludicrous, but he kept with it. It concerned an uptight I.R.S. agent who hears a voice in his head, narrating his every action. When the inner narrator tells him he’s going to die soon, the man freaks. This turned out to be Stranger than Fiction. Helm didn’t show it around until he had worked on it a year and a half. Once he finally did send it out, it got major buzz, he says—but Helm, along with his CAA agents (Michael Peretzian, Carin Sage, Jill Cutler, and George Lane) and the producer attached to the project, Lindsay Doran, decided to sell it to an unlikely suitor, Mandate Pictures, an outfit known for The Grudge and other horror films. In making the deal, Helm was obeying Rule No. 3, which goes like this: “I will not sell my work simply to the highest bidder, but instead to those parties that I feel will best represent and develop my work.”

“We optioned it for a nominal amount,” he says, “the idea being—and this was Mandate’s idea—that they had nine months to put it all together. If it didn’t work, then we would get back the option and get the script back. Mandate is also a smaller company and would sit in on meetings with us to discuss directors. People told us we needed a much-‘crazy,’ People still tell me, ‘You could have sold that script for so much Money!’ But we got a fantastic director, and it was a reasonable purchase price. The biggest thing is, we get to make the movie.” It’s the one Will Ferrell is starring in, scheduled to be released this November.

Helm dressed in tailored jeans and a long-sleeved grayish-black jersey, although it’s a warm day. The clothes are casual but not wrinkled. He doesn’t have a slovenly look. The only thing about his appearance hinting at dark nights of the soul are the few threads of white mixed in with his dark hair. From time to time, the ends of his sleeves recede, revealing something black on his wrists—two birthmarks of some kind? The result of some mishap?

“I won’t take re-write jobs,” he continues. “I won’t script-doctor. There’s a lot of money to be had, lots of money for spending two weeks of work on a script, but I can’t do it. I have a slight ethical . . . ” His voice trails off. “It would be very hypocritical of me to try to reserve all this creative power and try to hold on to my scripts as much as I can and then go take some first-time writer’s script and bang it up.”

This, too, is in The Manifesto. See Rule No. 2, Section One.

In 2004, Helm heard about a Writers Guild process that allows writers to buy back scripts after they have languished five years on a studio shelf. With his agents and lawyers, and a big fat personal check, he managed to make himself the new owner of Mr. Magorium’s Wonder Emporium. After working on it further over a six-month period, he sent it out. In a matter of days Natalie Portman said yes to the role of Mr. Magorium’s reluctant protégée. Mandate Pictures stepped forward again and sealed the deal by asking Helm to direct it himself. Soon afterward, Dustin Hoffman signed on for the juicy part of the bookies but soulful title character.

The script owes something to Roald Dahl’s Charlie and the Chocolate Factory. Helm is more of a sweetheart than the curmudgeonly, borderline-sadistic Dahl, but a sense of folly suffuses the story, and there’s no tear-jerking when Mr. Magorium dies in Act III. Shooting starts in March, after Portman finishes work on the next Milos Forman movie. Set crews are at work in Toronto, converting two buildings into Helm’s dream shop.

In both Stranger than Fiction and his play Good Canary, Helm writes convincingly of suicidal authors who make chaos of their personal lives as they struggle for their art. But there sits in the quiet bungalow, soft-spoken, seemingly untortured, with the criminally cute Pooh Bear at his feet.

“If you’re a writer, you can curse, you can throw punches. You can drink till you’re obliterated, you can hang out in strip clubs and sleep with whoever you want to and chalk it up to the process of being a writer. On my end, I sort of use that freedom to drink a lot of tea and have a small dog. If it works one way, it works the other way.”

No deadline pressure today. By Rule No. 6 of The Manifesto’s first section (“I will not write for writing’s sake. I will write only when inspired to write”), Helm works only when the mood strikes him. He gets into his gray Range Rover and drives to a nearby café. Over a club sandwich, French fries, and lemonade, he talks about growing up in the small Northern California town of Pike, around 70 miles west of the Nevada border. His father worked as a teacher and school administrator and experimented with horticulture in the backyard. His mother was a teacher, too, and sold homegrown raspberries. The TV wasn’t much. Young Zach, an only child, had a lot of chores. Lunch is over. Next stop, Amoeba Music,
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a warehouse-like record store, where Helm buys about a dozen CDs, most of them by groups no one has heard of. Back in the Range Rover, he pops in “Easy/Lucky/Free,” a CD single by Bright Eyes, the critics-darling indie-rock band led by prolific singer-songwriter Conor Oberst. Helm agrees that his scripts, which are straightforward and emotional but slightly off-kilter, have something in common with the Bright Eyes aesthetic. “There’s this sort of sincerity to it,” he says. “There’s a lot of emotion to it. It’s honest without being cynical, necessarily.”

This line of thinking leads him to one of his favorite movies of recent years, Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind, written by Charlie Kaufman. “The whole struggle of trying to escape his memory being erased, as intellectual an idea as that is, there’s a real emotional resonance,” he says. “I really get involved in that chase, which is great.”

Given the mixture of the bizarre and the mundane in his own scripts, Helm is a baby brother to Kaufman. He says his other favorite screenwriters are Wes Anderson, Buck Henry, the Coen brothers, William Goldman, and Clifford Odets. Everything Helm writes has a controlled, uncluttered feel to it, perhaps an echo of two of his favorite playwrights, Samuel Beckett and Harold Pinter—and possibly a result, too, of the apprenticeship Helm served in the Hollywood system, which demands that no scene be wasted and that the story move forward with each line.

Helm himself is an unusually versatile writer. Take Good Canary. If the plan to bring it to a New York stage this fall goes through, theatergoers are in for a hard-hitting evening, and the actress who plays the self-loathing heroine (Calista Flockhart was great in a reading of the play last fall, says Helm) is in for a grueling engagement. This is a far cry from the sweet (but not syrupy) Helm of Mr. Magorium’s Wonder Emporium. As if making a show of his range, he has lately been working on a political story in the vein of Oliver Stone’s Salvador; it’s called Serbia, and it’s an adaptation of Matthew Collin’s 2001 book, This Is Serbia Calling, a nonfiction account of the Belgrade radio station that helped run Slobodan Milošević out of power.

Back at the house, Helm takes off his jersey, revealing a short-sleeved T-shirt underneath. Now his wrists are showing. The mysterious stains are clearly visible. They’re no-frills tattoos—two thick black bands. “It’s a really saturated black ink. It actually took two sessions—one six-hour session and one nine-hour session, about six months apart.”

But why? “Well, I’ve worn things around my wrists for most of my life. A friend of mine who’s a psychologist was talking about the idea of separation—the idea of separating my hands from the rest of my body, separating my work from me.”

The interview is over. He sits down at the computer in his study. He puts on big silver headphones and gets to work on his latest script, music blasting into his head. The mood has struck. □
Bette Davis Sighs

With immortal roles in *Jezebel*, *Dark Victory*, and *All About Eve*, Bette Davis managed her career far better than her private life. In a series of exclusive interviews over the last decade of her life, the great screen icon talked about her four failed marriages, her daughter's tell-all book, and the man who got away.

By Charlotte Chandler

On a day in March 1980, in New York City, my phone rang. I picked it up and heard a distinctive woman's voice, one I had been familiar with all my life, though only from movie theaters and television. It was Bette Davis. She explained that my number had been given to her by a mutual friend, the publicist John Springer. She said that she had read *Hello, I Must Be Going*, my book about Groucho Marx, and wanted to know if I would be free to have lunch. She suggested we meet at her apartment and then go to a restaurant.

The next day I went to the Lombardy Hotel, on East 56 Street, just off Park Avenue. I took the elevator to her floor, the 14th, where the long hall leading to her apartment, 1404, was dimly lit. At the far end, framed in the arch of the doorway, was the star herself, a cinematic vision.

"This way. Here I am." She leaned in a graceful pose against the door, her soft hair usually framing her face. Her black dress was not tight, but clinging softly, with a draped effect. It was knee-length, revealing shapely legs in ultra-sheer nylons and black high heels. I had an illusion that I was walking into a 1940s Warner Bros. movie.

"I always like to have the door open and be waiting for..."
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person who’s coming so they don’t have to arrive and meet a closed door. Don’t stand there. Come in.”

My attention was drawn to the slashes of bright-red lipstick, but even more striking were her eyes. They were accentuated by blue eye shadow and layers of false lashes with brown, not black, mascara.

I was to learn later that Bette customarily took this kind of care with her appearance when meeting someone for the first time. She shared with Mae West the belief that the first impression was the one that counted most and always remained. The next time, one met more of a private person and less of a star, someone who had put in fewer hours of preparation. By the third meeting, she could be quite casual, without her false eyelashes, without the carefully coiffed wig, but never without her bright-red lips.

She insisted on hanging up my jacket, which I had left on a chair. “We don’t want it to get wrinkled,” she said. “What a beautiful Hermès scarf you’re wearing. Absolutely beautiful.”

Gleefully, she accepted the gift-wrapped box of Swiss chocolates I had brought her, tearing the paper in her haste to open the package, exclaiming, “I love gifts!”

The furnished hotel apartment would have seemed drab had it not been filled with personal touches—books, flowers, a music box, all of which she had added to create the ambience of a home. “As a child, I didn’t have a secure home and possessions. We were always moving. When I travel, I bring things from my home with me so I can establish a familiar relationship with my environment.

“Playing house is a childhood game I’ve never put away. My home has always meant so much to me. William Randolph Hearst’s San Simeon may have been the most famous house in America, a palace, but when I was invited to dine at San Simeon, there wasn’t any soap in the bathroom.

“Wherever I am, I think of the place I’m in as my home, and I can’t bear sloppiness or disorganization. I feel sorry for people who waste their time hunting for things. I like order, but I’m not crazy-clean like Miss Joan Crawford. Miss Crawford couldn’t even use a bathroom unless she’d gotten down on her knees and scrubbed it clean first.

“I like to dust. Have you ever noticed the objects look back at you in a different way after you’ve dusted them?

“I don’t like waste. It’s my New England background, of which I’m very proud. I’m a Yankee. Even playing house as a child, I kept a very neat house.”

speaking about our possibly doing a book together, she said, “I feel I have something to say that can be of use to other people, especially women, not because I did it right, but because maybe someone can learn something from my mistakes. I think it’s possible to learn more from mistakes than from successes, but it’s good if anyone can learn from someone else’s without having to make them all for yourself.

“Do you want to know the secret of my success? Easy. Brown mascara. I always wear brown mascara. Fair actresses should never use black mascara if they want their eyes to show up. It’s the opposite of what they think—that black mascara will make them show up more.

“Of course, there’s nothing like blue eye shadow to show up blue eyes, but that’s obvious. The secret is, if you are fair, black mascara and dark eye shadow will make you look like a clown, or a harlot.

“I feel a woman should write the book. No question about it.” She said she wouldn’t feel as comfortable speaking to a man. “No man has ever really understood me. Come to think of it, no man has ever even tried. Well, except maybe for the female impersonators. Physically and vocally, they studied me, outside in.”

Bette was a great favorite among impersonators who did impressions of the stars, because she had such strongly individual characteristics. She considered their attention “a compliment, highly flattering.”

“For a long time, the impersonators didn’t do me. I was worried about it. It meant I didn’t have a distinct style.

“People think I don’t like those impersonators who do me. Well, they’re wrong. I like it very much, as long as they are very good. The only time I don’t like it is if they aren’t good, or, worse, if they’re better than I am. I watch them to learn about myself. Until I saw Arthur Blake, I never knew I moved my elbows so much.

“Let me do an impersonation for you of an impersonator doing me.”

She struck a typical Bette Davis pose and then spoke as a caricature of herself: “And now I’d like to do a scene for you— from all of my films.” Posing, she took a long drag on her cigarette and then slowly exhaled the smoke. Then she turned to me and said, “So, what do you think?”

Bette said her favorite subject for conversation was work, and her second, men. “As for the men in my life, I couldn’t select my father. That was my mother Ruthie’s doing. But I could select my husbands, and I was a four-time loser. For this I received a life sentence, a life of loneliness without possibility of parole.

“In selecting husbands, I confused muscle with strength. They didn’t look alike, but in many respects they were the same man. All my husbands were canaries. Tweet, tweet, tweet!” She added, “I was a person who couldn’t make divorce work. For me, there’s nothing lonelier than a turned-down toilet seat.”

She would talk at length about her films—she made 87 in all. One of her favorites was 1938’s Jezebel, for which she won an Oscar. (She had won her other Oscar three years earlier for Dangerous, a melodrama co-starring Franchot Tone, in which she played a has-been stage actress.) Miriam Hopkins had performed the lead in Jezebel on Broadway, and she owned the rights to the play along with the playwright, Owen Davis Sr., and the producers. Thus, when she sold her rights to Warner Bros., she hoped she would be the first actress considered for the screen role, and she was—the first considered and the first rejected. It hadn’t occurred to her that the role of a southern beauty—her role—would go to Bette Davis, who was neither southern nor a beauty.

“The part was something I could feel,” Bette told me. “Wearing a red dress to a white-dress ball? Of course!” When Jezebel opened, in March 1938, Bette became a superstar overnight.

William Wyler, who had recently achieved distinguished successes with Dodsworth (1936) and Dead End (1937), was the director. Though Bette had been directed by him briefly for a test in 1931, this was her first experience working with him on a feature film.

“I think Mr. Wyler is, without doubt, through all the years, our greatest American director,” she told me. “Anyway, to me he is. He was very tough. That’s gone out of our business, the toughness. In those days they were tough. He was tough with everybody.

“Jezebel was one of those defining moments in my career. I owe so much to Willie. He was the director who helped me achieve my full potential. Because of him, my name was...
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above the title for the first time, and it’s stayed there ever since.

“IT was the most exciting man I’d ever known. Oh, we fought hard professionally, but it only made us closer. When I did a lot of takes. I’d feel I was doing them all the same, but Willie would catch the one that was different, special. He had a great eye. He also had great eyes.

The work was our bond. Other people couldn’t really understand what our work meant to us. Over and over again, Willie and I fought and made each other miserable, then made up and made each other happy. He was everything I ever dreamed of in a man, so love and passion soon followed.” Wyler had recently been divorced from the actress Margaret Sullivan.

“An affair between the stars, or between the director and star, produces an electricity in a film that the audience feels. You can still feel it in Jezebel when you see the picture. After the Jezebel premiere, Hedda Hopper came up to me and whispered, ‘I could tell you were in love with Henry Fonda. In the close-ups I could see it in your eyes.’ What she didn’t see was Henry Fonda. At the time they were shooting the close-ups, he was in New York with his wife, who was having Jane.

“What I was looking at was Willie Wyler, who was standing behind the camera. The cameramen and still photographers im-

mediately noticed the new radiance in my face. ‘You’re beautiful, Bette,’ they said. ‘You must be in love. The camera never lies.’ And it didn’t. I was indeed in love.

“Whatever pain was involved, I’m glad I experienced that feeling. Romance, passion, respect, and consideration. Sex is flat without that.”

After completing Jezebel, Bette discovered she was pregnant. She said she never told Wyler. Instead she had an abortion. “I killed a part of myself, but I couldn’t win Willie by making him feel forced to marry me.”

Bette’s character in the antebellum drama was the willful Julie Marsden, who defies her inadequately attentive fiancé, Pres Dillard (Henry Fonda), by wearing a red gown instead of the required white to the New Orleans Olym-

p composite ball. Pres punishes her by forcing her to dance even though everyone is shunning them from the sidelines. He then breaks their engagement and goes to New York to work in his family’s bank. Julie is shocked when he returns a year later with a bride, Amy (Margaret Lindsay). She flirts with an aspir.

ing beau, Buck Cantrell (George Brent), to arouse Pres’ jealous.

y, but to no avail. At the film’s climax, when Pres collapses in a yellow-fever epidemic, Julie redeems herself by persuading Amy to let her be the one to go with him to the quarantined area, because she is strong enough to protect him and care for him.

Julie Marsden is in many respects what is considered an archetypal Bette Davis part, yet by no means was it the only kind of character she played.

“I’ve played quite as many calm, hero-type women as I have a Jezebel-type person. But the Jezebels are always remem-

bered more, because people are fascinated by a woman like that more than by just a heroine. I was always challenged by women like this, because it was really something to work with, and it did become known as a Bette Davis part.

“Personally, I’ve never been able to figure out really what I am like or what I’m not really like. I could always understand my character on the screen better than I could understand myself. And when I had to play myself in Hollywood Canteen [1944] and Thank Your Lucky Stars [1943], I was utterly lost, utterly.”

Bette had one lingering regret about Jezebel. “I wanted my fa-

ter to see the film. I wanted to hear him say I was a great ac-
tress and that he had been wrong not to believe in me. I really wanted to hear him say, ‘I am very proud of you. I love you.’”

That never happened. During the shooting of the film, Harlow Davis, a lawyer, who had separated from his first wife when Bette was 7, died of a heart attack at 52.

“I couldn’t go to the funeral back in Boston without shutting down production, so I finished the film. I knew Daddy would not understand. I had let him down again. When I was free, I cried for days. At the time, it seemed normal to care when your father dies, even though I hardly knew him. He was, after all, my fa-
ter. But, looking back, I wondered if it was because it meant that my long struggle to gain his attention, to win his admiration, was over. He had played a part in my life, and a greater part in my thoughts. I had failed to win his love. period.”

After being awarded her first Oscar, Bette expected better roles than the ones she was offered. She complained vigorously and was put on suspension, during which time she received no salary. “I really needed the money, but I couldn’t afford to risk my career on what I was being offered.” However, with The Sisters (1938), she found a part and another director to respect, Anatole Litvak.

She played Louise, the eldest of the three Elliott sisters of Sil-

er Bow, Montana, who eloped with Frank Medlin (Errol Flynn),
Into the Night
When we were together, there was nothing left between us. And our sex life had disappeared. A woman who’s been with just one man for a long time is practically a virgin again.

“With this man, I had to be the aggressive one, because he really was reserved. He was a few years older than I, but he seemed younger. He brought out a side of me, sexually, that no one else had, at least up to that time.

“We had to be very careful. Even though he wasn’t an actor or a director, he was just as famous as I, certainly more important. We couldn’t be seen at restaurants together, so we ate at home, and he liked that. He was surprised I was so domestic, and he said it was exciting to have me cook for him. It was also convenient.

“At the time, I thought he wanted to avoid gossip. Now I wonder if he only liked my cooking because it saved him money. He never carried much cash. The rich seldom do. This was in the days before credit cards, and sometimes I’d have to let him have some money. I always bought the groceries. At the time, I thought it was funny.
The most revealing portrait ever made of me was taken by George Hurrell on the set of Dark Victory [1939]. It's an extreme close-up that shows such pain, especially in my eyes. I was in absolute agony that day, convinced my career was over.

"Having discovered my affair, Ham was in a rage. I was surprised he minded. If positions had been reversed, I wouldn't have cared what he did, because at this point we were only married legally. Ham took it very big, or at least he acted that way. I think he was looking for an excuse. Maybe he had found somebody else. Anyway, he got greedy when he heard who it was.

"Ham wanted a divorce, and he needed money, so I borrowed it from the studio to give to him. My marriage to Ham had endured for six years. Anyway, that was the end of Ham—and, in a way, the end of my youth. I had just turned 30." They were divorced on December 6, 1938.

"That man I was having the affair with didn't offer any money to help with my problems with Ham, and I assure you he was not, by any stretch of the imagination, needy. I always had to believe I was special for any man I was with. This man and I weren't in love in that magical way, but I couldn't have done it at all if I hadn't felt there was love between us. Perhaps I missed out on passion by always looking for romance. I couldn't imagine sharing my white cottage with a stranger—even that cottage in my mind.

"Speaking of cottages, 10 years later, when I was married to [her fourth husband, the actor] Gary Merrill, he rented a house in Malibu, and it was the funniest thing... Well, maybe it wasn't so funny, after all. He'd chosen the exact house where I used to meet Hughes—

"There! I've said it. But I'm sure you'd already guessed it was Howard Hughes. Anyway, I thought it was better not to mention the house and what had transpired there to Gary.

"You know, I was the only one who ever brought Howard Hughes to a sexual climax, or so he said at that time. It's true. That is to say, it's true that he said it. Or let's say I believed it when he told me that. I was wildly naive at the time. It may have been his regular seduction gambit. Anyway, it worked with me, and it was cheaper than buying gifts. But Howard Huge he was not. I liked sex in a way that was considered unacceptable for a woman in my time. The way I felt was only considered appropriate for a man. It was both a physical and emotional need. Of course, it had advantages in the pleasure it brought me. But it also made me a victim. Dependent.

"My professional timing was always better than my personal timing, but then, I was always finding professional happiness is a lot easier than finding personal happiness, especially for a woman. Women are supposed to wait for the right man to come and ask us. Well, the men who asked me were usually the wrong ones."

"I loved Dark Victory," Bette told me, "and it got me another Oscar nomination. [She got 10 in all.] The life I have led is unbelievable. I am the first to admit it. I'll tell you another unbelievable life. Did you see Dark Victory?"

I nodded that I had.

"Well, did you ever think Ronnie Reagan would become the most famous actor of all time? Of course, it wasn't for being an actor. I used to think of him as 'little Ronnie Reagan,' not because he was short. He wasn't. He was tall and well built. The 'little' was for his acting talent. He wasn't totally lacking, but it appeared to be a small range, although I would be the first to admit that it's difficult to hone your craft if you don't get the chance. His part had been written to move along the story and avoid characters having to talk with themselves. He was very good in that picture where he loses his legs [Kings Row]."

"Not too long ago, I had the chance to see Dark Victory, and I revised my opinion of the Ronald Reagan performance. I don't see how he could have been better. Geraldine Fitzgerald—magnificent! George [Brent], dear. As for Judith Traherne, my character, well, I cannot have false modesty. I am proud of her and of me."

Dark Victory had originally been a Broadway play, starring Tallulah Bankhead. David O. Selznick owned the screen rights, but nothing was done about making the play into a film until Bette read it and decided that the role of Judith Traherne would be right for her. She persuaded Hal Wallis to buy it for Warner despite Jack Warner's resistance.

"The day I started Dark Victory," Bette told me, "Mr. Warner sent for me. He said, 'We bought this for you. We'll let you make it. But not one fellow will come into the theater. Who wants to go to the movies to see some dame dying?' Well, apparently he didn't go, but fortunately a great many others did. Our picture was successful and memorable."

The heroine, a privileged, fun-loving socialite, is threatened when her recurring headaches signal the possibility of a brain tumor. Following an operation, she is not told that she has at most eight months to live. She is told, however, that near the end of her life she will lose her sight. She falls in love with her surgeon, Dr. Frederick Steele (George Brent), and he with her. When Judith learns that the operation was not a success, she at first rejects his proposal of marriage as an act of pity. Later they settle into one happy summer on his Vermont farm. When her failing eyesight indicates the end is near, she doesn't tell him, and encourages him to leave without her for a medical conference. Judith knows she is going to die, but she feels that she has won her own brief dark victory over death.

When Bette went up the stairs for the last scene, she stopped in the middle of the take and asked director Edmund Goulding, "Who's scoring this film? Max Steiner?" Goulding answered that he thought so. "Well," Bette declared, "either I am going up those stairs or Max Steiner is going up those stairs, but not the two of us together." Bette was referring to Steiner's music, often as important a dramatic element as the actors themselves. In the finished film, his music does, indeed, go up the stairs with Bette. Forty-five years later, she told me, "Dear old Max Steiner. I'm glad we went up those stairs together."

Judith's secretary, Ann King (Geraldine Fitzgerald), was not in the original stage play. "It was Eddie Goulding who put my character into the screenplay," Fitzgerald told me. "It was a
great invention I was written in so that Bette's character wouldn't have to complain [and risk losing the audience's sympathy]."

_Dark Victory_ had a great emotional impact on Bette. "For weeks after we finished filming, I slept badly, and when I woke up, I was too afraid to open my eyes." She was always afraid, she said, that when she opened her eyes there would be only blackness.

"Dark Victory really affected me. I was personally so upset about being so upset that after the first week I went to Hal Wallis

“I used to think of him as ‘little Ronnie Reagan,’ not because he was short. The ‘little’ was for his acting talent.”

After Ham divorced Bette, and her relationship with Hughes ended, it didn’t matter to her, because the man she was thinking about was still William Wyler.

"Willie was the perfect man for me in every respect except one. He had everything I admire: his brilliance, his talent, his personal charm, his wit, his sensual appeal—everything I prized. There was only one quality he didn’t have. He didn’t want to marry me. Certainly not enough, because he married someone else.

"When we met, I told him I didn’t want to get married again. Well, I didn’t want to at that time, and I didn’t want to marry just anyone; however, very quickly I knew he was the man I wanted to marry. But I couldn’t let him know that. Men don’t like to feel you’re looking to catch them. If they feel that, they are likely to swim away, and Willie, especially, was a man any woman would want. I felt I had to play a little hard to get. Well, I was too good an actress. I overplayed my part.

"I fantasized endlessly about Willie asking me to marry him. In my mind I said yes in so many different ways. I wondered why he was taking so long. Was he ever going to ask me? Then he did ask, and, fool that I was, I said, ‘I have to think about it.’ I didn’t want him to feel I was too anxious. He was everything I wanted, but I wasn’t certain I was everything he wanted. I loved the way he directed me on the screen, but that didn’t mean I wanted him directing me in real life. He was a perfectionist, no lily-guts, and I had a feeling he’d want to change me. Even so, my answer could only be yes. But I’d been waiting a long time for him to ask me, and he’d taken his good old time about it, so I wasn’t going to rush into my yes. I wanted Willie to appreciate what he was getting, to realize just how special I was. He’d never find anyone else like me again. It didn’t occur to me that he’d never look.

"I let him wait. I had to fight with all my strength to keep from picking up the telephone. Instead, I stayed by the phone every minute waiting for him to call. Terrible. There’s nothing worse than waiting for a phone to ring with that call from someone you can’t live without—and it doesn’t. You wonder if it’s out of order. Then you decide you are. The temptation to call him was absolutely overwhelming, but somehow I resisted. I felt I had to test him.

"Then a letter arrived. It was from Willie. I was about to tear it open when I decided, ‘No, I can’t wait.’ I set the letter aside, though it tortured me. I was dying to know what was in it. Of course, if I opened it, no one would know. But I would know. Finally, I couldn’t stand it any longer. I opened the letter. It said if I didn’t call him and give him an answer, it was all over.

"Love makes such fools of us. Really, I, who never play games, never pretend! I began to call Willie. I called desperately, but I couldn’t find him.

"Then I heard on the radio he’d married somebody else. So, the only person I taught a lesson to was myself. The trouble with playing hard to get is that the other person may choose not to play. Just this once, I acted this way because I cared so much. I was never able to profit from the lesson. There never was another Willie. So all these years I’ve had my precious pride, and now I have it to keep me company.

"Willie was the love of my life. No question. I’ve always wished I’d married him. I would have had some wonderful times, and perhaps I would have had Willie’s child. Oh, how I would
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have loved that! I suppose the films we made together are our children. We made three: *Jezebel, The Letter* [1940], and *The Little Foxes* [1941].

I saw Willie many years later, in 1959. I'd looked forward to it for a long time. I could feel my heart beating harder and faster. I wondered what he was thinking. I wondered how it would be, that first moment when our eyes met. Would that old magic be there? Would he notice I was older? I lived the moment over and over again in my head.

I walked on the set where he was directing *Ben-Hur*, in Italy. I didn't want to interrupt, so I waited until there was a break, then I stepped dramatically into his line of vision. 'Hello, Bette,' he said. 'Glary you could come by. Just take a seat.'

'It was as if there had never been anything between us, as if he hadn't given me a thought during the years which had passed. Well, I knew it then. He hadn't. There had never been a day I least, if I couldn't find magic in life. I found it on film. If I couldn't be Jezebel in life, I could be Jezebel on the screen for a while. I thought to myself, I could exist without Jezebel, but she couldn't exist without me. No—that's not true. She will exist without me. She'll always be there, and she'll never get wrinkles. Of course Baby Jane [Bette's character in the 1962 film *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?] will never have anything but wrinkles.'

Wyler remembered the affair somewhat differently. He told me that Bette had claimed she didn't want to get married again, and he had believed her, probably because he wanted to believe her. 'She was very passionate and emotional,' he said, 'with more energy than anyone I'd ever known. Too much for me.'

At first it was flattering to him, the depth of her feeling for him, until he realized she could, in just a moment, become what seemed to him 'equally emotional over the slightest the most inconsequential thing.'

"After a while, it became rather draining," he remembered. "Arguing seemed to stimulate her and especially her enjoyment in making up." But it didn't stimulate him, it exhausted him. Her endless wills to be one career too many. If she got what she wanted, I felt it wouldn't be what she wanted anymore. It seemed it was always about having to pass a test, until you failed.'

Between Ham Nelson and Gary Merrill, Bette married two other men, neither of whom provided her with many happy memories. The first was Arthur Austin "Farny" Farnsworth, the assistant manager of an inn Bette went to for a holiday in Franconia, New Hampshire, after finishing *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex* with Errol Flynn in 1939. Farny was from an old New England family, and the best Bette could say for him years later was that he was "geographically correct," adding dryly, "We were married for only a couple of years."

The second was William Grant Sherry, whom she met at a party in October 1945. "I married Sherry exactly a month after that lousy party at Laguna Beach. A year and a half later, my daughter, Barbara Davis Sherry, was born. We lived happily ever after."

Geraldine Fitzgerald, who died in July last year, once reminisced with me about Bette during a lunch at Le Cirque, in New York. "Bette was the most generous actress I've ever worked with. She helped me a great deal when I first came to Hollywood, and we remained lifelong friends."

She told me about crossing the country with Bette during World War II. They found themselves on the same train in adjoining bedroom compartments. During a 20-minute stopover in Kansas City, Bette decided it would be pleasant to take a stroll with Geraldine on the platform. Everyone else on the train followed a short distance behind, straining to catch every word that was spoken. "There was no one who could enunciate and project like Bette,"
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and, at the time, I was terribly self-conscious,” Geraldine recalled. “Bette had one favored subject over all others. Sex.

“Now, Fitzy,” she asked me, ‘What do you think of George Brent?’

“I said, ‘I think he’s a very talented actor.’

“No, I don’t mean on the screen,” Bette said. ‘I mean in bed.’

“The crowd following us looked at the ground, pretending they hadn’t heard, which meant they had.

“But I’ve never been to bed with him,” I said.

“Bette looked at me, amazed, and said for the benefit of everyone else, ‘Then you must be the only one on the Warner lot who hasn’t!’”

During *Dark Victory*, Bette did have an affair with George Brent, “one of the few men who gave me something besides himself,” she told me.

“People think actors and actresses have affairs with all their co-stars. I wasn’t so lucky—or, perhaps, so unlucky. But George Brent and I did have something going. He helped me through *Dark Victory*, and we fell in love. We were both single at the time, and that was rather a pleasure. We could be seen together in public places. Hal Wallis was pleased by our affair. I suppose he thought it would help the picture at the box office.

“George was notorious as one of the toughest men in Hollywood. He liked me, but he loved his money. Oh, I always knew how to pick ‘em! Once, he gave me a bracelet with B-E-T-T-E spelled out in diamonds—you know, the tiny chip diamonds. He said he was glad I had such a short name. I laughed and I said, ‘Well, my name is really Ruth Elizabeth.’ He didn’t think that was funny at all.

“Thirty years after our affair, I was playing onstage, and I received a bouquet of white orchids from George. On a card, he wrote he would be coming backstage after the show to see me. I was in a dither. Would I still look good to him? I was more nervous about seeing George than about doing the show.

“There was a timid knock at the door, and this incredibly ancient old man came hobbling in. He was portly, bald, and long in tooth, though not long in teeth. I didn’t know it was George until he giggled. I couldn’t ever have forgotten that funny, out-of-character giggle.

“We hugged and chatted a bit, but I was so shaken I hardly knew what to say. It seems heartless, I know, but I couldn’t help thanking God I hadn’t married him. When he was 35 and I was 31, that four years’ difference hadn’t meant anything, but time plays strange tricks.

“I was very involved with George Brent. I found him an exciting man on and off the screen. On-screen he was a leading man, but he didn’t have that extra something that makes a star, what Bogey had.

“I was always trying to cast the man of my dreams. My favorite actor with whom I never played, professionally or personally, was Laurence Olivier. I admired everything about him. He was a great actor, and he was my dream man. Larry was my fantasy lover, the perfect man, or at least I thought he would be. He was not only beautiful but intelligent.”

*The Legend*

Bette won many honors for her work. The agent Robby Lantz escorted her to a reception at the White House during the weekend of the 1987 Kennedy Center Honors. He remembered Bette, who was one of the honorees, saying to him that she was concerned about how she would be received by President Reagan, because he was aware of her being a lifelong Democrat. Lantz assured her that there would be no problem, and as their moment came in the receiving line, it was exactly as he had predicted. The president couldn’t have been more gracious to Bette, as he was to everyone, especially the guests of honor. He mentioned their days working together on *Dark Victory*.

“Your French publisher has me working very hard here” was Bette’s greeting to me as we met to have tea in Paris at the Plaza Athénée the following year. “I’ve let him know what I think about that.” She was in Paris for the French publication of her book *This in That*. I was there for the French publication of my book *Hello, I Must Be Going*. I had shown her book to my French publisher, and he had purchased the rights, had it translated, and brought her to Paris to promote it.

She enjoyed giving television and newspaper interviews and speaking with fans in Paris. “It’s wonderful to feel so welcome and wanted.” There was one newspaper article, however, that had very much disappointed her. “It was one I was looking forward to, and the one most people I knew would see, because it would be in English, in the *International Herald Tribune*, and I knew I would have a sympathetic interviewer.”

The interviewer was Thomas Quinn Curtis, a featured reviewer and film and theater critic, who was a longtime resident of Paris. He had written many times about Bette, always with respect and appreciation. It was a lengthy meeting, because Curtis wanted to spend as much time as possible with the great star. Eagerly, Bette waited for his piece on her, which she hoped would be published while she was still in Paris. She checked each day in the newspaper delivered to her hotel suite.

Then there it was. At first she was pleased, but as she read more she was shocked, horrified. What stood out for her was Curtis’s reference to her “spindly legs.” She said she had not read further. She asked me, “Do you think I have spindly legs?”

I said I didn’t. Bette was extremely thin after her battle with cancer, and the battle was ongoing. She found it difficult to eat, but her legs, though thin, had kept their shapeliness. She had always been proud of what she usually referred to as her “gams.”

She told me that Curtis’s words had spoiled her trip to Paris.

“It would seem that I’ve already been mortified enough for one lifetime,” Bette said to me, and I understood that she was referring to *My Mother’s Keeper*.

*Vanity Fair*
read it only once. I will not need to go back. I will remember every hate-filled sentence, branded on my soul, as long as I live.

"She said I tolerated!" B.D. had left no doubt as to her picture of her mother, the picture she wanted to share with the world.

It was, Bette said, more painful than anything she had endured in the hospital, worse than her mastectomy, more terrible torture than the strokes she had suffered.

"Finding out that my only natural child not only didn’t love me but detested me was the most terrible thing in my life."

"How cruel, not to leave you a happy memory! It’s like leaving you only broken bric-a-brac in your mind."

"After I read it once, I threw it into the garbage, where it belonged.

"You can love someone who doesn’t love you. You can’t love someone who hates you, once you have learned that that person hates you, and has hated you over a long time while pretending not to, and fooling you.

"I never considered not reading it," Bette said. "Can you imagine? Everyone else would know what it said, and I would be the only one in the dark.

"Above all, I had to know what I would say to B.D., who was my only natural child, my pride and joy, whom I had always adored from the moment I held her on the day of her birth.

"I thought about when we came face-to-face, or when I called her. I couldn’t imagine what words I would speak to her. After I read what she had written about me, I no longer needed to think about what I would say to her-ever.

"She had gotten out of me what she would get out of me. I don’t have so much money, but whatever I have, if I die soon enough to have some left, it will not go to her. So what she has from me now is my name and reputation to attack in that book. I don’t know if she did what she did for money or just to hurt me. Probably both.

"But even for that, take note, she needed my name, Bette Davis. If she hadn’t been the daughter of Bette Davis, who would have wanted her book?"

"She broke my heart, if that’s what satisfied her. I gave her whatever I had to offer, all my love, my presence, because I wanted to be with her. I gave her whatever money could buy, or at least whatever my money could buy—her kitten, her pony.

"Finding out that my only natural child not only didn’t love me but actually detested me was the most terrible thing that happened in my life. Absolutely."

Bette never again spoke to her daughter.

The last time I saw Bette Davis was at the gala of the Film Society of Lincoln Center, in New York City, when she was the honoree. It was April 24, 1989, in Avery Fisher Hall. Joseph Mankiewicz, James Stewart, and Geraldine Fitzgerald were among the stars who spoke for her. Roy Furman, president of the Film Society, introduced her as someone who had “all by herself” defined what it is to be an actress for the screen, using her brains and instinct and experience to play the widest possible spectrum of roles, and to give each the indelible stamp of her personality.

Furman later remembered being surprised by Bette’s nervousness. He observed her fragile state as she sat in her wheelchair, waiting, and despite her firm insistence that she would walk on stage, Furman had arranged an alternative plan should the need arise.

Following the film clips and recognition of her career by the speakers, Bette was introduced. On cue, she astounded Furman by virtually springing out of the wheelchair and walking to the microphone. After a standing ovation, Bette paused and surveyed the festive, glittering hall with its black-tie audience. Then she said, “What a dump!”

“There was an explosion of laughter,” Furman recalled. “It was an extraordinary icebreaker.”

When Bette told the audience that had come there to pay tribute to her, “It’s about time,” there was more laughter.

She closed her speech with a line from The Cabin in the Cotton (1932), her favorite line, she said, from all of her films: “Ah’d love to kiss you, but Ah just washed mah hair.”

At the end of the evening, Bette seemed the happiest I had seen her since the days before illness and frailty and her daughter’s book had brought her down. At the party at Tavern on the Green afterward, she told me that seeing the clips from her films had meant a great deal to her. “I’ve really been very successful in my life. I’m proud. I did what I set out to do, something worth doing.”

The last words she spoke to me were: “I’m like a cat. Nine lives. Throw me into the air and I land on my feet. I want to die with my high heels on, still in action.”

I was in Paris when I read that Bette had died. I knew she had just been in Spain, being honored at the San Sebastián Film Festival. Then she became ill. At first it seemed to be flu, brought on by exhaustion from the trip, her insecurity because of her physical appearance, and her abiding concern with never disappointing her public.

She had been accompanied to San Sebastián by her companion, Kathryn Sermak, who immediately arranged for “Miss D,” as she called her, to leave by chartered plane for Paris. There Bette died, on October 6, 1989. She was 81.

In her will she specifically disinherited B.D. Except for a few small bequests, Bette left everything to Sermak, who had faithfully supported her through her illnesses, and to Michael Merrill, the son she and Gary Merrill had adopted, who had become a successful lawyer.
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AGE AND OCCUPATION: 21, actor. PROVENANCE: Venice Beach, California. EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY: Hirsch, who played skateboarder Jay Adams in last year’s Lords of Dogtown, stars in the upcoming Alpha Dog. “I play the alpha dog,” says Hirsch. “My guy thinks he’s this big gangster.” The film is based on the story of Jesse James Hollywood, the diminutive 19-year-old drug dealer who killed a customer’s stepbrother over a debt and became one of the youngest criminals ever to make the F.B.I.’s Ten Most Wanted list. GAG REEL: Director Nick Cassavetes was in the editing room when the real Hollywood was caught in Brazil and extradited. Hollywood’s lawyers hope to delay the film’s release until after the trial. NICK’ S MOM HAS GOT IT GOIN’ ON: At six feet four inches, Alpha Dog director Nick Cassavetes cuts an intimidating figure. “He’s huge,” says Hirsch. “Scary sometimes.” But “Nick was always nice to me because I worked with his mom,” Gena Rowlands, who was in the Showtime movie Wild Iris with Hirsch in 2001. —KRISTA SMITH
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>THE DEAN</th>
<th>THE SPECTACULARISTS</th>
<th>THE ARTISTES</th>
<th>THE TV AUTEURS</th>
<th>THE INDIE MIND</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Steven Spielberg</strong></td>
<td><strong>Michael Bay</strong></td>
<td><strong>David Lynch</strong></td>
<td><strong>Alan Ball</strong></td>
<td><strong>Spike Jonze</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Riviera Palisades</strong></td>
<td><strong>Bird Streets</strong></td>
<td><strong>Malibu Country Mart</strong></td>
<td><strong>Outpost Circle</strong></td>
<td><strong>Silver Lake</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Peter Jackson</strong></td>
<td><strong>Christopher Nolan</strong></td>
<td><strong>Steven Soderbergh</strong></td>
<td><strong>Marc Cherry</strong></td>
<td><strong>Noah Baumbach</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Roger Corman Productions</strong></td>
<td><strong>Danny Deutsch advertising</strong></td>
<td><strong>Super-8</strong></td>
<td><strong>Feature films</strong></td>
<td><strong>MTV</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Munich</strong></td>
<td><strong>Fantastic Four</strong></td>
<td><strong>Solaris</strong></td>
<td><strong>Six Feet Under</strong></td>
<td><strong>Adapt</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Toscano</strong></td>
<td><strong>Cafe Med</strong></td>
<td><strong>Du Par’s Ventura Boulevard</strong></td>
<td><strong>Real Food Daily</strong></td>
<td><strong>The Edendale Gate</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Arizona Biltmore Lobby</strong></td>
<td><strong>Converted warehouse with exposed heating ducts</strong></td>
<td><strong>Palmetto 40s studio bungalow</strong></td>
<td><strong>Germ-free midcentury modern</strong></td>
<td><strong>Rented house with Galago machine</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Kofi Annan</strong></td>
<td><strong>Neal Moritz</strong></td>
<td><strong>George Clooney</strong></td>
<td><strong>Chris Albrecht</strong></td>
<td><strong>Mike De Luca</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Rob Reiner</strong></td>
<td><strong>The Rock</strong></td>
<td><strong>Luis Guzman</strong></td>
<td><strong>Lisa Kudrow</strong></td>
<td><strong>Elvis Mitchell</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Solenn prowess</strong></td>
<td><strong>Maximalism</strong></td>
<td><strong>Studio edgy</strong></td>
<td><strong>Lynch lite</strong></td>
<td><strong>Altman does Sall</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The big purple Hanukkah sweater and baseball cap</strong></td>
<td><strong>Alligator belt, snug jeans, and Billy Martin boots</strong></td>
<td><strong>Nerd glasses and black T-shirt</strong></td>
<td><strong>All cargo pants all the time</strong></td>
<td><strong>Corduroy jacket, bush pants, and flip-flap</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Oscars</strong></td>
<td><strong>People’s Choice</strong></td>
<td><strong>D.G.A.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Emmys</strong></td>
<td><strong>Spirits</strong></td>
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<td><strong>James Cameron</strong></td>
<td><strong>Wachowski brothers</strong></td>
<td><strong>Nic Cage</strong></td>
<td><strong>Mark Burnett</strong></td>
<td><strong>Sofia Coppola</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Face Lift and Botox</strong></td>
<td><strong>Gastric bypass</strong></td>
<td><strong>Elective exploratory</strong></td>
<td><strong>Face transplant</strong></td>
<td><strong>Spinal fusion rejuvenation</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Find cure for Tay-Sachs</strong></td>
<td><strong>Co-design consultant</strong></td>
<td><strong>Graphic novelist</strong></td>
<td><strong>Guest lecturer</strong></td>
<td><strong>Gap model</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“All that matters is if I’ve made people stop and think.”</td>
<td>“My asteroid is still the industry standard.”</td>
<td>“I’m not making a film about a story. I’m making a story about a film.”</td>
<td>“There is no scarier subject than the American family.”</td>
<td>“Pretend you’re thinking about nothing.”</td>
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*Illustrations by Tim Sheaffer*
kate spade
NEW YORK
Oscar’s Party
Las Vegas mayor Oscar Goodman lets it ride

only in gangster-built Las Vegas could the highest elected official be a hard-drinking gambler and former defense lawyer for the Mob. But Mayor Oscar Goodman, often with feathered showgirls at his side, is leading an intense push to revitalize the downtown and transform Sin City into a first-rate metropolis. Our correspondent chats with the mayor, who is currently considering a run for the U.S. Senate.

George Wayne: So, Oscar, what is your favorite movie of all time?
Oscar Goodman: Well, of course it has to be Casino, where some of the greatest acting of all time took place.
G.W. Especially yours, right? You were in that movie.
O.G. I played myself. Scorsese said, “Just play yourself—forget about the lines.” I was great.
G.W. Tell me a great Sharon Stone story from the set.
O.G. My wife had her over for dinner and she was like the girl next door. She set the table. She helped bring the food out. You would have never known this was the Sharon Stone.
G.W. She didn’t flash any beaver?
O.G. No, we were too busy eating roast beef.
G.W. Now, is it really true that you and your wife, Carolyn, moved to Vegas in 1964 with only $87 in your pocket?
O.G. That is true. We were highly educated, but we came out here and arrived in town with $87 in our collective pocket.
G.W. Tell me, Oscar, how did a University of Pennsylvania Law School–trained lawyer who made a name for himself defending the Mob end up being the mayor of Las Vegas?
O.G. As a lawyer, I represented a fellow who was charged with killing a federal judge. And I’ve represented a federal judge before the United States Senate. So I had done everything, and it just got to that point in my life. I wanted to try something different. I’ve always been fighting the system from the outside. And I said, “Let me try to keep it honest from the inside.” Even my own family said I couldn’t win, because I had more baggage than the skyscrapers at our airport.
G.W. And a mayor, the last time I heard, with an astounding 86 percent approval rating.
O.G. I’m looking for the other 14 so I can have them whacked.
G.W. “The happiest mayor in the world,” you have called yourself. And Mayor Happy, I hear, just loves his gin-and-tonics.
O.G. I would never adulterate gin with tonic. It’s straight gin. It’s gin on gin with an ice cube.
G.W. Your city pilfers about $5 billion from the pockets of compulsive gamblers.
O.G. No, the statistics will show that only about 1 percent of gamblers have a problem. And that is not unique to Las Vegas—48 out of the 50 states now have gambling.
G.W. What do you like to gamble on?
O.G. I gamble on anything that moves. I don’t participate in the table games, but I love to bet on sports. I bet on cockroaches: if they turn left or right. I’m a big sports fan.
G.W. The Mob created Vegas, and you’ve defended them every step of the way.
O.G. The “alleged mobsters.” Don’t call them “mobsters,” please. They will find you.
G.W. Well, G.W.’s Oscar goes to you, Mayor Goodman. You rule. You work hard, but play even harder! If you’re invited to the Vanity Fair Oscar party, are you going to bring two naked showgirls and an Elvis impersonator to follow you everywhere?
O.G. Let’s put it this way: if I am invited to the Vanity Fair party, I will have five showgirls with me, and I’ll leave Elvis at home.
Antitheta, Film-crit term, borrowed from comp-lit studies, that achieved hyper-currency in the late 1960s and 1970s when the Easy Riders, Raging Bulls generation took wing, its auteurs constructing their films around morally compromised, usually racy, usually ethnic protagonists—such as Robert De Niro's Travis Bickle in Taxi Driver, Al Pacino's synonymous character in Serpico, and Dustin Hoffman's Rato Rizzo in Midnight Cowboy. Vincent Gallo hustles and skitters like a real-life embodiment of a Scorsese antitheta.

Aspect ratio. The ratio between the width and height of the film frame: 1.85:1 is the American wide-screen standard. Though once known only within the filmmaking industry and among those who used to be called "AV nerds" in high-school projectionist clubs, the term has become commonplace on DVD sleeves, a reassurance to potential buyers that their DIRECTOR'S CUT version of Donnie Darko hasn't been trimmed to fit TV screens. Don't get that Assault on Precinct 13 DVD—they didn't preserve the original aspect ratio.

Beery, Wallace. Thickset, Doberman-faced character actor (1885-1949) who found unlikely success as a leading man in late-period silent features and early-period talkies, most notably in Min and Bill (1930), a salty harbor-side slice-of-life tale co-starring the equally linebackerish Marie Dressler, and The Champ (1931), in which he played the faded-boxer dad of towheaded Jackie Cooper (winning an Oscar for his efforts). Cherished by Snobs as the embodiment of the sort of "real" mug that Old Hollywood embraced before shallow youth culture and Kabbalah took hold, he was paid tribute by the Coen brothers in Barton Fink (1991), in which it was the titular character's accursed fate to script a "Wallace Beery wrestling picture."

Cassell, Seymour. Rumpled, mustached character actor who made his name as part of JOHN CASSAVETES'S repertory in such films as Too Late Blues, Faces, and Minnie and Moskowitz—and, as such, has been deployed in his later career by such hip-minded directors as Wes Anderson, Alexandre Rockwell, and Steve Buscemi, often as a plaid-jacketed scamster type.

Deren, Maya. Sufi-hued experimental filmmaker (1917-61), renowned among Art Snobs for such surrealistic shorts as Meshes of the Afternoon (1943), which has no soundtrack but for a drumbeat that accompanies Deren's movements as she wields a knife at no one in particular and encounters an unexplained hooded figure wearing a reflective mask. Born Eleanora Derenkowsky and raised in New York after her Jewish family fled the pogroms in their native Ukraine, Deren quickly immersed herself into the American film, dance, and documentaries worlds, using a Guggenheim fellowship to study Haitian voodoo and becoming a member of the process. Ever STEAD BRASHMANA thought her stuff was weird. David Lynch's dislocated narratives in Mulholland Drive and Lost Highway have Maya Deren's influence written all over them.

Facets Video. Comprehensively stocked video shop in Film Snob–choked Chicago, renowned for its array of foreign titles and Francophile pretensions; it prefers to be known as a "videotheque," not a store, and its adjacent theater— which offers "cinéclats" with such visiting directors as GUY MADDOX and PETER GREENAWAY—a called a "cinematheque." Arguably the only video shop with a self-imposed mandate to turn impressionable children into Film Snobs, Facets offers a FUTU FILMMAKER Membership that allows kids to borrow such titles as Lights and Silas Marner for free.

Grier, Pam. Tall, regally beautiful black actress who made her name in women-in-prison movies in the early '70s before becoming the regal-empress-mama of blaxploitation, kicking and baring ass in such vehicles as Coffy (1973; tagline: "She'll cream ya!") and Foxy Brown (1974), both of which were written and directed by Jack Hill, a career B-picture director who hailed from Quentin Tarantino for his '75 girl-gang movie, Switchblades. After a quiet couple of decades of TV work and supporting roles in movies, Grier was lovingly rehabilitated by Tarantino in his 1997 film Jackie Brown, in which she was the leading lady. Novice Snobs frequently make the mistake of crediting Grier for playing the title character Cleopatra Jones (1973); that role was in fact played by Tamara Dobson.

Hammer Films. British production company that, in its factory-like production of blood-soaked, decollète-heavy horror flicks from the 1950s to the 70s, was an overseas cousin to the United States' AIP, only with a better roster of actors. The Albanically gaunt Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing became famous for playing endless iterations of, respectively, Dracula and Dr. Frankenstein (eliciting the admiration of Francis Ford Coppola, Martin Scorsese, and, especially, George Lucas, who cast both men in Star Wars films), while Oliver Reed hammed it up as a werewolf, and Bette Davis, in the throes of her run as a Robert Aldrich horror hag, starred as the title character of The Nanny, in which she dispatches a small child to water torture.

I Am Curious (Yellow). Ponderous, nudity-filled 1967 Swedish film, directed by Vilgot Sjöman that sparked a moralists-versus-liberelles kerfuffle upon its America release, in 1969, with prints being seized at U.S. Customs and Norma Mailer championing the film with characteristic hyperbole as "one of the most important pictures I have ever seen in my life." A very 60s-tim
Polgasi, Van Nest. Temperamental art director for RKO Picture (1938–1969) in that studio's glory years and designer for the sumptuous production designs of films as varied as The Three Musketeers (1935), Gone with the Wind (1939), and Citizen Kane (1941). Polgasi gets his biggest Sno valise, though, for the "Big White Sets" he helped devise for A Streetcar Named Desire and Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (1953) and Show Boat (1951), both highly stylized Art Deco ensembles that afforded Fred Astaire the opportunity to twirl into infinity. Check out those Bakelite jewelry bands given to his leading women just Polgasi at his most avant-garde.

Ritz Brothers, The. Semi-forgotten trio of pointy-nosed snowflake vaude- vilians turned film zanies of the 30s—Al, Jimmy, and Harry, born in Newark and raised in Brooklyn—championed by Comedy Snobs as tragically underrated geniuses forever in the shadow of the Marx Brothers, despite a scintillating filmography whose best moments are the Fox comedy The Three Musketeers (1939) and some welcome interludes in white- bread Alice Faye musicals. Polgasi was a huge fan, as was Mel Brooks, who proclaimed the Ritzes funnier than the Marxes and yanked aged Harry in Silent Movie (1976).

Second-unit director. A deputy to a film's main director whose job is to sample scenes and footage that don't require the presence and immovable supervision of the principal director, and those sequences in the 1970s. Langdon was once a private investigator whose life changed forever in the film The Man from Laramie (1955), in which he is hired to look for his long-lost wife in the remote desert town of Laramie. As Langdon begins to unravel the mystery of his wife's disappearance, he finds himself embroiled in a plot involving a powerful and dangerous criminal organization known as The Man from Laramie. The film is a tale of suspense and intrigue, with Langdon as the central character. The Man from Laramie is a classic of the film noir genre, and it remains a popular film today.
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VANITIES

film about a young woman's sexual and political "voyage of discovery" with explicit sex scenes between its lumpy-bodied leads, Lena Nyman and Börje Ahlstedt, and pseudo-documentary interludes about Martin Luther King Jr. and Soviet poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko. I Am Curious "Yellow" eventually nailed the coffin shut on the MAPS code and paved the way for much more female nudity in movie features (though male nudity would become primarily the province of Ken Russell and the Merchant-Ivory team). Long out of print, its title better known than its content, I Am Curious "Yellow" has belatedly received the CRITERION COLLECTION treatment, coming neatly packaged in a box set with Svheim's follow-up, I Am Curious (Blue).

Jaglon, Henry. Rumpledly handsome, staggeringly self-indulgent filmmaker whose career, mostly improvised comedies such as Always (1985), Eating (1990), and Festival in Cannes (2002) bear the imprimatur of both 1970s psychotherapy and 1950s coffeehouse philosophizing (as such, earning Jaglon not quite fully accurate comparisons to Woody Allen and John Cassavetes). Though his films are seldom shown outside art houses, what truly endears Jaglon to Snobs is his role as Orson Welles's post-UNDERWORLD carstaker; Jaglon kept the great man in company for his last years and gave him his final role, in the younger director's Someone to Love (1987), in which Welles simply sat in the back of a theater and spoke his mind with characteristic orotundity.

Langdon, Harry. Baby-faced star of 1920s TWO-REELERS who briefly ranked among the comic greats (alongside Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, and Buster Keaton) but died, in 1944, semi-forgotten and in reduced circumstances, thereby setting himself up to be posthumously rehabilitated by JAMES Agee, and, later, by taking proto-Snobs college student digging up the ensuing footage. Further Snobs points for having been Frank Capra's conduit to the big time, starring in Capra's first two features, The Strong Man (1926) and Long Pants (1927), before getting a swelled head, dismissing Capra as his collaborator, and proceeding to flounder as his own writer-director.

Letterbox. DVD and VHS format that allows home-video viewers who don't own widescreen TVs to watch movies in close approximation of their original aspect ratio; so named for the horizontal, mail-slot-like band of screen that appears between two black bars when a 1.66:9-source film is adapted to fit the 4.3 screen of a TV without losing the whole picture. Watching the 4.3 version of the Led Zeppelin concert film, The Song Remains the Same, is like watching a MONTY PYPHER film in letterbox, but also an affront to all the work Lucas put into those reunion movies.

McKee, Robert. Theoretically belligerent, fiercely browed screenwriting guru whose revival-like three-day Story Seminars attract thousands of desperate writers in search of a foothold, a zillion of whom actually become successful in pictures. At once a bracing, incisive instructor and a willfully demoralizing lowerer of expectations (for both his students' prospects and the future of film), McKee, who has been on the circuit since the 1960s, has delivered many texts, and co-authored many. 

Mekas, Jonas. Film. Born in rare in his native CUBA, getting arrested, McKee found himself in Israel in the mid-1960s. Mixing footage from his own films and those of associates, McKee produced the influential 16mm film Montage of a Man in 1966, and in 1971, his apprised filmdom of the jaded and disillusioned world. McKee's Village of the Damned (1960), The Innocents (1961), and The Brides of Dracula (1960) are among the many films he has worked on over the years. 

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TOM FORD'S NEW HOLLYWOOD
THE 2006 PORTFOLIO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY: JULIAN BROAD, NICHOLAS CALLAWAY, ALEX CAYLEY, ANNIE LEIBOVITZ, ALI MAHDAVI, MERT AND MARCUS, HILDE TERRY RICHARDSON, ART STREIBER, SOLVE SUNDUSJO, MARIO TESTINO, MICHAEL THOMPSON, MATTHIAS VRtiENS
What is New Hollywood?

Every few years there is a cultural shift that can’t be ignored. Perhaps our standard of beauty changes. Perhaps our collective mood changes. Perhaps we just become bored, and the faces that defined our time don’t fascinate us any longer. Perhaps we just don’t care anymore about a particular male star’s self-conscious high jinks. Perhaps a reigning actress has overexposed herself with too many advertising campaigns and used up her quota of face time in our collective mind, clearing the way for new light.

Whatever the reason may be for our loss of interest and the dimming of a star’s luster. Hollywood can be a cruel place. Any actress’s career, in our youth-obsessed world, can fade by her late 30s. If she is clever, she can manipulate this dimming of the light and forge a new career by playing different kinds of roles. If she is truly blessed by the gods, as a few stars are, she can avoid the dimming altogether and fascinate us for life.

But that is rare, for every so often a group of relatively fresh faces rises up and pushes out the current set of reigning stars. Some of the Old Guard are sure to survive, but their status as the hottest, the sexiest, the most wanted, changes, and they become the new classics. Once they have made it that far, they are usually safe.

This year is just such a year of change. Not all of the new faces in New Hollywood are in fact new. Some are not even young, but all of a sudden the world has shifted, or they have finally found their voice, and they are stars. Perhaps they have even been stars for a while, but just when we thought they could burn no brighter they have turned into supernovas. Perhaps they finally landed the role that suits them. Perhaps some are just fluff, and we know deep down that we will tire of them soon, but, for the moment, we have a crush and can’t get enough. Or perhaps it is just the pendulum of mass taste swinging in the direction of their particular charms. Whatever it is, it catapults them to a new level in the sky and into our collective heaven.

What, though, is newer than the face of a freshly hatched starling, who at the tender age of 12 happens to be one of the top-grossing female stars in Hollywood, and who is graced with the face of Michelle Pfeiffer, Jodie Foster, and Uma Thurman combined? Possibly she is that rarest of all stars, the child star who will grow into an adult star and eventually emerge as an ageless icon, like Elizabeth Taylor. Or possibly not. Time will tell. Hollywood can be cruel. But, for the moment, the light shines bright.

—Tom Ford
The Starling
Dakota Fanning, Actress, Mini-Mogul
Thirteen films.

Dakota Fanning is 12. She makes $3 million a picture, and her fee is rising. She keeps her scripts in a pink binder and takes copious notes during production meetings. A tutor accompanies her to movie sets, and her parents, un-Lohan-like, keep themselves out of the public eye. She has worked with Steven Spielberg and Tom Cruise (War of the Worlds, 2005) as well as Denzel Washington (Man on Fire, 2004) and Robert De Niro (Hide and Seek, 2005), in addition to her younger co-star in the horse-racing movie Dreamer (2005), likened her to Meryl Streep. Thirteen-year-old Fanning will soon have major roles in new adaptations of two classic works of children's literature, Charlotte's Web and Alice in Wonderland, and will be doing voice work of the heroine for the screen version of Neil Gaiman's terrific and terrifying book Coraline. Since her 2001 debut, in Tomcats, her films have banked more than $100 million. Fanning, so poised on-camera, rarely shows her heavy mannerisms. Her performances are winning and authentic. She's the real thing.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at Smashbox Studios in Culver City, California, on November 21, 2005.

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THE CHAMELEON

PETER SARGAARD, ACTOR

Twenty-two films; three plays.

"Where have I seen this man before?" That's what a lot of people were saying to themselves on the way out of movie theaters last year after catching Peter Sarsgaard's remarkable performances in Jarhead (as a gung-ho Marine scout), Flightplan (U.S. air marshall), The Skeleton Key (over-the-top southern lawyer), and The Dying Gaul (gay screenwriter who trades his integrity for a chance to make a movie). Every time out, Sarsgaard, who was raised on military bases during a peripatetic childhood and now lives in New York, manages to become someone new. In Garden State (2004) he was probably the best misfit gravedigger in film history, and in Kinsey (2004) he wore a tie and necked with Liam Neeson and Laura Linney. The fact that he was right as a murderous psychopath in Boys Don't Cry (1999) and as the mild but persistent New Republic editor Charles Lane in Shattered Glass (2003) is mind-boggling, but that's why they're slapping the tag of "genius" on him.

THE IT GIRL
SIENNA MILLER, ACTRESS
Seven films; two TV series; one play.

What was he thinking? But let’s not get into that. It’s all so common.
Sienna Miller may command the attention of the tabloid press, but she’s a bona fide actress—
the daughter, in fact, of Jo Miller, London’s acting instructor extraordinaire.
In Alfie (2004) she lit up the screen as the manic-depressive party girl, nearly stealing the show from . . .
a certain someone (hint: thin, male, smokes, nice-looking mug, tight jeans, good bum, played the
lead role). In that film and in her latest, Casanova, Miller performs with such authority and aplomb that
it trivializes things to talk about who slept with whom, and when, and why, or to wonder, now that
they’re back together, if it’s really going to last, which is no one’s business but their own.
Soon all of that will be forgotten anew, when she stars (with Hayden Christensen) in Factory Girl,
the story of Andy Warhol diva Edie Sedgwick—a role turned down, come to think
of it, by Katie Holmes, and let’s not get started on that.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz
at the Viceroy Hotel in Santa Monica, California,
on November 14, 2005.
THE NEW HEARTTHROBS
JAKE GYLLENHAAL, ACTOR
Sixteen films; one play.

Jake Gyllenhaal famously lassoed Heath Ledger in Brokeback Mountain (2005), a film that’s on the trail toward rustling up some Oscar gold. He brought to the part just the right mix of a cowboy’s laconism and passion, which made his other two recent performances, as a math geek in Proof and a buff Marine sniper going stir-crazy in Jarhead, all the more remarkable. His days of playing the misunderstood kid—as he did, to great effect, in the freaky cult classic Donnie Darko (2001), The Good Girl (2002), and October Sky (1999)—are clearly behind him.

Gyllenhaal, a child of L.A., was immersed in his craft from his earliest days: his father, Stephen, is a director (Losing Isaiah, 1995); his mother, Naomi Foner Gyllenhaal, is a screenwriter (Running on Empty, 1988); and his sister, Maggie, is rising right along with him through Hollywood’s ranks. He’s now at work on Zodiac, playing a newspaperman who tracks the California serial killer of the 1960s and 70s, under the direction of Fight Club’s David Fincher.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at Smashbox Studios in Culver City, California, on November 19, 2005.
HEATH LEDGER, ACTOR
Sixteen films.

In a famous magazine cover from six years ago, a 21-year-old Heath Ledger won some attention by showing off his man-patch, which was peeking out over his belt buckle. He also had a killer smile, that Aussie brand of devil-may-care charm, a major part in The Patriot (2000)—and he could play the didgeridoo to boot. But now, with the success of Brokeback Mountain, he's winning attention because of his meticulous devotion to the craft of acting. (He was so good, it was enough to make you forget The Brothers Grimm, from earlier in the year.) He followed up the "gay cowboy movie" with something quite different, playing the womanizing title character in Lasse Hallström's well-received ramp, Casanova.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at the Suite A studio in New York City on November 13, 2005.
THE GRADUATE
JASON SCHWARTZMAN, ACTOR.

Thirteen films.

Jason Schwartzman is the least actorly actor ever.
Everyone believes he's the character he's playing, whether
it's the over-achieving extracurricular-activity genius
Max Fischer in Rushmore (1998) or the slacker guitar technician in
Shopgirl (2005). In I Love Huckabees (2004), he was
perfectly attuned to the major weirdness of director David O. Russell,
not sweating it when called upon to get intimate with a log in a love
scene at sarts. Schwartzman, part of moviedom's great
Coppola clan, wears his provenance lightly. Being the son of Talia
Shire makes him the grandson of conductor-composer
Carmine Coppola, nephew of Francis Ford Coppola, and cousin of
Nic Cage. Another cousin, Sofia Coppola, will be directing
him in the upcoming Marie Antoinette. The two haven't
worked together since they were teenagers staging
a little production of the F. Scott Fitzgerald story "Bernice Bobs
Her Hair" at the family's Napa Valley manse. May the
Schwartz be with you.

Photographed by Terry Richardson
at Tom Ford's home in Bel Air, California,
on November 15, 2005.
THE BEAUTY
CAMILLA BELLE, ACTRESS
Eleven films.

Lots of actresses have lovely looks. Camilla Belle, at 19, has something more.
Call it presence, or star quality, or whatever, but it's there, and it came to the fore in Rebecca Miller's
The Ballad of Jack and Rose (2005), in which Belle played a rebellious daughter to
Daniel Day-Lewis's strong-willed, overprotective father. Although she has been acting in movies since she
was 8 (at 10, she screamed in The Lost World: Jurassic Park) and was raised in L.A., she seems otherworldly.
She's certainly not your usual high-school girl in The Chumscrubber, a twisted suburban tale
(with Glenn Close and Ralph Fiennes) that made noise at the 2005 Sundance Film Festival. Belle is
following that one up with two very different films, one quiet and dark, the other
loud and hair-raising: The Quiet, in which she plays a deaf-mute, and When a Stranger Calls,
remake of the 1979 chiller about a babysitter's very bad night.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in Brentwood, California,
on November 22, 2005.
THE MAN'S MAN
ERIC BANA, ACTOR

Nine films.

Eric Bana has the face and musculature of the ideal action-oriented leading man. As a former stand-up comic and sketch-comedy TV star in his native Australia, he also has the chops to play the kind of wisecracking, grunting hero that made huge stars out of Bruce Willis and Harrison Ford. But Bana has taken a tougher route. When he played a comic-book icon, it was in Ang Lee's complex and somewhat head-scratching Hulk (2003). In Steven Spielberg's MI (2005), he sticks with his difficult program, as the ambivalent avenger Avner Kauffman, a mysterious character who battles himself as he leads a ragtag squad out to terminate the men who assassinated 11 Israeli athletes at the 1972 Olympic Games. Utterly convincing in his portrayals of family men who to war in Black Hawk Down (2001) and Troy (2004) he moves from the battlefield to the gaming tables for Lucky You, the upcoming film from can't-miss director Curtis Hanson. In this one, Bana plays a cardsharp who faces his own father (Robert Duvall) the World Series of Poker. We're there.

Photographed by Terry Richardson in Woodland Hills, California, on November 17, 2005.
THE GODDESS
NATALIE PORTMAN, ACTRESS.

Eighteen films; one Oscar nomination; one Golden Globe (best supporting actress, Closer, 2005); one play.

With her precise performances in 2004’s Garden State and Closer, Natalie Portman showed that she has arrived as an actress. With her work in the highest-grossing movie of 2005, Star Wars: Episode III—Revenge of the Sith, she held her own against the blue screens while doing her part to bring hope to a troubled galaxy by giving birth to Luke and Leia.

And with her part in the imminent post-World War III thriller, V for Vendetta, written by the Wachowski brothers, of Matrix fame, the two sides of Portman, box-office princess and serious Harvard-educated actress, will come together. She’s sure to tempt Oscar later this year with her starring role as a muse in Goya’s Ghosts, directed by multiple-Academy Award winner Milos Forman. Her unwillingness to discuss her private life and her habit of staying off of nightclub tables have kept her out of the tabloids—so that when she appears on-screen you see a character and not just a celebrity playing a part.

Photographed by Mert Alas and Marcus Piggott in Barcelona on December 12, 2005.
Viggo Mortensen made a nice first impression when he appeared in Peter Weir’s Witness (1985). Five years later he was toiling in the forgettable sequels Young Guns II and Leatherface: Texas Chainsaw Massacre III. He worked as a bartender and truckdriver to pay the bills. Then came his attention-grabbing work in Sean Penn’s The Indian Runner (1991) and Brian De Palma’s Carlito’s Way (1993). After seven more bumpy years, it was off to New Zealand to play the reluctant monarch Aragorn, a role he took on the advice of his son (by his ex-wife, Exene Cervenka, of the L.A. punk band X), Henry. In all three Lord of the Rings movies, Mortensen made an excellent mythic hero, but what about a character more down to earth, someone with less hair and no sword? The answer came with David Cronenberg’s riveting A History of Violence (2005), in which he was just right as a mild-mannered midwesterner who’s boiling on the inside.

When not filming, Mortensen paints, writes, takes pictures, plays music, and runs his own publishing house. He’s a Hollywood oddity—artist first, star second.

Photographed by Julian Broad in Los Angeles on November 21, 2005.
THE TOUCH OF CLASS
PATRICIA CLARKSON, ACTRESS.

Twenty-eight films; one Oscar nomination (Pieces of April, 2003); three TV series; one Emmy (Six Feet Under, 2002); more than 30 plays.

Patricia Clarkson shows great taste in the films she chooses—and if she were ever to appear in a bomb, there would still be the consolation of that husky voice. After a gradual breakthrough period during which she played intense, not-always-likable characters in High Art (1998), Far from Heaven (2002), Pieces of April (2003), and The Station Agent (2003), Clarkson had a great 2005, doing solid support work in Good Night, and Good Luck and taking it to the hilt as a troubled chatroom seductress in The Dying Gaul. A Yale University School of Drama graduate who was born in New Orleans, she has been perfectly cast to play an aide to Governor Willie Stark in the upcoming All the King's Men, based on the classic Robert Penn Warren novel set in the world of Louisiana politics.

The big-time cast also includes Sean Penn, Jude Law, Kate Winslet, and Anthony Hopkins.

Photographed by Ali Mahdavi at Smashbox Studios in Culver City, California, on November 22, 2005.
Twenty-seven films; one Oscar (best supporting actress, *Girl, Interrupted*, 1999); three Golden Globes. Those lips, those eyes, those tattoos: Angelina Jolie has the lean and luscious to match Hollywood’s golden-age starlets, not to mention a coquettish swagger that rivals the rebellious leading men of the 1960s and 70s. Throw in the same all-encompassing mothering instincts and lack of inhibitions as 1920s diva Josephine Baker and you’ve got quite a remarkable woman. She’s able to play a video-game-worthy action heroine, as she did in Lara Croft: Tomb Raider (2001) and *Lara Croft Tomb Raider: The Cradle of Life* (2003); a sultry assassin, as she did opposite her lovah Brad Pitt in *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* (2005); or a hardened mental patient, as she did in *Girl, Interrupted.* And then there’s her other side—globe-trotting goodwill ambassador for the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, mother of two adopted children, and mother-to-be of the eagerly awaited Brangelina baby. She’ll next be lending her considerable talents and star power to The Good Shepherd, a fact-based C.I.A. film directed by Robert De Niro, and the Dark Ages epic *Beowulf,* from the reliable Robert Zemeckis.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at the Ritz in Paris on February 27, 2005.
In 1993 the Walt Disney Company paid a reported $80 million for the Miramax Film Corporation, the New York studio founded in 1979 by Bob (the quiet one) and Harvey (the explosive one) Weinstein. Twelve years later, after the relationship had soured, Disney paid about $130 million to buy the brothers out. Typical Weinstein deal: they got money on both ends. But they gave up a lot too, including the Miramax brand (derived from their parents' names, Miriam and Max) and the library of hundreds of films they shepherded (or sometimes shoved) into theaters, everything from The English Patient to Scream. Now going under the no-frills banner the Weinstein Company, Bob and Harvey have $490 million in private equity and their freedom. It could be worse.

Photographed by Nigel Parry in Radio City Music Hall’s Roxy Suite, in New York City, on November 9, 2005.
THE BIRD

ROSAMUND PIKE, ACTRESS

Five films; two TV series; one play.

She made her film debut as the icy Miranda Frost in Die Another Day (2002). Playing a Bond Girl may prove to have been the most challenging work of all for Rosamund Pike, the Oxford-educated daughter of opera singers who has distinguished herself on the London stage and in BBC dramas. Culture—high, not pap—is in her blood, and she was perfectly at ease playing the shy Jane Bennet in the winning Pride & Prejudice (2005). In an uneasy truce with the clang of modern society, she also played opposite the Rock in Doom (2005), a movie based on a video game. Her most explosive performance in her breakout year came as the put-upon wife of Johnny Depp’s pleasure-mad second Earl of Rochester in The Libertine. In that one she got to wear a corset and go wild at the same time. See her next in a contemporary indie thriller, Devil You Know.

Photographed by Selve Sundsbe in London on December 3, 2005.
Topher Grace had a preppy upbringing in Darien, Connecticut, hometown of Moby, Kate Bosworth, and Chloë Sevigny (who babysat Topher when he was a kid). He was discovered in his boarding school’s production of A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum by a classmate’s parents, television producers Bonnie and Terry Turner, who ended up casting him in Fox’s That ’70s Show. He did yeoman work on the sitcom, setting up the laughlines for his more bumptious co-stars (including Ashton Kutcher). Grace’s unassuming quality has served him well in his burgeoning movie career. In Traffic (2000), he made for a convincing spoiled kid turned druggie. In Ocean’s Eleven (2001) and Ocean’s Twelve (2004), he sent up his vaguely celebrity image (or lack thereof), playing an obnoxious version of himself. In Good Company (2004) gave him the chance to shine. Grace was just right as a callow ad-sales exec on the make whose heart begins to melt with a little help from Scarlett Johansson. Next up: villain duty in Spider-Man 3.

Photographed in a 1965 Rolls-Royce Corniche by Terry Richardson at the Hollywood Bowl overlook on November 16, 2005.
Twenty-two films; one Gold (Walk the Line, 2006).

As Reese Witherspoon’s June Carter Cash, June’s mother, the A-List actress is the perfect fit for the role. But it wasn’t always easy. With so many preconceived notions to work with, the A-Lister needed to dive deeply into June’s character. While growing up in Nashville, the deceptively innocent June’s mother, Maybelle Carter, was a no-nonsense tomboy. She found that Fitzy drove her, the A-Lister’s co-star, Joaquin Phoenix, perfectly. While shooting scenes of them performing with June’s father, Johnny Cash, the starlet still kept her feet firmly on the ground and didn’t let the glamour of the moment get in the way. The result is a performance that will leave audiences spellbound.

Photographed by Michael Thompson at the Mandarin, New York, on November 16, 2005.
THE ARTIST

PHILIP SEYMOUR HOFFMAN, ACTOR, PRODUCER, STAGE DIRECTOR.

Thirty-six films; one Golden Globe (Capote, 2006); more than 10 plays as actor, 5 as director.

Master thespian Philip Seymour Hoffman wins over audiences playing likable losers whose charming or puppyish surfaces conceal a deeply sad or twisted core. He has the imagination and attention to detail to make his performances absolutely real, whether he's a porn-crew worker desperate for love and approval (Boogie Nights, 1997), a well-meaning nurse (Magnolia, 1999), an obscene phone caller (Happiness, 1998), or a gasoline-huffing widower who can’t stop mourning (Love Liza, 2002). The perfectly nuanced Capote (2005) was a breakthrough film for him, as the Golden Globe and other best-actor awards attest. The meaty part gave him the chance to indulge, quietly, in as many eccentric character tics as you’re likely to find in a typical Al Pacino role. More important, it allowed him to connect with audiences in a way he hadn’t before. He was playing someone who was not only deeply flawed but also a major figure in our cultural and social history. For his next trick, Hoffman will scare the pants off audiences (and Tom Cruise) as the very twisted villain of this summer’s Mission: Impossible III.

Photographed by Nicholas Callaway in Brooklyn, New York, on November 4, 2005.
TAYE DIGGS, ACTOR

Eighteen films; four TV series; six plays.

Taye Diggs is a throwback to the days when movie stars were all-around entertainers. He's a stage-trained actor who can sing and dance, as he proved playing Benny the evil landlord in the musical hit of the 90s Rent, a role he reprised to acclaim in last year's film version. Diggs, a Syracuse University graduate, once did his thing opposite Mickey Mouse in a Caribbean-themed cabaret show at Tokyo Disneyland. Following his initial Rent success, he won plaudits and female fans by flashing his smile (and backside) in How Stella Got Her Groove Back (1998). Married to Tony-winning actress Idina Menzel, he now finds himself tagged "the black Cary Grant" (Los Angeles Times) and "the black Clark Gable" (Ebony) after having displayed an easy charm in The Best Man (1999), Brown Sugar (2002), and the UPN drama Kevin Hill. See him next, opposite Heather Graham, in Cake, an inter-racial romantic comedy.

Photographed by Nigel Parry in New York City on November 10, 2005.
THE LONE GUN

NICK CAVE, SINGER, SONGWRITER, ACTOR, SCREENWRITER, NOVELIST, BROODER

Five films as actor (two as himself); three as score composer; one as screenwriter; three books; 22 albums.

It makes sense that the gaunt, stylish gloom-rocker Nick Cave, one of the great storytellers in song, would one day make a great movie. Now he has. In a mere three weeks, he wrote the script for The Proposition, a violent shoot-'em-up set in 1880s Australia that follows the story of Charlie Burns, a good-hearted sort played by Guy Pearce, who must venture into the forbidding outback to terminate his psychotic older brother, played by Danny Huston. The film toured the festival circuit in 2005 and capped the year with nods from the Australian Film Institute (four awards, including one for best original score for Cave and co-composer Warren Ellis) and Australia’s IF (people’s choice) Awards (four wins, including for best feature film and best music). Cave shot out of Australia and onto the London postpunk scene with his volatile band the Birthday Party in the early 80s. From later in that decade to recent years he has made sometimes austere and sometimes melodic albums with his band the Bad Seeds, pausing along the way to write a Southern-gothic novel, The Lord of the Flies and the Ass Saw the Angel (1989). With The Proposition, scheduled for a spring release in the U.S., he has found a new medium for his considerable gifts.

