Every person who maliciously cuts, defaces, breaks or injures any book, map, chart, picture, engraving, statue, coin, model, apparatus, or other work of literature, art, mechanics or object of curiosity, deposited in any public library, gallery, museum or collection is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Penal Code of California 1915, Section 623
TAG Heuer
WHAT ARE YOU MADE OF?

TIGER WOODS and his Link Automatic Chronograph
SWISS AVANT-GARDE SINCE 1860
WHAT ARE YOU MADE OF?

HURMAN and her Link Diamonds Chronograph

SWISS AVANT-GARDE SINCE 1860
TAG Heuer

WHAT ARE YOU MADE OF?

MARIA SHARAPOVA and her new Aquaracer Diamonds watch

SWISS AVANT-GARDE SINCE 1860
GORDON and his Carrera Tachymeter Automatic Chronograph

JEFF GORDON and his Carrera Tachymeter Automatic Chronograph

SWISS AVANT-GARDE SINCE 1860
WHAT ARE YOU MADE OF?
Proof... not promises:

A revolutionary new skincare technology proven to alter the chain reaction that can result in visible signs of aging.

"Idebenone is currently the most effective molecule for preventing and addressing the impact of oxidative stress on the skin."

Dr. David H. McDaniel
Director, Institute of Anti-Aging Research
Virginia Beach, VA

The Idebenone in the exclusive PREVAGE™ formula is proven as the most powerful antioxidant for correcting and preventing degenerative cellular damage caused by environmental assaults.

"The Idebenone in PREVAGE™ can do for rejuvenation what no other antioxidant can do. It should be included in every anti-aging skincare regimen."

Dr. Amy B. Lewis
Cosmetic & General Dermatology, NYC
Clinical Professor, Yale University Dermatology

Clinical tests show a significant decrease in fine lines and wrinkles and improved firmness, tone, texture and radiance.

"PREVAGE™ is clinically proven to protect the skin against environmental factors and to improve the appearance of fine lines and wrinkles."

Dr. Kenneth C. Hertz
Dermatologist, Miami, FL
Former Clinical Associate, National Institute of Health

"PREVAGE"® is available at your dermatologist or beauty boutique office.

© 2005 Elizabeth Arden, Inc. "Elizabeth Arden" and "How.. not promises" are trademarks of Elizabeth Arden contemporay. Allergan Dermatology and PPA/Arden are trademarked owned by Allergan, Inc.
of consumers tested, including those with
moderate to severe sun damage, saw a significant
improvement in their skin's overall appearance.

PREVAGE™
anti-aging treatment

For more proof we invite you to visit prevageskin.com
makes effort look *effortless.*
UP THERE

The DIRECTV satellite that beams great entertainment that never ever stops.

ASK HOW TO GET A FREE DIRECTV DVR. (After $100 mail-in rebate.) Product subject to availability. Offer ends 2/28/06. On approved credit. Programming commitment required. DIRECTV hardware, programming and DVR service sold separately.

CALL 1-800-DIRECTV OR GO TO DIRECTV.COM OR SEE YOUR LOCAL AUTHORIZED RETAILER.
The DIRECTV PLUS DVR that records, pauses and rewinds.

PRESENTING THE DIRECTV® DVR. A DVR that's so easy to use, it records your favorite shows with one press of a button. Now it's simple to watch one show while recording another, automatically record a whole season of shows, even pause and rewind live TV*. So you can catch every minute of everything you want to watch. Down here has never been a better place to be.

Somebody up there loves you
Navigating the
LAND of CREDIT
with Citi Simplicity

Get the
most out of
your credit card.

START

Billing
Date
Options

TAKING THE FIRST STEPS

SWAMP OF SURPRISES

Know the
Rules.

JUMP AHEAD

Get a
Great Low
Rate!

Talk to a
real person.

TAKING THE FIRST STEPS

With Citi Simplicity customer service, just dial "0" to get a real person anytime.

Beep! Beep!
YOU'RE STUCK

On hold with a robot!

LATE FEES WAIVED

With Citi Simplicity, we'll waive your late fee if you've used your card once each billing period for a purchase or cash advance.

THE SLIPPERY CREDIT SLOPE!

You've avoided a late fee, but you could still be heading toward bad credit. Paying late on any of your credit cards can negatively affect your APR and credit score.
Introducing the Citi Simplicity® credit card.

Guiding you safely through the Land of Credit by helping you avoid late fees, talk to a real person, and get a great low rate.

It's simply the card that treats you right.

To apply, call 1-888-CITICARD or visit us at citisimplicity.com.

Live richly.
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.


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 its alma mater. Photographs by Jonathan Becker and Vincent Laforet.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16 JANUARY 2006
New level of radiance, revealed. New Turnaround™ Concentrate Visible Skin Renewer prompts a continuous exfoliation process that is multilevel, time-released. Revealing skin that's brighter, even-toned, exceptionally luminous—today, tomorrow. Allergy Tested. 100% Fragrance Free. Now at clinique.com
THE TIFFANY® SETTING

IT WAS TIFFANY THAT INTRODUCED
THE WORLD'S ENGAGEMENT RING.

THE RENOWNED 6-PRONG TIFFANY SETTING LIFTS
THE DIAMOND TO THE LIGHT WHERE
ITS SUPERLATIVE BEAUTY IS EVIDENT TO ALL.

THIS IS THE RING OF RINGS. THE BEST THERE IS.

CALL A TIFFANY STORE OR VISIT OUR WEBSITE
TO SCHEDULE A DIAMOND RING CONSULTATION
800 526 0649 | TIFFANY.COM

Tiffany & Co.
you leave the house and then you arrive.

*All optional features. Always wear your seat belt, and please don’t drive and drive. INFINITI and INFINITI model names are NISMO trademarks. © 2021 INFINITI Motor Co., Ltd. with NISMO.
6-speed Infiniti G35. With 298 horsepower, a sport-tuned suspension, 18-inch wheels and the unique ability to turn miles into moments: Visit Infiniti.com.
NOWHERE MAN
THE ELUSIVE OSAMA BIN LADEN

FANFAIR

31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE
Natural beauty. Elissa Schappell's Hot Type; "Country Boys" takes PBS viewers to the Appalachians. A Hollywood favorite gets a Social revamp; Alex Tew's million-dollar Web site; My Stuff—David Tang.

COLUMNS

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.

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.

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

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

ET CETERA

EDITOR'S LETTER
CONTRIBUTORS
LETTERS In Katrina's Wake
PLANETARIUM Carry through, Capricorn
CREDITS
PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE Catherine Deneuve

TO FIND CONDE NAST MAGAZINES ONLINE, VISIT www.condenast.com;
TO FIND VANITY FAIR, VISIT WWW.vanityfair.com

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.
BREAK THE ICE.
AND A FEW HEARTS WHILE YOU'RE AT IT.
The Address.
HORSEBIT FLORA COLLECTION
Rings and Pendants in 18KT yellow gold and diamonds with turquoise, coral, malachite
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.
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 Dermavat® ceramides and elastin.

71% of users noticed a reduction in the appearance of wrinkles. *

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

Ophthalmologist tested. Suitable for contact lenses wearers. *

In clinical tests under dermatological control, the above results were confirmed after four weeks of use.

CLARINS PARIS

www.clarins.com

Bloomingdales
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 hold on to the neck of a straw, whereas women do. And faced with a mechanical failure in an appliance or some such, women are more likely than 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-scraping 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 common man in chief hits the road, boosting his tarnished morale with crowds of cheerleading flag-waving foreigners. In November, president took his forced smiley twitchy hand to Argentina—to attend meeting of 34 nations from the Americas—and was met with protests and riots. Bush has made such a botch of things that there is no haven anywhere, even the Canadians hate him. Well, is Mongolia. But like a man with a feet of toilet paper stuck to the heel of his shoe, the president can’t seem to stay away from questions about the muddlescandal at home. Bill Maher said recently, “Mr. President . . . it’s time to do what you’ve always best: lose interest and walk away. Like you did with your military service and the oil company and the baseball team . . . it’s time to move on and try the next fantasy job. How about cowboy or spacecamping?

 Maher is certainly one of the most gifted political comment- of the age. But perhaps he’s wrong about this. What if president is not the bicycle-riding, video-golf-playing, in-by-10-p.M., dimwit his critics say he is? What if this is all a ruse? What if he is playing a game of almost unfathomable sophistication—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 file of him by Susan Pulliam and Karen Richard in The Wall Street Journal. His desk “isn’t littered with . . . research. ‘I don’t use analysts or for- tellers.’” That’s Buffett, but it could also someone else we know. The comparisons go Buffett is the second-richest man in the count after Bill Gates. Bush is the second-most-powerful man in the country—after Dick Cheney. The Journal reported that in his office recently Bu demonstrated “a newspaper-throwing techni- and that he manages his operations, he says, the point of abdication.” To the president’s crit- this all but defines Bush’s inattention to detail, s things as the rebuilding of Iraq and the destruct of New Orleans. And just as Buffett maintains only 17 people at Berkshire Hathaway’s head- quarters, the president, according to rec- ports, has closed himself off to all but a sn group of cheerleaders, all of them worn his mom, his wife, Secretary of St Condelezza Rice, and Uno- secretary of State Karen Hughes.

Hmmm, perhaps the president has been secretly reading Maureen Dowd. —GRAYDON CARR


THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES

JANUARY 2005
exclusively in Louis Vuitton stores. www.louisvuitton.com 866 VUITTON
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.

Introducing the all-new 2006 Mercury Milan. Arriving in style has never been easier thanks to Milan's sleek exterior, aluminum wheels* and aluminum accents. Arriving on time? Well, for Katy and Owen, that's still a problem. One that can't be blamed on Milan's lively 3.0L V-6 with six-speed automatic transmission.*

*As shown: 2006 Mercury Milan V-6 Premier with optional features. MSRP $24,185. Tax, title and registration fees extra. **Available feature
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 a history of the world’s most notorious terrorist, which is excerpted beginning on page 34 of this issue.

The Osama bin Laden I Knew: An Hour-by-Hour History of al Qaeda’s Leader comes out this month from Free Press.

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 natural, clean, and intelligent look. “I wanted to make her look absolutely beautiful,” he says. “Thankfully, it wasn’t a stretch, as she is all woman: beautiful, sexy, and confident.”

The shoot took place on a stoic 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 is 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
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 wasn’t something I was particularly interested in pursuing, because I had read and seen much about it already,” he says. “However, I was surprised to find that there are 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 case, 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 met 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.” As the television crews swarming like flies around the Holloway case, he says, “There was something about the press, running about with their lights, that’s so bloody up

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 *H* *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 outburst of 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 months 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.
THE DESERT IS A MYTH.

DISCOVER THE DESERT YOU NEVER KNEW.

visitphoenix.com/vanity
FOUND.
A DESTINATION WORTHY OF YOUR IMAGINATION.

LOST.
ANY PRECONCEPTION OF THE DESERT AS YOU KNOW IT.

OUTDOOR ADVENTURE  VIBRANT ARTS & CULTURE  SONORAN DESERT GOLF  SHOPPING & DINING
Today, people arrive with an idea. They know what they’ve heard, what they’ve seen, but until it’s been experienced, they have no idea what they’re in for.

A world within a world. From the expected to the amazing, and all emotional states in between.

The desert comes to play. Its unique style meets yours, and no one experience is the same.

The desert has never been one to give up its secrets. But, like any great mystery, the deeper you dig, the deeper you are consumed. As the story unravels, great rewards are reaped and truths are told.

At one time, it was thought that flowers were rare in the desert. That is a myth. You just need to know where to look, and a whole new world will be revealed.

TRAVELERS CAN FIND REJUVENATION IN THE DESERT. WE CALL THEM OUR

SEVEN WONDERS

INDULGE IN SEVEN REJUVENATION/WELLNESS TREATMENTS, ALL IN ONE DESTINATION.