Photographed by Julian Broad in downtown Los Angeles on November 14, 2005.
THE PRINCESS
ANNE HATHAWAY, ACTRESS.
Nine films; one TV series; one play.
She was a delight as the Princess of Genovia in The Princess Diaries, the sleeper hit of 2001, and its 2004 sequel. But playing a squeaky-clean character in squeaky-clean comedies can have a dulling effect on an actress’s career—just ask Julie Andrews, who played the princess’s grandmother in both films. Anne Hathaway tried breaking out of the Disney box by playing a wealthy L.A. girl who goes down the rabbit hole of gang culture in Havoc (2005), a well-made film that went straight to Netflix. She was also great in Brolcebaclc Mountain (2005), if a bit overshadowed by the two male leads. This summer she has the starring role in The Devil Wears Prada, opposite Meryl Streep.
Photographed by Michael Thompson in New York City on December 16, 2005.
THE CRUSH
MAX MINGHELLA, ACTOR.
Two films.

Max, Max, Max, is this any way to start a career? Where are the lausy sitcom parts? The drunken-teen-on-a-campout roles in slasher films? The guest spots on cop shows as the troubled youth getting his ears boxed by an impatient interrogator? After hanging around the set of Cold Mountain (2003), which was directed by his father, Anthony Minghella, he made a sterling debut in the literate Bee Season (2005) as the son of a religious-studies professor played by Richard Gere. In Syriana he was the son of a C.I.A. agent played by George Clooney. In the upcoming Art School Confidential, from the writer-director team of Daniel Clowes and Terry Zwigoff, who made Ghost World (2001), Minghella lights out for new territory: a major role, alongside John Malkovich and Angelica Huston. The kid is on his way.

Photographed by Nigel Parry at Marquee in New York City on November 9, 2005.
THE ONE TO WATCH
JAMIE BELL, ACTOR.
Seven films.

Jamie Bell won our hearts playing the title character—a miner's son with a gift for dance—in *Billy Elliot.* Since then, completely out of keeping with the usual child-star career trajectory, which insists on either horrible films or jail time, he has gone on to choose projects with care and intelligence. There was that excellent adaptation of Nicholas Nickleby (2002), which happens to be very rental-worthy, by the way. Then Bell had the courage, or craziness, to join Danish filmmakers Lars von Trier and Thomas Vinterberg for *Dear Wendy* (2005), a story of American boys and a gun. Next he went to work on two pictures at opposite ends of the budget spectrum: a little thing called *King Kong* (as Jimmy the good-hearted deckhand) and a black comedy, *Chumscrubber* (as a disaffected California teenager). Next, he'll play a U.S. soldier in Clint Eastwood's sure-to-be-Oscar-worthy epic of the Battle of Iwo Jima, *The Flags of Our Fathers.*

Photographed by Matthias Vriens in New York City on November 6, 2005.
THE IT BOY
JONATHAN RHYS MEYERS, ACTOR
Twenty-three films; one Golden Globe (Elvis, 2006).

Fans of the talented, pillow-lipped Jonathan Rhys Meyers have been waiting for him to arrive on a grand scale since he had a small but memorable part as the assassin of the hero in Michael Collins (1996). The Dublin-born Rhys Meyers has hooked up with some big-name directors since then, but not for their most successful efforts. When he worked for Todd Haynes, who would go on to make the sublime Far from Heaven (2002), it was in the underappreciated Velvet Goldmine (1998). Under the lens of Ang Lee, he made the little-seen Civil War drama Ride with the Devil (1999). With Oliver Stone, it was Alexander (2004). Along the way he had better luck, playing a soccer coach in the sleeper hit Bend It Like Beckham (2002), and he certainly turned heads in taking on the titular role of the 2005 CBS mini-series Elvis. Best and unlikeliest of all, he matched up with Woody Allen for Match Point (2005), the best Woody Allen movie in ages. He slipped so deftly into it, and into it, playing a charming but sly tennis pro who seduces, then leaves, a pretty tennis player. Rhys Meyers has at least for the time being got the right role at the right time. —Francesca Stagnaro, Vanity Fair, February 2006
THE KNOCKOUT
MICHELLE MONAGHAN, ACTRESS.
Nine films; one TV series.

After leaving her hometown of Winthrop, Iowa, Michelle Monaghan was
studying journalism at Chicago’s Columbia College and modeling to help pay tuition when she made
a smart decision: to leave behind the idea of being a journalist and concentrate on her more
glamorous and potentially more lucrative side career. In New York, she climbed the ranks of aspiring actress-models,
working through deodorant commercials to crucial parts in Unfaithful (2002) and the TV show Boston Public.
Last year it all came together: she was great playing a miner who’s beaten down by her male
coworkers in the harrowing North Country and equally at home as the fast-talking heroine of the bubbly Kiss Kiss
Bang Bang. Now she’s in the big time, putting in long days with Tom Cruise on the far-flung
sets of this summer’s anticipated blockbuster Mission: Impossible III. It’s a long way from Iowa,
but Monaghan hasn’t lost her taste for beer and football.

Photographed atop a 1989 Mercedes-Benz 560SL convertible by Julian Broad
in Los Angeles on November 19, 2005.
THE BREAST FRIENDS
PAMELA ANDERSON AND MAMIE VAN DOREN, BLONDE BOMBSHELLS

Anderson: five films; five TV series. Van Doren: 40 films.

You know her from Playboy. She's got the kind of body a Sherpa could get lost in. Yes, Mamie Van Doren is a smokin' hot lady—and her young friend Pamela Anderson still makes men weak in the knees, too. They're two of a kind, the type your mama warned you about, a couple of girls from the hinterlands who became quintessential California sex symbols. Both had famous rock-star romances (Tommy Lee for one, Elvis Presley for the other), made risqué films (who can forget the unauthorized Pink & Tommy Lee: Stolen Honeymoon, from 1998, or Sex Kittens Go to College, from 1960?), and now live close to the ocean (Anderson in Malibu, Van Doren in Newport Beach). Both are moms, and neither is shy about her beliefs. Anderson agitates against fur and raises money for hepatitis research. Van Doren risked life and limb performing for troops in Vietnam and now writes a Bush-bashing blog.

That mix of high and low, of serious and silly, is totally L.A. As a Hollywood just wouldn't be Hollywood without its platinum goddesses.

Photographed by Ali Mahdavi at Fifth and Sunset Studios in Los Angeles on November 21, 2005.
Joy Bryant, Actress

Eleven films.

Born to a 15-year-old mother in the Bronx, Joy Bryant never let her circumstances keep her down. After earning straight A's in public school, she dreamed of better things and arranged to go to the Westminster boarding school in Connecticut. From there she got into Yale, where she was discovered by a scout from the Next modeling agency. Never one to stay in any place too long, she left the runway life for the movies, winning praise for her roles in Antwone Fisher (2002), in Honey (2003), and as 50 Cent's moll in Get Rich or Die Tryin' (2005), part of which was filmed only blocks from where she grew up. She had come full circle, returning to her home borough a star.

Photographed by Ali Mahdavi at the Goldstein residence in Beverly Hills on November 18, 2005.
THE KICK
MICHELLE YEOH, ACTRESS.
Twenty-four films.

While Americans and Brits make a happy pastime of following the ups and downs of Aniston, Jolie, Pitt, Cruise, Holmes, Kidman, et al., Michelle Yeoh has been commanding the attention of the Asian press for two decades with a soap opera of her own. She started out wanting to be a prima ballerina, but a spinal injury forced her to give up her dream.


Photographed by Michael Thompson in New York City on December 16, 2005.
When they are young and pretty, they leave their hometowns in droves and they go to L.A. They land a part here, a part there, and a Screen Actors Guild card comes in the mail—or perhaps they find themselves in the city offices of CAA or Paramount. They delight in the sunshine, the beaches, the rides in convertibles. Years go by in a pleasant California haze, but human flesh, no matter how moisturized, proves no match for time and gravity, and the human form, no matter how toothsome, doesn’t always live up to L.A.’s inflated expectations. Body parts that once stood at attention begin to droop, and so comes the day when our gorgeous L.A. creature no longer elicits those stares while strolling the sidewalks of Sunset Boulevard. This is where Dr. Garth Fisher, the original star of ABC’s Extreme Makeover series, steps in. A plastic surgeon praised in the pages of Town & Country and Los Angeles magazines, he’s known for his light touch around the face and his subtle boob jobs. Those entering his Beverly Hills office often find that sometimes just a little Botox zap between the eyebrows—Ah! Wondrous elixir of youth!—is all they need to make it through that next audition or power brunch.

Photographed by Art Streiber at the Knollwood Country Club, in Granada Hills, California, on November 23, 2005.
THE BEST FRIEND
JENNIFER ANISTON, ACTRESS
Sixteen films; four TV series; one Golden Globe (2003) and one Emmy (2002), both for Friends.

Jennifer Aniston is gorgeous and blessed with great comic timing, but above all she’s likable. When she’s on top, millions of people are glad for her. When she’s in trouble, the millions sympathize. No matter what’s going on—the divorce, the thing with Mom, the lawsuit with the paparazzo, the other thing that may or may not be happening with a certain co-star—people are just interested. There’s probably no better place to hide from the madness than a movie set, and she’s seen a lot of those lately. She’s the hardest-working former Friend in the business, with two movies last year (Derailed, Rumor Has It . . .) and two coming soon: Friends with Money, from veteran indie director Nicole Holofcener, which also stars Joan Cusack, Catherine Keener, and Frances McDormand, and The Break-Up, an Awful Truth–like summer comedy with Vince Vaughn, who either is or isn’t her boyfriend. On the horizon is one we can’t wait for, Wanted. Here’s the pitch: Aniston, Streep. Women’s prison. It practically films itself.

Photographed by Mario Testino in Malibu on June 16, 2005.
THE NATURAL
Q'ORIANKA KILCHER, ACTOR, SINGER
Two films.

Born in Germany, raised in Hawaii, Q'orianka Kilcher, who is part Peruvian Indian, took on tremendous responsibility in agreeing to play Pocahontas. For one thing, she would be working for one of cinema's most poetic and ambitious directors, the charmingly unprolific Terrence Malick. Furthermore, she'd be playing a larger-than-life figure in American history, a Colonial celebrity whom she would have to make into an actual human being, rather than some mythic persona (or Disney character). Once The New World hit theaters, last December, it was clear she had pulled it off. Critics raved and the National Board of Review gave Kilcher its Breakthrough Performance Actress award. Her outrageous beauty made a nice correlative to the pristine, desirable land inhabited by Pocahontas, and it didn't hurt her any in making friends with Malick's camera. But her acting was the real story. She convincingly showed her character's transformation from Powhatan nature girl into an Anglicized woman and also held her own against her co-star, the considerably less fresh-faced Colin Farrell (John Smith). Their cultural collision of a kiss, captured by Malick, was the first of the 16-year-old actress's life, Kilcher says. The cousin of singer-songwriter Jewel Kilcher, she may follow her amazing performance with a recording career.

Photographed by Alex Cayley in Los Angeles on November 28, 2005.
THE GENTLEMAN
TERRENCE HOWARD, ACTOR.
Twenty-nine films; three plays.

As a young actor looking for a break in the mid-1980s, Terrence Howard made his own luck, talking his way onto an episode of The Cosby Show. He has played a number of sidekicks and lowlifes since then, making a big impression in Dead Presidents (1995) and again in The Best Man (1999). More recently, he generated heat with coolly intense performances in 2004’s Crash and Ray. Last year, in the surprise hit Hustle & Flow, he broke through, playing a Memphis pimp who wants to be a rapper. Howard, a singer-songwriter who studied chemical engineering at the Pratt Institute, was reluctant to take the role, in the not-insane belief that there have been more than enough black pimps in cinema. But once he committed to it, he went well beyond the stereotype. Howard will next appear alongside hip-hop artists Big Boi and André 3000 in Idlewild, a bootleg-era musical, which he described in a recent interview as “a film that’s almost like the bastard child of Sin City and Moulin Rouge.”

Photographed by Julian Braad at Musso & Frank Grill in Hollywood on November 18, 2005.
ZOOEY DESCHANEL, ACTRESS

Seventeen films.

Zooey Deschanel has been dubbed "quirky" so often that she has come to embrace it. "Making one-dimensional people is a challenge," she says. "Quirky, I'm good at. It's better than being boring."

She loves fireman suits and offbeat comedies. She plays the ukulele and sings in a bohemian band. Daughter of the late, celebrated cinematographer Caleb Deschanel and actress Mary Jo Deschanel, Zooey's not a typical one, having spent much of her formative years in the dark at the New Beverly Cinema, an art house in West Beverly. In The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy (2005), she was just right for the role of the girlfriend of an intergalactic egomaniac. In Elf (2003), she was equally at ease playing the love interest of an elf marqué (and showed off her sultry singing voice in the process). A Zooey-tastic 2006 is under way. Deschanel is doing her kooky magic in the comedy Failure to Launch and the indie drama Winter Passing. Later in the year she'll appear in the unconventional Western The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford.

Photographed in a VW bus by Annie Leibovitz at Smashbox Studios in Culver City, California, on November 16, 2005.
THE ONE
JOAQUIN PHOENIX, ACTOR EXTRAORDINAIRE

Twenty-one films; one Oscar nomination (Gladiator, 2000); one Golden Globe (Walk the Line, 2006).

Most actors really are hams. Before achieving a level of fame that causes them to avoid attention (or, at least, to make a show of avoiding it), they crave attention and seek it out—and once they’ve got it, they revel in it. Joaquin Phoenix is the opposite. Naturally reserved, interested in the process of acting but wary of the publicity machine, he releases his megawatt energy only when the cameras are rolling.

Equipped with the usual Hollywood ego, he can’t bear to watch himself on-screen. Which is a shame, because he’s missing some great performances. He broke out playing a sensitive, conscience-stricken teen in To Die For (1995), and an Oscar nomination for his villainous work in Gladiator, and proved the perfect instrument for the quietly intense characters conjured up by M. Night Shyamalan for Signs (2002) and The Village (2004). Phoenix signed on to play Johnny Cash not knowing how to play guitar and not comfortable with his own singing voice. By the time he made Walk the Line, however, he embodied the Man in Black. Rather than showing the distance between the actor and the icon he was playing, his authoritative strumming and singing (Phoenix did them himself) served to enhance the stunning realism of his performance.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at his home in Los Angeles on November 18, 2005.
THE BOSS

GEORGE CLOONEY, ACTOR, DIRECTOR, PRODUCER, PROVOCATEUR.

Twenty-seven films as actor, two as director; seven TV series; three Golden Globes (ER, 1996; O Brother, Where Art Thou?, 2001; Syriana, 2006).

The second film he directed, Good Night, and Good Luck (2005), made just about every major critic’s Top 10 list for 2005, as did Syriana, in which he stars. George Clooney has shown his brains, talent, and wit in virtually every movie genre, from sci-fi (Solaris, 2002) to screwball (Intolerable Cruelty, 2003), from noir (Out of Sight, 1998) to ensemble lark (Ocean’s Eleven, 2001). Given that he has had such a cool career brimming with great parts and big ideas, it’s hard to remember he was once Batman (Batman & Robin, 1997) and goofy factory worker Booker Brooks on Roseanne in the late 80s. Now he’s the embodiment of the Hollywood leading man, version 2006, who relaxes between projects by continuing his ongoing spat with Fox News firebrand Bill O’Reilly, kicking back on Lake Como, in Italy, and doing his part for poverty relief in Africa.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz on the Universal Studios back lot in Hollywood on November 25, 2005.
Fifty years ago, the novel Peyton Place shocked America with its tale of secrets, sex, and hypocrisy in a small New Hampshire town, becoming one of the best-selling dirty books ever, a hit movie, and TV's first prime-time soap. It brought fame and misfortune to Grace Metalious, the bawdy, rebellious housewife who wrote it, an outraged the citizens of Gilmanton—“the real Peyton Place.” With a Metalious bio in production, MICHAEL CALLAHAN charts the tumultuous celebrity, emotional flameout, and sordid death, at 39, of an unlikely cultural trailblazer.
Real Victim
Grace Metalious. The year before, she sent him a passionate five-page plea listing her dreams of becoming a public writer, along with a 312-page manuscript that focused on the travails of a pair newlyweds—which had clear parallel her life with George. The agent had culated it among a few publishers; all of it declined.

So when Chambrun got The Tree the Blossom, in April 1955, he wasn’t oastic. He perfunctorily sent it on its through the publishing circuit, would ended up on the desk of Leona Neve, a manuscript reader at Lippincott. Neve’s days, Nevler’s job was to field the runs from less discriminating agents, such as Chambrun, and sift through the mass of unsolicited “slush,” then pass along rare jewel that might warrant an editor’s attention. Nevler, it turned out, quite I. The Tree and the Blossom, but her boss at Lippincott passed.

During a job interview at rival Ju Messner, Inc., Nevler told the firm’s presiuent, Kitty Messner, about the novel. and thin, Kitty Messner was the Kath Hepburn of the publishing world, knew as much for her draping tailored suits signature cigarette holder as for her shye for commercial fiction. According Emily Toth’s 1981 biography Inside ton Place—the Rosetta Stone of Grace talious arcana—on the night of August Messner decided to stay in and read Gra saucy, compelling, and surprisingly it book.

The next day, Kitty called Chambrun. “I have to have it,” she said. The title, it ever, would need to be changed to named the town where the novel was Peyton Place.

Grace had been at the market in n by Laconia, buying frozen French fries cause you don’t have to wash them be you cook them. Then she had taken kids to swim in Opechee Park. When got back to Gilmanton, Grace, carrying bags of groceries, spotted the mail. A minute the garment lay on the sand next to the blanket. Betty’s back arched against his arm as she thrust her breasts up to him. This was not new to Rodney. She let him do this often, but it never failed to arouse him to near frenzy. Her nipples were always rigid and exciting and the full, firm flesh around them always hot and throbbing.

“Come on, honey,” she whispered. “Come on, honey.”

“Don’t do it, honey. Bite me a little. Hurt me a little,”

“Please,” mumbled Rodney against her skin. “Please. Please.”

His hand found the V of her crotch and pressed against it.

“Please,” said “Please.”

It was at this point that Betty usually stopped him. She would put both her hands in his hair and yank him away from her, then right short shorts off as if she had been several sizes too large, and her body did stop its wild twisting while Rodney took off his trousers.

She said, “Hurry. Hurry. Hurry.”

As soon as it was, he barked at him. Then,“ Hurry. Hurry. Hurry.”


forte he finally discerned the bulk of his automobile up ahead of him.

Betty waited while he stumbled again and nearly fell. She waited until he was directly in front of the car, and then she turned on the head lights. Her brests filled the night, and Rodney was only too painfully aware of the enigmatic picture he must make as he stood and stared like a gawky boy and tried to cover himself with the blanket.

“You better get back in the car,” she said, her voice husky. But she was acting so hard that she did not notice Rodney climb into the car and grabbed for the wheel, urging him on. Under the car, she heard a loud sound and went off into another spasm of laughter. They drove off, and she put on a pair of striped men’s pants and went back to Monroe. She was the only one in his town to wear men’s clothes.
It was a crafty, page-turning brew of illicit sex, incest, and murder.
a pile of bills and past-due notices, a yellow telegram peeked out: PLEASE CALL ME AT YOUR EARLIEST CONVENIENCE. REGARDS. CHAMBRUN.

“He’s sold it!” Grace screamed, waving around the wire. “He’s sold it!”

Indeed he had, as she discovered when she placed the call to New York, a grocery bag still tucked under one arm. Two days later, Grace Metalious, the frowsy New Hampshire housewife whose bombshell would rock American publishing, slid into a booth at ‘21’ with her dashing agent and toasted to her success with what she remembered as a daiquiri “all pale green and so cold it hurt my teeth.”

Years later, her best friend, Laurose Wilkens, would remember the phone call she’d gotten from Grace that hot and humid August day, crying and laughing at her incredible news. “Grace Metalious,” Wilkens said, “would never be really poor or really happy again.”

Fifty years ago, Peyton Place helped create the contemporary notion of “buzz,” indicted 1950s morality, and recast the concept of the soap opera, all in one big, purple-prosed book. It would spawn a sequel, a smash film nominated for nine Academy Awards, and television’s first prime-time serial. A week before it hit bookstores, on September 24, 1956, it was already on the best-seller list, where it would remain for half a year. In its first month, it sold more than 100,000 copies, at a time when the average first novel sold 3,000, total. It would go on to sell 12 million more, becoming one of the most widely read novels ever published. During its heyday, it was estimated that one in 29 Americans had bought it—legions of them hiding it in drawers and closets due to its salacious content.

Peyton Place is the story of the denizens of a small New Hampshire town, ostensibly centered around pudgy adolescent Allison MacKenzie, who dreams of being a writer but finds herself stifled by the expectations and duplicity of her small-minded neighbors, and by her own mother, Constance MacKenzie, the original desperate housewife. What sold it was possibly the most clever marketing campaign ever launched for a novel of its era: a colorful author who made good copy, and a crafty, page-turning brew of illicit sex, secret lives, public drunkenness, abortion, incest, and murder.

But the story behind Peyton Place—a scandalous phenomenon that became a meta-
phor for scandal ever after? "Is this Watergate or Peyton Place?" U.S. congressman Lindsey Graham remarked at the Clinton impeachment hearings, in 1998—is one almost as lurid as the original yarn. It is a saga of rags and riches, loves won and lost, and, in the end, betrayal, malfeasance, and regret. It is the story of a restless, creative girl who never quite fit in and who found an outlet to express what that was like in 1950s America, only to be crushed by the people whose faux morality she had so scathingly critiqued. It is also a revelatory tale of an accidental and largely forgotten feminist pioneer.

Overnight, Grace Metalious became wealthy, spending lavishly on stays at the Plaza and flirting with Cary Grant, her name and face splashed in newspapers across the nation. Eight years, another husband, and more than a million pissed-away dollars later, at the age of 39, she lay dying in a Boston hospital, in the company of a mysterious British lover to whom she had left her entire estate—by changing her will on her deathbed. "Be careful what you wish for," she told him in the hours before she died. "You just might get it."

Grace DeRepentigny was born in 1924 in Manchester, New Hampshire, a heavily Franco-American working-class city known for its textile mills. Her father, Al, was a merchant seaman who left the family when Grace was 10; her mother, Laurette, was a bitter working-class who, as Emily Toth has recounted in her book about Grace, dreamed of writing for Harper’s and bought flea-market items, which she then passed off as French family heirlooms. Despite both families objections, Grace, still a teenager, married George Metalious, a studious Greek whom she'd known since the age of nine. Almost instantly, the marriage hit the skids. "I did not like belonging to Friendly Clubs and bridge clubs," Grace wrote later. "I did not like being regarded as a freak because I spent time in front of a typewriter instead of a sink. And George did not like my not liking the things I was supposed to like."

With her ponytail, baggy flannel shirt, and jeans, Grace broke every mold of the prim New England country wife she was—a shockingly outspoken, a terrible housekeeper (once, when some PR guys from New York came to It'll Do, she grabbed what looked like a Brillo pad, only to discover it was a dead mouse), and shockingly well read. "She was a totally unbridled, free, glorious spirit," says Lynne Sniers, the daughter of Grace's longtime attorney, Bernard Sniers. "I didn't know any other woman like her. Grace wore, a lot, and she drank, a lot, and she had lots of guys around her. She got married and divorced and had affairs. And she talked about sex and she talked about real life and she didn't filter it. I didn't know any other woman who was like that in the 50s."

As a result, she quickly became a lightning rod for gossip wherever she lived, particularly when she would hole up writing and ignore her kids. "We didn't bother her when she was writing," says her daughter, Marsha Metalious Duprey, now 62. "We wouldn't have gotten into trouble if we did, but we didn't want to bother her. When she was writing, basically everything else went to hell: no housework got done, no cooking got done, and my dad mostly took care of us... I didn't know any better, so I didn't question it."

Grace struck up a friendship with Laurose Wilkens, who wrote part-time for The Laconia Evening Citizen and had tracked Grace down when rumors surfaced that the wife of George Metalious, the new school principal, was writing a novel continued on page 360.
Local gossips spread Grace stories with brutal efficacy: she had greeted the milkman in the buff.
Sometimes long-established artists are taken for granted, as has happened with David Hockney. Mistake. He may now be 68 years old, but he still looks like Dennis the Menace, and he remains one of the most fluent artists of our time, at home in any medium, as well as one of the most interesting thinkers about art itself. His airy, easygoing portraits made their way into the public consciousness so long ago it’s hard to believe that—up until now—there has never been a show singularly devoted to his paintings, drawings, and photographs of friends, family, and lovers, many of them captured over and over again. Now comes “David Hockney Portraits,” put together by the triumvirate of London’s National Portrait Gallery, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, and Boston’s Museum of Fine Arts, where the exhibition debuts on February 26 and runs through May 14 before traveling.

Aside from providing the opportunity to see a whole slew of Hockney classics—including portraits of his mum and a number of bare-bottomed intimates—this show serves as a pictorial mini-history of Los Angeles (where Hockney has made his main home since the 70s) in its guises as an oasis for searchers and as a kind of early gay Nirvana. There are surprises too, such as Hockney’s recent portraits of children, which have a welcome, un-schmaltzy quality. Perhaps kids, who usually believe they have better things to do than sit still, are the perfect subject for this artist. “I’m often a believer in the faster you do it the better it is,” says Hockney. That lack of pretense is true not just of his art but of the man himself; he likes a bit of irreverence. When describing the sizable portrait of him done by Lucian Freud, a revered pal who has painted everyone from Kate Moss to Elizabeth II, Hockney notes, dryly, “I’m slightly bigger than the Queen.”

—INGRID SISCHY

PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIAN BROAD
PREMATURE EVALUATIONS
CASABLANCA
“Not quite up to ‘Across the Pacific’ . . . but is nevertheless pretty tolerable.”
—David Lardner, The New Yorker, November 28, 1942.

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY
“In some ways it’s the biggest amateur movie of them all . . . It’s a monumentally unimaginative movie.”

THE GODFATHER
“Brando is handicapped by poor makeup . . . Al Pacino rattles around in a part too demanding for him . . . The surprisingly rotten score [is] by Nino Rota.”

PSYCHO
“This is third-rate Hitchcock . . . A reflection of a most unpleasant mind, a mean, sly, sadistic little mind . . . Merely one of those television shows padded out two hours by adding pointless subplots and realistic detail.”

THE WIZARD OF OZ
“I sat cringing before MGM’s Technicolor production . . . which displays no trace of imagination, good taste, or ingenuity . . . I say it’s a stinkeroo . . . Bert Lahr is funny but out of place.”

CITIZEN KANE
“Though the attempt is praiseworthy, the results are shockingly unsatisfying.”
—Richard Griffith, Los Angeles Times, May 12, 1941.

IT’S A WONDERFUL LIFE
“At its best all this seems to me insipid, and at its worst an embarrassment to both flesh and spirit.”

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA
“It is, in the last analysis, just a huge, thundering camel-opera.”

GONE WITH THE WIND
“We still feel that color is hard on the eyes for so long a picture.”
LABOR OF LOVE

Beatty on the set of Reds.
"I can't trust anybody to direct this movie but me," he told an associate. "If Kubrick called me tomorrow I'd turn him down. But I hate the idea. To be a director, you have to be sick."
When one of Arnold Schwarzenegger’s aides called Warren Beatty a “crackpot”—among other choice epithets—after Beatty had taken a few shots at the California governor not long ago, one thing the aide refrained from calling Beatty was “a dilettante.” Because, as anybody who has ever glanced at his career knows, Beatty has been a very serious political amateur for decades, at least

an achievement nearly unparalleled in the history of American cinema—ambitious, complex, and entertaining in equal measures. It is partly a biopic, centered on the short but eventful life of the writer and activist John Reed, one of the few Americans buried in the Kremlin, whose account of the bloody birth of the Soviet Union, *Ten Days That Shook the World*, is a classic of political journalism. It is partly a love story, re-creating Reed’s tumultuous relationship with fellow journalist Louise Bryant. It is partly a historical drama that chronicles, among other things, the rise of Bolshevism and the birth of the Communist Party of America. And it is partly a documentary, one that rescues from oblivion 32 actual survivors of that period who serve as a kind of Greek chorus.

Not only did *Reds* pioneer the blend of fact and fiction that later came to be known as “docudrama,” it was also an unapologetic, if critical, major-studio treatment of Communism, lavishing on this mostly taboo subject the vast resources at Hollywood disposal: a big budget, A-list stars, and this case, the brains, skills, and talents of best and the brightest of Hollywood’s recent—and probably final—golden age. Of this at a moment that could not have been less hospitable to the subject. But began shooting the picture in 1979, the Russians invaded Afghanistan: protest continued throughout 1980, the year America elected a new president. Ron Reagan, who campaigned with open hostility to the Soviet Union and, once in office, would famously dub it the “evil empire,” *Reds* was so unlikely a film for Hollywood and its timing so unpromising, that many of Beatty’s orbit, including the screenwriter Robert Towne and the film critic Pau Kael, begged him not to make it, convincible that *Reds* was a folly.

Looking back from the pres-a time characterized by corporate consolidation of movie industry, filmmaking committee, and creative tity, the fact that *Reds* was made at all is almost incomprehensible—testi- ny to the vision and persistence of one man. As one of Beatty’s longtime collaborators the late production designer Dick Sybys once told me, “Talk about obsessed! ability to will something to happen mind-boggling.”

*Reds* was a labor of love, but labor love—Kevin Spacey’s *Beyond the Sea*, John Travolta’s *Battlefield Earth* com
T IMOT WEAR PINK FOR LABOR DAY

Olson, as Eugene O’Neill, Beatty, as journalist John Reed, during the filming of the movie’s Nantucket scenes. Opposite, Keaton and on the film’s train. Petersburg.
"IT ZELL IN INDIANA?"

Keaton and Beatty in costume.

"Making a movie together if you've got someone who is even moderately obsessive-compulsive is hell on a relationship," says Beatty. Opposite: Beatty's version of the Russian Revolution.
—are generally dubious propositions for the film business; studio executives are to run for the hills when a powerful director, or producer knocks on the door with a personal project to which he or she has long given tender care, and this never truer than in the late ‘70s, a time in the once astringent talents of the Hollywood were giving way to bloat and self-indulgence. While Beatty was pitching, Reds (which he might have described as a movie David Lean would have made), director of The Battle of Algiers, put a knife to his throat), red Artists was still looking down the barrel of Francis Ford Coppola’s troubled, h-delayed, and phenomenally expensive Apocalypse Now. Worse, UA was about to make knee-deep into the quicksand of Cimino’s studio-busting Heaven’s Rain— Universal, meanwhile, was still reeling from Sorcerer, Billy Friedkin’s expensive 1977 flop, and was about to lose a little more on Steven Spielberg’s over-exuberated, unfunny comedy, 1941. Reds and Scorsese’s Raging Bull would be options that proved the rule, although the film, with its lengthy dialogue scenes, failed to parsing the factional infighting on the American left, was still a big, though to swallow. Beatty, who at the time was coming off the huge comedy Heaven Can Wait, which minted money at Paramount, was probably the only with the clout (or desire) to launch a major motion picture that would dramatize the Russian Revolution from a more sympathetic perspective—and get a studio to pay for it. As former Paramount production head Bob Evans puts it in his inimitable fashion, “Warren could dictate what he wanted to make. [Reds] was his come shot after Heaven Can Wait.”

Born to comfortable circumstances in Portland, Oregon, Reed had gone to Harvard. Once he cast off the remnants of his bourgeois background—says Beatty, “It took me quite a while to get over the fact that he was a cheerleader at Harvard”—Reed went into stage for himself as a journalist, poet, and radical, torn between his aspirations to art and to political activism, a conflict Beatty could relate to. And, like Beatty at the start of his career, when the actor’s dreams of making a movie had made him a fixture of the gossip columns and sometimes upstaged his considerable gifts as a performer, Reed had something to prove. He was too old, too much the good-looking, too well-off, too talented—to be taken seriously. Upton Sinclair once called Reed “the Playboy of the Revolution,” something else Beatty could relate to. Reed was also an adventurer, inextricably drawn to the action. And in the teens of the last century, the action was on the left, among American unions such as the Industrial Workers of the World (also known as the Wobblies) and, abroad, in places such as Mexico, where the peasants were making a revolution with machetes—and, better yet, the volcano that was czarist Russia. Reed went to Russia three times: in 1915 to cover World War I, in 1917 as a participant-observer in the Russian Revolution—he was in St. Petersburg when the czar’s Winter Palace fell—and in 1920 to plead for Soviet accreditation of his newly formed Communist Labor Party. When he wanted to return to America, the Soviets refused to let him go. He tried to cross the border into Finland and landed in a Finnish jail for his trouble. He was finally released to the Soviets, and spent what little was left of his life working in their propaganda ministry, writing and making speeches. He died of typhus in 1920, three days before his 33rd birthday.

The love of Reed’s life was Louise Bryant, a dentist’s wife he lured from Portland to New York to join the ranks of artists and revolutionaries who peopled Greenwich Village. She too was a journalist with large appetites; she had an affair with Eugene O’Neill, went to cover World War I from the front in France, and followed Reed to Russia twice, all the time struggling to carve out her own career. After Reed’s death she tumbled downhill into addiction, drug addiction, and poverty. She died in 1936 at the age of 50.

Beatty recalls coming across Reed’s story in the mid-1960s. He says, “When you’re very, very young, you hear, ‘John Reed: Harvard guy gets over to Russia and ends up being buried in the Kremlin wall,’ and then you find out later that he traveled with Pancho Villa, so after you read Ten Days That Shocked the World, you read Insurgent Mexico,” which was Reed’s first book. The film editor Dede Allen recalls Beatty’s mentioning the idea of putting Reed’s life on film as far back as 1966. “We were sitting in a Chinese

“I don’t think we were much of a couple by the end of the movie,” says Keaton.
restaurante having lunch when he said, "Have you ever heard of Jack Reed?"

"Yes." "I'm going to do his story one day."  

In 1966, "one day" was still more than a decade off--Beatty was then in the midst of producing and starring in Bonnie and Clyde--but he was serious about Reed, whose story clearly had vivid cinematic potential. The actor had taught himself some Russian and in 1969 visited the Soviet Union with his then girlfriend Julie Christie. The Soviet director Sergei Bondarchuk, who had just filmed War and Peace, wanted to make a movie about Reed himself and asked the actor to star in it. But Beatty didn't like the script and turned Bondarchuk down. Instead, Beatty told me, "I asked [the Soviet authorities], 'Can I talk to some people who might have known Reed?' They said there was this woman who claims to have had an affair with him. I said, 'Can I meet her?' They took me out to her apartment on the seventh floor of one of those temporary-looking postwar buildings. She was about 80. Her mother was close to Lenin's wife, and there is a picture of her, at the age of 15, an incredibly beautiful little girl, standing next to Lenin. I said, 'Did you have a romance with John Reed?' She said to me in Russian, 'A romance? I sucked him!' I said, 'Were you ever in a labor camp?' And she said, 'Oh, yes.' I said, 'How long were you there?' She said, 'Oh, 16 years.' I said, 'How do you feel about Stalin?' She said, 'Only hate. But of course the revolution is in its early stages.' It was at that moment I thought, I have to make a movie about that kind of passion. I'm going to make it with the Russians. And just the way I want to make it." In Beatty's eyes, Reed had for too long been the exclusive property of the Soviet Union. "I felt some sort of need to protect this poor American who was buried in the Kremlin wall. His ideals were not owned by Soviet Communism."

For all the similarities between Beatty and Reed, the differences are striking as well. Where Reed was impulsive and given to extreme solutions, politically, Beatty is de-liberate, slow to act, and liberal, not radical. He worked on Reed's story, fitfully, throughout the early 1970s, writing about 25 pages. At the time, he was hitting his stride professionally, a cinematic polymath who was able to do everything well and often did. Not only was he one of the most sought-after leading men throughout the late 1960s and the 1970s, but his love life was still manna to the gossip sheets. With Bonnie and Clyde, which had kicked off the New Hollywood revolution, in 1967, he had become one of the first actors to succeed at hands-on producing, so much so that on subsequent projects he was known as the equal of canny studio negotiators such as Frank Wells and Barry Diller. He produced, co-wrote, and starred in two successful comedies, 1975's Shampoo and 1978's Heaven Can Wait, the latter of which he co-directed as well, with Buck Henry. Nevertheless, according to Henry, while on the set of that film Beatty had to listen to Christie, his co-star, mock him for being lightweight. The John Reed film would be far from a comedy, and Beatty knew that if he was ever going to make it this was the time, when he had both clout and command of his craft.

In 1976 he had finally found a writer for the project. Trevor Griffiths, a successful playwright whose London hit, Comedians, Mike Nichols was taking to Broadway. A Marxist intellectual, Griffiths wasn't about to get his head turned by a movie star. According to Jeremy Pikser, a protege of Griffiths's, whom Beatty hired as a research consultant and who later went on to co-write Bulworth with Beatty, "Trevor felt, 'I'm a historian, a playwright. You're a Hollywood movie star. What can you tell me about how to tell the story of John Reed?' I couldn't imagine two less likely people to have an effective collaboration."

To Griffiths it was clear how much Beatty identified with Reed. "Warren spoke as if he was the reincarnation of Jack Reed," Griffiths says. "Reed was a golden boy. I would get that sense as we talked that Warren had been born to play him. Or Jack Reed had been born so that at a later moment Warren could play him!"

Griffiths's wife was killed in an airplane crash while he was working on the script, which delayed a first draft considerably. He finally finished around the end of 1977. "Warren rang me up and said, 'This is wonderful. This is just terrific. I've got to read it again.' " he recalls. "When he rang me again about it, a week later, there was a completely different tone to his voice. He basically wanted to start again, keep the outline, keep the shape, keep some of the characterizations, and begin again. And, indeed, that's what we did."

According to Pikser, "The first script was much more tendentious. Humorless. It was much more historical, in that the relationship between John Reed and Louise Bryant was not nearly as modern. And Reed was more of a character than a vehicle for Warren Beatty. In one scene, Reed embraced Louise and said, 'Your hair smells like damsons.' Damsons are a kind of plum, and they do exist in America, and they are likely something that Reed might have known about and, as a poet, might have made a reference to. But Warren's attitude was 'What the fuck is a damson? And I sure would never say that about a woman! What kind of an idiot is this guy Trevor Griffiths? It must be some sort of English thing.' But I don't think Warren hated the script any more than he hates other first drafts. He never had a draft he likes. It's never 'O.K., now the script is done,' in my experience. It's like 'Let's work on it.' You go into a film rewrite while it's being shot."

Says Beatty, "That draft had seri- problems. There was no tension between Bryant and Reed. What I needed to was pit her feminism against his chauvinism, turn a woman who was in love with a man against that man."

Griffiths returned to New York in the middle of 1978 to hash out the script with Beatty. "We sat down in a hotel bedroom at Carlyle and we worked for about four and a half months," Griffiths recalls. "It was a pretty unpleasant four and a half months ... painfully. I was sitting in a room for eight hours a day with a guy that I was increasingly growing to detest, and who increasingly growing to detest me. That's Sartrean version of hell."

In his everyday exchanges, Beatty is invariably polite and soft-spoken, with a wit. When he's relaxed and unguarded as he ever gets, he's ribald and funny. He rarely loses his temper, rarely allows himself to get annoyed or irritated, script meetings are, for Beatty, something else: free-for-alls, extreme combat. "When you're collaborating, you have to be able to take the gloves off," Beatty says. He is a believer in the adage that two (or more minds are better than one. He calls it "hostile intelligences." But, observes Pikser, "it's often more hostile than intelligent." goes on, "Warren functions creatively pugilistic manner. He likes to fight. It's fun to fight with a stupid person, so he has to have smart people to fight with. You start working on the script, he's sweet as honey. You start working on a script, you can expect to be abused. Anybody who's worked with him who doesn't admit that's lying. That's how he is with Robert Towne--that's how he is with Elaine May, but I love it. They throw things, they scream. I swear at each other. I think they feel this is what it means to be creative. The time I met Towne--" the screenwriter bizzed on Reds, as did writer-director Mores extensively-- "he walked up to me and he said, 'I just want you to know something.' Right up in my face. 'I don't give a fuck about history.' I was like, 'What do you want from me, man? I'm just a kid here."

After the four-and-a-half-month stint the Carlyle, Griffiths told Beatty late August or September 1978--nearly a year after their work on Reds had begun that he had to go back to London. Beatty said, "I'm coming with you!" So they ended up together again, this time working at Dorchester hotel, in London. The attr
around us was poisonous, terrible," Griffiths. "It was messy, it was vile, it mouthed on both sides."

There is a key sequence aboard a train the end of the script during which Reed & Zinoviev, a Soviet functionary, for rea
his speeches. Suddenly, in the mid-
the dispute, the White Army, the coun-
trolutionsaries, attack the train. Griffiths
lained about the scene.

Do we really need this scene?" he asked.

is it important, the argument, not
ack on the train."

Listen," Griffiths recalls Beatty's saying.
thing you have to learn: in a movie, ullet is worth a thousand words.
that's terrible, because I'm a writer, and
e got are words," exploded Griffiths.

then, he recalls, "Beatty exploded, "Beatty exploded.
exploded again and walked out of
om, packed my bag, and left. And
saw him again again.

course, Beatty was right. Reds was novel or a play, it was a movie, a pop-
tainment, or at least that was the
Would people go for it? "That's the
thing about Warren," says Pikser. "It's
able. That's what makes it fun. If he
's there's no chance that people will
he, he's not interested in doing it."

as Leslie Caron, a former flame of Bea-
t, who once observed that he "has al-
fallen in love with girls who have won
ominated for an Academy Award.
qualifed, Christie too, and so did Di-
Keaton, who had won best actress for 
Hall, in 1977. Slender, pale as porcelain,
nd radiating a nervous intelligence,
 was an original. She was adorable.
body Allen's neurotic match in Annie
and single-handedly started a fashion
with her gender-bending mix-and-match
robe of ties, trousers, and skirts.

remember the first time I ever saw
en, I must have been about 26." Keaton
s, placing the incident in the early 70s
her career was just beginning to flower.
as at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. They
to have a bookstore there, and I was in-
and I looked out and saw him in the

I thought. My god, he's so beautiful. It
ike there was a light. He looked at me
ond, and then [his eyes] passed me
ught, I'll never know him. He'll ne-
obody in my life."

it she was wrong. A few years later they
d up during the frenzy that followed
the success of Heaven Can Wait, and
y became equally intoxicated, though the
ship proved to be a difficult one. Ac-
ing to Pikser, who spent a lot of time
ouple, "Warren was always trying
e Diane. Which was not easy. Where
y he wanted to do it so much. It's no
or him if it's just. He really likes women

who kick his ass. He always moaned about
it, but I think it's what drew him to her. She
was very difficult." Pikser adds, "It was a
very contentious, complicated relationship. It
was very volatile. He bought her a pair of
handcuffs, as either a Christmas or a birthday
gift. I took that as an ironic comment on her
feeling that he wanted to constrain her. Or
maybe they were just into that!" (Says Beatty,
"God help me, no. I've never been into that.
The idea of handcuffs as sexual paraphernalia
has always made me laugh. And there would
be about as much chance of Diane Keaton
being into that kind of stuff as there would
be of her becoming interested in skydiving.)"

Beatty—who has a long history of working
with current and former lovers—wanted
Keaton to play Bryant. He regarded her as
something of a muse, or at least that's what
he told the press at the time: "If Diane Kea-
on had not made Reds, I don't know what I
would have done." He says now, "She's al-
ways surprising. And that's fun. It would have
been kind of heavy going to have these two
idealists go through this idealistic period with-
out some surprises. And some laughs.

When Beatty first asked Keaton to
play Bryant, the actress was skeptical. "I
didn't really believe it was going to hap-
pen," she recalls. "He would say, 'We're go-
ing to shoot now.' and then we would not
shoot now, and then he would say, 'O.K.,
the next few months, probably,' and it kept
getting put off and put off for what seemed
like an endless amount of time. So it real-
ly wasn't a reality until we were actually
in England, and we started to shoot. And then
I believed we were doing it."

The other key role was Eugene O'Neill,
Reed's friend and Bryant's lover. The
historical O'Neill was tall and lanky, with a
boozers pallor. Beatty first thought of casting
James Taylor, who had the look of an addict,
someone who knew pain. Or Sam Shepard,
of which the same was true. In the end he
chose his pal Jack Nicholson, with whom he
had appeared in The Fortune (1975) for Mike
Nichols. As the story goes, Beatty tricked
Nicholson into accepting the smallish but
important part by ostensibly asking for ad-
vice. "I told him I needed someone to play
Eugene O'Neill, but it had to be someone
who could convincingly take this woman
away from me," Beatty once told an inter-
viewer. Without missing a beat, Nicholson
responded, "There is only one actor who
could do that—me!"

Nevertheless, says executive producer Si-
mon Relph, "Warren worried and worried
about casting Jack, because, frankly, both
of them were too old to play the parts. When
we met with Jack, he was doing The Shin-
ing. It was towards the end of the film, and
Kubrick had got him into the most shamb-
istic state. A kind of grotesque figure ap-
peared. We only had three or four months
before shooting. Warren said to me, 'Do you
think Jack can get in shape?' I said, 'If he
wants to do it, I'm sure he can.' He did real-
ly want to do it. When it was time, he ap-
peared, having shed a huge amount of
weight, and all the years. He was fantastic."

The rest of the cast included Maureen
Stapleton, who would prove to be splendid
as Emma Goldman, the anarchist; Paul
Sorvino, who played Italian-American fire-

BRUCE AND JAVIER: THE FIRST GAY DIVORCE

BY HENRY ALFORD

Throwing the Eames fiberglass-shell chair out into the
traffic on Storrow Drive, Bruce
screamed at his husband, Javier,
"I can't believe you brought that
filthy little piece of midcentury
modernism into our home! Were
you trying to hurt me?"

Javier had never seen Bruce so
reactionary; in his 17 years as a
political consultant he'd never
seen a politician be so reactionary.
But deep down he realized, Yes, he had
been trying to hurt Bruce. The
Eames: so, so wrong.

"Everything feels so cluttered
to me right now," Javier explained.
Bruce nodded. "I want a much
cleaner line," Javier said. Bruce
nodded again. "I want less, less,
less," Javier added.

"You mean . . . ?," Bruce asked,
comprehension dawning.

"Yes, Bruce. I'm leaving you."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 355

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT TRACHTENBERG

SH 2006

353
Making of Reds

brand Louis Fraña, a leader of the infant Communist Party of America; and Gene Hackman, who had the small part of a magazine editor. Beatty was largely using British locations to stand in for American ones such as Providence and Greenwich Village, and because he was worried the locales wouldn't be convincing to U.S. audiences, he took care to populate the picture with veteran Hollywood character actors such as Ian Wolfe, R. G. Armstrong, Jack Kehoe, and M. Emmet Walsh, who were familiar to audiences from dozens of movies. Beatty also cast some non-actors in important roles. George Plimpton, the editor of The Paris Review, played a fashionable publisher who tries to seduce Bryan. Plimpton was offered the part when he nearly tripped over Beatty while the actor was asleep on the floor of the Playboy Mansion; Plimpton later clinched the deal by putting the moves on Keaton with such conviction during an audition that Beatty yelled, "Stop it!" Another non-actor, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski, was brilliant as Zinoviev, the Soviet apparatchik. An outspoken anti-Communist who had been born in Poland, Kosinski initially turned Beatty down because he feared he would be kidnapped by the K.G.B. while on location in Finland.

Beatty hadn't originally intended to act in or direct the film. He knew how difficult it was simply to produce. He considered casting John Lithgow, who physically resembled Reed, but eventually decided to do it himself, just as he became convinced there was no one else to hold the reins behind the camera. He told Sybott, "I can't trust anybody to direct this movie but me. If Kubrick called me tomorrow I'd turn him down. But I hate the idea. To be a director, you have to be sick." He surrounded himself with collaborators who could help him, and was able, as he had in the past, to attract the best in the business. Sybott, who had just put in three years as head of production at Paramount, was arguably the most skilled production designer in Hollywood and had worked with Beatty on Shampoo. Dede Allen, whose innovative cutting created the jackrabbit velocity that helped drive Bonnie and Clyde to critical and commercial success, was the best editor in New York. Vittorio Storaro, who was responsible for Bernardo Bertolucci's stunningly photographed pictures and had most recently survived Apocalypse Now, was a master of lush color and the moving camera—though what worked for Bertolucci didn't always work for Beatty, who was raised at the knee of George Stevens, the Hollywood classicist who had directed him in The Only Game in Town and who never moved his camera.

Beatty came up with the idea of interviewing talking-head survivors of the period who knew or knew of Reed; they were called the Witnesses. Pikser remembers, "The way it was explained to me was 'Look, the thing that kills historical dramas is exposition. We have an audience which doesn't know the first fucking thing about any of this stuff, and if we're going to educate them with the dialogue, it's going to be deadly—it will ruin the film. So why not just take the bull by the horns, and let's say, 'We're going to make a little documentary, and we'll get the information we need, but it won't be purely didactic. It will be funny. It will have entertainment value.'" It was brilliant.

Mischievously, Beatty begins the film with the Witnesses talking about the unreliability of memory, its lapses and the tricks it plays. The interviewees included Roger Baldwin, who founded the American Civil Liberties Union, and the writers Rebecca West and Henry Miller, whose Tropic of Cancer, published by Grove Press in 1961, struck an early blow for the "sexual revolution" when the Supreme Court ruled it literature, not pornography. Dede Allen remembers how Beatty had read an interview with Miller where he described himself as "the Warren Beatty of his day." Says Allen, "Miller had nothing to do with Jack Reed, but Warren just wanted to interview him." (Beatty says Miller knew Emma Goldman, and Beatty wanted his take on the period.) Pikser wrote Miller a polite letter. Miller wrote back saying, "You seem to be after the same kind of academic crap I've always hated my whole life. I think I would be terrible for you. There's no way you could make use of me. I don't think I would like to meet you. I don't think you would like to meet me." Pikser was crushed, wrote an abject apology: "You misunderstood me. We think you'd be great, blab blah." He showed it to Beatty, who said, "Throw that out. Send him a telegram: PERFECT! WHEN CAN WE ARRIVE?" Pikser did so, and the next thing he knew he had an invitation to dinner at Miller's house, along with the young actress Brenda Venus, Miller's final, though platonic, girlfriend. (He was a spry 88.) His only request was that Beatty help Venus find a movie part. (There was no role for her in Reds.)

After Griffiths walked out, Beatty continued to work on the script by himself, and then brought in Elaine May, with whom he had written Heaven Can Wait. May presented herself as kooky and fragile, a delicate flower, someone unequipped to deal with the real world, an impression she nurtured and seemed to enjoy, because she would make jokes about it. But once she swung into writing mode, she was like another person: confident, self-assured, and opinionated. Some of the work was done at the Plaza Athénée in Paris—one of several hotels around the world where Beatty liked to hang out. He would fly in on the Concorde. At the hotel she'd use the floor of her suite for a day laying out on the rug six or seven different scenes, each one in three versions written longhand on yellow lined paper. Housekeeping was barred from the room, so that a few days (she never went out) room-service trays covered with dirty dishes and over food were stacked in piles. She'd smoked tiny cigars and let the ash where they might.

May, whose contribution to the script and later the editing process—was invaluable, focused on the scenes between Reed, Bryant, and Bryant and O'Neill. Unlike fisht, May understood that Beatty was a star, that Reed was in large part a vehicle for him, and that the Reed-Bryant relation had to have contemporary resonance. Tension between the two protagonists, though rooted in the historical reality of the period, had to crackle with the passions that roiled the 1970s, particularly the women's movement. According to Pikser, she said she didn't know anything about this history, and somebody needed to, so she insisted they be integrated into the process. Holding some pages, she would say, "Jack and El. Goldman need to fight here. I don't know what the fuck they would fight about," throw him a pad.

Beatty had been financing script development and the pre-production of out of his own pocket. "That's the way I usually do things, because I'm what is called a control freak," he explains with a laugh. "I was not about to launch into a film expensive as this one might be without some backing. By this time the studios had reared from the New Hollywood fever of early 1970s, were sitting up in bed and begin ning to eat solid food, especially Paramount now run by a group of Young Turks reared from television—Barry Diller, Mie Eisner, and Don Simpson—and pres over by the cholerich but brilliant financier Charles Bluhdorn, chairman of Paramount parent company, Gulf & Western. Heat Can Wait had made a lot of money for its mount, and when the Oscar nominations were announced in February 1979, she received nine. While making it, Beatty charmed Bluhdorn, and he already knew Diller, who headed the studio, through the Docratic Party politics, but Beatty knew Reds was still going to be a tough sell.

He did what he always did: he plotted the field, making the studios compete for his favors. He had interested Warner Bros. in the picture. Still, Paramount was his choice, and the executives there were wary and intrigued. "I'd been hearing about Reds for years," says Diller. "It's like reinventing the wheel."
It was pervasive. I was fascinated by the idea that it was an impossible idea for a movie, but Warren created success with 
Can
Wait, and if you create success then you are entitled to extra room." Diller, Eis- 
and Beatty had a dinner with Bhudh 

New York to discuss Reds: the Gulf & 

alm chairman's blessing would be for a film as potentially expensive and opulent as this one. Diller remembers 
Bluhdorn was enthusiastic about the project, but in Beatty's recollection Bluhdorn was cooler toward the idea, and 

the director was shorter in stature. "Look, this is an iffy project about a communist hero who dies in the end. It's a 

very dodgy commercial subject. If no, there's no hard feelings, and I'll see you somewhere else."

How much is it gonna cost?" asked the 

fan-born Bhudhord, who spoke in a thick 

accents sometimes enjoyed mimicking. 
I've got to be honest with you," Beatty 

replied. "I don't know. But it's a long, long 

movie." Beatty subsequently gave Bhudhord 

the number of what then passed for the script 

off his office door while he read 
Bluhdorn finally said yes. But, Beatty re- 

said. "He made the movie because he didn't 

want to lose the movie." 

And a few days later, Bhudhord came 

with a bad case of buyer's remorse. 

Dorn told Beatty, "Do me a favor. Take 

the money. Go to Mexico. Keep $24 mil- 

lion for yourself. Spend the one million on 

Danish. Just don't make this movie."

Beatty replied, "Charlie, I have to make this 

everyone told him. Beatty then got a call from one of 

Dorn's pals. (The Gulf & Western board 

suspected of nurturing Mob connec- 
tions, among them the attorney and Holly- 

wood fixer Sidney Korshak, though Beatty 

the caller was not Korshak.) The man 

asked, "If you know what's good for you, you 

don't make this picture!" Beatty replied, 

"I'm going to do this movie and I'm going 

get the money."

Finally, Bhudhord 

acceded to the inevitable and agreed to reduce the 

budget, which was then 

fixed in the studio agreed to do the picture, 

executives reversed field, forcing Beatty 

out of production before he wanted to. "I 

consider the script to be ready, but 

I never consider any script to be ready," 

said. "But I did say I can be much more 

critical if I have another month. To pre- 

pare and rehearse, etc." According to Beatty, 

Beatty believed that waiting could help him 

get millions off the budget, the studio 

said. "No. The contract says you start on 
date, and if you don't start on this date 

in default, and we have no arrange- 

ment." Beatty was "idled." He 

continued. If Paramount was looking for an 

excuse to pull the plug on the picture, finally, he acquiesced. "So I started—kind of slowly. There are some movies that you make 

afraid that just can't be clarified on paper, and they make themselves as you go along. You 

adhere to Napoleon's battle plan. When they 

asked him how he planned a battle, he said, 

"Here's how I do it—first I go there, and then 

I see what happens."

Principal photography began in early August of 1979 in London. Reveals Simon 

Relph, "The budget was actually quite low, 
given how ambitious a film it was, but it started 
to swell once we began shooting, and it became 

clear that we were never going to do it in the time we were supposed to. We more 

than doubled the production time. I think 

the original intention was probably 15 or 16 

weeks. We actually shot the film over a 

whole year, some 30 odd weeks, plus these 

hiatuses where Warren went back to the 

drawing board."

The picture was plagued by the same 

problems that befell most productions, but 

with a movie this big, shot in five countries, 

the studio was magnified tenfold. The crew 

had to wait for snow to fall in Helsinki and 

for rain to stop in Spain, where at one junc- 
ture there was an insurrection by the extras, 

about 1,000 of them, gathered for a crowd 

scene. The day was very hot, and the extras 

had been up since four in the morning. The 

caterers had failed to give them breakfast 

rolls, and by lunchtime they were starving, 

with little more to eat than fruit, while they 

watched the crew chow down on a three- 
course meal. "They came storming into where 

we were eating, shouting, and looking to 

turn over tables," recalls production manager 

Nigel Wool. Beatty, who was furious with 

him and Relph, handled the situation like the 

enlightened capitalist he is, in a manner that 

might have made Reed turn over in his grave. As Wool recalls, "He said, 'O.K., bring the 

true believers here, and let me talk to them.' 

He told them, 'You're right. We apologize, 

and we'll pay you in charge of extras, and 

we'll pay you more money.' They both said 
yes, and there was absolutely no problem at 

all. He took the sting out of the tail."

The problems caused by the extras were 

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delay. Then of course she has to get a train, 

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Meanwhile, on the set, "Do it again" had 

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The picture was plagued by the same problems that befell most productions, but with a movie this big, shot in five countries, the snafus were magnified tenfold. The crew had to wait for snow to fall in Helsinki and for rain to stop in Spain, where at one juncture there was an insurrection by the extras, about 1,000 of them, gathered for a crowd scene. The day was very hot, and the extras had been up since four in the morning. The caterers had failed to give them breakfast rolls, and by lunchtime they were starving, with little more to eat than fruit, while they watched the crew chow down on a three-course meal. "They came storming into where we were eating, shouting, and looking to turn over tables," recalls production manager Nigel Wool. Beatty, who was furious with him and Relph, handled the situation like the enlightened capitalist he is, in a manner that might have made Reed turn over in his grave. As Wool recalls, "He said, 'O.K., bring the true believers here, and let me talk to them.' He told them, 'You're right. We apologize, and we'll put you in charge of extras, and we'll pay you more money.' They both said yes, and there was absolutely no problem at all. He took the sting out of the tail."

The problems caused by the extras were nothing compared with those caused by the actors. Says Wool, "Maureen Stapleton wouldn't fly to London. We wanted her in November, but in November there are no ocean-going liners across the Atlantic because it's too rough. So we offered to put her on the Concorde, which would have been three and a half hours, with a doctor who would put her to sleep, but she wouldn't do it. She was absolutely happy to come on a tramp steamer. It was supposed to take about two weeks. But of course it broke down halfway across and had to be towed into Amsterdam. So that was another delay. Then of course she has to get a train, and the boat from Amsterdam back to London. A horrendous trip."

Meanwhile, on the set, "Do it again" had become the operative phrase. Beatty shot an impressive number of takes. He generally liked to give himself lots of choices in the editing room, and always thought that the best take was just around the corner. Explains Beatty, "I don't ask for a lot of takes..." 

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Making of Reds

except when I'm directing and acting in a scene. It's no fun for the person who's acting with you to be watched. It kills the performance. You can't say, 'Well, no, I want you to change this and open your eyes there,' and so forth. All that bullsh*t—you don't. What you do is you do it again. And you hire good actors.'

Customarily, a director will say "Cut" at the end of a take, and the cast and crew will break while the director of photography prepares for the next one. According to Wooll, Beatty "wouldn't stop the camera. Instead of going to Take 1, Take 2, Take 3, he'd do it all in one run until the roll of film ran out, after 10 minutes. He would just say, 'Do it again,' 'Do it again,' 'Do it again.'" But this created its own peculiar problems. Wooll recalls, "We burned out three camera motors because they overheated. I've never, ever burned out a camera motor before or since. It was extraordinary." One day they discovered that the focus was soft on some of the dailies of the scenes between Keaton and Nicholson. "We were going crazy," remembers Dede Allen. The default response would have been to fire the focus puller, but Storaro demurred. After some investigation, he discovered, in Allen's words, "that the magazine would get hot and slightly move the film from the gate by the most minute amount," thereby distorting the focus.

Some of the actors welcomed the challenge of working for Beatty. Says Paul Sorvino, who did as many as 70 takes for one of his scenes, "It was a point of pride with me to do as many as Warren wanted. It was like 'Yeah? You want another one? How 'bout 10 more? How about 20 more?' It was that young macho thing in me that said I could stand up to anything Warren [dished out]. I thought he felt he had to strip the actors down. A lot of directors do that in a cruel way, skinning them, flaying them. But Warren just wanted the best that I had, so I gave it to him."

Others weren't so amenable, especially since Beatty, ever opaque on set, rarely told the actors precisely what he wanted. According to one source, Maureen Stapleton did more than 80 takes of a scene, her head further slumping onto her shoulders with each re-do. Another day, after another set of multiple takes, she reportedly inquired, "Are you out of your fucking mind?" Beatty just smiled and said, "I may be, darling, but do it again anyway." Says another source, "I saw several actors actually break down and start crying. Jack was almost in tears. In one scene with Diane, I remember him screaming, 'Just tell me what the fuck you want and I'll do it!' Literally, his eyes filled with water from the frustration of not knowing why he was asked to do it again." Says Beatty, "Put it this way: It was a scene of great frustration, and a scene of great emotion. Maybe [Nicholson's reaction] just means I'm a good director! What was it that Katharine Hepburn once said—'Show me a happy set and I'll show you a dull movie.'"

Keaton had mixed feelings about Beatty's methods. "I enjoy that kind of process of discovery by doing things over and over," she says. "But at the same time I didn't exactly feel like I knew what I was doing. It was really Warren's performance, not my performance. Because he worked so hard. He was so thorough, and he was never satisfied, and he pushed me and pushed me, and frankly I felt kind of lost. And maybe that was his intention in some way, for the character." Whatever it was he was looking for, Beatty got some of the best work of their careers from Nicholson and Keaton, helped enormously by Beatty and May's dialogue, alternately passionate, biting, and just plain funny, as when O'Neill, who is in love with Bryant, can't resist telling her—she's acting in an amateur production of one of his plays—"I wish you wouldn't smoke during rehearsals. You don't act as if you're looking for your soul, but for an ashtray."

Gene Hackman's part was small, just two scenes. He had taken the role as a favor to Beatty, whom he was fond of. Hackman was also sensible to the fact that Beatty had kick-started his career by casting him as Barrow in Bonnie and Clyde, for which he was nominated for best supporting actor—so much to work for Warren even though he did it a lot of takes," the says. "It was close to 50. He didn't say to me. There's something about someone who is that tough and perseveres that is attractive to an actor who wants to do good work. So I hung in there. And for it gets you out of the text. You just get these words that are flowing out of you all those takes—I was going blind. After Take 5, I'm kind of finished. I had no idea how they would change. I don't think I ever verbalized anything to him in terms of my annoyance—I just sucked it up—but I must have known. When he called me to Dick Tracy—the film Beatty made for me, in 1990—I said, 'I love you, Warren. I just can't do it.'"

Assistant editor Billy Schaff, who later worked on Ishrat (the 1987 flop star Beatty and Dustin Hoffman and directed by May), explains Beatty's working method. "A lot of people say Warren overshoots know that not to be true. Directors come back with insufficient material adding a disservice to the opportunity. They are intimidated by stars. Warren is not. In a movie, when Reed wants to leave Russia and go back to America, Zinoviev tells him, 'You can never come back to this moment.' Warren felt that way when he. He believed that that was the time and was the place, and he had to take advantage of the opportunity. He has the resources, and he wanted to use them because he knew he would never get another chance."

There was a literal price for the pace, as the executives at Paramount were well aware. Recalls Diller, "It wasn't possible to budget the movie. We had a kind of estimate [in pre-production], we were, of course, terribly wrong. I don't know what we would have done if we knew what the real cost was. I doubt we have done it, but who knows?"
ys Beatty dryly, "I think there was prob-
a point when Paramount would have
red not to be involved."
the bills piled up, the relationship be-
Beatty and Diller deteriorated. At the
close of shooting days, Beatty got on the
the Paramount head, and the two
screamed at each other. "Within a week
were a week behind [schedule]," says Dil-
It just went on from there. They
had all sorts of problems. They had pros-
problems. They had weather prob-
They had fatigue problems. They had
and-Dane problems. It was all on
y, which is a dopey way to make a movie
was just a mess, and it went on and
was one of those rough, rough shoots
made everybody unhappy."

Diller was in a bind. "Here's the
baseness of that," he continues. "I
had forced him not to be Warren.
that would have been stupid. That's his
ness. That's how he functions.
olly exasperated, Diller ceased re-
g Beatty's phone calls. "I was so an-
with him. I thought it was just pointless
k to him. I wanted to make him feel
I thought that would have some ef-
That was naive."

months passed, and the wrap date
was forever just over the horizon, mor-
jokes about the production were heard
set, some of which had found their way
the "Grabber News," an occasional
dheet put out by several crew mem-

The sheet reported that The John-
Louise Bryant Story, the film's work-
tle, was a popular term for Seconal
ng pills, and suggested alternative titles
As The Longest Day and The 39 Dikes.
roms swirled: about the budget, about
y's extravagance, about the script re-
s, about the status of his relationship
Keaton. The set was closed to journalists,
only fed the flames. Beatty's health suf-
He lost weight and developed a cough.

lls Pikser, "Warren felt isolated. He used
ty to me, 'You and I are the only two
le who give a fuck about what this movie
'. Which is true. You had hundreds
ple working on this picture, and for
it was a gig. 'We did Agatha last month
we're doing this this month.' And War-
et like he's been bogged down in the Philip-
s fighting the Japanese. And nobody else
d if he's going to win or not."

etty's relationship with Keaton barely
ved the shot. It is always a dicey propo-
when an actress works with a star or di-
—both, in this case—with whom she has
creen relationship. "It's like running
 street with a plate of consommé and
not to spill any," Beatty says. More-
the director admits, his perfectionism
added to the stress: "Making a movie
together if you've got someone who is even
moderately obsessive-compulsive is hell on
relationship." Keaton appeared in more
scenes than any other actor, save Beatty, and
many of them were difficult ones, where she
had to assay a wide range of feelings, from
romantic passion to anger, and deliver several
lengthy, complex, emotional speeches. George
Plimpton once observed, "Diane almost
got broken. I thought [Beatty] was trying to break
her into what Louise Bryant had been like
John Reed." Adds Relph, "It must have
been a strain on their relationship, because
he was completely obsessive, relentless."

Says Keaton, "I don't think we were
much of a couple by the end of the movie.
But we were never, ever to be taken seriously
as one of the great romances. I adored him.
I was mad for him. But this movie meant
so much to him, it was really the passion of
his professional life—it was the most im-
portant thing to Warren. Completely, absolute-
ly. I understood that then, and I understand
now, and I'm proud to have been part of it."

Some people who worked on the picture
felt that the relationship between Reed
and Bryant reflected Beatty and Keaton's off-
screen dynamic. In the film, Reed and his
circle don't take Bryant entirely seriously; in
one scene, he criticizes her for writing an ar-
ticle about the Armory Show—three years
after the fact—at a time when the world
was going up in flames. In real life, while Beatty
was in pre-production on Reds, Keaton was
putting together a book of photographs of
hotel lobbies. "Diane wanted to be serious
in certain ways that Warren was ambivalent
about," Pikser says. "To really have been a
partner in Diane's quirksiness, the singulari-
ty of her pursuit of the obscure and the
avant-garde, which to me was a product of
a restive and intelligent mind, and also
some degree a compensation for insecurity
about her intellectual powers, for him would
have been heavy lifting. There was a way
in which he wanted to pay obeisance to her in-
tellectual pursuits, but at the same time there
was a sense on her part that he didn't really
respect or appreciate them. So when Warren
said in Reds, 'You're doing a piece on an art
exhibition that took place three years ago...'
maybe if you took yourself a little more ser-
iously, other people would, too.' Can you
imagine what Warren really thought about her
taking photographs of hotel lobbies?"

Keaton says she had an intuitive un-
derstanding of Bryant: "I saw her as the every-
man of that piece, as somebody who really
wanted to be extraordinary, but was probably
more ordinary, except for the fact that she
was driven. I knew what it was like not to
really be an artist. I knew what it felt like to
be extremely insecure. I knew what it was
like to be envious." But both she and Beatty
emphatically reject the notion that the Reed-
Bryant relationship was in some sense analo-
gous to their own. Says Keaton, "It was com-
pletely different. I didn't find myself dead
in a stairway, drunk. Also I don't think that
we're that important, historically. Warren and
I. Sorry to say." For his part, Beatty credits
Keaton with much more self-awareness than
Bryant possessed. "That's what really makes
me feel..."

TERMINATE FROM PAGE 335

T he prelim was tense, held in a 45th-story corporate boardroom that induced vertigo.

Javier produced a large burlap bag whose battered and shard-like contents he dumped onto
the conference table: the Eames. Bruce, rocked with guilt, proceeded to cry so much he looked
like he'd been boiled. The discussion of asset distribution went strangely smoothly, until the topic
turned to Bruce and Javier's much-loved mini wirehaired chorkshund, Ann B. Davis. Suddenly
the tone of the proceedings shifted from "total picnic" to "Yolo."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 359
Making of Reds

movies—Annie Hall. She had won the Academy Award. She was very much in demand.'

The simmering tensions in the couple's relationship seem to have boiled over while they were shooting the last scene in the movie Reed's death. from typhus, in a squalid Moscow hospital with Bryant at his side. Says art director Simon Holland, "It was at the time when he and Diane were about to split. And it was Warren's death scene, and he couldn't sort of concentrate on what was happening—he couldn't even see how Diane was acting." Beatty did take after take and eventually, according to Holland, he sat up and asked Zelda Barron. the script supervisor, "How was that, Zelda? Was she all right?" Beatty was likely concerned with continuity issues, but some on the set interpreted his question to Barron as an invitation to evaluate Keaton's performance—a breach of thespian protocol. According to Holland, "Diane just went, 'Warren Beatty, you'll never do that to me again.' And she walked out. And that was it." Adds location manager Simon Bosanquet, who was also there, "She went to the airport and left. It was a real exit and a half, a wonderful way to end.'

Of this anecdote, Keaton says, "It does ring a bell." and "No, I'm not going to talk about that at all." According to Beatty, it's "completely not true" that he asked Barron to critique Keaton. "I have never asked that question of anyone. It's just not something you do. When we were shooting that scene, there were other matters between me and Diane that really didn't have anything to do with the movie. Nobody knew what was transpiring between me and Diane. Nobody knows what's going on between me and any of the actors. And often I don't know either.'

By the time Reds wrapped in the late spring of 1980, editing was already under way in New York. The editorial staff was so big—65 people—it seemed like every editor in New York who could walk and talk had been hired. "We were working six and seven days a week," says editor Craig McKay. "I was seeing dailies 16 hours at a clip. Marathons.'

The most immediate problem facing the editors was the enormous amount of footage that Beatty had shot. "I was overwhelmed with film," recalls Dede Allen. The party line, she says, was that Reds had not exceeded the recent total racked up by Apocalypse Now: 700,000 feet of exposed film, about 100 hours' worth. As Allen recalls, "It got to the point where I never discussed [footage] with anybody. That was verboten. [But] I know it was more than 700,000 feet. Are you kidding?" According to Wool. "We went through over two and a half million feet of film. One source in a position to know claims Beatty shot three million feet—roughly two and a half weeks' worth of screen time—with one million feet actually printed. (The total footage, shipped from London to the U.S. in one big load, is said to have weighed four and a half tons.) Beatty himself can't remember an exact figure, but says, "It's axiomatic that the cheapest thing we have is film. It's the hours that people spend on the day that cost you money. But that's a hell of a lot less time than coming back and adding another shot.'

And still Beatty returned for more shooting, scenes that he was not satisfied with as well as new material—which meant that the brutal script work continued on, too, even into late November, for dubbing, with an early-December release date breathing down everyone's neck. Elaine May continued to be an indispensable part of Beatty's team. He felt that she was one of the few people in the inner circle who didn't have her own agenda. At one point, having hurt her ankle, she couldn't walk without a cane. It was late, he wanted her help with a script question, but she wanted to leave. According to an eyewitness, he grabbed her cane while she screamed, "Give me back that cane—I want to get out of here.' Beatty had so much confidence in May's judgment that he scrapped an entire sound mix that had taken weeks of work to put together because she didn't think it was as effective as the down-and-dirty temp mix that the sound department had put together months before.

McKay was cutting one of Beatty's scenes, sorting through the takes, when he came across a close-up in which it was clear to him that Beatty was giving his best line reading. But it was a side angle, and there were crow's-feet faintly evident at the corner of his eye. McKay remembered that the actor had once told him, "You've never seen a narcissist until you've met me—I'm the biggest narcissist in Hollywood." McKay said to his assistant, "He's gonna react to that, but that's his best take.'

"Yeah, he's gonna want you to take it out, because he doesn't look too good.

"Well, I'm gonna leave it in, because it's his best work as an actor, and we don't know if he's going to spot it or not.'

When McKay was ready to show him the sequence, Beatty sat down at the editing bay and folded his arms across his chest as McKay ran the scene for him. According to the editor, he said, "It's good, it works.' Then he paused for a moment and added, "You know that shot of me where I say this, and this?'

"Yeah," McKay replied.

"Don't you think it's got a little too much character?'

"Warren, it's your best performance.'

"Well, it's good, but it's not quite the tone I want. Find something else.' And he walked out of the room.'

Beatty had long since patched up his relationship with Diller and Paramount. Around Christmas of 1979, five months after filming, Diller and Eisner had flown to London to see five hours of footage prepared specifically for them. They loved it, and that point on, the studio was fully behind Reds, though some observers wondered if Bluhdorn was hedging his bets when he picked up Ragtime, another long historical epic set in vaguely the same time period from producer Dino De Laurentiis. Oddly, Paramount would release it a mere five weeks before Reds.

As Beatty's picture moved toward completion, he screened a near-final cut for the critics, first for Diller and then for Bluhdorn. There was a protocol for these screenings—a guest of honor was never on time. How he was depended on where he stood in pecking order. If a screening was scheduled for Beatty himself at eight in the evening, he might show up at any time after that, or earlier at eight. When he screened the film, Diller, Beatty arrived punctually at eight, Diller was late. (Nicholson was at that screening, and he'd yell. in his Nicholson voice, "Hey, Dil, hya don', Dil?") At the screening for Bluhdorn in New York. Beatty and Diller were on time, but Bluhdorn was late. (He was accompanied by bodyguards, who locked the doors of the room.) During the intermission, picking food off silver trays, the Australian mogul said something like, "Warren has made a wonderful movie. It is fantastic. I love you in it, especially, but I hav't seen the screening.

"What is that, Mr. Bluhdorn?"

"It zell in Indiana?"

Postproduction concluded at the end of November 1981, more than two years after shooting had begun, three years after production commenced. As Sybil put it, "The shooting time was about 50 weeks. shot in studios all over Europe. We shot every country in the world. We came back and filled the studios here in L.A. were in New York. We were in Washing. You couldn't pay for that picture today.'

Beatty declined to do publicity for the movie—he said it should speak for itself. making a difficult marketing job more difficult. The press had already begun speculating about the picture's cost, which may never be known. The official figure Paramount was giving out was $33.5 million. Beatty says not sure, maybe $31 million, which would be the rough equivalent of $80 million today. The numbers cited in the press, which weren't based on anything but one another, grossly crept up to the $40 million. The journalist Aaron Latham, in Rolling Stone, quite unnamed Paramount sources who the final tally near $50 million but, again, this is a figure best taken with a grain of salt. (For comparison's sake, the budget of He...
telling that the record holder in non-net dollars, was estimated at $44 million. Didn't help the movie's profile that the producer David Puttnam (Midnight Cowboy) took it upon himself to launch a war against out-of-control filmmaking by giving interviews chastising Beatty's spending. Puttnam called Reds "ludicrous telling the columnist Marilyn Beck. 'Beatty should be shanked in public,' was "a desperately damaging thing for him as he has" It was "despicable" for Paramount to enable him. It probably escaped no notice, at least in Hollywood, that Puttnam produced Charioms of Fire (reportedly: $3.5 million), which could be expected to go up against Reds at Oscar time. In the end, Paramount was forgiving the money spent on Reds: the studio ax-sheltered the picture with Bar-

Bank, and had also put together a key deal, hedging positions against dollars which went Paramount's way. "That's just a piece of birdbrain luck that any sting from Reds," Diller says. "By me the picture was finished. we were out!"

The exhibitors' screenings were predictably discouraging. Theater owners complained about the length and the subject, things such as "Oh my God, Commu-

n-I know it's a part of our history, but we have to have a movie about it?" Ac-
ging to Patrick Caddell, the Democratic strategist and consultant, a friend of Beatty's the McGovern days who was advising the marketing campaign for Reds, Para-

int feared a right-wing backlash against the film. But despite a few hostile editorials, much materialized, perhaps because Beatty had bought off conservatives by putting the film—in a remarkable coup—Ronald Reagan in the White House. Rea-

ning Beatty he liked it, though the pres-

dent wished it had a happy ending.

The reviews, for the most part, were glow-

ning. Vincent Canby called Reds "an extrava-

gant film" in The New York Times, "the romantic adventure since David Lean's Sense of Arabi-a"—high praise indeed. In Richard Corliass wrote, "Reds is a big, t movie, vasty ambitious and enter-

ing, full of belief in Reed and in the promise of a popular audience to respond to it. It combines the majestic sweep of Sense of Arabia and Doctor Zhivago—

David Lean and Robert Bolt's mature and urbane epics—with the rueful comedy and the fatalism of Citizen Kane." Even today Reds still seems as fresh as it was released—this despite the fact that the lure of the idealism it dramatizes seems even more alien today than it did in 1981, given the current cynicism about politics. Like the Soviet Union itself,

John Reed and Louise Bryant may have been doomed, may even have been foolish, but they enlivened their politics with passion and idealism, and in Reed's case, sacrificed his life for his beliefs. The intensity between Beatty and Keaton is tangible on-screen and gives the film its heart. Ultimately, Reed and Bryant are "the comradery," the title of Griffith's first draft, and the word Reed whispers to Keaton on his deathbed. More than just lovers, more than just revolutionaries, they have made political lives, lived their politics, and Reds is above all a tribute to that. Be-

aty's gamble in making a movie with his partner paid off; he didn't spoil the consonance. Instead, he did what true auteurs must do: make an intensely personal film, in this case out of big themes and big ideas, out of a chunk of history that in other hands could easily have remained indigestible.

"Reds marked the end of something, in the subject matter and the willingness to gamble," Beatty says, reflecting on his film today. "What moved the late 60s and 70s was politics. Reds is a political movie. It begins with politics and it ends with politics. It was in some sense a reverie about that way of think-

ing in American life, one that went back to the 1910s. But it was also, he says, a reverie about the two decades just past, about Beaty's own generation. "We were those old leftists that were narrating this movie," he continues. "We, me. Reds was a death rattle."

Reds was released on December 4, 1981, in nearly 400 theaters, a medium-size opening. The length precluded it from playing more than once a night, limiting the box office, which was good but not great. On February 11, 1982, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences announced that the film had gotten 12 Oscar nominations, the most since A Man for All Seasons, in 1966, and two more than Reds' nearest competitor in 1982, On Golden Pond. The nominations included those for best picture, best director, best actor, best actress, and best adapted screenplay (which was credited to Griffiths and Beatty). Beatty's four personal

BRUCE AND JAVIER SCENE IV

continues from page 357

Javier moved into his own apartment, where he treated his depression with his favorite curative cocktail, alcohol and eBay. He was a drink-and-bidder. He bought more Eames, not to mention Russel Wright and Schreckengost. He bought and bought. He'd been aiming for Minimalism, but this was Mass-Minimalism.

continued on page 361
Indian summer is like a woman. Ripe, hotly passionate, but fickle, she comes and goes as she pleases so that one is never sure whether she will come at all, nor for how long she will stay.

So begins Peyton Place, in an introduction that would become almost as famous as the work itself.

Peyton Place is a hybrid of the literary and the sordid, Upton Sinclair by way of Forever Amber. Although clearly influenced by Henry Bellammann's Kings Row, at its heart it is a manifesto, a blistering indictment of small-town values, classism, and racism—one that got lost in the titillating pages that Americans dog-eared and read behind closed blinds. John Waters, the flamboyant filmmaker who once left a bottle of liquor at Grace's grave, remembers the thrill of being 10 years old and reading his father's stashed-away copy. Indeed, he quotes “the V of her crotch” within the first two minutes of a phone call from Providence. “I thought, ‘Oh, filthy and great,’ he says. “I just became obsessed with it.”

“One of my earliest memories as a teenager is of sneaking off with friends and grabbing their moms' copies of Peyton Place and we would go through 'the good parts' adds Barbara Delinsky, the best-selling, romance novelist whose latest book, Look for Peyton Place, is a tribute to Grace. A "good part" meant sex, such as the famous scene where town harlot Betty Anderson, furious that bad boy Rodney Harrison has taken Allison MacKenzie to the sewage, gets him all riled up in her car. "Is it up, Rod?" she panted, undulating under his belt. "Is it up good and hard?" "Oh, yes," he whispered, almost unabashed. "Oh, yes."

Without another word, Betty jackknifed her knees, pushed Rodney away from her, and locked the door behind him. "Now go save it into Allison MacKenzie," she screamed at him.

There were other steamy sections as well—most notably the scene where the principal Tomas Makris, after a midnight swim with the repressed Constance, demands her to "unite the top of your bathing suit. I want to feel your breasts again when I kiss you." (It would turn out that Makris was the name of a co-worker for George's who matched his fictional counterpart's physical description; Makris and Grace for libel, eventually settling out of court for $60,000. Years later, it was revealed that Grace had forged Makris's name on a release form. In the film and TV adaptations, the character's name was changed to Michael Rossi.) But it was through the film's sexual passages that Grace delivered the most withering social commentary, underestimating her description of the hidden, rancid small town, which the proper townsfolk preferred not to see.

In the end, reviews were largely negative. "Never before in my memory has a young heroine published a book in language so proximately that of longshoremen on a lossmaker's binge," bellowed The New York Times. Grace also took a hit in the original pages. In a scathing commentary under the headline THE FILTH THEY LIE IN, Laconia Evening Citizen, publisher William Loeb branded the book "literary sewage.

"If I'm a lousy writer," Grace shot back, "then a hell of a lot of people have a taste." Grace, in fact, found an unlikely ally in the New York Times Book Review: Calling Peyton Place a "small town peep show," the praise applauded the book's stand "against the distortions and bourgeois pretensions of alienable respectable communities," recognizing the book for what Grace had intended it to be—a cultural bitch slap at the duplicitous notion of proper conduct in the age of Eisenhower.

"It was sort of like 'The Emperor's New Clothes.' She got herself into a lot of trouble.
In New York, Brandt arranged for Grace to be interviewed on a local news show called Night Beat, hosted by a young, rising journalist. Mike Wallace. Wallace had spent his boyhood summers in New Hampshire. "She was simply a surprise to all of us," he recalled. "Because of her background, because of the way she looked, because of 'Peyton Place,' New Hampshire. That kind of thing has been going on? Well, of course that kind of thing had been going on in small towns all over the world, forever. But suddenly here was this bland housewife.

Terrified at the thought of being on live television, Grace was a wreck, accidentally ripping her girdle right before the show aired. She was helped by an aspiring actress, Jacqueline Susann, who did commercial breaks for the station. (Ten years later, Susann would follow in Grace's footsteps by writing the steamy cult best-seller Valley of the Dolls.)

In her book on Grace, Toth relates how the author, just before the program started, begged Wallace's producer, Ted Yates, to promise that Wallace would not ask if Peyton Place was her autobiography. No sooner had the cameras begun rolling than Wallace, smoking a cigarette in his best noir fashion, turned to her and said, "So, Grace, tell me, is Peyton Place your autobiography?"

"Really," Wallace says with a chuckle when reminded of the incident. "Can you imagine that I would do a thing like that?"

Grace was more comfortable with the print media, where over the years she tossed out chewy bons mots feasted upon by reporters who were charmed by her self-effacing earthiness. "I have a feeling that Gilmanton got as angry with me as it did because secretly my neighbors agreed with me," she told the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. "That was where the shoe pinched. You get angrier about the truth than you do about lies."

In October 1956, Grace went to New York and checked into the Algonquin to sign a $250,000 deal with Twentieth Century Fox producer Jerry Wald for the movie and television rights to Peyton Place. Her attorney. Snerson—whom she'd met years earlier, after she'd passed a bad check—urged her to set up trusts for her children to protect her newfound wealth. He drafted all the paperwork. Even though Grace signed with Wald, she never got around to inking Snerson's documents.

She was distracted: she'd fallen in love with Thomas James Martin, "T.J. the D.J.,” who spun discs at WLNH. Stocky and handsome, he was the anti-George, a throwback to the rugged princes Grace had written about in Aunt Georgie's bathtub. They quickly became fixtures at the Laconia Tavern, where Grace was soon as notorious for downing highballs as for her racy book.

One night, a car pulled up to the house in Gilmanton after midnight. Grace and T.J. awoke to a camera's blinding flash—and George standing at the foot of the bed, snapping pictures. He calmly told them to put on some clothes and meet him downstairs. Wrapped in a blanket, Grace tore into him. But George had the upper hand: adultery was illegal. "I've got you," he told T.J. "You're going to jail."

The next day, Grace went to Snerson to...
Peyton Place

file for divorce. As part of the settlement, she agreed to pay George's tuition for his master's degree. In exchange, he turned over the undeveloped roll.

Grace and T.J.'s relationship was volatile at best, with T.J. assuming more and more control over Grace—including how she blew through her fledgling fortune. "He would say to her, 'Darling, you're Grace Metallous. You don't get a room at the Plaza. You get an entire floor!"' Snierson says. So Grace did—along with a new Cadillac, new clothes, dinners at "21" cases of champagne, and chartered flights to the Caribbean. Grace poured thousands of dollars into renovating the country house she'd bought on Meadow Pond Road, which had once been owned by a Chicago gangster. Opportunistic "friends" began drifting in and out at all hours.

All the while, Grace wrestled with the notion of celebrity. Staying with T.J. and the kids at the Beverly Hilton, Grace played the part of the kid in the candy store. She glimpsed Elizabeth Taylor at a Screen Actors Guild dinner, and chatted with Cary Grant on the back lot. Producer Wald made sure the family was treated to limos and lavish dinners. Marsha even got whisked to a studio set to cop an autograph from Elvis Presley, who between takes was playing a pickup basketball game. But, for Grace, it was largely an act. "I regarded the men who made Peyton Place as workers in a giantic flesh factory," she would write in a Sunday-newspaper supplement, the American Weekly, "and they looked upon me as a nut who should go back to the farm."

And as the press continued to play up Peyton Place's more tawdry aspects, Grace's insecurities ballooned. At lunch at Romanoff's, John Michael Hayes, who wrote the screenplay for the film, asked Grace the same question Mike Wallace had: Was it her autobiography? Grace asked him to repeat the question. Then she tossed her drink all over him.

The film adaptation of Peyton Place, released in 1957, was a sanitized sequence of slamming doors, wayward glances, and A-line skirts. The story line had no abortions, no moonlight swims, and certainly no Betty asking Rodney if it was up and hard. Despite the movie's almost picture-postcard tone of whimsy, it did manage to retain some of Grace's finger-pointing—most notably in a stunning montage of the duplicitous citizens filing into a myriad of churches, all dressed in their Sunday best.

It was, nonetheless, a roaring success, drawing nine Oscar nominations. The haunting score, by Franz Waxman, is instantly recognizable even today. The film earned generally positive reviews. (The Chicago Sun-Times crowed that it was "one of the best motion pictures ever made.") And it single-handedly revived the career of Lana Turner, then 36, who was coming off a string of box-office duds. Turner, in fact, received the only Academy Award nomination of her career for playing Constance MacKenzie—this, despite a performance that resembles that of a department-store mannequin that has somehow wandered away from its window. (A year later, Turner would find herself in her own, real-life Peyton Place, when her daughter, Cheryl Crane, said that in an act of self-defense she had wielded the knife that killed her mother's gangster lover, Johnny Stompanato, in the bedroom of Turner's Beverly Hills mansion.)

Peyton Place also made a sudden star of Diane Varsi, the wiry newcomer who anchored the narrative as Allison MacKenzie. Varsi got a best-supporting-actress nomination (as did Hope Lange, who played Selena), but, like Grace, Varsi was a bohemian who quickly grew to loathe the Hollywood machine. "Acting is destructive to me," she said later. "I don't see any reason to be made miserable because other people say I should go on with my career." Two years after her debut, she left motion pictures. And at the 1959 Academy Awards, M.C. Bob Hope closed the telecast by saying, "Goodnight, Diane Varsi... wherever you are."

The movie's premiere was held in Camden, Maine, where many of the exterior scenes had been filmed, but Grace stayed home, later insisting that she hadn't been invited. The studio, meanwhile, asked Gilmanpton P.T.A. president and policeman's wife Olive Hartford to round up 25 people from the town to go on an all-expenses-paid junket for the New York opening. She could persuade only 13 to make the trip.

After the hullabaloo died down, Grace's violent relationship with T.J.—and her drinking—flared up. The pair would scream, drink, yell, drink, push and shove, then drink some more. As Toth describes it in her book, and as Marsha confirms. Grace, during one particularly vicious face-off in 1958, threatened to hurl a mink stole, a gift from T.J., out of a hotel window.

The next day, they got married; Grace wore the stole over a smart gray suit.

The pattern of highs and lows was set. Grace would throw raucous parties in Gilmanpton, then call friends in the middle of the night after she and T.J. had fought. She once phoned Laurie Wilkins at one A.M. from the Plaza, telling her she had to come immediately. Laurence and Grace in the lobby, almost suicidal. The phone would ring anytime, and it would be 'Bernie, I need you.'" Lynne Snierson recalls. Grace would come to the house in drunk, and pass out in Lynne's bed.

After Grace and T.J. wed, George rived in Gilmanpton, packed up the kids, took them to his home in Massachusetts. M. and Cindy eventually returned to Grace, Marsha, then 14, stayed behind with Geo to escape the madness. "At that point I cided, "I need to do this for myself."

"I knew if I didn't do it, I wasn't going to make it."

Drowning in booze and running out cash, Grace agreed to write a sequel, Return to Peyton Place, when Dell offered $1650. She handed in 98 largely unintelligible pages that were re-written and fleshed out by ghostwriter. The ensuing reviews, each more savage than the last, sent her spiraling downwar: a publicity tour was shelved. (Two later titles, The Tight White Collar 1960, and No Adam in Eden, in 1963, never caught on.)

One night Grace placed a call to Bern Snierson, begging him to come over. As he arrived, he sat with her for a while.

"Bernie, I'm scared," Grace confided.

"What are you afraid of, Grace?" asked.

Grace pointed to an empty fifth on the table. "I looked into the bottom of that empty bottle," she replied, "and I saw myself..."

By 1960, T.J. was gone, fed up with the cycle of drinking and fighting. On rebound, Grace reconciled with George, nouncing to the world they'd remarried, even though they never had. They bought an apartment, and called it the Peyton Place Motel. No one was surprised, no one wanted to stay the night. They soon separated, this time for good.

Grace's highs grew more and more frequent. One came in February 1961, when she received a letter from Jerry Wald that said: "We just ran a rough cut of Return to Peyton Place and I can certainly say that lightning does strike twice in the same place." Brought to the news, Grace convinced Wald that she should hold the premiere of the film—starring Carol Lynley, Mary Astor, Tuesday Weld, and Jeff Chandler (with Rosemary Clooney singing the theme song)—at the Colony Theatre in Laconia.

The town cranked with excitement on a dark night. Grace wore her hair in a style French twist; Marsha got to wear Grace's mink stole. Bernie and Muriel Snierson had a swanky post-premiere dinner party at their home, attended by co-star Chandler and actress Ina Balin.

But the reviews, with the exception of widespread praise for Mary Astor's deliciously evil appearance as Roberta Carlisle (in which she seems to be channeling Jud Anderson in Rebecca), were overwhelming. Even the promotional newsreel, featuring Lynley and Grace, was creepy. On the screen, Grace appeared awkward, bloated and tired: Lynne says she remembers l


October 1963, John Rees, a tall, broad, guarded British journalist, arrived in Gilmanton looking to interview its most famous resident for a profile in the Boston Daily Mirror. In the weeks he had become her lover—moved into her house.

The next day, Esther Peters came upon the couple at a Concord tabletop. Grace was “still mad at herself,” but she was way somewhere in dreams that didn’t correlate with reality,” she says, adding that her time, she think her liver had gone to... She was delusional.” Marsha had married and moved to Laconia. Rees and then 16-year-old Mike had been argument and Rees threw the boy out race watched in an alcoholic stupor. Time Marsha called, Rees would answer, asking an excuse as to why Grace couldn’t pick up the phone.

I went to see her one day and he wasn’t there; her daughter recalls tearfully. “So I got in the house, and it was pretty bad. It was just awful. She looked so bad.” Grace practically incoherent, shuffling around remises. It was the last time Marsha saw [Res] came back and left. I’ll never believe for myself, just that leaving her that.”

Rees and Grace went to Boston on a trip winter. While there, Grace fell ill and rushed via paddle wagon—they couldn’t get an ambulance—to Beth Israel hospital. A few days later, lying in her hospital bed, asked for a lawyer to change her will. Left everything to John Rees. Two hours signing it, Grace suffered a hemorrhage died. The attending physician, Dr. Hersz Saver, believed that Grace’s cirrhosis was result of her having consumed a fifth of her every day for five years.

That afternoon, in Laconia, young Cindy, staying with Marsha, woke her elder up from a nap. “They said on TV that she was dead,” she said. Mike found out from gone on the street.

The Metalious children retained John to contest the will, which had died, among other things, that there be no race. During the subsequent media frenzy, revealed that Rees had a wife and children back in England. He dropped claim to the estate.

Not that there was anything to claim. As of large living, extravagant gifts, bad to fair-weather friends, and pillaging Jacques Chambrun—who, it turned out, being stolen from her almost from the start, and had been fired by Maugham in a reputedly for having done the same—had caused Grace Metalious to burn through about a million dollars. By the time her finances were untangled, she had $4,174 in the bank and debts of more than $200,000.

“What day is it,” Grace once wrote, “when you wake up and realize that what you have is not what you want at all?” Clearly, that day had come. In the end, no one could dig her out of the hole she’d fallen into. “Maybe she just didn’t know who to ask,” Marsha Duprey says. “Or who she could trust.”

Nate Abbott, a tall, avuncular man who today serves as the chairman of the Board of Selectmen in Gilmanton, New Hampshire, moved there in the summer of 1998, unaware that his new hometown had been the basis for the most scandalous book of its day—until the people who sold him his house whispered, “Did you know that this is ‘Peyton Place’?”

Curious, he asked Geraldine Besse, whose family had lived in Gilmanton for generations, about the connection. She glared at him. “Don’t ever mention that to me again,” she said. He didn’t.

“This is something that the town was dipped in a long time ago, and the odor lingers,” he says. “For those who were related to the incidents and who were alive at the time or affected at the time, it’s still something they’re reluctant to talk about.”

That’s an understatement. Drive along the winding country roads of Gilmanton today and there is no clue that this is the box that Pandora opened with her Remington typewriter. There is no plaque commemorating the town’s most famous author, no statue in the public square. While a new copy of the book sits on the shelf in the library—replacing the tattered paperback dedicated by Barbara Walters (who did a TV segment on the book in the 1970s)—the only real indication of Grace Metalious is the white headstone on her grave in the back of the Smith Meeting House Cemetery.

The center of Gilmanton, in fact, looks quite like it did some 50 years ago. When Grace, looking forlorn, posed for Life magazine standing in front of the town hall, steeped church, and tiny library. But while there is a sense of palpable disdain for Peyton Place—you get the feeling that right below the surface the town is still seething—Grace Metalious has found redemption in other ways.

Today, Peyton Place appears on women’s-studies curricula at universities, including Louisiana State, where the book is required reading in a course taught by Professor Emily Toth, Grace’s Boswell. “It’s a breakthrough for freedom of expression,” she says. “It set new parameters for what you could say in a book—especially about women. It was an exciting, dirty book.” Ten years ago, Ardis Cameron, a professor at the University of Southern Maine, was astonished to discover the title was out of print, and mounted a one-woman campaign to resurrect it. She eventually persuaded Northeastern University Press to reissue the novel, and wrote a Camille Paglia–worthy introduction that casts Grace as a literary Joan of Arc, sword drawn, swinging at the oppressive social conventions of the 50s. The book, says Cameron, “spoke about things that were not dis-

BRUCE AND JAVIER SCENE VI

Eighteen months after their divorce had been finalized, Bruce and Javier ran into each other at a mutual friend’s dinner party. When the host asked Bruce to fetch an extra chair from the bedroom, Javier suggested he’d better do it, given Bruce’s track record with chairs. Tense laughter from the group. Bruce laughed, then he sneered, then he smiled, then he broke down sobbing—he looked like a Cubist pointing, but with better clothing. Most important, however, Bruce—for the first time since the Eomes incident—apologized to Javier.

Two days later, Bruce and Javier met for coffee. Six months later, they remarried.


CONTINUED FROM PAGE 361
cussed in public, safely and allowed people to talk about all sorts of issues—but particularly their own sense of being different in the 1950s.

Screenwriter Foner Gyllenhaal sees Grace less as feminist icon than as unwitting trailblazer, and has framed the script for the upcoming film version of her life in those terms. "I don't think she went out there to be a feminist," Foner Gyllenhaal says. "I think she went out there to be a human being who wanted to live in a world where people weren't hypocritical and told the truth and stood by their actions. And in that regard I think she was innocent as well as brave.

George Metallious is 80 now, and on the sunny day I knock on the door of his tidy blue Shaker saltbox, in Rye, New Hampshire, he is not glad to see me. I have written him and called several times, asking for an interview, but he has not responded. He has been picking raspberries in his garden, and as he stands in the doorway, beads of sweat drip down, under the brim of his floppy straw hat. He still wears the big, square, dark-rimmed glasses that made him so recognizable in the endless publicity photos taken for Peyton Place.

He doesn't want to talk about Grace anymore, he says. There isn't anything left to say. I beg him to answer one question. Why, I ask, did Grace have such a difficult time handling her success, after she'd fought so hard to get it?

He sighs the sigh of old men. "She cared deeply, and she loved deeply," he says quietly. "She was naive, unfortunately. She put her trust in the wrong people, and she believed in the basic good of people. She had faith, and it worked against her."

In the fall of 1964, ABC premiered a half-hour Peyton Place, television's first-ever soap-opera-style serial in prime time, which introduced two new young actors, Ryan O'Neal and Mia Farrow; eventually Lee Grant won a supporting-actress Emmy for her role. Long before Dallas, Dynasty, and Desperate Housewives, Peyton Place pioneered sudsy appointment television, at one point airing three nights a week. The show ran for a staggering 524 episodes over five years and made $62 million for the network—not a dime of which went to the estate of Grace Metallious, who had signed away all the rights to her work during that stay at the Algonquin.

In the final episode, broadcast June 2, 1969, Dr. Michael Rossi, played by Ed Nelson, is charged with murder and thrown into the local jail. In the very last scene, he lies down on a cot as a guard slides closed his cell door—like his creator, a prisoner of Peyton Place.
Pages 282–29: Joaquin Phoenix's Calvin Klein Collection shirt from Calvin Klein, NYC, or call 877-256-7583.

Pages 328–39: Max Minghella's Gucci shirt from Gucci stores; Dior Homme pants from Dior Homme, NYC, and Las Vegas; Prada bow tie selected Prada boutiques, or call 888-977-Cartier and cuff links from all Cartier stores, or call 800-CARTIER.

Page 331: Jamie Bell's Polo by Ralph Lauren sweater from Bloomingdale's stores nationwide; Dior Homme pants and belt from Dior Homme, NYC, and Las Vegas; Allen Kennedy for Katy Barker.

Page 332: Max Minghella's Chloé dress from Chloé, NYC, and Las Vegas; Marni NYC, and Paris; Fabien Constant for Paris boutiques.

Page 335: Carmen Ejogo's Gucci dress from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; Giorgio Armani from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; Hermès from Hermès stores nationwide.

Page 342: Gisele Bündchen's Balenciaga jacket from Balenciaga stores nationwide; Chanel Fine Jewelry ring from all Chanel Fine Jewelry boutiques, or call 855-0005.

Page 343: Michelle Yeoh's Arzzedine Alaia dress from Barney's New York stores nationwide, or call 212-826-8900; fur from Cassim, NYC, or call 212-564-0946; Christian Louboutin shoes from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; Marni, NYC, and Beverly Hills; Neiman Marcus: from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; Roberto Cavalli: from Roberto Cavalli stores nationwide; Giorgio Armani: from Giorgio Armani stores nationwide; and Tom Ford.

Pages 345–346: Joaquin Phoenix's Gucci shirt from Gucci stores; Dior Homme pants; and Dior Homme belt; and Gucci shoes; and Dior Homme cuff links; and Dior Homme tie; and Dior Homme dress shoes.

Pages 348–349: Gisele Bündchen's Giambattista Valli Couture dress from Giambattista Valli Couture stores nationwide; Hermès: from Hermès stores nationwide; Gucci shoes; and Christian Dior jacket from Christian Dior stores nationwide; Gucci shirt; and Dior Homme purse; and Gucci sunglasses; and Dior Homme belt; and Dior Homme dress shoes; and Dior Homme cuff links; and Dior Homme tie; and Dior Homme dress shoes.

Pages 350–351: George Clooney's Gucci shirt from Giorgio Armani stores nationwide; Colcci: from Colcci stores nationwide; and Tom Ford.

Page 352: Joaquin Phoenix's Calvin Klein Collection shirt from Calvin Klein, NYC, or call 877-256-7583.

Pages 359–360: Gisele Bündchen's Gucci dress from Gucci stores; Dior Homme jacket from Dior Homme, NYC, and Las Vegas; Ralph Lauren Purple Label jacket from Ralph Lauren stores nationwide; Gucci shoes; and Christian Dior jacket from Christian Dior stores nationwide; Gucci shirt; and Dior Homme purse; and Gucci sunglasses; and Dior Homme belt; and Dior Homme dress shoes; and Dior Homme cuff links; and Dior Homme tie; and Dior Homme dress shoes.

Page 361: Gisele Bündchen's Gucci dress from Gucci stores; Dior Homme jacket from Dior Homme, NYC, and Las Vegas; Ralph Lauren Purple Label jacket from Ralph Lauren stores nationwide; Gucci shoes; and Christian Dior jacket from Christian Dior stores nationwide; Gucci shirt; and Dior Homme purse; and Gucci sunglasses; and Dior Homme belt; and Dior Homme dress shoes; and Dior Homme cuff links; and Dior Homme tie; and Dior Homme dress shoes.

Page 362: Gisele Bündchen's Gucci dress from Gucci stores; Dior Homme jacket from Dior Homme, NYC, and Las Vegas; Ralph Lauren Purple Label jacket from Ralph Lauren stores nationwide; Gucci shoes; and Christian Dior jacket from Christian Dior stores nationwide; Gucci shirt; and Dior Homme purse; and Gucci sunglasses; and Dior Homme belt; and Dior Homme dress shoes; and Dior Homme cuff links; and Dior Homme tie; and Dior Homme dress shoes.

Page 363: Gisele Bündchen's Gucci dress from Gucci stores; Dior Homme jacket from Dior Homme, NYC, and Las Vegas; Ralph Lauren Purple Label jacket from Ralph Lauren stores nationwide; Gucci shoes; and Christian Dior jacket from Christian Dior stores nationwide; Gucci shirt; and Dior Homme purse; and Gucci sunglasses; and Dior Homme belt; and Dior Homme dress shoes; and Dior Homme cuff links; and Dior Homme tie; and Dior Homme dress shoes.

Page 364: Gisele Bündchen's Gucci dress from Gucci stores; Dior Homme jacket from Dior Homme, NYC, and Las Vegas; Ralph Lauren Purple Label jacket from Ralph Lauren stores nationwide; Gucci shoes; and Christian Dior jacket from Christian Dior stores nationwide; Gucci shirt; and Dior Homme purse; and Gucci sunglasses; and Dior Homme belt; and Dior Homme dress shoes; and Dior Homme cuff links; and Dior Homme tie; and Dior Homme dress shoes.

Page 365: Gisele Bündchen's Gucci dress from Gucci stores; Dior Homme jacket from Dior Homme, NYC, and Las Vegas; Ralph Lauren Purple Label jacket from Ralph Lauren stores nationwide; Gucci shoes; and Christian Dior jacket from Christian Dior stores nationwide; Gucci shirt; and Dior Homme purse; and Gucci sunglasses; and Dior Homme belt; and Dior Homme dress shoes; and Dior Homme cuff links; and Dior Homme tie; and Dior Homme dress shoes.
DAVE BRUBECK

Long before “Take Five” hit the million mark, in 1959, Dave Brubeck had established himself as an ambassador of jazz. Now 85, the pianist and composer, who has written more than 100 classical works, has hardly slackened, still playing 80 nights a year. Here, he reflects on Dostoyevsky, stride piano, and procrastination.

What is your idea of perfect happiness? All commitments fulfilled.

What is your greatest fear? War.

Which historical figure do you most identify with? Jesus.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself? Inadequacy.

What is the trait you most deplore in others? Procrastination.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue? Self-confidence, when it morphs into a know-it-all attitude.

On what occasion do you lie? To avoid hurting someone, or when I forget the truth.

What do you dislike most about your appearance? My nose.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse? “Write that down” or “groovy.”

What is your greatest regret? That more people have not heard my composition “Regret,” recorded by the London Symphony.

What or who is the greatest love of your life? The what is music, the who are my wife and family.

When and where were you happiest? May 8, 1945, Regensburg, Germany, the end of World War II in Europe.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be? A more retentive mind.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be? For each to be fulfilled.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be? A piano.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be? Johann Sebastian Bach.

What is your most treasured possession? Faith.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery? Betrayal.

What is it that you most dislike? The suffering of innocents.

Who are your favorite writers? Dostoyevsky, Thomas Mann, and Mark Twain.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction? Huckleberry Finn.

Who are your heroes in real life? John Paul II, Martin Luther King Jr., Rosa Parks, and Darius Milhaud.

What are your favorite names? The names we gave our children: Darius (after Darius Milhaud), Michael, Christopher, Catherine, Daniel, and Matthew.

How would you like to die? Playing stride piano.

What is your motto? “Hang in and hang on.”

PIANO MAN
Brubeck, photographed at his Wilton, Connecticut, home.
“THIS IS SOMETHING I’VE TRIED TO HIDE MY WHOLE LIFE. I haven’t tried to kill myself, but I’ve certainly thought about it.”
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**FEATURES**

190 **TERI HATCHER’S DESPERATE HOUR** On the set of Desperate Housewives and in her upcoming book, Burn Toast, Teri Hatcher comes across as infectiously happy. Turns out she’s been a very good actress indeed, concealing a horrific emotional wound. During a tearful marathon with Leslie Bennetts about romance gone wrong, Hatcher finally spills her shocking secret. Photographs by Michael Thompson.

196 **WASHINGTON’S INVISIBLE MAN** Americans know Jack Abramoff as the central villain in the lobbying scandal rocking Congress—a ruthless influence peddler who stole $25 million from Indian tribes and tried to bribe elected officials. In a revealing interview, Washington’s most radioactive man unburdens himself to David Margolick.

202 **FOOLS FOR LOVE** Bruce Weber and Patricia Bosworth spotlight Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard, longtime lovers and combustible co-stars in Wim Wenders’s Don’t Come Knocking.

204 **LIES AND CONSEQUENCES** When veteran journalist began hearing whispers about Joseph Wilson’s wife, few realized the story would lead to a showdown over the First Amendment. Now reporters nationwide are getting hit with subpoenas. Talking to Floyd Abrams, Bob Woodward and Judith Miller, among others, Marie Brenner reveals how the damage was done. Photographs by Gasper Tringale.

212 **WHAT NATALIE KNOWS** With her superfunctional family and Harvard degree, Natalie Portman is the anti-Lohan. As Portman stars in the Wachowski brothers’ V for Vendetta, Evgenia Perez finds there’s a lot going on behind the Goody Two-Shoes image. Photographs by Mert Alas and Marcus Piggott.

218 **AMERICA’S FORGOTTEN WAR** More than four years after the invasion of Afghanistan, 20,000 U.S. soldiers are still there, pitting their diplomatic skills—and massive airpower—against the Taliban’s terror tactics. Sebastian Junger hits the ground in America’s “forgotten war,” where victory is measured road by road, school by school, and villager by villager. Photographs by Teun Voeten.
RALPH LAUREN
Black Label
RALPH LAUREN CONTINUES THE EVOLUTION OF BLACK LABEL

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AND DRAMATIC SILHOUETTES DEFINE THE SPRING 2006 COLLECTION.
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...thing we found ourselves instinctively. Because it eat sense, especially in g. Especially when the for layers you can add ill. Now we refine the ng khaki with the tops he season—crocheted, d. shrunken. Then this nim, which is worn-in, d ripped to perfection. m together and there's we a little better about...
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

224 SHAKESPEARE & CO. Mark Seliger and David Jones spotlight the Royal Shakespeare Company, which is honoring the bard by performing his complete works in Stratford-upon-Avon.

226 A HELL OF A FADE-OUT In the 1970s, famed English theater critic Kenneth Tynan, ever a fan of extravagance, celebrity, and sex, hoped for a fresh start in Santa Monica. But as his debts mounted, his health failed, and his stunning wife, Kathleen, began to eclipse him, he embarked instead on a final, bizarre affair. Sam Kashner recounts the swinging highs and desolate lows of Kenneth's Hollywood ending.

FANFAIR


COLUMNS

124 POWER SUITS Just because a man supports the war in Iraq, it doesn’t mean he’ll stand by as George Bush and Tony Blair infringe upon civil liberties. Supporting two legal actions, Christopher Hitchens reflects on his native land and his adopted home.

132 LOST IN THE WHITE HOUSE Unlike her husband, librarian in chief Laura Bush remains frighteningly composed and insanely popular. Perusing an authorized biography, James Wolcott guesses why the First Lady chose politics over passion. Illustration by Edward Sorel.

140 GOSSIP NEVER DIES In this month’s diary, Dominick Dunne considers the perils of being Paris Hilton, chats with her mother, Kathy, and is newly gripped by a decades-old mystery: the death of gossip columnist Dorothy Kilgallen. Photograph by Robert Trachtenberg.
In the 1970s, New York was the place where Cartier found the inspiration for its famous bracelet. Locked in place by a loved one, it symbolizes an everlasting bond.
SIGNATURE STAINLESS STEEL WIRE MESH GRILLE
0-60 UNDER 5 SECONDS
TOD'S
MADE IN ITALY
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

146 iPod, Therefore I Am How did the geeky design obsession of a counterculture icon capture the hearts and minds (and wallets) of mass-market America? As Apple turns 30, Michael Wolff charts Steve Jobs’s stunning transformation from industry outsider to media titan. Illustration by Philip Burke.

156 The Man Who Kept King’s Secrets Inspired by a single sermon, Clarence Jones left his lucrative law career in 1960 to become Martin Luther King Jr.’s counsel and confidant. Breaking a long silence, Jones recalls his years with the civil-rights leader, telling Douglas Brinkley about the back-channel fund-raising missions, the F.B.I. surveillance, and the all-night revisions of King’s “I Have a Dream” speech. Photographs by Jonathan Becker.

172 Honeymoon Over When Connecticut newlywed George Allen Smith IV mysteriously disappeared from a Royal Caribbean cruise ship in the Mediterranean last July, all that remained was a bloodstain. Bryan Burrough pieces together what led to a honeymoon tragedy.

VANITIES

185 Go, Joe Contributing editor Ed Coaster, in the spirit of the times, admits to embellishing his work. George Wayne meows with BBC News’s Katty Kay.

ET CETERA

66 Editor’s Letter Fordgate, Abramoffgate, Godfathergate, Quailgate, and Tessiegate ...

74 Contributors

80 Letters I Want My I-Man

122 Planetarium Breathe, Aries

264 Credits

266 Proust Questionnaire Robert Altman

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TOASTING WITH FERRAGAMO

In the fall, Ferragamo and Vanity Fair joined forces to celebrate an exclusive Hollywood weekend.

On Friday, October 7, 2005, notables from the entertainment industry, including Gretchen Mol, Molly Sims, Melissa George, and Julie Delpy, gathered at the Chateau Marmont in Hollywood for a cocktail reception hosted by Massimo Ferragamo, Ferragamo U.S. chairman, and Krista Smith, Vanity Fair's West Coast editor. Guests mingled on the penthouse terrace and enjoyed music spun by noted D.J. Michael Smith.

On Saturday, October 8, 2005, a Who's Who from entertainment gathered at the Frank Mancuso estate in Beverly Hills to celebrate the historic love affair between Hollywood and Broadway, and Darcie Denkert's new book on the subject, A Fine Romance. Hosted by Catherine Zeta-Jones and sponsored by Ferragamo, the event featured cocktails, dinner, and performances by actors Kristin Chenoweth and Hank Azaria, and singer-songwriter Adam Pascal, among others.

AN ARTFUL EVENING

On Friday, November 11, 2005, TIAA-CREF and Vanity Fair hosted an exclusive, private evening of art at the Museum of Modern Art in Manhattan. An intimate group of TIAA-CREF clients and VIP's enjoyed a guided tour of the museum's permanent collection, followed by a reception, hosted by TIAA-CREF vice president Cathy McCabe, at the private dining room of Danny Meyer's restaurant the Modern.

THE SEASON FOR GIVING

Brooks Brothers and Vanity Fair spread holiday cheer this past season by hosting a benefit for the nonprofit Project Angel Food, at the Brooks Brothers store in Beverly Hills, on Thursday, December 8, 2005. The event brought together notable guests, including Amber Valletta and Jill Marie Jones, to support the charity, listen to holiday favorites played by the Palette of Jazz Trio, sip champagne and hot chocolate, and shop the Brooks Brothers collection. A portion of the evening's sales was donated to Project Angel Food.
TOMMY HILFIGER

fresh american style
TOMMY HILFIGER

EYEWEAR
A CAUSE FOR KATE SPADE
On Thursday, December 1, 2005, Kate and Andy Spade and Vanity Fair’s Punch Hutton hosted an exclusive launch of Slim Aarons’s new book, A Place in the Sun, at the Kate Spade boutique in Manhattan’s Soho. A celebration of personal style, the event drew notables, including Michael Stipe, Helena Christensen, Nina Griscom, Plum and Alice Sykes, Douglas Hannant, and Jane Mayle, to enjoy cocktails and hors d’oeuvres, conversation, and tracks spun by celebrity D.J. Mark Ronson. In addition, a silent auction of limited-edition Slim Aarons prints raised funds for Kate Spade’s charity initiative with the Children’s Advocacy Center of Manhattan.

KEEPING AN EYE ON THE ROAD TO INNOVATION
This spring, check your local PBS listings for the premiere of Lexus Presents: Road to Innovation—Conversations with Charlie Rose. The series of provocative roundtable discussions about entertainment, technology, politics, and finance—and where they’re taking us—will feature a fascinating cast of characters and is sure to ignite lively conversations at cocktail parties. The Charlie Rose Show is a national television presentation of Thirteen/WNET New York.

A BURBERRY BENEFIT
To celebrate the holiday season, Burberry and Vanity Fair co-hosted a charity evening at the Burberry store on Michigan Avenue in Chicago, on Thursday, December 8, 2005. A spirited group gathered to support the Lupus Foundation of America, Illinois Chapter, shop the latest Burberry collections, and enjoy cocktails and seasonal tunes played by a jazz trio. Burberry donated a portion of the evening’s sales to the foundation.

FASHION FORWARD
On March 1, 2006, fashion designer Robert Malnar’s Fall 2006 Menswear Collection, which showcases fine wools, cashmere, and sleek suits with a 1960s influence, will premiere at robertmalnar.com. The line will be introduced with a provocative film, shot at B-52’s lead singer Fred Schneider’s loft in Manhattan. In the film, Schneider plays host to eccentric guests and models at a wild and fashionable soirée, where Patty Smyth and John McEnroe make cameo appearances.
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es, yes, I know that some of you would have preferred it if we hadn't included Tom Ford on the cover of the last issue. And some objected to the notion of a man who is dressed sharing a cover with women who aren't. Fine, point taken. Perhaps next year we'll have Scarlett and Keira in clothes on the cover and Tom naked. Continuing with Tom news, I forgot to mention the last time we were on this page that soon after he agreed to produce the Hollywood portfolio he dropped by my house in Greenwich Village for a drink, prior to heading around the corner to dinner at Sant Ambroeus. We have a curly-haired Jack Russell terrier named Tess, and the fragrant Mr. Ford, who has two smooth-haired fox terriers of his own, scooped her up in his arms and gave her a good nuzzle. This was on a Monday night. When we went to bed that evening, Tess smelled just like, well, Tom Ford. She did the next morning too. On Wednesday morning she rolled in some dog poop on the street and we gave her a bath. After we dried her off, the smell of dog poop had gone, but the Tom Ford lingered. Only when I got home from work that night was our dear dog back to smelling like our dear dog. I later learned from my Vanity Fair colleague Reinaldo Herrera, who also happens to be the husband of Carolina Herrera, that durability is one of the hallmarks of a successful fragrance.

In last month's issue, I recounted how I performed my own impersonation of Truman Capote for Philip Seymour Hoffman at the party we held in Los Angeles the night before the Golden Globes, and how he shot me a pissed-off look and walked away. What I failed to mention was that my 12-year-old daughter was standing with me at the time and was embarrassed out of her mind. I also failed to mention that Mr. Hoffman went on to win the award for best actor the next night. A few weeks following this Hollywood faux pas, I happened to see Infamous, the other Capote movie. This superb film was written and directed by Doug McGrath, who also made Emma, and who occasionally writes for this magazine. In McGrath's hands, Toby Jones, the young British stage actor who has the lead, doesn't just play Capote; he becomes Capote. The film opens in October, and I'm looking forward to being head-to-head with young Mr. Jones—impersonation-wise.

And in a final bit of mopping-up business on the last issue, may I also correct something? In the Postscript—the section of the Letters page that revisits stories I have run in past years—we updated the story of the legendary Hollywood studio head Robert Evans, who last appeared in these pages as a story subject more than a decade ago. Now, I have known Bob forever, and when I hear, or see, written, that he was the producer of The Godfather, as I have so many times in the past, it barely registers with me that this is not, in fact, the case. Bob was the head of production at Paramount when the studio made The Godfather. The film's actual producer, the one with his name on the credits, is the same one who has the Oscar for best picture up on his bookshelf, is another old chum and Hollywood legend, Al Ruddy.

In January, the Pentagon found a new way to scrounge up the dozen fresh troops. It quietly ended a 155-year-old tradition having Marines guard the gates of the U.S. Naval Academy; in Annapolis, Maryland, as well as the crypt of John Paul Jones, of the navy's founders and a great hero in the Revolutionary War. The freed-up troops will be deployed in Iraq and Afghanistan, a report from the front lines of the Afghan conflict, see Sebastian Junger's remarkable dispatch (“America's Forgotten War,” page 2)

The Pentagon has also found a novel way of recovering some of the $240 billion it has spent to fight its losing war in Iraq: chipping soldiers for gear destroyed in battle. First Lieutenant Will “Eddie” Rebrook IV, a 25-year-old West Virginian, found about this new military income stream the hard way. He was standing in the turret of a Bradley Fighting Vehicle last year when...
There Are Times To Celebrate

SOME ARE SO OBVIOUS. OTHERS ARE PERSONAL. MAYBE YOU'VE HAD
A DREAM COME TRUE. MAYBE YOU'RE JUST Plain LUCKY.
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was hit by a roadside bomb. Rebrook’s right arm was wounded and he was picked up by a Black Hawk helicopter and taken to a combat hospital in Baghdad. When he turned his gear in early this year, prior to heading home, he was ordered to pay nearly $700 for the equipment that was destroyed in the attack, including $570 for the Kevlar vest he had been wearing. Not really knowing what to do, Rebrook borrowed the money from his pals in the First Cavalry Division and paid the U.S. Army. When WKWS, a local Charleston, West Virginia, radio station, reported the story, donations flooded in—more than 200 of them, according to americablog, for a total of $5,400. Rebrook, who graduated with honors from West Point, isn’t keeping the money. He’s giving some of it to the mother of a soldier who helped save his life in Iraq; her house was destroyed by Hurricane Katrina. The rest, he’s giving to charity.

You have to hand it to Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld (see previous page). He deserves credit for being able to look on the bright side. Responding to a Pentagon report noting that our troops in the Middle East are stretched thin, he countered by saying that the soldiers still there, the ones who have been forced to do back-to-back deployments, are, and I quote, “battle-hardened.”

Joni Evans, when she was a top publisher at Random House, told me about a book party she had gone to in 1992 in Los Angeles for Carol Matthau, Walter’s wife, who had just written a memoir called Among the Porcupines. This was back in the days when people still went to great lengths to deny they had had a face lift. Except for Carol, who had just had work done and didn’t care two hoots who knew about it. At the party, everyone in the room was in animated conversation, except for a man who was standing on the sidelines and whom all seemed to be ignoring. “Don’t you know anyone here?” Joni asked. “Oh, I know them all,” he said. “Then why are they all pretending you don’t exist?” she asked. “Because I’m their plastic surgeon” was his reply. This pretty much describes the plight of former super-lobbyist Jack Abramoff, a man who had been stuffing checks into the pockets of Washington politicians for a decade. Now, as David Margolick points out in his revealing interview with Abramoff, he is, like the plastic surgeon at the book party, the man nobody knows.

Try this, by the way. A young nephew of mine alerted me to the fact that if you type the word “incompetent” on the Google search line, the first three entries are about our current president. Type in “liar” and the first entry is about British prime minister Tony Blair. For more on the Tweedleum and Tweedledee of Western politics, see Christopher Hitchens’s column.

As much as members of the administration attempt to keep their figure protected in their bubble, there are days when this becomes impossible. One can only assume that the second Saturday in February was one such day. Indeed there is a turning point for this administration, it might have been morning of Saturday, February 11, when just about everything in paper spilled disaster for the White House and for the nation. That were the headlines on the front page of The New York Times:

1. “EX-FEMA LEADER FAULTS RESPONSE BY WHITE HOUSE; Cites New Orleans Alert; Says Administration Was Too Focus on Terror to Respond Properly.” (The report jumped to p. A10, where there was more bad news: AUDITORS FIND LEAK OF FRAUD IN FEMA AID.)

2. “REPUBLICAN SPEAKS UP, LEADING OTHERS TO CHALLENGE WITNESS; Doubts on Legal Authority and Calls for Oversight.”

3. “U.S. TRADE DEFICIT SETS RECORD, WITH CHINA AND OIL TO BLAME.”

And those headlines were above the fold. On page A6 every reader had a headline capable of causing distress to the White House inhabitants:

2. “IRAQI LEADER FAULTS RESPONSE BY WHITE HOUSE; Cites New Orleans Alert; Says Administration Was Too Focus on Terror to Respond Properly.”

2. “IRAQI LEADER FAULTS RESPONSE BY WHITE HOUSE; Cites New Orleans Alert; Says Administration Was Too Focus on Terror to Respond Properly.”

2. “IRAQI LEADER FAULTS RESPONSE BY WHITE HOUSE; Cites New Orleans Alert; Says Administration Was Too Focus on Terror to Respond Properly.”

By the time administration readers hit A14, the editorial page, it must have been curled up in fetal positions. These were the headlines of the editorials: ANOTHER CAVE-IN ON THE PATRIOT ACT; CONGRESS DESERTS CONGRESSMEN ON ENERGY; and A WINK AND A NOD FOR LOBBYING REFORM. And this all happened before the hoo-ha over Qualgate—Port Securitygate. Regarding Qualgate—or #2 with a bullet as The Daily Show tagged Vice President Dick Cheney’s pardon of his pal Harry Whittington with a load of birdshot—it may have killed the White House not be able to divert everyone’s attention with a quick orange-level terror alert the administration has done in past when things got sticky. This ploy was no doubt rejected, inasmuch as the vice president was wearing an orange shooting vest at the time of incident.

To go back to our dog, Tess, for a moment. The weekend before edition of the Times I was just talking about came out, my wife and I went out of town for four days to celebrate a friend’s birthday and left dog with someone whom we trust. and who had dogs of his own. We were on the Sunday night to find a very different animal than the one we’d left behind. Our friend’s wife, who had been taking a class in grooming, had taken it upon herself to give our Tess—who has hair so short that she can be mistaken for a fox—hair—be—a little new look. And so, without consulting us, she had shaved Tess’s body so that she looked like . . . a poodle—close-cropped snout and abdomen, puffy legs, a round tail, and a mullet on top. And the folks around the house in chief thought he had a weekend.

—GRAYDON CAMPBELL
Teun Voeten and Sebastian Junger

Contributing editor Sebastian Junger, right, and photographer Teun Voeten have worked together in numerous war zones for Vanity Fair, but getting shot at (as they did while reporting their story about Afghanistan, on page 218) is always a shock. “It’s so sudden and unexpected,” Junger says. “You don’t get used to it any more than you get used to car accidents. But there’s no one I’d rather have by my side than Teun.” The soldiers with whom they were embedded have served in both Afghanistan and Iraq, and America’s apparent lack of interest in the former bothers them. “One guy said that when he went home his friends asked him if we were even still fighting in Afghanistan,” Junger says. Junger’s new book, A Death in Belmou, will be available next month from Norton.

Marie Brenner

This month writer-at-large Marie Brenner considers the outing of C.I.A. agent Valerie Plame. “The last question raised by Plamegate is: Did politics trump the First Amendment?” Brenner says. “The case obsessed American media for more than two years, ruined careers, harmed reputations, and lead to a consequence that few predicted: a possible avalanche of subpoenas from prosecutors and lawyers emboldened by Patrick Fitzgerald.” Brenner is writing her memoir, which will be published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux, and her an “In the Kingdom of Big Sugar” (February 2001) is now being adapted as the motion picture Sugarland directed by and starring Jodie Foster.

Douglas Brinkley

As the authorized biographer of such iconic Americans as Rosa Parks, Jack Kerouac, and Hunter S. Thompson, historian Douglas Brinkley has made a living out of telling other people’s stories. In his first piece as a V.F. contributing editor, Brinkley chronicles the life of Clarence Jones, the longtime friend and personal lawyer of Martin Luther King Jr. “Clarence is not a guy you find in all the pictures from the civil-rights movement, but he was there,” Brinkley says. “He was the behind-the-scenes guy, and the most influential adviser to King in the 1960s.” Brinkley, a native of New Orleans, is a history professor and the director of the Theodore Roosevelt Center at Tulane University. His new book, The Great Deluge, is slated for release by Morrow in
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Elizabeth Arden
ALLERGAN
DERMATOLOGY
A cosmeceutical partnership
Evoking the *joie de vivre* of the late theater critic Kenneth Tynan’s decadent last act—played out in Santa Monica, California, alongside Jack Nicholson, Warren Beatty, and Anjelica Huston—Sam Kashner immortalizes a dramatic personality (“A Hell of a Fade-Out,” page 226). “I came to Tynan through his profiles of Johnny Carson, Louise and Mel Brooks, Tom Stoppard,” says Kashner. “I don’t think celebrity-profile writing has ever been that good. I always wanted to write about him.” Grateful for the cooperation of the Tynan children, Kashner notes, “All three kids care little for the theater. You don’t have to be Freud to figure out why.” A film adaptation of Kashner’s novel *Sinatraland* will be produced by Britt Allcroft and directed by Richard Benjamin this summer.

Marcus Piggott and Mert Alas

This month’s shoot of Natalie Portman was the work of the duo known as Mert & Marcus. Splitting their time between London and Ibiza, Spain, the two also photographed the 2006 Pirelli Calendar as well as recent ad campaigns for Louis Vuitton, Missoni, Bulgari, Shiseido, and Roberto Cavalli. For their first *Vanity Fair* assignment, the pair met up with Portman in a Barcelona studio. The pictures, which begin on page 212, echo iconic images of past starlets, including Liz Taylor and Mia Farrow. “Working with Natalie Portman was really fun,” Marcus says. “She is so inspiring to shoot that creating characters with her felt really natural.”

Gasper Tringale

Photographer Gasper Tringale likes to take his time when shooting a portrait, meticulously composing each shot to capture his subject’s personality. But when photographing former *New York Times* reporter Judith Miller and The Washington Post’s Walter Pincus for “Lies and Consequences” (page 204), Tringale had no time to spare. “We didn’t have two days to build a set and scout locations—we probably had an hour with each person,” he says. The constraints didn’t prevent him from getting great pictures. Tringale shot Pincus at his desk in the Post’s newsroom—“a little cave of research materials that he’d built up around him”—an surprisingly cooperative Miller at her Manhattan apartment. “Given what she’s been through I thought she might be guarded. But she was remarkably open.”
Lang Lang's technical command of the piano is unquestioned. His boundless enthusiasm leaves audiences breathless. He has introduced classical music to an entirely new generation of listeners. All reasons why this young pianist has joined the ranks of the world's best. Maybe they should add poet to the list as well.
Michael Thompson
Photographer Michael Thompson, who shot Teri Hatcher in New York and Los Angeles, compares shooting this month’s cover girl to “photographing a friend; she immediately was at ease.” Thompson, whose previous VF cover subjects include Gwyneth Paltrow and Jennifer Aniston, has an affection for fashion photography. “The clothes allow for endless story lines on which to base the shoot,” Thompson says. “To me, it’s like creating a mini-movie on the printed page.” Thompson is currently working on a book of his favorite celebrity photographs.

Sara Switzer and Beth Kseniak
If you’ve ever read an item about Vanity Fair in the newspaper or come across one of our writers on television or the radio, chances are Beth Kseniak, VF’s executive director of public relations, right, and Sara Switzer, deputy director, had something to do with it. It’s their job to promote VF, which may involve anything from pitching a writer to a news show to coordinating the 45 camera crews, 75 photographers, and 40 print journalists who descend upon Mortons to cover our annual Oscar party. Last year they handled the monumental task of managing the media flurry surrounding the unmasking of Watergate’s “Deep Throat” in our July 2005 issue. “In this business, it doesn’t get any better than the Deep Throat scoop,” says Kseniak, who has been with the magazine for nearly 14 years. “When you’ve revealed a secret that’s been kept for 33 years and it makes the front page of newspapers around the world, it’s the ultimate P.R. coup.” Switzer, who has worked for VF for a total of eight years, agrees: “It’s exciting when our articles become part of the public conversation.

Leslie Bennetts
Contributing editor Leslie Bennetts, who wrote this month’s cover story on Teri Hatcher (see page 190), is not a TV-watcher but makes an exception for Desperate Housewives. (She can always call it research for her upcoming book about women and marriage, to be published next year by Hyperion.) “There’s a lot of Susan Mayer in her,” Bennetts says of Hatcher, referring to her character on the show. “The sense of vulnerability you get from watching her is hard to understand.” Speaking at length with Hatcher, Bennetts learned an astonishing secret that helps explain the mystery: “Finally, at the age of 41, she has chosen to come forward and reveal the terrible struggle she’s been dealing with.”
I WANT MY I-MAN

Imus the Great; flight risks; missing Mississippi; Moore is less; head-hunting; Lindsay channeling Angelina?; loss lessons; and more

I am a Canadian who has watched and listened to Don Imus for years ["Don Imus's Last Stand?," by Buzz Bissinger, February]. The level of respect he elicits from the likes of Tom Brokaw, Andrea Mitchell, John McCain, and others is evidenced by how often they show up on his program and by their willingness to submit to the I-Man's humorous abuse. In Ontario, where I live during the summer, I canceled one satellite-TV provider, Bell ExpressVu, in favor of another, Star Choice, for just one reason: ExpressVu does not carry MSNBC. My added monthly cost to pay for that channel? Less than one Canadian dollar. The I-Man will be predictably pissed when he learns how little his network goes for in rural Ontario, and I can imagine his ordering executive producer Bernie [McGuirk] to call those "pie-faced schmucks" at ExpressVu to straighten them out. May he continue ranting for years to come.

WHAT A FASCINATING ARTICLE by Buzz Bissinger. He really caught the essence of the I-Man.

I started watching Imus's program several months ago because I liked the format, with its mix of humor, news, guests, music, and banter. Plus, I admire Imus and his wife's dedication to the sick children they host at the Imus Ranch.

But his inflated sense of self-importance borders on delusional. It's not funny or entertaining when he abuses his overweight sportscaster and others on his staff, especially when his own son is overweight, or when he deems the backstage crew and the network that makes him wealthy.

I was appalled to hear him try to destroy a local dry cleaner he frequents because the dry cleaner hadn't used enough starch on his "cowboy" jeans. His good works aside, this megalomaniac could not have underscored the thrust of Mr. Bissinger's article any better. Will MSNBC ever get a clue?

WHERE HAS BUZZ BISSINGER BEEN? We already know that Imus is a "flamboyant," "outrageous," limo-driven "flamethrower of ridicule" who can be a "prick," "perverse," and "moody." We also know, with some dis-
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sonance, that he is a champion of literacy and human causes, and that he is a proven philanthropic force. Many of us are disturbed by the duality of being attracted to him and repulsed by him, but we are addicted simultaneously to his intelligence and to his inner child. He has an unerring ability to detect hypocrisy, from the smallest infraction to the largest political ruse. We love the possibilities of outcome with guests from the media and political elites.

Lastly, while all this drives the popularity of Imus in the Morning, his longevity is in the untold story of Imus’s dependence on news anchor Charles McCord. What makes McCord—seemingly a knowledgeable, balanced, reflective, modest but confident news professional—stay with Imus? I can’t imagine it would be just the salary or benefits.

DEANNA S. KITAY
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

ABOUT ONCE every decade or so I like to check in on Don Imus to see if he is still a mean-spirited, pompous ass. Yep!

ELAINE GIBSON
Wooster, Ohio

THANKS FOR THE ARTICLE on Imus. The I-Man is the only person on television worth watching. He says what he thinks, and if you don’t like it, well, change the channel. His and Mrs. Imus’s work at the Imus Ranch should be commended at every opportunity, as well.

DIANNA MOGLIA
Corpus Christi, Texas

SADLY, Buzz Bissinger missed the three biggest reasons behind Imus’s continuing success: Charles McCord, Bernard McGuirk, and Lou Rufino.

BEN PATT
Vero Beach, Florida

I WOULD LIKE to commend you for publishing Buzz Bissinger’s penetrating, laugh-out-loud article on Don Imus. Bissinger, whom Imus has regularly referred to as a “buck-toothed bastard,” deserves a medal for surviving a week with his subject—an experience likely to drive one to drink.

HAIG CHEKENIAN
Smithtown, New York

AIRLINE INSECURITY

I REALLY WANT to thank Richard Gooding for his article about the Federal Air Marshal Service ["In Plane Sight.", February].

As somebody who has a very close friend in the D.C. field office, I have heard a myriad of stories about situations in which the agency itself, Transportation Security Administration employees, or airline representa-
tives have compromised the safety and anonymity of the air marshals, and this, in turn, compromises the security of the passengers on board airplanes.

I can attest to the very low morale of the agents, most of whom joined the service out of a desire to protect our country. The agency’s “Quiet Professional” motto has become a running joke among its agents, and, unfortunately, the best are indeed jumping ship.

One hopes that articles such as Mr. Gooding’s will wake up some people in Washington before it’s too late and an air marshal has been harmed by terrorists or afflicted with health problems (due to the amount of time they spend in the air and the number of flights they are assigned to each week).

J. BARA
New York, New York

IT WAS IRRESPONSIBLE of Vanity Fair to reveal details of the movements in airports of members of the Federal Air Marshal Service (FAMS).

I have been a flight attendant for 40 years, and like other flight-crew members, I am familiar with FAMS and how it operates. The program is not something I talk about outside the industry. To do so would be careless and potentially dangerous. I might be putting my life in jeopardy, along with the lives of the flying public.

Most frequent fliers can spot federal air marshals, and I do think a few changes need to be made regarding boarding procedures. The important thing is that the marshals are on the planes.

EILEEN FITZGIBBONS
Orlando, Florida

BILOXI BLUES

REGARDING GRAYDON CARTER’s observation that President Bush appears to have lost interest in post-Katrina New Orleans ["If You Have Nothing to Hide . . .", February], it seems as if the world thinks that New Orleans is the only city suffering.

As a Biloxi native (and news reporter for ABC’s Biloxi-Gulfport affiliate), I can say, along with thousands of other Mississippi coast citizens, that we live in post-hurricane hell. Contrary to worldwide belief fueled by national news coverage, your magazine included, New Orleans did not take the brunt of the hurricane. Biloxi and the 10 other cities in the three counties that make up the Mississippi coast did.

We have flattened neighborhoods and business districts everywhere you look. Bay St. Louis and Waveland, the two cities closest to New Orleans, are gone. What happened in the Big Easy, just an hour west on the I-10, is unspeakably horrible. What
happened to Mississippi is equally so.

I encourage your correspondents and photographers to visit our coast. They will meet people who have lost everything and are living either in FEMA trailers or in tents pitched on the slabs of their former homes while they await trailers. Your correspondents will also see that we are a strong, resilient people reaching out to help one another and facing the challenge every day of recovering and rebuilding after our country’s worst natural disaster.

MARCIA HILL
Biloxi, Mississippi

DO LOOK BACK

JAMES WOLCOTT’S PIECE on the state of documentary film ["Through a Lens, Darkly," February] reminds me of the first documentary that made a lasting impression on me: Hearts and Minds. This Oscar-winning film about the Vietnam War was, to me, the final confirmation (after Watergate) that nothing the government says or does can ever be accepted without question. I will never forget General William Westmoreland’s opinion that life had less value to “the Oriental” than to “the Westerner,” and I still cringe when I hear the phrase “We must win the hearts and minds of the people.” (By my count, we’re still waiting for a victory.)

The revitalized documentary, as Mr. Wolcott describes it, is good news. It can only mean that more people will have their views challenged by opinionated filmmakers.

JOCelyn BREELAND
Fairfax, Virginia

WHEN I READ James Wolcott’s article, I was disappointed to see continued on page 92

POSTSCRIPT

In May 2002, John Heilemann profiled Dean Kamen, the New Hampshire–based inventor who five months before had unveiled the Segway, a self-balancing scooter that took Kamen more than a decade—and $100 million—to create (“Machine of Dreams”). Kamen claimed that the Segway, which was developed in secrecy and revealed amid wild hype and hoopla, would revolutionize transportation. “If this thing has the kind of impact we’re hoping for,” Kamen told Heilemann at the time, “cities will become pedestrian-only.” Obviously, this has yet to happen. While you might notice a cop patrolling around on the vehicle or see an amusement-park worker gliding about (and it was hard to miss President Bush’s newsworthy spill in 2003), streets are nearly devoid of the ballyhooed contraption. Has the Segway, which sold only about 6,000 units in its first 10 months, officially crashed and burned? “It inevitably takes a long time before a really new idea takes hold,” Kamen says today. “It took me years to develop and make safe insulin pumps. They are great for diabetics. Why did it take 20 years before they became [the] standard of care?”

Heilemann also reported in 2002 that Kamen and his research company, DEKA, were in the process of designing a water purifier and a Stirling engine, which is a portable, nonpolluting generator that can run for years with minimal maintenance on almost any form of fuel. Kamen has made advances with both. Last year, the inventor’s Stirling engines, burning—believe it or not—manure as their power source, provided electricity in two Bangladesh villages for 14 weeks. And Kamen is so committed to his water purifier, a box that zaps contaminated H₂O and renders it drinkable, that he even taste-tested his own urine at a conference in 2004. “I opened the bottle that I brought with me, which really was the output of the machine,” Kamen says. “[The conference] chairman and I] toasted and drank the water.” Cheers!

It’s been nearly five years since special correspondent Bryan Burrough wrote of the bizarre happenings in the affluent Fishing Creek Farm subdivision in Annapolis, Maryland, where a feud between neighbors erupted onto the Internet and became an international spectacle (“Trouble Next Door,” August 2001). The dispute revolved around a piece of anonymous hate mail sent to Tim and Lori Gough. The Goughs came to believe that the letter, which attacked their suitability as parents to three children, had been sent by either their neighbor Keith Conrad or his wife, Julie, who was fighting depression. After Julie learned of her suspicions, she suffered a breakdown that sent her to a Maryland mental ward. The Conrads eventually sued the Goughs for defamation: each couple spent thousands of dollars digging up dirt on the other. When the Conrads lost the suit, they posted the steamy details—including rumors of extramarital affairs and cocaine-fueled parties—on the Internet. Their Web site drew newspaper coverage and comment from around the globe.

Nine months after the V.F. article, another neighbor sued the Conrads for defamation, citing comments made on their Web site. After 16 months of litigation, the case ended in an out-of-court settlement. Not long thereafter, Keith Conrad shut down the site. The Goughs, meanwhile, have moved to a neighboring town, although Lori, a real-estate agent, continues to sell homes in the area. The Conrads separated in December 2004 and are going through a divorce. Today, Julie lives alone in the family home, on Thomas Point Court, with their children. “We’re mending fences,” she says. “I really don’t care anymore whether people think I wrote that stupid letter. I have no beef with these people.”

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VANITY FAIR'S REEL TALK

On Saturday, December 3, 2005, Banana Republic, Vanity Fair, and The Film Foundation presented Reel Talk with director Rob Marshall at ArcLight Cinemas, in Hollywood. The evening featured a private screening of Memoirs of a Geisha, a lively dialogue with Marshall about his highly anticipated film, and a sweepstakes to win two business-class tickets to Europe courtesy of Lufthansa. A V.I.P. reception followed, where guests enjoyed Level Vodka cocktails, a preview of the new Audi A8 L, and sampled coffees, teas, and hot chocolate from the Tassimo Hot Beverage System.

PARTY ANIMALS

Jessica Alba and her pugs are among the celebrity regulars at the Lint Roller Party, Best Friends Animal Society's annual Hollywood benefit. Best Friends operates the nation's largest sanctuary for abandoned and abused animals and was one of the primary Hurricane Katrina animal rescue organizations. For tickets to this year's gala, which will be held at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel on Friday, April 7, visit lintrollerparty.com, or call 310-202-4336.

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HEAD CASE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44 the lack of respect shown pioneering documentary filmmakers D. A. Pennebaker and the Maysles brothers. While Wolcott did mention the latter's Gimme Shelter, if it were not for these three wonderfully talented and original cinéma vérité filmmakers, the foundation on which people such as Michael Moore have built their houses would never have been laid.

And while I support the political and social challenges that Moore's films raise, they can hardly be called true documentaries. What happened to fly-on-the-wall filmmaking? Yes, Werner Herzog's Grizzly Man got a boost at the box office due to recent documentary commercial success, but this film would have found its audience whether or not Moore had achieved box-office success before him. Did you forget that Herzog started making films in 1961, when Moore was just learning not to eat paste in second grade?

Please, Mr. Wolcott, I enjoy your writing and your articles, but next time give a little more credit where credit is due.

ROD BLACKHURST
Albany, New York

PHOTOSHOP CRISIS!
AS A SUBSCRIBER to Vanity Fair since 1984, I am, by nature and training, on the lookout for rip-offs of any sort. But surely this is the most egregious yet—the theft of Graydon Carter's Editor's Letter photo, including office, view from window, and ashtray (minus only the head), and its reappearance in the derivative new Australian magazine The Monthly.

I suppose the joke is meant to be that the superimposed head is that of Morry Schwartz, the publisher of the aforementioned glossy. Is this vanity or what?

FELICITY DAWSON
Tasmania, Australia

MORRY SCHWARTZ RESPONDS: What man wouldn't want to stick his head on Graydon Carter's elegant body? The idea appealed to me so much that I decided to start my own magazine, and if not for the steaks from Tasmania, I would have gotten away with it. When the call came in from New York asking for an explanation, I thought, This is it, they'll sue my pants off. What a relief that the great Vanity Fair has an Australian sense of humor. My wife, Anna, and I will be in New York in April. I hope to visit and give the V.F. people an opportunity to see my body.

LA VIDA LOHAN
THANK YOU for putting Lindsay Lohan on your cover ["Confessions of a Teenage Movie Queen,” by Evgenia Peretz, February]. She is beautiful and talented, yet appears tormented and flawed. Isn't that a part of her appeal? I have grown so tired of the perpetual myth of perfectionism that exists in Hollywood. Lindsay is a breath of fresh air. I haven't seen this much raw emotion since the young Angelina.

DANIELLE ARIAS
Reno Park, New York

IT IS SO IRRITATING to hear celebrities deny candid statements after worrying how it will affect their “image.” No one believes that the Lindsay Lohan interview was taken out of context. Her downward spiral was visible to the world.

Lohan's candor in the article was refreshing. I thought she would become a role model to young girls who are currently struggling with eating disorders. So shame on her and her P.R. team for thinking that denying that she suffered from bulimia would help her image, when, in reality, embracing our experiences and learning from them makes us more likable and able to be related to.

KARIN GENTRY
Orange, California

I CANNOT DECIDE whether to thank you or berate you for your cover story on Lindsay Lohan. On the one hand, it seems that she has become a somewhat more thoughtful person, with at least some perspective on celebrity life. On the other hand, she still comes off as a whining, attention-seeking teen queen who can't figure out why people won't take her seriously. Let me offer some insight: As a 21-year-old student on the verge of graduating from college, I find it hard to sympathize with a $7.5-million-a-
movie actress who has all the money and
opportunity in the world, and yet decides to
squander it with the likes of Paris Hilton
and Nicole Richie.

If Lindsay wants to gain the respect of
her peers, I suggest she take some college
classes, turn in some decent movies (I’ll wait
for A Prairie Home Companion, Bobby, and
Chapter 27 before I judge her fully on that
top, to be fair), and stop whining about
how hard it is to be rich and famous. The
people around her seem to think she has
talent, so why not let the talent do the talking?

SARA TENENBAUM
Washington, D.C.

THANK YOU for the lovely pictures
taken of Lindsay Lohan in Malibu. I am
sure you will get some backlash because
it seems people, especially the readers of
Vanity Fair, like to find reasons to com-
plain. Recently, every time I open your
magazine, I have to endure letter after let-
ter condemning you for articles or photos on
“young Hollywood” or Charlie and
Camilla or Kate Moss. Are people really
so ignorant of the fact that the major-
ity of Americans enjoy reading about the
lives of others? I think there is an over-
whelming sense of curiosity about these
people. I rather enjoyed reading about

MORE FROM THE V.F. MAILBAG

Whether or not we are in fact “a
bunch of low-life creeps,” as one
reader posits, we can acknowledge that
there were more nays than yeas regard-
ing the February cover. “Lindsay Lohan
claims ‘the pains were so intense…like
someone was stabbing me in the head,’”
notes Kathleen Maida, of Orland Park,
Illinois. “I can sympathize, as I too de-
veloped severe stabbing pains in my head
while reading this article.”

“What were you thinking when you
decided to put Lindsay Lohan on the cov-
er of your latest issue?” demands Dana
Carey, of New York City. (Well, actually,
we were thinking. Let’s put Lindsay Lo-
han on the cover of our next issue.) “I’ve
yet to receive the issue,” writes Sarah E.
Oliver, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire,
“but I am appalled by the cover selec-
tion.” Fair enough. While we have your
ear, mind if we run a few more covers past
you? What do you think of October 2006?
February 2007? How about April 2007?

Several readers grouse about the act-
ress’s scanty outfits in the pictures ac-
companying the article, but not all. “The
pictures are NOT nude,” one complains. Nude
enough, apparently: “Thank you for not
covering up her freckles like most maga-
zines usually do.” writes Sarah Azia, from
Nottingham, United Kingdom. The freckles
universally inspired close reading, or view-
ing. Floyd L. McIntyre, a doctor in South
Dennis, Massachusetts, says Lohan “should
see her physician about the dark ‘spot’ on
her medial right thigh.” And Beverly Hills
dermatologist Robin Schaffran notes the
freckling and adds, “It is my sincere hope
[that] all of your young readers will be en-
couraged to wear more sunscreen.”

More skimpiness: John Dale Mc-
Cutchan, of Santa Monica, Califor-
nia, is “looking for the full-page color pic-
ture of Tony Curtis in his bathing suit, pos-
sibly in Palm Springs, issued in the year
2005.” We remember that picture; are you
sure you want to find it? Because that was
no bathing suit—that was two small York-
ies. “I was a stand-in for Tony Curtis in the
motion picture Johnny Dark, 1954,” McCut-
chan explains, adding that there was—
in a remarkable career parallel—a full-page
color photo of himself in a bathing suit in
Outside magazine in May 2003. (The Curtis
photo ran in June 2005.)

Finally, regarding the piece on “thinking
man’s jackass” Don Imus (quote cour-
tesy of Tari Donohue, of Portland, Ore-
gon), Diane Houser, of Boston, writes, “I
love him, I love him, I love him! My hus-
band can’t stand him!” Diane! Write us
again sometime. We just want to know how
you guys are doing.

YORKIES OPTIONAL
John Dale McCutchan, near left, served as Tony
Curtis’s stand-in during the filming of Johnny Dark
(1954). In a strange career par-
allel, both men recently
posed for national magazines
wearing little or no clothing
(Curtis for V.F. in 2005,
McCutchan for Outside
in 2003).
At Nordstrom

VERA WANG
Charles and Camilla [“Charles and Camilla, Together at Last,” by Bob Colacello, December]. Whether or not I agree with the circumstances surrounding their relationship, it was a good read and I learned more about them. And isn’t that really the point of it all—to learn something new about people and things we didn’t know before?

SHANNON WILSON
Pensacola, Florida

THE TWO WORDS that best sum up Ms. Lohan: “Who cares?” There are so many other young women in the world whose lives are more interesting, and who are undoubtedly more talented. If I wanted to read the same old story about another over-hyped, underweight young actress, I would have bought a tabloid.

ALICIA BOGGIO
La Verne, California

ST. PAUL’S LOSS

I DECIDED—after one of many sleepless nights since my son, Clifford Nyquist, died—to respond to Alex Shoumatoff’s somewhat flippant reference to his death at St. Paul’s School [“A Private School Affair,” January].

Cliff’s love for academics and sports was exceeded only by his love for his family and friends. He did not smoke, drink, or take drugs. He volunteered at an Alzheimer’s-care home and took pride in his physical fitness. The most common message posted on the Internet bulletin board his friends set up following his death was “the nicest kid I know.” His wake was attended by thousands.

It had been his dream to attend St. Paul’s. In his first year he excelled academically and athletically. His second year began just as well—then the pool opened.

When my son was discovered unconscious in four feet of water from a phenomenon referred to in lifeguard manuals as “shallow-water blackout,” he had been underwater so long he was unrecognizable to the two lifeguards on duty or to the athletic director and his baseball coach, who were both poolside, watching their children swim. A school-wide roll call was required to determine which student had drowned.

I write not to argue our case against the school but to make your readers aware of the great loss that Cliff’s family and friends, and our world, have suffered as a result of the “hubris” Mr. Shoumatoff describes.

I hope that, rather than dismissing this tragedy as a minor meteorological event to be “weathered,” the school will embrace it and use it as an opportunity to show the world—and Cliff’s sisters—that the values he embodied do matter, and that talent and education should be used to make all of our lives better, not just the lives of the privileged few.

LESLIE C. NIXON NYQUIST
New Boston, New Hampshire

LETTERS

MONITORING THE RELIGIOUS RIGHT

I THINK CRAIG UNGER’S article exposing the “Left Behind” series of books, by Tim LaHaye, as part of a right-wing movement to shape the culture of North America is a very important piece [“American Rapture,” December]. I am an “evangelical Christian” pastor, but, unlike Mr. LaHaye, I believe the coming of Jesus’s kingdom is one that we can bring into the present by dealing with issues of justice, mercy, poverty, and bigotry. Unfortunately, most “Evangelicals” (coined loosely) will see your article as a jab by Satan in the never-ending battle of good and evil. The funny thing? Jesus always saw evil as being embodied in the social and political structures, not in individuals. I’m tired of people calling themselves “Christian” when they stand so far from the Christ they claim to serve. It’s sad because I think the “Left Behind” series is a very important collection. Thanks, Mr. Unger and Vanity Fair, for this very informative article.

RICK ZELINSKY
Williams Lake, British Columbia

LETTERS

I AM AN EVANGELICAL. The article by Craig Unger is a valuable contribution. It mentions Dr. Francis Schaeffer as being the intellectual force behind today’s religious right. I knew Dr. Schaeffer and visited with him often when we both lived in Switzerland. If Dr. Schaeffer could see how his valuable theological reflections have been distorted by today’s neocons he would turn over in his grave. He would be in the forefront of those condemning the use of torture, the violations of the Fourth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, and the use of religion to excuse violations of human rights. The focus by people such as Jerry Falwell on Dr. Schaeffer’s favorite issues only makes me cringe when I admit that I am an Evangelical. Where are the moral forces needed in today’s world?

LEONARD RODGERS
Tempe, Arizona

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APRIL
THE CULTURAL DIVIDE

EVERYONE’S TALKING ABOUT...

- The Tribeca Film Festival, now in its fifth year, will screen 150 films, hold panel discussions with directors and producers, and give cause for numerous after-hours parties (4/25-5/7).
- Lestat, the visually breathtaking new musical from Elton John and Bernie Taupin, based on Anne Rice’s best-selling The Vampire Chronicles, opens at Broadway’s Palace Theatre on April 13.
- Karl Lagerfeld’s sensational fall ’06 collection, his N.Y.C. photo studio, and his new capsule collection, available at Bergdorf’s and Neiman’s, have everyone buzzing.
- Going organic. Find out all you ever wanted to know about Earth Day (4/22) and organic living (organicearthday.org).

Fred Segal Feet, the Los Angeles–based store that fuels the fetish of all shoe-lovers, launches its Web site this month. Whether you’re in Boise or Bucharest, the full range of shoes—from Valentino stilettos and Louboutin espadrilles to Zanotti cowboy boots—and handbags are just a click away (fredsegalfeet.com).

CH-CHECK IT OUT
Armed with 50 handheld video cameras, Beastie Boys fans captured the October 2004 concert at New York’s Madison Square Garden. The footage was edited together and, following in the concert-film genre, Awesome, I Fuckin’ Shot That! (ThinkFilm, March 31) was born.

Artist Andrew Wyeth's Otherworld, 2002.

ART OPENINGS

PHILADELPHIA
“Andrew Wyeth: Memory and Magic”
Philadelphia Museum of Art
This compelling Andrew Wyeth retrospective takes a fresh look at seven decades of the artist’s accomplishments (3/29–7/16).

NEW YORK
Iris and B. Gerald Cantor Roof Garden
The Metropolitan Museum of Art
Delight in spring. Have cocktails and sandwiches at this heavenly courtyard peppered with flowers, sculpture installations, and spectacular views of Central Park and the New York City skyline (4/25–10/29).

LONDON
“Modernism: Designing a New World”
Victoria and Albert Museum
Using select objects from around the world, including Europe, the U.S., Brazil, Israel, and Japon, the show explores modernism in the designed world—highlighting the years 1914 to 1939 (4/6–7/23).

LOS ANGELES
“Degas at the Getty”
The Getty Center
The most modern of traditional 19th-century artists, Edgar Degas brought on intellectual rigor not only to formal portraits but also to the novel subjects of contemporary life. From Self-portrait to After the Bath, the exhibition spans Degas’s career (3/7–6/11).
My name: Ken Watanabe

Childhood ambition: Trumpet player

Fondest memory: I have too many good memories to remember just one

Indulgence: Reading adventure novels

Last purchase: Ski wear and ski hat

Favorite movie: Too many to just choose one

Inspiration: I am inspired by so many things every day

My life: is about taking my own path

My card: is American Express

Ken Watanabe

My life. My card.
VA-VA-VOOM
and
about John
H
Kissed,
captures art to his debuts: War hero literary historian (one Got of Colson Wild, in whose
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Suicide—
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Despite to land a diamond—with a man attached? Jessica Kaminsky shares The Truth Behind the Rock (Simon Spotlight).
The hero of Colson Whitehead's Apex Hides the Hurt (Doubleday) is a nomenclature consultant whose towering triumph is naming a multi-cult Band-Aid. A widower gives chase to the whale that devoured his wife, child, and arm in Keith Thomson's Gus Gospanish's Whale-Killing Journal (MacAdam/Cage). Tony Mourmand and Graham Marsh revel in Exploitation Poster Art (Aurum). Phaidon Press makes Andy Warhol "Giant" Size. A girl on the verge searches for her father in Yannick Murphy's shockingly funny Here They Come (McSweeney's). The P.O.V. of a 13-year-old in Thatcher's England powers the audacious David Mitchell's Black Swan Green (Random House). Ken Foster had no idea when he began taking in strays that he'd be the one finding salvation in The Dogs Who Found Me (Lyons).
Gimme shelter.