VISITPHOENIX.COM/VANITY

AMAZING WHAT YOU CAN DO HERE.
ON THE SILVER SCREEN
Sarah Huttlinger (Jennifer Aniston) is going home to attend her sister’s wedding, which means spending a lot of time with her tennis-obsessed Pasadena family. When Sarah stumbles into a well-kept family secret, she starts to question her roots and sets off in search of the man (Kevin Costner) who may have all the answers.
Rumor has it...
in theaters December 25.

For more details, visit rumorhasitmovie.com.

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 the disappearance of Natalee Holloway has caused in Aruba and in Alabama, her home state. “I’ve never met 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.” As the television crews swarming like flies around the Holloway case, he says. “The something about the press, running about with their lights, that’s so bloody up

Seth Mnookin
This month, contributing editor Seth Mnookin confirms his role as a chronicle 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 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 own reporter Judith Miller in the outin of 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 time 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.

Bryan Burrough
For two months V.F. 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. “I was surprised to find that there are 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 case, 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.”
The rich colors and textures of the American Southwest form a stunning backdrop for The Phoenician, a visual masterpiece of nature nestled at the foot of Camelback Mountain. Visitors are immersed in the exclusive privacy of this world-renowned luxury resort, yet conveniently close to the culture of both Scottsdale and Phoenix. Guests savor the finest cuisine from award-winning chefs, stroll a private two-acre Cactus Garden and marvel at a $12 million art collection. World-class spa, championship golf, tennis gardens, nine sparkling swimming pools—The Phoenician is a luxurious oasis for relaxation, celebration and rejuvenation. Expect what no one else can offer.

- AAA Five Diamond Award

Amidst enchanting pathways winding through lush hidden gardens and citrus groves, you'll find yourself transported to a bygone place and time. Within the sanctuary of our private retreat, lose yourself to an uncommon luxury rarely experienced. Alvadora Spa at Royal Palms is an open-air, two-level Mediterranean spa offering magnificent views of Camelback Mountain, French glass doors opening to private patios for outdoor treatments and a host of personalized services including a full-service salon, fitness center and Cabana Café. Indulge the senses with our unique treatments including the Orange Blossom Body Buff and Citrus Grove Facial. Continue the journey with savory cuisine at the nationally acclaimed T. Cook's restaurant. Located in the Phoenix/Scottsdale resort community, discover the Old World charm, distinctive service and timeless beauty of our secluded retreat.

- AAA Four Diamond Award
- Mobil Travel Guide, Four Star Spa Award
JW Marriott Desert Ridge Resort & Spa serves personalized luxury in an alluring setting nestled in the magical Sonoran Desert where Phoenix meets Scottsdale. With sweeping views of the McDowell Mountains and inspired by the grandeur of the Grand Canyon, Desert Ridge redefines the resort experience. This exquisite property features two 18-hole championship golf courses, 10 dining experiences, eight lighted tennis courts, turquoise pools, winding Lazy River and Revive Spa; embracing the power of desert botanicals.

JW Marriott Desert Ridge Resort & Spa – Where all the elements meet.

- "Top 50 US Resorts" 2005 Conde Nast Traveler Readers Choice Awards
- "Top 100 Golf Resorts in North America" by Conde Nast Traveler
- "One of America's Best Spas" by Mobil Travel Guide

With its dramatic Spanish Colonial architecture, open plazas, fountains and locally inspired design, the AAA Five Diamond Fairmont Scottsdale Princess offers a blend of comfort and style that captures the charm and grace of the Southwest. Its 44,000 square-foot Willow Stream Spa is a luxurious retreat where nature-inspired design meets unparalleled service. Two PGA Tour golf courses (home of the FBR Open), three highly acclaimed restaurants, five sparkling pools, seven tennis courts, complimentary Kid’s Club and beautiful gardens complete The Fairmont Scottsdale Princess experience.

- AAA Five Diamond Award
Marilyn Monroe, who favored the Arizona Biltmore's Catalina Pool, guests discover
thing personally enriching and rewarding at the landmark "Jewel of the Desert."
be the fresh award-winning cuisine, the Frank Lloyd Wright-inspired design,
ounds of our 'iPod Music Suite,' the nurturing pet program, or the acclaimed spa
ng healing and restorative therapies from many cultures, from medieval China to the
bies of the Sonoran Desert. Discover what inspires you at the Arizona Biltmore.
• 2005 Conde Nast Traveler Gold List
• AAA Four Diamond Award

Under the "Treasuring the Essence of Arizona" theme, The Westin Kierland Resort & Spa
ays tribute to the people, landscape and events that shaped the state's heritage. At Agave,
The Arizona Spa, luxurious signature treatments utilize the indigenous moisture-nourishing
Agave plant, as well as other native resources such as salt, aloe and raw sugar. Treatments
peeded in ancient traditions reconnect your body, mind and spirit. The spa's nationally
Recognized fitness program, FORE-MAX, strengthens the body at all levels. The AAA
Four Diamond resort experience continues with golf, unique dining, waterpark and
neighboringboutique shopping.
• AAA Four Diamond Award
No resort in Arizona boasts a greater tradition of luxury, ultimate guest services and historical beauty than the Wigwam Golf Resort & Spa. Originally built in 1918, the Wigwam is over 462 acres filled with lush gardens, towering palm trees and 331 large, casita-style rooms amid wide open spaces for supreme comfort and total relaxation.

The resort's Arizona Kitchen is internationally known for its native-inspired cuisine, as are the Terrace Dining Room and Copper Bar. The only 54-hole golf resort in Arizona, the Wigwam features two Robert Trent Jones, Sr.-designed courses, which have been renovated this year to reflect the master's original parkland-style design. And for the ultimate in pampering, the Wigwam now offers an Elizabeth Arden Red Door Spa that mirrors the resort's warm, adobe-style architecture. It's no wonder Travel+Leisure Golf Magazine ranks the Wigwam Golf Resort & Spa Number One in three categories.

• AAA Four Diamond Award

DESER T IS A MYTH.

WORLD-CLASS RESORTS

From the expected to the unexpected, the desert is an amazing destination that has something to offer everyone year-round, keeping each guest wondering what's next to see, do and experience every time they visit us.

Look to the Greater Phoenix Convention & Visitors Bureau to get you headed in the right direction. From there, the desert promises to be as non-stop as you want it to be.

SEVEN WONDERS

Discover the desert you never knew.

Indulge in one of Seven Rejuvenation/Wellness Treatments, all in one destination.

visitphoenix.com/vanity or call 866-705-9743.
WE ALL HAVE AIDS

IF ONE OF US DOES.

KNOW, PREVENT, CARE, CURE.

TO LEARN MORE GO TO KNOWHIV/AIDS.ORG OR WEALLHAVEAIDS.COM
JW Marriott Desert Ridge Resort & Spa serves personalized luxury in an alluring setting nestled in the magical Sonoran Desert where Phoenix meets Scottsdale. With sweeping views of the McDowell Mountains and inspired by the grandeur of the Grand Canyon, Desert Ridge redefines the resort experience. This exquisite property features two 18-hole championship golf courses, 10 dining experiences, eight lighted tennis courts, turquoise pools, winding Lazy River and Revive Spa; embracing the power of desert botanicals.

JW Marriott Desert Ridge Resort & Spa – Where all the elements meet.

- “Top 50 US Resorts” 2005 Conde Nast Traveler Readers Choice Awards
- “Top 100 Golf Resorts in North America” by Conde Nast Traveler
- “One of America’s Best Spas” by Mobil Travel Guide

With its dramatic Spanish Colonial architecture, open plazas, fountains and locally inspired design, the AAA Five Diamond Fairmont Scottsdale Princess offers a blend of comfort and style that captures the charm and grace of the Southwest. Its 44,000 square-foot Willow Stream Spa is a luxurious retreat where nature-inspired design meets unparalleled service. Two PGA Tour golf courses (home of the FBR Open), three highly acclaimed restaurants, five sparkling pools, seven tennis courts, complimentary Kid’s Club and beautiful gardens complete The Fairmont Scottsdale Princess experience.

- AAA Five Diamond Award

Today, people arrive with an idea. They know what they’ve heard, what they’ve seen, but until it’s been experienced, they have no idea what they’re in for.

A world within a world. From the expected to the amazing, and all emotional states in between.

The desert comes to play. Its unique style meets yours, and no one experience is the same.

The desert has never been one to give up its secrets. But, like any great mystery, the deeper you dig, the deeper you are consumed. As the story unravels, great rewards are reaped and truths are told.

At one time, it was thought that flowers were rare in the desert. That is a myth. You just need to know where to look, and a whole new world will be revealed.

TRAVELERS CAN FIND REJUVENATION IN THE DESERT. WE CALL THEM OUR

SEVEN WONDERS

INDULGE IN SEVEN REJUVENATION/WELLNESS TREATMENTS, ALL IN ONE DESTINATION.

VISITPHOENIX.COM/VANITY

AMAZING WHAT YOU CAN DO HERE.
Climbing up and down. Weaving in and out.
Yes, finding the perfect shoes is exhausting.

Seize the Day

Grab life. Immerse yourself in a day full of adventure and a night full of fun. More to discover and definitely more than you expect, all waiting here for you. For your free travel packet, call 1-866-366-9288 toll-free or visit arizonaguide.com.
IN KATRINA’S WAKE

Remember Mississippi!; 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  Karlsson, reporting by Ron Beiner, 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

LIFE IN BUSH COUNTRY

MOST OF THE FEMALE POPULATION in Waco and the surrounding areas are not idiots, 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 girlfriend[s] that I kind of stay 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 shrewd duplicitous coward.

MARIAN NAIR
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 is instructing and making 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-hearted 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 lovers.” They just want their town represented accurately, with no bias one way or the other.

MONICA FOSHE
Knox City, Texas

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 Matthias 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 capital 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.

TO READ THE ORIGINAL STORY, PLEASE VISIT VANITYFAIR.COM

Marian Nair
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 is instructing and making 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-hearted 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 lovers.” They just want their town represented accurately, with no bias one way or the other.

Monica Foshe
Knox City, Texas

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 Matthias 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 capital 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.

To read the original story, please visit vanityfair.com

Marian Nair
Waco, Texas
When you have nothing to hide behind, you tend not to hide anything.
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 NUTTLE
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 accept that it all fell to the administration, yet 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 captured 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 McBRIDE
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. All other 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.

MORE FROM THE V.F. MAILBAG

Raydon, Graydon, Graydon,” begins Glenn, Glenn, Glenn Bratcher, of Katy, Texas, perhaps a tad too chummily. “How empty must your life be that your entire purpose is to slam George W. Bush?” Brutal! Happily, the silly drolleries that follow—references to “Al (Totally Insane) Gore,” “Teddy (His) Kennedy,” and “Hillary (Not Really a Moderate) Clinton”—had the Mailbag dissolving 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.
Our slimmest model yet at just 1.5 mm. But that slender body sports a laser-etched keypad, huge color screen, bluetooth, quad-band, MP3 ringtones and video playback. Introducing MOTOSLVR. Here, more phone fits in less space. hellomoto.com
HOW TO IMPROVE

your

VISION

No laser surgery required here. Just the American Express® Gold Card. It gets you prime seating to many of the most sought-after shows, concerts, and sporting events. You can also get tickets before they go on sale to the general public. To get up close and personal, apply today. JUST CALL 1.800.THE.CARD OR VISIT 800THECARD.COM TO LEARN MORE.
Fresh Heir

An activist for the environmental organization Riverkeeper, model and student Amanda Hearst, aged 21, was photographed in Montauk, New York, on June 19, 2005.
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, “Moi oui,” after biting into seasonal macaron flavors—Gingerbread, Chestnut, Orange, and Liquorice—this winter.

6. BE COOL
   Conodo’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 conflated 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 rooster described as a “street-legal lunar rover.”

16. GEAR UP FOR AWARDS SEASON
    Enjoy the pre-show 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 Le 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 eying 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 icons, global leaders, and soapboxing celebrities gather, in Davos, Switzerland.

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

27. FREEZE IN STYLE
    Really mocha 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 at Donald Trump’s Mar-a-Logo, 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.
Start something EPIC.

Start recording the classics.
Creating a library.
Writing a script of your own.
Replaying scenes for inspiration.
Shooting your debut.

Start running the show.

Windows XP

With a world of software and devices that run on Windows XP, the choice is yours.

Go to windows.com and start anything you like.

Your potential. Our passion.

Microsoft
razy Christian fundamentalists, gung-ho military types, blabbermouth babysitters, heroic spin doctors, self-obsessed film somethings, and imploding mega-stars! Welcome to America, darling.

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 heft 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 new 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

Anyone 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 shaves 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 anonymous 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 rumbling space’s visual feast of classic L.A. architecture. Designed by Egyptian Theatre architects Meyer & Holster, the Hollywood Athletic Club opened an 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 make over; the bar features a newfangled video wall; 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 DIGIACOMO

Millions of Pieces

ALEX TEW HAS WEB SURFERS SEEING SPOTS

Priced out of that primo-Everglades-land deal? Brooklyn Bridge a mite 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-tame alongside lip-synching whiz kid Gary “Numa Numa” Brosma. Not only does Tew’s milliondollarhomepage.com make for addictive surfing, but it’s an amusingly eye-catching work of pointillist art, a billboard-choked entrance ramp to the infra 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—launching a site, com, an audiovisual meditation site for stress-stripped-out office workers. If only he’d launched it n嘛ths ago: “I could definitely do with some deep-relaxation exercises myself,” he says. —AARON GELL
MY WORLD
IS AS FORBIDDEN
AS IT IS FRAGILE
"...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 Zee, 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.

NOW HEAR THIS

Listen to XM Satellite Radio in your car, at home, or on the go to get America’s largest playlist of commercial-free music, plus sports, news, and talk. And now hear The Ellen DeGeneres Show on Take 5, a channel created especially for women. XM Satellite Radio. Listen Large™. For more information, visit xmradio.com.

SPEAKING GOLD

Treat yourselves and the ones you love to the lasting gift of fine gold jewelry. These 14 karat gold and enamel charms from the Bags and BelShoes collections by Rosato® make the perfect gift for yourself or anyone on your list. Available at Kay Jewelers. Visit kay.com for store locations. There’s one language everyone understands. Speak gold. For details, visit speakgold.com.
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.

If this were ancient Greece, you could swear that somebody had sent the Furies after you. You get rid of one cosmic challenge and—boom!—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.

Since Mars went retrograde last fall, you've been wise to back off and avoid confrontations that could lead 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.

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 coped 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.

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.

Squares of Jupiter and Saturn don't quash your ability to live life to the fullest. They just let you know that, no matter how rich you are, it's no sin to fly coach once in a while. If you have children, they are a source of endless joy and pride, but they also put 'the financial squeeze on you from the moment they pop into this world. Even economic battles can't hinder your love of life at the moment. As usual, you have to be the embodiment of cool and act like a storm's eye that has eluded everybody's radar but yours.

While you're in no mood to run through the streets shouting, "What a fabulous life I'm living!" here you have to admit you're in a lot better control of your existence this winter than last. Apart from your rare moments curled up in front of the fire, you've probably been discouraged by work and people you can neither control nor dump. With Mars moving to an exalted position in your astrological chart, here's your chance to get out there and sell your wares.

Although you don't have a clue what all your diligence and loyalty are going to get you, with Venus at the bottom of your solar chart you're doing a damned good job of playing sesty, keeping unwanted elements from your neighborhood and intruders and vermin off your property. You're starting to see what a royal pain it can be to love anybody at all, but at least money is not the problem it was a year ago. Now that your sexual appetite has been re-awakened, you're as hungry as a bear after hibernation, and just as grouchly.

Jupiter in your solar 1st house is a good omen. It makes you feel and look better and gives you a positive demeanor that draws people to you. That's fortunate, because you also have to cope with Chiron in your 4th house, messing up your family scene, and Saturn's transit of your solar midheaven, making (nearly) impossible professional demands on you. It's a good thing you're a Scorpio and have the same approach to adversity that a cockroach has to bug spray: you play dead till the lights go out and then you're back in business.

When you take over the world—and with Pluto still in Sadge that could be soon—everybody will benefit from following your example of blitheringly happy anarchy. Until that day arrives, however, a planetary grand cross of fixed planets demands that you stay healthy enough to keep working like a beaver, continue talking to people you'd rather never have to hear from again, and keep your mind active and positive the whole time. If you can hack all that, you might even be able to squeeze in a naughty fantasy or two.
ugly can be beautiful
n 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 it 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 Klmer 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 12. 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 menaced 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, Jame 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
To make a difference. To learn more about how Baume & Mercier and Ryan contribute to programs that improve education for children, seek to cure cancer, and protect the environment please visit: baume-and-mercier.com

BAUME & MERCIER
GENEVE • 1830
1-800-MERCIER

RIVIERA
"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 I am speaking 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.

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 nervousness procured me a Ugandan Army escort, who sat heavily armed in the back of the pickup truck. As I buckled my seat belt, 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 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
BILL MURRAY DELIVERS IN HIS LATEST CRITICALLY ACCLAIMED FILM!

"BILL MURRAY IN ONE OF HIS BEST PERFORMANCES."
— Roger Ebert, CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

“A MIRACLE! VERY, VERY FUNNY! ONE OF THE BEST FILMS OF THE YEAR.”
— Ty Burr, THE BOSTON GLOBE

BILL MURRAY BROKEN FLOWERS

A film by JIM JARMUSCH

"BILL MURRAY IN ONE OF HIS BEST PERFORMANCES."
— Roger Ebert, CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

"A MIRACLE! VERY, VERY FUNNY! ONE OF THE BEST FILMS OF THE YEAR."
— Ty Burr, THE BOSTON GLOBE

WITH AN ALL-STAR ENSEMBLE CAST

Sharon Stone
Jessica Lange
Tilda Swinton
Frances Conroy
Jeffrey Wright

BROKEN FLOWERS

OWN IT ON DVD JANUARY 3

THE CONSTANT GARDENER
COMING SOON ON DVD!
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 indecency 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 picklock driven through the upper and lower lips. This is the sort of deranged gang—pellaginous, hysterical, fanatical, lethal, uncultivated—that an unfortunate traveler might have encountered on the roads of Europe during the Thirty Years’ War or the last Crusade. “Yes,” says Michael Oruma, director of the Gulu Children of War Rehabilitation 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, feral random babies crawling about in the dust. 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 multiplicity of 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 commands.

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
SURGEON GENERAL’S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
flimsy when set against ruthless cynicism of this depth and intensity. Kony has evidently made some kind of peace with his Sudanese Islamist patrons: in addition to his proclamation of the Ten Commandments, he once banned alcohol and announced that all pigs were unclean and that those who farm them, let alone eat them, were subject to death. So, unless he has undergone a conversion to Judaism in the wilderness, we can probably assume that he is repaying his murderous armorers and protectors.

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,” dised 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 cleansers 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.

A and that’s what makes it so affecting and so upsetting to watch the “night commuter” children who they come scuttling and scurrying into town as the sun departs from the sky. These schoolchildren have not yet been 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 a appalling gravity and realism about his mother’s inability to pay school fees for himself and his brother both, about the fatigue and time-wasting of being constantly afraid and famished and constantly on the run. In that absurd way that one does, I asked him what he wanted to be when he grew up. His unhesitating answer was that he wanted to be a politician—he had his party, the Forum for Democratic Change, all picked out as 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.
Introducing America's newest roll models.

Rollergirls
From the producers of Laguna Beach

A new spin on drama
Mondays 10pm/9c  Premieres January 2
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 Fitzger-
ad, announced the in-
dictment of Scooter Lib-
by, Lanny Davis, a White
House staffer and ubiquitous Clinton de-
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 in-
vestigation 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 equivo-
cal world. A different morality and code
of conduct necessarily apply in this alter-
native reality where publicity and informa-
tion 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 fig-
ures in government were the keen, dis-
passionate, and amoral geopolitical op-
erators—the best-and-the-brightest 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 sud-
denly, mysteriously, materializing in front
of The New York Times's Judy Miller in
Jackson Hole, Wyoming—"a man in jeans,
a cowboy hat and sunglasses," as she spook-
ily described him in the piece she wrote for
the Times recapping his
involvement with Libby.
And there's his furtive
letter to her releasing her
from her pledge of con-
fidentiality: "Out West, where you vaca-
tion, 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 tradition
and the Republicans'. The Clinton people
at their most unforthright, used the mani-
fold 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
Ingeniously designed to help protect the things that need protecting.

At Honda, we continue to show our commitment to "Safety for Everyone" by developing new technologies designed to help protect you and your family in the event of an accident. By studying the dynamics of collisions between vehicles, our engineers created the Advanced Compatibility Engineering™ (ACE™) body structure. It's a unique design that helps spread the energy of a collision throughout the body. ACE is only from Honda and comes standard on the all-new Civic. In the future, ACE will come standard on many of our models as they evolve. After all, we made a promise to help keep all of our drivers and passengers safe.

Safety for Everyone. HONDA
The Power of Dreams

©2005 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. safety.honda.com
YOU HAVE TO TRICK THE MEDIA
BEFORE THE MEDIA PLAYS ITS TRICK ON YOU—STRIKE HARD.

vert spy as cheerful neighborhood mom, while Rove and Libby are the public figures as dark creepy fellows), has a certain logic if it contributes to protecting even higher-level clandestine folk.

Now, spooks, we understand through the literature of the Cold War, come to exist because there are other spooks. Spooks occupy a parallel universe. Spooks, no matter that their actual interests may be opposed, enable one another, are the only people who truly understand each other. The P.R. people are spooks, but so are the media people. Hence, Judy Miller.

In fact, she is not just the archetype of the spook-reporter, with weirdly divided allegiances, trading this moral compromise for that questionable information (or just suckered by the other side), but, also, the archetype who, caught out, is then disavowed by her fellow media spooks.

After the Libby indictment Nicholas Lemann, the longtime Washington correspondent for The New Yorker and now dean of the Columbia Journalism School, wrote a strangely rationalized and almost impossible to decipher account of the media and the war. (It is full of the subplot and ritual bows that Cold War foreign-policy papers written by intelligence insiders often had—you can’t tell if the author is coming or going.) His essay, seemingly, had two points: the first was a strangled explanation of Washington-press virtue, which, because so much of the press in 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 larger cultural cloud, a way of behaving, of doing business—all too shadowy and insider-fish for words.

The Washington press is filled with such spooky people. There’s NBC’s Tim Russert (married to V.F. 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 Wilson—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, unaccountable intelligence operation in Washington. Woodward’s haughty dismissal of the entire Plame investigation turned out to be cagey dissembling—he was at the very center of the deal. We should have known! Nobody is more octopus-like in his Washington 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? Why 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 about access, Lemann points out, piously. The ultimate issue in the source dispute you have to coddle your leakers by publishing their leaks to keep them talking to you. Lemann even evokes, from another generation, the journalistic icons the Als brothers and Walter Lippmann to suggest the water-seeking-its-own-level nature the relationship between journalists and politicians.

This is, it seems to me, the point of parture in the Bush-age spook narrative. The Als brothers and Walter Lippmann in some sense shared power equally in Washington with the political side. In this newer, co-dependence world of sources and reporters, leakers and leakers, communication strategists and media people, the Bush people are, to confuse the metaphor a bit, the alcohols. Clever, more desperate, more threatening, more hysterical, more demanding, than the means is. Hence, they—switching back to the spook metaphor—were able to dupes, turn, trick, the media into the case for war.