Spy Wonder

H
Henry Porter is a double agent, operating as he does as both Vanity's Fair's dashing British editor and the author of ripping-good literary spy thrillers. The winner of the 2005 Ian Fleming Steel Dagger Award (one can only imagine how fantastically menacing that must look on the mantel), his most recent tale, Brandenburg Gate (Atlantic Monthly Press), is set in East Germany just before the fall of the Berlin Wall. The Communist government is growing desperate. Enter Dr. Rudi Rosenharte, an art historian whose days as a Stasi foreign agent are in his past, until they make him on offer he can't refuse—a job only on oble cocksman and master of the agency's "love tutorials" can pull off. The mission: rekindle a romance with an old lover, Annalise Schering, whom the Stasi believes possesses valuable information.

The catch: Rosenharte knows Annalise committed suicide 15 years ago. With no choice but to play along, he tries with his dead lover's double under the watchful eye of not only East German intelligence, which has imprisoned his twin brother, but spies from British intelligence and the C.I.A. What's a good man to do? Ah, trust the crofty Henry Porter not to disappoint. —E.S.
My name: Kate Winslet

childhood ambition: To act

fondest memory: Camping as a child in Cornwall UK

indulgence: Chocolate

last purchase: Latte and a muffin

favorite movie: Waiting for Guffman

inspiration: My parents

My life: Is my family

My card: Is American Express
Life of Leisure

TAKING VILEBREQUIN ON HOLIDAY

It's the year of the shrimp or, if you happen to be a crustacean-hater, of the jellyfish. Vilebrequin, makers of the chic-est of swim trunks, creates 60 new prints a season. Big, bold, vibrantly hued flowers, fruits, animals, and fishy things leap out among more demure, downbeat, and trad ploids, paisleys, stripes, and national-flag prints. Vilebrequin bathing suits replaced seaside skimpy Speedos in the early 70s, when Fred Pryskel, living in the South of France, drew a boxer shape on a tablecloth and had it made up in sailcloth. Pryskel's passion for cor racing inspired the label name, Vilebrequin—or "crunksho" in English.

The brand took off when Brigitte Bardot's crowd started wearing their Vilebrequins along the eternally fashionable shores of Saint-Tropez.

"The Saint-Tropez thing is big. By the time we opened our first store in '96, all the chic Parisians had heard of us because all the actors and celebrities were wearing us on the French Riviero," says North American C.E.O. Thierry Prissert. "But talking is not enough; you have to have a good product. Once they bought one pair they stayed loyal and become collectors, buying every season." The following year, the Paris shop opened, and today, under the direction of president Pierre-Alain Blum, there are 55 stores worldwide, 15 of them in the U.S.

Famous for its father-son concept, the label is a favorite of toddlers, teens, and their pères, who bask beachside in identical tropical prints. Swimsuits come in classic boxer styles and flat-fronted, lace-tie surfer trunks.

As for the new collection, Prissert explains, "Last year was sofi prints — this year it's mosaic, shrimp, and coconuts." And turtles. Turtles are big with Vilebrequin. "They're our company image," he says. "They're noble, peaceful. They represent serenity in Hawaii, and they're a symbol of the family." Turtles are on all Vilebrequin buttons.

—TAMASIN DAW-LEWIS

Holy Matrimony!

HBO'S HIGHLY ANTICIPATED NEW SERIES

They call it "the principle"—the doctrine of plural marriage preached by Mormon prophet Joseph Smith, repudiated by the church in 1890, practiced in secret by fundamentalist sects ever since, and if HBO has its way, coming soon to a watercooler near you. Big Love, a controversy-courting new series created by Mark V. Olsen and Will Scheffer, debuts March 12 and stars Bill Paxton as Bill Henrickson, a beleaguered, bed-hopping suburban patriarch frantically balancing his responsibilities as owner of a home-improvement chain with the needs of his three wives: Jeannie Tripplehorn, Chloë Sevigny, and Ginnifer Goodwin—the sensible mother hen, scheming spendthrift, and domestically challenged hottie, respectively. The top-notch cast also includes Bruce Dern, Mary Kay Place, and a slickly sinister Harry Dean Stanton as Paxton's father-in-law, the leader of his own radical sect. The program handles its incendiary material with such emotional nuance that, in time, the red-state family's transgressions come to seem almost normal. —AARON GELL

CIRCLE OF FRIENDS

You could describe Friends with Money as a female Big Chill for Generation X, and if you were a marketing executive or a crafter of short movie reviews, you very well might; but doing so would imply a kind of dramatic and sociological gibberish from which this funny, well-observed film heroically refrains. Writer-director Nicole Holofcener (Lovely and Amazing) offers a slice of upscale Southern California life, tracking four old friends—played by Jennifer Aniston, Frances McDormand, Catherine Keener, and Joan Cusack—as they face middle age. Holofcener seems to be passing the radical notion—at least for most Hollywood movies, which are always hectored us not to let The Dream die—that the real key to happiness is compromise and acceptance. (And in case you're a guest at next year's Independent Spirit Awards, Holofcener pronounces her name Hal-off-sener.) —BRUCE HANDY
Mountains have crumbled.
Glaciers have melted.
Continents have drifted.
Diamonds have remained the same.

Clearly, Mother Nature is a romantic.

Celebrate your past, present and future with the one thing on Earth as timeless as love.
**Dogaressa Suite, Hotel Cipriani, Venice**

The view through the Gothic windows of the 15th-century Dogaressa Suite is of San Marco, the Palazzo Ducale, the beginning of the Grand Canal, and the church of Santa Maria della Salute. It’s like living in a Canaletto painting. Vaporetti (the boats that are Venice’s public transport) motor past to the Giudecca and cross to the Zattere. Private water taxis moor at the dock below, bringing guests to eat at Cip’s, the restaurant which in summer floats on pontoons. The suite is in the Palazzo Vendramin, the oldest part of the Hotel Cipriani. (Rate: from $5,372.)

**Governor’s Suite, Park Hyatt Sydney**

In the land of Oz, open the curtains in the cool Governor’s Suite, and the Sydney Opera House is in your face, its white roofs, shaped like sails, glittering across the water. Stand on one of the suite’s six terraces, and Sydney Harbor Bridge arches above. (Rate: from $4,629.)

**Penthouse Suite, Hotel Hassler, Rome**

From the seventh-floor terrace of the Penthouse Suite, you can see St. Peter’s Basilica, the Pantheon, the Spanish Steps, and the Borghese Gardens. Sunbathe in private, among miniature orange trees, with classical statues for company. Paintings from the schools of Tintoretto and Caravaggio decorate the suite, and the Trinità dei Monti church is so close you feel you can reach out and touch it. (Rate: from $3,808.)

**Kohinoor Suite, the Oberoi Amarvilas, Agra**

Silver in the moonlight, golden at dawn, pink at sunset, the glowing Taj Mahal sits in perfect view from your bed (it’s like tickling a world icon with your toes), your spa room, the tub, and the three private wrap-around terraces. Its symmetrical beauty makes one cry. (Rate: from $2,800.)

**Belle Etoile Suite, Le Meurice, Paris**

All of Paris’s greatest hits—the Eiffel Tower, L’Arc de Triomphe, Notre Dame, the Louvre, the Seine—are visible from the 360-degree wraparound terrace of the Belle Etoile penthouse. A humming limousine waits to whisk you around the city, and a helicopter is on standby for a day’s château-hopping in the Loire Valley or Formula One training in Burgundy. Le Meurice is the most successfully restored palace hotel in Paris. The brilliance is that this penthouse used to be servants’ tiny hellhole rooms. (Rate: from $11,873.)

**Presidential Suite S101, The Four Seasons New York**

Architect I. M. Pei came out of retirement to design this suite, running the width of this spectacular building. You can see the Hudson, East River, and Central Park through 10-foot-high floor-to-ceiling windows. In summer, dine outside on the limestone terrace, more than 600 feet above Park Avenue. (Rate: from $15,000.)

**Presidential Suite, Intercontinental Hong Kong**

Watch boats sail into Victoria Harbor as you swim in your private infinity pool on the rooftop terrace of the 7,000-square-foot duplex with two-story windows which give an IMax view of the Orient. Below, the Star Ferry chugs between Kowloon and Central. The suite also has its own gym, yoga instructors, and Tai Chi masters on call. A Rolls-Royce Phantom VI collects guests from the airport. (Rate: from $10,000.)
Professional strength.
Intense repair.
Transformed hair.

Patented ceramide treatments dramatically repair and reinforce hair's natural protective layer.

A unique fusion of Matrix science and customized formulas enriched with hibiscus, algae or ginseng, tailored to treat hair-type specific needs.

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That was director Mary Harron working up a big sweat on _I Shot Andy Warhol_ as she tried to make a feminist martyr out of real-life nut job Valerie Solanas, the Factory hanger-on who in 1968 did what the film's title says she did. So, you wonder, will Harron take a similar approach with _The Notorious Bettie Page_, her biopic of the 50s pinup queen who has of late been reborn as a style icon for postmodern strippers and girlie art geeks? Will Bettie sacrifice herself on an altar of self-expression and leather corsets, the Frida Kahlo of light bondage? Happily, no. Harron's Bettie, despite a few dark moments, is just a healthy gal who digs taking off her clothes and giggles her way through harmless entertainments such as _Sally's Punishment_ and _Negligee Fight_. True, she struggles to reconcile her work with her Christianity, but, thank God, only a little. And that's about as deep as the film cares to go. Who knows: maybe there wasn't much deeper to get. (Bettie should have had a dead brother, as Johnny Cash and Ray Charles did.) All the more reason, then, to appreciate Gretchen Mol's continually mesmerizing performance in the title role. She captures the original's unself-conscious allure while adding a coltish, almost goofy sexuality all her own.

—BRUCE HANDY

**Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?**

Two years ago in London, six friends decided to bring together a hodgepodge of international humanity and introduce the **Running Dinner Party**. "We organized this for our friends so they could benefit from a new group of personalities and interesting people," explains founder Arnaud di Giovanni. Invitations to the three-course dinner are sent to 400 very social people—painters, aristocrats, writers, and so forth. Each course is served at a different home. (There are 100 homes that host.) At each flat, guests are introduced to 12 new people. Fortunately, they will have been assigned a "running mate," who accompanies them to each location so they see at least one familiar face throughout the night. Running mates are selected by a committee and matched by interest. If you are married, your running mate will also be married. "This is not just for bachelors," says di Giovanni. The evening culminates at a secret venue—the address is announced at the dessert course—where everyone unites and dances till dawn. This year's party will be on April 22 at fashionable London residences known only to those who receive an invitation. Where will you be?

—DAISY PRINCE
Bohemian Rhapsody
At Home with Art Darlings Elliott and Hugo

w

we have absolutely nothing in common, and that’s why we get on so well,” says artist Hugo Guinness by way of revealing the secret to the institution of marriage in general and to his own—to the wise and elegant Elliott Puckette—in particular. Displaying modesty and deference to a superior creature, Guinness concedes that, even though they have been together for a decade, Puckette, an accomplished abstract painter, remains an “absolute mystery.” Rather than seeking an answer that may not come, he has elected to “put her on a pedestal and take out the rubbish.” When they are not painting or looking after their daughters, Isabella and Violet, they can be found in white armchairs on either side of the fireplace in the drawing room of their Brooklyn town house. Puckette absorbed in gardening catalogues, her husband in graphic novels. With their matched sensibilities, they make a striking, spectral couple. “It’s Brits and girls,” says Puckette, whose new show of finely rendered calligraphic pictures is currently on view at the Earl McGrath Gallery, in Los Angeles. Guinness, who came to America as a potter, has become the darling of the decorative-arts crowd for his pen-and-ink drawings of plants and his whimsical linocuts (“I am a bad man turned good,” he says like a penitent schoolboy.) Additionally, he’s a movie muse (to Wes Anderson) and a consultant at K. Spade, and has his sights set on becoming a mini-mogul of home furnishings. “His art is gutsy, down to earth, and, whether it’s a revolver or a pair of handcuffs, totally unpretentious,” says Picasso biographer John Richardson, who considers the couple’s household “an oasis of the Britishness foreigners come to England to find.” Except, of course, that it’s half Gone with the Wind. Described as a classic Hitchcock blonde, Puckette is a notably cool customer with intellectual credentials. (Her father was a calculus professor.) But mainly she is old-fashioned in the courteous manner of Southern ladies who take hospitality more seriously than their husbands. During their courtship, he hoped they might open an antebellum B and B dawn South. (The plan required too much make-believe to sustain.) Still, he took her to England, where she surprised his extended Anglo-Irish family with her way of eating boiled eggs. She took him to contemporary-art galleries, where he exhibited a preference for pictures of dogs and horses. “He was a bit of a cretin,” she recalls. “He didn’t respond to abstraction at all.” Nonetheless, they were married within a year. Nowadays, all they do is talk shop. “He caught on fast. We share a passion for art. We talk about ideas and technique.” At their table, Puckette plays the gracious hostess while Guinness says what everyone is thinking but nobody dares say. “He somehow does it with so much finesse that it never ruffles,” says friend and artist Jack Pierson. “There’s something just-as-you-would-have-it, but also something skewed and modern, about them.”

—EDWARD HELMORE

DAPPER AND ELEGANT
Elliott Puckette and Hugo Guinness, photographed in their Brooklyn town house on February 2, 2006.
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ALSO AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
S

hooter Jennings, son of the late country-music hero Waylon Jennings and singer Jessi Colter, is more than a little bit hard-core country, more than a little bit honky-tonk rock 'n' roll. He occupies a unique place in country music, and according to musician Lenny Kaye, who co-authored Waylon's autobiography, Shooter "resurrects and extends the outlaw tradition and rebellious spirit that is his dad's lineage. He's darker, more confrontational, intentionally on the edge." With his well-received 2005 debut album, _Put the O Back in Country_, the wavy, tattooed 26-year-old achieved notoriety for actually putting the outlaw back into country. But he says now that that title was just a "goof" on the spelling of the word. "It wasn't really for 'outlaw,'" says Shooter. "I hate when certain people [he won't say who] call themselves 'outlaws.' That movement—with guys like my dad, Willie Nelson, and Johnny Cash—was a moment in time. It's like there's never going to be another British Invasion." Shooter performs for audiences who are as much into Lynyrd Skynyrd and Led Zeppelin as they are fans of Willie Nelson and George Jones. He recently portrayed his father in the movie _Walk the Line_, and his new album, _Electric Rodeo_, continues the evolution of his country-rock style. With this month's CD release, he'll be back on a tour bus—a place he's called home ever since he slept in a crib on his parents' bus. He divides his time between the road and Los Angeles, where he lives with his girlfriend, actress Drea de Matteo. About L.A., he says, "I've adjusted to it. I like to drive, I like good weather, the people who are important in my life are here, and," he says, laughing, "I'm away from Nashville."

—LISA ROBINSON

The Devil Inside

The Devil and Daniel Johnston, Jeff Feuerzeig's haunting documentary chronicling the life of folk legend and cult figure Daniel Johnston, leaves the audience mesmerized and terrified—it makes you question everything. The film, for which Feuerzeig won the best-director award at Sundance 2005, is a portrait of the fragile prophet from Chester, West Virginia. Johnston grew up in a Fundamentalist Christian family, producing home-spun albums on a cassette recorder, cartoon illustrations, and films shot on super-8. Johnston is an innocent filled with delusions of grandeur, part artistic genius, part amateurish talent. A manic-depressive with a troubled soul, Johnston fears the devil lives within. The film's highlight features him imagining he's Casper the Friendly Ghost and pleading to jump out of the private plane his father is flying. Johnston grabs the controls; the plane crashes. Miraculously, they both survive, and while headed home, they pass a church with a sign that reads GOD PROMISES A SAFE LANDING BUT NOT A CALM VOYAGE. —A. M. HOMES
High Loewy

INDUSTRIAL DESIGN'S KING

In the middle of the last century, Raymond Loewy—along with his industrial-design peers Henry Dreyfuss and Walter Dorwin Teague—re-invented the aesthetic of American consumer culture. Industrial design was brought into nearly every aspect of day-to-day life, and Loewy, arguably, had the broadest reach. An entire morning could revolve around Loewy products: the electric razor (Schick), the toothbrush (Pepsodent), the refrigerator (Sears Coldspot), the car (Studebaker), the cigarettes (Lucky Strike). “Raymond Loewy: Designs for a Consumer Culture” re-introduces Americans to Loewy’s work and its lasting influence, exhibiting his products and logos, drawings, models, and personal archives, as well as rare film footage of the designer at work. The exhibition is at the Long Island Museum, in Stony Brook, New York, through May 21, and travels through 2008.

Altered States

The center of Rome has not seen a modern building since the Fascist interventions of the 1930s. That changes this month with the opening of Richard Meier's inspired Ara Pacis Museum, housing the eponymous Altar of Peace, built by Emperor Augustus in 9 B.C. to celebrate the first decades of the Pax Romana. Traditionalist critics, at first, compared the design to a gas station. Italy's undersecretary of culture called it "disgusting." After more than a decade of debate and construction delays, the museum opens its doors on April 21, the birthday of the city of Rome.

Alter at Ara Pacis Museum, Rome.

SAVANNAH MODERN

Savannah, due to years of benign neglect, is among the best-preserved towns in the South, organized around beautiful squares shaded by oaks with Spanish mass. The Telfair Museum of Art sits on two of the squares, and this month, an addition to the museum, designed by Moshe Safdie, is going to put a bright white cube of a modern building smack in the middle of the neoclassic gentility of Savannah. There are already many modern boxes desecrating Savannah, and Safdie's design was scrutinized by a review board for years. Multiple redlines were ordered. The Jepson Center, as the new building is known, comprises two separate structures connected by glass bridges, straddling a historic lane. It houses the Telfair's modern and contemporary art collections. First exhibitions: new paintings by Robert Rauschenberg, and a collection of more than 20 works by various artists associated with the late Kir Kirk Varner, a Savannah native, who was head curator at New York's Museum of Modern Art.
IN THE MOOD: Delight in the sweet smell of spring with Jo Malone’s new Nectarine Blossom and Honey fragrance.... Girls just wanna have fun with Ralph Lauren’s Hot, a flirty fragrance for the young at heart. ... Becker-Eshaya’s new signature fragrance, Be, is a sensuous citrus and floral blend. Available as a spray, a fragrance pen, and a candle, it’s a scent for every season.

Smashing Success
THE FACTOR BROTHERS EXPAND THEIR BEAUTY EMPIRE

Dean and Davis Factor want to make the world a more beautiful place. After putting Culver City on the fashion and celebrity map with Smashbox Studios—the L.A. facility of choice for photographers such as Steven Meisel and Annie Leibovitz—the great-grandsons of Hollywood makeup legend Max Factor have added a modeling agency, a clothing line, and, most recently, Smashbox Cosmetics. Davis, a photographer and the company’s chief creative officer, works with their in-house team of makeup artists to develop a cosmetics line that makes his job easier. “Our foundations help create flawless skin on the shoot so I don’t have to retouch the phats as much,” he says with a laugh. Now that over-30 celebs are the norm, the Factors have added the wrinkle-smoothing Dermaxyl to their best-selling Photo Finish Faundaian Primer S.F.F. 15, and line-filling Filter stick to instantly give back some of what time has taken away.

They are also actively giving back to the community. Last year, they created Smashbox Cares, a foundation benefiting a variety of their favorite charities. Last December, their Band Together concert, hosted by Bruce and Demi’s girls, raised more than $200,000 for Save the Children and Habitat for Humanity and launched their teen-designed lip palette; $10 at each sale will go to Covenant House of California. And this Fourth of July, they’ll organize a beach bash in Malibu for the Paskowitz family’s Surfers Healing, which benefits autistic children. “We’re about a lot of things,” says Dean, the company’s C.E.O., “so we want to give back to the world.”

—CHRISTINE MUHLKE

Dress your lips with Yves Saint Laurent’s Rouge Pure Shine lipstick, in three luscious new hues.... Giorgio Armani’s vibrant Armani-Silk lipstick was inspired by the designer’s passion for silk.... Complete your outfit with a touch of Chanel’s Rouge Allure Lip Colour, available in 22 shades.

—JESSICA FLINT

FANFAIR

Dany Levy, photographed at Café Gitane, New York City, on February 1, 2006.

MY STUFF
DANY LEVY

In 2000, 33-year-old Dany Levy launched the sassy pop-culture Web site DailyCandy from her New York apartment. Today, with more than one million subscribers worldwide, the site has expanded into seven other major cities—Chicago, Atlanta, L.A., San Francisco, Dallas, Boston, and London. This month Levy and the editors of the Web site will publish their first book, DailyCandy A to Z. An Insider’s Guide to the Sweet Life (Hyperion). A few favorite things ...

BEAUTY PRODUCTS

Lipstick MAC DEL RIO
Mascara LANCÔME DEFINICILS
Shampoo KERASTASE
Moisturizer LANCÔME RESOLUTION
Perfume/cologne QUELQUES FLEURS
Toothpaste CRESTMINT
Shampoo L’OCCITANE OR DOVE
Nail-polish color NARS CHINATOWN

HOME

Sheets PRESTIGE Coffee-maker BEURIN
Stationery SMYTHSON Pens & Puggle (as soon as I stop the incessant travel schedule).

Where do you live? GREENWICH VILLAGE, N.Y.C.
Favorite neighborhood restaurant? GUSTO

BEVERAGES

Bottled water VITTEL Coffee PERT’S
Favorite cocktail CRISP WHITE WINE

ELECTRONICS

Cell phone BLACKBERRY Computer DELL INSPIRON

CLOTHES

Joan Levy’s Underwear COSABELLA
Sneakers New Balance 991
Watch VINTAGE ROLEX
Tshirts SPLENDID OR LA COSA
Day bag MULBERRY BAYSIDE
Evening bag ANITA HINDMARSH

FAVORITE PLACE
MY BED.

NECESSARY EXTRAVAGANCE

Shoes, shoes, and more shoes.
noff® Lime and Cola

oz. Smirnoff® Lime Flavored Vodka
Cola
ne in tall glass over ice
ARIES MARCH 21 – APRIL 19

Karen Vanity

It’s natural to feel jittery now—as well as impatient with thick-skulled fools who can’t come close to matching wits with you. When your planetary ruler hits your 3rd house, you can’t just go through the motions. You need mental stimulation and change. The challenge, however, is to calm your mind and resist acting out wildly. With the new moon conjoining with Uranus, this is a time for looking inward, channeling your imagination, seeking spiritual guidance, and taking the edge off your tension any way you can (without getting caught).

TAURUS APRIL 20 – MAY 20

Don’t despair if you sense your support system collapsing. When Jupiter goes retrograde in your solar 7th house, your trusty cheerleaders sometimes aren’t available to keep pumping you up when work politics get you down. But once Venus gets past Chiron this month, you’ll put all the insults behind you and be back on top. So, even if it’s a stretch, try to think of yourself as an evolved human with one objective: to contribute to the happiness of all beings.

GEMINI MAY 21 – JUNE 21

Mercury may be retrograde, but it doesn’t look as if anything is going to slow you down or keep you from telling a few people what’s what, especially at work. After the months you spent biting your tongue in isolation, you probably don’t care if you get canned or not. Even loved ones will have to keep their distance, because right now you’re capable of spitting out words you won’t be able to take back later. The reason: you’re in no mood to bottle up your anger and play nice when all you really want to do is scream, “Get off my back!”

CANCER JUNE 22 – JULY 22

Everybody does silly, self-destructive things once in a while, especially when Mars transits the 12th house. It’s during the moments when your compulsions seem to get the best of you that you need to be compassionate toward others whom you’ve judged harshly for their bad behavior. Be aware that during these periods you can’t always be exactly sure who’s a friend and who’s an enemy. In extreme cases you could begin to think celebrities are speaking to you through the media. If that happens, start meditating at once.

LEO JULY 23 – AUG. 22

In business or personal relationships, timing is everything, especially when there’s an opposition taking place in your 1st and 7th houses. When you’re hot to trot, sometimes the other person isn’t up for it, and when he or she opens up and makes overtures, you may not be feeling enthusiastic or in the mood to make compromises. At the moment, the trick to bridging the gap between you and the individual staring back at you is to step out of yourself (and your need to be in control) and experiment in ways that once seemed unthinkable.

VIRGO AUG. 23 – SEPT. 22

If you like the idea of being driven out of your mind, just become emotionally involved with someone you can’t count on. If, however, you have self-knowledge, or have spent a fortune on therapy, you won’t permit yourself to be victimized by Uranus in your 7th house. Those who can’t resist such relationships shouldn’t expect their glamorous and unreliable partners to show up on time—or at all. Fortunately, there is a middle ground between masochism, enabling someone and cutting her or him off. It’s called maturity.

LIBRA SEPT. 23 – OCT. 21

John le Carré

Although you should be grateful that you have time enough to concentrate on work and are healthy enough to meet the challenges presented by your kooky choice of lifestyle, you are nevertheless in a volatile emotional state. It’s the love thing again. With Venus approaching Neptune in the solar 5th house, love—whether it’s for children, grandchildren, or an attractive but elusive figure who spends half the time running in the opposite direction—has caused several Libras to go totally gaga. You’re not one of them, are you?

SCORPIO OCT. 24 – NOV. 21

When your Scorpio passions are operating at full blast, as they are now, you should probably wear a sign around your neck to alert the innocent. Not that you would resort to outright harassment, but with a lunation in your 5th house, Mars in your 8th, and Jupiter stationing in your solar 1st, you are bursting as much with sexual desire as with creative zeal. While such moments are perfect for making a masterpiece, they’re also prime for forgetting to employ birth control.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22 – JAN. 19

Karen Hughes

The opposition of Saturn, Chiron, and Neptune in your 2nd house has made you so aware of your vulnerability that you probably tremble every time you get a little cold. Relax. With Mars and Uranus so active this month, you’ll be way too busy to dwell on potential infirmity or disaster. And despite your tendency to interpret all news as bad, once Venus passes over Chiron and begins its transit of your 2nd house you should be feeling more prosperous, less fearful of financial ruin, and, in a few extreme cases, even generous.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20 – FEB. 18

Judy Blume

Some Aquarians who thought money was everything have let fortunes slip through their fingers. Others, who dedicated themselves to their art or their cause, have actually struck it rich. Whatever your story, try to remember that any recent events that may have poked holes in your ego are opportunities presented by the universe to show you we are all just frail human beings who should be grateful for the gift of life. You have plenty of time to regain your stature and your strength. Just don’t be greedy.

PISCES FEB. 19 – MARCH 20

Eva Longoria

Did you ever have a dream in which you were running madly to get away from something (or someone) but, no matter how fast you ran, you stayed in the same place? One interpretation is that you’re feeling ambivalent: you want to flee a situation (or person) so you can have your independence, but you feel bound by duty or loyalty to stay and tough it out. An astrologer, meanwhile, would probably chalk it up to the mutual reception between Uranus and Neptune in your solar chart. Maybe the best approach is simply to remember that life is but a dream.
Your skin...reborn.
In 21-days!
Our busy stressful lives age our skin as much as the passage of time. Now, there’s Clarins NEW Intensive Age-Control Brightening Program. A remarkable 2-step program that’s the high-powered solution for intensive skin renewing, firming and brightening. In just 21 days, your skin will look and feel as good as new, and so will you.

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As he waits for American citizenship, the author finds himself involved in two legal actions, helping defend both his adopted country and his native Britain against their own governments. He may be a fervent supporter of the war against our enemies, but the Constitution should not be a casualty.

Because I am a supporter of the armed struggle against the forces of al-Qaeda, the Taliban, and Saddam Hussein, I quite often get asked if I have become a Republican in my declining years. Never mind for now the many reactionary Republicans, from Brent Scowcroft to Patrick J. Buchanan, who are my enemies in this argument: the fact is that I have been a republican all my life. Not in the sense that I favor the re-unification of Ireland—though I certainly do—but in the sense of being opposed to all forms of monarchy and absolutism. I moved to the United States a quarter of a century ago, partly to escape the British royal family (whose publicity alas followed me across the Atlantic) and partly because it was much easier to be an independent writer in a country that had a written constitution and a codified Bill of Rights. After the barbaric assault on American civil society that took place on September 11, 2001, I resolved to stop cheating on my dues and applied to become a citizen, and although my paperwork seems to have vanished into the hideous maelstrom that goes by the name “Homeland Security,” I consider myself to be standing in line to take a formal oath to defend that constitution against all enemies foreign and domestic.

In January of this year I found myself involved in two legal actions, one in my country of adoption and another in my country of birth, both directed at arbitrary power. In the first instance, I was contacted by Anthony Romero, the director of the American Civil Liberties Union. He asked if I would agree to become a plaintiff in a suit against the National Security Agency (N.S.A.) and by implication against the Justice Department. It had been disclosed that...
esenting the 36 mpg Ford Escape Hybrid, the
best fuel-efficient SUV on Earth.* How green is that?

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ed on Automobil Revue, Transport Canada and US EPA. EPA estimated 36 city/31 hwy mpg, FWD. Actual mileage will vary. ©The Muppets Holding

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the N.S.A. was engaging in widespread warrantless surveillance of American citizens. It seemed obvious to me (and the suit alleges) that this violated the First and Fourth Amendments to the Constitution, in that it hampered the confidentiality with which reporters and scholars and lawyers must work, in the Middle East and western Asia, and in that it was an unreasonable invasion of privacy rights. The First Amendment is how I make my living. It is precious to me in other ways, in that it stands against any infringement of free expression. So I said yes.

I then had to fill out a questionnaire about my travels to, and contacts in, such countries as Iran, Iraq, Afghanistan, Pakistan, and Indonesia, all of which I have covered for this magazine in the past few years. One of the questions asked if I was in contact with any person or group that the United States government could regard as being associated with terrorists. I would have paused at this anyway. Most of those with whom I exchange e-mail or phone traffic in Iraq and Afghanistan are dedicated to defeating the forces of bin Ladenism. But then there was this other little matter I’d gotten myself involved with. Two men were about to step into a dock in a London court: one of them, named David Keogh, is a former official in Prime Minister Tony Blair’s Cabinet Office, and the other, named Leo O’Connor, is an alleged recipient of a document from Keogh. What the document is said to show is this: that on April 16, 2004, President George Bush proposed bombing the Al Jazeera network headquarters, in Qatar, and was talked out of it only by Tony Blair. Now, I have visited those same offices and have friends there, and I sometimes appear on Al Jazeera chat shows. So it seemed that, by one definition at least, I did have contact with suspected-terrorist targets. I had given some help in Washington to a team of British reporters at the London Daily Mirror, which broke the story, and also exchanged information with a celebrated British lawyer, Geoffrey Robertson, who had drafted a Freedom of Information request in London, on behalf of Al Jazeera, in order to get a look at the relevant memo.

Both these actions have quite momentous implications. In the case of the first, our lawsuit alleges that President Bush has flat out broken the law: the 1978 Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act (FISA), which set out “the exclusive means by which electronic surveillance . . . and the interception of domestic wire, oral and electronic communications may be conducted.” (My italics.) These “exclusive means” do not include the words “by secret presidential fiat.” In the second case, if the allegation is true, it means that a very important center of communications, in a neutral country friendly to the United States (and host of the U.S. Central Command), would have been blitzen. I’ve tried to imagine the possible effect of that in the Arab world, but can’t quite manage to do so. Let’s just say that it would have put a large and smoldering hole in Karen Hughes’s “make nice” diplomacy. It would furthermore have raised the suspicion that the American bombing of Al Jazeera’s Baghdad office, in 2003, which killed a reporter, had not been a regrettable accident.

In a way, I am already flirting with law-breaking by ventilating these questions. Since we filed our suit, the Bush administration has issued a “white paper,” and has agreed to hearings on Capitol Hill about the propriety of using the N.S.A. against Americans. But this was not at all the first response to the revelation of the surveillance program. It was angrily announced by the White House that whoever disclosed it had violated the law and was giving aid and comfort to the enemy. A criminal inquiry has been set in motion to uncover the source of the leak. Meanwhile, in Britain, the Crown Prosecution wants to delay proceedings against Keogh and O’Connor while it seeks endorsement of a secret venue from Blair’s foreign secretary, Jack Straw. (British law features an Official Secrets Act, allowing the government to decide that even public information is secret, which in the U.S. would be a violation of the First Amendment. Another reason, it occurred to me, why I had changed countries to begin with.) In other words, do bear in mind, dear reader, that you were not even supposed to know about these arguments in the first place!

Let us be scrupulous and put the opposite site case. Things have changed since 1978, when FISA became law. The distinction between “overseas” and “at home” has been eroded by trans-national jihadist groups. The forces of law and order must be able to move very swiftly. The Justice Department white paper argues that Congress did permit the president to order warrantless surveillance when after 9/11 it granted him the Authorization for Use of Military Force (A.U.M.F.). In ruling on the Yaser Esam Hamdi case, which was that of an “enemy combatant,” the Supreme Court found that the A.U.M.F. included detention in “narrow circumstances” as a “fundamental incident of war.” The Justice Department now wants to say that electronic surveillance is also a “fundamental incident.” Oh, and Abraham Lincoln suspended habeas corpus during the Civil War.

Well, the fact remains that the A.U.M.F. doesn’t say a word about surveillance. And is it not the Republican Party which makes a fetish of “original intent,” and opposes the discovery of hidden or novel interpretations of existing laws? Furthermore, Congress amended FISA after it passed the A.U.M.F. Thus, it can’t be argued that Congress intended that the A.U.M.F. supersede or over-

WE HAVE FILED OUR SUIT [IN] THE COURT THAT FIRST HELD THAT WARRANTLESS WIRETAPPING OF AMERICANS FOR NATIONAL-SECURITY PURPOSES WAS UNCONSTITUTIONAL.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.
ride FISA. It can’t be argued even if, as its critics say when they are finally forced to discuss the matter, FISA is itself unconstitutional. If Bush feels that the act unbalances the separation of powers by granting too much authority to Congress, he must ask for it to be repealed or amended, or request that the Supreme Court strike it down. Meanwhile, it is the law of the land and he is bound by oath to uphold and obey it. And if the Supreme Court is to be cited, then remember what it said in June 2004, when the administration wanted to hold “enemy combatants” without a hearing. It ruled that “a state of war is not a blank check for the President.” In dreams begin responsibilities, and in wars begin the temptation for the rulers to arrogate extraordinary powers to themselves. Bush once appointed an attorney general, John Ashcroft, who knew so little about the United States Constitution that he announced that, in America, “we have no king but Jesus.” That moronic statement was exactly two words too long.

A s for the Hamdi case, involving an actual combatant and the “fundamental incident of waging war,” if warrantless electronic spying on Americans is now to be defined as such a fundamental incident, then it is difficult if not impossible to say what could not be. Warrantless searches of offices and homes? Prior censorship of the press? This is where the Lincoln analogy becomes more relevant. Honest Abe did try unilaterally to suspend the writ of habeas corpus. But the chief justice ruled that only Congress could suspend habeas corpus, and Lincoln was forced to submit the matter to Capitol Hill. I have never heard it argued that this repressive measure actually shortened the war or hastened the Emancipation Proclamation, but it may have had the psychological effect of showing that the Union would use any weapon at its disposal. The thing to keep your eye on is this: we have already been “at war” with our non-state enemy for as long as the Civil War went on. We are endlessly told it will be a lengthy struggle. The more important, then, that we know what our rights and responsibilities are. The administration tries to dissolve this thought by saying, in effect, “It’s an emergency. Be afraid. Trust us.”

What sinister poppycock. Our intelligence “community,” with its multi-billion-dollar secret budget, left us under open skies on 9/11. The only born-and-raised American who had infiltrated the Taliban was John Walker Lindh of Marin County. George Tenet’s reaction to hearing of the Twin Towers in contraception was to say that he wondered if it had anything to do with that guy in the flight-schooling in Minnesota. For this, Bush gave him a Presidential Medal of Freedom. When the C.I.A. concerns, General Michael Hayden, former director of the N.S.A., has blandly responded, “I can say unequivocally that we have got information through this program that would not otherwise have been available.” Well, presumably. That could also be said if we all had to empty our BlackBerrys into his capacious lap.

If you get yourself involved in a civil-liberty lawsuit, you will invariably find that you have teamed up with people you don’t like. I became a supporter of the A.C.L.U. three decades ago, when it lost a good chunk of its membership by defending the First Amendment right of the American Nazi Party to hold a parade in the Jewish suburb of Skokie, Illinois. I told Anthony Romero that he could sign me up for the suit but that I was curious to know who the other plaintiffs might be. The National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers: fine. Members of this group complain that warrantless eavesdropping destroys attorney-client privilege and makes it almost impossible to represent defendants in far-off locations without flying to see them in person each time. The Council on American-Islamic Relations: yuck. These people produce rationalizations for Muslim fundamentalism and were the advocates for the de-mented crooner Yusuf Islam (formerly Cat Stevens), who has incited the murder of Salman Rushdie. Still, how mad and pathetic of Homeland Security to divert a whole transatlantic flight just because the crooner was on board. Professors Larry Diamond and Barnett Rubin, of Stanford and of New York University, respectively: good company to be in. Diamond was a member of the transitional authority in Iraq, before he quit in disillusionment, and Rubin remains an invaluable adviser to the United Nations and the government in Afghanistan. These two men have done more to fight the foe than George Tenet ever did, but they now find that old friends and contacts are reluctant to speak freely on the phone or in e-mail. This is important to me too, and to you, because though my own contribution has been slight it is reporters like John Burns and Peter Bergen who have come up with far more valuable advance intelligence about al-Qaeda than the C.I.A. or N.S.A. ever has. Put a chilling effect on the investigative work

**CHURCH AND STATE**

_Democratic senator Frank Church, of Idaho, who convened the hearings that led to FISA, gives a press conference, July 22, 1975._

**GIVE THIS POWER OR THIS RIGHT TO ANY ONE PRESIDENT AND YOU GIVE IT, INDEFINITELY AND UNACCOUNTABLY, TO THEM ALL.**
of men like that and you endanger national security. At our press conference, on January 17, the 300th birthday of Benjamin Franklin, I said that this was a sad but appropriate way to commemorate the man who (a) was the presiding spirit at the Constitutional Convention and (b) elucidated the emancipating power of electricity.

Another distinguished co-plaintiff is James Bamford, whose books on the N.S.A., The Puzzle Palace and Body of Secrets, are the main public resource for knowledge of a gigantic agency which for a long time was not even known to exist. Thanks to Bamford and others, we now know that the N.S.A. was used to spy on American civilians throughout the Vietnam War, in order to try to prove that the anti-war and civil-rights movements were being manipulated by foreign powers. Black Panthers and Quakers were targeted without distinction, and the first writer to touch upon the fact—David Kahn, author of The Codebreakers—was himself placed under an extensive watch. It was this wholesale abuse of power that led to the Senate hearings convened by Senator Frank Church, of Idaho, that contributed to the proposed impeachment of Richard Nixon, and that led to the passage of FISA in the first place. The federal court in which we have filed our suit—in the Eastern District of Michigan—is the court that first held in 1972 that warrantless wiretapping of Americans for national-security purposes was unconstitutional. This ruling against Nixon was later upheld by the Supreme Court. One wonders if a Bush-dominated Court will do the same, but when my neoconservative friends complain about my undermining of the “wartime president,” I have my answer ready: give this power or this right to any one president and you give it, indefinitely and unaccountably, to them all. The surveillance spreads like weeds, and there is no way to know if it is of you, or to get yourself taken off the watch list. Apparently even John Ashcroft could see this elementary point: I’ve heard from a friend of mine that he was opposed to a national ID card because he didn’t want a future President Clinton to have that much power. In all the recent arguments over the Patriot Act and the “national-security state,” one has often seen senior liberal Democrats take a powder, or join enthusiastically in the aggrandizement of police power (as they did when Bill Clinton rammed through the panic). Antiterrorism

and Effective Death Penalty Act of 1996 after the Oklahoma City atrocity), whereas certain prominent conservatives, such as Grover Norquist and former congressman Bob Barr, have been consistently libertarian. As I was getting ready to sign on for the A.C.L.U. suit, I had dinner with both of those gentlemen in the interval of a conference of the National Rifle Association. Well, Bob Barr now speaks on tour for the A.C.L.U. as well, so if the fans of the Second Amendment can be mobilized to defend the First and Fourth ones, that’s absolutely fine by me. And what of the War on Terror as it applies to Al Jazeera?

Stopped by a Daily Mirror reporter outside a Virginia church on January 8, Colin Powell (who accompanied Bush on April 16, 2004) said, “You’re asking me about a two-year-old meeting that I don’t remember.” (When contacted by Vanity Fair, Powell responded, “My quote does not confirm that I was at the meeting where such a thing may have been discussed. I was at the Blair visit on 16 April, but not necessarily at every conversation they had that day. I don’t have memos to recover all this, but I never took seriously any such idea nor did the President.”) This falls some way short of a strong denial. One might think that such a conversation would either (a) stick in the mind if it had occurred or (b) appear so unimaginable that it could be roundly and affirmatively said not to have happened at all. The first response to the Freedom of Information request, on 10 Downing Street writing paper, confirmed that the Cabinet Office “holds information which is relevant to your request,” concerning “memos or notes that record President Bush’s discussions with the Prime Minister about the bombing of the Al-Jazeera television station in Qatar.” It then goes on to say that disclosure of the said information “would, or would be likely to, prejudice relations between the United Kingdom and any other state.” The Cabinet Office has the right under law to refuse to discuss the matter at all, on grounds of national security, so it is peculiar that it should implicitly confirm the story in a letter. And, of course, if there’s nothing to it, or if the president was only making a joke, very poor taste and the transcribers misunderstood, then we’ll all climb down. But in that case why were two British citizens facing a trial, which the government wants to conduct in camera?

When I wanted a picture to illustrate this article, I went with a photographer to the turned-in Virginia where a large public sign points traffic to the George Bush Center for Intelligence: CIA. We managed to take a few shots before six police cars turned up, and large men kept their hands on their holsters while ordering us to keep our hands in plain sight. It was only with difficulty that we persuaded them they had no right to confiscate the film. We were on public land, on the Potomac Heritage Trail, under the blue skies of America and protected by the great roof of the Constitution, and were next to a sign which millions of motorists pass every year. And what was going unwatched while six carloads of troopers wasted taxpayer money in this way? In my experience, countries where undisguised photographers attract police attention are countries where the citizens is the property of the state. The duty of a true republican is to resist the banana republic, and perhaps some bananas Republicans, as well as bananas Democrats, so that the Bill of Rights survives this war as it has survived the previous ones. When Attorney General Alberto Gonzales made an appearance at Georgetown University Law Center on January 24, a group of students got up to unfurl a banner which read, THOSE WHO WOULD SACRIFICE LIBERTY FOR SECURITY DESERVE NEITHER. And, I might add, will get neither. The words are taken from Benjamin Franklin. □
FACT: VACUUMS DIRTY THE AIR INSIDE YOUR HOME WITH DUST. TALK ABOUT A NIGHTMARE

In an attempt to improve auction, some vacuums throw dust back into the air, filling your home with the stuff they're supposed to eliminate. Dyson is the only vacuum on the market that never wastes any of the dust it picks up; it's filtered right into your home.

VACUUMS DON'T WORK EFFECTIVELY. DYSON DOES.
Lost in the White House

In contrast to her husband, Laura Bush remains untouched by controversy, her popularity sky-high and her passions hidden. But, as two new books unintentionally reveal, the First Lady has wasted her moment of power—which may be one reason she’s so harsh toward Hillary.
ABSOLUT KRAVITZ.
donload the full experience at absolutkravitz.com
Laura has seemed not just tuned-out but zoned-out.

Laura’s contacts are not tinted. Nor, contrary to some reports, has she had plastic surgery or Botox treatments. I guess her eyes are just naturally going intergalactic.

As biography, Laura Bush re-traces the trail covered by previous histories of her life as if narrating a class trip. Familiar incidents are retold. The tragic car accident in high school when she ran a stop sign and killed a classmate who was driving the other car. Her early career as a teacher and librarian. Her meeting, dating, and marrying George Bush. His run for governor. The birth of the twins, Barbara and Jenna. Her confronting him over his drinking. All of it couched in social history that’s as canned as the laugh track on a Happy Days rerun. “Boys wore tan chino pants with pink shirts,” put gunk in their ducktailed hair, and talked like heepeas; “See you later, alligator’ and ‘In a while, crocodile’ were favorite expressions.” Girls wore poodle skirts, bobby socks, and penny loafers with actual pen-nies in them. Driving around with nothing to do was the chief recreation. Yes, it was a more innocent Pat Boone America yonder in Midland, Texas, with no homosexuals flaunting their Judy Garland records (“To be gay meant you were in a laughing mood”), no thrill seekers pursuing illicit kicks (“A Coke party meant that Coca-Cola was served”), not even any of the beery jukebox honky-tonkin’ that imperiled Brandon de Wilde’s blond idealism in Hud. Yes, it was a wonderful time to be a white person, with nearly all of the unfortunate colored people stored unobtrusively in the background. American innocence in its willful naïveté has always plastered pop stereotypes over injustice, social schisms, and prejudice, and when Kessler tries to smooth over Midland’s segregated past with American Graffiti flashbacks he runs smack into one of his own anecdotes and doesn’t seem to notice.

According to Kessler, racial segregation wasn’t a consciously oppressive policy back in Laura’s wonder years but an unexamined given, an unchallenged assumption. It was so institution-alized that everyone took it for granted. Back then, because the high school she attended was downsized in honor of Robert E. Lee, the yearbook was called the Rebel, and a Confederate flag flew from the flagpole, the New York Yankees get snippy ideas. “The

Ronald Kessler’s valentine to the First Lady is hailed by its publisher as “the only book to be written about Laura Bush with White House cooperation.” But White House cooperation always amounts to managing the message, which in this instance means fobbing Kessler off with fluffball quotes and dubious factoids, then patting him on the head and ushering him back into the fog. (Part of what makes this biography readable is the rich alternative reality it presents.) As author of the fawning A Matter of Character: Inside the White House of George W. Bush, Kessler earned his loyalty badge as a stenographer who could be trusted with access and would be content with whatever was dropped into his trick-or-treat bag. Despite a thank-you list that totals nearly 150 names and includes major players such as Karl Rove, Condoleezza Rice, and Harriet Miers, his “Acknowledgments” section could have been called “Thanks for Nothing,” considering the measly candy Kessler got, unless this is his idea of inside dope: “The new dog, Miss Beazley, was born on October 28 in the same New Jersey kennel as Barney. (Her father is Barney’s half-brother Beazley, as Laura called her, named after a dinosaur character in Oliver Wetterworth’s children’s book The Enormous Egg.” He’s the enormous egg, capable of keeping a straight face as he passes along official word from the powder room that...
“But... I didn’t inhale.”
- BILL CLINTON, THANK YOU FOR SMOKING

“Guns don’t kill people, people kill people.”
- NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION, THANK YOU FOR SMOKING

“If the glove don’t fit, you must acquit.”
- JOHNNIE COCHRAN, THANK YOU FOR SMOKING

“I just want you to know that when we talk about war, we’re really talking about peace.”
- GEORGE W. BUSH, THANK YOU FOR SMOKING

WHAT’S YOUR FAVORITE MOMENT IN SPIN?
www.foxsearchlight.com
a leak and let in an intruder to scuff up his pristine fable. For the incident reveals that the racism that he otherwise implies was a sleepy holdover from the faded Confederacy was in fact rattlesnaking through students’ minds, ready to snap. The fact that the first projectile out of a kid’s mouth after word of Kennedy’s assassination was “nigger” and that his teacher didn’t try to stuff it back in shows that racism was wide awake during Laura’s upbringing, something about which she has remained publicly mum. Ann Gerhart, author of *The Perfect Wife: The Life and Choices of Laura Bush* (about which Kessler is quite slighting, as he is about all the other Lauraography), noted that Mrs. Bush has never acknowledged the segregated conditions she grew up in—“not in interviews nor in all the speeches she has given as first lady of Texas and the United States to commemorate Martin Luther King Day.” Instead, she and her husband croon nostalgically about Midland as a simple oasis where “people only had good values.” It isn’t that I think that they’re consciously or even unconsciously racist when they perpetuate this memory-wipe. It’s that it would never occur to them to wonder if they are, to question their white privileges and the social-political structure that maintains them. (President Bush gets excessively testy on the topic, once telling NBC news anchor Brian Williams, “Somebody I heard—you know—a couple of people—you know, said, ‘Bush didn’t respond [to Hurricane Katrina] because of race, because he’s a racist,’ or all that. That is absolutely wrong, and it is fact that...

Frankly, that’s the kind of thing that—
you can call me anything you want, but
do not call me a racist.”) The two of them have mastered the discipline to avoid dangerous introspection and move forward in a functioning trance state. If I may be permitted a rhyme: The things that are never spoken keep the spell from being broken.

Just as Bush was never fully allowed to express his grief over the death of his younger sister, Robin, grief decades ago. Since becoming a force as First Lady, Laura Bush has sometimes seemed not just tuned-out but zoned-out, her lack of affect—such as her obliviousness to the degree of hostility she aroused when she visited Jerusalem, in 2005, where she was beset by angry Israeli protesters and a Palestinian worshipper who shouted at her near the Dome of the Rock, “How
dare you come in here! Why your husband kill Muslim?”—construed and lauded as grace under pressure. The poise she displayed after 9/11 has calcified into stiff pantomime. Although we’re told she studies yoga, she moves like a single, welded-together unit.

Yet it would be a mistake to portray her as a Stepford Wife, a life-size doll sedated to the gills and programmed to smile and wave and look adoringly at hubby and talk entirely in low-calorie sound bites. Her role is much meatier than that, much more slyly played. The engineering triumph of Laura Bush’s persona apparatus has been subtly, methodically politicizing her role as First Lady while managing to keep her fastened on a pedestal, beyond criticism. The press views her as hovering Above Politics even when she’s splashing around in them. She interjected herself into the stem-cell debate during the 2004 presidential race (parring criticisms from Democratic candidates John Kerry and John Edwards by accusing advocates of overselling the best-case scenarios: “We don’t even know that stem-cell research will provide cures for anything—much less that it’s very close”), floated the hope that the Sandra Day O’Connor seat would go to a woman (“I would really like for him to name another woman,” she said, before adding a rhetorical flurry of qualifiers); supported her husband’s right to eavesdrop on Americans (“I think the American people expect the United States government and the president to do what they can to make sure there’s not an attack by foreign terrorists?”); defended the administration’s emphasis on abstinence as an AIDS preventive on her recent tour of Africa (“I really have always been a little bit irritated by criticism of abstinence because abstinence is absolutely, 100 percent effective in fighting a sexually transmissible disease”); and, most noticeably.

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The premise of Laura Bush: An Intimate Portrait of the First Lady and similar reactionary feints at galantry is that a woman wedded to power is far more effective by being soft and persuasive than by acting pushy and abrasive. But what has Laura Bush truly achieved? She has been politically useful to her husband and the Republican Party, no question, helping close the gender divide by making conservative policies look female-friendly, framing the overthrow of the Taliban as if it were the Burka Liberation Act. As Laura Flanders recorded in Bushwomen: Tales of a Cynical Species, “Although women in post-invasion Afghanistan faced a critical lack of food, unexploded ordnance and the destruction of roads and water supplies, freedom was measured by one thing: the veil. News coverage turned the floor-length covering, the burqa, into the ultimate totem of female oppression.” Domestically, this costume drama was a winner, as Flanders admits, “It will do nothing but help them with female voters,” one White House advisor told The New York Times that December [2001], ‘it’ being the attacks on the Afghans. He was right. Bush’s poll numbers, already high, started creeping up, even among women. Laura has also promoted childhood literacy and the importance of reading, which no one can deprecate, even if the way she promotes it often sounds a bit Romper Room. Those are among her pluses.

Her misuses blacken the record. Incorporating women’s rights as one of the selling points of the War on Terror has been a resounding flop, as the Bush administration’s ham-fistedness has resulted in a rise of Islamic rule. Women had more rights under Iraq’s Ba’thist regime than they’re likely to sustain in a Shia-dominated state, and the shock victory of Hamas in the Palestinian elections has led to grim humor among the Palestinians about dusting off the burkas. In Africa, the Bush administration’s stress on abstinence and its funneling of funds to Christian fundamentalist organizations has deepened the humanitarian disaster and perhaps sentenced millions to death. “The virus threatens the very existence of women in some countries,” despairs Stephen Lewis, the United Nations envoy for AIDS in Africa, quoted by Michael Walpy in the Buddhist magazine the Shambhala Sun. Women are being wiped out, Lewis says, because they’re being infected by their husbands and can’t refuse sex or insist on condoms, their status being so subordinate. “It’s just the man’s predatory entitlement which is so widely accepted, and that gender inequality is really the most ferocious assault on one sex I’ve ever seen, and I don’t think there’s any historical precedent.” Lewis accused the Bush administration of pandering to the Christian right by tying AIDS assistance in Uganda to policies that stress abstinence and soft-pill condoms; the result, the Shambhala Sun notes, is that previously declining infection rates are edging up again. As long as Laura Bush is America’s spokesmodel for abstinence, she can pose with all the African villagers she wants, but the shadow she casts belongs to the Angel of Death.

At home, women’s reproductive and economic freedoms are in danger of being rolled back by the doctrinaire and women her husband nominates for the judiciary. The “O’Connor seat” on the Supreme Court that Laura

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Bush wished to be filled by a woman is now occupied by a man, Samuel Alito, whose bearing couldn't be more patriarchal and whose hostility to Roe v. Wade is unhidden. Despite her background as a librarian, Laura declined to demonstrate solidarity with librarians' groups over the F.B.I.'s desire to nose through library records for evidence of terrorist activity. (Ronald Kessler blames the A.C.L.U. for whipping up librarians with scare talk about the Patriot Act.) And then there is the imposing topic about which she has never made a significant peep, the environment. From Kessler we learn that Laura is responsible for the ranch in Crawford being "ecologically friendly, with geothermal heating and cooling." Rainwater and waste are recycled; Wordsworthian wildflowers abound: "The Bushes agreed to preserve several hundred acres of hardwood forest that is home to the rare golden-cheeked warbler." That's swell. As a birder, I'm happy the golden-cheeked warbler will have a safe place to nest. But Laura Bush is married to the man who, in his presidency, has bustled its zippers with dispositions nearly everything that is not, in his loosening environmental regulation, undermining the Endangered Species Act, opening forests and national refuges to drilling and logging, strip-mining the beautiful North Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee, and militantly ignoring global warming and the catastrophic specter of drastic climate change—the administration whose greatest source of soul-frightening frustration is being thwarted from drilling for oil in Alaska's Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. Laura Bush could have done no more as a voice for conservation, using the Crawford ranch as a showcase of what could be done with the money to preserve what we have before the Rapture. But, no, that would be too earth-huggy, too Al Gore, for the macho-femme Bushes. They practice environmentalism at home, in private, as the world burns.

What is Laura Bush is not vacate accessory, no pork-rind philistine pretending to be interested only in NASCAR and Jack Bauer booting evildoer ass around the back lot on 24, but a woman of intelligence and acuity who has allowed herself to become a repository of political talking points and be wheeled around like a painted urn. There was a time when liberals treasured the belief that Laura was a moderating force on her husband, a candle of sweetness and light to offset the doom patrol of Darth Cheney and the fraternal order of neocons. That faint hope is gone, like so many faint hopes over the last five years, as she too seems to have sworn allegiance to the Empire, taken the oath of lockstep obedience. I wonder if the turning point was in January 2003, when she was set to host a symposium on poets and poetry at the White House. It was to be a celebration of American genius, with panels discussing the works of Emily Dickinson, Langston Hughes, and Walt Whitman. Some of the living-breathing poets on the invitation list had grittier ideas. One of the invited guests—Sam Hamill—baraged his fellow poets with e-mails urging them to contribute poems opposed to the impending invasion of Iraq. With the symposium threatening to degenerate into a partisan food fight and peace rally—a public-relations migraine—the First Lady decided to fold her tents and cancel the event. Understandable, but regrettable for all parties concerned. Whatever one thinks of the anti-war poets' case (opposed as I was to the invasion of Iraq), I feel that those who figuratively flung their invitations back in the First Lady's face did her a disservice and their cause no favor. Laura Bush had sincerely reached out to the literary community, only to be spurned. A bridge between the administration and the arts had been blown to toothpicks. I believe Kessler is being truthful as opposed to truthtelling when he says that the First Lady was "hurt" by the flap and backlash the event received. A rebuff particularly bruising because her devotion to literature is long-standing and authentic. She isn't devoted to middlebrow fluff, escapist kitsch, or dilettantish pretension; her literary taste is impeccable, ranging from Katherine Anne Porter to E. B. White, to Texas novelists Laura Furman and Steve Harrigan, to Truman Capote (curiously enough for Music for Chameleons, not Breakfast at Tiffany's or In Cold Blood), to W. G. Sebald's Austerlitz.

Which makes it unfortunate and a bit of a cheat that in Laura's List we get only a skimpy page of her literary recommendations for adults, a mere nine authors (Dostoyevsky but not Tolstoy, Cormac McCarthy but not Faulkner, Willa Cather but not Flannery O'Connor or Carson McCullers), the bulk of the list's contents devoted to children's literature, with readers' guides appended to help parents and storyline hosts wrangle out their lessons. The Very Hungry Caterpillar, a tale that President Bush has cited as a personal favorite, teaches, among other things, the value of a proper diet: "As the days go by, eating makes the caterpillar grow. This is true for children, too." It's enough to drive one out of one's pea-picking mind. Another children's classic that will always be associated with the Bush presidency is The Pet Goat, the story that was being read aloud in a Florida classroom on September 11 as President Bush continued to sit and listen, even after being told by Andy Card that the country was under attack. The Pet Goat isn't included in Laura's List. I guess there are limits.
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Spilling Secrets

Learning of Paris Hilton’s latest woes—a $10 million slander suit, harassment charges, and a stash of private videotapes reportedly sold at auction—the author had some advice when he saw the heiress’s mother. Plus, he’s revisiting a 1965 mystery: the overdose death of controversial gossip queen Dorothy Kilgallen.

It amazes me how many people remember the mysterious death in 1965 of Dorothy Kilgallen, the controversial gossip columnist and television personality, which was reported in headlines nationwide as an accidental overdose of sleeping pills and liquor. On January 25, when I was a guest on Larry King Live, a woman called in from Tulsa, Oklahoma, to ask if I had known Kilgallen and if I had any opinions about her death. I hadn’t given a thought to the columnist for decades, but a rush of information came out of my mouth, as if I had taken something long forgotten out of a storage vault.

When I first lived in New York, in the 1950s, Kilgallen was a huge celebrity. Her Sunday-night television show, What’s My Line?, was watched by millions, and her daily column, “The Voice of Broadway,” in the New York Journal-American, was so popular that she gave the great Walter Winchell a run for his money. She also happened to be a first-rate crime reporter, as her father, Jim Kilgallen, had been before her in the Hearst papers. She broke stories. She covered trials, including the famous courtroom drama in the station at the moment Oswald, shackled and surrounded by police, was being moved through it remains a baffling question. Kilgallen, a conspiracy theorist, never believed that Ruby killed Oswald out of some deep affection for President Kennedy, as the Warren Report suggested. She died within months of interviewing him.

What I recalled for the woman from Tulsa was a persistent rumor at the time that the sleeping pills in Kilgallen’s stomach had not dissolved, which meant that they were undigested. Liz Smith, another famous gossip columnist, told me recently that the late Arlene Francis, who was also on the panel of What’s My Line?, had been with Kilgallen the evening she died, and she always maintained that Dorothy was not drunk that night. I forgot to tell the woman who called in that no notes or tapes from the Ruby interview have ever been found. Kilgallen told people that she was going to break the case, so Ruby must have told her something that someone important didn’t want her to print. At least that’s my interpretation. She once wrote in her column that if Lee Harvey Oswald’s widow ever told the
It seems far-fetched to me that the sudden appearance of a trio of young African-American kids in the exclusive gated and patrolled area of Greenwich, Connecticut, had never been mentioned before. Detective Frank Garr, who has been on the case for years, told me that the defense will not reveal the names of the two men who were allegedly with Tony Bryant that night, so it has not been possible to get statements from them. Should a new trial be permitted, Garr said, it would be two or three years before it took place.

Christopher Morano told me, “We are cognizant of the fact that [Skakel] is represented by very innovative, creative, and experienced attorneys and, no doubt, we will have to deal with litigation in the future. No matter where it is filed, we will be there to protect this verdict and to ensure it is not disturbed.”

Two years ago, I wrote in these pages about James Sansum, a young antiques dealer on the Upper East Side of New York who had been charged with grand larceny and criminal possession of property in the amount of half a million dollars stolen from his former employer and close friend Helen Costantino Fioratti, whose gallery, L’Antiquaire & the Connoisseur, had as clients some of the richest people in the world, including the royal family of Kuwait. It turns out that it was a disastrous error for Fioratti to file the charges.

Sansum had met Fioratti through her daughter, Arianna, with whom Sansum had had a romance and then a fond friendship when they were undergraduates at Harvard. He worked for Helen Fioratti for 12 years, and they grew so close that Fioratti and her late husband gave Sansum a 6 percent share of the business and a free apartment over the gallery.

The relationship soured, however, when Sansum met and fell in love with Markham Roberts, a successful young New York interior decorator, with whom he wished to live and start his own antiques shop. Several columnists have suggested that Fioratti turned on Sansum when he told her he was gay, an accusation she has adamantly denied. Sansum asked Fioratti to buy his share of the gallery so that he could open his own business, and she declined. He then brought suit against her for gross financial misconduct, and with that their feelings for each other went from love to hate. Without telling the district attorney about the pending lawsuit, Fioratti accused Sansum of stealing art and antiques. Policemen arrived at Markham Roberts’s apartment early one morning with drawn guns, and Sansum was subsequently indicted. If he had been convicted, he would have faced four years in jail.

In the meantime, Fioratti, who is referred to on “Page Six” of the New York Post as “the doyenne of Italian antiques,” once dealt with Dennis Kozlowski, the disgraced C.E.O. of Tyco, who with his partner, Mark Swartz, was sentenced to up to 25 years in prison for the theft of $600 million from their company. Fioratti had sold Kozlowski antiques for his Fifth Avenue apartment, and

There was talk that the C.I.A. had silenced Dorothy Kilgallen.

DOROTHY KILGALLEN

Michael Skakel is back in the news. Often described in the press as “Kennedy cousin Michael Skakel,” he is in the fourth year of his 20-year sentence for the bludgeoning death of Martha Moxley in 1975, when both the killer and the victim were 15 years old. His lawyers appealed to overturn the guilty verdict of his 2002 trial, but the Supreme Court of the State of Connecticut unanimously upheld his murder conviction. Chief State’s Attorney Christopher Morano and Jonathan Benedict, who prosecuted Skakel in the trial, heaped praise on prosecutor Susan Gill, who argued against the appeal.

Now 45, Skakel released a handwritten statement from the MacDougall-Walker Correctional Institute, in Suffield, Connecticut, saying, “I AM Innocent!!! The only thing the State of Connecticut has accomplished . . . is putting an innocent father behind bars! . . . Unfortunately . . . I have only learned just how seriously FLAWED this Criminal Justice System is.” Skakel’s seven-year-old son, George, lives in upstate New York with his mother, Skakel’s divorced wife, who has resumed using her maiden name.

Skakel’s only remaining hope of appeal is to the United States Supreme Court. In the meantime, his lawyers have petitioned for a new trial. That is possible if new evidence or information is uncovered that was not available at the time of the first trial. In 2003, a year after the verdict, a cousin of basketball star Kobe Bryant’s, Gitan “Tony” Bryant, who had attended Brunswick, the same private school Michael Skakel attended, announced that he and two African-American high-school students from New York had been in the community of Belle Haven, where the Moxleys and the Skakels lived, on the night of the murder. Bryant claims that one of those students killed Martha Moxley.
several of them turned out to be fake, in particular an 18th-century Italian desk for which she had charged the tycoon $142,000. It later showed up in a low-priced arcade sale at Sotheby's, described as a 19th-century copy with a market value of between $4,000 and $6,000. It was later withdrawn from the sale.

Many of Fioratti’s accusations against Sansum, he maintains, proved to be untrue. Alex Hampton, a top New York decorator and a friend of Sansum’s, took Polaroids of nine of the allegedly stolen objects still for sale in Fioratti’s gallery after Sansum’s indictment. One picture Fioratti said Sansum had stolen had actually been stolen years earlier by a furniture-moving man. Fioratti had filed an insurance claim and had been reimbursed. In November, Fioratti was arrested and charged with tax evasion and filing false financial papers. A news release from the office of District Attorney Robert Morgenthau stated, “On numerous occasions, Fioratti and the corporation sent worthless items, like cataloguees, to out of state addresses to create records making it appear that the art itself was shipped out of state, all the while allowing the customers to have the actual works sent to their residences within New York. In this manner, Fioratti and her corporation deprived the City and State of sales tax on hundreds of thousands of dollars of art work.” Fioratti agreed to pay $650,000 in taxes owed, interest, and penalties.

Sansum was found guilty of underreporting his income for two years. He has subsequently paid his entire debt of $58,000. His felonies were reduced to misdemeanors, and his lawyer, Arthur Aidala, was quoted in the New York Daily News as saying that Fioratti’s claims against his client had been “wildly exaggerated.” In fact, none of Fioratti’s charges of Sansum’s corporate theft of more than half a million dollars was pursued by the district attorney’s office. Sansum pleaded guilty to petty larceny for having in his possession a painting by Arianna Fioratti, worth less than $1,000, which the police had confiscated during a raid on his storage space. Sansum told me that Arianna had given the picture to him, along with approximately 20 others, when they were still friends. He said it had been hanging in his closet for 10 years.

Of the nicest Christmas cards I received this year was a photograph of a father, a mother, and four children sitting in a library elegantly decorated with wood paneling and chintz-covered furniture, looking like the typical rich, handsome American family. It was Rick and Kathy Hilton with their two sons, Barron and Conrad, and their two daughters, Nicky and her very recognizable older sister, Paris. In the picture, Paris is not hogging the camera but is just a member of the family.

Away from hearth and home, however, Paris has turned herself into one of the most talked-about people in the world. Photographs of her appear in newspapers almost daily. Being famous is her career. Since Brenda Frazier made her debut in 1938, I can’t think of a single heiress who has promoted herself with such intensity. Even on the infamous sex tape of her with a former boyfriend named Rick Solomon, which turned up on the Internet, her eyes always seem to be on the camera, even during the most passionate moments. It was that tape, seen by millions of viewers, that turned her into an international celebrity. Since Paris appeared on the cover of this magazine last October, she has gotten herself into a lot of trouble. She was then engaged to a Greek shipping heir named Paris Latsis. Before they met, Latsis had dated Zeta Graff, the former wife of an heir to the Graff diamond fortune, who seems to love publicity as much as Paris Hilton does, although she is a decade older and has aspirations to be an actress. Last summer in Europe, as they made the rounds of nightclubs in London and the South of France, the two women grew to despise each other. Paris would scream “old lady” whenever she saw Zeta, and she claimed that Graff had told the mother of her fiancé that Paris had worked as a prostitute on billionaire Paul Allen’s yacht during the 2005 Cannes Film Festival. Then, according to Hilton’s former publicist Rob Shuter, Paris called him with a story she had concocted and told him to plant it on “Page Six.”

Paris would scream “old lady” whenever she saw Zeta Graff.

Paris’s engagement to Paris Latsis came to an end, and she is now seeing another Greek shipping heir, Stavros Niarchos, the grandson of the late Stavros Niarchos, whose name was constantly in the papers during his time on the international scene for his wealth, his business acumen, his yacht, his beautiful mistresses, and the mysterious death of one of his wives, Eugenie Livanos, a Greek shipping heiress. The trouble with being famous for being famous is that it has a tendency to backfire. Paris Hilton seems to be in all sorts of difficulties. There is a second, less publicized case, for harassment, filed against her by a Los Angeles promoter named Brian Quintana, who claims to have introduced her to Niarchos. He says Paris bad-mouthed him, referred to him as a “lazy Mexican,” and placed threatening phone calls that made him fear for his life. He filed for a restraining order in Los Angeles Superior Court. That’s not all. When Paris changed houses several years ago, she put a lot of her personal things in storage and forgot to pay the storage bill. The storage company sent her notices, which she ignored. Then the company put the things up for auction. An unknown person bought her property for less than $3,000. The buyer expects that he can make $20 million by auctioning the contents separately. There are 18 diaries, in which Paris allegedly talks about sexual adventures, along with photos and videotapes. Oh, dear.

Recently I ran into Kathy Hilton at Swifty’s, where we were both having lunch. I asked her about Paris’s slander suit, reminding her that I have been involved in a slander suit myself, and I suggested that she tell Paris to settle with Graff and get it over with, or it could drag on and on. She said that Graff didn’t want to settle. She wanted to go to trial. Naturally, I thought, the diamond heiress would choose to go to trial with Paris Hilton. Just think of all the publicity it would bring. She might even end up with a part in a movie.
WARMTH OF COOL _ THE ALLURE OF ARRIVING TO ESCAPE

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iPod, Therefore I Am

After 30 years as an outsider, Apple founder Steve Jobs is the white-hot center of mass-market media. His obsession with design is now America's: the machine has become the message. With the $7 billion Pixar deal, Disney—kingdom of content—is Jobs's new playground. How did he turn the tables?

The rise of Steve Jobs in American business life has always been a story about exceptionalism. He's been the alternative. The other. The anti-Gates (with Gates representing the triumph and profitability of hegemony, constancy, mediocrity). Jobs is the artiste as businessman—famously odd, difficult, flaky, rude. His businesses, even his successful businesses, have been, in a sense, unbusinesses. The formative point about Apple, which turns 30 this month, is that most people didn't want one. From an adult-company perspective—that is, a Windows perspective—Apple has been a child's company, a Peter Pan company.

But now it turns out that Jobs is not marginal, or eccentric, or even fanciful at all. His is the at-one-with-the-American-consumer golden gut. He's the ultimate media guy. Everybody wants to know what Steve knows. Everybody wants to know what Steve wants. Whereas his evil twin, Bill Gates, his epic rival, his Moriarty, finds himself smacked upside the head by every Internet entrepreneur and, often, as flummoxed by the direction of modern life and technology as everybody else.

This goes further. For most players in the media business, it's all about blindly groping through a bolted-up, destabilized, haphazard, random world. Nobody can see what's going on. If you survive, you survive by luck and chance (and always with diminished prospects and a lagging share price). Steve, however, proceeds with the greatest assurance and aplomb and ever increasing value. He has special radar. He's the official One-Eyed Man.

But further still. With some perspective—and 30 years will do—it turns out that in critical ways the media business is such a tectonic-plate-shifting, existentially precarious place because of Steve Jobs. What Jobs has been doing these last 30 years, while everyone thought that all he was up to was his specialized, la-di-da stuff, was literally re-inventing, revolutionizing even—thinking truly differently about—every aspect of the media business.

The bite-size and broken-grid elements of nearly every printed page owe themselves to the Macintosh. The plasticity of pictures, of video, and the ease and economy with which the visual world can be manipulated, in which everyone becomes his own director, in which the barrier-to-entry costs fall every day—the full effect of which has yet to be felt by the media industry—is a Mac by-product. The transformation (or death, depending on your point of view) of the music business is Steve and the iPod—and, shortly, the iPod will do for video what it's done for music. And this is not to even mention the personal computer itself, whose very look and feel and identity and fundamental metaphor come from Jobs (albeit channelled from Xerox PARC). Everywhere, Jobs has been helping media consumers take media away from the media business itself. And now, with uncertain, ostensibly modest purpose ("We're really buying into Bob's vision," he said about Disney C.E.O. Bob Iger), he's entered Disney as its largest shareholder and most eminent figure.

While the full weight of Jobs's subversion of the media business may not have been appreciated as it was happening, it has hardly been a stealth campaign. Without quite being able to test this claim, I'd wager that there have been more books written about Jobs than about any other living American save, perhaps, for Gates himself, Bill Clinton, and, possibly, Michael Jackson. (This is one result of his longevity—Jobs is, like Michael Jackson, a child star whose career has been in the uppermost ranks of publicity for nearly its entire run.) Even Jobs's sister (in one of the stranger quirks of his quirky story, Jobs, who was adopted at birth, discovered in adulthood that his biological sister is the novelist Mona Simpson) has written a roman à clef about him. ("He was a man too busy to flush toilets. . . . He was oblivious to the issuance from his body that might offend. He didn't believe in deodorant."

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and often professed that with a proper diet and the peppermint castile soap, you would neither perspire nor smell.

But in some substantial sense all of these books are, in their way, about the tragedy of Steve Jobs, about a romantic but doomed hero, about Jobs as a Camelot figure whose shining moment is always through which he has been able to seduce and, subsequently, abandon so many of the people he's worked with. He may be as troubled and unsocialized (and, too, as charismatic) a figure in American business life as anyone since Howard Hughes.

So you can't quite blame his biographers for not really seeing him as ready for prime time.

The misapprehension here has also been about mass and class. In this judgment, mass-market culture—dumbed-down, functional, bland, tasteless, banal—wins out over aspirational culture, with its emphasis on the individual, on the details, on the experience, on the indulged and pampered self (Bush versus Clinton). Big media is, at its biggest, a down-market affair. Even the people who worshipped Jobs have always seen that he was hopeless-ly out of sync—they worshipped him because he was out of sync—with white-bread America.

But the truth, it seems to be turning out, is that Steve Jobs is not a cultural disconnect; rather, he's the blue-state Everyman—the ultimate Yuppie, even the one true successful Bush-culture antidote—

Jobs's arrival at Disney is a potentially radical transformation of his own myth: he's now the baseline, and everybody else a deviation.

eclipsed by harsh and banal reality. Failure, or, at best, overreaching, has largely been his art. Jobs's arrival at Disney is, therefore, a potentially radical transformation of his own myth: he's now the baseline, and everybody else in the media business a deviation.

Except, there's still the oddness. All the accounts about Steve and Apple and his legacy, every explanation about his relationship to the technology industry and to popular culture, are substantially about how extreme and loopy he is. Over the years there have been reports of his disorderly eating quirks, obsessive perfectionism, bouts of depression. There's the mercurialness, the tantrums, the hours-long, dictator-like speeches, the famous, desperate, and transparent begging of credit; and always a charismatic-leader complex (known as the Jobs "reality-distortion field"), who's created a mass market for upscale, metrosexual-ish media. Indeed, his apparent extremism may be nothing more than a slightly neurotic, anal-retentive over-attention to design. To be cool—and this is cool as a huge consumer movement—is to follow Steve. ("I'm a bike guy, and I like to plug in music on my iPod when I'm riding along to hopefully help me forget how old I am," said the president recently.)

His obsession with look and feel, this fetishization, is what distinguishes every Jobs product. Design as psychological health and personal creed. The elemental battle of his career has been between good taste and vulgarity, between lightness and literalness, between character and standardization. The Mac, the Next, the PowerBook, the Nano, even Pixar's characters are all about a kind of sheen.

While his David-and-Goliath, Apple-versus-Windows battle makes a class distinction between the hot polloi and people who have sensibility—people who can recognize, afford, get hot about cleaner lines and more intuitive functionality—it makes such higher standing, such more obvious sexiness, a club anybody can buy into.

One counter-intuitive aspect of Jobs's media sensibility is that it's had little to do with content, that great sentimental area of media concern, and everything to do with hardware—the thing that nobody in the American media business has wanted to have anything to do with for two generations. Steve is really an appliance-maker. And a stubborn one. For most of his career, the rap has been that Jobs missed out on greatness and ubiquity because he insisted, unlike the folks at Microsoft, on tying his software to his machines. Perversely, it didn't seem to matter to him, or even so much to register with him, that, as Windows
media culture had, in fact, come to be dominated by machines. It's Steve's gadgetcentric world which we just live in.

- iPods, Razr phones, BlackBerries, plasma screens, XBoxes, TiVos, laptops.
- Machines are the objects of desire. Machines are the habituating, behavior-changing things. Machines themselves are fascinating, life-enhancing, cool, sexy.

The medium is the message.

This last point is, perhaps, a fundamental aspect of the golden Jobs gut: Jobs remains, in an artless and peculiarly arrested-development way, stuck in the 60s, the most golden (and virtuous) of all media and marketing moments. (He once dated folksinger Joan Baez and would have married her—according to Alan Deutschman's 2000 book, The Second Coming of Steve Jobs—except that, in Jobs's perfectionist view, she was too old.) He carries this powerful boomer gene. Arguably, it's not just Jobs that remains so stuck in time, but the whole Bay Area culture that's stuck with him: quaint and solipsistic, stubborn and irritating. Indeed, Jobs, with his Zen utterances, mock turtlenecks, and righteous veganism, became such a success in Silicon Valley perhaps because he was such a marvelous Silicon Valley cliché (as much a cliché in his world as, say, the whoring, screaming, cocaine-snorting producer has been in Hollywood).

Anyway, when Jobs is thinking about media he is, unlike all of the M.B.A.'s in New York and second-act-reversal scriptwriters in L.A., thinking from a purer state—he's thinking about Marshall McLuhan, patron saint of the Bay Area's digital culture, and his holistic, even biological standpointing, age, he has always wanted to act like an industrialist. One of his real loves is manufacturing. Building factories. Making things—which certainly distinguishes him, because there is nobody now working in the American media business who has ever actually made anything.

To Jobs, with his 99-cent-song and $1.99-video downloads, content is the commodity. The machine is the precious, unique, coveted, valuable, holy vessel. The machine is the idea.

How will this wash at Disney?

O r, perhaps, the first question is: What exactly is his interest in Disney—that hoary monster? It may be relevant that somewhere in the recent past, after taking his animation company, Pixar, public, after being brought back to Apple in 1997 (the company had expelled him in favor of more adult management 12 years before), after shepherding the iMac and then developing his killer app, the iPod, and after being one of the primary agents in the toppling of Michael Eisner, Disney's former C.E.O.,

**Jobs may be as troubled and unsocialized (and, too, as charismatic) a figure in American business as anyone since Howard Hughes.**
Jobs became a genuine mogul. Even his famous anti-materialism has given way to a mogul lifestyle of personal aircraft and superhomes.