As it has happened in the past when spies have made huge blunders, we are getting a glimpse into the shadow world—we’re getting to see how one side successfully gulled the other. But do we ever see it all? Can we ever know the secrets of a secret world? (How, in fact, do Rove slip Patrick Fitzgerald’s bonds at the last second?) 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 Graham Greene scene: The Middle East ... dark desert ... big black planes flying overhead.

I thought then that my P.R. spook was no matter how unsettling, just an overzealous functionary (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 surfaced 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 administr
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' 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' 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' 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-Wolffowitz-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 catchism 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 outing a C.I.A. agent, but, in fact, I think the opposite happens. The weirder the situation, Ever though the backstory—who got the better of whom in the media battle to sell the war—is the story, and why we're in this mess.

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, bizarre, 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 indirection and folly. Certainly, if Libby doesn't settle his case, his trial could be one of the great insights into journalistic 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 spooks 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

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 art collector?

The red roses answer that quest. Made of velvet, they are the size of real roses and are bunched in a black satin jute that is not the size of a real pail, but smaller, slimmer. The pail has a black silk 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’d 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 leather and exotic skins but with a Surrealist sense of the symbolic, not with a plan to back a backer but with a little girl’s sense of play. That red rose blossomed into her own English empire.

She was born into a family on easy terms with empire. Her father, Miles 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 there that he and his wife, April, expected to have their first child. That is, until April’s mother insisted she fly 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 Barbie, 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 Navy 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? “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—that 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 cap-

---

**GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU**
euphoria
live the dream
a new fragrance
Calvin Klein
euphoria

a new fragrance

Calvin Klein
"I remember that style of drawing, the swing 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 dread indy, "Friends, and she had many, starting calling her "Lulu," a nickname that spurred her confidence, her independence, her love (at 12, no less) of Noël Coward and Oscar Wilde, and an emerging personality style that corresponded to her eccentric wing style: gleefully cultivated, creatively truncated. Turning 13 in 1973, a time of outer-vests and denim, Lulu was fascinated by the high-heeled past, a period many men were all too happy to leave behind for ever. "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 of owners of Lewis's department stores in the North of England and later moved to 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 me 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 wares were compartmentalized, a point frequently made by the great couturière Elsa Schiaparelli, who designed compe l'oeil suits resembling dress drawers. In these gifts Lulu discovered the structure of another era's elegance. It was a perfect fit. At five feet two, with a curly 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 high 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, puffy cheeks, 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 ratty 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, Paris.
tact,” 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 Val-
Smile. Because now there's a way to get remarkably better gas mileage. It's called Hybrid Synergy Drive.

And, believe it or not, it can save you up to 250 gallons of fuel a year if you're driving a conventional, gas-only vehicle. Another benefit? You create nearly 80% less smog-forming emissions. So you get better mileage, better air and a better planet. And if that's not worth smiling about, we don't know what is. Learn more at toyota.com

*Based on 15,000 miles per year and EPA combined mileage rating.
*Compared 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 long 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 petti- coat 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-

"Woodstock does not speak to me," says Lulu.

nouncements—to be, so to speak, Head Girl. But where Vreeland was arbitrary and elitist, Lulu is ins-usive, humane: “Money does not equal style.” “You can be too rich or too thin.” The sense in this sensi-bility 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, stocks, scarves, handbags, purses, sunglasses, stationery, umbrellas, and, most recently, gloves, wristlets, and powder compacts. There are 46 stores in London—the Ellis Street flagship in Knightsbridge, and a shop in the Royal Exchange—and two others, in New York City and Tokyo. Meanwhile, portions of each collection sell in more than 500 high-end department stores and boutiques, and the company, in which Lulu is the principal shareholder, turns an annual profit of $7 million in handbag sales alone. The best-selling item in the Lulu Guinness empire sums up the attitude of her customer. It is a small, black, zip-top purse embroidered with teenage replicas of Lulu’s most famous handbags. They float around the phrase “You Can Never Have Too Many.”

In pictures it always comes out looking like Versailles,” Lulu says of her Notting Hill house, where I meet her. “Real life is 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 butterflies fly 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’s all I want.”

She’s everything you expect her to be—tiny, curvy, pretty, with 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 15 years, and while it looks from the outside like a charmed cluster, there 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, a black-and-white spread that show a haunted storm, a shadow thrown over the handbag topiaries. The cap
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 era's joie de vivre 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.
michelle•K
footwear • fashion • accessories
Available at selected Nordstrom stores
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

The new "wonder" potion is called Idebenol (pronounced e-deb-in-all), from prestige skin cream developer Sotive 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!

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.

FACT: A 34% improvement in the overall appearance, skin after one month, increasing to a 43% improvement in 3 months.

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

FACT: A 46% rise in skin hydration after one month to more than 50% in just 3 months.

FACT: A 32% increase in the appearance of skin firming and elasticity in only 14 days.

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

So will Idebenol overtake atoms the world's #1 selling prestige wrinkle cream will tell... however, the "oddsmakers" a on Idebenol!

See you at the cosmetic counter...

P.S. In the interest of full disclosure you need to as part of this assignment I received a free tube of I love this stuff!
Lulu's head has always been full of ideas, leaps. The words "I was thinking" itch through her sentences. Her design executor, Viki Wittering, says, "Lulu has a million ideas a day, and they're all brilliant.

Unfortunately, a head can hold more than ideas. When her first daughter, Tara, was born, in 1991, Lulu found herself in a postpartum depression that didn't lift. "I went down and down and down, and I just didn't know why. I had felt a nervous breakdown, and I was spatized," she says. She spent a month at the Oregon 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 years, 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. So 'day at a time,' that's all we can say."

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 got 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. 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."
feel the fragrance

dream. inspire. connect. enchant. surprise. energize. seduce. remember.
discover the attractions of scent at www.fragrance.org
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 Mediawank! Adam Slushpilitz will become the blogosphere’s cause célèbre, and you will be exposed for the row-upholstered Canadian twit you are.

Adam Slushpilitz

Brookline Boys Associates
MANAGEMENT COMPANY

Dear Graydon:

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

Not once 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 belating things about you and your manipulation of the blogosphere, all of whom are prepared to say belating things about you and your manipulation of the blogosphere.

Take care now.

John Freelantozvitv
L hath no fury...

the L word

SEASON PREMIERE
SUNDAY JAN 8, 10 PM ET
SHOWTIME

To subscribe call: 1-800-SHOWTIME  Seasons one and two now available on DVD.
WHAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF...

maidenform™
the DREAM™ bra
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 cocaine that propelled her to stardom with Cheers and later Veronica’s Closet. Recently, the coke-abusing sex symbol shed her highly publicized weight into the Showtime series Fat Actress, where she has very publicly shed 50 pounds, Alley gets prodded by our respondent on her closeness to John Travolta, why men shouldn’t wear underwear, her life after five years of celibacy.

George Wayne: Your bosom buddy John Travolta is truly an awesome human being. Certainly one of the most genuine and sweetest I have ever met. How did you two become close?

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 share so many similarities and things that we do, and we are sort of eccentric.

W: Could you give me an example of what you are talking about?

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

W: Is that eccentric or anaclitic?

A: Well, anal would mean making sure everything is perfect. Eccentric is John’s being 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 clink 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.

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 will fess up to gastric-bypass surgery.

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—come readily to mind—who when they are not working just balloon, just let themselves go. Have you seen Janet lately? She’s a whale. When you were, like, 300 pounds, it was rather obvious that you weren’t getting laid.

K.A. I looked like I was 300 pounds? What a lovely compliment.

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 striving 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 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.
MAY WE SUGGEST
A "BEST COCKTAIL" CATEGORY?
A powerful anti-war movement sprang from Cindy Sheehan's grief, while Joan Jett 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 two rock stars swung billions for Africa. Lost gained, and it wasn't the best of years, but these stars kept the standards shining.

Essay by
JAMES WOLCOTT
WHAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF...

maidenform®
the DREAM™ bra
GREY GOOSE
VODKA
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED
IN FRANCE
GREY GOOSE®
World's Best Tasting Vodka
A powerful anti-war movement sprang from Cindy Sheehan's grief, while Joan ion created a masterpiece from hers. Matthew Broderick and Nathan Lane made the perfect couple, while Tom Brokaw Id Dan Rather missed their third man. A nine-year-old swam for Katrina's victims, and two 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
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 loafed 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 goodly 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, Ophelia. "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 casu-eties 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 without being asked to do so. Even after the harrowing 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.
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.
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 Shepherd), 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...
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.
BEST READ

JOAN DIDION

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 become a literary set piece. Even in her darkest hours her gifts for reporting and description came to the fore, leaving readers with a rare portrait of motherhood and of an unusually happy marriage.

BEST AMBASSADORS
SIR BOB GELDOF AND BONO

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-and-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 Bana said, "I feel like I've got a right to punch the air." Geldof, 53, and Bana, 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, economics wonks, right-wing pundits, and many others whom rock stars tend to avoid lest they sully their bad-boy images. But Sir Bob and Bana 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.
BEST ANIMAL INSTINCT

GREGORY COLBERT

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 an 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.

BEST GUPPY

JOHNNY WILSON

Turns out the criminals who shrunk in horror from the chilly, shark-infested waters surrounding Alcatraz just weren’t tough enough—and neither were the half-dozen or so who didn’t shrink but presumably drowned instead. Nine-year-old Johnny Wilson was able to swim the nearly one and a half miles from the old island prison to the shores of San Francisco, why couldn’t they? Granted, Wilson was wearing a wet suit and had spent months taking long ocean swims and cold showers—the latter something the prisoners weren’t allowed to do for fear they might develop a tolerance for low-temperature water.

But he’s also just four feet nine and 86 pounds. On October 10, Wilson became the youngest person ever to make the swim, but not by much. 10-year-old Nabil Max covered the 1.4 miles in September, and Wyatt Osmon, a slightly older 9-year-old, did it in an astonishing 39 minutes in July. Only one of the three appeared on the Today show, though, probably because Wilson, who spent an hour and six minutes cutting through 58-degree water, added a philanthropic dimension to his effort and a Web site, Johnny’sAlcatrazSwim.org. So far, he has raised more than $43,000 for the Red Cross’s Hurricane Katrina relief effort.

Surely the cons weren’t the only ones left feeling old, lazy, and selfish…

© Photographed by Jonas Karlsson in San Francisco, with Alcatraz in the distance, on October 29, 2005.
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 Vaughn 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. Far-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.

BEST LATE BLOOMER
STEVE CARELL
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 Mukhtarar 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.
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 on-air 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 on-air to report the fall of the Berlin Wall in real time)—will also be remembered for his crowning on-screen 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 Godspeed.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in New York City on October 27, 2005.

BEST SIGN-OFFS
TOM BROKAW AND DAN RATHER
BEST CHEMISTRY
MATTHEW BRODERICK
AND NATHAN LANE

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, 45, 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 ramp 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.

Photographed 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 al-Zarqawi, pledged his allegiance to al-Qaeda’s leader. For millions of Muslims around the world, bin Laden remains an inspirational figure. A worldwide opinion poll taken by the Pew Global Attitudes Project in 2004 found that he is viewed favorably by high 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 by a revolution led by Ayatollah Khomeini, the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, and the triumph of the hostage crisis over the U.S. embassy in Tehran, which led to Americans being removed from Iran.

Excerpted from The Osama bin Laden I Know: An Oral History of al Qaeda’s Leader, by Peter L. Bergen, to be published next month by Free Press; © 2006 by the author.
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 Pakistani 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 Fryfield-Shayer, 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 characterful.