It is hard to miss how much control, true control, sweeping control, has come to mean to him. He seems even to have come up with a new corporate-control paradigm: Double your control by controlling two companies. Two-jobs Jobs. First, it was holding double C.E.O. titles at Next (the company he started after Apple) and Pixar (which he bought for $10 million after his expulsion from Apple), then Pixar and Apple (selling Next to Apple was the Trojan-horse tactic of his return to the company), and now Apple and his grand-Pooh-Bah status at Disney. This creates an interesting dynamic in that you're always walking away from somebody. You're always the elusive and reluctant one. People will want you more holy because you need them less.

Certainly, the negotiation over an extension of the Pixar distribution agreement with Disney, which broke down two years ago, was a thing of mogul beauty. In essence, Jobs's offer was that, with two films left on Pixar's current contract, if Eisner wanted to continue distributing its movies, Disney would have to relinquish its deal on those two films and, on a going-forward basis, make less than it would if it had just continued the contract on those films. Something like: if you let me out of a contract under which I'm bound to pay you $10, I'll agree to pay you $4.

Jobs must have known that Eisner, a famous cheap-skate, wouldn't do this rotten deal. He saw too that not doing the deal could be the end of Eisner. Indeed, Eisner emerged fatally wounded from the negotiation, while Jobs emerged as the virtuous party. Eisner was the rude, difficult, imperious C.E.O., whereas Jobs, to the bewilderment of anyone who has ever worked with him, became the reasonable, willing, put-upon, even sensitive one.

Jobs's elevation to functional sainthood meant that Eisner's successor, Bob Iger, not only had no choice but to find a way to do a deal with Jobs, but could most distinguish himself from his predecessor (what every successor has to do) by doing the deal with alacrity and grace. As it happens, it is, for Jobs, the deal of deals, and for the hapless and helpless Disney the deal of ... well ... stepping off the cliff.

Among the significant assets Disney is buying for its $7.4 billion are Cars and Ratatouille, the remaining films on its existing agreement with Pixar—in other words, films it arguably already owns. After this, no more movies exist—as with any future projects, it's just hope (hope in an increasingly competitive animation landscape that includes a coming generation of simpler, cheaper animation technology). Disney is also buying John Lasseter, the Pixar executive vice president and creative leader who has been responsible for, so far, an unbroken string of hits. Lasseter (a former Disney guy) seems obviously like a good hire, but one you could surely have gotten (he's making $2.5 million a year on his current contract) for, say, a $100 million starting bonus, or even a billion, saving yourself the balance of the $7.4 billion.

What you're really getting, then, for most of your dough is Jobs himself—for better or worse.

While everybody else in the media business is fading—Rupert Murdoch has just turned 75; Sumner Redstone, at 82, has split his company in two; Michael Eisner has been deposed; Time Warner is under siege—Jobs is rising. At 50, having beaten a rare form of cancer two years ago, having remade his fortune (at one point, before the surprise success of Toy Story, he was practically broke—now he's worth $4 or $5 billion), having seen Apple prevail, he's the last showman. The last egomaniac. The last control freak.

At Stanford's graduation ceremony in June, Jobs delivered (in his disconcertingly high-pitched voice) a commencement speech that is now on its way into history—scuttling over the Internet—as one of the most famous ever given.

A Hollywood movie director of my acquaintance first called
Apple, the company he started in his parents’ garage (not incidentally, Jobs also, in addition to creating Apple, helped create the myth of starting billion-dollar businesses in garages). He’s devastated. (Deutschman writes that a colleague feared he would kill himself.) “But something slowly began to dawn on me—I still loved what I did. The turn of events at Apple had not changed that one bit. I had been rejected but I was still in love. And so I decided to start over.” (Hence, the redemptive power of life’s reversals.)

And then, in the third story, death. Jobs, a father of four, is diagnosed with cancer. “My doctor advised me to go home and get my affairs in order, which is doctors’ code for ‘prepare to die’.” It means to try to tell your kids everything you thought you’d have the next ten years to tell them, in just a few months. It means to make sure that everything is buttoned up so that it will be as easy as possible for your family. It means to say your good-byes.” But that doesn’t happen. What happens is that an operation brings him back from the dead. He’s resurrected (don’t miss this symbolism). “I had the surgery and, thankfully, I’m fine now.” And the message: “Your time is limited, so don’t waste it living someone else’s life.” Proof of this message: look at me.

Now, the central point about American business, not least of all the media business, is that it’s not supposed to be about you. It’s supposed to be about the consumer. You have to give the people, the American lumpen, what it seems they want. (Although, judging by audience flight, such uncouth eagerness to please in the media business has had the effect of producing things that, in fact, the American consumer doesn’t much want.) Whereas the unique thing, and one of the frustrating things about Jobs’s business life, is that it has always been about what he wants. What floats his boat. What gets him hot. It’s about him—in a single-minded, despotic, unrestrained, not-a-little dysfunctional way.

Steve’s ascendancy represents, for better or worse, the triumph of personal righteousness in American business.

Whether he formally takes over Disney is probably not the issue (although he may certainly be inclined to make it formal). Sitting on the Disney board as its largest shareholder and most public face, and with formal controls over Disney’s core animation business, means he is in control. He’s in a position to reshape Disney to his needs.

What’s more, in some sense it may be just beginning at Apple—everything up to now may have just been preface. (For Mac’s loyal band of long-suffering followers, this may or may not be good news.)

The iPod will soon devour moving images. (Over Christmas my house was filled with college students, all of whom had 30-gigabyte iPods loaded with purloined video.) The Apple touch will soon transform cell phones, those charmless devices. There are reports of an Apple set-top box—it will move programming from the Internet to your TV (a body blow to the cable business). What’s more, with the Mac converting to the Intel chip this year, there will be no practical barriers to the great corporate Windows culture’s finally accepting into its midst the better machine.

So Bill Gates becomes the nation’s philanthropist and elder statesman, benign and slightly out of it, and Steve Jobs becomes … well, no matter how pleased we in the Macintosh crowd might be with Steve’s ascendancy, it’s hard not to have also glimpsed that slightly demonic look on his face.

Here we are: no person with such a singular, determined, egotistical, and aesthetic vision (other than various despots) has ever been in such a position to express it as Jobs is now, sitting on top of the juncture of a hundred billion dollars’ worth of technology and entertainment resources.

Anyway, happy 30th anniversary, Apple. ☺
The Man Who Kept King’s Secrets

Now 75, Clarence Jones, the galvanizing lawyer who was Martin Luther King Jr.’s trusted lieutenant between 1960 and 1968, has come out from the shadows of civil-rights history. In a groundbreaking interview, he shares his untold tale: the secret missions, the F.B.I. wiretaps, and the “real” Martin of those perilous, passionate years

By Douglas Brinkley

Martin Luther King Jr.’s former attorney is all riled up as he sits in his high-rise office on New York’s East Side. Although Clarence B. Jones isn’t a household name, it should be. From 1960 to 1968 this razor-sharp lawyer was one of King’s ace advisers and speechwriters. Together, the men slew racist dragons from coast to coast. When King checked into New York motels, he did so under his attorney’s good name. It was a diversionary ploy used to shake both the F.B.I. and the media types off King’s peripatetic trail.

Look up Jones in the indexes of the Pulitzer Prize-winning...
LEXUS presents
ROAD TO INNOVATION
Conversations with Charlie Rose

In this provocative PBS series about where creativity and innovation are steering us, conversation connoisseur Charlie Rose talks with a cadre of fascinating characters. The series begins with discussions of entertainment and technology, highlights of which are excerpted here.

Prepare to be inspired.

Catch both conversations in their entirety this spring on PBS.
Presented by Thirteen/WNET New York
Charlie Rose: Are we getting to a point in the film business where technology drives content?
Michael Eisner: Content is still going to be the most important part of the entertainment business. And there’s a great history in this country of content. You can watch big, bubble-gum, wonderful entertainment or you can watch Jarhead or Syriana. People like George Clooney are really doing amazing things. I don’t know where all these people are coming from who end up on Hollywood Boulevard being directors. There is a diversity in this country that creates this kind of creative angst. It works.

George Clooney: Technology gives us a chance to play with the medium. For instance, we thought it would be interesting to understand what lobbyists and consultants do. We found the best way to do that was to operate five hidden digital cameras, and use real people. We did it again with Unscripted for HBO. Because a lot is improvised, you’re actually writing in an editing room.

CR: And these films will be on television, in theaters, everywhere.
GC: Start with the Internet. Once there are digital theaters, you’ll press a button and you’ll have downloaded a film into 300 theaters across the country.
ME: Or maybe the film will be on an iPod or on the billion cell phones that are being sold this year around the world. The avenues of distribution and exhibition of movies, whether they’re in the home or on a Dick Tracy watch, are improving.

CR: In what other ways is the Internet changing the world of entertainment?
ME: In every way imaginable — in the ability to look at clips and trailers, to do research, aggregate information, view product.

I think, too, that the Internet will revive Walt Disney and Chuck Jones and Hanna Barbera — people who worked in the 30’s in those seven-and-eighth-minute pieces.

Then there’s the public content, which is another source of finding professionals. You’ll have places on the Internet where you can look at 10,000 kids’ student films. You’ll see the student films of George Lucas, or Steven Spielberg, or John Lasseter — the Pixar genius. We won’t have to find some exotic place where a few students get to show their films. They’ll be all over the Internet in user-generated material.

CR: Is the motion picture business learning from what happened to the music business?
ME: We’ll never learn completely. The fact is, with the broadband and digital revolution and the speed at which things can be sent, you can distribute one movie 20 times faster. The kid who today downloads Good Night, And Good Luck to his computer and wakes eight hours later to it will have it in eight minutes. It will go to 3½ billion people because no nook and cranny in the world will be able digitally to get movies and television shows. So there’s going to be a period of uncertainty, of difficulty, of bubbles bursting. And the end result will be an unbelievably strong movie, record, and television industry — in no more than ten and possibly in five or six years.

CR: What say you about the personalization of music and entertainment?
ME: It’s the reason Google is at $400 a share. There is a giant demand for personalization and home entertainment. But there is just as big a place for a movie theater, a show. I think the digital revolution and the home entertainment systems only create a greater appetite for community entertainment.

GC: People still like a collective. They like to go somewhere and laugh and be scared and share that. It’s an event.

“The next wave is these kids with digital cameras…”

CR: Speaking of digital cameras, what about all these kids running around with handhelds?
GC: That’s the next wave. We’re getting to a place in the film industry where a little romantic comedy will have to make $250 million to break even. What’s more, a writer writes a screenplay and by the time a movie is even made, so many of the ideas are knocked off. I think the next wave is these kids with digital cameras who are going to have these wild ideas for a screenplay. They may show us something we haven’t seen yet.

This conversation airs in March on PBS stations nationwide. Check local listings.
Charlie Rose: In five years, what will technology at home look like? Where is wireless in the pantheon of the future?

Ivan Siedenberg: The way we see it, anything that's related to cell phone or mobile device. Three or five years out, you'll have two or three HDTV channel sets in your house. You'll want ten megabits of capacity for your computer. You'll want stream capacity to send information the same way you have in-use capacity.

2: Will the cellphone replace the laptop?
The cellphone will replace the functionality of many things, but it won't replace the whole thing. I don't see people walking around with TVs on their belts or in their purses.

3: Define the moment in terms of technology.
It's the moment to scale more quickly, and get the things deployed quickly. In 1991, there might have been five million wireless customers across the whole Internet. Now, there are 160 million. Internet portability and mobility is where we're going. So we invest in bandwidth, glass (optical fibers).

"I don't see people walking around with TVs on their belts or in their purses."

4: What is your goal going forward?
Eric Schmidt: We want to organize the world's information and make it universally accessible. Most of it isn't not available to you. People haven't figured out how to copy it from the archival technologies onto digital forms. Or it's hidden behind locks and walls. In many cases, people would like to sell it, and we want to find ways to partner with them.

There's a tremendous amount of information that's not in traditional sources, but in people's heads. Look at the phenomenon of Wikipedia. Wikipedia has roughly 50,000 contributors, more than two million pages in a hundred different languages. Surveys indicate that it's as accurate as Encyclopaedia Britannica, which means it has some errors, but the errors get fixed more quickly on Wikipedia because there are so many contributors. They make changes every second.

Google currently gives you 10 or 20 answers. We want to give you the perfect, exact, right answer, and we want to do it on the device. We want to give much more information, rich more accurate results, and many more types of information. You know, viewers can now use Google Search to find the episodes of The Charlie Rose Show.

Great companies like Google create new markets, new industries. We want to be a company that will help create something new. We're taking fiber optics right into any room in your house. The technology wasn't quite ready for that until now.

"We can't predict the new services that creative people will develop to use over these networks."

CR: Tell me about the advertising.
ES: The advertising is a mission-critical sales function. Estimates have the advertising market between $500 and $700 billion worldwide — per year. Roughly half of that is in the U.S. A lot is on television and radio and in direct marketing. Internet advertising is somewhere between one and two percent of that market, depending on how you count. It is a very big growth business. Furthermore, the technology that's being used in advertising has not changed very much in 10 or 20 years. In the television world, the biggest change has been the arrival of TiVo and set-top boxes. Radio, again, not very different from 20, 30, 40 years ago. We believe that technology can be used to improve the effectiveness of advertising. People find ads useful if they're actually trying to buy something. But you have to show them the right ad! It's about relevance and accuracy and measurement. The reason we've been so successful is that we can...
go to the vice president of sales in a company and say we can show you who’s buying your product because they click on the ads.

**CR: Has the technological and Internet revolution been driven more by software or hardware?**

**ES:** It’s really both. Twenty years ago, the kinds of things that Google does today weren’t possible because the computers weren’t fast enough. A fast network cost thousands of dollars a month. Now it costs $10 or $20. People like Ivan have spent years building this amazing worldwide infrastructure. Then, it was a hardware game. Now, it’s a software game. Ivan’s building the highways; I’m building the stores and movie theaters.

**CR: What are the forces driving innovation forward?**

**ES:** People coming out of graduate schools have these amazing visions of what they can do with technology. There’s enough venture capital now to build very large companies very quickly. It’s amazing to me that one or two people out of Stanford seem to find that idea, get their friends together, get some money, and change the world.

The most interesting things right now are the communities of people being built on top of information and devices. An awful lot of people find each other on the Net, form communities, and create user-generated content. The next generation of leaps in technology will come from the fact that people are always connected and sharing information. Somebody says I’ve invented this, another says I’ve invented that, and they connect. The acceleration is going to be breathtaking.

**CR: What are the affordability issues, and what we once called “the digital divide”?**

**ES:** The good news is that we’re in a rapidly declining cost industry.

**CR: Where will we see the most growth?**

**ES:** Most people believe the majority of the growth in mobile and Internet will be in China and India over the next 20 years.

Nothwithstanding what’s called the “great firewall of China,” the Internet revolution is happening there—more than 100 million Internet users, more than 400 million mobile phone users, and the growth rates are enormously faster than in the U.S. Many of the world’s top programmers come from China and India. It appears they’re the two largest untapped resources of technology and brilliant people.

**CR: How do you foster innovation?**

**ES:** Innovation to us comes with sticking to what we do well and then creating synergies. We’re moving to where the people think the growth is. We’re a company of grinders.

**CR: What is the biggest problem you see in China?**

**ES:** We really don’t think China is a problem. We think China is really a fantastic opportunity as well as a very difficult challenge. The biggest problem we see is that as you create this amazing worldwide infrastructure the Chinese market is going to be a big disappointment.

The innovative RX400h hybrid pairs a powerful V6 gas engine with a dazzling electric motor, to bring you the power of a V8. Giving more to the driver, while taking less from the world.
CIVIL RIGHTS

histories written by Taylor Branch, David Garrow, or Diane McWhorter and you’ll learn that, by the time of the famous 1963 March on Washington, Jones had evolved into King’s clutch legal lieutenant. A superb fund-raiser, Jones—who circulated easily among the rich of New York and L.A.—would find willing donors to fuel King’s frenetic activities with the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (S.C.L.C.), which King co-founded. Jones was, in essence, the moneyman of the movement.

Yet up until now Jones has been comfortable in the shadowlands of civil-rights history. “Clarence has enormous gifts,” the singer and actor Harry Belafonte explains. “Back in the 60s every law firm seeking diversity wanted him. But once he got hired he became a problem. Because Clarence always put social justice ahead of making money. And for those of us around King, [Clarence] was always ready with the right word to raise the house spirits.” Or as ex-S.C.L.C. chief, Atlanta mayor, and U.N. ambassador Andrew Young puts it, “Clarence was the guy that King could trust—no leaks and no grandstanding.”

When I recently encountered Jones in his Manhattan office, he was finally ready to talk openly and on the record—to a degree. Jones, the former owner of the Amsterdam News, turned to business pursuits in earnest after becoming entangled in a fraud case and being disbarred in 1982. Now a financial guru of the first order, he works for the independent accounting firm of Marks Paneth & Shron. He counts Wall Street titans Sanford I. Weill and Arthur Levitt Jr. among his closest friends. Money, clearly, is not his motivation for speaking out. Instead, he is concerned about both the historical truth and his own mortality. Jones—a cancer survivor, six feet tall, his well-groomed mustache reminiscent of King’s—believes he has a sacred obligation to reveal the untold tale of his time with King, and to teach a new generation about the indignities he suffered along the way, such as having the F.B.I. bug his phones. Indeed, former president Jimmy Carter, while speaking at Coretta Scott King’s funeral in February, pointedly raised the issue of federal eavesdropping, telling the gathering, which included Jones—and President George W. Bush—about how “Martin and Coretta [had their] civil liberties . . . violated as they became the target of secret government wiretapping.”

Wearing blue-tinted eyeglasses and one loop earring, Jones speaks emphatically, waving his hands like an impassioned courtroom lawyer, peppering his comments with “O.K.? O.K.?” after making a trenchant point or refuting charges that he was King’s “beard,” tasked with escorting his female companions. A genial raconteur, Jones always doubles back, worried he’s losing his jury (me) in a Johnstown flood of nostalgia and rhetoric.

Jones’s cell phone vibrates incessantly. He frequently switches between pairs of eyeglasses. (He has recently undergone eye surgery.) His mind is agile, his storytelling detailed. Except for being noticeably thin, he appears healthy. Now, with decades elapsed, he is letting the world know the real Martin, whom he still loves like a blood brother.

The mere mention of Birmingham, however, has Jones wired. He points out that, just as surely as Gettysburg and Antietam

“...African-American houses were being blown to smithereens by dynamite sticks and pipe bombs. It was brutal.”
were Civil War battle sites, Birmingham was a bona fide war zone. "And so when Martin decided to make [a national example of] the segregated city, America . . . gulped," he explains. "With [Bull] Connor in charge, German shepherds and fire hoses and mass arrests were sure to follow." He pacifies his plaque-filled office and laments the fact that back in the Jim Crow era if a Birmingham store owner removed his whites only sign Connor cited him for "violations of the sanitary code."

Dissatisfied, Jones suddenly mumbles "Martin" three or four times while shaking his head and then calms down a bit. Racism has clearly left its psychic scars. His stories of torment continue. Like the time in the spring of 1963 when King persuaded many of Birmingham's African-American parents to let their children skip school to participate in civil-rights demonstrations. "As a result," Jones recalls, "hundreds of children, ranging from age 12 and older, plus hundreds of adults got arrested. Unfortunately, there was insufficient bail money to get them out."

King, clad in denim overalls, was handcuffed and tossed in the Birmingham City Jail along with the courageous teenagers.

hunts around his office and finds a letter from then-president Bill Clinton praising Jones for his part in "giving Dr. King's wonderful letter from Birmingham jail." Asked how Clinton knew about his smuggling story while most civil-rights scholars don't, Jones explains that "his friend [historian] Taylor Branch told him about me."

It wasn't the moral clarity of the letter, however, that freed King from his tiny cell. Money did. With no bail-bond funds available, King and the others were facing the prospect of spending weeks or months behind bars. But an unexpected angel arrived, courtesy of a telephone call from Belafonte. Jones remembers Belafonte saying in an excited tone, "I was discussing [the Birmingham problem] with Nelson Rockefeller's speech-writer. It's a fellow named Hugh Morrow—he used to work for The Saturday Evening Post—who you'll be hearing from. Next thing I know I got a call from Morrow—'How can I help?'"

Jones replied, "Well, I'm coming back to New York tonight. Let's meet."

Since 1961, Nelson Rockefeller had been writing occasional checks to the S.C.L.C., usually in the range of $5,000 to $10,000. This time, they would need much, much more. "I arrived in New York late," Jones recounts. "Morrow lived on Sutton Place. I called him at one o'clock in the morning. Half asleep, he says, 'We want you to be at the Chase Manhattan Bank tomorrow, even though it's Saturday. We want to help Martin.'

"I walk in at the [appointed] time and there is Rockefeller, Morrow, a bank official, and a couple of security guards. They open the huge vault. There was a big circular door with a driver's-wheel-like handle on it. Lo and behold there was money stacked floor to ceiling! Rockefeller walks in and takes $100,000 in cash and puts it in a satchel, a briefcase-like thing. And one of the Chase Manhattan Bank officers says, 'Mr. Jones, can you sit down for a moment?' I sit down and he says, 'Your name is Clarence B. Jones, right? We've got to have a note for this.'"

Jones hesitated, flabbergasted. "This man filled out a promissory note: Clarence B. Jones, $100,000 payable on demand," Jones recalls. "Now, I wasn't stupid. I said, 'Payable on demand? I don't have $100,000! And the bank official . . . said, 'No, we'll take care of it, but we've got to have it for banking regulations.'"

Worried he was being impudent, Jones signed the document.

"I would take sheets from a legal pad and stuff them into my shirt [when visiting King in jail]. I'd sneak the pages out."

The national media poured into the racist steel town. Attorney Jones was one of the few people allowed to visit King in solitary confinement. King was eager to embarrass Dixie's white ministers, eight of whom had openly denounced him in The Birmingham News, demanding that he end his "unwise and untimely"—though nonviolent—protest. With a few other dedicated foot soldiers, Jones among them, King hatched the idea of writing an open letter to clergymen of various denominations. In history books it is known as the landmark "Letter from Birmingham Jail."

"I would take sheets from a yellow legal pad and stuff them into my shirt," Jones remembers, using papers from his desk to re-enact the scene. "Martin would then write like mad. Very hard to decipher. I'd sneak the pages out. He had confidence that I would get them to Willie Pearl Mackey, [then secretary of King cohort] Wyatt Walker. Until he got the paper, he was writing on the margins of a Birmingham News and New York Times."

Jones insists he had no idea that the essay would become an instructional document for the ages. Yet, with a proud grin, he "I took the money and got on a plane headed back to Alabama," Jones says. "I am a hero. All the kids are bailed out.

"Everybody around Martin knew that I had somehow magically raised bail," he contends, citing others who deserve more credit than he: especially Belafonte, along with Morrow, Walker, and Birmingham minister Fred Shuttlesworth. "I stayed mum all these years about the donor. I didn't tell the story I'm telling you—except to King, who was ecstatic. I had a firm 'Don't Ask' policy.

"I later became close with Rockefeller [then the governor of New York] because we worked together [trying to help quell] the Attica prison revolt [of September 1971], which lasted for three or four days. It ended in a siege by state troopers and National Guardsmen, ordered by Rockefeller. During the crisis I never talked to him about the Birmingham money. It was off the table. The only thing I did say was 'Governor, I want you to know from my mouth to your ears how deeply indebted we are to the support that your family gave to us.' Of course, he was
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rather diffident about it. ‘My mother, my family, from early on supported Spelman College. When it comes to civil rights we go all the way back.’”

Born in 1931, Jones grew up in North Philadelphia, his mother a maid-cook, his father a chauffeur-gardener to rich white families. Due to the strains of domestic servitude, young Clarence was placed in a Palmyra, New Jersey, foster home when he was only six. Next, he was sent to a boarding school for orphans and foster children in Cornwall Heights, Pennsylvania. It was run by the Order of the Sacred Heart, which also operated a mission on a Navajo reservation in New Mexico. “I vividly recall being in school with young boys seven or eight years old whose names were Running Deer and Little Bear,” Jones reminisces. “The boys had pigtailed.

A dutiful altar boy who said his Hail Marys and Our Fathers, praying that his parents would eventually bring him home, Jones fell under the sweet spell of Sister Mary Patricia, an Irish nun. His country, provided he was guaranteed the full rights stipulated under the 14th Amendment. Suspicions were aroused. He seemed upypt, a prima donna on a W. E. B. DuBois trip.

Assigned to the U.S. Army’s 47th Regiment, at Fort Dix, New Jersey, Private Jones became a marked man, he claims, in the eyes of his superiors. However, he recalls, “[I] had a personality that the guys just liked. Some of the guys in my unit began to call me ‘Teach.’ It got back to me that they were being ordered to give me a whupping in the shower. Before that [could] happen I was given an undesirable discharge—as a security risk.”

The army had messed with the wrong African-American. Refusing to be bullied, Jones challenged his dismissal. His first legal round occurred at Fort Dix, where he had been “Soldier of the Month” and had scored a perfect 10 rating. Quite convincingly, Jones’s commanding officer, who testified on his behalf, described how Jones was a barracks standout for disassembling and re-assembling his rifle while blindfolded. The army, however, refused to reverse the order. Undaunted, Jones turned to the American Civil Liberties Union, which took on his case as it was sent to a hearing at the Pentagon. Splitting the difference, the board awarded Jones a “general discharge.”

Many men would have called that a victory. Not Clarence B. Jones. With the A.C.L.U. by his side, he challenged the verdict, taking the case to the secretary of the army, Wilbur Brucker. “I got my honorable discharge,” Jones says with a laugh. “And that legal decision allowed me to go to Boston University [Law School] on the G.I. Bill and even collect veteran benefits. I stuck it to them good.”

On the very afternoon in 1956 that he was released from the army, he met his future wife, Anne Aston Warner Norton, heiress to the W. W. Norton publishing fortune (his second of four spouses). Educated at New York’s Brearley private school for girls and at Sarah Lawrence College, she had grown up amid wealth and privilege, with a governess and servants, in Gramercy Park and Wilton, Connecticut. Anne Norton was white, and considered a “looker,” in the parlance of the time. Paradoxically imbued with an aristocratic demeanor but a socialist heart, she possessed a fierce independence and pride as deep as her ice-blue eyes. (When Anne was a teenager, her father died and her mother married Daniel Crena de Jongh, a distinguished Dutch diplomat who became treasurer of the World Bank.)

Jones and Norton started dating steadily in New York, were married there, and then moved to Boston so that both could attend graduate school at Boston University. Leers followed the newlyweds everywhere, even in liberal Massachusetts, where interracial dating was largely frowned upon. Even so, the late 1950s were an idyllic time for the Joneses. Anne, filled with admiration for Jane Addams and Eleanor Roosevelt, earned a degree in social work while Clarence received his law degree. Their love was based, in part, on a shared interest in community causes. They made friends easily (with playwright Lorraine Hansberry, for example, who sent Clarence her early drafts of A Raisin in the Sun, eager for his advice). The cold New England winters, however, were irritating, and Boston was a backwater for entertainment law, Jones’s newfound area of expertise. Clarence’s close friend the painter Charles White had just moved to sunny Pasadena. In June 1959 the Joneses followed suit.

It was while living in Altadena, a Pasadena suburb, that Jones met King, already renowned as the indomitable leader of the
1955–56 Montgomery bus boycott. The circumstances were hard-
ly ideal. In 1960 a beleaguered King had been indicted by the
state of Alabama for perjury on a tax return. A group of New
York civil-rights lawyers thought Jones—who had acquired a re-
putation as a legal whiz kid—was the ideal attorney to represent
King. “My response to this at the time was, in effect, that ‘just
because some Negro preacher got caught with his hand in the
cookie jar, it’s not my problem,’” Jones recalls. “I told them I
would not—under any circumstances—go to Alabama to work es-
entially as a law clerk in the preparation of Dr. King’s defense.”

Refusing to be brushed aside, King, through an intermediary,
asked if he could stop by Jones’s house on his next visit to Los
Angeles. At the very least, King suggested, they should become
acquaintances. “What could I say?” Jones asks, grinning ear to ear.

The Joneses lived in a modernist mansion that had a palm
tree in the middle of it. Part of the ceiling was retractable.

Depending upon the weather and the time of day, the living
room might open onto drifting clouds or the Milky Way. The
San Gabriel Mountains could be seen from almost every window.
Thousands of indoor flowers and plants transformed the residence
into a virtual arboretum.

It was in this verdant setting, Jones says, “that King, accom-
panied by Reverend Bernard Lee, came into my home and sat
down to talk with me.” King began to interrogate Jones about
his hardscrabble upbringing and Horatio Alger rise. It was a
pleasant exchange, but Jones held firm: no Alabama and no
working for the S.C.L.C. He was making good money work-
ing for an entertainment lawyer, interacting with the likes of
Nat King Cole and Sidney Poitier, and didn’t want to get mired
in lunch-counter sit-ins and school-desegregation cases. At the
time, in fact, he was trying to organize a “jobs” protest for the up-
coming Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles. “Plus
I had a daughter, and my wife was pregnant,” Jones says. “I
couldn’t pick up and leave California willy-nilly.”

The next morning, the telephone rang. It was Dora McDon-
ald, King’s secretary, calling to invite Jones and his wife to be
his guests at Friendship Baptist Church, in well-heeled Baldwin
Hills, where many of L.A.’s “Negro intelligentsia” lived and where
King was to be that Sunday’s guest preacher. Unable to get a babysit-
ter on short notice, Jones, unwilling to further offend King, attend-
ed alone. “The church parking lot was filled with Lincolns, Cadil-
acs, and a few Rolls-Royces,” Jones remembers. “I was escorted to my
seat in about the 20th row from the front. The church was filled,
standing room only. Boy, Martin really had rockstar status.”

When King was introduced, the congregation roared. King’s orator-
ical temperature soon rose, and he began an impassioned spiel about
Negro professionals. Claiming that white lawyers were helping the
S.C.L.C. more than black ones, he launched into a modern-day para-
able about a selfish, wealthy black man in their community. “For
example,” King exhorted, as Jones recalls, “there is a young man
sitting in this church today who my friends and colleagues in New
York, whom I respect, say is a gifted young lawyer. They say this

young man is so good he can go into a law library and find cases
and things that most other lawyers can’t find, that when he
writes words down in support of a legal case, his words are so
compelling and persuasive that they almost jump off the page.”

For a flickering moment Jones pondered whether King was re-
ferring to Jones himself or some other poor soul. A few seconds
later he had his irrefutable answer: King was roasting him for
breakfast, espresso-style. “This young man lives in a home, in the
suburbs of Los Angeles, with a tree in the middle of his living
room and a ceiling that opens up to the sky. He has a convertible
car parked in his driveway…. But this young man told me
something about himself. His parents were domestic servants.
His mother worked as a maid and cook, his father a chauffeur
and gardener. I am afraid this gifted young man has forgotten
from whence he came.”

Mortified, Jones slumped down in his pew. “He never looked
in my direction or said my name,” Jones says, finding high hu-
mor in the decades-old humiliation. “He then went on to talk
about my mother and so many other Negro mothers who have
wanted to educate their children.” King, on a rhetorical roll and
perspiring greatly, then read the Langston Hughes poem “Moth-
er to Son” in his majestic voice:

Well, son, I’ll tell you:
Life for me ain’t been no crystal stair.
… But all the time
I’ve been a-climbin’ on.

The Hughes poem brought Jones to tears. Martin had cut to
his core. “I began to think about my mother, who died at the
age of 52 in 1953,” Jones remembers. “His sermon had emo-
tionally messed me up.” More reflective than piqued, Jones de-
cided to have a word with King after the service. He found the
reverend busy signing autographs in the church parking lot.
“He looked at me,” Jones recalls, “and smiled like a Cheshire
cat and said in effect that he hoped I didn’t mind his using me
to make a point in his sermon. I simply extended my hand and
The two men became inseparable. With constant death threats, the lawyer and civil-rights leader felt like fugitives.

We Can't Wait project—King's personal memoir of the Birmingham campaign, which writer Alfred Duciet had been commissioned to ghostwrite. Stepping into the wordsmith void, Jones started drafting King's speeches, learning how to put memorable phrases into the mouth of America's greatest orator: "I had listened to King speak so often that I could hear his cadence in my head and ears," says Jones. "If I was stuck I would call Stanley and meet him, and we would complete the material together."

As the stresses of 1963 started to wear King down, Jones offered to let the reverend stay with him in Riverdale for a few weeks in August. With its lavish grounds and spectacular view, Jones's home afforded King, his wife, Coretta, and the children a secluded retreat. During the day the Kings would sightsee; in the evening King made notes for his upcoming March on Washington speech or improved the latest draft of Why We Can't Wait. Unfortunately, the F.B.I. was listening in and caught King speaking to people in a salty, midnight manner. "Martin rarely cursed," Jones maintains. "Sometimes he'd get riled when describing various women. Not curse words, mind you, but silly things like 'She really knows how to trot.'"

The civil-rights struggle, in truth, was not altogether grim. Laughs were plentiful and high jinks were par for the course. King and
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Jones, though both were married, had a history of skirt chasing—a late-night activity sometimes audiotaped by Hoover's agents. While charges of womanizing may have dimmed King's legacy in the intervening years, the subject still brings a wide smile to Jones's face.

And then there were the deadpan put-downs, which the men traded routinely. Jones, for example, recalls the time his wife, Anne, commented to King that he had a gift for saving lost souls. King responded teasingly: "Clarence, as you know, has a lot of devil in him. He may be beyond redemption." (Anne, who would have four children with Jones, was prone to depression and died at age 48 in March 1977, under mysterious circumstances.)

On the Saturday before the historic march, several of King's confidants, such as Roy Wilkins, James Farmer, and John Lewis, joined him at Jones's home to discuss logistics and formulate ideas for King's speech. According to Jones, some of the activists thought King should speak for only five minutes; any more, they believed, would be grandstanding. Jones remembers that during the give-and-take he exploded over the attempt to limit King's oratory with an egg timer. "I don't care if they speak for five minutes, that's fine," Jones said to King with everybody listening. "You are going to take as much time as you need."

When King headed to Atlanta just days before the march, Jones and Levison stayed in New York to craft the speech. They titled it "Normalcy—Never Again." After three drafts, they got a copy to King, who made crucial substantive changes. Then, on the evening before the event, they all rendezvoused at the Willard Hotel, in Washington, D.C. King, in essence, held court in the lobby and listened to all of his key advisers' suggestions. "Martin kept saying, 'Clarence, are you taking notes?'

Jones recalls, "And I said, 'Yes.' We both kinda rolled our eyes at each other. The other leaders determined to tell Martin what to say and how to say it."

King and Jones had a history of skirt chasing—a late-night activity sometimes audiotaped by Hoover's agents.

After listening for 90 minutes to the recommendations of Walter Fauntroy, Bayard Rustin, and Ralph Abernathy, among others, Jones took the draft to a quiet corner and incorporated various ideas into the text. "I brought it back," Jones continues. "When I started reading it aloud, everybody started jumping on me, and Martin said, 'Hush. Let him finish.' I had tried to incorporate not only what this group had recommended but also what Stanley and I had written in Riverdale. A bout of bickering ensued, and King wisely excused himself. "All right, gentlemen," Jones recalls saying, "I thank you very much. I am now going to go upstairs and counsel with the Lord. Clarence and I are going to finish this speech."

"I visited Martin in his hotel suite that evening," Andrew Young remembers. "Martin was working away, editing the speech text, desperate to find the exact right word for every sentence. Clarence was coming and going, giving Martin encouragement and ideas." Exhausted, they all went to bed, leaving Dora McDonald to type up a clean copy in the wee hours. By five A.M., King's speech had been mimeographed and was being passed out to the press. When informed two hours later of the document's dissemination, Jones put an immediate halt to it. "I called Martin in his room and said, 'You know, this could be a major speech, and I'm concerned that you are protective of the ownership of this. So we've got to be sure it's not published. . . . Don't give up the copyright. Little did I anticipate that my act of moderate wisdom would be deemed as the most prescient service I rendered for King."

Jones roots around his office and eventually produces the original 1963 copyright application for the "I Have a Dream" address. Jones had ensured that the speech would not become part of the public domain but would instead belong to King and, eventually, his heirs. "Whenever oral recordings or republications of the speech are sold without permission from the King Estate," Jones boasts, "a lawsuit occurs."

As a quarter of a million people converged on the National Mall on August 28, Harry Belafonte welcomed the celebrities. Early on, he had enlisted Marlon Brando. Building on Brando's commitment,

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When King finished the speech, he came over and shook his cohort's hand. "You were smoking," a euphoric Jones told him.

The transcripts also reveal that the Feds were concerned by Jones's comments that liberal New York attorney William Vanden Heuvel—an associate of Robert Kennedy's—was willing to help Jones procure nearly $2 million to purchase the Amsterdam News, fearing King would use it as a media vehicle to denounce the Vietnam War. A gleeful Hoover, in fact, felt justified in his wiretaps, reported first to J.F.K. and then to his successors, Nicholas Katzenbach and Ramsey Clark, that Jones had metamorphosed into not only a chief King speechwriter but also a leading S.C.L.C. opponent of U.S. military involvement in Vietnam.

"Preparation of Martin's first public speech on Vietnam was the only time that Levison and I had a major policy disagreement," Jones admits. "He thought the movement had to stand by L.B.J. because we owed him. I answered that Martin had a moral obligation to denounce an immoral war." King endorsed this view, and Andrew Young, with input from others, including a significant draft from Jones, helped pull together the famous Riverside Church speech King gave on April 4, 1967. "The Johnson administration went ballistic," says Jones. "Exactly one year [later], to the day, King was killed in Memphis."

After the "I Have a Dream" speech, Jones began worrying about possible assassination attempts against King and others in the movement. And for good reason. Violence and retribution were in the air. After one caucus in Brooklyn on February 20, 1965, Malcolm X offered Jones a ride home to Riverdale in his armored car. "Malcolm opened up his car trunk and handed out two shotguns to his driver and bodyguard," Jones recalls. "I remember him urging me to meet him at the Audubon Ballroom the next afternoon, saying, 'When you come tomorrow, I'm going to introduce you to the African Unity Movement to let them know that even the so-called Negro professionals, if you don't mind me calling you that, want to join our organization.'"

Jones capitulated, even though he realized he was being tweaked by Malcolm X. "I promised Malcolm I would attend. So I'm driving the next afternoon, just coming off the West Side Highway at 158th Street, headed for the [theater], when the radio announced that Malcolm had been shot. I look out my window and see people pouring out of the Audubon Ballroom. Malcolm dead? I was just with him last night. It was awful. As Ossie Davis said, 'Malcolm was our Black Prince.'"

E ven now, at the rueful age of 75, Jones thinks about King daily. He recalls the horror of the civil-rights leader's assassination in Memphis in 1968, and the pain and drama of the funeral in Atlanta. Before the memorial service, Jones says, he escorted Jacqueline Kennedy, widow of the slain president, to a private meeting with Coretta Scott King. "It may be that we taking Mrs. Kennedy to the home of Mrs. King triggered bad memories," Jones recalls. "She was in great anguish. It wasn't so much what the widows said to one another that linger, but their physical action. The way they immediately embraced and held each other. You're talking chills."

Over a dinner in New York, he confesses that he plans on writing a memoir, tentatively titled The King and Me. Once a week, he says, he has been going to the Schomburg Center, in Harlem, to read declassified transcripts of his bugged conversations. "If the F.B.I. could monitor my activities around the clock," a perplexed Jones asks me, his forehead as furrowed as a washtub board, "why didn't they monitor the activities of [King's assassin] James Earl Ray and [his associates]?" Although he can't prove it, Jones believes the bureau was somehow involved. "Essentially the F.B.I. had declared open season on Martin," he exclaims. "They have blood on their hands."

Some months after my dinner with Jones, Coretta Scott King, suffering from ovarian cancer, passed away at the age of 78 from complications following a stroke. That week, Jones called his daughter Alexia Norton Jones. "When I talked to Dad," she recalls, he acknowledged the passing of an age. With a wistful finality, she says, her father told her, "I know Martin's gone now."
HONEYMOON OVER

George and Jennifer Smith's Royal Caribbean honeymoon cruise ended prematurely last July, the night George vanished. Did he fall or was he pushed? Where was Jennifer? Who were the young Russians in their cabin? The F.B.I. remains silent, but almost everyone else is talking.

BY BRYAN BURROUGH

On Monday evening, July 4, 2005, a mammoth, multi-tiered cruise ship, Brilliance of the Seas, weighed anchor and eased out of the harbor at the Greek island of Mykonos, in the Aegean Sea. It was the sixth night of the ship's 12-day circling of the Mediterranean, a voyage begun in Barcelona the previous Wednesday. Captain Michael Lachtaridis of the Royal Caribbean line, which owns the ship, ordered a course north by northeast. The ship was scheduled to reach the Turkish port of Kusadasi around dawn.

Aboard that night were 2,300 guests, most of them Americans. One was a handsome, muscular 26-year-old Connecticut honeymooner named George Allen Smith IV, whose family owns a popular liquor store in the upper-crust Connecticut town of Cos Cob, near Greenwich. Smith and his attractive blonde bride of 10 days, Jennifer, who was to begin a new job teaching third-graders upon their return, had a stateroom with a balcony on Deck Nine. After a day among the white-washed villas of Mykonos—the highlight of which was an unlikely encounter with the actress Tara Reid, who was filming her now canceled show, Paradise—the Smiths returned to the ship for a romantic dinner. Afterward, they headed to the casino and then to the discotheque, where they were seen drinking with a circle of shipboard acquaintances late into the night.

It should have been another fun, frolicsome evening, the first night of the rest of their lives. But what started out as a story suited for Jimmy Buffett turned out to be
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one for Agatha Christie. Sometime in the hours before dawn George Smith vanished, presumably fallen overboard into the dark Aegean. All that was found the next day was a single ugly bloodstain on a life-raft canopy beneath his balcony—just the first macabre detail in an extraordinary set of clues, quasi-witnesses, possible suspects, and grieving relatives that have become fodder for the nonfiction soap operas that unscroll on the cable-television "justice" shows. Was it an accident? Or murder? Or something else?

Night after night, Greta Van Susteren on Fox News, Joe Scarborough and Rita Cosby on MSNBC, and Larry King and Nancy Grace on CNN have repeated the tantalizing particulars: The bloodstain. The "misplaced" wife. The flirtatious casino boss. The ugly scene in the disco. The troublesome "Russian boys." The bottle of absinthe. The suspicious noises inside the Smiths' stateroom. The cop listening through the wall. The "thud."

Just about everyone on television appears to believe George Smith was the victim of foul play, though the F.B.I., which is investigating, hasn't said a word. The longer the case remains unsolved, the darker its undertones grow. Allegations of a Royal Caribbean "cover-up" have been tossed about while journalists and congressmen murmur about the dangers lurking aboard cruise ships.

The case was actually slow to attract national attention, in large part because Smith's family remained silent during the early stages of the F.B.I.'s investigation, but in November, frustrated by what they characterized as a lack of information from Royal Caribbean, Smith's wife and parents hired attorneys. A month later they went public, granting interviews to King and Scarborough, and making statements before a congressional hearing investigating cruise-ship security.

In short order Smith became the first white male prominently featured in the five-year boomlet of Missing White Women media sagas that began with the murder of Washington intern Chandra Levy in 2001 and have endured through the coverage of Laci Peterson and others. The Smith case quickly elbowed out the dwindling updates surrounding the disappearance of Alabama teenagers: Natalie Holloway in Aruba, of which there has been little news in months. "Now that the Holloway case is going nowhere, everyone is looking for the next big thing," a cable booker told me in January. "I guess this is it."

The Smith coverage, however, has been oddly circumspect, in part because the F.B.I. has asked witnesses to refrain from discussing what happened that night. But if you talk to the bookers and reporters who have followed the case since the beginning, it becomes clear that everyone knows who the "persons of interest" are. Strangely, their names have been kept out of the press for months and are only now trickling into view. In the vacuum, cable hosts have been left to examine side issues: whether Royal Caribbean "contaminated" the "crime scene"; whether its officials "abandoned" Jennifer Hagel-Smith in Turkey following her husband's disappearance; whether cruise ships are safe. All three ideas are being pushed by plaintiff's attorneys, who smell big money in filing lawsuits against Royal Caribbean. Valid or not, this kind of marginalia has tended to obscure the central question: What really happened to George Smith?

The Smiths have been a fixture in the Greenwich area for decades. The first George Allen Smith, a major-league pitcher in the 1910s and early 1920s, taught high-school math there for years. His son, George Allen Smith II, was a dentist and prominent horse breeder. George Smith III, the missing George's father, is an accountant who purchased the Greenwich area's oldest liquor store, Cos Cob Liquor, in 1982. He and his British-born wife, Maureen, live in neighboring Glenville, where George IV and his older sister, Bree, now a lawyer in Hong Kong, grew up.

His family remembers George IV as a fun-loving, free-spirited boy who grew up doing the things American boys do. He played driveway basketball, rode his bicycle for miles, and was on the football team at Greenwich High before being sidelined by a bout of mononucleosis. The family joke. George was a devotee of the British sitcom The Office. In the family, and later at Babson College, in Wellesley, Massachusetts, where he studied computer science and received a business degree, he was known as a "nerd with anything electronic. "He was the go-to person for all that kind of stuff," says Bree.

"Still, when something goes wrong, I think I'll ask George, and it just hits me. You can't ask George anymore."

At Babson, where he pledged the Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity, George was known as a friendly, quiet student who suffered through an extended breakup with a longtime girlfriend. "A sweet guy, not too chatty, he wasn't the center of attention at a bar, but he was well liked by everybody," remembers a woman who knew him there. "Like every college student, he partied pretty hard, but we all did."

After graduation, George took a job with a computer firm in Stamford, Connecticut, doing research on Internet search engines. He later moved on to a firm in suburban Boston, where his boss, a Ph.D. named Amanda Watlington, remembers him as a favorite employee, a hard worker who took vacation time at Christmas to help his father at Cos Cob Liquor.

"I cannot remember him ever having an unhappy word for anyone," says Watlington. "He was a big, gentle man."

In 2003, George surprised his family by quitting his job and coming home to work at the family store. "It was the pull of family—absolutely the pull of family," says Watlington.

"At his job, you know, he worked at a desk from eight to six every day, and he said he couldn't sit in front of a computer anymore," says Maureen.

"He needed more social interaction," adds Bree.

George moved into an apartment in Byram, close to Cos Cob, and set to work updating the store's computer systems and
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building its Web site. His father hoped George would take over the business someday, and George was laying plans to move aggressively into Internet liquor sales. A handsome young man devoted to weight lifting, he began each day with a trip to the gym, and soon his father noticed the store seemed to be building its female customer base. "So many women would come into the store," says his mother, "just to see George. But he was so, so loyal to Jennifer."

George met Jennifer Hagel in 2002. He and some friends had taken a summer share in a dilapidated rented house in Newport, Rhode Island, and when his shower broke down, he began using the bathroom of an upstairs apartment whose tenants included Jennifer's brother, Johnny. "George was very quiet about his relationships, at least with us, but suddenly we started hearing the name Jennifer a lot," says Bree. "My brother was a serial monogamist, but he and Jennifer seemed to get quite serious quite fast."

A pretty platinum blonde, Jennifer grew up in the nearby town of Cromwell, where her father, a former policeman, runs a construction business. Her mother is a real-estate agent. Jennifer attended Trinity College, in Hartford, and was, when she met George, working toward a master's degree at Roger Williams University, in Bristol, Rhode Island. Before the Smiths realized it, Jennifer had moved into George's apartment, and the couple seemed to be spending every available minute together. On Monday, his day off, George would swing by a Fresh Fields market to buy Jennifer's favorite, Chilean sea bass, which he barbecued outdoors no matter the weather. "That was actually my engagement gift for him—a new grill—because every time we went over there, even in winter, we had to sit outside while George grilled," says Maureen. "In our coats."

George and Jennifer spent long hours together finalizing details of their wedding, which was held at the waterside Castle Hill Inn & Resort, in Newport, on a beautiful Saturday afternoon in late June. They danced their first dance to Van Morrison's "Into the Mystic." The next day, running late for a limousine that would take them home and then to the airport, the newlyweds hurried away from the family luncheon before saying good-bye to Bree. "I never got a chance to say good-bye," she says.

"But we all have our guilty moments," Maureen adds with a sigh. "George's father and I had been on several cruises, and we encouraged them to go cruising. We said he'd love it. But, you know, once you delve into it, that can be a pretty sinister world. You have no idea."

They met the ship in Barcelona. All that Wednesday afternoon, on June 29, as Brilliance of the Seas sat quietly at anchor in the harbor, guests climbed the gangway and spread throughout the ship, finding their staterooms and getting their first look at the casino, the disco, the restaurants, and the three swimming pools. Brilliance of the Seas is one of the largest of Royal Caribbean's 19 ships, a 90,000-ton behemoth with 12 passenger decks, powered by gas turbines. It sails 52 weeks a year, spending summers off the coast of Europe and winters in the Caribbean. The ship is manned by about 850 Royal Caribbean employees and can house as many

George and Jennifer appeared to be having a wonderful time those first few days. Photographs show them embracing by the pool—George shirtless and buff, Jennifer beaming with happiness and love. They certainly sounded as if they were having fun. On the second night, after many of the passengers had spent the day prowling Villefranche-sur-Mer, in France, the din of partying from the Smiths' room kept their neighbor, a man named Cletus Hyman, awake until almost 3:30 A.M. The next morning Hyman walked by the guest-relations desk and asked what could be done. If it happened again, he was told, call the desk, and they would handle it.

On the third day, Friday, the ship docked in Italy, and hundreds of passengers piled into taxis and buses for an outing in Florence. The Smiths shared a car with a 20-year-old community college student from California's Orange County named Josh Askin, who remained friendly with them after their return to the ship. Askin, who was traveling with his podiatrist father, his mother, and two siblings, is described as an avid snowboarder and, according to his high-school yearbook, was once voted "Most Likely to Marry for Money."

"Josh was young, you know, a cute California boy," says a person who met him aboard Brilliance of the Seas. "The kind of boy who just wants to have fun."

A strange series of events transpired aboard Brilliance of the Seas in the days after it left Italy. Mystery still shrouds many of the basic facts, and divining the truth requires storming a defensive line of F.B.I. agents, corporate executives, and uncooperative attorneys; all have their own agendas, few of which—at the moment, at least—entail divulging much to reporters. Push a little and it's clear many don't have all that much information to divulge.

Another thing that's clear is that, besides Josh Askin, George and Jennifer Smith met another group of young, hard-partying vacationers—four boisterous young Russian-American men whose activities aboard Brilliance of the Seas are now a focus of the F.B.I. investigation into George's disappearance. The four were traveling with relatives; their group, numbering eight people in all, consisted of two families named

"I LOOKED OUT MY DOOR.
AND THAT'S WHEN I SAW THE MALE SUBJECTS,"
SAYS CLETE HYMAN. "THREE MALE SUBJECTS."

as 2,500 guests. It has a spa, a full-service medical facility staffed by doctors and nurses, and even a brig for unruly passengers.

The Smiths unpacked their things in Stateroom 9062, a narrow space lined with a couch on one side, burled-wood cabinets on the other, and a double bed next to the balcony's sliding door. By all accounts,
One of the oddest things about the Smith case has been the media's reluctance to identify these young men. In a situation with striking similarities—the Natalie Holloway case—three young men last seen with Holloway were publicly identified within days of her disappearance; for months afterward, the main suspect, a Dutch student named Joran van der Sloot, was endlessly discussed on the cable justice shows.

Something different happened in the Smith case. For months Askin was the only one the press identified, after his attorney spoke last summer to Katie Couric on the Today show and on Dateline NBC.

"WE HAD NO JUSTIFICATION FOR INVADING A GUEST CABIN . . . [DUE TO] ONE SIMPLE PARTYING NOISE COMPLAINT," ROYAL CARIBBEAN STATED.

Even after that, most press outlets declined to identify him. Rostislav Kofman, whose name I learned from a cable booker in December, was not publicly named until January, by the New York Post. This article is the first to name the Rozenbergs.

Why the disparity in coverage? One likely explanation arises after a talk with the Rozenbergs’ New York attorney, Arthur Gershfeld. Gershfeld, himself a Russian émigré, is a former assistant district attorney in Brooklyn and an unsuccessful candidate for the New York State Assembly. When I told him I expected to print his clients’ names, he tersely threatened to sue me.

"These kids are being put through a tremendous amount of stress for something they didn’t do," he says. "I personally don’t think the feds are ever going to charge them with anything."

In part because of Gershfeld’s admonitions, very little is known about the Rozenberg group beyond names and addresses. The four young men are all said to be students, although where they attend school is unknown. A reporter who encountered Rusty Kofman describes him as "a strapping young guy, cropped hair, nice smile, huge hands." An attorney with knowledge of the younger Rozenbergs describes them as muscular and streetwise.

But if little is known of the Rozenbergs’ backgrounds, a good deal is emerging about their activities aboard Brilliance of the Seas. According to several people involved with the case, Kofman and the Rozenberg boys first attracted attention on Sunday night, July 3, five days into the cruise. The ship’s solarium, which contains a hot tub, was a favored after-hours "hookup" area, where young people flirted and occasionally slipped off to quiet liaisons. The solarium is a nonsmoking area, however, and at least one of the Rozenberg group lit up cigarettes. When admonished to stop by a ship’s officer, one or more of the men allegedly cursed at him and kept on smoking.

The next morning—the day the ship docked in Mykonos—a report on the incident crossed Marie Breheret’s desk. Breheret was the ship’s guest-relations manager, and she had begun the cruise expecting things like this; with high schools and colleges on summer break, Brilliance of the Seas had an unusually high number of teenagers on board. She telephoned one set of Rozenberg parents—apparently the Floridatown family, Mikhail and Larisa—and asked them to her office. There Breheret took them into the hotel director’s office. As she recalls the meeting, “we basically explained to them that . . . Well, I reminded them of our Guest Vacation Policy, and we told them that any further occurrence of this behavior would cause us to disembark these boys. The parents apologized and promised their kids would be supervised, and there won’t be any further problems.”

The Rozenbergs had been put on notice. The problems with their children, however, were only beginning.

That night, as Brilliance of the Seas left Mykonos for the Turkish coast, George and Jennifer Smith headed to the casino after dinner. Jennifer has said they hoped to meet up with another couple they had gotten to know. Instead, by all accounts, they spent much of the evening gambling separately. Jennifer playing blackjack, George at a craps table, teaching Josh Askin the game. Three of the Russian boys, including Kofman, were also in the casino.

The most detailed account of what happened in the casino comes from Askin’s attorney, C. Keith Greer. According to him, Askin noticed Jennifer becoming “cozy” with a strikingly handsome South African croupier named Lloyd Botah. When the casino closed at 2:30, the Smiths, along with Askin, crowded into an elevator, heading for the disco. Also in the elevator, Greer says, was Botah, who stood beside Jennifer—too close, by Askin’s estimation. “He was definitely stepping over professional boundaries,” says Greer. “It was awkward, but I don’t know that George noticed it at the time.” Botah’s attorney, Andrew Rier of Miami, denies that his client flirted with Jennifer.

In the disco, according to all accounts, the group was joined by Kofman and two of the Rozenberg boys. They sat around a table with George as several of the group took shots from a bottle of absinthe, the green, highly potent liquor that is illegal in most of the West and isn’t sold abroad Brilliance of the Seas. Royal Caribbean officials have suggested that the bottle was probably smuggled aboard the ship against the rules. Before long, all accounts agree, both George and Jennifer were very drunk.

Askin, meanwhile, remained uncomfortably aware that Jennifer was sitting very close to Botah, says Greer. According to Kofman’s attorney, Albert Dayan, she was “draping herself” over other men. In time George noticed and objected. Three people—Rusty Kofman’s attorney, as well as a 24-year-old New Jersey man named Dominick Maza and a Phoenix schoolteacher named Margarita Chaves, both of whom spoke to the Associated Press—say George and Jennifer engaged in a brief argument that culminated with Jennifer kicking her new husband in the groin and walking angrily out of the disco. According to Askin’s account, Botah followed her.

Askin says he didn’t see the fight. “He only learned of it from a media account,” says Greer. Rier denies that Botah followed Jennifer anywhere. “He left the disco between 3:10 and 3:20,” the lawyer says, “and when he left, George and Jennifer and all those kids were still there. He didn’t see anything like [an altercation]. He went right back to his room.” For her part, Jennifer has insisted she remembers nothing after leaving the casino. If so, it’s possible she suffered an alcohol-induced blackout.

Shortly after the Smiths’ disagreement, at about 3:30, the disco closed. Of the young men with George at the time, only two—Josh Askin and Rusty Kofman, via their attorneys—have publicly given a version of what happened next. According
Dear Ketel One Drinker
Life is a roller coaster.
Be careful not to spill your drink.
to both, George was too drunk to walk unaided, so Askin and the three Russian boys helped him to his cabin.

When they arrived at the stateroom, however, Jennifer wasn’t there. George wanted to find her. According to one account, George changed his shirt and then, with Askin and the three Russian boys, headed to the solarium, where the cruise ship’s younger crowd tended to congregate after hours. Jennifer wasn’t there either. The group then guided George back to a fight. An argument. That went on for a minute or so.”

By now, Hyman estimates, it was 4:15. At that point, he could hear voices moving across the room, toward the door. “You could definitely hear a voice ushering people out of the room,” he says. “‘Good night,’ ‘Good night,’ ‘Good night,’ repeatedly. I hear the door close. And then I waited a little bit, 10 seconds or so, and I looked out my door. And that’s when I saw the male subjects. Three male subjects.”

This is a crucial moment. If George Smith was still alive in his room—and there’s no reason to believe he wasn’t—the three men Hyman saw can probably be cleared of any involvement in his death. But Hyman, out of respect for the F.B.I. probe, won’t say whom he saw. He won’t even say if he has identified whom he saw. “Sorry, I won’t even go that far,” he says. “I saw three suspects. All I can say.”

On the other side of the Smith stateroom, vacationers Greg and Pat Lawyer, who heard many of the same sounds as Clete Hyman but not all, did not see the young men leave. But they heard them speaking. Two of the three young men, they claim, had accents. The Lawyers’ account does not contradict Hyman’s key assertion: only three men left the room.

If Josh Askin is correct, four young men had taken George back to his room: Askin, Rusty Kofman, and the two Rozenbergs. Kofman’s attorney, Albert Dayan, insists that all four left at the same time—that Hyman miscounted. But if only three left, that might mean someone was still in the room with George. Or it might not—that is, if one of the men had left earlier, as Hyman thought possible. As of this writing, no one is certain who was in the room after 4:15.

Whatever the case, Clete Hyman continued to listen through the thin walls. He is certain he heard someone talking—“in a conversational tone”—but he heard only a single voice. At the same time, he began to hear louder noises. “There was movement in the room, and again this was sporadic,” Hyman says. “It sounded like someone going in and out of cupboards, drawers, maybe furniture being moved. The thoughts that go to my mind is that they were cleaning the room—they had a party there, and they were cleaning. I was very happy.”

By Hyman’s estimation, this lasted eight minutes or so. At that point, sounds moved toward the balcony. Two metal chairs were there, and Hyman says he heard at least one being moved. And then, silence. For a minute or two, Hyman says, he heard no sound. Then, roughly between 4:20 and 4:25 A.M., Hyman heard what he describes as “a horrific thud”—so violent he felt the vibration in his bed.

“My first thought was that someone fell on the balcony—not off,” he says. “But because it was so loud, I discarded that thought. Someone would have to be very heavy to make that sound. The second thought I had is that, well, they had been moving furniture. I thought maybe they were throwing furniture overboard. It sounded heavy enough to be a couch. I didn’t look out. There was total silence after that. I didn’t hear any screams, any movements, after that.”

Presumably the “thud” was the sound of George Smith going over the balcony and hitting the canopy below. The critical question remains: Was he pushed? Or was he alone? Ordinarily, Hyman says, he could hear the Smiths leaving their cabin; he could hear their door open. After the thud, he did not hear the door open. If someone was inside Stateroom 9052 when George met his fate, the person slipped out without making a sound. Hyman acknowledges the possibility. (Royal Caribbean’s monitoring system can’t clear up the mystery. It notes the opening of a stateroom door when a key card is used, but not when a door is opened from within.)

The next thing Hyman heard came three or four minutes after the “horrific thud.” Two Royal Caribbean security men, responding to Hyman’s earlier call, walked down the corridor and approached the Smiths’ door. They heard no sound from inside. There was no reply to their knock. Assuming the party was over, they didn’t attempt to enter. Hyman remained in his room and did not talk to the officers, who walked away. “Security left believing all was well,” Royal Caribbean noted in a time line it issued. “We had no justification for invading a guest cabin on the basis of one simple partying noise complaint.”

Hyman laid his head on the pillow and tried to go back to sleep.

Josh Askin, via his attorney, denies he played any part in George Smith’s disappearance. He indicates that he, Kofman, and the two Rozenbergs stayed with George for 10 or 15 minutes, during which Askin used the bathroom. He says that everyone departed by 4:15, leaving no one inside but George. Rusty Kofman’s attorney disputes this time line, placing
everything several minutes earlier, he says his client and the two Rozenbergs were all back in Kofman’s room by four, and claims to have a time-stamped photo proving it. Whatever the timing, Kofman insists the last he saw of George Smith was when the boys left him on his bed; George was so grateful, he says, that he actually kissed one of the boys and promised to buy them a round of drinks the next day. According to Askin, he went to Kof-

man’s room with the others and was back in his own stateroom by 5:15 A.M.

Where was Mrs. George Smith during all this?

For months there was speculation about Jennifer’s whereabouts in the hours before and after her husband returned to their stateroom. In interviews she has given, she insists she remembers nothing after leaving the casino. On its face, this might appear suspicious. No guest came forward to establish where she had been. Indeed, the questions surrounding her whereabouts lay thinly atop the big question: Did Jennifer Hugel-Smith have anything to do with her husband’s disappearance?

The mystery began to clear up in January, when Royal Caribbean issued its time line of events. According to several witnesses, Jennifer was seen leaving the disco at about 3:15—just minutes before George and his friends left. It should have taken her less than five minutes to return to her stateroom. If she had walked directly there, she might have been there when George was partying with Askin and the Russian boys—the “drinking games” Cleve Hyman heard began around 4, which continued until at least 4:20. In fact, had Jennifer returned to the room, there’s little doubt the night would have ended differently. If George met an accidental death, she could have prevented it or, at the very least, raised the alarm had he fallen overboard. If George was the victim of foul play, she might also have prevented that. Or she too might have ended up in the Aegean.

But Jennifer apparently did not return to her room. From the disco she took the elevator down to Deck Nine, but she was evidently so drunk she became disoriented. Instead of turning right, into the long

port corridor that led to their stateroom, she turned left, into the starboard corridor. From there she walked until the corridor ended in an alcove. In the alcove was a maintenance door. It was locked. Jennifer slumped against the wall, slid to the floor, and fell asleep.

Her attorney, James Walker, has suggested that Jennifer may have been drugged. It’s also possible that someone led her to the alcove and left her there—and she forgot about it after a blackout. And it’s at least conceivable that she did in fact return to the stateroom and then left once more. The most likely explanation, however, is that Jennifer was so drunk she became confused. When her husband tumbled overboard, she was passed out in a hallway.

A

ccording to Royal Caribbean, a security guard found Jennifer a little after 4:30—just about the same time the two other security guards responded to Cleve Hyman’s complaint and found the Smith stateroom silent. On a walkie-talkie, the guard who found Jennifer buzzed the nurse on duty that morning. The nurse suggested he apply a wet paper towel to her forehead and attempt to rouse her. This he did. Jennifer woke, gave her name and stateroom number, and said, “I’m O.K.”

Two more security men appeared and

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the second pair of security men knew of the first pair. "So they knock," says Bill Wright, a Royal Caribbean senior vice president, "and no one answers. So they go in, look in the bathroom, look around. No one's there. That's it. They were just looking for her companion."

A wheelchair was summoned for Jennifer, and she was accompanied back to her stateroom by two security men and a female employee. They re-entered her cabin at 4:57. The three Royal Caribbean officers guided Jennifer to the bed, where she lay down atop the covers. Today, Royal Caribbean says none of its men noticed anything amiss—no signs of a struggle, blood trails, or anything that would remotely suggest wrongdoing. As they were leaving, Clete Hyman stuck his head out the door of his room and told them of his earlier complaint. He urged them to go inside. They said they had just been inside. Hyman returned to bed.

Jennifer slept about three hours, until eight o'clock. When she woke and found no sign of George, she later told authorities, she didn't worry. She claimed he had slept outside their stateroom at least one other evening during the cruise. The Smiths had massage appointments at 8:30. She kept her and later said she expected her husband would show up at the spa. When he didn't, she went on with her massage anyway. By this time line, George Smith had not been seen for more than four hours.

A page for Mr. and Mrs. George Smith was announced on the ship's intercom. After a few minutes, a spa attendant called to say Jennifer was in a massage room. Three officers went down to meet her. She said she had no idea where her husband was. She said she assumed he might be sleeping somewhere else aboard ship. The officers, who refrained from mentioning the bloodstains for fear of alarming Jennifer, escorted her to a nurse's office. Marie Bre-

He said they were probably in their stateroom, asleep. Later, once it became clear George was missing, Askin was paged to be questioned. "When Joshua heard the announcement," says Breheret, "he came to us with his mom. When Jennifer arrived, Mrs. Askin was acting very motherly toward Jennifer. She was hugging her. She kept saying, 'Don't worry, we will find him.' I thought they were friends. I thought they were cruising all together."

Both Jennifer and Askin were led ashore to be interviewed by the Turkish police; neither Rusty Kofman nor any of the Rozenbergs was interviewed. Police also boarded the ship, photographed the bloodstained canopy, and searched the Smiths' stateroom. According to Greer, Askin's attorney, they found droplets of blood on a bedsheet and a towel. Greer, who has reviewed Turkish documents on the case, says the amount of blood was small—not, he insists, an amount consistent with someone being stabbed or seriously injured. "It wasn't something that someone was hiding," he says. "This was on a boat, remember. If you do something nefarious, you throw it overboard and it's gone forever. You don't leave it lying around."

The Turks later turned over their findings to the F.B.I. So did Royal Caribbean, which says it has given the F.B.I. nearly 100 tapes from security cameras around the ship. With permission from the authorities, Captain Lachtaridis ordered the bloodstains hosed off at six that evening, and prepared to leave Turkey. Several days later he filed a report with authorities in the Bahamas, where the ship is chartered, terming George's disappearance a "probable" accident; the Smith family attorneys have used this to suggest a Royal Caribbean cover-up. A Royal Caribbean attorney says the captain acted on a premature assumption and calls the report's filing "a stupid mistake."

There is no suggestion that anyone seriously considered mounting an ocean search. The ship had covered nearly 200 miles the previous night; George Smith, or his body, could be anywhere. Jennifer, meanwhile, telephoned her parents in Connecticut, who broke the news to the Smith family. She then boarded a Lufthansa flight for home.

That evening Brilliance of the Seas left the Turkish coast and headed back into the Aegean toward Athens, where it would
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On Thursday, July 7, an elderly passenger had a heart attack and died. After the ship docked at Naples the next morning, Breheret spent the day helping the widow. Which is why she didn’t get involved that morning when a 20-year-old woman—her identity has not been made public—arrived at the medical center and, according to one source, asked a nurse about the morning-after pill. The nurse sensed something was amiss, and gently pressed the girl, who during the ensuing conversation said she had been the victim of a rape.

What happened next is hazy at best; no one directly involved in handling the girl’s case has been willing to discuss it in detail. But according to attorneys working on the Smith investigation, the girl identified those involved as Rusty Kofman and the three Rozenberg boys. Once again, ship officials called in both sets of Rozenberg parents, as well as Josh Askin’s parents. The incident, it turned out, had been videotaped. Attorneys on the case say one of the Rozenberg parents produced a copy of the tape. Another copy, these attorneys say, was “found”—they won’t say how.

Of the young men on the tape, only Rusty Kofman, via his attorney, Albert Dayan, has addressed it publicly, acknowledging that Kofman took part, but claiming the sex was consensual. Dayan says Kofman was asleep in his room that night when one of the Rozenbergs telephoned him, told him they were having sex with a young woman they had met in the ship’s solarium area, and asked him to bring his camera, which he did. Askin’s attorney says his client took no part in the incident whatsoever. The Rozenbergs’ attorney, Arthur Gershfeld, refuses to discuss it.

Meanwhile, word spread that the young men involved in the rape allegation were the same young men rumored to have been last seen with George Smith. “When we realized it was the same names involved, I was concerned for our safety,” says a person who was traveling with the girl involved in the rape allegations. “Especially when we made some accusations. I was concerned—where was all this going to lead?”

Royal Caribbean officials, however, moved swiftly to defuse the situation. Hours after the girl had come forward, both Rozenberg families and the Askin family—13 people in all—were escorted off the ship. A number of guests gathered on balconies to see them go. “We watched this group as they walked off and down to their luggage on the dock,” says the person traveling with the girl. “We were just tickled to death [they were gone]. I watched them go down through security at the end of the dock, and it was obvious that Italian cus-

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to the American Consulate. The F.B.I. is now investigating the case.

News of George Smith's disappearance generated several national media reports last summer, including pieces by Dateline NBC and A Current Affair, but all efforts to dig further into the case were stymied by the grief-stricken Smith and Hagel families, who refused to talk to the press. “It was total shutdown mode,” says Brad Hamilton, a reporter for the New York Post. “You went to the liquor store and employees worried they might be fired if they talked. I talked to the store's distributors. They were aggressively hostile. We went to the Hagel home, on a cul-de-sac in Cromwell. The neighbors were aggressively hostile. For the most part, you know, the story just went nowhere.”

Everything changed in December, however, when both Jennifer and the Smith family suddenly opened up, granting television interviews and agreeing to testify before a congressional committee—chaired by Connecticut's Christopher Shays—investigating cruise-ship safety. Both criticized Royal Caribbean: the Smiths for its supposed failure to keep them apprised of the investigation into George's death, Jennifer for what she described as poor treatment by ship's officers the day of his disappearance. She claims she was left alone in Turkey to fend for herself, a contention strongly denied by Royal Caribbean officials.

Caught off guard, Royal Caribbean brought in a crisis-management team of attorneys from the Washington firm of Orrick, Herrington & Sutcliffe, headed by Lanny Davis, a special White House counsel to President Clinton. In early January, when a torrent of news stories and cable chatter surged after a holiday lull, the Davis team led Royal Caribbean officials in a spirited defense against claims they had neglected Jennifer, sullied the "crime scene," and downplayed George's death.

They produced Marie Brecheret, who said she had been at Jennifer's side almost every minute she spent in Turkey. They issued a time line laying out everything they knew about what had happened, as well as a list of the "Top Ten Myths" about George's disappearance. When Jennifer agreed to discuss the case on Oprah, Royal Caribbean's president, Adam Goldstein, went on the show and apologized to her for how the incident was handled.

"It's so hard to attack back," Davis told me. "What are you going to do, attack a grieving mother? You can't win. But they're accusing us of a criminal conspiracy of covering up a crime. We have to figure out, What do you do in this Internet-cable-do-

it-first-before-you-do-it-right kind of echo chamber? This is a great example of this culture of cable TV and misinformation that starts to gain its own reality."

Overall, Royal Caribbean has succeeded in countering the most damning claims. There seems to be little substance to Jennifer's claims of being abandoned. And while two family attorneys—James Walker and Brett Rivkind of Miami—have eaten up hours of coverage castigating the cruise line for "contaminating" the "crime scene" by failing to seal it off, several guests caught up in the furor defend Royal Caribbean. "They did seal the room; we were right next to it," says Clete Hyman. "And I worked with Marie. She was extremely compassionate and professional. I see all of this, frankly, as a smoke screen erected by attorneys who are only interested in money."

The guest who was traveling with the girl who initiated the rape allegation agrees. "Watching all this stuff in the press, I just said, 'I do,' " says Bree. "You know, Josh Askin is in the media one day, this Rusty Kofman the next. I just don't know ...'"

"I'm actually convinced that the F.B.I. has the answers," says Maureen, "and I think there are arrests coming down, and there needs to be. My son was murdered on this cruise ship."

He may well have been. But, based on the evidence presented thus far, I'm inclined to think the four (or three) young men who departed the room that morning left George alone and alive. Clete Hyman emphasizes that he heard nothing up to that point that could be construed as a struggle. If one of the young men stayed behind in the room, it would be suspicious. It's difficult to believe that Josh Askin, a college student with no prior links to Kofman and the Rozenberg brothers, would cover up for them if one of them had remained behind in Smith's cabin. If it was Askin who remained behind, it's difficult to believe the others wouldn't finger him. Current-

"THIS WAS ON A BOAT," SAYS ASKIN'S LAWYER. "IF YOU DO SOMETHING NEFARIOUS, YOU THROW IT OVERBOARD AND IT'S GONE FOREVER."

So what really happened to George Smith?

Even his family isn't sure. "We get more and more confused each day," says Bree.

"I don't," says Maureen.
JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 25, actor.

PROVENANCE: Los Angeles.

ROCK ON: A lot of hapless screen actors find a second career in sitcoms (cough—Charlie Sheen), but Gordon-Levitt appears to be one of the select few who find critical success going the other way (cough—Tom Hanks). Having taken a break after six years on 3rd Rock from the Sun to attend Columbia, Gordon-Levitt went on to star in serious movies, including Rian Johnson’s Brick (Special Jury Prize, Sundance 2005), coming out later this month.

SITCOMPLICATED? “No. A sitcom is the cushiest gig in show business.” And then Gregg Araki came along with Mysterious Skin. “I’ll always be indebted to Gregg for being somebody who saw that I could do something else.”

KNOCKIN’ ‘EM DEAD: Up next is Killshot—based on the Elmore Leonard book—in which Gordon-Levitt plays a killer opposite Mickey Rourke. “It was kind of agonizing to kill people; I’d never killed anybody in a part before, and I don’t take that shit lightly.” —KRISTA SMITH
Coaster Correspondence

More of the very expensive words of Edwin John Coaster, contributing editor
The Huffstodts. They couldn't be closer.

SUN APRIL 2, 10 PM ET/PT
See it on the SHOWTIME Free Preview Weekend March 31–April 3

Around the World with Katty Kay
BBC America’s top correspondent goes on the record

The daughter of a high-ranking British diplomat, Katty Kay first hit the world-news-reporting scene in 1990, for BBC World Service Radio in Zimbabwe. Now a wife and a mother of three, Kay delivers the news from a cushy top-anchor post at BBC America, in Washington, D.C. In a no-holds-barred discussion between correspondents, Kay fields questions on Elton John and Christiane Amanpour, and talks about what the French really thought of Condi’s coiffure.

George Wayne: Quiz time, Miss Kay. Can you tell me who the British Broadcasting Corporation considers the world’s most eccentric celebrity?
Katty Kay: Apart from George Wayne?
G.W. I didn’t know I was a celebrity.
K.K. There has got to be a whole host of them, starting with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
G.W. Interesting choice. Why?
K.K. He went from bodybuilder to superstar to governor. So in terms of gob-smacking the rest of the world, Arnie’s up there.
G.W. As far as the BBC is concerned, he is not in the Top 20. This is from the official list. According to them, Björk is the world’s most eccentric celebrity.
K.K. Because of the swan dress.
G.W. Precisely. Elton John was only No. 11.
K.K. Well, he just got married, so he is normal now.
G.W. Are you friends with Sir Elton?
K.K. I’m still waiting to get on the “Friends of Elton” list.
G.W. How long have you been the BBC’s top gal in D.C.?
K.K. Only a couple of years. I toured Turkey and Africa before I came here.
G.W. Katty Kay is a pseudonym, n’est-ce pas?
K.K. It is my real name. I swear to God.
G.W. Well, the last media gag I interviewed was Kitty Kelley, so welcome to this dubious distinction.
K.K. Kitty lives on my street.
G.W. Tell her G.W. says hello. Who of your peers do you give the most props to? And I am being gender-specific, and please don’t say Dana Bash. She’s the worst CNN White House correspondent we’ve had in seasons.
K.K. I’ve always looked at the people who can still carry on traveling.
G.W. Like a Christiane Amanpour.
K.K. The people like Christiane Amanpour, and the BBC has Hilary Anderson, who has been reporting from Africa.

G.W. Let’s head to Germany. Angela Merkel needs a thorough makeover. Those ill-fitting pantsuits have got to go. And get a hairdresser! Jesus.
K.K. The Parisian women said the same thing about Condi on her first trip. “Get a hairdresser.” No one had a word to say about the politics.
G.W. I love Condi’s hair. And those knee-high boots. It seems to be a trend: women running countries from Africa to Europe to South America.
K.K. It’s been around for centuries, strong women running countries. It’s not really new. Though in Africa we are seeing something we have never seen before: an elected female head of state.
G.W. Well, it ain’t gonna happen in America, 2008. The Hillary-Condi hype is just that: hype.
K.K. I do agree with you there. America is not ready for a woman commander in chief.
G.W. I know that you are a John McCain fanatic. You love John McCain. But I think Kerry should be the next president.
K.K. The public doesn’t like to reward people who lose. Look at Al Gore.
G.W. Al Gore lost because he was just too wooden. If at first you don’t succeed, try again. I believe in that adage. This ridiculous notion in America of being labeled a “political loser,” that you can’t win a second chance.
K.K. John Kerry had so much to work with—a bad economy, the mess in Iraq.
G.W. America was not ready to oust a president who had started a war. There was no way they would kick out a president who had started a war, especially at that time. The war was what saved the Bush presidency.
K.K. I covered that election, and Kerry could not come up with a plausible policy. I covered that election every day for an entire year, and I had no idea what John Kerry’s policy was. So it’s no surprise he could not convince the American people. We will disagree on this one.
G.W. So who is your dark horse?
K.K. Mark Warner. He is a former governor of Virginia.
G.W. And the Republican ticket?
K.K. John McCain.
G.W. Who looks as if he suffers from gout.
K.K. He may have the age issue, but Rudy Giuliani cannot be elected. He’s been divorced twice.
G.W. On to more pressing matters. What does Katty Kay think about the new James Bond?
K.K. I like Daniel Craig. He gets my vote for reviving the James Bond franchise.
[ yellow tail ]

have you spotted it?
LIBERATED WOMAN
Prime-time superstar, first-time author, and self-described "strong chick" Teri Hatcher, photographed in February 2006.
Teri Hatcher spent Valentine’s Day reading *He’s Just Not That into You*, but the desolation she felt went far deeper than being dumped by a rakish Mr. Wrong. In an exclusive interview with LESLIE BENNETTS, the breakout star of *Desperate Housewives* reveals the abuse she says she’s hidden all her life, the horrific suicide that finally forced her to confront the past, and her determination to turn tragedy into inspiration.