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 he, quite down badly, but he was always taken back into the fold. SO he 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, he had probably received something like $20 million.

Christina Akerblad, former owner of the Hotel Astoria in the town of Fuhala, 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 and I] had to say 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 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 say, "We have our plane."

They stayed one week. They were dressed very exclusively. 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 bags they had lots of white, expensive shirts from Dior, Yves Saint Laurent. When they had [worn] the shirt once, I 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 have them if you want."

Khaled Batarfi, three years younger than bin Laden, met Osama 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 and use his head and put in the goals. I was a tough guy then and 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, as well as 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 was an extra thing, because it's what the Prophet used to do, but we didn't have to do it. [Osama's mother] is a moderate Muslim. She watches 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 won't bother his brothers sometimes for looking at the maid or this like that. Of course, he woke them for prayers in the morning, and that was good—nobody complained. But sometimes he kind of upset if something is not done in an Islamic way. "Don't wear short sleeves, don't do this, don't do that." At 17 he ne-
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,
much literate, 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 Batarfi: Did you know he went to America? He took his
[first] son, Abdallah, because Abdallah 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-Aziziya 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
towards the gate. “No, really,” I insisted. “Come in.”

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 Ali]
house. I didn't see her children, but she said the chil-
dren were in another room trying to learn the Koran. She was a uni-
versity lecturer. She was very knowledgeable, because she stayed
in Saudi Arabia. She used to go to Saudi Arabia and come
for holidays to stay in Khartoum. She was teaching Islam
in some families in Riyadh [an upscale neighborhood in Khartu-
mon].

'Three of his wives are university lecturers: the first one is
[one of bin Laden's wives]. He has four wives. And he married the other three because
they were spinster's. They were going to go without marrying in
the world. So he married them for the Word of God. In Islam we
think this. If you have a spinner, if you marry her, you will be re-
moved for this in the afterworld, because you will bring up your
spring as Muslims.

Noman Benotman, a Libyan former jihadist, remembers the
Laden lived a life far removed from that of the average billion-
sion: 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
life think those kids are bin Laden's kids; [rather] they are poor
in the poorest family in the world. I saw them. You would
believe it—they're kids running around in old clothes. He al-
tells his followers, “You should learn to sacrifice everything,
modern life, like electricity, air-conditioning, refrigerators, a
line. If you are living the luxury life, it's very hard to evacuate
goose to the mountains to fight.”

Abu Jandal, bin Laden's former chief bodyguard, in an inter-
view with the London-based Arabic newspaper Al-Quds al-Adabi.
His wife Umm Ali asked Sheikh Osama for a divorce when
still lived in Sudan. She said that she could not continue to
live in an austere way and in hardship. He respected her wish
divorce 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 oth-
ervers who left the devout young Muslims, who were drawn to the Afghan jihad
during the 1980s. It was the first time since World War II that
non-Muslim power had invaded and occupied a Muslim na-
to. Indeed, for bin Laden it was the most transformative event of
his life. A key to this transformation was his encounter with the
charismatic Palestinian cleric Abdullah Azzam. Azzam was the
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 fled
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 Afgh
istan. 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 to
gether that included bulldozers, loaders, continued on page 117.
“Bin Laden will never be captured. He’s not Saddam Hussein. He’s Osama.”
Oscar-nominated actress Naomi Watts, star of Peter Jackson's hotly anticipated King Kong, in Stamford, Connecticut, September 15, 2005.
Road to Kong

For years, Naomi Watts was “the next big thing”—
while she scrounged to pay the rent and watched her close friend
role 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.
everywhere 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 banquette 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—her 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 Hollywood that even the elusive Sean Penn, her co-star in 2003’s Grams, 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 She’s a very bright, dear person, deeply human, with ball fire handy in her pockets when she wants them—and they hot in any color she wants. So it’s really the most treasured 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 her 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 someone you work with, especially females. When she got her break writing with David Lynch, you looked at her and thought, Wow, is an extremely talented girl who’s never had the opportunity to 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 Chill of the Corn IV: The Gathering, now of a beautiful home in Los Angeles. “I owned it for a year,” she says. “I’ve 30 nights there.” And she has the words “Oscar-nominated” manently attached to her name. It was her nominated performance, as a grieving wife and mother in 21 Grams, that made lead Nicholson 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 test 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 sex against 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 die in London with Jackson and Fran Walsh, his wife and par
Fay Wray whispered in my ear, "You'll make a great Ann Darrow."
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

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
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 Jing 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.
It 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 Twitty family 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 Croes, 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, Gerold 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 CONTINUED ON PAGE 157
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.

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.

Sources
On Monday, October 3, a frightened and vulnerable Judith Miller walked into The New York Times' 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, 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 pressing, they wondered 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 is especially fond of, to discuss putting together a report on Miller and her saga. Barstow, a 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 scandal project two and a half years earlier, a 14,000-word dissection of the Jayson ticktock fiasco. Landman, the paper's deputy managing editor, would oversee and edit the story. Over lunch, Barstow, who had been 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 wanted him on," says Liptak. "I wanted on because I just think he's so good. [Barstow] was right."
lew he had a very close relationship Judy,” Van Natta says of Barstow. “And to him immediately, ‘Absolutely not. can’t work on this.'”

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

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

But the process of shepherding the story to print would be anything but smooth. It would be two full weeks and several blown deadlines before the Times’s account of Miller’s story—and Miller’s own dispatch detailing 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 release were anything but deeply troublesome.

The Times reporters working on the story found that the editorial board of many of the paper’s top executives either refused to speak with them or were prohibited from doing so. Sulzberger himself had explicitly barred at least one executive from speaking about the case. (According to several newsroom sources, had been instrumental in crafting the paper’s initial response to the Miller case. When asked to comment for this article, Sulzberger wrote in an

FIT TO PRINT?

A Private-Sec
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 burst the whole thing open was an article in the August 25, 2003, "Wall

---

**WASP NEST**

The campus’s Library Pond. *Left,* the names of past graduates on display in a hallway of the Upper School.
"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 Episcopal 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 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 monumental 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 Selwyn 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 Helyons 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 7,441 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 Cotl 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, leaning 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 classmate 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 Wasps, 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 Bush 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 leadership about clearing the air and rectifying 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 keep him on themselves at the same time. A burden 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 come break with the past; those are the honest who fall upon their swords.”

Robbins apologizes to the form director for the way all the trouble has made his job 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 candidate and suspended disbelief, and that can’t happen again.” He cites other problems: a centralized power in the Executive Committee—the board’s five-member administrative body, which has since been shaken up and expanded—and a lack of communication among the rector, the board, and everyone else. Then he adds, “The school is phenomenal, 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.”
nent management for the A.G.'s office. "There was nothing that was a charge-offense or even close to it," Janeway said. 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 isn't so much what they were doing, but how they were doing it," Janeway said.

Attacked at his investment firm in New York, Baker confirmed that he ran the endowment committee almost single-handedly in the late 70s to 2005 and had "pretty much carte blanche because few trustees were trained in the business." He adds, "those were simpler times." During this time, Baker says, he grew the endowment fund and shielded it from the dot-com bubble and clobbered many other schools.

He felt a relief to know the alleged official 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 culture, with Sarbanes-Oxley [the federal regulations imposed on corporations in wake of Enron's collapse, in 2001] mirroring to the nonprofit sector, has brought a new set of standards," he adds.

But to be 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 loose and rather sordid chain of events ended with Anderson's resignation and co-rector Sharon Hennessy's indefinite sabbatical. Hennessy, whose salary also nearly doubled in the eight years she was there, whose perks included a membership at Canyon Ranch spa—which reportedly cost between $20,000 and $30,000—and an annual trip to a pedagogical conference in Maine, was not charged with any wrongdoing, but after she left, the position of vice rector was abolished.

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 his erect penis to a senior girl who was babysitting his newborn baby. "His wife is in the hospital," says the victim, who, ked not to be named. "He said, 'Come on, touch it,' and I ran out of the house and a kept running until I stopped somewhere in the woods, shaking."

Deeply traumatized years, 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 before 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 molestation."

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 slurred 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 rector and the board with numerous signed, firsthand accounts of abuse—"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 sped 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 Paulies 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 1981, 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 discovered, 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 alcoves 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 man As Big as the Ritz." Nelson W. A. Jr. ('53), in his book, Old Money: The Myth of Wealth in America, describes his time there as "the St. Midas Ordeal," and observer said of the recent scandals, Paul's has always been a mélange of cash 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 Studebaker, who later became a congressman, led to a relaxation of the dress code and the admission of girls in the early 70s. The new headmaster, William Oates, espoused prevailing educational and development thinking of the day, that schools should be repressive and that adolescents should be free to experiment and try out different things. 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, I felt the notion of service barely relevant. The school had an enormous new fund to raise money and to scour the country and find the best and brightest kids to keep up with rival prep schools, memorial buildings projects were undertaken to create an 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 no control of the faculty had too much leeway, so they brought in David Hicks, headmaster of a day school in Dallas called St. Mark's, to tighten things up. Hicks, however, 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 total control of student behavior. The students were polled and 80 percent of them said they were using drugs. It was very vengeful to anyone who walked around school on Saturday night that morning. They were under the influence of something.... On my watch, some prestigious parents from Philadelphia walked into student center and found a boy and girl having intercourse on a couch. I expelled them, which was not popular."

"The original parents of the Gilded
knew what it was like out there, wanting your children to be hardened and not feared, 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, which was so disliked by the students that the oaks tree in front of the Rectory was bulldozed and a steaming turd was left on the step. When the faculty voted in favor no-confidence motion, Hicks left in the nick 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: "Alas, the old-moneyed families still exert a tremendous influence and control over their schools. ... to some extent, the selfishness of mounting social and financial anxieties among this class has caused the boarding school to do what it has often been accused of doing, but now with more reason—namely, to serve private rather than public needs. This may seem to increase its appeal, but it also undermines its integrity and contributes to its destruction."

Hicks was suggesting that the moral slide at the school was related to the decline of the old Wasp establishment. One certainly draw a parallel with what was happening to the country as it entered the age of Enron, but it wasn't just the old order that was greedy, and the extent to which the old Wasp establishment is actually dying is also questionable.

The man who replaced Hicks couldn't have been more different. Bishop Anderson was ready to deal— with the parents of the board. Physically, he was the rector in central casting—an exceedingly handsome, square-jawed guy with a great smile who knew how to wear the miter and had a sense of the most splendid vestments in a church. And he had a way with words. Even after he came under fire, he couldn't resist closing a sharply worded letter to former Shannon with a grand ecclesiastical flourish: "In the sure and certain hope the Resurrection to eternal life, I wish you a blessed Easter Tide."

"He was the most narcissistic man who ever came to the school," a teacher told me. "The nurses in the infirmary, which is right next to the Rectory, used to watch him primping in the upstairs bathroom for a half-hour before morning chapel. (Yes, I did shower and shave every morning, but I hope this could be seen as good hygiene.) Anderson says, "And when we realized [the nurses could see us], we pulled the shade.""

A parent of a former student found the Bish "very glossy, like a used-car salesman." Anderson, 63, had started out in marketing at Procter & Gamble, and he had been an infantry officer in the army before entering the ministry. He had risen to be the bishop of South Dakota and then became the head of the General Theological Seminary, in New York City. There, he had performed expensive renovations on his residence, and that was one of the first things he did at St. Paul's after the school hired him away. "The Rectory was built in 1872," Anderson explains, and the renovation "was almost all structural, not cosmetic.... That's part of running an institution."