**Desperate Hour**

*PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL THOMPSON*  *STYLED BY JOE ZEE*
REOPENED WOUNDS

The secret Hatcher says she had tried to bury in her past took on shocking urgency in 2002, when she learned about the tragic suicide of a girl from her hometown.

"I was just blown over by this girl's pain. I thought, Boy, that's really close to being me."
on Wisteria Lane, the immaculate houses glow in the dark, their lighted windows warm and welcoming. The pastel-hued façades look as cheerful and innocuous as gaily painted Easter eggs: Lynette’s is mint green, Bree’s a cool blue gray, Gabrielle’s an intense goldenrod. But as fans of Desperate Housewives know, those perfect exteriors conceal dark secrets. On Wisteria Lane, everyone is haunted by terrible crimes that stubbornly refuse to remain buried in the past.

Behind the pale lemon-yellow walls of Susan Mayer’s house, her ex-husband sits at the kitchen table, eating cake and gloating at the angry confrontation he has engineered between Mike the plumber and Susan’s current flame, Dr. Ron, who has just performed surgery on her. As cast and crew members watch, Teri Hatcher careens frantically down Susan’s front walk in a wheelchair, which then tips over and dumps her onto the street. Again and again, through innumerable rehearsals and countless takes while the cameras are rolling, Hatcher—a tiny woman whose pencil-thin arms and legs make her look like a matchstick doll even when she’s not sprawled on the ground—tumbles out of the wheelchair, repeatedly scraping her knees and bruising her elbows while assuring everyone she’s absolutely fine.

As this bit of risky business makes clear, Hatcher, who plays the disaster-prone Susan Mayer, has a gift for physical comedy as formidable as her stamina. “I think she’s the modern-day Lucille Ball,” says Paul Plannette, one of the show’s cameramen.

Between takes, Hatcher is cracking jokes as usual; merriment bubbles up around her like an irrepressible spring as she moves about the set. No one but her makeup artist, who just spent several hours tending her swollen eyes with ice packs and hemorrhoid cream, knows that she has been on an emotional roller coaster for several sleepless days and nights.

After all, Hatcher is an actress—and a convincing one, at that. She’s had a life-
time’s practice in putting on a happy face to fool the outside world. But this is Desperate Housewives, where the appearance of wholesome normality is never to be trusted.

At the moment, Hatcher’s life seems to be a smashing success story: a self-proclaimed has-been when the show unexpectedly catapulted to the top of the ratings heap last season, she emerged as the breakout star of an ensemble cast and won a fistful of awards to prove it. As if her triumphant comeback and the resulting riches weren’t enough, the 41-year-old actress has written her first book, Burnt Toast. A wry, self-deprecating compendium of the wit and wisdom of Teri Hatcher, complete with homemaking tips, parenting advice, and rumor refutation (“I am not nor have I ever been anorexic!”), it will be published in May.

Hatcher is justifiably proud of herself for writing the book while continuing to film Desperate Housewives, which shoots for more than 10 months of the year, along with being the kind of divorced single mom who gets up at 5:45 A.M. to make breakfast (an omelet and hot oatmeal) for her eight-year-old daughter, Emerson Rose; pack her lunch (pasta with truffle salt and olive oil, along with a cloth napkin because Emerson’s progressive school doesn’t believe in wasting paper); and drive an hour and a half to school and back before starting her own day, which also includes horseback riding with Emerson in the afternoon, regularly baking cakes and cookies for the show’s cast and crew, and staying up half the night to turn out such extravaganzas as 300 individually wrapped homemade chocolate butterfly lollipops for Emerson’s school.

Watching Hatcher joke around with the crew of Desperate Housewives, her big brown eyes crinkled with laughter, one might think she was on top of the world. The tabloids even started the year by linking her with George Clooney, a heartthrobbing any woman’s standards. The two were spotted having dinner one night in January, but Hatcher has been denying that they’re an item ever since. “He’s a neighbor,” she says. “I’m not dating him.” When pressed, she looks you defiantly in the eye. “I wouldn’t talk about it if I was, and he wouldn’t either, which is basically some version of saying, ‘No comment.'”

By mid-February, however, she is confiding to me that a recent romantic adventure has evaporated. Even this she labors valiantly to turn into a punch line. “Aren’t you proud of me for not sobbing because I don’t have a valentine?” she asks out in the middle of a Desperate Housewives scene on Valentine’s Day. Her babysitter finally takes pity and buys long-stemmed roses for Hatcher to find when she comes home from work, late that night, all alone.

Love gone wrong can inflict deep wounds, but it is not the worst thing that can happen to someone. As will soon become clear, the crimes that haunt Hatcher’s past are far more harrowing than a lost romance. Although they have shaped her entire life in profoundly damaging ways, she has concealed them with formidable determination.

But once we start talking, the waterworks begin—and now the secrets that have caused her such shame for so long are all ready to pour out.

Finding her house is the first challenge; up in the hills of Studio City, on the same street where Clooney lives, Hatcher’s home shares a driveway with a much grander residence, a tile-roofed Italianate mansion where no one is answering the doorbell. Tucked away under the trees is a 1960s stone-and-stucco house painted the unassuming color of café au lait; the modest brown structure looks like a caretaker’s residence, but it turns out to be Hatcher’s house.

When she opens the door, her head is wrapped in a towel and she’s wearing a silcone face mask that leaves slits for her eyes, nostrils, and mouth, making her look like Hannibal Lecter on a bad day. “Don’t be scared,” she says. “My eyes are so puffy from crying, and I’m just trying to make the swelling go down.”

Hatcher has to be on the set of Desperate Housewives in less than three hours, but first she will do a lot more crying. “Do you mind if we go up to my bedroom to talk?” she asks. “I feel safe there.” A gas fire burns silently on the big stone hearth upstairs; beside it is a huge beanbag chair that could fit every one of the show’s desperate housewives. As Hatcher sinks into its embrace, nervously fingerling the glistening mask, she looks like a very small, very strange doll. Next to the beanbag is a wicker pig, a gift from her romantic disaster.

Let us call him Mystery Man, although he followed a pattern disarmingly familiar to single women everywhere. After an elaborate courtship, Hatcher opened her heart to a handsome guy who convinced her that she was entering a magical new relationship, only to have him disappear as soon as she’d let down her guard. He charmed, he conquered, he said, “I’ll call you,” and—poof—he was gone.

“Look at what I bought,” Hatcher says, laughing even as tears stream down her face. She holds out a book with a shocking-pink cover. “He’s Just Not That Into You! Can you believe I bought that? I thought there must be something in there about a guy who does this to you, and here it is—a whole chapter on guys who disappear! ‘He’s Just Not That Into You if He’s Disappeared On You.’ That’s what I needed to read! It’s so accurate! No answer is your answer…. His silence is a deafening “See you later.” The only reason to ever write him again is to give him the chance to say it louder. Oh my god! His silence is my answer!”

She buries her face in her hands for a moment, and then gives up on the face mask, which is now full of tears. Peeling it off, she replaces it with a turquoise plastic eye mask, which transforms her into Snoopy in his flying-ace goggles. “Oh my god, can you believe what a mess I am?” she says, giggling as she blows her bright-red nose. The makeup man will have his work cut out for him today.

For weeks it’s been clear that Hatcher is having a hard time; more tremulous even than the excruciatingly vulnerable Susan Mayer, she cries at the drop of a hat and often seems emotionally flayed, stripped of every protective covering until she’s nothing but exposed nerve endings. “I have so much pain,” she tells me. “I’m a woman who carries around all these layers of fear and vulnerability. I’m trying to be my powerful me; it’s in there, but I have to find the strong part underneath the layers of ‘I’m shit. I’m never going to go anywhere!”

But the depth of her grief has begun to seem disproportionate, despite the regrettable experience of being seduced and abandoned by a world-class Don Juan. Why does Teri Hatcher feel so bad?

Her book compounds this curious sense of cognitive dissonance. The tone of Burnt Toast is humorous and lighthearted, even when Hatcher is discussing her divorce from actor Jon Tenney, not to mention such other marital debacles as their failure to have sex once on their entire honeymoon. Her ever ingratiating voice is eminently accessible, and reading her book is like gabbing with a funny, appealing girlfriend who is completely aware of her own neuroses and has already figured out how to fix them, even as they trip her up yet again.

In real life, however, Hatcher grew up as the only child in an intact middle-class family with intelligent, educated parents who remain close and are happy to serve as loving grandparents to Emerson. Teri seems never to have CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.
“I don’t want to pretend it never happened anymore. Now everyone is going to know.”
Tom DeLay and Jack Abramoff at a Houston golfing fund-raiser. "We would sit and talk about the Bible," says Abramoff.
As the lobbyist who has ignited what might be the biggest government scandal since Watergate, Jack Abramoff became notorious for tossing around money, much of it from the casinos of his Indian-tribe clients, to influence key lawmakers. Now, as he talks (and talks) to the feds, Washington is waiting to see whom he’ll take down with him. In a series of wide-ranging interviews with DAVID MARGOLICK, Abramoff reveals how he gained a world of power—meetings with President Bush, a close friendship with former House majority leader Tom DeLay, a key role among a network of top conservative activists—and lost his soul along the way.
Abramoff is known in just about every home and Grange hall and shopping mall, every Middlesex village and farm. He’s the Washington lobbyist who fought off all those Indian tribes he represented, the butt of all those late-night-TV jokes. He’s the fellow responsible for what might be the biggest government scandal since Watergate, the man whose sullied example could maybe, possibly, help clean up Washington. He’s the guy who wore that infamous black hat on the day he admitted it all.

Abramoff is known everywhere but in two buildings, that is: the United States Capitol and the White House. Sure, he spread around millions of Indian-tribe dollars, to say nothing of golf trips to Scotland and free meals at Signatures, his own fancy restaurant, and luxury-box seats at sporting events—American Indians, of all people, paying for Redskins tickets—among roughly 270 members of Congress. Sure, a few senators and representatives admit to having brushed up against Abramoff, but only long enough for him to have “duped” or “misled” them. And President Bush can barely remember him: for a couple of Hanukkahs, Abramoff apparently stood on grip-and-grin lines at the White House to be photographed with the president, but almost anybody can do that.

Being airbrushed out of a whole community in which he cut so wide a swath for the past 10 years, where he helped revolutionize lobbying, where he was very nearly ubiquitous and invincible—it’s enough to hurt someone’s feelings. On other matters related to his situation he tiptoes, as would anyone whose fate—the amount of time he will languish in prison—lies in the hands of prosecutors and the judge. But for someone who has fought his whole career to be acknowledged and respected and feared, being treated like a nonperson is simply too much to take. “For a guy who did all these evil things that have been so widely reported, it’s pretty amazing, considering I didn’t know anyone,” Abramoff says sardonically. “You’re really no one in this town unless you haven’t met me.”

Just to cite one typical example, the head of the Republican National Committee, Ken Mehlman, said in an interview, “Abramoff is someone who we don’t know a lot about. We know what we read in the paper,” even though, according to documents obtained by Vanity Fair, Mehlman exchanged e-mail with Abramoff, did him political favors (such as blocking Clinton administration alumnus Allen Stayman from keeping a State Department job), had Sabbath dinner at his house, and offered to pick up his tab at Signatures. (According to a spokesperson, Mehlman does not recall the e-mail exchange, “because he was often contacted by political supporters with suggestions and ideas,” or the Sabbath dinner.) The newly elected House majority leader, John Boehner, Republican of Ohio, also doesn’t know Abramoff, but Abramoff’s clients gave him $30,000 over the past few years, and ate many meals at Signatures.

(For a couple of years, Abramoff’s principal liaison with Boehner was David Safavian—a former member of “Team Abramoff” and later head of procurement for the White House Office of Management and Budget—who has been indicted for lying about his Abramoff ties.)

Then there’s presidential adviser Karl Rove. He has not spoken of his relationship with Abramoff, but the White House insists Rove, too, barely knew him, acknowledging only that they met at a political event in the 1990s. “He would describe him as a casual acquaintance,” a White House spokesman said. But Abramoff was Rove’s spiritual heir at the College Republicans in the 1980s; both men headed the group, and the two met from time to time in connection with it. After George W. Bush took office, Abramoff’s admini
I did wrong, but I did a hell of a lot right too," says Abramoff. "I was the best thing [the Indians] had going."

Then, most important, there's President Bush. "I, frankly, don't even remember having my picture taken with the guy," he has said. But how about those 10 or so photographs of him with Abramoff, or with Abramoff's sons, or of Laura Bush with Abramoff's daughters, apparently taken during all those meetings that never took place? And the time when the president joked with Abramoff about his weight lifting: What are you benching, buff guy?" How about the invitation to the ranch in Crawford, where Abramoff would have joined all of the other big Bush fund-raisers? Abramoff didn't go to that—it fell on the Sabbath, which, as an Orthodox Jew, Abramoff observes—but how about that speech Bush gave to big donors in 2003, when Abramoff sat only a few feet away, between Republican senators George Allen (Virginia) and Orrin Hatch (Utah), and was the only lobbyist on the dias?

"He has one of the best memories of my politician I have ever met," Abramoff wrote of the president in yet another of his notorious e-mails, which have evolved from his principal means of communication to the rope with which he has hanged, and continues to hang, himself. "Perhaps he has forgotten everything. Who knows."

There are other people from Abramoff's more distant past who also never knew him, such as former Republican House Speaker (and rumored 2008 presidential candidate) Newt Gingrich, who first never met Abramoff during the latter's firebrand days atop the College Republicans. "Before his picture appeared on TV and in the newspapers, Newt wouldn't have known him if he fell across him. He hadn't seen him in 10 years," Gingrich's spokesman, Rick Tyler, tells me. That this especially rankles Abramoff becomes clear as he rummages through a box of old memorabilia with me. "Here's [former Republican Texas congressman and House majority leader] Dick Armey," he tells me. "Here's Newt. Newt. Newt. [Former president Ronald] Reagan. More Newt. Newt with Grover [Norquist, the Washington conservative Republican Uber-strategist and longtime Abramoff friend] this time, and with [Seattle arch-conservative Republican] Rabbi [Daniel] Lapin. But Newt never met me. [Indicted Iran-contra figure and longtime Abramoff friend] Ollie North. Newt. Can't be Newt...he never met me. Oh, Newt! What's he doing there? Must be a Newt look-alike. I have more pictures of him than I have of my wife. Newt again! It's sick! I thought he never met me!"

After a public evisceration unlike any in recent history, and facing a decade or more in jail, Jack Abramoff, the 47-year-old father of five, who spent 10 hyperkinetic, largely introspection-free years as both Washington's most powerful lobbyist and a key Republican activist, is contrite and humble. He is
trying to salvage for himself a modicum of self-respect, along with some mercy and understanding from the judge who holds his fate in her hands. He admits that he stepped over ethical lines, insulted and misled his clients, offended the God to whom he regularly prays. By court decree, he owes the Indian tribes approximately $25 million in restitution, and he owes the I.R.S. at least $1.7 million. On Yom Kippur, the Jewish day of atonement, when Orthodox Jews beat their breasts for their sins, he can flagellate himself with great conviction. But for Jack Abramoff, the time for on-the-record rancor is over. However angry he may be with former cronies who supped at his trough and accepted his favors but who now call him a "sleazebag" or a "creep" and wish he'd never been born, he bites his tongue. What really upsets him is all this revisionism, all these people pretending he never existed.

"Any important Republican who comes out and says they didn't know me is almost certainly lying," he says. Such lies are not just, well, lies, but dumb to boot, he adds, for, as his own humiliations suggest, old e-mails never die; they just sit on hard drives, waiting to be subpoenaed and then to be leaked to the press. "This is not an age when you can run away from facts," he declares. "I had to deal with my records, and others will have to deal with theirs."

On January 3, Abramoff pleaded guilty to conspiracy, mail fraud, and tax evasion. Court documents describe how he encouraged at least four Indian tribes to hire his former associate Michael Scanlon, who had his own public-relations company, for grassroots work—largely political campaigning in the field, such as letter writing, phone banks, and media advertisements—without disclosing that Abramoff himself was getting kickbacks of almost half of Scanlon's profits. Both Scanlon's fees and Abramoff's take were enormous: $30,510,000 from the Louisiana Coushattas, of which Abramoff received $11,450,000; $14,765,000 from the Mississippi Band of Choctaws ($6,364,000 to Abramoff); and $3,500,000 from the Saginaw Chippewas of Michigan ($540,000 to Abramoff).

Similarly, Scanlon received $4,200,000 from the Tiguas of Texas, who were seeking to reopen a casino in El Paso. Abramoff had assured the Tiguas that he would work for free, but under his arrangement with Scanlon he surreptitiously pocketed $1,850,000. In this instance, compounding the deceit was a conflict of interest: Abramoff failed to disclose that, on behalf of another tribe, he had helped shut down the Tiguas' casino to begin with, then aided in killing legislation that might have allowed them to start up again.

"I think Jack is the ultimate con man," said Marc Schwartz, a former consultant to the Tiguas, who watched Abramoff win over tribal members in 2002 with his chartered jet, his wireless laptop and BlackBerry, and what appeared to be his dazzling accomplishments for other Indian tribes. To Schwartz, who became friendly with Abramoff, subsequent revelations about his dishonesty and bribery of public officials have made him the Mark McGwire of lobbyists, a man whose cheating has tainted whatever good he accomplished. "Greed and avarice got to Jack, and his constant references to his Orthodox and his self-described passion for righting wrongs made the betrayal I felt so much greater," says Schwartz.

The plea agreement also charges Abramoff with "corruption of public officials," in particular "Representative #1," universally understood to be Republican congressman Bob Ney of Ohio. It states that in exchange for "a stream of things of value"—foreign and domestic travel, golf fees, food, jobs for relatives, and both campaign contributions and a contribution to the National Republican Campaign Committee at his request—Ney became Abramoff's fixer on Capitol Hill.

The offenses don't stop there. Abramoff ripped off the law-and-lobbying firm he worked for by essentially lobbying behind its back. He misused tax-exempt charities such as his own foundation, the Capital Athletic Foundation, in one instance using $50,000 donated to it by a tribal client to help fund an August 2002 golfing trip to Scotland for himself, members of his staff, Ney, Ney staffs, and former Christian Coalition head Ralph Reed.

Abramoff also funneled $50,000 through a charity to the wife of Tony Rudy, a top aide to former House majority leader Tom DeLay (Republican of Texas), in exchange for Rudy's help in obtaining legislation to block Internet gambling and in opposing postal-rate increases. Rudy subsequently went to work for Abramoff, as did Ney's former chief of staff Neil Volz, who lobbied his former employer within less than a year of his departure—yet another violation of the law. As if that weren't enough, Abramoff in a separate case has pleaded guilty to fraud and conspiracy in the 2000 purchase of SunCruz Casinos, a Florida casino-boat company. That transaction ended in a bankruptcy and a Mob rubout, though no one, including the prosecutors in Miami, has ever linked Abramoff directly to the murder.

In return for what he hopes will be a shorter sentence, Abramoff is spilling his secrets to the Justice Department. In the past 19 months or so, prosecutors and investigators have spent something approaching 200 hours pumping him for information. Allegedly as many as 50 people—from various branches of the Justice Department (including the F.B.I.), the Department of the Interior, the Internal Revenue Service, and other federal agencies—are listening. It is an evolving process, for, with prosecutors (as with reporters) Abramoff has been on a work in progress, moving from defiance to denial to self-justification to contrition. As time has passed and the parties have grown accustomed to one another, the information he has grown more solid and specific. For Abramoff, unemployed and unemployable, talking with the authorities is as close as he gets these days to a full-time job. Once, he was stock-in-trade was whom he knew. Now what is what he knows. "In a different era I'd be killed on the street or have poison poured into my coffee," he says.

What they are all interested in is the nearly $4 million—largely gambling revenue—from the casinos of his tribal clients—the Abramoff spread around Washington. Two-thirds of that went either to the Republican Party, his ideological home since college, or to individual Republicans, many of whom could dole out appropriations, move along legislation, or perform a host of other chores that the tribes wanted. Democrats, too, mainly in the Senate, could do Abramoff favors, and, while they may have abhorred his politics, his money still smelled good. They got more than a million dollars.

The other shoe seems poised to drop Washington, implicating perhaps a handful of senators and congressmen, as well as their staffs, relatives, and other public officials. The most obvious target is Ney. In their heyday, he and Abramoff played golf together, traveled together, philosophized together. Ney was one of the few elected officials Abramoff invited to the Bar Mitzvah of one of his three sons. Now Ney says that Abramoff "duped" and "milked" him. But, according to the plea agreement, Ney threw a lucrative contract to a Abramoff client, intervened with agencies and offices to seek favors for other Abramoff interests, helped a relative of one of Abramoff's Russian clients obtain an Amer
“Every appropriation we wanted [from Senator Conrad Burns’s committee] we got,” says Abramoff.

Abramoff, however, ranks only fourth on the list of Abramoff’s recipients, having taken $55,590, according to the Center for Responsive Politics (though even Burns’s own people put that figure closer to $150,000). The other four of the top-five largest individual recipients, all Republicans, were: Representative J. D. Hayworth of Arizona, co-chairman of the Congressional Native American Caucus ($69,620); Senator Thad Cochran of Mississippi ($65,500); House Speaker Dennis Hastert of Illinois ($58,500); and Representative John T. Doolittle of California ($45,000). Several of them are reportedly targets of the Justice Department’s investigation, as is the man who was Abramoff’s main liaison at the Interior Department, former deputy secretary J. Steven Griles, a one-time mining-industry lobbyist who a high-ranking colleague told the Senate was Abramoff’s water carrier in the department.

The Democrats continued on page 247
It's a Sam story," full of missed chances and emotions that overwhelm everybody, Jessica Lange told talk-show host Charlie Rose. She was referring to Don't Come Knocking, in which she stars opposite Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright Sam Shepard, who also wrote the screenplay. The spectacularly photographed film, directed by Wim Wenders and due out this month from Sony Pictures Classics, follows an alcoholic, over-the-hill cowboy-movie star (Shepard) who quits his latest picture to wander around the U.S., hoping to find himself. He ends up re-uniting with an old flame (Lange), who turns out to be the mother of a son he never knew he had.

No one knows better than Shepard how to write about disconnected characters searching for their lost families. Most of his great plays—from Buried Child to True West—contain this theme. Lange, meanwhile, has played everything from a lawyer to a seductive waitress and has earned two Oscars—for her supporting role in 1982's Tootsie and her leading performance in 1994's Blue Sky. On April 17, the Film Society of Lincoln Center will run clips from those movies and others in a much-deserved Gala Tribute.

The scenes between Lange and Shepard shimmer—perhaps because they have been lovers for 22 years. (They have also starred together in three other films: Frances, Country, and Crimes of the Heart.) Today, the couple share a corner apartment in New York's Greenwich Village, and they have a son and a daughter, Walker and Hanna. (Lange has another daughter, Alexandra, with the dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov; Shepard has a son, Jesse, with his first wife, the actress O-Lan Jones.) "After all the turmoil and insanity," Lange said of her life with Shepard, "you finally find a way to be friends."

—PATRICIA BOSWORTH

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE WEBER

APRIL 20
DRAMATIC DUO

Don't Come Knocking co-stars Sam Shepard and Jessica Lange take their 22-year romance to New York City's St. Regis hotel, December 17, 2005.
With 16 words in his 2003 State of the Union speech—the claim that Saddam Hussein had tried to buy uranium—President Bush not only started a war but triggered a showdown over freedom of the press. One journalist has been jailed, a special prosecutor has forced others to reveal confidential sources, and now reporters around the country are fighting subpoenas. From Walter Pincus, Floyd Abrams, Joseph Wilson, Judith Miller, and Bob Woodward, among other key players, MARIE BRENNER captures the untold story of "Plamegate": how one of the most fundamental protections of the media has been threatened.
CONSEQUENCES CHANGED THE WORLD
The British government has learned that Saddam Hussein recently sought significant quantities of uranium from Africa.

What has been the impact of the Fitzgerald investigation on the American press? Prosecutors now feel empowered to go after reporters when they may have at least thought about it more carefully in the past. Now I am hearing reporters say for the first time, “Well, maybe if our sources are manipulating us for political reasons, it is O.K. to identify them.” We haven’t had this many subpoenas since the Nixon years... My whole staff is working on this issue 24-7.

I. The Scrimshaw Artists

March 15, 2003, Washington

“I have doubts,” Walter Pincus told Bob Woodward in the newsroom of The Washington Post that Saturday. “I am hearing they may not exist.”

Pincus braced himself for the invariable Woodward response when he was about to disagree with a friend: I would be careful with that. His tone was often custodial, and he could sound condescending, as if he alone were in possession of all the facts. At 59, Woodward, the son of a judge, had the decency of a Dodsworth, but he often behaved as if he were surround-

ed by stones. His conversation carried the implication of inside information.

All winter long, Pincus, who knew more about weapons and defense systems than almost any other reporter in the capital, and Woodward, his longtime colleague, had been going around and around with each other on the subject of Iraq’s weapons of mass destruction, or W.M.D. In the 70s, Woodward and Carl Bernstein had helped topple the Nixon presidency, and since then Woodward had reached the stage of importance where his sources often came to him. But as Washington prepared for war, Pincus and Woodward were sifting and resifting what they heard from their sources at the State Department, the Pentagon, the White House, and the C.I.A. It was a time when reporters were chasing shadows on a screen. Both men would soon come to know more about the overarching power of the White House Iraq Group, the president’s policies to sell the war, and the machinery behind the campaign to inflate Ahmad Chalabi, the head of the Iraqi National Congress.

Now Pincus had written the first draft of a story that stated in the strongest terms he was capable of that the W.M.D. claim was not supported by any real evidence. He spent that Saturday making a desperate attempt to convince an editor on the national desk of the rightness of the article and trying to persuade him to push it into the Sunday edition.

“I have a piece that casts doubt on this whole thing,” Pincus told Woodward.

“What whole thing?”

“The weapons. I am picking up all over the place that there are no weapons,” Pincus said, and girded himself for the usual Woodward response.

But Woodward startled him. “I am picking that up, too,” he said.

“You are?”

“Yes,” Woodward said. “There seem to be real doubts now. Let me see what you have written and let’s see if we can get it into the paper.”

Both Pincus and Woodward maintained a fierce attachment to the reporters’ code they had learned as apprentices. They shared a clear understanding of the importance of objectivity, the rules governing the use of anonymous sources, the grid of required confirmations and denials, and the need to guarantee sources the protection of confidentiality.

Pincus at 71 retained the lean and hungry look he had had as a young man, but he radiated a sense of gloom. He taught a seminar on public policy at Stanford in Washington, and he had been devoting 20 minutes of each session to the inevitability of the coming war. Pincus often talked to his class about the decline in news standards and how Rupert Murdoch and

VETERAN SKEPTIC

regulation had changed everything, resulting in the 24-7 news cycle and the Fox propaganda machine. Many of his students worked on the Hill or in government. Future podcaster, they absorbed much of their information from the growing mass of bloggers and other Web sites. It was obvious to them that the news business was undergoing a seismic transformation: newspapers were being hammered; young readers were falling away. Pincus had just discovered Jon Stewart, the satirical-news phenomenon, but blogs and the folkways of digital natives were a main and secondary arena for him. He knew that Washington had changed since the 1970s, and that his kind of reporting, no matter how crucial, was no longer central to the news game. In a way, he and Woodward had become as antiquated as scrimshaw artists; they were labor-intensive masters of detail, making endless phone calls, working stories on hold until they had triple confirmations.

Outrage was for the younger reporters who needed to shake their maracas—as he once had—to make the front page.

Pincus was in the awkward position of having to convince young editors who had been in grade school when he worked for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee during the Vietnam era that, despite the stories coming from the administration, the C.I.A., The New York Times, and his own paper, the W.M.D. claims were highly questionable. Though a friend of 30 years’ standing of Hans Blix, the chief U.N. weapons inspector, and close to George Tenet, the director of the C.I.A., Pincus nevertheless couched his information in the subdued language of a more cautious era. In the age of screamers and scolds on cable and talk radio and in the mushrooming blogosphere, doubt was not page-one material.

Woodward read Pincus’s draft and wrote a new lead, then tracked down the national-security editor, and the story ran the
POLARIZING FIGURE

Former New York Times reporter Judith Miller, who spent 85 days in jail rather than reveal a Washington source, photographed at her home in New York City, February 1, 2006.

created, perhaps by the administration, to discredit him. First published by a well-known right-wing columnist, the leak would reveal the ambassador’s wife as an undercover C.I.A. agent. That revelation may have been a violation of a rarely prosecuted national-security law, so a special prosecutor was appointed to investigate. He would unleash the fiercest debate over the meaning of a free press since the height of the Vietnam War. One journalist, long a lightning rod at her newspaper, would spend 85 days in jail before revealing her source. One of the president’s men would be indicted—not for violating the Intelligence Identities Protection Act, but for perjury, obstruction of justice, and lying to the F.B.I. Woodward himself would ultimately be revealed to have been one of the reporters who had been aware of the information all along. And the rage over

next day. Woodward got a credit at the end of the article. The headline was sober—U.S. LACKS SPECIFICS ON BANNED ARMS—and the content, obscured somewhat under a muddle of qualifiers, was ominous: “Senior intelligence analysts say they feel caught between the demands from the White House, Pentagon and other government policymakers for intelligence that would make the administration’s case and what they say is ‘a lack of hard facts.’” The article made the Sunday edition, but on page A17, sinking into oblivion as America went to war. That day in the newsroom would later be written about and parsed by both men, who would disagree about the exact date of their conversation. Woodward would say, “In retrospect, I should have fought harder for the front page.”

Neither Pincus nor Woodward could have predicted that day that the president’s 16 words would ignite not only a war against Iraq but also a war between the C.I.A. and the White House, and another war still, in the press. For the sources who were feeding the American and British intelligence services wrong information about the W.M.D. had also influenced many reporters in the mainstream media, or MSM, as the bloggers called it.

When a former ambassador came forward to question one small piece of the White House’s intelligence, a leak would be

"I URGE YOU TO AVOID SUBPOENAING JOURNALISTS," ABRAMS SAYS HE TOLD FITZGERALD.

T he subsequent debate brought under national scrutiny a form of tipster journalism that had long been a basic ingredient of mainstream Washington reporting, but now it was magnified as countless blogs played to their cyber-constituencies. In 2003 there were 100,000 bloggers. Today there are about 27 million, a vast amoeba amplifying all sides of every issue. The partisan rants of Fox News and right-wing bloggers often echoed and endorsed the politics of the White House, but they also helped to enrage an opposition determined to undo the man it considered the most dangerous president since Nixon.

Gone were the days when Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan proclaimed “there will be blood on the walls” before he would support enforcement of press subpoenas. That was in 1992 when NPR’s Nina Totenberg and Newsday’s Timothy Phelps were investigated by a special counsel after they reported during the Clarence Thomas Supreme Court confirmation hearings a leak about Anita Hill’s allegation of sexual harassment.

Now, as America went to war, the issues would get skewed and
storted. The truth of the matter would be subject to partisan negotiation, as Martin Kaplan, the associate dean of the University of Southern California Annenberg School for Communication, remarked, “driven as much by specific people and historical circumstances as by abstract, timeless principles like press integrity and the public’s right to know.” For reasons that often seemed personal as they did political, many reporters opposed to the war remained silent regarding the First Amendment rights of reporters they felt supported the administration’s point of view. The paradox was that it would appear that so much of the rage against the journalists under siege would come from an unexpected flank—their traditional allies in the progressive press. Kaplan continued, “First Amendment laws apply both to people we love and people we loathe. . . . How would we partitionings of one side react if the principle we were fighting about as ‘our people,’ rather than who they actually turn out to be? That is politics, not justice.”

In told by a person involved in the Niger caper that more than a year ago the vice president’s office asked for an investigation of the uranium deal, so a former U.S. ambassador to Africa was dispatched to Niger. In February 2002, according to someone present at the meetings, that envoy reported to the C.I.A. and the Department that the information was unequivocally wrong that the documents had been forged. . . . Now something is “iron rotten in the state of Spookdom.”


P

incus was having breakfast when he read Kristof’s piece on the op-ed page. Kristof was a comer, and he had picked up something big. Annoyed at having missed it, Pincus hurried to the Post and began making calls. Then a statue of Saddam had toppled in Baghdad and jubilant Iraqis had taken to the streets. The president’s approval rating was 71 percent, and Kristof had already started getting bitter messages. You &amp;#1; "Who cares if we never had weapons of mass destruction, because we’ve liberated the Iraqi people from a murderous tyrant."

The summarized the content. But morning Kristof had raised a question that plagued Pincus: Here were the “500 tons of mustard gas and nerve gas, 25,000 liters of anthrax, 38,000 liters of diphtheria toxin, 29,984 prohibited munitions capable of delivering...chemical agents, several dozen Scud missiles . . . 18 mobile biological warfare factories”?

Pincus started by calling a source at the C.I.A. “Did you read Kristof this morning?” It was a given that all the calls were on background, that the information Pincus would get was on the basis of trust. “Nobody knew who the ambassador was,” Pincus later said. “Whoever had brought in this guy was not at the top of the agency.”

It took two weeks for Pincus to get the name Joseph Wilson. Wilson had been the acting envoy in Iraq before the 1991 war, and in 1992 he had been appointed by George H. W. Bush as ambassador to the African countries of Gabon and São Tomé and Principe. Out of foreign service after 23 years, he had accepted a position as an unpaid adjunct scholar at the Middle East Institute, and he was happy to appear in any forum to take on the neocons in their push for war. Pincus was unaware that Wilson had recently been on Fox News debating the issues and had published an article in The Nation arguing against going to war in Iraq. When he finally spoke with Wilson, he wanted to know if the vice president had sent him on the mission, as Kristof suggested.

Wilson said he had been startled to hear the president suggest that Saddam had been uranium shopping in Africa. The next day he phoned the State Department, asking if the president had been talking about Niger. Had the president misspoken? Wilson was told that perhaps the African country referred to was not Niger. Wilson’s anger grew, however, when he heard Colin Powell address the U.N. on February 5. “There was no mention of Africa and Saddam’s purchase of uranium,” he told me, adding...
Wilson was soon a controversial public figure: a hero to many anti-war Democrats, a preening careerist to his critics. He understood one basic Washington rule: The person who has the biggest megaphone wins. He published a book grandly titled *The Politics of Truth* and used the honorific “Ambassador” in the byline. Soon after Powell’s speech, Wilson made a series of TV appearances—CNN, *Now with Bill Moyers, Nightline.* He did not, however, disclose his C.I.A. mission to Niger. Kristof and Pincus would be the first journalists to reveal it.

Pincus listened to Wilson tell his story, but he did not ask him about his personal life. He concentrated on whether Cheney’s office had sent him on the trip. The interview was all on background, at Wilson’s request. After returning from Niger in March 2002, Wilson had reported to the C.I.A. that there was no evidence to support allegations of uranium sales to Iraq. Now, increasingly frustrated that no one would correct the record, Wilson took a half-step into the spotlight, allowing Kristof and Pincus to write about his trip without mentioning his name. Pincus’s article ran in *The Washington Post* on June 12, on page one. Since *The New York Times* had not followed up Kristof’s

"IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A TWO-DAY STORY AT MOST.... THEN THEY CAME AFTER MY WIFE," SAID WILSON.

The first sign of real trouble was on July 8, when a friend showed up at his office after having run into the columnist Robert Novak on Pennsylvania Avenue, who had said, “Wilson’s an asshole. The C.I.A. sent him. His wife, Valerie, work for the C.I.A.”

People who know Novak have no trouble imagining him in that scene. At 75 he is still volatile, with a free-flowing anger that keeps him churning out his syndicated column. He has storms off a set at CNN yelling “Bullshit!” and gotten into scuffles at airports. For years he collaborated on a column with the late Rod-land Evans Jr., and he tirelessly propels himself through the Washington party circuit. Many people consider him an apologist for the Bush White House.

Wilson took immediate action, complaining to Eason Jordan, chief news executive at CNN, and later berating Novak himself on the phone. Novak apologized and responded, “Can I use this as a confirmation?” He followed up with a now infamous column on July 14, in which he said, “Wilson never worked for the C.I.A., but his wife, Valerie Plame, is an Agency operative on weapons of mass destruction. Two senior administration officials told me his wife suggested sending Wilson to Nigeria to investigate the Italian report.”

On July 21, Wilson got a call from Chris Matthews, the host of *Hardball,* saying, “I just got off the phone with [Bush chief political adviser] Karl Rove. He says, and I quote, ‘Wilson's column with a news story, Pincus's article was a scoop. It was, however, written in the careful style required with an unnamed source and such explosive material. For anyone outside the loop, it was difficult to understand what the bombshell was: that the C.I.A. had buried important intelligence, and that the administration was discarding critical information. Pincus's phone rang almost immediately. “You have this wrong,” a C.I.A. source told him. “This is the completely wrong emphasis. No one at this agency buried any information.”

*Those news stories about that unnamed former envoy who went to Niger? That's me.*


Disappointed when Pincus's article made little impact, Wilson considered what to do next. Since he detested the pro-war editorial policy of *The Washington Post,* he decided to approach *The New York Times* about going public on the op-ed page. The *Times* titled Wilson's article "What I Didn't Find in Africa." Pincus and another reporter, Richard Leiby, persuaded Wilson to let the *Post* publish a profile of him the same day. During the preparation of the article, Leiby mentioned to Pincus that Joe Wilson had baby twins. It was the first time Pincus knew that Wilson was even married.

The articles brought down a fusillade of attacks on Wilson. Wife is fair game.” “It never occurred to me that they would go after my wife,” Wilson later told me. Valerie Plame had been undercover at the agency for nearly 20 years.

The publication of Novak's column, Wilson later wrote "marked a turning point in our lives." Asked by the C.I.A. not to publish Valerie Plame's name, Novak charged ahead, saying he believed that the request had been "a soft no, not a hard no." This, for Wilson, indicated "new heights of journalistic irresponsibility," but it also provided an opening for journalists to suggest that Novak had been deliberately used by the administration. That charge was led, not insignificantly, by David Corn of *The Nation,* who knew Wilson. On July 16, Corn asked on his blog, "Did senior Bush officials blow the cover of a U.S. intelligence officer working covertly in a field of vital importance to national security—and break the law—in order to strike at a Bush administration critic and intimidate others?"

Corn's blog helped to mute the White House's insinuation that Wilson’s mission to Niger had been driven by nepotism. On week later, Wilson was in New York, in the boardroom of *The Nation* with the editor, Katrina vanden Heuvel. Wilson later reported that somebody said, "We should give him a standing ovation." That afternoon he went to *The New York Times* to meet David Shipley, the editor of the op-ed page. That night he went on *The Daily Show* with Jon Stewart and made jokes about receiving a letter from Dick Cheney asking him to co-chair the Washington, D.C., campaign to re-elect Bush and Cheney. The
following month in Los Angeles, he was introduced by the writer
Huffington at an event given by an activist organization
headed by TV producer Norman Lear.

Wilson was now in place to become the new anti-administration
lunatic hero. Months later he told me, “It would have been a two-
year story at most. My part was over. I had come forward. The
House said that the intelligence did not rise to the level of in-
vasion in the State of the Union address. That was the end of it.
They had corrected the mistake of the 16 words. I was ready to go
away. I had done my civic duty. Then they came after my wife.” He
added, “Guys like Scooter Libby [Dick Cheney’s chief of staff]
pulled around and say, ‘There is more to come on this.’ If any-
thing thought this was going to come out on its own, they were wrong.
Anyone thought I was going to let them impugn my character
and drag my wife into the public square, they were dead wrong.”
If the charges now filed against him are true, I Lewis “Scoot-
” Libby, a cunning lawyer who had represented fugitive finan-
cier Marc Rich, made a severe miscalculation in failing to see
at by leaking Plame’s identity to discredit Wilson he was act-
ively using a trip wire that would lead to a special prosecutor, and
I could not have guessed that the end result of his action would
be his own indictment. No other special prosecutor had ever gone
so far as to demand that reporters either divulge their sources
or testify in front of a grand jury or go to jail.

Joseph Wilson’s war had a purpose—to have the Justice De-
partment investigate the White House. Within the press corps
there were soon demands for something highly unusual—that
Robert Novak give up his sources—and there were triple flips
logic to make that seem reasonable. On the op-ed page of
was appointed to investigate. The anti-Novak argument at first
sounded plausible, but it would become a quagmire for the pro-
fession. By failing to defend the rights of a columnist they might
despise, did Novak’s critics leave themselves vulnerable to a pos-
sible avalanche of future subpoenas? Did partisan politics trump
the First Amendment?

II. The Renegade

There are not going to be 50,000 reporters or 54,000 reporters
arguing for confidentiality, and that is because our Attorneys
General of the United States and their delegates have had the good wisdom
and the good judgment not to push these kinds of issues very often.

In May 2003, while Judith Miller was still in Iraq, the e-mails
started coming. Their sheer volume made it impossible for
her to access her system. She was oblivious to the fact that
she had become a major target for the intense public anger
directed at Bush’s war, owing to her reports that Saddam
Hussein was producing weapons of mass destruction. Miller had
to wait until she got back to New York that month to turn on her
personal computer, and when she did the screen blinked and
went blank. “What is going on here?” Miller asked a technician
she called in. “You have 8,000 of these messages,” he said.

It was a period of chaos at The New York Times. Howell Raines,
the executive editor, was in deep trouble

ANGRY SPOUSE

Former U.S. ambassador Joseph Wilson, whose rage at the
exposure of his wife, Valerie
Plame, as a C.I.A. agent propelled
him into the public spotlight,
photographed at the Four Seasons
Hotel in Washington, D.C.,
February 9, 2006.

the Times, on February 6, 2004,
a former Washington Post omb-
udsman expressed what would
become the view of a signifi-
cant portion of the mainstream
media: “Journalists’ proud ab-
solutism on this issue [of pro-
tecting anonymous sources],
particularly in a case involving
the syndicated columnist Robert
Novak, is neither as wise nor as
ethical as it has seemed.” Was
Novak protecting a criminal
White House? Traditionally,
there have been two generally rec-
ognized exceptions to journalistic
privilege: matters of life and
death and imminent actual threat
to national security. The Wall
Street Journal analogously com-
mented on “the Novak exception” on
February 20, soon after Special
Prosecutor Patrick Fitzgerald

F R I L 2 0 0 6
HOLLYWOOD
HIPSTER
Natalie Portman on
December 12, 2005,
in Barcelona, Spain,
where she was filming
Milos Forman’s
Goya’s Ghosts, with
Javier Bardem.
WHAT NATALIE KNOWS

Is Natalie Portman in the wrong business? The 24-year-old Harvard grad’s wonky behavior might raise the question, but no less an authority than Mike Nichols, who directed her in Closer, puts Portman on a very short list of truly talented Hollywood beauties. EVGENIA PERETZ gets this most curious young star talking about her first glimpse of cocaine (a month ago), her BS-detecting team, and playing a terrorist
there are many Hollywood-star things you will never see Natalie Portman do. You will never see her pole-dancing with Kate Moss at Scores, or read obscenities she scrawled about Scarlett Johansson on a bathroom wall. You will never see her in a homemade porn video. And you will never see her slip into the ladies’ room with pals and re-emerge distinctly re-invigorated.

“I saw cocaine for the first time a month ago in Spain,” says Portman, her large, innocent, Audrey Hepburn eyes popping wide open as she curls her tiny body into an armchair. “I mean, for the first time in my life somebody was like, ‘You want a line?’ I was like, ‘Oh, my God!’” she says, recalling the unbelievable moment.

Her only sniffing addiction is to handbags, to make sure they don’t contain a trace of leather, as her strict vegetarian extends to the materials she lets touch her skin. She wears sneakers every day (usually Converse), and for special events, like the Oscars or Golden Globes, a brand called Beyond Skin, vegan footwear that looks a lot like Easy Spirit. She doesn’t wear diamonds to such events, but rather “conflict-free” earrings, such as S3 knockoffs from a place called Claire’s that she swears look just the same. She drives a Prius. She had wanted it in black, but when they didn’t have it in stock, she settled for lavender. She has no idea what kind of jeans she wears. “Citizen?” she asks hesitantly, about one pair that she got after a photo shoot. Most of her clothes are the same ones she has had since she was 14, when she stopped growing.

Her entire wardrobe fits into a normal-size closet, in a normal-size house, in a deeply normal part of suburban Long Island, 20 minutes from her parents’. She has a Mac computer, but only uses it to check e-mail and the news on the Web sites of The New York Times and Haaretz, the Israeli paper. She has a television, but doesn’t actually watch any shows—except for the occasional David Chappelle or Ali G on DVD. Her taste in comedy is the only thing about her that veers toward stoner: the one movie she can watch over and over is The Big Lebowski. Her real weakness is for books, which are arranged neatly on massive shelves. (On her most recent film shoot, she took along 30 of them.) Her Harvard diploma, for “Natalie Herslag” (her real last name) is displayed proudly in her bedroom, near a stuffed animal that belonged to her mother.

How can a young woman so levelheaded and brainy be such a hot Hollywood commodity, you wonder? Certainly, the tabloids have never found her interesting, except on two minor occasions, when she was sunbathing topless on vacation and when she was picking a wedgie. She puzzles, quite admorably, about her Goody Two-Shoes image, saying, “Granted, I’m not super scandalous, but I’ve had drunken nights out, you know?” Yet she can’t help but acknowledge the reality. “I don’t court it, I don’t go out every night. I don’t date famous people most of the time.” (She has, however, been linked with actor Gael Garcia Bernal, something she will not comment on.)

Portman, however, is anything but a bore. Anyone who has spent real time with her invariably comes away mesmerized: first by her exquisite beauty, which she seems oblivious to, and then by the thing that sets her apart from almost every actor in Hollywood—a total, intelligent absorption in everything but herself. Her curiosity about the world knows no bounds. She will talk breathlessly about her old law professor Alan Dershowitz’s ideas on justified torture, or about how the New Zealand Moriori tribe’s philosophy of nonviolence dooms them to extinction, or how the two-party system is hampering American politics. She never sounds pompous, because it’s all punctuated with “like”, goofy laughs, and the word “super,” which she frequently uses as a prefix to adjectives. “She’s got a little bit of the spaz going on,” says Peter Sarsgaard, who worked with her in 2004’s Garden State. Still, highly educated people often walk away from her questioning their own intelligence. “Sometimes when I’m talking to Natalie about a book or a film, it feels like I’m in grad school. And she’s the professor,” says Aleen Keshishian, who, like Portman, went to Harvard and has been managing Portman’s career since its start. As Dershowitz, one of her several prominent admirers, puts it, “She’s not one of those Hollywood stars who plays on her stardom to have you listen to her on other issues. She’s worth listening to because of her own inherent intelligence, experience, and background.”

Besides all that, she exudes a warmth and an authenticity that carry over onto the screen and have made her one of the most moving actresses working today. Mike Nichols, who directed her in 2004’s Closer and who has become her mentor, sees her on a very short list of all-time icons. “It confuses people to think that someone so completely beautiful could really be a first-rate actor too. It’s hard to grasp, but it happens. It’s happened a few times before, with Garbo and Louise Brooks.” Just the other night, at the 50th anniversary of New York’s Public Theater, he was reminded of Portman’s odd, transcendent power when the petite actress was onstage surrounded by many other actors. “I said to [the person I was with], ‘Look, everybody if they’re near Natalie, they look like they’re out of proportion.’”

Given her thirst for probing complex questions, it’s no surprise that she jumped at the chance to work on the controversial ...
"Granted, I'm not super-scandalous," says Portman, "but I've had drunken nights out."
At Harvard she always worried, "Everyone..."
inks I'm the dumb actress.”
Four years into a nearly forgotten conflict, the 20,000 U.S. soldiers in Afghanistan are learning to wage war by every possible means. While the Taliban’s weapon is terror—the rape, torture, and execution of civilians—the Americans are relying on cheap vegetables, soccerballs, and paved roads, as well as Predator drones and A-10 Warthogs.

From Kandahar to the mountains of Zabol, SEBASTIAN JUNGER experiences a new kind of combat as the world’s most powerful military grapples with a vicious small-scale insurgency in the shadow of a supposed U.S. ally: Pakistan
VISIONS OF WAR

The Afghan landscape reflected in a visor worn by an American door gunner in a Chinook helicopter.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TEUN VOETEN
his now, too, is war: an American colonel striding through the market of a mud-walled Afghan town, scanning the produce. There's lots of it—fresh tomatoes, peppers, carrots—which one vegetable seller attributes to a new storage facility in nearby Kandahar functioning as it should. Otherwise, the produce would be overpriced and imported from Pakistan. All this, in some indirect way, is good news for the American military, which for four years has been fighting an infuriatingly low-level war in the mountains of Afghanistan. If there's plenty of food, according to this line of thought, the locals are doing well and will support President Hamid Karzai's fragile coalition government in Kabul. And if they support the government, they won't help the insurgents, who have kept 20,000 American soldiers pinned down in an almost forgotten war.

As a result, Lieutenant Colonel Mark Stammer walks through town every week or so to take the pulse of the community. Minutes earlier he finished up a visit to a local girls' school—built with American money—where he had knelt down in front of the headmistress and knifed open several boxes of school supplies for the children. The supplies had been sent by his wife, and included soccer balls bought by the women's soccer team at the University of Texas. The schoolmistress thanked him, and another person added that if he "heard anything" he would let Stammer know. By that, he meant that he would call if he got word of Taliban activity in the area—which, in turn, might allow Stammer to pre-empt an attack on American soldiers.

By all measures the situation in Afghanistan may be skidding dangerously off the rails. American military deaths in the past year—nearly a hundred—almost equal those for the three preceding years combined. According to a recent internal report for the American Special Forces, opium production has gone from 74 metric tons a year under the Taliban to an astronomical 3,600 metric tons: an amount which is equal to 90 percent of the world's supply. The profit from Afghanistan's drug trade—roughly $2 billion a year—competes with the amount of international aid flowing into the country and helps fund the insurgency. And assassinations and suicide bombings have suddenly taken hold in parts of Afghanistan, leading people to fear that the country is headed toward Iraq-style anarchy. None of this dulls the enthusiasm of Colonel Stammer, who has exactly one year to make a difference in one of the poorest and most ravaged countries in the world. Back on the street, the inevitable crowd of curious young boys gathers around him as he moves through the market. He's a big man, and even bigger in body armor, and his head never stops swiveling from side to side as he walks. His slate-blue eyes seem to take in everything: the butcher shop that has plenty of meat, the pharmacy that still has medicine on the shelves, the townspeople who seem relatively at ease despite the Humvees at the end of the market. Two soldiers walk ahead of Stammer, and two walk behind, casually keeping an eye on things. Halfway through town, a car pulls up and the elderly Afghan man at the wheel honks so that he can get by.

"That's good!" Stammer says as he steps aside. "That's a good sign! The guy's got balls, honking at me like that—it means he's not scared! We're coming together here, I think!"

Stammer is waging war by every possible means: with children's books, with cheap vegetables, and, of course, with guns. He is the commanding officer for, primarily, the 700 or so soldiers of the 2nd Battalion (Airborne), 503rd Infantry Regiment, based in the dusty town of Qalat, in southeast Afghanistan. He is energy personified: every sentence ends in an exclamation point; every greeting turns into a hearty back thump or headlock; every idea is acted upon as fast as possible.

"I always carry a hand grenade because once I really, really needed one!" Stammer informs me at one point, in his typically rapid-fire way. We were sitting up for a trip off-base and he was, I suppose, explaining all the armaments he was draped with. "I went one-on-one with an ACM at about 20 meters. He was in a hole, and I didn't have a hand grenade so I shot him with my Beretta when he stood up! Dude, what a horrible time to stand up!"

ACM means "anti-coalition militia," which is military terminology for the Taliban fighters America is at war with. They are for the most part young Afghans who have been lured into the movement by cash salaries and the fierce rhetoric of hard-core Islamist mullahs. (Since Afghan soldiers and police are paid only around $70 a month, Taliban leaders—many of whom work hand in hand with the opium growers—don't have to spend much to outbid the Afghan military.) Taliban forces are believed to number around 3,000 or 4,000 fighters in total, and they are led mainly by former commanders from the Taliban's brief, humorless reign.

Colonel Stammer estimates that in Zabul Province—his "battle space"—there are probably fewer than 300 active Taliban, and half that many during the winter. As a military power they are insignificant, but therein lies the problem. Because of the way the U.S. military is designed, the larger the army they are fighting, the faster it will be destroyed—a large army simply offers a broader target for America's superior weapons. The one force the U.S. cannot seem to defeat, however, is a small-scale insurgency that is not supported by a central government. The U.S. is effectively trying to weed a garden with a backhoe, and its success may well depend on the ability of men such as Colonel

"It's intimidation... guerrilla tactics. Whoever controls the population controls the war."

—Mark Stammer
WORDS OF WISDOM

Captain McGary talks to village elders in the Hazaribar Valley.

IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT

A Chinook helicopter lifts out a destroyed Humvee, both to respect the dead and to prevent the Taliban from using it for propaganda.
Stammer to re-invent, on the fly, the way America wages war.

To that end, America has spent a total of $1.3 billion on reconstruction projects in Afghanistan over the past four years. They have built or refurbished 312 schools. They have built or refurbished 338 medical clinics. They and other coalition forces have trained 82,000 Afghan soldiers and police. They have helped stage two national elections. They have increased by a factor of five the number of children in school, a figure that includes 1.6 million girls. They have helped pave a new highway from Kandahar to Kabul, which was formerly a dirt road.

Colonel Stammer directed a village medical-outreach program that has treated 4,000 Afghans in Zabul Province alone, many of whom would otherwise have had to walk or ride for days to reach help. There is a new school in Qalat, the roads have been re-surfaced, and, stunningly, more than 50 percent of the civilian population turned out to vote in the last election.

This being Afghanistan—and this being the U.S. government—the development efforts have been tarnished by disturbing incidents of graft, inefficiency, and scandal. The American government has also been criticized for awarding development contracts to non-Afghans; the Kabul-to-Kandahar highway, for example, was built by a New Jersey company using Turkish and Indian workers. And yet, the post-9/11 era is doubtless the best thing to have happened to this poor, bullet-riddled country in the past 30 years.

Helping matters still further is the fact that, from the beginning, Afghan support for American involvement was exceptionally high. The last time I was in Afghanistan was in late 2001, when I watched Northern Alliance militias take Kabul after a mercifully brief battle across the Shomali Plains. As the battle progressed, Afghan children climbed onto the roofs of their mud houses and cheered as they watched American bombers drop ordnance on the Taliban positions. A few days later, an Afghan man hugged me on the streets of Kabul simply because I was American.

The American military has a way of squandering that kind of goodwill, of course, and stories of American soldiers’ torturing Afghans at Bagram Air Base and mistakenly bombing wedding parties have obviously not made Colonel Stammer’s mission any easier. But to the extent that such things can be measured, Afghan support for the American presence in their country seems relatively undiminished. An opinion poll late last year by the Program on International Policy Attitudes found that—four years after the “invasion”—a full 83 percent of Afghans had a favorable view of the American military in their country. Roughly the same percentage also approved the overthrow of the Taliban and American attempts to kill or capture al-Qaeda fighters. Far from objecting to the presence of the American military, most Afghans seem terrified they will leave. This fear is most apparent around the southern city of Kandahar, where the Taliban still have the ability to carry out attacks at will.

The only thing keeping the Taliban from overrunning this place is American airpower.”
An American soldier searches for Taliban from the roof of a safe house in the town of Andar.
where there's a Will, there's a way. This month, to mark the 442nd anniversary of William Shakespeare’s birth, the Royal Shakespeare Company will open its Complete Works Festival in tiny, tidy Stratford-upon-Avon, where the bard was born and buried. During the next year, every word Shakespeare ever wrote can be heard there, from the lips of some of the world’s greatest players—every tragedy, every comedy, every major poem, every sonnet.

The idea is the brainchild of the R.S.C.’s inventive artistic director, Michael Boyd. Fifteen of the 37 plays will be presented by the R.S.C. itself, and Boyd is emphatic about returning to the ensemble approach that helped forge the company’s reputation, preferring group triumphs over stunning moments of stardom. Not that there will be any shortage of stars. Dame Judi Dench, Sir Ian McKellen, and Patrick Stewart are returning from the glory days of the R.S.C. to share the stage with Britain’s and the world’s brightest new talents. The cycle will include a Japanese Titus Andronicus, a Russian Twelfth Night, and a version of Richard III with a protagonist envisioned as a young Saddam Hussein. The message, perchance: no writer in any medium has ever equaled Shakespeare’s output of verbal imagery, unforgettable characters, sweeping narrative, and the piercing, delightful rightness that seems to soar from the stage to the soul. Theater be the food of life, play on.

—David Jones
MERELY PLAYERS

Performers featured in the Royal Shakespeare Company's Complete Works Festival include Greg Vinkler, William Houston, Harriet Walter, Ian McKellen, Rupert Evans, Judi Dench, Morven Christie, F. Murray Abraham, Patrick Stewart, Claire Lautier, and Chuk Iwuji.
Suffering from emphysema, the great British theater critic Kenneth Tynan arrived in Santa Monica in 1976 with his dazzling second wife, Kathleen, their two children and hopes for a new beginning. But as the Tynans dove into Hollywood’s social whirl, Kathleen’s career took off, while Ken was smitten with a much older woman: 71-year-old silent-film star Louise Brooks. SAM KASHNER chronicles the extravagant parties, the extramarital affairs, and the tragic finale.
A PLACE IN THE SUN
Kathleen and Kenneth Tynan
in Spain in 1970. Spain was his
sunny climate of choice,
and Kathleen opted for California
and the movie business.
n October of 1976, sun-drenched Santa Monica was about to receive some unlikely guests: the English drama critic Kenneth Tynan, his beautiful wife, Kathleen, and their two children. Tynan, widely regarded as one of the greatest—and most feared—theater critics of the 20th century, had established his reputation at two London newspapers, the Evening Standard and The Observer, while still in his 20s.

A self-described “talent snob,” Tynan had formed friendships with Marlene Dietrich, Richard Burton, John Huston, Noël Coward, Orson Welles, Katharine Hepburn, Tennessee Williams, and Sir Laurence Olivier, whom he worshipped and at whose side he mapped the direction of London’s National Theatre from 1963 to 1973. But at the age of 49, this quintessential London aesthete, suffering from emphysema aggravated by a two-packs-a-day smoking habit, decided to jump the pond, packing his bags for America.

They rented a $2,200-a-month house in Santa Monica that belonged to the American screenwriter Lorenzo Semple Jr. (The Parallax View, Three Days of the Condor)—“a glorious, sprawling Spanish-style house at the end of Kingman Avenue,” wrote Kathleen in her 1987 biography, The Life of Kenneth Tynan. “It was more than we could afford, but it was a luxury I felt we needed to launch our new life. The place had thick-walled privacy, and silence, except for the cooing of pigeons and the sound of the children splashing and squealing in the swimming pool. We were close enough to the ocean to be free of smog, and the air smelled of eucalyptus and orange blossom, and, at night, of woodsmoke from the open fire in the high-beamed living room.”

Tynan wrote to Marlene Dietrich, “Santa Monica is very strange after London. Every morning a large golden disc appears in the sky. . . . People remove their clothes and jump into pools of water. It is all very odd.” In this blissful setting his health seemed to improve, and he and Kathleen launched a very social life of party-giving and party-going.

“The Wilders and the Tynans had the only salons left in the 60s and 70s,” says Sue Mengers, the most powerful Hollywood agent of the era. “I remember being seated at Thanksgiving dinner—it was at the Billy Wilders’, seated between George Burns and Ken Tynan. During dinner, Ken put his hand down the back of my dress, and he was just fondling my buttocks. Ken loved buttocks, and in my case, there was a lot to love. I mean, [he was the producer of the 1969 Off Broadway erotic revue] Oh! Calcutta! after all. He whipped buttocks! What’s the big deal? Ken was not content with the ordinary.”

“He was wonderful company and was always asked back,” Kathleen would later write. “Ken noted that in London, he wore a dinner jacket roughly once a year, whereas in Los Angeles, during the course of one week, he had worn black tie to the premier of The Last Tycoon, to the wedding of Marisa Berenson . . . and to a dinner given
"He'd say, 'I am basically a lesbian,'" says Shirley MacLaine of Tynan.
ALL IN THE FAMILY

by the agent Swifty Lazar and his wife.
Lazar's party was a mix of Old and New Hollywood: Jack Nicholson, Anjelica Huston, Liza Minnelli, Warren Beatty, plus Dinah Shore, producer Ray Stark, and a magnificently preserved Merle Oberon. Mengers recalls being present, angry that Lazar had poached her guest list for a party she had planned for the following night. She hissed into Tynan's ear, "That goddamn Swifty! He swore to me he wouldn't ask Warren, and guess who just walked in the fucking door! . . . I'll show the bastard: I'll get Streisand tomorrow, so help me!"
And so she did, along with Ryan O'Neal, Steven Spielberg (fresh from the success of Jaws), James Coburn, Dudley Moore, Tuesday Weld, and Tina Sinatra.
"Dudley . . . was a welcome relief in a room criss-crossed with hostile emanations from so many warlike egos," Tynan wrote in his diary.

A young man at Oxford, Tynan had been a dandy (known for his dove-colored suits and—later—his leopardskin trousers, worn on a gaunt, elegant frame). At the age of 23, he published his first book, He That Plays the King, for which he had flattered Orson Welles, one of his idols, into writing the introduction. Throughout his career, he delighted his readers with witty descriptions of actors: "What, when drunk, one sees in other women, one sees in Garbo sober"; "[Anthony Quinn] always acts as if he were wearing a suit for the first time"; John Gielgud is like "a tight, smart, walking umbrella."

By 1955, Tynan was so much a public figure that Alec Guinness spoofed him in The Ladykillers, by aping Tynan's habit of effortlessly holding a cigarette between his middle and ring finger. He would come to be known, as well, as a connoisseur of wine and food—of what his friend and frequent dining companion Gore Vidal referred to as "the higher piggery."

In his 30s, Tynan left The Observer to become the dramaturge of the newly founded National Theatre, under Laurence Olivier's direction. He was also largely responsible for dragging English theater into the modern age by championing "Angry Young Man" John Osborne's 1956 drama, Look Back in Anger, and extolling American playwrights Eugene O'Neill, Arthur Miller, and Tennessee Williams. He was the creator and impresario behind Oh! Calcutta!, which the Guinness Book of World Records listed as "the longest running revue." He created a national furor and was denounced in Parliament when he uttered the word "fuck" on a BBC broadcast about censorship. (Although, as Gore Vidal recently pointed out, given Tynan's noticeable stammer, it was more like "ff-fuck.")

Tynan had lived in the U.S. briefly in 1958, when he accepted a stint as theater critic for The New Yorker. He brought along his first wife, the American novelist and heiress Elaine Dundy, to New York for two theatrical seasons, after which the couple returned to London. By then Tynan was exhausted by this long, bitter marriage,
which had been a punching match characterized by infidelities on both sides. In December of 1962, he met Kathleen Hilton, who was working on an arts-news column at The Observer.

At 24, Kathleen was tall and slim, with a wide smile and a mane of dark silky hair. Though she described herself as middle-class, she had a somewhat aloof, aristocratic air, and she was the kind of woman who lit up a room. “She was the image of perfection—physical perfection. Men were just absolutely riveted to her,” says Mengers. The London-born daughter of a Canadian journalist, Kathleen had just six months earlier married Oliver Gates, the scion of an aristocratic English family, but after eight months of being wooed by Tynan she left Gates.

Married in June 1967, Ken and Kathleen launched their exuberant life together at 120 Mount Street, where their huge parties helped define Swinging London in the 1960s. Norman Mailer, Duke Ellington, theater director Peter Brook, Marlon Brando, Richard Harris, Gore Vidal—even Princess Margaret and Tony Snowdon—were among the guests. The Italian director Michelangelo Antonioni based the London orgy scene in his 1966 film, Blow-Up, on a Tynan party.

But in 1973 Tynan was ousted from his influential post at the National Theatre after a protracted battle with the theater’s censorious board of directors. Olivier, his idol and mentor, seemed content to let Tynan twist in the wind, though some cast Tynan as Machiavelli to Olivier’s Prince. At 46, Tynan found himself unemployed, with an expensive lifestyle, a glamorous second wife, and their two young children—Roxana and Matthew, born in 1967 and 1971—to support. (He had insisted that Kathleen leave her job at The Observer so she wouldn’t have to disrupt their mornings by getting up early.)

But it was Tynan’s health that changed the script. Dr. John Batte, a chest specialist he’d consulted, told Kathleen that he would probably live only 10 more years. Ken “sat in our dining room. (his latest workplace),” Kathleen recorded, “and did not work. He was excessively depressed.” Then, like a bolt of lightning, an enticing offer from William Shawn to return to The New Yorker, to write six profiles a year, gave Tynan his third—and final—act. The profiles would be of personalities as diverse as Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Tom Stoppard, Johnny Carson, and “the two Brookses”—Mel and Louise. One of them—silent-film star Louise Brooks—Tynan rescued from obscurity, and the 71-year-old recluse became the last grand passion of his life.

“All of a sudden, everything had to be bigger and better,” recalls 35-year-old Matthew Tynan, who lives in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, and resembles a lighter-haired version of his father. With The New Yorker’s promised salary of $44,000 (plus all-important medical coverage), income from renting out their London house (they had by then taken a lease on a large house on Thurloe Square), and modest royalties from Oh! Calcutta!, they embarked on an extravagant lifestyle in

“He had addictions to everything,” says Matthew. “And his addictions were necessary for his work.”
PARTY DRAG

which they attempted to keep pace with their movie-star friends in Los Angeles.

Matthew, however, felt that “on some level Dad must have known that L.A. was not going to cure his ills. Especially when we were getting thrown out of the classroom every few hours for smog alerts. It was clear to me that it was not a good place for lungs. But it was sunny.”

Kathleen and Ken’s daughter, Roxana, a strikingly intelligent woman now in her late 30s who has her mother’s slender beauty and mane of brown hair, felt that her father “missed bad English food, he missed mostly the conversation, and he complained about it a lot.” Indeed, Tynan looked out of place in Santa Monica: a “tall, grievously thin Englishman,” in Louise Brooks’s description, eccentrically dressed, with an English parlor and a cigarette held elegantly “between two spidery fingers,” showing up among the bronzed, shorts-and-sandals-clad denizens.

He immediately adopted two local customs: he leased a four-door Buick Riviera (with blue crushed-vellvet seats) and took great pleasure in driving through the Brentwood car wash. “The big thrill was to go to the car wash with him,” Roxana recalls. “We would sit in the car with the windows rolled up.” Tynan described the “spray, cascade, and whirling brushes,” followed by a “shivery curtain of chamois leather”; he concluded that the “ceremony of the car wash” is, “in fact, a purification in which it is not so much the car that is purified, as its owner.”

Tynan discovered a local bullfight club and joined a cricket club founded by homesick English expats; he’d regularly go into Brentwood and pick up a clutch of English newspapers, stopping off at the Book Nook to browse. He replaced “grande bouffe-ing” at three-star restaurants in Paris with dining at Dan Tana’s and the Brown Derby. He was immediately sought out by “agents, movie stars, and elderly socialites,” Kathleen recorded, but not for work, even though Tynan wanted very much to produce and direct films and was trying to develop an erotic film for a German producer.

A trip to Las Vegas to catch Shirley MacLaine’s one-woman show at Caesars Palace brought MacLaine back into Tynan’s orbit. They had met earlier, in London, when Tynan described her act at London’s Palladium as a “high definition performance”—his highest accolade—for which he praised the redheaded dancer and actress as “a credit to the species.” Though she admired Tynan (“I loved his mind—I never found him pretentiously intellectual,” she says), it was Kath-

Tynan was most at home with the small expat colony, which included writer Christopher Isherwood and his companion, Don Bachardy, and director Tony Richardson (by this time divorced from Vanessa Redgrave) and his two daughters, Natasha and Joely. “Tony Richardson, each year, would do this Easter-egg hunt, and it was very fun for us,” remembers Roxana. “Tony was one of their friends who actually liked kids.”

They also befriended Gordon Davidson, artistic director of the innovative Center Theatre Group, and screenwriters Robert Towne and Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne. Davidson recalled, “Kathleen was such a beautiful woman, one wanted to be in her company. I remember Tynan, brilliant, in a white suit. He loved the theater, and that love came through in everything he did.”

“I do think people like Gore Vidal, Christopher Isherwood—intellectual peers—kept him alive,” Matthew says. Despite an overflowing social life, however, the great transatlantic transplant was in danger of not taking. One reason was financial.

Their parents’ tension over money was becoming increasingly apparent to the children. “I had this vision of us as being enormously wealthy,” Roxana recalls, “and why wouldn’t I? Next door to us were these teenage girls—they had walk-in closets. Whereas I would have a sweater and a pair of shorts, they would have the same sweater in 10 colors. It dawned on me that we weren’t on that level.”

In England, Roxana recalls, her parents had cooked elaborate meals and “loved Vincent Price’s Come into the Kitchen cookbook,” with its recipes for “Tiny Tim Finger Rolls” and “Fish Rolls à la Mrs. Benjamin Harrison.” In L.A., they hired a cook, a Canadian named Sheila Weeks.

Matthew remembers, “They always had one-up everyone. Their parties were huge, enormous events.” If Sue Mengers and Swiftly Lazar could produce Hollywood royalty, the Tynans could produce the real thing. They gave a party for a visiting Princess Margaret, despite Tynan’s socialist leanings and his belief that the monarchy
should be abolished. "It was grand," recalls Matthew. "There were Secret Service everywhere. Mum and Dad had ordered Indian food with the idea that this was kind of different and exotic. But really, it's because it was dirt-cheap, and they could feed the 300 people who were there, who remember it as ridiculously opulent. Most of the time, I was the waitstaff."

"Before Diana came along, Princess Margaret was it," recalls Mengers. "That's who you would see at the Tynans. Who cares about Steve McQueen? Kathleen asked me if I would hold a small luncheon for her. I wanted to throw out all the furniture and hire 50 chefs, but, no, they told me how to do it. They guided me in how to host a princess."

Even with economies that could be viewed as merely good taste, the Tynans "just went into debt," says Roxana. "I mean, that's the English thing, when you're middle-class. Your banker would give you an overdraft and let you borrow more money. And his fame was helpful in getting him credit. They're spending more than half their income on rent. They were keeping up appearances, but they also wanted to keep on living their lives. Dad didn't want to be dying for four years."

The Tynans' household staff included, besides the cook, a secretary, a housecleaner, and a series of nannies. "Mum tended to go for these 22-year-old au pairs, whom they met at parties," Roxana recalls. "They were all pretty great, but some of them were maybe not quite mature enough to be looking after children." They also managed private schools for Roxana and Matthew and frequent trips to Spain, Mexico, New York, and London.

"My parents were freelancers," Roxana says, "and if you think about the way a lot of freelancers live now—certainly not like my parents. They would travel all the time. They'd go on six-week trips to Europe. They went to Ceylon. They spent everything they had."

In the spring of 1977, Tynan confided in his journal, "If I do not write, I shall be broke. (At present I have $300 in the bank, an overdraft in excess of £5,000 in London . . . )"

One of the secretaries Tynan hired to help with correspondence and to set up interviews for his New Yorker profiles was an attractive woman in her 20s named Judy Harger. She showed up one morning around 10 at 765 Kingman Avenue, on a temp job, and was let in by the cook. "And here he comes," Harger recalls about her first meeting with Tynan—"skinny, with this slightly haggard quality. I was around 27, and he was only 50 but seemed very old to me."

She was impressed by his mustard-colored dressing gown, "with dots on it, like enormous oranges. And the thinnest legs you ever saw, and velvety house shoes, in gold, black, and gray stripes. He was the most outlandish-looking person." Tynan welcomed his new secretary and proceeded to order and eat his breakfast, consisting mostly of "nearly raw, Farmer John hunks of bacon."

Tynan was then finishing his 1978 profile of Johnny Carson. Harger typed his correspondence to William Shawn, which was mostly about money ("Dear Mr. Shawn: I've written to Louise Brooks . . . As I told you, the return air fare between L.A. and Rochester is $398, and I'd be very grateful if the magazine could let me have a check for this amount in advance.") Or to the producers of Oh! Calcutta!, complaining about skimpy royalties from the long-running revue. Her stenographer's notebooks are full of woeful tallies of paltry sums, followed by instructions to rent a villa in Madrid, and shopping lists topped by "liquor, Scotch, J&B, wine, 6 pinot noir, 6 sauvignon blanc."

One entry reads simply: "Order the Jaguar!"

Soon after arriving in Los Angeles, Tynan was talked into seeing a prominent physician, Dr. Elsie Giorgi, who marveled at the fact that Tynan was still alive: "He had the highest carbon dioxide level [in his bloodstream] ever recorded and the lowest oxygen."

Tests revealed that he had a genetic deficiency that contributed to the destruction of his lung tissue—as did his smoking. Tynan took in that information by lighting up a cigarette. In Kathleen's biography Dr. Giorgi remarked, "I don't think I've ever met a person who could write about other people with such insight . . . who displays so little insight about himself."

Tynan had been taking Dexamyl, an amphetamine, and Dalmane, a sleeping pill, for 25 years in addition to his two packs of cigarettes a day. He wasn't about to stop now.

Tynan seemed to Harger to have a "forlorn quality. He wanted to be producing plays. I think he failed to recognize that he was going to need to invent another self to navigate the second part of his life. Like Orson Welles, he'd been so flamboyant and gifted in his youth. Now he talked about his poor health, making comments like 'I shan't be alive then.'" Harger felt that he "was depressed, and he was lost. He had missed the boat somehow."

"There was a sadness about Ken. This wasn't the robust man-about-town of the 50s and 60s," recalls Mengers. "I remember trying to get Ken work, but it was hard. It didn't really work out. I don't think Ken was out there looking for a gig in the movies—he just wanted someone to buy his ideas, perhaps make him a producer."

But if Tynan seemed to languish, nursing his anguishied lungs and trying to stop smoking—except that he couldn't write unless he could smoke. And he couldn't make a living without writing—Kathleen was flourishing. "When I finally met her," Judy Harger recalls, "I was kind of astonished at her beauty. It was her coloring and her bones. She was just a natural, someone who looked great first thing in the morning."

Matthew felt that the moment his mother arrived in Los Angeles, "she began to bloom, to come into herself." A screenplay Kathleen had begun in London about the 11 lost days of Agatha Christie's life in December 1926 was picked up by the producer David Puttnam, and Dustin Hoffman—who had proved his box-office worth in The Graduate and Midnight Cowboy—signed on, virtually ensuring that the film would be made. Her mother made the deal to write Agatha. Roxana believes, even before setting foot on California soil. Kathleen "did very well forging her own career," Matthew says.

Though Hoffman was egrogenously miscast in a role that called for a tall, aristocratic Englishman, Agatha was released in 1979 to respectable reviews. Roxana and Matthew both feel that Kathleen's success was difficult for their father. "It was genuinely tough for Dad," says Roxana, "and then, more than anything, he was really ill. It's unpleasant to be deeply ill. Dad was never mean to Matthew or me, ever. But he was occasionally mean to Mum, in front of us."

Added to Tynan's envy of Kathleen's success was his own failure to write and produce Alex and Sophie, which had worked on for several years. Began in 1970, while he was still at the National Theatre, the film never got off the ground (to the relief of Kathleen, who found its subject of sadomasochism distasteful and who worried that, if produced, the film would just bring Ken more notoriety). "Mum didn't really want him to do it."

Roxana recalls. "She felt it too revealing, and instinctively knew it was really not very good and that it would be kind of embarrassing to him. He sort of chose to blame her for its not getting made."

There were other unrealized projects: plans to write his autobiography and to publish a life of the controversial psychoanalyst and sexologist Wilhelm Reich, for which he'd already written about 70,000 words. Most painfully, his attempt to expand his never published New Yorker profile of Laurence Olivier into a biography—a "small monument" to his revered former mentor—failed spectacularly when Olivier withdrew his consent, and Tynan was forced to return a hefty advance of $12,000 to Simon & Schuster. With an additional $30,000 for research and $120,000 upon completion and publication, the book would have gone a long way toward solving Tynan's financial woes—not bad for a labor of love. But Olivier called Tynan to say he would not cooperate and would instruct his friends.
As Kathleen thrived, Ken’s emphema continued to sap his strength. “There were lots of times when Mum was giving the parties, and Dad would have to show up and then leave because he was too ill,” Roxana remembers. “I’m sure he was annoyed and angry and tired of that.”

They had a spectacular fight one night when Kathleen gave a party that Tynan felt they couldn’t afford. He took off in his Buick and proceeded to announce over his CB radio (which was all the rage in the 70s) that Jack Nicholson was at 765 Kingman Avenue, signing autographs. Luckily, no one believed him.

“It was awful for Kathleen,” says Gore Vidal. “He was vicious to her. Dying is a great excuse for misbehavior.”

“She was a true survivor,” Matthew says about his mother. “I think she knew early on that Dad’s time was not long, and she knew she had to start thinking about the future. He was thinking about the end, and she was thinking about how she was going to move things forward. He made almost no attempts to help his own health. He tried to quit smoking many times. I remember getting him for Christmas a cigarette in a little glass container for emergencies—I think it was just before New Year’s—and he smashed the damned thing open and smoked it. He had addictions to everything. And his addictions—for food, for cigarettes—were necessary for his work, and without the work, the writing, he was nothing. At the end, when he wasn’t allowed to smoke at all—those were the darkest moments.”