But Anderson's arrival coincided with the tanking of the dot-com boom, and money became harder to raise. In an effort to cut costs, the board let go longtime staff and adjusted benefits to the children of faculty. No one seemed to realize that implementing such measures when the rector and the vice-rector were still getting whopping salaries was bound to create resentment. When the stories about the school's financial irregularities surfaced in the national press, the board rallied behind the Bishop. "I find it incredible that people who have affection for this school would go to these kinds of levels... to tear down its leadership," Jim Robbins, who was by then on the Executive Committee, protested to The Wall Street Journal. But two years later, with the A.G.'s investigation concluded and the I.R.S. audit in progress, the board felt compelled to demonstrate that it was taking steps to rectify the situation, and just two weeks before graduation and Anniversary, it announced that the Bishop had resigned.

A man who was there for the alumni procession that weekend recalls, "We all thought, How ghastly and embarrassing, and surely he'd be gone by the time we got there. But we show up and there's a cocktail party in the afternoon and there is Craig Anderson front and center, representing the institution. I've been married to a Wasp family for 25 years, and I've seen the power of politeness and repression, but for stiff upper lip, this really took the cake. A lot of kids were wearing a T-shirt that said, 'I heart the Bish.' So the general sense I got was that, whatever Anderson's peccadilloes were, the kids really loved him and were in a rebellious mood that he had been shown the door."

Dr. Shattuck's ideal of keeping out the outside world has long since been abandoned. The Internet, cell phones, and the rules allowing DVD players in the dorms made sure of that. But Jim Robbins's wish to shield the students from the "noise at the top" is coming true. One night I went to the school's $2 million observatory to look at a few stars and get some perspective on the antics of us foolish mortals. The observatory has six telescopes in four domes. One of the school's two astronomy teachers, Dr. Tom McCarthy, took me into the Lowell Dome. Untold Lowellians have gone to St. Paul's over the decades. I asked McCarthy if the dome was named for Percival Lowell, the eccentric 19th-century astronomer who moved to Flagstaff, Arizona, and from his observatory there claimed to have seen water-filled canals on Mars. McCarthy said it was named for Lowell Swift Reese ('69), who had died tragically in his youth.

McCarthy is clearly passionate about the sky, the kind of teacher who is so enthusiastic that he can change a student's life. "With these telescopes we can find supernovas and extraterrestrial planets. We can spot near-earth asteroids, the ones we fear could slam us into one day," he said.

Two students arrived. McCarthy was taking one of them down to Harvard in the morning to receive some kind of award. McCarthy trained the telescope on Alpha Andromedae, the brightest star in its constellation. It looked like a dazzling rhinestone. The instrument, I noticed, was called the St. Paul's Alumni Telescope. "Just what we could use," I said to him, and he laughed. I asked him what he thought about all the recent goings-on, and he said, "That's administration. The school is rock-solid as far as its mission goes."

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 corps de ballet?

I jamed with a "frelk," a new category of student since my time who might be described as a latter-day hippie or freak. Frelks (the word is derived from "frolic") are really into the Grateful Dead. This freelk 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 fabled editor of Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Thomas Wolfe. Scads of Perkinses have gone to St. Paul's. Since
St. Paul’s Scandal

arriving at the school, Ike had met eight cousins with other surnames whom he never even knew he had, and he was having the time of his life. A fifth-generation Paulie who graduated last year told me that “there is a lot of fucking, but it’s all safe.” Apparently, most students are wise enough to choose condoms over diseases and unwanted pregnancies.

There are still “preps,” like the one in my class who used to turn over your tie and snicker if the label wasn’t Brooks Brothers. Most of the preps live in Simpson House. “The preppiest ones are not the old-line kids, many of whom are not preppy at all,” a student told me, “but the wannabes who have new money.”

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 communications and public relations plan.

In the meantime, Matthew’s 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 had 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 Buckston, 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 St. Paul’s but outside of the board too. “They’re arrogant, snotty bunch, and not very smart,” one teacher told me. Their fatal errors were to blow off donors, alumni, and teachers who care about the school and were trying to raise important questions about its direction.

Some snide old Paulies think the school itself has a case of hubris. In their view, it’s the extravaganza of the new gym brought about the drowning of a student in the swimming pool. The school had vied for almost 150 years without a pool. Now money is being raised for a new million-dollar boathouse. Where is it all going to end?

Instead of building a new boathouse, why not use the money to make an inventory of all the products the school uses and get the kids involved? It could be a course. Maybe they would think twice 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 stripped from 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 were 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. Many ecosystems are being degraded and destroyed by our way of life? Get them to use their homework on both sides of the page, case their dorms for energy leaks and take quick showers—and be grateful for the water’s hot.

A course like that would produce responsible citizens, and it would save the school a lot of money. St. George’s, a quirky little progressive school in Maine that my three youngest sons attended, got the whole student body involved in a consumption-and-waste inventory of the physical plant, and has saved a bundle. The result once the St. Paul’s inventors were done, the kids can go forth and get whole country to do it. If the school ever get that going, and implement a little “reductive salutary deprivation,” then it would be a complete Utopia, and Drs. Shattuck and Drury would be proud of it once more.

The chickadees cheered.
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 '85, he told me, "What if you marry my sister Shaikhah?" 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, "O.K., look. If I came 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 kamikaze 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 became 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.

Hutaifa Azzam: 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 Basel 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 Deuw, 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 prayed 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-Afghan 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

sions 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 non-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 of 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-

der. There is also no evidence that bin Laden used the term 'al-Qaeda' to refer to the of a group until after 11th September, he realized that this was the term the Americans had given it."

All of these assertions are nones. There is overwhelming evidence that al-Qaeda was founded in 1988 by bin Laden and a group of a dozen or so other militants, and that the group would eventually become the global organization that carried out the 9/11 attacks. Below is a document discovered by Bosnian authorities in 2002 raid on the offices of an Islamic charity. Extraordinarily, these are the four minutes of al-Qaeda, from a meeting that took place over the course of one week in August 1988.

Document labeled "Tareekh Osama [Osama History]/54/127-127a" The brokers mentioned attended the Sheikh [bin Laden] house. Most of the discussion was a choosing an Advisory Council. The meeting was held for two days in a row and the visor Council [met] on Friday, with the following brothers: A list of nine names, headed by those of Osama bin Laden and Abu Ubaidah Al Banjshiri, al-Qaeda's military commander.

The Sheikh decided to engage the Council in making a change. The meeting started from sunset until two at night. And on monday morning, 8/20/1988, the aforementioned brothers came and started the meeting, and the military work was suggested to be divided in two parts, according to ration:

-Limited duration: They will go to Camp on the Afghan-Pakistan border, get trained and distributed on Afghan forces under supervision of the military council.

-Open-ended duration: They enter a firing camp and the best brothers of them chosen to enter Al-Qaeda Al Askariya Military Base).

Al-Qaeda is basically an organized Islamic faction; its goal will be to lift the world, God, to make His religion victorious.

Requirements to enter Al-Qaeda:
members of open duration [meaning open ended].

V.

Weary of God and his covenant is me, to listen and obey the superiors, are doing this work, in energy, early,
giriory upon us, so that the word of will be the highest, and His religious

ork of Al-Qaeda commenced on Sep

over 13 years after its founding, os launched the 9/11 attacks.

III. Bin Laden and Saddam Hussein

owing the 9/11 attacks, the American he 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 evaded 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-
d for those views.

is hardly surprising that the American he believes that there was an al-Qaeda-
dam alliance, since Bush-administration
als constantly touted that supposed ance as a pressing reason to go to war
in Iraq. In September 2002, Secretary Defense Donald Rumsfeld said there was
leproof" evidence of an Iraq-al-Qaeda
ction. In his January 2003 State of the ion address, President Bush said, "Sadd-
 Hussein aids and protects terrorists, luding members of al-Qaeda." However,
historical record demonstrates that bin
en has, in fact, been a passionate oppo-
Saddam Hussein for more than a cade and a half—especially ever since
and invaded Kuwait, in 1990.

Hina bin Laden in 1999: A year before he
entered Kuwait, I said many times
my speeches at the mosques, warning at
Kuwait will enter the Gulf. No one
me. I distributed many tapes in
tu Arabia. It was after it happened that
y started believing me and believed my
alysis of the situation.

Ali al-Batafi recalls talking to bin Laden on
subject: Last time I saw [Osama] was
0, 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
never 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-
cruit 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
government. 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 intelligence
and current ambassador to the United States,
told the Arab News in 2001: [Bin Laden] be-
lieved 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 fatwa of senior Islamic scholars, who had
endorsed 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
liberate 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 P.L.O. 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-
ther, and Saddam Hussein is fucking his mo-
ther." 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 Iraqi war,
bin Laden released an audiotape in which
he said, "Needless to say, this crusade war is
primarily targeted against the people of Iraq.
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
got 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," gradu-
tally 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 legiti-
macy 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 sure 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 baked 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 jihadi 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 has hitherto 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 sheikh [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 Palestini- ans], Osama bin Laden executes an operation against America.” So I went back to the sheikh, 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 convinc-
around briefing by Pentagon officials at December 2001, there was “reason-
certainty” that bin Laden was indeed in Bora, a judgment based on inter-
ed radio transmissions. General Franks himself recounted in his autobiography, *sic* Soldier, that in December 2001 asked President Bush, saying, “Uncon-
ded reports have it that Osama has been in the White Mountains, Sir. The Tora Bora area.” In June 2003, I met with sev-
en U.S. counterterrorism officials, and one said, “We are confident that [bin L] was at Tora Bora and disappeared a small group.” The following accounts further establish that bin Laden was at Tora Bora:

**Jaafar al-Kuwaiti**, an eyewitness, in an interview posted to al-Qaeda’s main Web site on November 14, 2001. Mujahid Sheikh al bin Laden and his special group ar-
to the area 9,000 feet above sea level in Tora Bora mountains with its extreme in and cold weather. We were with him. position had more than 15 trenches to the mujahidin from the insane Amer-
strikes that started five days before. The chis were built by our hands and effort by our brothers, the Afghan mujahideen. We witnessed the increase of flights of Predator drones that did not leave the night or day.

On December 9, at a late hour of the night, we were awoken to the sounds of sive and terrorizing explosions very near. It was the place where the trench of Khalid bin Laden was. The night was long and very worriesome [as we waited] what the morning would bring [to see] this barbaric raid had done. In the morning we received the horrifying news! The trench of Sheikh Osama was destroyed; the trench where Sheikh used to come out every day to check the maja-
hit situation and follow the news of the fle. [But] God kept Osama bin Laden safe, because he left the bunker only two its [before] to an area only 200 meters y.

**Abdel Bari Atwan**, who interviewed bin Laden at Tora Bora in 1996: I wasn’t sur-
prised [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], because 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 airlift 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, possibly 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 Santa Claus. The 9/11 attacks and the subsequent 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 deposted Saddam Hussein, whom bin Laden has loathed for years, but the jihadists in Iraq are costing America in blood and money. What bin Laden 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 increased attacks. The year 2003 saw the highest incidence of significant terrorist acts
Osama bin Laden

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 Iraq. 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 media news. If things appear otherwise to you, we are brothers, and the disagreement will not spoil [your] friendship. Awaiting your response, may God preserve you.

Hutaifa Azzam has known both bin Laden and Zarqawi for more than 15 years. Zarqawi had no relations with Osama until he left 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 Tiwahir 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-Tiwahir 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 command 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 suicide bombers dispatched by him attacked the hotels frequented by Americans in Amman, killing 57 people, most of them Jordanians. A fourth bomber, a woman, who failed to detonate the explosives strapped to her body, 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, a new role was amply demonstrated by a bin Laden videotape that aired on Al-Jazeera and other TV networks on October 29, 2004—days before the U.S. presidential election. Halloween parody of an Oval Office address, bin Laden spoke directly to the American people from behind a desk, dressed formal gold robes, without a gun at his side—and a sight. For the first time he made an uncal public admission of his own involvement the 9/11 plot, and he responded directly to Bush administration’s frequent claim that 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 catastrophe and about war, its reasons and its sequences. And in that regard, I say to you that security is an important pillar of human 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 would ask you. Although we are [now in 2004] former after 9/11, Bush is still enacting confusion and misleading you not to 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 [hijackers], Mohammed Atta, to perform the attacks within minutes, before 9/11 and his administration were aware of it was going on.

Your security is not in the hands of any other than your own hands. Any nation that does not attack us will not be attacked.

Abdel Bari Atwan, who interviewed bin Laden in 1996: There will be different evaluation for Osama bin Laden. Some people will call him a heroic phenomenon, a mighty David who challenged the might of...
Naomi Watts

Continued from Page 129 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 was a very nice place in London and Peter was probably wearing his shorts," Watts recalls. "They are the sweetest, most humble people—incurred by, very literate—and in two hours we talked about everything but the movie." Sometime during their three-hour agreement, Watts agreed to discuss the film even though the script had just been written.

Jackson's film, which also stars Adrien Brody 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 Haydon. 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, 1970, when he was nine. "I wept 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 had 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 for 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.) "She 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 Darlow,' and she was like, 'You're not Ann Darlow, I am.' But at the end of the night, we drove her home and said goodbye and she whispered in my ear, 'You'll make a great Ann Darlow.' 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. "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 filmmaker 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 postproduction. "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."

W atts 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 Miv—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 vowing 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 ex- tover, 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 frailties 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 says, 'We are like the three sisters in Chekhov. We are all 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 of Mulholland Dr., which Watts remembers the second-darkest time in her life. She labored through more than 15 little-squeeze films—Tank Girl, Persons Unknown, Stray Planet, Never Date an Actress—to no apparent effect. Finally, she gave up on film and, with Ann Darrow, took on a chance on an unconventional project with a maverick director. Original, filmed by David Lynch as a TV pilot, A hollywood Dr. sat on the shelf for about five years, until Studio Canal Plus and French producers Alain Sarde and Pierre Edel 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 calling: 'not sexy,' 'too funny,' 'too intense,' 'desperate.'" Watts says, "All those labels they gave me. I took the 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, but you are freaking yourself out. I just sat there and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed my heart out." But then she summoned a considerable reserves of grit and creativity and—together with Scott Coffey, a writer-director and fellow actor—created a character based on her travails as a struggling actress. The resulting short, Ellie Parker, became audience favorite at 2001's Sundance Film Festival. (Watts and Coffey later expanded the into a full-length version that was released in 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—where Muhl holland Dr. was shown in competition as feature film. "There is a song I 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, and suddenly every agent was clamoring to sign her. Talent heavyweightCAA won out. I quick succession, Watts starred in The Ring and its sequel (the two films have grossed more than $400 million worldwide), as we
“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
Aruba Mystery

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 Croes, a wealthy Aruban who owned a cellular-phone rental company on the island. According to Croes, 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. Croes, meanwhile, drove north up the beach road and, just below the lighthouse, found a group of teenagers drinking cheap wine. They knew Joran, and two volunteered to lead Croes to his home, in the nearby town of Noord. Five minutes later Croes was at the modest ranch-style house, down an unpaved alley and behind a high-wall gate. 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 Croes 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 the abama men snapped. "Don't be so rude," Paulus van de responded. "This is not America. You act like that."

Sensing the increasing tension, Croes 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. ["I tell them," Paulus said.] "Sure, we're not even of this yet. She can't be considered for 48 hours."

Looking Joran in the eyes, Croes let his voice. "You know you're in a world of shit if you don't tell the truth here," he added.

"I am telling the truth," Joran said.

"Why don't you tell me what happened, Croes said.

Joran considered this for a moment before deciding to talk. He said he had met Natalee in the Holiday Inn's casino Sunday night. In the early evening he asked to join her later at Carlos 'n Charlie's. He declined, saying it would be dead on a Sunday night. 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, Sly, to get him.

"So I snuck out of my house and went to see her," he said. "She came to me. I was home. Dancing suggestively. Like a man did belly shots on her, on the bar. [Especially she said.] 'Could you take me out? So we left.' They were pilled into Deepak's silver Nissan. Joran said, Natalee was nonplussed to find the two Kraut brothers, who are black, sitting in the car. He called Deepak Kalpoe, who was supposed to be were very drunk.

"What happened then?" Croes asked.

"We took her back to the Holiday Inn. She got out of the car and 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 she had seen Natalee.

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

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

Croes could see Joran's mind working. Finally, he said, "We didn't go to the Holiday Inn. She wanted us to go around. The girl was crazy. She was crazy."

According to Croes, Joran said a police officer had told him three things as they drove north past the Holiday Inn: that her hair was "like Hitler," that she was a witch, and that she was a lesbian. She became to take her to a beach where she could see sharks, but Joran
that 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." Where's that happen?"
"In the backseat of the car."
"So where'd you take her?"
"I took her to the lighthouse. For a while,
I didn't get out."
According to Croes, Joran said that Dee-
neke was increasingly uncomfortable at the
house, fearful that Natalee would "make
less" in the car, presumably by vomiting.
Joran's mother reportedly said she felt Joran opening up; he ap-
proved to be on the verge of an ad-
nouncement.
"Well, you Aruban girls better get your act together, and
at 10" (Jug Twitty, while acknowledging his up's impatience, denies the word "ass-
el was used.)
Joran's head turned. "That's it," Paulus
said. "This is no good." The decision was
declined by the entire group who would return
the Holiday Inn, where Joran promised
would point out a security guard who
helped Natalee. Once there, however, she
was unable to do so.
The atmosphere again heated, as Jug Twitty demanded to know
what happened to his stepdaughter. "Don't
them anything," Deepak Kalpoe told Jo-
an. "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
a hotel. A detective would come by and
get her at eight. Detective Dennis Jacobs
arrested at 8:15; took down Natalee's descrip-
tion, and led Beth to the police station. Beth
in the lobby for three hours until Jacobs
worked on her again. She rose, eager to pour
everything she had learned. Suddenly, Ja-
obs said, "We won't be needing you."
Beth glared, stunned, uncertain what to do.
For a moment she walked outside, where
ran into the first of the hundreds of
vision crews she would soon encounter.
That was the moment," she says today," that
talized we were in serious trouble.
Relations between the desperate Twittys
and the Aruban police had gotten off
an atrocious start and never recovered.
When Beth and Jug returned to the police
station the next morning, they found Officer
zb's behavior cavalier in the extreme.
"Wait, I haven't had my Frosted Flakes, 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.
Jury a week goes by without an Ameri-
ican failing to return to his or her cruise
trip, or deciding to stay a little longer in
radise. 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 vet-
eran 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 under-
standing," Dompig says. "She asked us to
do everything possible, as any mother would.
But Jug and the other guys, they started say-
ing 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 run-
ing here?' These are the words they used
to try and scare me. They were trying to in-
timidate me."
In those tumultuous first days, Beth's most
valuable allies 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 af-
ter she arrived, Renfro, a statuesque blonde,
stopped the presses to run a front-page pho-
tograph of Natalee. Renfro and Munzenhofer
both had 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 Mun-
zenhofer 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 superin-
tendent who would end up working the case,
was not happy. "Van der Straaten walks up
and tells me, 'You can't do this.'" Renfro re-
calls. "I said, 'Yes I can. I'm going to find
this girl.' He told me she wasn't even consid-
ered '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 proba-
bly show up there. Anyway, he talked to the
group. And his message was, he asked us
not to cause any traffic problems. I just wan-
ted 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, Munzen-
hofer 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-
caneer, 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
town 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 hap-
penned—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
respondent 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 de-
scription had been seen stepping into a Kia
sedan outside an ATM in Oranjestad. Im-
mediately 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 or-
chestrate a covert pursuit. A half-dozen cars
followed 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, she heard an officer say he was "98 percent" sure the blonde girl was Natalee.

Beth and Jug were called. One of the Alabamans emerged from the crowd, gave Renfro a bear hug, and shoved $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 Kalpoes 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 Sloot 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 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," he adds. Dompig. "We want to keep them on our side, 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 don't want to look at them, other than in a cell.

But the pressure to make an arrest—arrest—was overwhelming. "The press was so passionate... 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. America is basically our bread and butter. The government, well, everyone was a case. They wanted the case solved as soon as possible. And then you had the Aruba Hotel [and Tourism] Association, which was very powerful group, that stated putting pressure. 'Guys, what about the tourism? 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 Kalpoes 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. The day, Dompig says pressure from the Twittys, the media, and his own government forced police to prematurely make the arrest. "We have a lot to say, 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 not all to keep 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 guys 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' lair of sorts. He said Natalee was so drunk at

MORPHOLUTION
ON THE ROAD AHEAD, A PATH TO BE AVOIDED
During different understand did the Twittys’ desperation grew. On the Record, Greta Van Susteren’s show, the preferred outlet for their frustration. Beth’s nightly appearances, however, tended tension among her new friends, everything changed when Greta came.

Angela Munzenhofer, “All you heard was Greta, Greta, Greta.”

The way Beth talked to us, the local was totally different—you know: “We’re doing so much help; how wonderful every-thing was being, how helpful.” says another Today reporter, Dilma Arends, “but right, on television, we would hear a totally different person, how no one was helper at all.”

She was saying a lot of this on Fox, on ta, and most of the island doesn’t get,” 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 30-faced woman.”

We tried to avoid going on those shows,” Renfro.

Because they wanted lies,” says Mun-

Theories,” explains Arends. “What is it take? What is your take? ‘We’re reporters. Americans going to talk about theories.”

The tensions came to a head in the wake of appearance Renfro made on the Van Sust-

“Nobody knows this, but the fam-

were the ones determining who goes on shows,” she says. “It was all them:” That, when Van Susteren asked about Jaron, fro described the teenager as an excellent lent with a good reputation and “an idol the younger kids” at school. The next day fro was in the Marriott lobby, holding her y daughter, when she saw Beth and Jug. When she went to give Beth a hug, “Jug sked me, verbally and physically,” Renfro.

“He pushed me! I’m holding a sleep-

baby. He just starts screaming and yelling. ‘You can’t print. ‘Fuck you! Get the away from my wife! I never want to see again.’ I was just so stunned, I had put my rt and soul into finding their girl.” Af-

are, a Fox producer explained that the Twittys were furious over her comments on Van Susteren show. Renfro was so shak- she filed a complaint with the police inst Jug Twitty. (Jug acknowledges los-

is temper and cursing at Renfro, but lies pushing her.)

Renfro attempted a reconciliation with h., going as far as suggesting that the Twittys were trying to “protect” her from lo-

criticism by pushing her away. “Beth said, well 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 Cross 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 supporter-

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 drive-

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-

aired 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-

tear 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 imminent. 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-

ouncement to American reporters and cameramen. 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 piled 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 outrageous.” 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? JonBenét. Was that ever solved? Michael Jackson—he gets off. O.J. That’s American justice, and the woman is criticizing us?”

B y mid-July, with Joran still languish-

ing in the San Nicolas jail, undergo-

ing daily questioning by Aruban, Dutch, and F.B.I. officials, a motley crowd of television producers, search teams, private eyes, and beach bums each determined to solve the case. One was Arthur Wood, a retired Sec-

ret Service agent who lives outside Ocala, Florida, and who spent his evenings glued to the Holloway coverage. In mid-June, Wood e-mailed some thoughts to Jossy Mansur, managing editor of the Aruban newspaper El Diario, who had latched onto the Twitty bandwagon as part of his own feud with the Aruban government. Eager to develop leads, Mansur invited Wood to Aruba, and put him on his payroll.