At one point Kathleen and the children were in London, and Tynan was left alone to pack for a trip to Spain, where he planned to re-unite with his family. “He had his suitcase laid out on that second twin bed in the room where his desk was,” Judy Harger remembers, “but he hadn’t packed. And he said to me, ‘I wonder if you have any plans tomorrow, on Saturday.’ She answered cautiously, ‘I might have some hours in the morning. Why?’ Tynan answered, ‘If you would come and just sit with me while I pack, I would write you a check for any amount that you say.’ She returned the next day and watched him pack.

Perhaps as a response to Kathleen’s ascendency in Los Angeles, and a swipe at her enviable good health, Tynan revived the sadomasochistic affair he had begun years earlier in London with “Nicole.” She was a willing partner in his sexual spanking games, as his wives were not. Elaine Dundy, in fact, was disgusted by Tynan’s sexual tastes. Their daughter, Tracy, said later that as her father’s health deteriorated his “sadomasochistic sexual escapades became more extreme.” She also took a more philosophical view: “S&M is drama, and my father was addicted to drama.” Tynan gave up his subscription to The Times of London and took to reading The Fetishist Times. In one diary passage, he described his spanking—and, more seriously, caning—sessions with Nicole and another woman: “Nicole and I played the role of a count and countess whipping a new housemaid for theft and drunkenness.” Tynan made several trips with Nicole, once taking her to Madrid in 1977 for two weeks, while Kathleen was in England for the filming of Agatha.

“It was not a sexual script he could give up,” Roxana believes, “and Mum was not into it. He didn’t want to feel that he was pressing her to do something that she wasn’t into. He was always very open about it and felt that he was kind of fighting the war for sexual liberation. I think Mum felt, ‘Well, if he can enjoy straight sex, why can’t he just keep enjoying it? Why does he have to go back?’ But that kind of narrative is too difficult to break. It was very painful to Mum.”

Throughout the 70s, Kathleen embarked upon several affairs, outdistancing her husband even in their infidelities. Tynan made a list in his diary of Kathleen’s lovers, including “Bernardo Bertolucci, Warren Beatty, Gay Talese… and others unadmitted. My record is slimmer: Nicole.” Kathleen had a more enduring relationship with the Iranian-born director Barbet Schroeder (Maitresse, Barfly, Reversal of Fortune, Single White Female).

By then the family had moved to a slightly less grand house at 1500 Stone Canyon Road, in Bel Air. “I remember being in Stone Canyon and a nanny was giving us a ride to school, and innocently I asked where Mum had been the night before,” Roxana recalls. “She’d started an affair with—I think it was Barbet Schroeder—and the nanny said, ‘It’s none of your business where she was. And she has a right to have her own life.’ I was 11 years old and I had no clue. She said, ‘Your father’s dying,’ and Matthew and I were like, ‘Huh?’ It hadn’t really dawned on us.”

Shirley MacLaine remained especially close to Kathleen throughout this difficult time, inviting her friend to spend nights at her beach house in Malibu. “I think Tynan was jealous of Kathleen and her talent—that’s what she thought, too,” says MacLaine. But Kathleen “was fascinated by his thinness, by his very elegance. I couldn’t see it, but she did… I think it was worth it for Kathleen to put up with this S&M stuff he was into.”

MacLaine was acquainted with Ken’s theatrical delight in costumes, in dressing up in drag. “Sometimes he would show up at my apartment, when I was playing the [London] Palladium, dressed as a woman. Very elegant. And Kathleen would talk about how she had put on his lashes and made him up. He’d say, ‘I am basically a lesbian.’ Ken was fascinated with sex… sex and death.”

Perhaps it was just this fascination that re-ignited his interest in Louise Brooks, the silent-screen seductress with the schoolgirl pageboy whom he would christen “The Girl in the Black Helmet” in the best-remembered of his New Yorker profiles. Roxana recalls that “Dad did a lot of TV-watching here—all these old movies. After England, he was kind of amazed at the huge range and choices [of programs].” One January day, at one o’clock in the afternoon on Channel 28, he watched G. W. Pabst’s 1928 silent film Pandora’s Box and renewed his fascination with Brooks, the impossibly stunning, 21-year-old girl from Kansas who plays a fetching young prostitute named Lulu in the film. “He recognized in her,” says Roxana, “in the best way, a kind of fellow pervert—somebody who was completely self-invented, kind of frayed, and, in many ways, bold.”

Tynan set out to find the elusive Miss Brooks, then 71, who had abandoned her film career in 1938 and virtually disappeared. He managed to locate her in Rochester, New York, where she lived alone in a drab apartment, subsisting on a monthly stipend of $400 from CBS founder William S. Paley, one of her former paramours. What had brought her to this reclusive existence, living near poverty, in a frozen northern city? She had been one of the most beautiful screen actresses of her day, rivaling Garbo, and one of the most original. Tynan wrote about her, “She has run through my life like a magnetic thread—this shameless virgin tomboy, this unbroken, unbreakable porcelain filly. She is a prairie princess … amoral but totally selfless, with that sleek jet cloche of hair that rings such a peal of bells in my subconscious.”

Tynan, the ultimate fan, wrote to her at once, dictating the letter to Judy Harger. “Dear Miss Brooks, You probably don’t know me, but I’m an English writer… I have been an admirer of yours ever since I first saw Pandora’s Box many years ago: and when I saw it again the other day on TV, my admiration for you was rekindled as strongly as ever.”

Brooks was reluctant at first to meet with Tynan, fearful that Paley would find out and stop her monthly stipend, her only source of income. “She sent half a dozen letters expressly forbidding that they could meet, talk, or that he could ever write the article,” remembers Matthew. But Tynan prevailed. “You realize you are doing a terrible thing to me,” she told her interlocutor. “I’ve been trying to kill myself off for 20 years… and
Tynans

now you are going to bring me back to life," Judy Harger remembers that Tynan was "ecstatic" when he received her permission to visit. "It was a big deal for him to go to Rochester—a whole other climate for him. You know, the packing, the drugs, the inhalers, the overcoat."

In the dead of winter, Tynan made the trek from Los Angeles to 7 North Goodman Avenue, a postwar apartment building, in Rochester. With her long gray hair pulled back in a ponytail, Brooks greeted Tynan wearing a wornen bed jacket over a pink nightgown, supporting herself on a rubber-tipped metal cane. According to Kathleen’s version of their conversations, which she set down in her screenplay Lulu in Love (based on Kenneth’s taped interviews with the actress), “There’s nothing I can do about a face that is fifty years older than the one you had in mind” were the first words out of her mouth.

“You look p-p-pretty good, given that four months ago I thought you were dead,” he replied.

Louise—herself a good and serious writer who had contributed illuminating bits of film criticism to obscure journals—found herself smitten. Like two actors on a movie set, they fell in love over the course of Tynan’s interviews and exchanged a number of letters that could be described only as veiled love letters.

He usually showed up with several bottles of gin. (“Not too much,” she cautioned him, “or I’ll be gincoherent.”) She already knew and admired Tynan’s work and in fact accused her guest of being “a genius.” She told him that he was “the only writer who understands, who sees the movement of actors—Ethan Merman, stalking back and forth out of time . . . . [James] Cagney, his movement so integrated with his being that I didn’t see it until you wrote: ‘He released his compact energy quite without effort.’”

Tynan found in Brooks a woman who was as frank and interested in all manner of sexual expression as himself. She confessed to having had 450 lovers—“10 a year from age 15 to 60”—and remarked that Marlene Dietrich’s “list of conquests in that silly book of hers doesn’t hold a flame to mine. And Garbo? She made a pass at me, but I told her I wasn’t interested.” Tynan responded by telling Brooks, “I have always encouraged the rumor that I am homosexual. Actually, I regard it as a gap in me . . . that I’ve never been turned on by a man.”

Brooks confessed, “Now that I’ve given up men, words are all I have to keep me occupied. I must be the only woman alive who gave up sex for the public library! I’ve read The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, cover to cover, twice.” She also complained to her new friend, “I can’t even be bothered to masturbate—I can’t think of anything interesting, and when I do, it’s all over so quickly.” Brooks told Tynan that she could have been “the queen of CBS,” but she found William Paley “too much of a gentleman, I mean, in bed. He didn’t thrill me. Chaplin was the same.”

Later, when Brooks heard that Tynan, back in Santa Monica and working on the profile, was briefly hospitalized, she wrote him an anguished letter: “I just got your tele- gram and I am too sick about you to speak—What can I do?—love love love Louise.” In another letter, after calling herself “an old whore,” she wrote, “I don’t know whether it was the wine or the bond that sealed us. But I was suddenly overpowered by the feel- ing of love—a sensation I have never experienced with any other man. Are you a vari- ation on Jack the Ripper who finally brings me love which I am prevented from accepting [a reference to Lulu’s end in Pandora’s Box], not by the knife but by old age? For it is true that I have never been in love. If I had loved a man would I have been faithful to him? Could he have trusted me beyond a closed door?”

In fact, the woman who confessed to never having been in love admitted to yet another emotion: “Dear Ken, you scoundrel! Wreck- ing my golden years. First I fall in love, and now I am insanely jealous. Of Dietrich! that contraption! that composite of cheap types! she wouldn’t fool the stupidest actor!”

When Tynan wrote to Brooks in August of ’79 telling her that he had been ap- proached by two producers who wanted an option on her life story and that they had the “rapturous enthusiasm of a direc- tor, Mike Nichols, who would (I believe) be ideal for the job,” Brooks became furious with Tynan, accusing him over the phone of trying to make “a sexy exploita- tion film” about her. “I’m surprised he didn’t see this coming,” Matthew says. “Louise had been living as a recluse, hidden away from her past for so long that it was only falling in love with Dad that per- suaded her to let him do the piece for The New Yorker.”

Shirley MacLaine always wondered why Brooks had walked away from Hollywood at such a young age. “Her behavior was so inexplicable,” she says, “No one’s ever done that—no one leaves Hollywood, unless they find God.” She admits to being confounded by Tynan’s fascination with the silent- screen actress. “I could never understand why he was so besotted. He talked about her incessantly, and then they had a big affair—you know that?” MacLaine specu- lates that, in terms of their affair, “he was the woman and she was the man,” though Matthew Tynan says, “I can’t imagine that she was up to much gymnastics. I’m sure it was slow and affectionate. If it did happen, it happened more than once.”

Tynan pieced together his intimate por- trait of the actress, the only woman he in- cluded among his five profiles. “The Girl in the Black Helmet” was published in June 1979 in The New Yorker. It’s considered by many to be his greatest profile, though Matthew felt that his father’s flamboyance had been toned down by the magazine’s editors. “What’s sad is that you don’t see the passion Dad had for this woman.”

It was the last piece of journalism Ty- nan published. Louise Brooks would out- live Ken Tynan by five years.

M um kept us cocooned from Dad’s ill- ness,” Roxana explains. “We knew he was ill, but I don’t know how much we understood. The fact that he had an oxygen tank was normal to us.” But as Tynan’s emphysema worsened, he was taken to the hospital on a number of occasions for the painful procedure of intubation, in which a tube is snaked into the lungs to aerate them.

Roxana felt that her father was probably aware of Kathleen’s affair with Schroeder, but “he was so ill at that point that I’m not sure he would have given a shit. I mean, I think he cared more about the fact that in some metaphoric way he wanted Mum to go down with him . . . it was less important that she was going to have a lover than that she was going to live.” At one point, in a Santa Monica hospita, Tynan reduced Kathleen to tears, challenging her with the words “If you don’t come down to the bottom with me, I don’t want to go anywhere with you.”

In 1979 the Tynans moved to the last of their homes in Los Angeles, an even more modest house, on South Westgate Avenue, in Brentwood, with an outbuilding on the property. “There was a little house in the backyard,” Roxana remembers, “where Mum had set up a bed for him. And I think it was beginning to dawn on us, in some way, that he was dying.” Tynan was relegated to the outbuilding of his house- hold, breathing with an oxygen tank, exiled from the main house, and $75,000 in debt. Still, he treasured the time he was able to spend with Matthew and Roxana. One of the last things he wrote was a poem for Matthew on his birthday:

Dear Matthew, Dear Boy
Relax and Enjoy
The Day of Your Birth.
Start Your Tenth Year on Earth . . .
Now that You’re Nine
I’m Sure You’ll Be Fine . . .

On that same day, his New Yorker bene- factor, William Shawn, posted a letter telling
Kathleen was consumed by writing the biography," Buck recalls. Though Kathleen had been intent on forging an identity independent from Ken's in the last years of their marriage, she now found herself once again absorbed by Ken's life, not just in writing her dead husband's biography, which she would publish in 1987, but in publishing an edition of his profiles in 1989 and his letters in 1994. "I thought Mum was incredibly honest in the book, rigorously honest," says Roxana about The Life of Kenneth Tynan. "I think she did a very, very good job, because she had the added burden that she had to overcome not being taken seriously, a kind of snobbery of people saying, 'Oh, it's the widow's book.' People were starting to suggest that she was kind of, you know, dining out on his work." But Shirley MacLaine's assessment is probably closer to the truth: "She was writing to understand herself, and who she was married to." Joan Juliet Buck noticed that when Kathleen finished the book she removed her wedding ring.

As if researching and writing the biography and editing Tynan's letters and profiles weren't enough, Kathleen started work on a screenplay based on Ken's taped interviews and correspondence with Louise Brooks, called Lulu in Love. Kathleen seems to have been as fascinated with Brooks as her husband had been, but for different reasons. Roxana thought that her mother recognized in the actress "a kind of writer manqué. This was a woman whom a lot of men have stared at, who really was born to be a writer and not to be an object of desire—at least not exclusively. I think Mum felt the same way."

In her life after Tynan, Kathleen continued her affair with Barbet Schroeder. When asked about his relationship with Kathleen, the 64-year-old director now says, "If I am asked I'll always confirm the same thing and give NO details: it was one of the most beautiful love stories of my life." Because he was married she kept her involvement secret. According to Joan Juliet Buck, "She lived with secrets," including the devastating knowledge that she had developed colon cancer, discovered in the early 1990s. "There were just four people who knew she was sick." Buck recalls, and she was brilliant at keeping up appearances—dressing in Valentino, hiding her colostomy bag under a cape. Shirley MacLaine observes, "You know, she loved her beauty, too. She loved her size nothing and her sense of style." At a party given by the British publisher George Weidenfeld, Kathleen "showed up swathed in this gray cape. No one knew she was sick, though there were all kinds of rumors around London. She never admitted it."

She told Buck, "If I can go to a party, and for two hours I'm not ill, then I'm not ill." But says Buck, "it was devastating for her, for me, for everybody. It was horrible; she was so elegant about it, in the French sense. She didn't want anyone's pity."

Kathleen's illness, according to Roxana, "seemed particularly difficult [because] she had spent many years taking care of a guy who was very ill. She felt like she should have had a free pass. She'd been diagnosed, she'd gone through treatment and had a colectomy. She had been in remission for about a year and a half, and then it returned. The doctor told her she had a year to live. And that's exactly what she had." Kathleen Tynan died on January 10, 1995, at the age of 57.

One of the things Roxana, who works as a hotel-union organizer in Los Angeles, admires about her father is that "he wasn't a snob. He loved low and high, he cared only about people who were really good at what they did. Dad didn't believe in the monarchy, although Mum was much more of a throwback in that sense. But Dad would go to some party at Princess Margaret's house for New Year's and go into the kitchen with the staff and sing 'Auld Lang Syne' with them, whereas Mum would curtsey." When he's not frothing a band (called Peacock's Penny Arcade, complete with accordion, sousaphone, guitars, and kazooos), Matthew is working on producing Lulu in Love (a final draft is being polished by the producer and screenwriter Belinda Haas, who wrote Angels and Insects), with Shirley MacLaine to play Louise Brooks: "In a way, she's perfect—they're both dancers, both opinionated, both larger than life. I think she'll be fabulous."

Of the 10 books Tynan published in his lifetime, all are out of print. "That's the irony. He wrote to last, but you can't even read him," Matthew says. "Even though he accomplished a huge amount in his life. Dad felt that he hadn't, because he hadn't made a film, he hadn't gone back to directing theater. He didn't respect the work he was doing." After all, Tynan once described a critic as "a man who knows the way but can't drive the car." Or, as the character named Ken Tynan says in Lulu in Love, "To be great, at least in England, you have to write a big book.... I've skimmed. I burned up the moment, I spent my life writing to deadline. A performer with a flair for words.... That's all."

Of Tynan's sojourn in Los Angeles, MacLaine says, "I think he saw this as the city of the angels, and he would make of that whatever he could. It represents the golden dream. You go as far west as possible, but unless you can walk on water, you have to go backward and look at who you are."
When Teri was a little girl, she and her parents lived in Sunnyvale, in Northern California's Silicon Valley, where they were close to her mother's sister and her husband, Richard Hayes Stone. Starting when Teri was five years old, she says, she was sexually molested by her uncle.

"My memories have been with me forever, right down to the details of the color of the carpet in the car, and his penis, and what he asked me to do with it," she says, her voice quavering as she struggles to maintain control. Like most abused children, Teri told no one, and her parents were seemingly oblivious. But for years, she says, she felt tortured by the classic conflict of childhood sexual abuse, torn between her revulsion and the magnetic control that Stone exerted over her.

"I remember once we were going from his house to pick up some other people, and I remember trying to manipulate it so that we would be alone together," she says, staring hard at the floor, suddenly unable to meet my gaze. "I knew that he would pull over in some deserted parking lot and do things to me. I feel such shame, because it felt like I was special. I was being paid special attention to, told how fabulous I was; this was someone who was supposed to love me, but at the same time you know it's wrong. I didn't like looking at him ejaculate; I didn't want to touch it. These are haunting things I've remembered all my life. The most horrible thing, that has stuck with me all my life, is that he was touching me and doing things to me and he said, 'Doesn't that feel good?' I said, 'No, it doesn't.' He said, 'Well, someday you'll know what I'm talking about.'"

Hatcher shudders violently, her whole body shaking as if she were having a seizure. "Someday you'll know what I'm talking about!" Sobbing, she hunches her shoulders and wraps her arms around herself, rocking back and forth.

After she composing herself, she tells me about the day she finally exploded in fury. "The last time I saw him—I think I was eight or nine—my mother invited them over to the house for dinner, and I went ballistic," Hatcher says. "My mom thought that was pretty out of left field, but that was when her instincts kicked in. She felt like something weird was happening, and she removed me from the situation, but she never asked me about it. After that I didn't see my aunt and uncle. My parents are really well intended, and I think their way of dealing with things is denial and guilt. Nobody wanted to talk about it. But all I did was blame myself."

As the years passed, Hatcher's aunt and uncle divorced, and she struggled mightily to move on. "It was something I tried to bury completely," she says. "It's why I don't associate with my mother's side of the family; in my mind, I try to pretend they don't exist."

But the ultimate tragedy was yet to unfold. Three and a half years ago, Hatcher's parents moved from Sunnyvale, where they had lived since she was a child, to Laguna, south of L.A., so they could be closer to her and Emerson. "They were having a garage sale, and I went up to help them pack," Hatcher recalls. "It was a beautiful day, and we had made chocolate-chip cookies, and Emerson had a lemonade stand. There was stuff all over the driveway, and clothes laid out on sheets all over the lawn, for a quarter apiece. My mother handed me these newspaper clippings, like she's handing me grocery coupons, and said, 'Oh, by the way, I found these. I didn't know if you would want to see them, but I kept them.'"

What Hatcher learned from the clippings was that Dick Stone had recently been arrested and charged with three counts of sexual molestation involving a girl who lived across the street from him and one of her friends. Sarah Van Cleemput's family had come to Sunnyvale from Belgium, moving into a cream-colored house on a peaceful cul-de-sac where all the neighbors knew one another. Stone, an engineer at National Semiconductor, quickly befriended Sarah's father, who worked at semiconductor-maker Novellus Systems. The two families were soon socializing and even vacationing together, and Stone became a trusted grandfather figure to little Sarah, although her mother was later sickened to recall the time she saw him lean his 10-year-old daughter over a sofa and lick a piece of chocolate out of her mouth.

Several years later, on January 18, 2002, 14-year-old Sarah wrapped a towel around her head and spread others on the floor so she wouldn't make a mess for her parents to clean up. Then she pulled her father's Heckler & Koch .45-caliber pistol out from under his bed, fired a test shot into the wall, clasped a photograph of herself and her late grandmother, put the gun to her temple, and blew her brains out.

"You're probably thinking a normal teenager doesn't do this, well ask Dick," Sarah wrote in the suicide note she left on the kitchen counter. "Please forgive me."
When Hatcher read the news, she was shattered. "I just couldn’t believe it," she said. "I kind of freaked out. It struck me so strongly that—oh my god, he's been doing this for 35 years! Who else has he done this to? It just hadn’t occurred to me. For all I knew, he could have been dead. I was just blown over by this girl’s pain. I thought, Boy, that’s really close to being me; any day of the week, I could feel that sort of pain. I haven’t tried to kill myself, but I’ve certainly thought about it, and then I feel guilty about thinking about it, because what’s so terrible about my life?"

Although Stone was being held on a million dollars’ bail, Hatcher found herself racked with anxiety over whether he would be convicted. Her concern was well founded; although she didn’t know it yet, the case against him was on its way to being dismissed.

A search of Stone’s desk at work turned up a love note he had written to Sarah in 1999, when she was 12. "It hurts me so very much, my darling, to be near you and not be able to touch you the way that I want to, to tell you how much I love you," he wrote. Admitting that he promised never to touch her again, he added, "Sarah, my beautiful darling, I know I made that promise. But I cannot trust myself to keep it."

In Sarah’s wallet, her mother also found a torn-up note in what appeared to be Stone’s handwriting. It said, "My Darling Forever," with the last word enclosed in a pierced heart.

"Sarah had told friends of hers that this gentleman had been raping her for two to three years, but she told them not to tell," reports Chuck Gillingham, the supervising deputy district attorney in Santa Clara County, who served as the sex-crimes prosecutor in the case against Stone.

Under interrogation by law-enforcement authorities, Stone admitted only to what he called a "passionate kiss" with Sarah when she was around 12—a "lip lock" that seemed to last "a lifetime," he said, according to the San Jose Mercury News.

Incredibly, the prosecution’s case seemed doomed by evidentiary hurdles despite all the incriminating evidence. "Under California State law, the kiss was enough to charge him with sexual molestation—but we didn’t have a case because of corpus," Gillingham explains. "What that means is that we can’t prosecute a case with just a confession by the defendant to law enforcement. The theory of the law is that there were situations in the past where people were coerced into confessions, so this is a protection to make sure there’s independent evidence of a crime before you can prosecute a defendant based on their statement; that’s called the corpus rule. But in this case we had a little girl who had killed herself. The only statement she had made that was admissible was ’Ask Dick,’ but there was no independent evidence that a molestation of Sarah had occurred. Without corroborating evidence, we couldn’t get his confession into evidence. None of what she had told her friends was admissible, because it was hearsay."

Although law-enforcement authorities believed that Stone had abused at least three other girls, none came forward—not even the other girl included in the charges against him, a 12-year-old friend of Sarah’s who apparently made a suicide pact with her but then decided not to go through with killing herself. When Stone’s lawyer filed a motion to dismiss the case, Gillingham was almost certain the judge would grant it.

In the meantime, Hatcher found herself tormented by the thought of Sarah Van Cleempt. "I kept thinking, If she’d known me, especially me being famous; if I could have said to her, ‘Look, it happened to me!’ if I could just have said to her, ‘You’re going to be O.K.—’ ’ Her voice breaks. "I kept thinking, What do I do with this information I have that no one else has?

Terrified of exposure, she called her entertainment lawyer in Los Angeles to ask his advice. "He said, ‘As a parent, I don’t see how you can not come forward with this—which I knew already,’" Hatcher says. "At the end of the day, there was no way I was not going to put this girl first, before whatever damage might be done to me."

Her next call was to someone in the sex-crimes unit at the Los Angeles D.A.’s office. "I said, ’As a prosecutor of these cases, do you feel like this is a case where he’s got all the evidence he needs and he doesn’t need me?’" Hatcher recalls. "She said, ’There’s never enough evidence. The biggest factor in getting this guy is corroborating evidence, so you can show a pattern of behavior.’"

Hatcher finally worked up her courage to call the Santa Clara County D.A.’s office, but couldn’t seem to find the right person. "Nobody wanted to talk to me, because I didn’t want to tell my name," she says. "People kept hanging up. There were a couple of days when I could have said, ’Screw it—this is too hard.’"

Two days before the hearing on the motion to dismiss Stone’s case, Hatcher finally reached Gillingham. She told him she was afraid to reveal her identity but wanted the prosecution to know that Stone had sexually abused her as a child.

"She was very uncertain what she wanted to do; she was just torn about opening these wounds again," Gillingham says. "It was so difficult for her even to think about it, let alone talk about it. In that respect, she is no different from any adult victim of molestation that I’ve dealt with. There is no such thing as closure. They never get past it; it’s part of who they are. But they put it away, and it’s manageable, and talking about it was very frightening to her. I explained to her that she would have to be willing to testify, which would mean sitting in the same room with this guy. She was clearly scared to death to see him.” But Gillingham made it clear to Hatcher how important her testimony would be: "One of the ways you can get past the corpus requirement is to see whether the person has committed similar crimes in the past, so if we have Teri Hatcher saying, ’I was molested by this defendant,’ her experience was similar enough that, based on what she said, we had the ability to go ahead and prosecute the case.”

Persuaded that her participation was critical, Hatcher finally agreed to be interviewed, whereupon she panicked—and almost didn’t show up for the appointment. "It was a very, very hard decision for me, but ultimately I knew I couldn’t look myself in the mirror if I didn’t go through with it,” she says. Gillingham was particularly struck by the reason she gave for showing up. "Teri said the biggest motivating factor was her daughter,” he recalls. "She had spent some time with her daughter that morning, and her daughter was in the same age range as Teri was when this had happened to her. She said that if something like this, god forbid, ever happened to her daughter, she would want someone to come forward and do the right thing. That was why she didn’t cancel on us.”

Afraid of being recognized if she was seen at any law-enforcement offices, Hatcher instead chose the conference room at her accountant’s office in Century City for her witness interview. "It was a neutral, private place, and no one was going to see me go in or out of there, or care,” she says. Accompanied by a police officer from Sunnyvale, Gillingham flew to Los Angeles and started to question her about what had occurred—in very graphic detail,” he says.

"I remember the tape recorder,” Hatcher says. "Chuck asked me, ’Do you remember what the car looked like?’ I remember feeling pressure, like ’Oh my god, what if I get it wrong! As a victim, you always have this second-guessing craziness—maybe I’m describing the car wrong, because I was seven years old! But I’m pretty sure the car was white or cream-colored. It had those seats that went all the way across—this was before they started making those individual seats—and I remember that because I remember the position he put me in. I know the carpet was blue; I remember that because I was facing down. I don’t think I’d ever seen a penis before. I remember the pinkness; I remember being
Teri Hatcher
grossed out by what it looked like and by what it does when it’s erect. I remember not wanting to touch it, and I remember my hand being forced. I remember him making me touch him, and feeling like ‘I don’t want to do this at all.’ I was completely horrified.”

Her detailed account of Stone’s actions more than 30 years earlier proved invaluable to the prosecution. “We presented it to the judge, and we were able to get Stone’s statement into evidence,” Gillingham explains.

At the hearing to address the motion for dismissal, in December 2002, the prosecution provided the transcript of Hatcher’s interview and a copy of the audiotape to Stone’s defense attorney. Within days, Stone, who was 64, pleaded guilty to four counts of child molestation and received a 14-year prison sentence. Since the case never went to trial, Hatcher didn’t have to testify in public, and her involvement remained a closely guarded secret.

“Without Teri, this case would have been dismissed.” Gillingham says. “I have so much respect for what she did. This is a person who had nothing to gain and a lot to lose. But she volunteered to talk about the most heinous thing that could happen to a child, with no upside for her. It takes a person with a lot of emotional fortitude to do that; ‘heroic’ is a word that doesn’t even do it justice. She is a damn good person, and she knew what the right thing to do was.”

For Hatcher, who had thought Stone would deny everything, the outcome was unexpectedly self-affirming. “Here’s what I anticipated: he did this, he gets off, and Teri ends up on the cover of a tabloid,” she says.

“But then it went totally the other way: he didn’t get off, and he went to prison, and it didn’t get made public, and nobody knew about it. He pleaded guilty, and even though it wasn’t to my crime, it was because of my crime—and that made me feel really validated. It made me feel that I wasn’t crazy. That’s a victim thing: you ask yourself, Am I just crazy? Did I make all this up? Somehow it might be easier to accept that you’re crazy and you made it all up than to admit that it happened, and how awful it was, and how much pain you’re in. But I knew he would not have gone to prison if I hadn’t come forward.”

And yet she still continues to doubt. When Hatcher calls Chuck Gillingham to tell him I need to talk to him, her first question reveals how deeply she mistrusts her own reality. “Is he—is he still in jail?” she asks, as if Stone might somehow have escaped. Gillingham reassures her that Stone remains incarcerated, but her anxiety stays with her, and later she e-mails me: “I still have trouble embracing that he really is in jail, and staying there. Like the acting-fraud police are going to come take away my sag award and Golden Globe, and the real police are going to come tell me I made it all up.”

Stone’s defense attorney, Eric Geffen, declined to comment on the case, and Stone could not be reached in jail before deadline.

Ever since Stone’s sentencing, Gillingham has continued to hope that Hatcher would eventually tell her story. “Less than 10 percent of these cases are reported, and people bear the scars of these cases forever,” he says. “If there’s someone now who sees Teri come forward, and sees her as a role model who survived and became the epitome of success, and they think, ‘I can get past it, and I can achieve’—how great is that? It sends a message to victims: You don’t have to be defined by this event; there’s no reason for this to be the end of your existence. If this happened to you, come forward—first, because it may not be too late to prosecute this person, and second, because people who have a sexual interest in children don’t stop; they continue to offend, so you may be able to help another child.”

One reason Hatcher delayed going public for so long was her faltering career. During the 1990s, she enjoyed considerable success with her roles as Superman’s girlfriend on the hit TV show Lois and Clark and as James Bond’s ill-fated former paramour Paris Carver in Tomorrow Never Dies. And then there was the Seinfeld episode in which Jerry and Elaine debate whether the woman he’s dating—played by Hatcher—has had breast implants. Hatcher’s last line became infamous: “They’re real, and they’re spectacular!”

But when Stone was arrested, Hatcher was pushing 40, struggling to find work, and facing a messy divorce. She couldn’t bear the idea that cynics might accuse her of going public with her story of sex abuse to get attention and resuscitate an expiring career. She was also worried that the tabloid press would brand her as tainted goods. “I felt like the last thing I needed was to be included in some crazy thing like the ‘Superman curse’ that would make me forever unhirable,” she says. “I felt like nobody would understand.”

And so she tried to push Stone out of her mind once again. “I was haunted by this case, but I didn’t want to put it in my book,” she says. “I kept thinking, Aren’t we all bored with this? Another person that’s been molested? Big fucking deal! Blah, blah, blah! Get over it! Yes, this does happen to be my personal deep pain that I’ve dealt with my whole life, that I’ve not talked about, and that I’ve tried to hide. But I just didn’t want to admit that this would have an effect on me that would last this long, because I’m a strong chick. This business hasn’t been easy for me, but I love the fact that this business has given me a second chance. And it has not been easy for me to trust or commit to men, or to anyone, really…”

Her voice cracks, and the waterfall begins again. By now the Snoopy goggles have been replaced by some mysterious white wings Hatcher has applied under her eyes, but these too are soon washed off by the tears coursing down her face. “I can’t believe I’m talking about this on a day when I have to shoot a comedy,” she says.

In practical terms, Hatcher’s timing may not be optimal, but the debacle with Mystery Man has made the parallels between her romantic failures and the legacy of her sexual abuse seem too obvious to ignore. “This pain of feeling like it’s your fault, and not knowing how to solve the problem—that’s a really familiar pattern to me in my life, including when a guy stops calling you, which makes it so much more painful than what it really is, which is that this stupid guy’s not calling you,” she says. “There’s this cycle of not being able to give yourself a break, of constantly finding an avenue to punish yourself.”

Which is what inspired her to write Burnt Toast in the first place. “Are you the kind of person who tries to scrape off the black?” she writes at the beginning of the book. “Do you throw it away, or do you just eat it? If you shrug and eat the toast, is it because you’re willing to settle for less? Maybe you don’t want to be wasteful, but if you go ahead and eat that blackened square of bread, then what you’re really saying—to yourself and to the world—is that the piece of bread is worth more than your own satisfaction. Up ‘til now, I ate the burn toast.”

No more; these days Hatcher is on a mission. “My purpose in writing the book was to try to help stop the pattern in women to take less than what they deserve, and to help stop the burn-toast syndrome for their girls,” she says. “I don’t think you have to be molested to be in pain as a woman, to feel like you don’t deserve good things. This just happens to be my pain, but even if this particular thing didn’t happen to you, we are all women who don’t treat ourselves well enough. Women walk around feeling like everything is their fault, and if they could only be better they could get something good. What I’m trying to say is ‘Hey, I’ve felt like that my whole life, but guess what? You don’t have to lose one pound; you don’t have to get a great job; you don’t have to get a boyfriend—you can just start treating yourself well right now!’ Every woman, on some level, eats the burn toast, and this book is my ideas, and my
Giorgio Armani Prive
Sophia Loren checks out the shimmery fabrics and silvery glamour of Armani's knockout dresses.

Chanel
In the grand finale, this column rose from the bright-white stage to reveal a staircase with 55 models in the show's ravishing costumes.

Valentino
The maestro himself attended to models before presenting his ladylike designs on a stream of long-haired beauties against the backdrop of a blazing setting sun.

Givenchy
The elegant black dresses, sheer gowns, and other pieces were presented as art in a sculpture garden of models, who slithered from one pose to the next.

Gaultier
The crowd awaits the arrival of Madonna at the Gaultier show; his collection was inspired by ancient Greece—models launched a thousand ships with pantaloons, swinging beads, and cigarette holders.

Christian Dior
Dior declared, "Red is the new libertine": blood-red makeup and dresses adorned pale-white women under erotic flashing lights. They were joined in the final act by a slashed-leather-clad swordsman, John Galliano himself.

S K E T C H B O O K  B Y  H I L A R Y  K N I G H T
THE COUTURE COLLECTIONS
PARIS, JANUARY 2006
Teri Hatcher

humor, about how to stop doing that. We are all in this club. We’ve all suffered; if you’ve gotten to be in your 40s, you’ve won and lost, been up and down, and all the while you’ve given and given and given and given to everyone in your life, because that’s a woman’s job. I know the reality of what I deserve, and yet often I find myself not making the choice to treat myself right—the choice to pick the right guy, or realize that it was not my fault. I want to start treating myself better, and I want you to start treating yourself better, too.”

And since the heaviest part of Hatcher’s lifelong burden is the story of her sexual abuse, she’s finally unloading it. “I only wanted to talk about it if I thought it was going to help people,” she says. “But I’m 41 years old, and it’s time for me to stop hiding. It’s time for me to accept all the complicated things about me—and if I do that, maybe I’ll find somebody who wants that whole package, instead of continuing to hide and finding somebody who doesn’t. I want to be able to say, ‘Yes, this did happen to me, and it did have an effect—but you can put somebody in prison 35 years later; you can have a voice; you can be part of stopping it.”

Perhaps in retrospect, this year’s Valentine’s Day will have marked a turning point in her life. Mystery Man never made an appearance; now he’s burnt toast. “If you want to be open and generous and loving and somebody dreams you,” Hatcher concludes, “you just move on to the next guy.”

In her book, she never does explain why she and her ex-husband didn’t have sex on their honeymoon, but that pattern endured throughout their nine-year marriage. “I know exactly when Emerson was conceived, because we had sex once that year, on Valentine’s Day,” Hatcher says. “From the beginning, our marriage was probably more defined by friendship.”

Tenney declines to comment on his sex life with Hatcher, but through a spokesperson he says, “She’s the mother of my daughter, so obviously I wish her the best.”

For her part, Hatcher says her days of avoiding intimacy are over. “Now I want sex: trusting, deep, fabulous, open—did I say trusting?—wild, crazy sex, with the same person, over and over. Without a marriage license!”

And with any luck, maybe that person will finally appear. After all, stranger things have happened to the poster girl for the over-40 set. “Since the success of Desperate Housewives, people keep asking me, ‘Aren’t you angry about all those people who didn’t hire you before? Don’t you want to say to them, ‘Screw you!’? But I don’t feel angry at all,” Hatcher says. “I feel like, Aren’t I lucky that I’m actually getting to have this time! Wow—I got this blessing! And deciding that this is the moment to tell my story is another blessing. I don’t want to pretend it never happened anymore. Now everyone is going to know. I’m really a survivor, but I’ve learned so much, given so much, and received so much out of all of it that I don’t think I’m damaged goods. I think I’m a deeply sensitive, knowing, beautiful woman.”

She stops, glancing around apprehensively, as if someone might contradict her. No one does. “There—I said it!” she says, looking surprised.

On the street in front of Susan Mayer’s cozy little house, Teri Hatcher is sprawled on the pavement, shooting yet another take of the wheelchair scene. Hovering worriedly at the outskirts of camera range, Wally Crowder, the stunt coordinator, shakes his head. “She’s just such a trouper,” says Crowder, who still feels guilty about the time that Hatcher, called upon to fall into a large fake wedding cake, cracked several ribs on a protruding tier of frosting-covered cardboard. “She went on like nothing happened. She keeps her mouth shut and doesn’t say, ‘Wally, I’m hurting!’”

But even as Hatcher conceals how much she’s hurting, she’s started to hope for a different way of living. “I guess the biggest effect of everything that happened to me is this area of fault and love and men, which hasn’t been so great,” she tells me later, as earnest as Susan herself. “But I’m working on that.”

On the set, however, she goes off to take another fall. As the cast and crew focus on what the cameras are recording, few take note of the rustling and scrabbling in the tall trees beside the house. But every once in a while, a dark, masked face peers out from behind a curtain of leaves. Four large raccoons are racing up and down the trunks and darting through the branches.

Suddenly there’s a blood-curdling howl—one that’s not in the script. A rat has fallen out of a tree and scurried up the inside of a hairdresser’s pant leg. As he jumps up and down, screaming, another crew member shrugs. “That’s nothing,” the man says. “Somebody saw a mountain lion around the craft-services area a white ago.”

To a visitor, that seems like an awful lot of wild animals for a working night on the set of Desperate Housewives, which is filmed at Universal Studios in Los Angeles. But to reach Wisteria Lane from the congested studio lot below, you have to drive up a long road that winds around and around through the pitch-black night. The road is deserted; there are no lights to guide the way, as Mary Alice, the spectral narrator of Desperate Housewives, might point out in one of her chilling voice-overs from beyond the grave.

And you never know what dangers could be lurking in the dark, waiting to leap out when you least expect them.

Natalie Portman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 214 film V for Vendetta, written by Andy and Larry Wachowski, the brothers who made the Matrix films, and produced by Joel Silver. Based on the 1989 graphic novel by Alan Moore and David Lloyd, the film takes place in a post-World War III, totalitarian Britain. Its hero is V, a masked vigilante who blows up London landmarks, takes over the airwaves, and urges citizens to overthrow their tyrannical government. Although the original was written in response to Thatcher’s England—with V an updated version of Guy Fawkes, who attempted to blow up Parliament in 1605—the film plays as a commentary on the Bush administration and its police-state tactics. It is one of the most genuinely subversive films to come out of Hollywood since the 70s.

“I started reading it out loud,” says Portman, who plays a mild-mannered girl who is imprisoned by V before falling in love with him and, finally, carrying his torch of destruction. “That’s always a sign to me that it’s something I want to do.” Throughout filming, Portman, Larry, Andy, and director James McTeigue plumbed notions of violence through a book-and-film circle, passing back and forth such works as David Mitchell’s Cloud Atlas, White Nights, an autobiography by Menachem Begin, the 1965 film The Battle of Algiers, and a documentary about the Weather Underground Organization, the 1970s radical group.

“People are asking, ‘Does this move justify violence?’” says Portman. “I think it takes you to look at terrorism from a new perspective. It puts it in new shoes so that you can see reasons where the methods of terrorism might be justifiable… I think
when you make any kind of art you’re trying to open a conversation—you’re not trying to tell someone what to think.” The seriousness with which she contemplated those issues is reflected in her performance, a subtle yet powerful transformation from good girl to revolutionary. As McTeigue explains, “Natalie transcends the actorly thing… She’s not just drawing on past actor experience. She’s drawing on autobiographical experience and fiction experience.”

If you ask Portman, naturally, the autobiography is tedious. “I get really bored reading about myself,” she says a little guiltily, and a little embarrassed. “Really nice, good parents. I grew up really well. Happy.” Indeed, the Hershlags—he is an Israeli doctor; she is an artist and homemaker from Ohio—were Long Island’s anti-Lohans, their household the epitome of safe, supportive, and wholesome. Natalie’s idea of a crazy good time was watching Dirty Dancing, the ultimate Long Island Jewish girl movie, which she has seen countless times. “That was my movie growing up.” It was Natalie who pushed the acting thing, and her parents resisted. When a Revlon scout approached the nine-year-old in a pizza parlor and asked if she wanted to get into modeling, the hammy little girl said, No, but I would like an agent. When, at age 11, she landed her first film, Luc Besson’s The Professional, a love story of sorts between a hit man and the waif-like orphan he takes in, her father didn’t hesitate to address his issues. “My dad had stipulations about how many drags on a cigarette I could take [in a scene], how many times I could curse. I wasn’t actually allowed to inhale. My dad would have people standing behind me, blowing the smoke out.”

Audiences found her enchanting, and, as much of her fan mail revealed, many dirty older men found her titillating. “I think I saw one letter,” Portman recalls. “My parents didn’t allow me to look at anything after that.” She did, however, read the many editorials “about how my parents should be in trouble for allowing me to be in that movie. It was really upsetting. They kept saying ‘Lolita-esque.’ I had no idea what Lolita was.” Ted Demme’s 1996 film, Beautiful Girls, in which, as the self-confessed “old soul” on ice skates, she stole Timothy Hutton’s heart, didn’t do much to quell the unwanted attention. Finally, Portman’s parents and her manager, Keshishian, decided that, moving forward, it would be best for young Natalie to keep a low profile and simply not engage. There would be no talking to fans and no signing of autographs, except for children. (Her aloofness at public appearances has occasionally led paparazzi to call her “cunt.”) And when it came to choosing film roles, she steered clear of anything too erotic. She turned down the actual role of Lolita in Adrian Lyne’s 1997 film of the Nabokov novel, and she turned down The Ice Storm (1997) because there was too much sexual content. She even turned down Havana Nights, the sequel to Dirty Dancing, which, naturally, was harder to resist.

Her performance in The Professional captured the attention of major directors—Woody Allen, Michael Mann, and Tim Burton, who cast her in small roles in, respectively, Everyone Says I Love You, Heat, and Mars Attacks!—and she landed a starring role opposite Susan Sarandon in the charming but overlooked Anywhere but Here. While many teenage actors might have struck while the iron was hot and moved to Hollywood, Portman went to college. It was simply a given. The decision to go to Harvard, above Yale or Columbia, where she also applied, came from her grandfather—on his deathbed. “I was like, ‘Where should I go?,’ and he was like . . . ‘Harvard,’” she recalls, laughing. “No explanation, nothing, and he died two weeks later.”

Harvard freshmen tend to be an insecure, arrogant group, and nothing threatens them more than a person who’s really good at something. “I felt like I had to prove myself more,” says Portman, “and it made me nervous all the time because I felt that people always thought I was there because I was famous and not because I deserved to be there. And so it makes your stupid comment in class even stupider. Everyone’s got a moment when they say something really lame. But me, I was like, Oh my God, I’m just confirming everyone’s belief here—everyone thinks I’m the dumb actress.”

But Alan Dershowitz, who taught her in a seminar on neurobiology and the law, says she was one of the most remarkable students he’s had. He still cites a paper she wrote debunking a new method of lie-detector tests, well before this particular practice had come under question. “She

SKETCHBOOK BY BRUCE MCALL
Natalie Portman

was really on the cutting edge,” says Dershowitz, who, for a time, had no idea that Natalie Hershlag was a Hollywood movie star. “I think there were a lot of people in the class who really were taken with this new methodology. She just ripped it apart.” Eventually she became his research assistant, and he encouraged her to go to graduate school in psychology.

Still, her self-consciousness about being an actress was apparent. Dershowitz recalls one evening when the students from the seminar came over for dinner. “She was embarrassed,” he recalls, “saying, ‘I hope you don’t see this movie or that movie.’” To some classmates, she came off as aloof or mistrustful. One student notes how, at the beginning of freshman year, she tried overly hard to pepper everyone around her with friendliness, but then withdrew from the masses, hanging out only with the jock types who were members of “final clubs.” Another, who shared the laundry room with her, recalls the awkward time he held the door for her. “She looked at me as if I were a stalker,” he says. Many classmates were stunned, says one student, when they saw her on David Letterman, being overly coy about where she was at college and sounding like a ditz. “It was a huge disconnect,” this student says.

On either side of her college career, and over one summer during it, she completed three episodes of Star Wars, for which she was paid enough millions on the back end that she could have retired at age 18. (However, she now makes about half of what her contemporaries like Kate Hudson and Lindsay Lohan make, due to her choices of smaller films.) At once she became a bankable, global household name, the face of a deity in the Star Wars pantheon, and, in the eyes of some important directors, a bit of a hack. She now admits that, for a time, Queen Amidala hampered her career. Episode I—The Phantom Menace was downright suffocating. One can see how Portman suffered—delivering lines like a robot and being crushed under the weight of a headress the size of an armadillo, all the while trying to sell romantic chemistry with a nine-year-old. Although the next two episodes were improvements, they didn’t exactly expand her acting horizons. As one reviewer wrote: “Anakin: ‘You’re so beautiful.’ Padme: ‘I don’t know why. It’s only because the sky is blue.’ Anakin: ‘No. It’s because I love you.’ Padme: ‘I don’t care that you love me, Anakin.’”

But the dearth of interesting scripts coming her way opened her up to something special: Zach Braff’s 2004 directorial debut, Garden State, the sort of film she wouldn’t, at face value, take at this point in her career. “Now, I wouldn’t be like, ‘Let’s work with the first-time director who’s in a television show that I haven’t seen,’” But the movie, whose budget was just $2.5 million, allowed her to do something she’d never quite done before: play someone utterly kooky. For Braff’s part, he had landed someone who ultimately could get the film financed, as well as his dream actress. His only reservation was that she might be too pretty. “I said to her, ‘Don’t want you to wear makeup.’” recalls Braff. “Some people will laugh. ‘Oh, it’s Natalie Portman, so who gives a shit,’ you know? But women, I think, in general are terrified about that. She wore the most minimal makeup I’ve ever seen anyone on film ever wear.” Sarsgaard was particularly impressed by her instinctual, non-intellectual approach to acting. “You think of someone who went to Harvard and is very well read and all of that,” he says. “As far as I saw her, the camera rolls and she goes. She doesn’t whittle the scene down into its finer elements.” Around the same time, she stood out as the lonely, desperate Civil War widow in Anthony Minghella’s Cold Mountain.

Her biggest leap was undoubtedly in Closer, Nichols’ 2004 film about the ugly ways four beautiful people treat one another. Portman took on the erotically charged role of a stripper. “I will not allow myself to be on a porn site, which happens,” Portman says, explaining her modesty. “I don’t want to be used by someone else for turning me into something I’m not.” But for Closer she agreed to shoot a scene topless—only because she was working with Nichols, someone she’d come to trust since being directed by him in his Central Park production of Chekhov’s The Seagull. “I was doing everything because I knew that Mike was going to get my permission about everything and show me everything and talk to me. And he was like, ‘That stuff’s going to be burned if we don’t use it.’” Indeed, it was destroyed.

Portman earned an Oscar nomination and a Golden Globe for her performance, but she never got puffed up over it. She said such a Natalie thing after seeing Closer,” recalls Nichols. “She said, ‘I’m not awesome yet.’” In fact, she e-mailed Dershowitz and said, “Please don’t watch Closer. It’s embarrassing to have my teacher see me half-naked.” (“It was embarrassing,” Dershowitz admits.) While most Oscar nominees gleefully riffed through their gift bags, which are worth more than $100,000, these days, Portman, Keshishian recalls, showed zero interest. “I honestly don’t know what she did with it. She probably gave it to her grandmother or a friend.” For Portman, the most important thing she got out of doing Closer was Nichols’s devoted friendship and mentorship. “[Mike] will take me out to dinner and be like, ‘This guy’s not treating you right.’ He’ll take me out to dinner and be like, ‘You need a new agent.’”

She says, referring to her change from ICM to CAA. “You send him a book, he reads it the next day. You ask him for advice on a script, he reads it and gives you notes on it. I call him and I’m like, ‘I’m stuck with this character.’ He’ll spend three hours on the phone with me and give me his thoughts. And he doesn’t have anything to do with it, you know? It’s not his movie.”

As for Nichols, who has had that sort of affinity only with Meryl Streep and his old Second City colleague Elaine May, he says, “I love her very much. I feel something akin to the way I feel about my kids.” Since V for Vendetta, she has created yet another older, male admirer—this one more unlikeably: Joel Silver. Known for his harshness and liberal use of obscenities, he becomes positively gentlemanly in her company, says one observer. “She is remarkable,” Silver gushes. “She is this oddity—this beautiful, intelligent, warmhearted, fantastic person, you know?”

Following the accolades brought about by Closer, Portman did another very Natalie thing: she left Hollywood in the dust and went to Hebrew University, in Jerusalem, to study for six months, kicking back with spoken Arabic, spoken Hebrew, the history of Israel, the history of Islam, and the anthropology of violence—a course taught in Hebrew. And for the past few years she has thrown herself into her charitable work with the Foundation for International Community Assistance (FINCA), an organization she discovered through a meeting with Queen Rania of Jordan that provides micro-loans to poor women in developing countries who are starting small businesses. Between trips for FINCA to Uganda, Guatemala, and Ecuador, she has had one-on-one sit-downs with members of Congress, including Hillary Clinton and John McCain, to discuss the organization and its issues. “McCain really cared,” she says. “Sincerely, I mean. I’m an actor so I can pick up on bullshit pretty quickly.”

The only things calling her back to Hollywood are interesting projects—really interesting projects. Up next is Milos Forman’s Goya’s Ghosts, a drama set against the Spanish Inquisition about Goya’s relationship with two subjects. What she’d really love to do, somewhat surprisingly, is a romantic comedy. In Portman’s opinion, comedy is

216 | VANITY FAIR | VanityFair.com

April 2006
the most socially valuable genre. "That's the movie we want to watch a thousand times. That's the movie that when you're sick you watch. When you're sad, it makes you forget." She only wishes that every female lead in every romantic comedy didn't have to work in fashion. "The girls are either a model's agent or a photographer's assistant or a stylist or a fashion designer," she says, annoyed, "because they want to have cute clothes."

Hollywood—the ass-kissing, backstabbing, social-life aspect of it anyway—simply holds no interest for her. In fact, it gives her the creeps. "I always make sure that anytime I go to a Hollywood event I have five school friends with me, because they're like my monitors. They're like, 'That person's nice, that person's not. That person won't even look me in the eye or shake my hand to say hi.' You sort of see how people are by how they relate to people around you. With me, everyone's like, 'Hey, how are you?' Like, super-over-exaggeratedly sweet."

But even the most obnoxious antics of the Nicole Richie—Paris Hilton—Lindsay Lohan set won't illicit any snottiness from this young woman. To start with, she barely knows who Paris and Nicole are. As for Lindsay, she thinks she's a sweet girl and has a Long Island bond with her, starting with Lohan's signed head shot from The Parent Trap hanging at the local bagel shop. "You can't judge anyone else," says Portman. "Every moment in my life I've always known my parents would go to the end of the earth for me. And when you have that kind of rock, you can't judge anyone who doesn't, and most people don't."

Still, she's had her moments of Hollywood craziness. With her dad, the doctor. Her wildest night in recent memory was in December in Madrid, while filming Goya's Ghosts. "We went to this club that had really fun music and we were dancing with people from the crew until five in the morning. It's the latest I stayed up the whole time I was there. I was with my dad. I was like, awesome." □

Jack Abramoff

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29: I insist that the Abramoff scandal is strictly a Republican affair. Of the more than $200,000 he gave away of his personal money, not a dime went to the Democrats. He always stipulated that his lobbying activities accord with his staunchly conservative beliefs. But Democrats received money from Abramoff's tribal clients, including: Senate minority leader Harry Reid of Nevada ($30,500); Senator Byron Dorgan of North Dakota ($28,000); Senator Tom Harkin of Iowa ($14,500); and Representative Patrick Kennedy of Rhode Island ($31,000).

Bribery prosecutions are notoriously tough to make; while there was plenty of quid floating around, it can be very hard to prove the quo, at least without smoking guns like wiretapped conversations. Clearly, the voluminous e-mail trail will help. Along with evidentiary problems, there's also the question of political will. Perhaps after a few examples have been made, the Bush administration will declare victory and walk away from further prosecutions, especially if, should Democrats also be implicated, the opposition lets them. In another sense, though, the Abramoff scandal now transcends Abramoff. With congressional staffers and, perhaps, some congressmen willing to say anything to save their own skins, the fire could spread unabated.

For Abramoff's crimes, the statutory maximum is 30 years. But, as calculated in the plea agreement under the federal sentencing guidelines, he is subject to somewhere between 108 and 135 months in prison. That can be substantially reduced for cooperation, though given the notoriety of the case, everyone agrees, Abramoff is certain to do substantial jail time. The best guess is that Abramoff will be sentenced in a year or two, and spend at least a few years behind bars. It all rests with Judge Ellen Segal Huvelle, who took Abramoff's plea and heard his abject apology.

Ever since his days as an undergraduate at Brandeis University in the late 1970s, Abramoff has been a right-wing conservative zealot—a "Republican warrior," as he puts it. He has never voted for a Democrat in his life (and now, as a convicted felon, he probably never will). Paradoxically, it was Republicans who did Jack Abramoff in. According to an insider, Abramoff believes his downfall began with competing Republican lobbyists who coveted his clientele and fed damaging information about him to The Washington Post. And it continued with Senator John McCain (Republican of Arizona), whose hearings into Abramoff's dealings with the Indians ran for five gory, highly publicized sessions in 2004 and 2005.

At the top of his game, Abramoff was master of his domain. The New York Times and The Wall Street Journal did glowing front-page profiles of him. He had his "Team Abramoff," the cadre of young, hungry associates, many fresh recruits from the Hill, in whom he inculcated his scorched-earth, win-at-all-costs mentality. "If it's worth doing, it's worth overdoing," he tells me. Few lobbyists in Washington generated more business; in one year, he brought in $12 million. He presided over his empire at Signatures, which he opened in February 2002, between the Capitol and the White House, and which became a kind of command center for him. Abramoff's perch was Table 40, where the movers and shakers of official Washington came to him. "It was like Frank Sinatra," recalls Monty Warner, a Republican media strategist who remains friendly with Abramoff. "I can remember Ney coming up and groveling, saying how much he enjoyed a golf outing or skybox or ball game, and really appreciated Jack's support."

These days Signatures is locked up. And Abramoff, the ultimate lobbyist, now has his most challenging client: himself. In the past couple of years, he has become a cartoon-character bad guy, as he puts it. The image peaked on the day of his plea deal, when he wore the now infamous black hat. He had put it on because Orthodox Jews are supposed to cover their heads, but he feared that the yarmulke he would normally have worn would invite charges of false or newly minted piety. Besides, the forecast had called for rain. But he had unwittingly stepped right into a stereotype: Meet Jack Abramoff—the Fat Cat in the Hat.

Rehabilitation is a delicate maneuver. How do you prostrate and stand up for yourself at once? When Abramoff speaks to a reporter these days, he veers between the cathartic and the strategic. He says something, then thinks better of it. Ultimately, he is savvy enough to know that at this point in his saga the smart money lies with accepting his fate; no one who matters to him now is much interested in his self-pity or rage. When it comes to speaking freely, then, Abramoff's sentence has already begun. For public consumption, he has become something his friends and enemies would never recognize: cautious and conciliatory. He was getting to be too nice, unconvincingly so, I told him at one point. He laughed knowingly. 'I'd better hurry up and finish, he said; pretty soon, he'd turn into a saint.'

For Abramoff, his is not a story of theft or greed; it is a colossal misunderstanding. He still sees himself as an idealist, a philanthropist, a visionary—someone who, as he puts it, "flies at 30,000 feet," too preoccu-
Jack Abramoff

pied with larger, weightier issues to deal with: quotidian details, like contractual arrangements or his choice of business partners or the finer points of the law. His corner cutting and legendarism, he says, were not only never venal, but had a higher purpose. As an Orthodox Jew, Abramoff will not even write out God's name, but he saw himself as his instrument.

Abramoff's orbit now consists largely of his home, his lawyer's office, and the F.B.I. Gone are the skyboxes; he still has Wizard's tickets—a remnant of his prior life, expiring at the end of the season—but he doesn't go. From the suite that was his office at the lobbying-and-law firm of Greenberg Traurig—the biggest on the premises, big enough to drive foam golf balls in—and a team of 30, he's been reduced to a cheerless, windowless room not far from the White House (it looks like, well, a cell) and a part-time secretary. He rarely goes there.

Clearly, part of Abramoff feels that he has been unfairly targeted, that he did not invent all of the abuses with which he was charged. He was not the first lobbyist to spread money around, or to throw fundraisers, or to treat congressmen to exotic trips. He did what other lobbyists did, only more so: more intelligently, more aggressively, more effectively, more unrelentingly, more ruthlessly. Other people surely wrote e-mails every bit as embarrassing as his, in which he called his Indian clients “troglostyles” and “morons” and “monkeys,” “the stupidest idiots in the land.” In one particularly damning e-mail he counseled Scanlon, “The key thing to remember with all of these clients is that they are annoying, but that the annoying losers are the only ones which have this kind of money and part with it so quickly. So, we have to put up with this stuff.”

Abramoff has apologized profusely for those e-mails. They were not meant as racial slurs, he says; he claims he’s never made a racist comment, at least consciously, in his life. Most of them, he has pointed out, were written to Scanlon, with whom he spoke a kind of vulgar patois, part locker room, part drill sergeant, part gangsta rap. I ask him whether what he wrote about a tribe in another e-mail—“Oh, well, stupid folks get wiped out”—could be applied to him, the author of all those self-incriminating statements. “Well, here I am,” he replies.

He also maintains that whatever he charged the Indians they more than earned back on his results. And it is absolutely true that in the bizarre world of Indian gaming a few strategic moves with the right politicians or bureaucrats are worth millions, billions. It is also true that the very documents that show Abramoff’s ridicule of the Indians also illustrate how indefatigably he pushed their interests. So, too, did the final two days of McCain’s Senate hearings, which chronicled his extraordinary influence over the Department of the Interior. Now, though, he’s been turned into some kind of predator, worse for Native Americans than Andrew Jackson and George Armstrong Custer. “The entire Indian country has come together in a big kumbaya of hatred for me,” he says. “It just tears at my soul.”

“I was moving a mile a minute and didn’t conceive that I could be doing something wrong, and as I got near to the edge I either concealed it or I convinced myself that I wasn’t having a problem,” he explains. “I was basically so busy winning that I didn’t see what I was doing. They say, ‘Stop and smell the roses?’ I didn’t stop and smell the dung heap. Unfortunately, now I’m paying for it dearly.”

You can take one of two points of view about Abramoff, a man familiar with the Senate investigation tells me. “Either he’d always been a bad egg and he was put into a position where he could really flourish, or he was a classic Greek tragic hero: someone who was charismatic, diligent, effective, and a movement conservative adhering to the principles while serving his clients’ interests, but who got caught up in the Master of the Universe syndrome.” This man subscribed to the first theory. But Abramoff has a third: It’s all divine will. God is punishing him for his misdeeds. He’s sometimes tempted to complain.

“I could say to God, ‘How dare you do this?’” he says. “‘I became religious, against every influence in my environment. I fought to be kosher; there were times I didn’t eat. There were times I walked in synagogues in bloody feet.’ I could say that very easily, but I don’t say it for a second. Why? Because I am the bearer of many transgressions, from stuff that is known to all the stuff known only to me.”

He remains radioactive. Tom DeLay, who once called Abramoff “one of my closest and dearest friends,” no longer talks to him. Nor does Scanlon, who struck a plea deal before he did. “Anyone who is anywhere near anything that has to do with me has been advised by their lawyers not to talk to me,” Abramoff says.

Ralph Reed’s race for lieutenant governor of Georgia has founders since it was disclosed that Reed, who says he opposes gambling, accepted gambling money from Abramoff on a lobbying job, then insisted he hadn’t known about it. The two are now estranged; when Norquist got married last year Reed steered clumsily clear of Abramoff’s table. And, Abramoff says, Newt Gingrich sneered at him. Doug Bandow, a conservative whom Abramoff paid to write newspaper pieces favoring Abramoff positions, was drummed out of the Cato Institute, a conservative think tank, and lost his syndicated column. Some think Abramoff’s politically ambitious lawyer, Abbe Lowell, was crazy for taking on a client who seems to blacken whatever he touches.

Abramoff’s friends—and some still do exist, despite the hordes who have run for the hills—marvel at the vituperation he generates. “Jack wasn’t that great when he was on top and he’s not that bad now that he’s fallen from grace,” says Laurence R. Latourette, former managing partner at Abramoff’s first lobbying firm and now a headhunter in Washington. “He was an aggressive, occasionally ruthless, and largely effective hired gun. He didn’t reach out and screw people because he liked to hurt them. At the same time, he didn’t let much stand in the way when pursuing his goals. Jack’s not intentionally immoral. He can be amoral.”

“In everything he did he was over the top, and not everything he did was bad,” said another close friend, a rabbi who asked not to be identified. “He was good over the top and bad over the top.”

When I began writing about Abramoff, I assumed he’d hunkered down. That’s what most lawyers have their clients do, even when, as in Abramoff’s case, silence only exacerbates their problems. I made the obligatory call to Abramoff’s law firm and was told, unsurprisingly, that there’d be no interview. Imagine my surprise, then, when an e-mail from him arrived. Very belatedly, he was taking no chances. “This e-mail is off the record and must not be used or forwarded by you to anyone,” it unceremoniously began. “If that is agreeable, please continue reading. If not, please delete. Thanks.”

Abramoff went on to say he’d heard of my article-to-be, and asked whether it would be “just another in the long line of slam pieces” he’d endured over the previous two years or whether I was “an out of the box thinker/writer who might actually be the one to write the other side of this saga.” He went on: “Of the usual slam pieces, there are over 2,100 so far—including a few written by excellent writers who misrepresented to me that they wanted to ‘tell the untold story’ and ‘give me more of a human face’ etc., etc.” If I could convince him otherwise, he said, he’d consider talking to me.

“I have long prayed for that one chance to have my side told, unblemished by the cartoon image I have been assigned,” he went on, “but I am also prepared to have this prayer remain unanswered.” I replied that writing the 2,101st “slam piece” didn’t interest me, as a journalist or a human being. I also, at his request, presented my bona
fides as a Jew. He agreed to meet me a few days later at Eli's, one of only two kosher delicatessens in Washington now that Abramoff's own, short-lived effort, Stacks, had closed. Eli's had the usual bedraggled look of kosher delis in the flyover states. But Abramoff himself surprised me.

He was shorter and stockier than I'd anticipated, with a black felt yarmulke on his head, something I'd not noticed in the pictures. Dressed casually and out of his usual power suit, he was a bit of a zhub, far less scary than the man who had threatened in his e-mails to crush rival lobbyists "like bugs." He was also far more soft-spoken, polite, friendly, self-deprecating, and funny than I'd have ever expected. At adjacent tables people cast furtive glances at him, then talked into their hands as he passed. He saw it, as did I, but he was not fazed. Abramoff spoke continuously—so much so that I fli-bustered a bit before his hamburger got cold. He then ate it ravenously. To his acute embarrassment, he's put on 50 pounds. It's all the stress, he says.

He always had a very vaudevillean, bombastic, exaggerated personality," a classmate of Abramoff's from Beverly Hills High School remembers. "There was clearly some insecurity deep within him that made him have to prove himself in all kinds of ways. There was a side of him that kind of came from the Borsch Belt. He seemed a little out of place in California." In fact, Abramoff was born in Atlantic City, New Jersey, in 1959; his father, Frank, headed golf legend Arnold Palmer's sports marketing company. (Once an 11-handicap golfer, Abramoff took his first lesson from Palmer.) When the elder Abramoff assumed a position with Diners Club, the family moved to Los Angeles. In high school, Abramoff set weightlifting records and played center on the football team. The family was already Republican but only mildly religious; Abramoff's road to Damascus was Wilshire Boulevard, where he saw the 1971 movie Fiddler on the Roof, then vowed to reclaim his Jewish heritage and headed into Orthodoxy.

At Brandeis—he says another famous family friend, prizefighter Sugar Ray Robinson, helped get him in—Abramoff was a straight arrow who walked out when people began smoking marijuana. There, as in several later incarnations, he became the charismatic center of a loyal entourage, people who enjoyed his company and did his bidding. At this largely Jewish campus in Massachusetts in the late 1970s, there was little competition for the post of Republican big shot. He went on to head the Massachusetts College Republicans, and in 1980 helped Ronald Reagan carry the state George McGovern had won only eight years before. His partner in that effort was Grover Norquist, then a Harvard graduate student and now, as head of Americans for Tax Reform, one of the most important Republican operatives in Washington. (Norquist, whom Abramoff calls "the great unknown genius of politics," is one of the few people who publicly stood by him initially, though he refused to speak with Vanity Fair. "Grover's one of the most brave political strategists, one of the most important political figures in the early part of this century," Abramoff says. "He is also a very decent person. He's been nothing but friendly and sympathetic.")

From Massachusetts, Abramoff and Norquist took the top posts in the College Republican National Committee. Ralph Reed, then the baby-faced state chairman from Georgia, became Abramoff's projects director. To both the exhilaration and, occasionally, the discomfort of Republican upstarts, Abramoff electrified the once sleepy organization, largely through imaginative right-wing street theater: burning Soviet flags, building and destroying mock Berlin Walls, re-assembling the American medical students who'd been rescued during Reagan's 1983 invasion of the Caribbean island of Grenada.

"That's when I first didn't meet Newt Gingrich," he recalls.

If Reagan had a favorite designated "young person," it was surely Jack Abramoff. Acquainted, from his time as governor of California, to dealing with bearded Berkeley rabble-rousers, the president found this clean-cut, earnest young man a breath of fresh air. In the College Republicans' annual report for 1983 is a picture of the two in the Oval Office, with radiant beams emanating from chairman Jack Abramoff's 24-year-old eyes. "It was like meeting the king," he now recalls. At a birthday party the College Republicans threw for Reagan in the early 1980s Abramoff met his wife, Pamela, who knew Ralph Reed.

Abramoff and Norquist left the College Republicans in 1985 to take over Citizens for America, an organization designed to push Reagan's political agenda. But Abramoff soon crossed swords with the co-founder of the group, former New York gubernatorial candidate Lewis Lehrman—Abramoff and his staffers had "gone hog wild" on their spending, a Lehrman aide told The Washington Post—and was fired. Abramoff then turned to producing films. From 1986 to 1994 he made a few sinkers, most notably Red Scorpion, an anti-Communist parable filmed in Namibia that everyone hated, Abramoff included. But shortly after that, he abandoned show business. It was 1994, and the Republicans now ran Congress. It was time to get back into politics.

Right after the election, Jonathan Blank, Abramoff's next-door neighbor and a senior partner at the Washington office of the law-and-lobbying firm Preston Gates Ellis & Rouvelas Meeds, ran into him in synagogue and offered him a job. Like all such firms, Preston Gates (the Gates is Bill's father), based in Seattle, was in sudden, desperate need of Republicans. Abramoff hesitated. To him, lobbying sounded dull, and lobbyists were mainstream, cautious, unimaginative types, very much in the box, anathema to true conservatives. He accepted the offer, but only on his terms: His practice would be ideological, an extension of his conservative Republican activism. Anything politically uncongenial he simply would not do. The firm was just as ambivalent. The parties agreed to a six-month trial marriage.

Abramoff quickly brought in clients such as the government of Pakistan and, most important, the Northern Mariana Islands, an American territory in the Pacific whose exemption from certain American labor laws—factories there could pay their workers a pitance but still label their products "Made in the U.S.A."—was for Abramoff a classic case of free enterprise at work. So, too, he felt, were the Indian reservations. The Indians had always been Democrats, for Democrats were more sensitive to their social-welfare needs. Abramoff landed the Mississippi Band of Choctaws and promptly made their agenda mesh with that of the conservatives, most spectacularly by re-framing a Republican proposal to tax gaming revenues as a tax increase, then helping to kill it. The Choctaws saved hundreds of millions in taxes over the next decade. That paid a lot of bills. In five years, the tribe paid an extraordinary $7 million to Preston Gates, but they weren't complaining.

A key ally in that effort had been DeLay, whom Abramoff met in 1994. "I have admired Tom DeLay and his family from the first meeting with him, and I still do to this day," says Abramoff. I mentioned that DeLay once referred to him as one of his closest friends. "I am honored that he ever thought that of me," he says. "We would sit and talk about the Bible. We would sit and talk about opera. We would sit and talk about golf. I mean, we talked about philosophy and politics." He adds, "I didn't spend a lot of time lobbying Tom for things, because the things I worked on were usually consistent with the conservative philosophy, and I knew Tom would be supportive." Still, whether he was lobbying DeLay or not, his $450,500 to the National Republican Congressional Committee must have made DeLay very happy.

Beginning in the late 1990s, Abramoff hired several DeLay staffers and others closely connected to important congressmen. Mostly, they were long on enthusiasm and deference, short on wisdom—too young, as someone who came to know Abramoff well put it, "to have hair on their nuts." The temp...
Jack Abramoff

plate was Michael Scanlon, a top aide to DeLay whom Abramoff hired at Preston Gates. Lots of people didn’t like him, with all his swagger and football metaphors and cheery smoothness. But to Abramoff he was creative and tactical and ingenious: “out of the box,” to use his highest encomium. Scanlon was “Abramoff’s evil elf,” as someone calls him.

At Preston Gates, Abramoff remained a divisive figure. The firm didn’t like his clients—representing sweatshops made for bad publicity back in liberal Seattle—or his associates: the day he brought in Ralph Reed “all of the liberal Democrats went absolutely fucking nuts,” an eyewitness recalls. Nor did they always appreciate his take-no-prisoners style. A former Clinton administration official blames Abramoff for going at him so relentlessly—having him subpoenaed, investigated, fired, and attacked in The Washington Times—that he finally called a mutual acquaintance of theirs. “Isn’t this guy ever going to let up and get a life?” he asked this friend.

“Re’s relentless and he’s vindictive and he’ll never let up,” the friend replied. “He sees the world as friends and enemies, and you destroy your enemies.” At the rate he was going, one of the firm’s heads once warned him, Abramoff would wind up “dead, disgraced, or in jail.” But Abramoff persisted.

“Most lobbyists meet with a committee chairman, staff, a few members,” Abramoff recalls. “We’d meet with the whole leadership of the House and Senate, the entire committee on both sides, then create a roster of who might ideologically support the idea and get them in the war. Then we’d activate people from the district where the client was. We’d get people firing constantly on the decision-makers. And we’d outreach everyone in the media, pay think-tank people to rile them up in the press. Most Washington lobbyists are lazy, people of limits, people who move glacially slow. For better or worse, I’m a very driven person. I felt my job was to go out there and save the world… I thought it was immoral to take someone’s money and not win for them. And we basically didn’t lose.”

Still, he felt underappreciated and restless. He was skeptical when Greenberg Traurig, a Miami-based firm with an unremarkable lobbying practice, came courting, but was gradually won over. What clinched the deal was something Abramoff recalls the firm’s president, Cesar Alvarez, said: “Better to ask for forgiveness than permission.” That suited him fine. He bolted to the firm’s Washington, D.C., office, along with all 11 of his acolytes, and a reported $8 million in business.

Here, too, “Team Abramoff” met resistance. Wearing conservative suits and ties in a place that favored more casual wear, they “looked like a cult,” said a lobbyist there. But, overnight, Greenberg became the fourth-largest lobbyist in town. Much of that money came from Indian tribes. The Mississippi Choctaws were joined by the Louisiana Coushattas, the Laguna Choups, the Acadiana Whitefish Band of Cahuilla Indians, the Sandia Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, and the Tiguans, among others. Most had, essentially, the same problems: averting efforts to tax the tribes or reduce their sovereignty, securing favorable legislation on health, housing, education, and other services; winning appropriations and grants of land in trust; and protecting their casino licenses against political vicesuits and rival Indian tribes hoping to open casinos of their own.

Abramoff delivered on these fronts, especially in beating back rival casinos. Several tribes also got visits with President Bush at the White House, or dinner with Interior Secretary Gale Norton. Indeed, with George Bush in the White House, Abramoff had the Interior Department wired. His point man was former deputy secretary J. Steven Griles; various Abramoff e-mails, along with former department legal counsel Michael Rossetti’s testimony to the Senate committee, show how faithfully Griles did Abramoff’s bidding. (Griles denies any wrongdoing.) “There was a swagger to [Abramoff’s] walk,” Wayne Smith, deputy assistant secretary for Indian affairs at the Interior Department during Bush’s first term, recalls. “He was very clear that he was very well connected. He mentioned that he was a major fund-raiser, very tight with Rove. The impression was ‘Hey, I am a force to be reckoned with.’”

Abramoff charged in a variety of ways. There were his fees. There were the contributions he had the tribes make, to his foundation and other organizations, which he would then funnel to politicians or his pet charity. Then, most fateful, there was his take of the colossal fees that Scanlon (who had opened his own public-relations firm in 2001) charged for services rendered, under-rendered, and unrendered between 2001 and 2004. Greenberg Traurig knew nothing about that, but that was all right by Abramoff, who considered his grassroots work with Scanlon moonlighting that didn’t constitute lobbying. The Indians were never explicitly told about the deal, either. Abramoff concedes, but that was also all right, because to him at least, the work he did was so valuable.

“Their casinos were going down the tubes, so it was not an issue of ‘Jack, what are you doing?’; it was ‘Jack, win, win, win,’ and it was Jack saying, ‘We’re going to win,’” Abramoff says. “Their response was ‘If you win, it’s worth it. If you lose, it’s not worth a dollar. Just go win.’ Yes. I did wrong, but I did a hell of a lot right too. Basically, I was the best thing they had going. I knew it, they knew it. My mistake was not informing them [about Scanlon].”

In April 2002, The New York Times ran a front-page profile of Abramoff. “I call Jack Abramoff, and I get results,” the vice-chairman of the Coushattas, William Worfel, told the newspaper. Never one to rest on his oars, as Reagan had observed of him, Abramoff cast about for still more Indian clients. But without knowing it he had hit his high-water mark. Rival tribal officials, dismayed by the huge payments to Abramoff and Scanlon, got word to lobbyists eager for some of Abramoff’s Indian business, who in turn reached the press.

On the front page of The Washington Post for February 22, 2004, Susan Schmidt broke the story of Abramoff’s astronomical fees. His underlings were horrified by what they read. “Lots of damning things in there,” one of them e-mailed. “I know more than [the article] and the truth is worse.” But Abramoff himself was initially sanguine: the Post was really accusing him of no more than making lots of money. He even weighed posting the piece on his Web site. Two tribes quickly rose to Abramoff’s defense, faulting the Post for suggesting that the Indians were either too dumb to protect themselves or too poor to deserve first-class representation. The chief of the Mississippi Choctaws, Phillip Martin, said that Abramoff had done a “fantastic job” and was “definitely worth the money” (though Martin would recant six months later). “Sure, the new lobbyists are 1/3 the cost,” the former chief of the Laguna Choups, Maynard Kahggegb Jr., wrote of Abramoff’s replacements, “but they are 1/3 the lobbyists.” The Post never printed either letter, or, Abramoff says, anything else ever written on his behalf. (The Post’s Susan Schmidt, citing materials released by the Senate committee, maintains that Abramoff’s team wrote the two chief’s letters. Both Martin and Kahggegb declined to comment.) But within a week, Greenberg Traurig fired Abramoff. Soon investigators from the Justice Department, the Internal Revenue Service, the Interior Department, and the F.B.I. were all over the case.

So, too, was the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs, which began its hearings in September 2004 into allegations of misconduct by Abramoff made by the Indian tribes.

Abramoff believes the hearings were unfair and blames McCain, with whom he says he has long had a contentious relationship. Abramoff raised money for Bush in 2000 and urged tribes not to contribute to McCain. McCain staffers deliberately humiliated him, he says, doling out to the press embarrassing e-mails that the Senate committee had subpoenaed—like the one in which he attempted to fabricate a Talmudic scholarship award from a Jewish organization to fortiy his application to Washington’s prestigious Cosmos Club.

“Mr. Abramoff flatters himself,” said Mark Salter, the senator’s administrative assistant. “Senator McCain was unaware of his existence until he read initial press accounts of
Abramoff’s abuses, and had never laid eyes on him until he appeared before the committee.”

“As best I can remember, when I met with him he didn’t have his eyes shut,” replies Abramoff. “I’m surprised that Senator McCain has joined the chorus of amnesia.”

Even some other Indian lobbyists concede that McCain’s hearings presented a distorted picture of Abramoff and his clients. “The Mississippi Choctaw, the Louisiana Coushatta, the Saginaw Chippewa—they are very wealthy tribes with big casinos,” says one. “They knew they were spending money on him and they had an agenda which was to shut down other, poor tribes. They were getting ripped off, but the idea that they didn’t know they were spending $30 million to kill a rival’s casino … Well, let’s not pretend the Indians are stupid.” McCain’s solicitude toward these tribes and their willingness to play victim for him, this lobbyist says, “makes me want to puke.”

Abramoff was in Los Angeles when he turned himself in to federal authorities in August 2005. He was handcuffed, held overnight, and brought into court in leg irons and chains to face charges of bank fraud in his purchase of SunCruz Casinos. He and Adam Kidan had led a group of investors in buying SunCruz for $147.5 million in 2000, after long and hostile negotiations with Konstantinos “Gus” Boulis, the owner since 1994. Boulis never saw his money, however: Abramoff and Kidan had faked the wire transfer of $23 million which was supposed to be their down payment, and Boulis was shot dead in his car in February 2001. Two of the three men currently on trial for the murder were associates of Kidan, who himself pleaded guilty to the fraud charges in December 2005, tightening the noose around Abramoff. Once Scanlon had pleaded on the Indian-lobbying front, it was only a matter of time before Abramoff did, too.

Abramoff says he’d been saddened by any further indictments. But would he feel responsible for them? “I don’t want to answer that question, that’s O.K.,” he replies. I asked whether he felt he’d harmed his country. “There were times when I helped the country and the causes that I love and obviously times when I hurt them,” he says. “The exposure of my lobbying practice, the absurd amount of media coverage, and the focus—for the first time—on this sausage-making factory that we call Washington will ultimately help reform the system, or at least so I hope.” The real problem, as he sees it, is big government: “The only thing that a clever lobbyist cannot manipulate is the absence of something to lobby for or fight against.” Thus, to keep future Jack Abramoffs from popping up, government has to slim down. It’s what he’s been saying all along.

After paying or owing a couple million dollars in legal fees, Abramoff says, he’s now living off “the fumes of my savings.” Hiding his assets would be incredibly fool-hardy, given the consequences at sentencing were he found out. He’s dabbling in a few projects—energy businesses, property development—and doing some screenplays, written under pseudonyms. A real job is out of the question. “People don’t want to be in pictures with me, let alone business,” he says.

Abramoff has one potential short-term source of funds: the photographs of him with Bush, which became much coveted once Time reported their existence. Publications started sending Abramoff offers, and there was frenzied bidding that quickly rose to the low seven figures. For a time he entertained them; he says he thought he could begin to reimburse the Indians. But he ultimately decided against it, in part because the Democrats had announced—stupidly, to his mind—that they’d exploit them. But to him that’s not the only stupidity in evidence. He blames the Bush administration for the fuss. “My so-called relationship with Bush, Rove, and everyone else at the White House has only become important because, instead of just releasing details about the very few times I was there, they created a feeding frenzy by their deafening silence,” he says. “The Democrats, on the other hand, are going overboard, virtually insisting I was there to plan the invasion of Iraq. This is why this non-story grabbed headlines for weeks.”

Abramoff says he hopes one day to pay back the Indians in full, and to visit them and ask for forgiveness. He also says he’s happy so much of his tainted money is being given by embarrassed politicians to charity. “If it makes one kid’s day better in some temple somewhere, then that’s good,” he says.

He says he is not really readying himself for prison. “How does one prepare?” he asks. “I don’t have a grand plan for how to survive. I’m putting myself in God’s hands and trusting it will be fine.” In fact, it will be excruciating: One can’t spend more than a few minutes with him before one of his children, ranging in age from 12 to 18, calls or pops in. Apart from the Sabbath and holidays, he has spoken to his parents every day since he left college. “Hey, Dad, everything O.K.? Apart from everything that’s going on?,” is how one call began. To his mind, prison for him is pointless. “I can’t perpetrate anything, so what does putting me in a prison do?” he asks.

“Put me to work as a teacher in an inner-city school. Let me teach English, history, music. Or let me sweep floors at the reservation. Instead you’ll be paying to feed me to sit in a jail. It’s stupid.” It sounds suspiciously liberal, and tarty too, coming from a law-and-order conservative. But he insists it’s how he’s always felt.

Downstairs from his office, Abramoff handed the parking-lot attendant a $100 bill. It was one of his last, he joked: the rest had gone to all those senators and congressmen. As the men fetched his car, he offered the latest late-night Jack Abramoff jokes. Conan O’Brien had just told a joke about how impressed George Bush was that Abramoff would soon name 20 congressmen. Bush could name only 3. Abramoff laughed heartily at each, though one has to wonder what combination of elements—bitterness, anger, disgust, self-loathing, or maybe even genuine pleasure—made up the mirth. He’s the first
Jack Abramoff
to admit how peculiar it has all become. “This whole thing is one bizarre movie about some guy named Jack Abramoff,” he tells me.
We set out into the solemn, dark, quiet streets of the capital, whose epic empty spaces make it a bleak place on a winter night, chillier than meteorologically colder places to the north. He turned right on 17th Street, passing the Old Executive Office Building and the White House beyond, then continued down toward the Washington Monument. By now the unnaturally enormous Capitol, bathed in an eerie lunar light, loomed in front of us, and I almost asked whether, in his newly humbled state, he felt sufficiently tortured by Washington’s enduring landmarks to flee. Then I remembered that he would be leaving soon enough.
We turned down Louisiana Avenue, and he described how, on Christmas Eve, he’d taken in It’s a Wonderful Life with his family, and how, by trying to die, the Jimmy Stewart character, George Bailey, learned just how loved he was. But George Bailey was someone without flaws, he said, something that could certainly not be said for himself.
“I was a killer,” he said as we pulled into Union Station. “I killed for my clients, and it eventually killed me.” He paused, as if he knew that this was no longer enough. That was the old Abramoff, the defiant, zealous, self-righteous Abramoff, and he could not stop there. “Or I eventually killed me,” he continued. “And there were a lot of other hands on the knife.”

Afghanistan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 212

A day’s work in the mountainsides glow. There is no way for a foot soldier to counter something like that. In several major battles in Zabol Province last year, groups of a hundred or so Taliban fighters managed to ambush small American and Afghan patrols. Not only were the Taliban unable to wipe out the badly outnumbered coalition soldiers, they were ultimately decimated by planes that came streaking in from air bases outside Kandahar and Kabul. According to the U.S. military, Taliban casualties in these battles were on the order of 60 or 70 percent (American losses were zero). In the space of several months, an estimated 250 Taliban were killed in Zabol Province alone.

Faced with such odds, the Taliban adopted a strategy of avoiding pitched battles and relying instead on a campaign of civil terror. The logic is brutal but sound: since the public wouldn’t support the Taliban willingly, it would have to be terrorized into it. If enough people were terrorized into quitting their jobs, the government would cease functioning. If the government ceased functioning, the economy would suffer, and it would be that much easier to hire unemployed young men to fight the Americans. And if you threw enough of those young men into battle, eventually the Americans would leave.

“The conventional army loses if it does not win. The guerrilla wins if he does not lose,” as Henry Kissinger famously said. More than 20,000 Afghans were killed during the Soviet occupation, and the mujahideen weren’t even close to giving up. By that standard, what is going on with the Americans can hardly even be called war. These tactics have worked particularly well in the south. A childhood friend and former National Public Radio reporter named Sarah Chayes, who has lived in Kandahar since 2001, showed me around the city for several days. She told me that zones of Taliban influence—where Westerners cannot travel safely and locals don’t dare cooperate with the government—have crept to within 10 kilometers of the city center. That is almost the high-water mark of mujahideen control before they overran the city in the early 90s. It is an area of quiet mud-walled villages and irrigated orchards and busy little markets and sudden, obscene acts of violence. I was told about one man whom the Taliban skinned alive and left in a field to die. I was told about another man who was forced to watch as his wife was gang-raped in front of him; his eyes were then stabbed out so that it would be the last thing he ever saw.
It was against this grim backdrop that I drove from Kandahar to an American firebase in Qalat to view the war—not from the perspective of the Afghans, but from behind the steel sights of an American gun.

GET DOWN!” I mainly remember someone yelling.
The thing about violence is that later you can recall almost none of it. Photographer Teun Voeten and I had gotten a ride into the mountains north of Qalat on a Black Hawk helicopter called Evil Monkey, which had dropped us off along with four body bags filled with food for a unit of Army Rangers. That was 20 minutes ago; now I’m prone beside a soldier whose weapon has jammed, and I’m watching another soldier take aim from behind a rock wall and fire. I remember him firing exactly one round when in reality—I later learned—he emptied three and a half magazines. No memory. I was plugged in for a long, unpleasant burst of gunfire from Taliban gunmen up in the rocks above us, but I completely missed the rocket-propelled grenade (R.P.G.) that exploded 50 yards away.

We’ve hooked up with the third squad of the third platoon of Battle Company, which is one of the companies that comprise Colonel Stammer’s command in Qalat. Battle 3-3, as the squad is known, had flown in a week earlier to help out a unit of army scouts that had taken casualties when their Humvee was destroyed by an anti-tank mine. The scouts had driven down a dirt road with no exit, and the Taliban—knowing that they had to come back the same way—dug the mine into the tire ruts and waited. The turret gunner was blown entirely out of the vehicle and then lost both legs after the Humvee rolled back over him, and his two companions were badly burned but managed to get out alive. The Humvee was just a couple of hundred yards from the mud-walled house where the scouts and Rangers had set up their camp, and the first thing Teun and I had done was to walk down with a couple of soldiers to take a look. The Humvee was a charred, cockeyed hulk sitting on four bare rims by the edge of the Hazarbas River, and it was while we were down there contemplating its sad remains that we got hit.
While I’m lying behind the rock it dawns on me that my leg is getting wet from seep-water coming up through the sand, and I shift my notebook out of my pocket so the ink doesn’t run. There’s a lot of shooting, but it’s hard to tell where it’s coming from. Little gouts of dust from a grenade machine gun operated by the scouts stitch their way along the ridgeline across from us, and tracer rounds pulse out of the Ranger camp and skitter into the jumble of rocks where the Taliban are shooting from. Tracers are inserted into ammo belts every four rounds, which means that a steady torrent of invisible lead is hosing down the ridgeline. The grenade machine gun goes bang-schlick-BOOM very rapidly and over and over in a reassuring way. A mortar impact blossoms silently on the ridge, followed by a thud.

Ten minutes later it’s all over and we are back at the Ranger camp. A cold, blue dusk settles over the mountains, and the temperature starts its nightly plunge into the teens.
Four scouts have crossed the river and moved up the ridge to the Taliban positions, but by then the enemy is long gone. All the scouts find is a pile of shell casings in the rocks, the 80 or so rounds that the Taliban fired at us.

American soldiers call getting shot at “contact.” The rules of engagement for American soldiers in Afghanistan are so strict that getting shot at is virtually the only situation in which an American soldier can fire his weapon without giving a warning. The alternative—spotting a man with a radio or a weapon—is extraordinarily hard to do in the terrain where the Taliban operate. Once contact is made, American forces almost never break it voluntarily; they keep fighting until the enemy is dead or on the run. An enemy on the run can usually be destroyed by airpower, which is how the American military has inflicted most of its casualties since Vietnam. Shooting at American soldiers generally has such severe and immediate consequences that Taliban fighters will do almost anything—including not fighting—to avoid it.

As a result, many battles start when American patrols draw fire from unseen Taliban fighters. As soon as American forces come under attack, the radio operator for that unit gets on his set and says something like “Break, break, break, we’re in contact and this is our grid.” The grid number is the exact location of American personnel on the ground so that they don’t get bombed or mortared by their own side; “break” means that everyone not involved in that fight should stay off the network. In our case, that call was received by Colonel Stammer’s operations room in Qalat, and Stammer approved a request for air assets to be dispatched or diverted to our location. Within half an hour we had a total of five aircraft circling overhead at various altitudes, including a Predator drone flown remotely by a pilot at Kandahar airfield.

Predators carry infra-red optics that can pick out a man’s body heat from 25,000 feet, and the one keeping watch over us quickly spotted a group of 10 men a mile to the south. Since no one here leaves his home after dark, these men were almost certainly connected to the attack. Captain Josh McGary, the commanding officer on the ground, listened in as information about the 10 men bounced back and forth across the net. “Show a weapon, bitch,” I heard someone say under his breath. One weapon—just one AK-47—and all those guys would be dead.

There are consequences to omnipotence—practical consequences, not just moral ones. The enemy is forced to wage war while avoiding actual combat, which becomes—for a conventional army, at any rate—a much harder problem to solve. In this case, the Taliban have tried—and to some extent succeeded in—reshaping the war as an American logistical problem. Modern armies have to transport massive amounts of food, fuel, and ammunition in order to function, and insurgencies don’t. If you can paralyze the logistics of a conventional army, you’re winning the war. An attack last year provides a perfect example.

On August 21, four of McGary’s men died when their Humvee hit an improvised explosive device (I.E.D.) while they were protecting a supply convoy returning from the Baylough Bowl. The supplies were brought in by truck rather than by helicopter because helicopters are inefficient at moving large amounts of equipment. (They’re also vulnerable to ground attack. Every time a helicopter goes down in Afghanistan, the consequences ripple through the logistics web for days.) The decision to use a convoy solved one logistical problem but created another one. Because convoys are forced to travel on tortuous mountain roads, they run the risk of being hit by ambushes and I.E.D.’s. The road from Qalat to Baylough is only 25 miles, for example, but takes two days to drive; ambushing convoys on a road like that is not particularly hard to do.

There are countermeasures, though. The Americans can try to foster a strong relationship with the locals so that they’ll report any suspicious activity by the Taliban, but that takes time and manpower—and even more supplies. The alternative is hyper-vigilance. Locals know everything that happens in their area, so if the Taliban put an I.E.D. in the road, locals won’t drive until someone else has hit it. (In general, anything out of the ordinary in Afghanistan—a village with no children, a field with no farmers—means that something bad is about to happen.) When they see that locals aren’t using the roads, American soldiers move on foot. But that engenders yet more problems. At his lightest, the American soldier carries more than 60 pounds of body armor, ammunition, and weaponry. In summer, the weight increases his risk of dehydration; in winter, it makes him sweat so heavily that he risks hypothermia if he has food and a sleeping bag, but that means taking a combat pack that, fully loaded, weighs another 100 pounds.

“It’s like having a dude on your back,” one soldier told me.

You can’t hope to outmaneuver the Taliban at 10,000 feet with a dude on your back, and that puts you right where you started: with airpower. All this becomes part of a very elaborate chess game that Captain McGary finds himself playing with a mid-level Taliban commander in the Hazurab Valley named Mullah Kabir. Kabir generally spends the winter in Pakistan, but attempts by American soldiers to move into his area of influence have kept him pinned down until late in the season this year.

“Kabir has remnant fighters in the valleys,” McGary says. “My take is he’s running a delaying action until he can negotiate a deal with the governor of Zabol. He moves around on a motorcycle—but then again, these guys can cover distances that are unimaginable to an infantryman. They can go 20 clicks in a day.”

Kabir’s fighters are village boys who hide their weapons up in the mountains at night and retrieve them in the morning. They’re generally home by dark. Most years the fighting would be over by November, but this winter the American strategy has been to establish a presence in areas that the Taliban have long considered to be a winter sanctuary. Colonel Stammer ordered several hundred pairs of snowshoes and told his men to be prepared to patrol all year in the high valleys. The idea is to keep enough Americans in remote areas for the locals to feel it is safe to reject the Taliban and come over to the government side. It’s as if America
Afghanistan

were courting a woman who didn’t quite dare leave her violent husband.

"It’s intimidation—straight-up guerrilla tactics," McGary says about the Taliban methods. "Whoever controls the population controls the war. This war is the first time that at my level and below—at the platoon level—soldiers are addressing all the elements of national power. Every time my men address a village, they know they are addressing them as diplomats. The hardest thing about a counter-insurgency to grasp is that it lasts 30 years. The commitment that the American public has to understand is that fighting radical Islam and ignorance will be the fight of the century."

On this particular occasion—having been shot at four out of the past five nights while freezing his ass off at 7,000 feet—McGary decides that the fight against radical Islam is about to require some drastic measures.

McGary sits down on a rock under an apple tree and tells Mike to gather the village men around him. As usual, McGary lets a moment pass, and then another, and then he begins to speak. "My name is Captain McGary. I’m the coalition commander in Dayehopian District," he begins quietly. Mike translates every few sentences. "And for all you hardworking honest men here, I apologize for what happened this morning; it brings me no pleasure to pull you from your beds in the morning. But unfortunately as we drove in here to check on your village the enemy blew up one of our trucks, so our mission of peace and help became a mission of war. I apologize for bringing war to your valley."

"Your government has sent me food and supplies to feed this valley for five years. It sits in Baylough, but I can’t get it here, because they shoot at us. Do they not want you to eat? I can bring the food here, but I need you to talk to these men in the mountains. Ask them what they fight for—why? If they want us to leave Afghanistan, the fastest way is to stop fighting. Believe me, we’re ready to go home. I have a four-year-old son, and he asked me if he can go to Afghanistan sometime. I want to bring him here to see a strong Afghanistan, all the tribes united under Islamic law. That’s what’s in my heart. So please, if you see those men in the mountains, tell them what’s in my heart."

McGary takes off his helmet and puts it on the ground next to him. "The men in the mountains are getting paid by Pakistan," he says.

Mike translates; heads nod. "Pakistan wants to see Afghanistan remain weak. So fight for Afghanistan and don’t be a puppet of Pakistan!"

If you want to make an American intelligence officer blush, ask him whether the Pakistani military is supporting the Taliban. Officers like McGary seem willing to talk about it all day long—it’s their men who are dying, after all—but intelligence officers in habit that awkward world where politics and war intersect, and the wrong question can literally set them stammering.

On the one hand, Washington considers Pakistan a staunch American ally in the War on Terror, and for a mid-level intelligence officer to suggest otherwise would be professional suicide. On the other hand, suspicions about Pakistani involvement in the Taliban are so commonplace that a blanket denial would almost serve to confirm that it is true. When the topic comes up, American intelligence officers invariably slip into a question-and-answer format that seems intended to impart a message of reasonableness: "Do Pakistanis slip across the border to join the Taliban? Of course. Is the government of Pakistan aware of this? Undoubtedly. But can they put a stop to it...?"

Pakistan’s relationship with militant groups in Afghanistan goes back to the early 80s, when the C.I.A. went through Pakistani intelligence to funnel $2 billion to $3 billion in weapons and cash to mujahideen groups fighting the Soviet Army. It was up to the ISI, as the Pakistani intelligence service is known, to decide which commanders would receive the aid, and it invariably chose Islamic radicals, who could be counted on to fight not only the Russians but also the Indian Army in the disputed region of Kashmir. In addition, the Pakistani government fostered the creation of thousands of religious schools, called madrassas, which were run along the Afghan border like mills of razor wire. The most extreme of these madrassas indoctrinated tens of thousands of young Afghans and Pakistanis with radical Islam, and it was in these theological furnaces that the Taliban militias were forged.

A cooperative Taliban regime in Kabul was part of Pakistan’s plan to build "strategic depth" in the region, but unfortunately Osama bin Laden became part of that plan as well, and after 9/11, Pakistan watched in dismay as the United States bombed their wayward creation out of existence. Surviving Taliban and al-Qaeda forces fled across the border into Pakistan and sought refuge in the supposedly "lawless" tribal areas along the Afghan border. Their presence in this country forced Pakistani president Pervez Musharraf to make a choice: he could either round up all the Taliban and al-Qaeda elements and provoke the ire of religious extremists at home or leave them alone and provoke the ire of the United States. In a brilliant move, he decided to do both.

Every few months, it seems, the ISI catches some al-Qaeda figure—Ramzi bin al Shibh, Khaled Sheikh Mohammed, Abu Zubaydah—and hands him over to the United States. These operations don’t cost Musharraf much politically, because the foreign jihadists are not particularly beloved in Pakistan. In return, the ISI seems to receive some..."
degree of indulgence from the United States when it comes to the Taliban. Since 9/11, not a single mid-or high-ranking commander of the Taliban has been turned over to the United States. The official explanation for this—one repeated by both Washington and Islamabad—is that the Pakistani military is simply not powerful enough to control the scattered Pashtun tribes of the border area where the Taliban are located. And if they did attempt it, President Musharraf would be quickly toppled by an uprising of Islamic radicals.

This vision of a Pakistan teetering on the brink of anarchy simply doesn’t square with reality, however. In recent parliamentary elections, no candidate, including Islamic radicals, got more than 11 percent of the vote—hardly a threat to a military dictator. And the Pakistani military is configured to repulse a land invasion from India that would involve airpower, armored divisions, and hundreds of thousands of men; the idea that they cannot control Pashtun tribal areas that start a few hours’ drive from Islamabad is laughable. And even if that were true, Taliban commanders are hardly hiding in caves up in the mountains; they live in villas in the suburbs of Quetta. They use cell phones, they drive cars, they go to mosques—they are easy to find, in other words. The Pakistani government is simply choosing not to.

Meanwhile, an average of nearly two American soldiers now die every week in Afghanistan—proportionally almost the same casualty rate as in Iraq, where there are seven times as many troops. They are being killed by Taliban fighters who are recruited, financed, and trained in Pakistan and whose commanders have ongoing relationships with elements of the Pakistani military. To put this in context, consider that in 1983 Hezbollah agents with links to the Iranian government drove a truck bomb into the U.S. Marine barracks in Beirut, Lebanon, and killed 241 servicemen. Now imagine that same scenario but with Iran as an American ally rather than as her sworn enemy. You have just imagined the current situation with Pakistan.

“The cost of not pressuring Pakistan is that it really hurts our efforts in Afghanistan, and in my view the security environment is moving in the wrong direction,” says Seth Jones, a Rand Corporation analyst who advises the U.S. government on Afghanistan.

“If you look at the number of insurgent attacks, in the proliferation of I.E.D.’s, in their sophistication, in the use of suicide attacks, it’s very clear to me that not only is the insurgency not being defeated, but in many ways it’s increasingly able to cause violence.”

If I had had any doubts about the depth of Pakistan’s role in the resurgent Taliban, those were gone by the time I left Afghanistan. In a situation that I can say almost nothing about because of risks to the people involved, I was able to interview a former member of the Taliban government who said that after 9/11 he was recruited by the Pakistani military to fight the Americans. He says that he turned the job down, but that the Taliban still consider him to be “one of them.” Since then, Afghan intelligence has looked into his claims and decided that he was, in fact, telling me the truth when we met. They believe he did not approach American intelligence agents with his information out of fear that they would just send him to Guantanamo.

Not only is the Pakistani military allowing the Taliban to operate freely in Pakistani territory, this man said, but they themselves are training some of the Taliban recruits. He gave me the name, home address, phone numbers, and code name of the ISI major who had tried to recruit him after 9/11. (“You can tell his house because of the razor wire around the wall,” he said about the man’s residence, on a certain street in Quetta.) He also gave me the name and phone number of another ISI agent, who brings recruits from a certain region of Afghanistan and places them in training camps in western Pakistan, then sends them back across the border to fight. Then he gave me the names of 10 Afghans who are currently part of a larger group working for the ISI as a sort of government-in-exile. (In February, President Karzai submitted a similar list of known Taliban leaders—many with addresses—to the Pakistani government, demanding that they be arrested.) He said that bin Laden was not working closely with the ISI, but neither were they entirely separate. Then he made this surprising claim: “However much money Pakistan is taking from the United States to catch bin Laden, they are also taking from bin Laden to not capture him.”

I had only about half an hour with this man, and most of it I spent just scribbling down names and addresses. I did notice something odd about him, though. The whole time we were talking he never once looked at me; he just stared straight ahead while his hands worked through his prayer beads.

At 12 Z [Greenwich Mean Time] we’re probably going to take some small-arms fire, so stay close to the walls. Once it gets dark the Apaches will come in and there’ll be no problem. Get ready for rockets—the radios just picked up radio chatter that they got one rocket on a self-artery and they’ll adjust with the second one. What’s the burnout rate for an R.P.G. with plunging fire?”

The afternoon light is dying in the Hazardus Valley, and Captain McGarry has his men around him in the courtyard of the mud house where they’ve been living for the past week. His terp has picked up radio chatter that the Taliban have what they refer to as “the big machine” up on the mountain above us, and he’s worried about it. If it’s a Dishka machine gun—which can easily shoot down aircraft—then Task Force Storm won’t send helicopters anywhere near this valley. If it’s a 107-mm. rocket—which is more likely—then the only thing McGarry has to worry about is a lucky shot that hits the compound. The Taliban shoot rockets out of PVC pipe using a primitive timer that relies on water dripping out of holes in a bucket. One wire is attached to a sponge that floats on the surface of the water, and another wire is attached to the bottom of the bucket; when all the water drips out and the two wires touch, the rocket ignites. By that time the Taliban are back home eating dinner.

The plan for tonight is to sing out the destroyed Humvee on a Chinook helicopter and then move 10 kilometers on foot into the next valley. (Colonel Stammer has a policy of not leaving destroyed vehicles behind—in part out of respect for the men who may have been killed or wounded in them, in part so that the Taliban can’t use them as propaganda trophies.) The sling operation goes smoothly. The Apaches arrive soon after dark, clattering around us in the night, and then an A-10 comes in and lights up the mountainside with a burst from its gun. The Taliban are terrified of airpower, and the military finds that painting a mountainside with 4,000 rounds a minute has a way of discouraging enemy activity.

A few minutes later the Chinook comes in and settles awkwardly over the wrecked Humvee. The pilot descends so low that the belly of the Chinook tamps the helmet of a Ranger who is on the hood trying to hook up the load slings. Mineral dust from the rotor wash hits the blades and produces two circles of fire that wobble oddly in the dark and then dissolve as the Chinook pulls and tilts and rushes on up the valley with its strange load. The temperature is probably 20 degrees. We’ve been up since dawn. We’re going to have to walk all night. The soldiers burrow into their sleeping bags for a couple of hours’ rest and then claw their way back out around midnight to start their move.

It’s a gruesome display of endurance that lasts until dawn. The men are carrying a full load—160 pounds or so, and even more for the mortar squad—and we have to cross over a mountain pass at nearly 10,000 feet. The air is so cold—10 degrees? 15 degrees?—that the water freezes in our CamelBaks. The soldiers don’t dare use the hip belts on their rucksacks in case they have to get rid of them quickly, which means they carry the entire 160 pounds on their shoulders. Because we’re going straight through Mullah Kabir’s territory, two A-10s babysit us for most of the movement, and a Global Hawk peeks down from 65,000 feet to make sure no one’s waiting for us in the rocks up ahead. Global Hawks are flown remotely by pilots at Edwards Air Force Base, in California, and from 12 miles up they can tell if a man on
Afghanistan

the ground is holding an American weapon or an AK-47. If it’s the latter, artillery units 20 or 30 miles away can—almost literally—drop a round into his lap.

By the time we stagger over the pass, I have the feeling that the men are almost hoping for contact just so they can lie down for a while. Despite the cold we’re all in our shirtsleeves and sweating like horses, and whenever we stop—once because a man’s legs cramp up—hypothermia seems to introduce itself around the group like some over-solicitous party guest. We finally wobble into the village of Andar just as the eastern sky is starting to lighten. The scouts maintain a safe house in Andar, and in their courtyard we drop our gear and shake out our sleeping bags and zip ourselves in. One minute we’re marching, the next minute we’re asleep. I think the mortar team might have set up the mortar but I’m not even sure.

I wake up a few hours later to the voices of soldiers next to me. The sun is high and strong and starting to cook us in our bags. The soldiers don’t know that I’m awake, and I just lie there for a while listening to them. They talk about music. They talk about women. They talk about their weapons. One guy asks a mortarman named McJunkin if it would be possible to hold a mortar sideways and fire it like a gun.

“No, it would tear you in half,” McJunkin answers.

We happen to be sleeping a few hundred yards from the house of the main Taliban leader in the village, but of course he’s up in the mountains; he won’t be back until we’re gone. After that, this particular village won’t see another American until the spring. By then, the guy who rented his house to the scouts could be dead and the guy who sold them firewood to keep warm could be dead and the old man in the next village who whispered information about Mullah Kabir could be dead. They could all be dead, murdered by Taliban fighters who will start trickling in from Pakistan as soon as the snows melt. The locals call the Taliban Piranaye, or “ghosts,” because of their ability to appear and disappear at will.

I eventually get up and wander over to the scouts’ camp to get some food. As soon as the sun comes up it’s 70 degrees and the soldiers are all sunbathing in their T-shirts. Through the compound gate I can see the village children watching our every move. We have a few days to kill before the helicopters come to get us, and McGary says that we’ll use the time patrolling and trying to do something good for the village. We’ll distribute Western clothes that we have to the children—some of whom don’t have any shoes. We’ll blow up some tree stumps that the villagers have been plowing around. We’ll talk to the elders about Taliban activity in the area.

It’s not war, exactly, but it’s something. It’s a great, powerful nation down on one knee trying to coexist—one and for all—these war-ruined people over to our side.□

16 Words

I told Judy that she could not go back,” Roger Cohen, the foreign editor of the Times, told me recently. “There were concerns about her sources and her sourcing… We talked about it in my office for an hour.” Miller was able to prevail, however, and she returned briefly to Iraq, she later said, “to try to report on why the W.M.D. had not been found.” She concentrated on one crucial aspect: why there were doubts about the mobile labs. “I wanted to find out how the intelligence services had gotten this so wrong,” she said. “There was a tremendous divide over it.”

It was more like a firestorm, and Miller was at the center of it. “Suddenly, thousands of people who had tapped into the blogs were e-mailing me that I had started the war, that I was the shill for the administration. None of my colleagues ever spoke to me about my reporting. But they would say, ‘We don’t want to work with her.’”

On June 5, Raines and Boyd both resigned under pressure. Five weeks later Bill Keller, Raines’s chief rival at the paper, became the new executive editor.

I met Judy Miller in 1993, when she married Jason Epstein, who was then my editor at Random House. Intensely loyal, she had an ability to keep moving relentlessly forward and rarely questioned herself. Her father owned the Riviera nightclub in Fort Lee, New Jersey, and was part owner of several hotels in Las Vegas. At Princeton’s Woodrow Wilson school she focused on the Middle East, and by 1983 she was in Cairo as the first woman bureau chief for The New York Times. She was, recalled former consul general Frances Cook, a “serious girl who wore long paisley skirts and had a ballpoint that hung from her neck, observing a society that was turning fundamentalist.” Over the years she wrote a series of books, including One, by One, by One, about the aftermath of the Holocaust, and God Has Ninety-nine Names, about extremism in the Middle East. She co-authored Saddam Hussein and the Crisis in the Gulf with Laurie Myroie and Germs with William Broad and Stephen Engelberg. To her critics she was an overknowing Cassandra, but to her admirers her reporting was often prescient.

Back from Iraq in June 2003, Miller realized that she was losing her authority. She had worked with Bill Keller for years, and she admired his reporting. He was a fellow Pulitzer winner. But now Keller was in a sensitive situation. Miller would have to be reeled in. “You are radioactive,” she says he told her. “You can see it on the blogs.” “Why do you give a shit about the blogs?” Miller remembered asking Keller. “They do not know anything.” (Keller responds: “I’m pretty sure I never said any such thing.”)

Miller later told me, “The bloggers were without editing, without a way for people to understand what was good, what was well reported—to distinguish between the straight and the sordid. Things would get instantly picked up, magnified, and volleyized… I was appalled, not by the blogs—that would be like getting appalled at the Industrial Revolution—but by my colleagues, who believed what they read on the blogs.”

But it wasn’t just the blogs. By then a platoon of reporters, including Seymour Hersh in The New Yorker, had pounced on the issue of the missing W.M.D. Soon the criti-
ERSONALISM rose to a critical mass. Miller and the *Times*'s Baghdad-bureau chief, John Burns, another Pulitzer winner, had had an acrid exchange over Chalabi, one of her longtime sources, which was picked up by the *Washington Post*'s Howard Kurtz. "If reporters who live by their sources were obliged to die by their sources, *New York Times* reporter Judith Miller would be stinking up her family tomb right now," *Slate*'s Jack Shafer would later comment.

Late in June, Miller scheduled time with Scooter Libby, who had been of help to William Broad during the writing of *Germ*. Libby was an inside man, with watchful eyes and a tight, folded face. His speech pattern was quick—question, answer, question, answer. Part of his job with Cheney was to calibrate the possible political damage any given action could do. He was, however, a contradictory figure, who, as a Washington lawyer, had in 1996 surprised many who knew him by writing a finely crafted novel set in Japan in 1903, which became notorious for its dirty passages.

Miller did not question Libby's desire to sell the war. For her, he was "a major figure" and "one of the most senior people I interviewed. I never interviewed the vice president, never met the president, and have met Karl Rove only once. I operated at the wonk level. That is why all of this stuff that came later about my White House spin is such bullshit. I did not talk to these people.... Libby was not a social friend, like [neocon] Richard Perle."

On June 23 she arrived at the Old Executive Office Building to see Libby. She went to the interview with a key question written in her notebook. "Was the intel slanted?" "Intell" meant the intelligence assessments of Iraq, and she underlined the word "slanted." Libby, she later wrote, was "unimpressed" with what he called "selective leakage" by the C.I.A. He called it "a hedging strategy," and Miller quoted him in her notes: "If we find it, fine, if not, we hedged." He was laying out for her the clear signs of a war between the White House and the C.I.A., but Miller wrote in her notebook "highly distorted," a reference to Libby's defense of his boss, who was being accused of embracing "skimpy intelligence reports" while ignoring evidence to the contrary. In the interview, Libby referred to a "clandestine guy." Miller wrote, "Veep didn't know of Joe Wilson." She put in parentheses "wife works in bureau?" She believed, she later testified, that the reference was to the C.I.A. One of the enduring mysteries of the case would become who told Miller what, and when. Although it would take her two years to remember this particular meeting—a fact impossible for many to believe—she wrote at the top of one page of her notes, "Valerie Flame." She has said that she does not know who the source was.

She recalled Libby's anger at the C.I.A. for failing to share "doubts about Iraq intelligence." He told her, "No brief came in [after the State of the Union address] and said, "You got it wrong, Mr. President." Over the next few weeks, she saw Libby two more times. The June meeting, she would later insist, slipped from her mind. "I did not remember the meeting until I saw the notes," she told me. "Can you imagine that?"

She didn't publish a word about Wilson or his wife.

**DECEMBER 2004, NEW YORK CITY**

"Something bad is happening," Miller told Jason Epstein. "I think I might be going to jail." Epstein, a founder of the *New York Review of Books*, had a wry sense of the world and the long view of power politics. "Going to jail—that can't be right," he said.

"That is where this is going to lead," she said.

"Well, if that's the case," he said, trying for lightness, "get a lawyer from the Yellow Pages so it won't cost so much."

"I already have a lawyer," she said. "Floyd will do it." Floyd Abrams, the specialist on First Amendment law, had with James Goodale represented the *Times* during the days of the Pentagon Papers—the explosive publication in 1971 of thousands of pages of classified information which laid out the government's deception during the Vietnam War. He had also helped to forge important case law to protect the right of journalists to have confidential sources. Although 49 of the 50 states and the District of Columbia now afforded some kind of protection, there was still no federal shield law. By the summer of 2004, Abrams had grown alarmed over the sharp increase in cases brought against reporters. He understood the gravity of what was at stake and the intensity that Patrick Fitzgerald was bringing to the issue. A 2003 opinion by Judge Richard A. Posner, a conservative Chicago jurist, emboldened prosecutors and judges to go after journalists. "A large number of cases conclude, rather surprisingly... that there is a reporter's privilege," Posner wrote.

"These courts may be skating on thin ice."

Suddenly, Abrams had a flurry of daunting cases. In 2002, Fitzgerald had come after *Times* writer Philip Shenon for reporting the story of F.B.I. raids on the Global Relief Foundation and the Benevolence International Foundation, Muslim charities in Illinois with suspected ties to terrorist organizations. He demanded Shenon's telephone records for 18 days and an interview with him. The *Times* refused to comply, but Fitzgerald reiterated the request in July 2004, this time asking additionally for an interview with Judith Miller and 23 days of her phone records, in relation to another Muslim charity.

The Muslim-charities case was entirely separate from the Valerie Plame affair. Abrams and Fitzgerald had spoken on several occasions about the former. "It was clear that he thought the *Times* had mishandled, and that it was not just a question of who leaked information," Abrams said. "What the *Times* viewed as asking routine questions of entities involved in ongoing news stories, Fitzgerald viewed as tipping off entities in a criminal investigation." Such subpoenaing of phone records raised startling and disturbing new press-rights issues for Abrams. (Fitzgerald would subsequently lose the first round of the Muslim-charities case in federal court.) "When we would call each other, I would have to make clear which case it was," Abrams told me. "I would say, 'I am calling about the case we are winning.' ... At the same time he was trying to put Judy in jail, he was calling to ask for more time, in which he was asking for Judy's phone records."

That summer Abrams was also defending *Times* reporters James Risen and Jeff Gerth in a privacy suit brought by nuclear scientist Wen Ho Lee, who had been charged with 59 counts of mishandling classified information stemming from his employment at Los Alamos, and who spent nine months in solitary confinement before pleading guilty to downloading classified information to portable cartridges. The *Times* had weighed in with a measured apology for its inaccurate reporting, which reflected a likely lawsuit but offended some reporters in the newsroom. Abrams was concerned that Fitzgerald's efforts could leave journalists unprotected when they used confidential sources, as they had been doing in the late 1960s, when the Nixon administration initiated a blitz against the press.

Abrams was also representing Matthew Cooper of *Time* magazine, who had been subpoenaed after he revealed Valerie Plame's identity on *Time*'s Web site, and he would soon represent Judith Miller as well. Miller had already spoken to George Freeman, the *Times* in-house counsel. "I said, 'George, I think we are going to have a problem,'" Miller recalled. "I knew Valerie Plame's name. I knew who she was. I talked to many people in the government about her. He said, 'Before Novak's article?' And I said, 'Before and after.' ... He said, 'Don't worry about it.' I said, 'Why not?' He said, 'Because I'm sure they'll go after Novak first. He's the one who outran her.'"

But Abrams sensed how ominous the situation might be. Cooper's sources, the lawyer knew, had been Scooter Libby and Karl Rove. Based in Washington, D.C., Cooper had little protection. "There was no federal shield law, and the only protection the law could give Matt was under the First Amendment and federal common law," said Abrams. "While it was a coincidence that the Wen Ho Lee privacy suit, the Muslim-charities case, and the Plame case all arose at the same time, the fact that they did really
tells the story of the increased efforts by prosecutors and private lawyers alike to break the bonds between journalists and their sources, which had not been seen since the 1970s.

In June 2004, Abrams attempted to discuss the situation with Fitzgerald. "I called him up and asked to come to Chicago to sit and talk with him," Abrams told me. The two men did not know each other well, but Abrams's daughter, Ronnie, a prosecutor in the Southern District of New York, had known Fitzgerald when he ran a counterterrorism squad.

"Don't go down this road, Pat," Abrams said he had told Fitzgerald in Chicago. "I am here to urge you to avoid subpoenaing journalists and the ensuing battles that will come from it." Abrams later recalled, "He responded that he had thought long and hard about the issue and had pruned down the list of journalists who were of substantial relevance. He said, in effect, that he would not have started down the road unless he was prepared to go to the end." Abrams said Fitzgerald had told him that he was absolutely sure that his case was solid and that "he would not consider ceasing the pursuit of journalists who he thought had highly relevant information." Walking out of Fitzgerald's office, Abrams later said, "I thought it was absolutely hopeless."

In Washington, Walter Pincus was informed by Post lawyer Eric Lieberman that he too had been subpoenaed on the Plame matter. So had NBC's Tim Russert.

In private, Russert was deeply concerned about the consequences of any possible public testimony, but the network announced, "NBC News is resisting the subpoena because of the potential chilling effect on its ability to report the news."

Pincus had skirted the F.B.I.'s attempt to interview him about the Plame matter, and he believed that the process by which he had learned of it was not a criminal act. "I thought it was damage control. My source had been trying to get me to stop writing about Joe Wilson. I believed that the Democrats were too wound up thinking that a crime had been committed."

The 1972 Supreme Court case of Branzburg v. Hayes had always vexed Abrams. He had gone into practice several years after graduating from Yale Law School, in 1963. There was then little case law that clearly defined the First Amendment rights of the press when national-security issues were involved. In the 1920s and 1930s, Justice Holmes and Justice Brandeis had fiercely defended the principle of free speech, and there had been a famous case, New York Times Co. v. Sullivan, which spelled out some parameters of libel law. But between 1969 and 1971, Abrams wrote in his book Speaking Freely; NBC and CBS alone had received 122 subpoenas for reporters to appear before grand juries. The Branzburg case tested under what circumstances the government has the right to compel reporters to give up confidential material. It comprised four separate cases. The first dated back to 1970, when Times reporter Earl Caldwell, who had spent time with the Black Panthers in Oakland and Berkeley and reported on the organization, received a subpoena. This was at the height of the Vietnam War, and the Panthers, who had threatened Nixon's life, had become a target of his Justice Department. Caldwell's case reached the Supreme Court at the same time as three other cases, two involving Paul Branzburg, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, and one involving Paul Pappas, a TV newsman. The Supreme Court came to one decision for all four, commonly referred to as Branzburg v. Hayes. Justice Byron White's opinion for the five-to-four majority was brutal. "The issue in these cases is whether requiring newsmen to appear and testify before state or federal grand juries abridges the freedom of the press guaranteed by the First Amendment. We hold that it does not."

That opinion, recalled James Goodale, was thought to be "a catastrophe for the press." Taken to its extremes, it would mean that reporters could rarely guarantee any protection to sources. Justice Lewis Powell was the deciding vote. But the language of his opinion seemed to suggest an uneasiness with White's stern mandate, allowing for the possibility of a case-by-case basis and paying heed to the necessity of maintaining the crucial role of the American press. Goodale focused on Powell's wording, "I sent my family away and locked myself into the apartment for a week without air-conditioning. I was looking at the case and asking myself what were we going to do to try to protect reporters. I stared at the fucking thing, and it looked like curtains. All of a sudden inspiration hit me. I realized that the court had the votes that might just form privilege."

If a reporter believes a grand-jury investigation is "not being conducted in good faith," Powell wrote, he may get some leeway not to testify.

Goodale came up with a strategy to reinterpret the five-four opinion. "No one had taken the time to think it through," he said. "I wanted to organize the press lawyers of the United States, and I was able to get 70 lawyers in a room. We decided to fan out the fight." They began to use the Powell opinion in their arguments in court, applying it on behalf of their clients. "We used to bicycle the briefs around! They were so thick, and there was no fax. It became known that this was the way to protect reporters. There was no law in any federal court, and there were very few shield laws. From that humble beginning, 30 years ago, we were able to get 49 states to have some protection for reporters. The courts, however, became more conservative. ... The Judge Poshner decision cut the feet out from under Plamegate."

I mean, Your Honor, if I were doing a blueprint for a corrupt country, the first thing I would do is to say reporters cannot have confidential sources, and those who do, must reveal them.


The weekend of the Fourth of July passed in a haze for Judy Miller. "I was told to put my medications in a Baggie, to understand that I would have no makeup, no per-

MORPHOLUTION
ON THE ROAD AHEAD, A PATH TO BE AVOIDED
sonal items except for my pills,” she told me. “You are going in one door of the courthouse and out another,” her lawyer Bob Bennett and Saul-Pilchen had told her. For nine months, all the way up to the Supreme Court, Miller and Matthew Cooper had argued their decision to refuse to testify. Judge David Tatel, of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit, had written eloquently of striking a balance between press freedom and law enforcement, but in the end had ruled against the two reporters. Eight pages of redacted information in his decision suggested to many at the time that Fitzgerald may have uncovered a violation of the agent-identity act and a criminal White House conspiracy. By July, blogs were predicting Karl Rove’s imminent indictment, and the partisan rhetoric was in overdrive.

Meanwhile, a vigorous debate had begun within the reporting community: Was Miller and Cooper’s stance simply a matter of protecting sources, or was it the result of the machinery of Washington reporting, with relationships forged over years and information obtained through friendly chats, general gossip, planted smears, and useful tips? And if it was the latter, was there anything wrong with that? Had Rove and Libby figured out a way to game the system by cornering reporters with confidentiality pledges? For absolutists, Fitzgerald was a threat to the reporting process. For Bush-haters, he was a hero doing the work for reporters who had no access to the inner workings of the White House. There were heated conversations about the ethics of getting information from whistle-blowers, scanners, and enemies with an agenda.

There was also the issue of corporate pressure. For example, NBC and Time, which respectively employed Tim Russert and Matt Cooper, were parts of huge companies whose shareholders seemed to be as concerned with profits and federal regulatory issues as with legal battles to overturn Brownbarg v. Hayes. The arguments thinned in drawing rooms and on cable-TV shows, as well as on the Web. A mass of fixed positions issued from the noisy new democracy of the blogs—Chalabi-haters, Rove fanatics, blowhards floating theories about who had been Novak’s source. “Pardon me while I intrude on the whorish theater of martyrdom now assigned to the likes of Judith Miller. The same Judith Miller who is going to jail to protect whom? Sources such as Chalabi? … Yet many talking TV-journos-some-things are arguing that it is the principle of a ‘free press’ that is at stake here, not who the source is,” declared a contributor to the Huffington Post, a Web site launched in 2005 by author Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington. Such vitriolic points of view were becoming as influential as the weighty opinions held by the scrimshaw artists.

“Does a rogue White House or for that matter a rogue reporter deserve protection?” James Goodale asked. “Under the strict rules for confidential sources, clearly yes.” He was a whisper in the roar, however, as many defenders of the press vanished in the jumble of issues. The “criminalization of politics does no one any good,” Washington Post writer Richard Cohen noted in a column that provoked a flood of e-mails from the left.

The speed of delivery and magnification of the blog information raised another question: Had the mainstream media lost its monopoly? “Before the Web, the realm of journalism criticism was dominated by the cranky right,” Martin Kaplan observed. “With a handful of exceptions with limited impact on the consensus, the center and the left were reluctant to undermine the credibility of the high-end media because the elite press was their best hope to offset conservative propaganda masquerading as journalism.” Moreover, many of the traditional media companies had been taken over by vast corporations that cared little for the sacrosanct rules of Fred Friendly’s CBS News and Henry Luce’s Time Inc. The high-end media themselves seemed to be in peril.

Why do you keep insisting this is important?” Bob Woodward asked Carl Bernstein in early July. “I know something about this. There’s nothing there.” Woodward was referring to the Fitzgerald investigation, but he did not read the blogs.

“If something is important, one of my researchers will show it to me,” he told me. Mired in writing his next book, however, he could not see what was coming at him. Woodward and Bernstein were on the telephone often, scheduling interviews to discuss The Secret Man and the identity of Deep Throat, former No. 2 F.B.I. official W. Mark Felt, after he went public. It was an apt moment to argue for the necessity of confidential sources, since theirs had helped bring about the resignation of a president.

“You don’t have this right,” Bernstein told his old partner. “This thing is going to be huge. It will shine a light on the way Bush’s White House operates. It is going to expose the president and his campaign of disinformation.” Bernstein had become convinced that the current mess was a White House attempt to make the press the enemy.

Woodward had learned about Valerie Plame while Plan of Attack was still in the research stages, but he considered the matter so unimportant that he made only a single mention of Joseph Wilson in the book and said nothing at all about her, suggesting, as many critics have noted, that he could be lost behind blinding. Woodward later said that the only person he had let in on his secret was not Len Downie, The Washington Post’s editor, but Walter Pincus. Woodward insists that two years earlier he had stopped by Pincus’s desk and told him that he knew about Plame. Pincus told me, “Bob said he said it. I never heard it.”

Woodward was in a tricky position. People close to him believe that he had learned about Plame from his friend Richard Armitage, Colin Powell’s former deputy, who has been known to be critical of the administration and who has a blunt way of speaking. “That Armitage is the likely source is a fair assumption,” former Washington Post editor Ben Bradlee told me. “I have heard about an e-mail that was sent that had a lot of unprintable language in it.”

What I knew was casual and offhand,” Woodward told me, however. “Something was mentioned in conversation to me—it was gossip. All of a sudden there was a lot of chatter. I thought a subpoena might come my way any day. I thought I might be mentioned in the indictment… I should have told Len Downie.”

I asked him, “Was this a case of being in a relationship where you traded information with a friend?” Woodward corrected me sharply: “It’s not trading information. It is a subterranean narrative. What do you have? What do you know? If you start making this a criminal act, people will not speak to you.”

“When a special prosecutor is out looking for leaks, everyone clams up,” Richard Cohen later remarked. “You have to watch your own ass. Suddenly you are dealing with lawyers. Can you print this? Can you do that? It is not a five-minute meeting. It can be three days. Your sources start to get nervous. It is intimidating and chilling. That is why I hate this investigation.”

Pincus, who was by then battling his own subpoena, had studied Posner’s decision “I believed firmly that the sources controlled the privilege,” he said. One of his sources had conveyed to Pincus through lawyers that, since he had revealed his own identity, Pincus could testify but not name him publicly. As Pincus said, “If their identity was known to Patrick Fitzgerald, what confidence was I breaking?” He was therefore able to make what reporter Lowell Bergman would later call “a cute deal”—maintaining publicly the confidentiality of one of the men he had spoken with. A separate arrangement was negotiated by NBC’s lawyers for Tim Russert’s limited testimony.

“Can’t you make an argument that this was the pragmatic tactic to take?”. Newsweek senior editor Jonathan Alter asked Bergman. “It is until you are the next reporter subpoenaed and you have no protection,” Bergman replied. Like many other reporters, Alter later said, he was trying to understand the is-
sue. "I was torn about it, but ultimately I agreed with Bill Keller that you have to fight with the army you have."

That July 4 weekend in Sag Harbor, New York, Miller got the idea of writing a statement to read in court. She felt this was her opportunity to get her views on the record, and she assumed that the Times and every other major newspaper would print a substantial section. She focused on the notion of civil disobedience, which was at the heart of the Declaration of Independence. Bob Bennett encouraged her: "I wanted her to show humility and speak from the heart. Attacking the prosecutors was not the way to go."

Miller's intent was to convey the need for a federal shield law to protect journalists, but the days when one could issue such a statement of purpose were as bygone as hula hoops. Anything that sounded remotely like grandstanding could be shredded in the blogosphere.

On the evening of the Fourth, six of Miller's friends gathered for a quiet dinner at a trattoria on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. "I am not in orange yet," Miller said with a tight smile as she arrived. Most of the women at the table were in the media. I helped organize the evening. Like many of Miller's friends, I agreed that reporters should not be used by prosecutors for information-gathering purposes. One person said to Miller, "You did not write anything! Why are you going to jail?"

By then the number of American fatalities in Iraq had risen to more than 1,700, and it had become a challenge to keep the issues of national security and journalistic freedom separate. It was difficult to reconcile Miller's credulous W.M.D. reporting with her courageous stand on the reporter's privilege. What did it mean to grant confidentiality if you were a party to mistaken information or a smear? Should a government official engaged in a cover-up have the right to demand that a conversation be off the record? "What is going to wind up here is that reporters all over the country are going to be used as witnesses," Lowell Bergman predicted that weekend. "And the [fact] remains: Miller did not write anything, and no one knows what she knows."

On the train to Washington the next day, Jason Epstein turned to his wife. "You know, you can still get out of this thing. It is not too late. This is like Watergate. You are in a tight spot. By taking a stand on principles, you are going to be accused of protecting bad people."

Though he had no idea who Miller's source was, he had little respect for people such as Richard Perle and Ahmad Chalabi, both proponents of the war. While Miller was in Iraq, Epstein had been writing an article that would be published in The New York Review of Books, comparing Bush's invasion of Iraq to Captain Ahab's obsession in Moby Dick. "How can you say that to me?," Miller snapped at him. "You know what's at stake here." She was so angry that she moved to another seat.

For several months before Patrick Fitzgerald was named special prosecutor, the F.B.I. had been in charge of investigating the Plame leak. "I was interviewing people involved in the investigation at the time, and they felt that there was no violation of the Intelligence Identities Protection Act," Lowell Bergman said. Nevertheless, Fitzgerald had been given the mandate to press ahead.

According to his later indictment, Libby had provided the F.B.I. with details of a conversation he had allegedly had with Tim Russert. "Russert asked Libby if Libby was aware that Wilson's wife worked for the C.I.A. Libby responded to Russert that he did not know that, and Russert replied that all the reporters knew it." Russert's testimony contradicted Libby's, however, and Russert is named in three of the five subsequent counts against him. Cooper is also named in three counts. Miller is named in only one. According to Goodale, in New York Law Journal, "Mr. Libby says he learned of Valerie Plame from Mr. Cooper and Mr. Russert. They say that is not true. Without going into details, the discrepancy in the two stories seems greater in the case of Mr. Russert. And that is why he may become the star witness in the case."

Novak's article and Wilson's response to it had resulted in the appointment of a special prosecutor, millions in legal expenses, and subpoenas to Cooper, Miller, Russert, Pincus, and other reporters. By July 4, only Miller and Cooper were still resisting giving Fitzgerald further information. As Floyd Abrams told me, "If someone from the White House had said at the beginning of all of this that what Lewis Libby had said was 'I learned it from Cheney, who learned it from the C.I.A.,' people would have said, 'So what?' That is hardly the charge that made it necessary to shake the Republic."

While reporters waited in the corridor leading to Judge Thomas Hogan's courtroom, they were able to read a memo¬ramand arguing that Miller should not be allowed to have home or residential-prison-camp confinement. Fitzgerald's memo cited several statements by important authors, including The Times's Pulitzer Prize—winning former columnist Anthony Lewis ("Do we really want the authors of defamatory articles to hide behind alleged anonymous sources?") and Bob Woodward, who in an interview with the Columbia Journalism Review under¬ scored the need for confidentiality on major national issues, though not in the Plame matter. "This is not the Pentagon Papers," he said. "It's not the case you'd choose to make law on." Fitzgerald also quoted Norman Pearlstine, then editor in chief of Time Inc., on his decision to comply with the court's order: "The journalist and the lawyer were fighting in my head. But if presidents are not above the law, how is it that journalists are?"


The lack of interest from the general public in the story was obvious in the corridor. There were more than 100 reporters lined up to get seats in the courtroom, but there were just 32 people in the line for general seating.

Miller's lack of popularity among her colleagues in the Times's Washington bureau was clear when the reporter David Johnston arrived. "Here to show support?" one reporter called out. "Let's not go that far," he said. The remark, tossed off as a joke, was a taste of the hostility that would be leveled at Miller in the coming months by Times colleagues, including Maureen Dowd. In court, Matt Cooper, his face puffed with emotion, announced that he had gotten an "expressed personal consent" waiver from his source and was now prepared to testify in front of the grand jury. The decision had been an agonizing one, he said.

Miller, in a navy quilted jacket, read her statement in a clarion voice:

I am not above the law, and do not view myself as above the law. I am here today because I believe in the rule of law and your right to send me to prison for disobeying your ruling if you choose to do so....

For decades, I have lived and worked in Middle Eastern and other countries where there is no independent judiciary. I have chronicled what happens on the dark side of the world when the law is an arbitrary foil that serves the powerful—in Iraq under Saddam Hussein for instance.... But I also know that the freest and fairest societies are not only those with independent judiciaries, but those with an independent press that works every day to keep government accountable by publishing what the government might not want the public to know.

Thomas Jefferson put it best: If he had to choose between government and newspapers, he would choose the latter, because the latter is the long-term guarantor of the former.

[A] promise of confidentiality once made must be respected, or the journalist will lose all credibility and the public will, in the end, suffer.

Hogan seemed moved by her statement until she invoked her time in Iraq. I watched his face darken. Fitzgerald, in response to Miller's statement, said, "Ms. Miller has great respect for the military who served in Iraq, as
clips from the Times. "I want you to know what is happening out there. It is not all favorable. I don't want you to be upset," he said, handing Miller a copy of the Huffington Post clip.

Pilchen and Bennett were in the middle of a complex legal strategy to get Miller out of jail. But she was adamant that Libby would have to tell her personally that he wanted her to testify. The issue hinged on a blanket waiver that Libby and other government officials had signed. According to Abrams, "I was receiving mixed signals. On the one hand, Joseph Tate [Libby's lawyer] said it was O.K., and on the other he said that the document Libby had signed saying that journalists ought to cooperate was coerced. The message was blurry." Tate told me, "There were no negotiations. I did not equivocate. I said very carefully that Libby had signed that waiver. Period."

At first Pilchen, Bennett, and Abrams were not too concerned. Though much of what was appearing on Web sites such as the Huffington Post and Daily Kos corroborated Miller and her motives, scores of editorials had been published, from Lahore to Melbourne, calling her a heroine, and letters arrived by the thousands.

"No one takes this stuff seriously, do they?," Abrams said he asked New York Times lawyer George Freeman about the blogs.

"We must not give it any credence," Freeman said.

"But part of what we do is try to build public support for our client," Pilchen told me. And how could they do that when the uproar coming from the blogosphere drowned them out? For every one of their arguments, there was a counter-argument. Playing by the outmoded rules of the MSM, however, the lawyers seemed to be losing in the court of public opinion. "Everywhere I went, someone would ask me a question about the case, and it became obvious to me that what they were taking as truth was the defamation that was running on the blogs," Abrams said.

Inside The New York Times, reporter David Barstow was also feeling the effect. "People would come up to me and say, 'Is this true?' They knew I was close to Judy, so I became the one who would say that this or that blog was complete and total crap. I had to sit and explain how unlikely it was that Judy was the source, and I was struck by the power the blogs had over this place internally." Affable and outgoing, Barstow at 43 was an investigative reporter, and he and Miller shared a cubicle. On his first day in the investigative unit, he had noticed that the desk assigned to him had been commandeered by Miller for the overflow of her papers and books. "You don't think I am going to give this up, do you?" she had snapped at him, but Barstow made a joke of it, and soon the two forged a deep bond based on their shared capacity for grueling work. He was in frequent communication with Lowell Bergman, who had grown alarmed at the level of rage directed at Miller. The criticism of her W.M.D. reporting was obscuring what for Bergman and Barstow was the real concern: the threat to the press if it did not hang together and resist being used by prosecutors.

I was often on the telephone with Bergman that month. We had met in 1995, when he was a CBS producer and I was reporting on Jeffrey Wigand, the highest-ranking executive to come forward as a whistle-blower in the tobacco industry. Back then, Bergman warned me, "Unless you are prepared to go to jail, do not put any names on any of your notes. People's careers are in danger." Since then, Bergman has left CBS for The New York Times and PBS's Frontline. Like Barstow, he was concerned over the situation inside the paper: "There were three problems. First, the entrenched hatred of Judy, which made her role as the focal point questionable. Second, people at the Times appeared to be talking to Huffington. Third, Judy and the W.M.D. and the manipulation of the media had taken precedence over the legal issue. For those of us who supported the principle, any future weakness in her story could undermine her." It had become clear, he said, that Huffington's idea that Judy was a key to a White House conspiracy "was a fantasy fed by the deep animosity of people toward Judy... It was a surrogate for what they all wanted to do to the Bush administration."

All during the year before Miller went to jail, she and Barstow had discussed the implications of her decision for the press in general. Ressert and Pincus avoided talking to Fitzgerald but later yielded. "Every time a deal like that is made, by a Tim Russert or a Walter Pincus or a Bob Woodward—the absolute gold standard—it makes it that much harder for the police reporter in Portland, Oregon, to say no when the local D.A. says, 'Turn over your notes,'" Barstow told me. "Now the D.A. can go right to court and say, 'NBC thought it was O.K., The Washington Post thought it was O.K., Bob Woodward thought it was O.K. Who are you on The Oregonian to think it is not O.K.'?"

Soon after Miller went to jail, Woodward appeared on Larry King Live. He said that he was opposed to the idea of casting a "kind of dragnet for all reporters who apparently showed up on phone logs or something like that," and that he, like Miller, would be willing "to stand on this principle of trust." He said Fitzgerald was "just chasing every reporter possible, to see who might know, even somebody who didn't write a story about this." He continued, "If the judge would permit it. I would go serve some of
16 Words

her [Miller’s] jail time, because I think the principle is that important, and it should be underscored. It’s not a casual idea that we have confidential sources. It is absolutely vital. And I’ll bet there are all kinds of reporters out there, if we could divvy up this four-month jail sentence—I suspect the judge would not permit that, but if he would, I’ll be first in line.”

Woodward left out one crucial fact. Information about Plame had been made known to him two years earlier. His show of journalistic solidarity would come to haunt him when knowledge of his failure to tell Len Downie became prime meat on a myriad of Web sites and blogs.

Not long after Woodward’s appearance on Larry King Live, William Safire testified before a congressional hearing on a federal shield law: “I am seething inside because I cannot tell you—with no holds barred—what I think of the unchecked abuse of prosecutorial discretion…. The reason is that I am afraid of retaliation against…. Judith Miller.” The hearing, however, was televised only on C-SPAN3, so Safire’s statement made little impact.

The day I went to see Miller in jail, she said, “The first person I wanted to come see me was James Risen [the Times national-security reporter involved in the Wen Ho Lee case]. I want Jim to see that going to jail is a reality.”

From Arlington, I called Joe Wilson and asked if he would see me. “Yes,” he said. “When can you get here? Will you be bringing a photographer?” There was a large American flag above his garage. Wilson answered the door barefoot, wearing Bermuda’s, and remarked upon that day’s revelation in the Post: “I don’t pretend to be an expert, but I agree with reporters who say that if the source burns you by offering up something that is bogus you have no responsibility to protect that source,” he said. “Patrick Fitzgerald called me very early in the case. I sat with him for hours. I told him everything that had happened to me and to Valerie.”

On September 29, Miller was released from jail, and the next day she testified before the grand jury that Libby had been her source. A month later, Libby was indicted for obstructing justice and lying to the F.B.I. and the grand jury. Wilson was with 60 Minutes correspondent Ed Bradley, who was filming him for a segment on Valerie Plame, who has never commented publicly about the case. “Fitzgerald laid it out perfectly,” Wilson told me in January. “A senior official of the United States government had obstructed justice. It was only because they decided they would engage in an extended character-assassination campaign that this had gone along for the last two years. And it would have succeeded if it had not been for the law of compromising the identity of a C.I.A. operative. [Otherwise] they would have completely destroyed me. But we are a nation of laws. It was wrong to leak Valerie’s name, and it was wrong to engage in wire-tapping about national security.”

DECEMBER 6, 2005, BOSTON

It was six A.M. at Logan airport. Bob Woodward sat at a Formica table outside a Wendy’s, which was not yet open, and from a crumpled plastic shopping bag took out a thick stack of newspapers. From a distance, he looked like a character from another era, graying and hunched, while all around him young professionals were working their laptops, listening to iPods, or watching CNN. Woodward was the only person reading a newspaper.

For several weeks Woodward had been chastised for not revealing to his editor that information about Valerie Plame had also been shared with him. Times columnist Frank Rich had scolded him as well for his failure in Plan of Attack to include “any inkling of the disinformation campaign built to gin up this war.” The surprise late entry of Woodward into the morass had tipped Plamegate into a new zone, muddying Fitzgerald’s case by making it seem that there had been no concerted attempt to undermine Wilson. At home watching Fitzgerald announce the indictment of Libby, Woodward realized that “I knew something,” he later told me. “When I heard the time line, I knew that I had heard the information from someone else several weeks earlier.” Woodward had appeared on Larry King Live to try to explain: He said he had called his source, thought to be Dick Armitage, who had immediately gone to Fitzgerald to tell him of their conversation. Woodward followed, and soon Fitzgerald convened a new grand jury, to extend his investigation. Woodward had said that he kept the information secret in order to avoid getting a subpoena. “When all these reporters are close to going to jail, Woodward is trying to avoid a subpoena?” one anchorwoman commented at a dinner in November for the Committee to Protect Journalists. On Meet the Press, when Tim Russert asked David Broder what was happening at the Post, Broder replied, “Consternation, to be honest with you.” Russert’s silence about his own role has elicited considerable comment and criticism on the blogs. Russert, who is married to V.F. special correspondent Maureen Orth, later told me that he had been bombarded with requests for interviews, and that he had made the decision not to comment publicly. At times, the complexities of reporters’ commenting on one another’s behavior had the feel of a taffy pull as friends wrote about friends while trying to exhibit detachment.

On December 5, Bernstein and Woodward had appeared at a forum on anonymous sources moderated by Alex Jones, the director of Harvard’s Shorenstein Center. Bernstein, a longtime friend, had alerted me that the forum was taking place, and by chance we were on the same shuttle to Boston. “Have you been Googling this thing every day?” The Norwich, Connecticut, [Bulletin] editorial page, of all places, has said that Bob should resign from the Post. I would like to know the page-one stories they have broken.” He was rereading a piece he had published in 1992 in The New Republic on the subject of infotainment and the growing lack of news standards, and he was appalled, he said, that once again the White House had managed to change the subject.
"They have made the press the very center of the drama, instead of what it is—trying to hide the fraud that was the selling of the war."

Onstage at the forum, Woodward at first looked apprehensive and melancholy, as gray as the gargoyles he and Bernstein had once unsheathe.

"Can you imagine a situation in which you would give up an anonymous source, promised confidentiality, against his wishes?" Alex Jones asked.

"I cannot," Woodward replied. "Those sources are a lifeline... If they feel nervous... if the environment is one of risk, they won't [come forward]."

This thing is going to turn out to be a cul-de-sac," Bob Woodward said. I was on a plane back from Boston with him. "It is going from here to there and back to here," he said, running his finger across the seat in front of him. He and Bernstein were having an ongoing dispute. "Carl thinks that Fitzgerald and his investigation into a White House cover-up is the crucial issue. I disagree. What is crucial is the war, the ongoing casualties, the debate about what to do! The evidence! The rest of the country does not care about Fitzgerald—they think Fitzgerald is the author of The Great Gatsby."

I asked Woodward if he had been in favor of the war. "I don't take a position," he said. "I never have. People in New York and the Washington Post editorial page were all in favor of it. Now they are opposed. It validates my point. I don't write editorials. I could see the arguments. I know what wars do. I was on a naval cruiser during Vietnam... Paul Wolfowitz said it in Vanity Fair: 'You needed a vehicle.' The vehicle was W.M.D."

I asked him if he would still go to jail for Judy Miller. "I don't know what to think anymore," he said. "It has become murky for me. I know that if you start criminalizing the exchange of information people will no longer speak to you. Your sources will dry up. I should not talk to you. Because I have now testified in the case, my lawyers tell me, 'You cannot talk about this.' Someone is going to haul it out. My position is: Over my dead body. The lawyers told me, 'Do not do the thing up at Harvard.' I have a strong belief that you do not hide. It is critical. If you are going to be a reporter, then there is an obligation to speak. We cannot take a step down the road of not speaking."

I asked him about his meeting with Fitzgerald. "I told him that I noticed in his press conference that he had said, 'Truth is the engine for the business of journalism.' I repeated that remark to Fitzgerald, and he seemed to look at me with a real understanding." There was no hint of irony in Woodward's voice. I asked him if he was concerned about the chilling effect on the press. "Of course," he said. "What is going on creates a terrible precedent. No one knows how any of it is going to come out."

Ms. Miller... acknowledged serious flaws in her articles on Iraqi weapons. "W.M.D. I got it totally wrong," she said. "The analysts, the experts, and the journalists who covered them— we were all wrong. If your sources are wrong, you are wrong. I did the best job that I could."


Out of jail, Miller resigned under pressure from The New York Times and began making speeches around the country on the need for protection of anonymous sources and a national shield law. Meanwhile, her former colleague James Risen was at the center of a new leak investigation, with his front-page stories and book on warrantless wiretaps and the Bush administration's alleged violation of a foreign-intelligence act in monitoring the lives of Americans.

In December, I had arranged to meet Walter Pincus in the lobby of The Washington Post. Pincus was late, and when he came downstairs he apologized. "I was in the middle of this new domestic-spying story," he said. This was just days before Risen's investigation would break in the Times. As we crossed 15th Street to have lunch at the Madison, Pincus said, "There are reports that this administration is involved in the most comprehensive brouhaha of court proceedings, using the N.S.A. to raid and spy on Americans without legal warrants." At the table, I asked Pincus: How did we get from there to here? He began with Bush and Cheney's decision to go to war in 2003. "The question was why. They said, 'You have to go to war because Saddam Hussein is not in a box and it is a threat. He had weapons!' Now it was conceivable that Risen and The Washington Post's Dana Priest, whose article on the secret C.I.A. prisons known as "black sites" had prompted calls for another leak investigation, would be forced to go to jail.

"Every future Patrick Fitzgerald out there will see that coercion worked," David Barstow remarked.

Lawyers for Vice-President Dick Cheney's former chief of staff told a federal judge on Friday that they would seek to subpoena reporters and news organizations to obtain additional documents that could assist in his defense in the C.I.A. leak case.


By early 2006 it had become obvious to Eve Burton, the general counsel of the Hearst Corporation, that Barstow's dire prediction had come true. "What has been the effect of Plamegate for the Hearst newspapers and TV and radio stations?" I asked. "Troubling," she said quickly. "From July to December we had 42 subpoenas, eight times the number we got in the same six-month period last year." Burton, who is one of the only general counsels of a media corporation with a First Amendment background, has been bothered by the language in the court cases and filings. "They either invoke the Plame case or they say that now all the rules have changed." For Burton, there is no question that Fitzgerald's tactics and the decision in Judge Posner's court have emboldened federal and state prosecutors all over the country.

"It is clearly a political decision coming out of the Bush Justice Department to go after the press in this country," she said. "In our 42 subpoenas, they will come after anything—B roll at the TV stations, for example. Basic general-assignment reporting. A call will come in from the government: 'I understand you took footage of Joe Blow!' And the reporter at a station, usually inexperienced, will say, 'No, we did not take any footage.' Then we will end up having fights in court with the prosecutor about what constitutes a waiver. The subpoenas at Hearst, Burton continued, involve broadcast stations and newspapers all over the country. Is there a pattern? "Typically, it is non-published and confidential material. This is the danger of making the press the investigative arm for the government."

At Hearst, Burton has created a "subpoena task force"—fighting every subpoena of non-published or confidential material, no matter how seemingly minor. "At one point, I was in a position where we had four subpoenas for one afternoon, and I could not even figure out how to be able to litigate them in the same time period," she said. "There are instances where both sides are subpoenaing the reporter, and the court will say, 'You have to testify immediately,' and it is too late to argue in front of the court that day, so reporters are threatened with having to spend the next night in jail."

Within the Times, Barstow and every reporter who had ever worked with Judy Miller were braced for a flurry of subpoenas from Scooter Libby's legal team, in search of material that would exonerate him. It had become clear to Barstow and Lowell Bergman that Fitzgerald's mission and the agenda of the progressive left had set off a much greater problem for the press. Barstow was also concerned about The Washington Post's fight for reporter Dana Priest. "She is a national treasure," he told me. "The left loves this story. She revealed the black sites and the secret prisons. Now she is in much greater danger of going to jail for 85 days."

Does Eve Burton blame Fitzgerald? "I don't blame him," she said. "He has a job to do, and he has done it. Fitzgerald would say that after Branzburg the press has had 30 years of a free ride. The media has taken its responsibility to fight these subpoenas too loosely. When we were fighting every single battle, we were doing better. Then we
B y February there was a strong indication of what many had suspected all along: the effort to sell the war had begun in the office of the vice president. Writing online in the National Journal, Murray Waas, citing “attorneys familiar with the matter” and court records as his sources, broke the story that Scooter Libby had testified that he had been empowered by his boss, Dick Cheney, and other superiors to release classified material “to defend the Bush administration’s use of prewar intelligence in making the case to go to war with Iraq.” However unethical that might be, it was not a violation of the Intelligence Identities Protection Act. It did, however, point to a craven plot to attempt to spin reporters. There was speculation that Libby’s defense team, which includes John Cline, who represented Oliver North in the Iran-contra case, might be returning to a strategy used then, trying to prove that whatever Libby did or didn’t do, his orders had come from above. On February 23, Libby’s lawyers tried a further strategy, arguing that the indictment be dismissed because Fitzgerald was not appointed by the President with the Senate’s approval—as per the Constitution—but by the Justice Department. By then, the two key figures in the case—Novak and Plame—were all but forgotten. In December, Plame had resigned from the C.I.A.

What had started as an F.B.I. investigation into the Bush propaganda machine somehow morphed into a time of danger for the press. C.I.A. director Porter Goss demanded that reporters be put in front of a grand jury for the most recent leaks. “To envelop this in a national-security patina is chilling to reporters,” James Goodale said. “If this happens, it’s the end of this kind of reportage. You end up in jail because you are the only witness.” Floyd Abrams concluded: “The consequence will be to threaten journalists’ ability to do their job.”

16 Words went through a time when we started to make deals. When you start making deals, you empower people to come after you. It is as simple as that.”

Some months ago, Bergman, alarmed at the trend, stopped keeping records of conversations with sources who in talking to him might have broken a law. “There were people who could have drawn the line, like Tim Russert and Bob Woodward, by framing the public debate so people would have understood what was happening. Nice, lovable Tim Russert in jail? Bob Woodward of Watergate fame could have come forward and said, ‘This is important.’ When Fitzgerald’s subpoenas started flying, the only solidarity after the first fights was how do I shilly-shally and get out of this? The problem is, it didn’t work.”

FASHION
Cover: Ten Hatcher’s Polo By Ralph Lauren sweater from selected Ralph Lauren stores, Chanel blin bib from bottom from Chanel NYC, or call 212-327-2382. William Houston’s vest and pants by Hickey Freeman, from Hickey Freeman, NYC, or call 212-586-6148; shirt by Turnbull & Asser, NYC, and Beverly Hills, or call 212-752-5700. Hartwell Walker’s blazer and skirt by Emporia Armani, from Giorgio Armani, NYC, or call 212-988-9199, or go to giorgioarmani.com. Ian McHale’s sweater, shirt, tie, and pants by Joy Kos, from Joy Kos, NYC, or call 212-327-2382. Shoes by John Varvatos, from John Varvatos, NYC, or call 212-965-7010, or go to johnvarvatos.com. Rupert Evans’s vintage jacket from the Way WeWere, LA, or call 323-937-0878. shirt by Turnbull & Asser and Turnbull & Asser, NYC, and Beverly Hills, or call 212-752-5700; sweater by Lara Piana, from Lara Piano, NYC; pants by Asprey, from Asprey, NYC, and Beverly Hills, or call 800-833-2377, or go to asprey.com. watch by Jaeger-LeCoultre, from Wempe, NYC, or call 212-937-9000. For Judi Dench’s coat by Adrienne Landau, call 212-695-3324; vintage jacket from Wee Gallery, NYC, or call 212-937-0878. stockings by Falga, from Falga, NYC, or call 212-355-3254; shoes by Gino Cautore, from Jeffrey, NYC, and Fred Segal, LA, or go to gino.com. earrings by Tiffany & Co., from Tiffany & Co., 374 5th Ave., NYC, or call 212-562-0649. Marven Christie’s dress by Alberto Ferrer, from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide, F. Murray Abraham’s coat, pants, and shoes by Domenico Vacca, from Domenico Vacca, NYC, or call 212-838-1634; sweater by Joy Kos, from Joy Kos, NYC, or call 212-327-2382. Patrick Stewart’s shoes by Briani, from Briani, NYC, or call 212-376-5717. Claire Loutier’s blazer by Ralph Lauren Blue Label, from selected Ralph Lauren stores, or go to polo.com, pants by Maggie Harris Couture, from Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, or call 212-239-3433; vintage jacket by Hamilton, from Polo Collections in ABC Carpet & Home, or call 212-473-3000. Chuk Iwulu’s suit by Hickey Freeman, from Hickey Freeman, NYC, or call 212-586-6488; shirt by Turnbull & Asser, from Turnbull & Asser, NYC, and Beverly Hills, or call 212-752-5700; tie by Ermenegildo Zegna, from Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques nationwide, or call 888-880-3642, or go to zegna.com; shoes by Empanoa Armani, from Giorgio Armani, NYC, or call 212-937-0878, or go to giorgioarmani.com; watch by Piaget, from Piaget, NYC, and Bol Harbour and Palm Beach, Flo, or call 877-8Piaget, or go to piaget.com.

BEAUTY AND GROOMING


Fuel: William Hauston's face with Creme with S Silk Groom: his face with MAC Flashy Fix Free Moisturizer; on his lips, Lip Balm No. 11 Harriet Walker's hair styled with Just-Out-of-the-Shower Hair Gel; on her face, DiorSkin Ultra-Matte in Ivory, and Powder in Transparent Light; on her eyes, Ceylon Eyeliner in Deep Blue and Ultimee Mascara in Diamond Black; on her cheeks, Diabolik in Contour; on her lips, Addict Rouge À Levres in Polyclamome Brown. Ian McKellen's hair styled with Just-Out-of-the-Shower Hair Gel; on her face. Facial Fuel Rupert Evans's hair styled with Marcello Mastroianni Paste; his face, moisturized with Sodium PCA Oil-Free Moisturizer; on his lips, Lip Balm No. 1 Judi Dench's hair styled with Just-Out-of-the-Shower Hair Gel; on her face. DiorSkin Fluid in Ivory, and Powder in Transparent Light; on her eyes, I-Color Eyeshadow in Gigandia, and Ultimee Mascara in Ultimate Black; on her cheeks, Diabolik in Nave Rose; on her lips, Addict Rouge À Levres in Infallible Pink. Marvah Christina's hair styled with Heat-Protective Silk-Straightening Cream, on her face. DiorSkin Fluid in Ivory, and Powder in Transparent Light; on her eyes, I-Color Eyeshadow in Gigandia, and Ultimee Mascara in Ultimate Black; on her cheeks, Diabolik in Nave Rose; on her lips. Addict Rouge À Levres in Infallible Pink.

F促销

For the Love of Skin

ROBERT ALTMAN

When M*A*S*H opened, in 1970, Robert Altman established himself as an independent, irreverent force in Hollywood. At this year's Academy Awards, the maverick of moviemaking received an honorary Oscar for his work as a director, producer, and writer. Before releasing his 39th film, A Prairie Home Companion, he speaks out about frugality, foolish risks, and Buffalo Bill.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Screening a new picture in a room full of “virgins.”

What is your greatest fear?
See above answer.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Buffalo Bill.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
I'd make my legs the same length.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
No comment.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
I've made only the movies I wanted to make.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
I'm immortal.

What is your most treasured possession?
Memories.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
The ability not to take one's self seriously.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
The ability to take me seriously.

Who are your favorite writers?
Raymond Carver and Roald Dahl.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Philip Marlowe.

What is it that you most dislike?
Movies that explain everything.

What is your motto?
“Giggle and give in.”

Which living person do you most admire?
Harry Belafonte.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
My tendency to take foolish risks.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Their reluctance to take foolish risks.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Frugality.

On what occasion do you lie?
What day is today?

Which living person do you most despise?
W.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
“Cut.”

What is your greatest regret?
Doing this questionnaire.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Kathryn Reed.

When and where were you happiest?
Working.

Which talent would you most like to have?
Card counting.

What is your current state of mind?
Cautiously optimistic.
ENGINEERING

BEYOND EXPECTATIONS.

BEYOND CONVENTION.

BEYOND THE STATUS QUO.
INTRODUCING THE ALL-NEW 2007 GMC YUKON.