Wood began chatting up photographers, stringers, and reporters. The most intriguing lead, he decided, was a rumor that one of the Kalpoe brothers had confessed to killing Natalee—sort of—to a fellow prisoner while in the Aruban jail. The prisoner had heard that a relative’s gardener, named Cumpa, had seen Joran and the Kalpoe burying Nata-

lee’s body in a vacant lot near the Mar-

riott. When the Kalpoe brother was told the story, he supposedly went ashent and flipped over the dominoes they were playing with. Wood spent most of July tracking the elu-

sive Cumpa. There were stories that he had
Aruba Mystery

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 Jossy 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.

T

hree days later, a crowd of reporters gathered in the vacant lot by the Marriott to watch the police begin draining a pond near where the gardener, as he came to be known, claimed he had seen Joran and the Kalpoes digging. The effort quickly degenerated into farce. The first pump truck, reportedly supplied by the Mansur family, bogged down and died. Then reporters, trying to get a better view of the pond, twice broke a water main. When the pond was empty, police found nothing at the bottom but trash. Gerold Dompig ended up discounting everything the gardener had said. "The gardener's story," he says, "was a concoction."

The pond episode, however, gave Beth the cover she needed to begin a simultaneous excavation at a landfill behind the airport. The family had hired its own private investigator, an Atlanta man named T. J. Ward, who like Art Wood was soon a staple of the nightly talk shows; in fact, the two became rivals and began sniping at each other. Wood had been sent to interview a homeless man named Poom Poom, who was hounding police with a tale of seeing a woman's body in the landfill. Beth wasn't sure whether to believe the story until T. J. Ward announced Poom Poom had passed a lie-detector test. "T.J. looked me in the face and said, 'Beth, he's telling the truth,'" Beth says. "That's what sent all the people to the dump!" It took weeks for the search teams to decide there was no body there, though a team of Texas volunteers briefly renewed the search in late October.

The gardener and Poom Poom episodes were followed by the jogger—a story made the rounds in August that a late-night jogger had seen Joran and the Kalpoes digging near the same spot the gardener had identified. Police made a public appeal for the man to contact them, and he eventually did. Unfortunately, "the jogger had some problems," Art Wood says, sighing. "He was a convicted sex offender. Apparently he was a murderer or rapist or something." Gerold Dompig confirms this story. He says neither the jogger nor his story panned out in any way. Every day in July and August seemed to bring a new dead end. One time a park ranger found on a beach a piece of duct tape attached to several human hairs; a test suggested the DNA from the hair wasn't Natalee's. Another day hundreds of tourists gathered behind the Marriott to watch volunteers drag out a barrel that had been seen in the ocean. It was empty. Nothing was too outlandish to investigate. The Dutch military brought in three F-16s that flew over the island using infra-red photography in an effort to identify a grave. They, too, came up with nothing.

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 Van Susteren, 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 family would continue to be trapped in perpetual hell," she recalls. Paulus, while insisting he could remember almost nothing of the Natalee disappearance, began to sweat freely. "These beads of sweat were rolling down from his head onto the kitchen table. Beth remembers. "Beginning in the last minute, Anita had to get up and go to the kitchen. The sweat was pooling on the table. She had to pat him down." (The van der Sloots' attorney didn't return phone for comment.)

On August 8, Beth forced a similar fronton on Deepak Kalpoe, who was 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 quizzing 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. I told him my 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 just looked up 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. characterized this as evidence of the ongoing cover-up; Gerold Dompig says his men got tired of being yelled at. Still, Beth sloped forward, meeting with Nelson Ouduber, 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. I told me the brothers had been re-arrested for the cause the gardener had crippled their plan. 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 was 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
The back of your car, you're an accessory," pig says. "We were doing this to apply pressure. We felt Satish was the weakest link. We wanted to squeeze Satish. Deepak wants to get Satish. But when we put that pressure, it didn't work. Deepak is too strong."

The gambit blew up in Dompig's face. "Then the very same people who want to solve the case—the family and the law—worked against us," he says. "There's all this criticism that we should never have released the [Kalpoes] in the first place. Fortunately, the judge, you know, he heard and he didn't agree with us. So we lost Kalpoes. When [they are] walking, Joran's father says, 'Well, what about my client?' in that started rolling, that was the beginning of the end."

On Wednesday, August 31, the judge ordered Joran released; the next day the brothers were released as well. "It was all about nice Katrina," Beth charges. Her anger's fresh today as it was that day. "All the versions were gone to New Orleans," she says. "So it was time to let the boys go under a curtain of Hurricane Katrina. Right there. That's your corruption and collusion.

"Maybe. But a more likely explanation for judge's decision is that the police had body, no evidence of murder or any other crime. They had kept Joran in jail for nearly three months, and he hadn't cracked.

Some evidence, the judge said, or let the go."

Jared traveled with his father to Netherlands, where he enrolled in college. He was briefly accorded by a producer for A Current Affair, to whom he repeated his story. His story had told Charles Croes last on a drive months before. The Kalpoes were to their jobs. The Twittys retreated to Bama for several weeks, but Beth returned Aruba at Halloween as a new group of others began using sonar to hunt for the off the northern beaches, only to quit. A lack of cooperation from Aruban authorities.

Since Joran's release, the only real news he investigation has come of, all the, the Dr. Phil show, which sent a team investigators to Aruba. There, in a taped review, a California lie-detector specialist said Jamie Skeeters seemed to get Deep Kalpo to admit to having had sex with Natalee. The tape is being examined by law authorities, but Gerold Dompig, for it, 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's time on Aruba, he says. 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.

"This group of students was a very—I don't want to demonize them—but the group really went far, very far, in terms of having a good time," Dompig says. "Wild partying, a lot of drinking, lots of room switching every night. We know the Holiday Inn told them they weren't welcome next year. Natalee, we know, she drank all day every day. We have statements she started every morning with cocktails—so much drinking that Natalee didn't show up for breakfast two mornings."

Despite reports to the contrary, Dompig feels certain Natalee didn't meet Joran until her final day on Aruba, Sunday. He confirms that there have been numerous reports that she may have been involved with other young men on the island. "We have taken two statements, from Jula Renfro and a Holiday Inn worker, that Beth told them she had gotten a call from her daughter, and that she was in love with a tall, blue-eyed Dutch teenager. So [Beth] had contact with her daughter. But she denies it. The question is why. If [the Twittys] don't level with us, how can they talk about a conspiracy? We need to know the truth. Joran did not have blue eyes. So who was this boy?"

Beth denies making any such statements, or even having talked with Natalee while she was in Aruba.

The Twittys have accused Joran of changing his story more than 20 times. Dompig says that, while Joran has indeed made small changes in some of his more than 20 statements, he has given just three versions of what happened. The first, discarded in early June, ended with Natalee dropped off at the Holiday Inn. The second had Joran leaving her at the beach by the Marriott. In a third, given to police in August, Joran claimed Deepak had actually dropped him off near his home and disappeared with Natalee in his car.

"This latest story [came] when he saw the other guys, the Kalpoes, were kind of finger-pointing in his direction, and he wanted to screw them also, by saying he was dropped off," Dompig says. "But that story doesn't check out at all. He just wanted to screw Deepak. They had great arguments about this in front of the judge. Because their stories didn't match. This girl, she was from Alabama, she's not going to stay in the car with two black kids. We believe the second story, that they were dropped off by the Marriott. But then the time line [Joran has given] starts to get into trouble."

Aruban detectives have repeatedly interviewed 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."

Leaving aside Dompig's explanations and excuses, and ignoring some of the Twittys' behavior toward Arubans, one can't help but share Beth's outrage that the principal suspects in her daughter's disappearance are free. Yet, absent a body or any physical evidence, the situation is unlikely to change anytime soon. It's entirely possible, in fact, that the mystery may never be solved.

What do I think? I think Natalee died on the beach that night a couple of hundred yards north of the Marriott. Maybe she denied Joran sex and he strangled or drowned her in a fit of rage. Maybe it was alcohol poisoning. Maybe, as some have speculated, she was slapped a tablet of Ectasy or some other drug, and she died from a lethal cocktail.

If her body had been buried on Aruba, it probably would have been found by now. If it had been dumped into the surf, it would have ended up back on the beach the following morning. But 200 yards offshore is a sandbar. It's a romantic rendezvous. Couples sometimes go there to make love, and the fishermen watch from their boats. On the other side of that sandbar the current shifts, running west. Anything placed in the water on the far side of the sandbar will drift away from the island, toward Panama. If Natalee was deposited there, her body is gone forever.
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 imperious 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 gibbsn and insolence.

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 Raines's installation, in September 2001, was working under investigative editor Stu Engelberg, and was, according to *Times*ers and editors familiar with her work, time-supervised very closely. For a while, it seemed as if the *Times* had finally landed upon a formula that made Miller's shafts worth the trouble. She was recognized as one of the lead journalists on a piece that had, in 2001, dissected the "g" terror network and the threats it posed and won the *Times* one of its seven Pulitzers. Her work on the Pulitzer piece made her even more appealing to Raines as an editor with a taste for flashy exposés and prizewinning packages.

Soon after she won the Pulitzer, however, Miller's safety net began to dissolve. Stu Engelberg, increasingly frustrated by what he saw as Howell Raines's desire to ram sensational stories into the paper, quit. It was this time, according to a *Times* source, that Miller referred to herself as "Miss Amok" because, as she said, she couldn't help herself. Miller's editors began to complain that Raines refused to allow substantial editing of Miller's work. The result was a series of credulous stories and weapons of mass destruction in Iraq that helped, in the eyes of many, to justify the administration's spin on the war.

Over time, the contempt and frustration directed toward Miller began to indicate a new perspective of her. For example, although Miller shared her byline with Michael Gordon in the now infamous September 8, 2002, front-dispatch about Saddam Hussein's attempts to purchase a large quantity of 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 of gullibility, or even willful slandering on behalf of the administration. In fact, it had been Michael Gordon who brought in the aluminum-tubes aspect of that story. (Gordon eventually wrote several corrective follow-ups on the issue.)

By the spring of 2003, when it became clear to most of the country that Iraq was unlikely there were any W.M.D. 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 the paper's W.M.D. coverage, Raines was struggling desperately to save both his job and his reputation.

This was the situation Bill Keller faced as he took over. He knew that the past pre-war reporting and Miller's embedded
a team of soldiers sent to hunt for D. in Iraq would only draw more crit-
ticism as time went on. (Keller declined to comment 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 the second story, the Times’s weapons re-
ing for as long as he could; in the mean-
time, he’d assign some of the best journal-
ists he had to re-examine the W.M.D. issue.

Way, the paper could solve the problem of good reporting. Finally, he told Mil-
ler that she was not allowed to cover W.M.D.

national security. This, he thought, would last minimize the damage Miller could cause.

He was wrong. While Times editors re-

lentily batted down Miller’s story ideas, they continued to report on national se-

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

munity. (Miller has said that she was per-

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

er, Judith Miller problem had grown big-

ner than ever.

By Tuesday, October 4, David Barstow had told Jon Landman that, because his friendship with Miller, he’d be un-

able to work on the team. That left Adam

ak, Janny Scott, and Don Van Natta.

Landman was hoping to get at least a pro-

nouncement explaining Miller’s role in leak case into the paper by the week-

end, for the Sunday, October 9, edition. He

said he needed at least one more re-
ter, and he asked another of the paper’s

tors to approach Clifford Levy.

Levy is what newsrooms call a “doc” — he has a remarkable ability to pore

ough thousands of pages of complicated

cuments. Initially, the work he was as-

signed on the Miller project was relative-

ly contained. “[Landman] wanted me to go through all the editorials that the paper had on 

the Miller case and write a section on 

what the paper’s editorial views had 

been over those many months,” Levy says.

By Wednesday, October 5, it appeared 

they would be needed for more than sim-

ilar — he’d help write the story, and would help sort through the incredible amounts of information coming in. (“As soon as I came clear we were doing this, everyone started to call in with their own Judy horror 

ry,” one of the reporters said.) Liptak, former Times lawyer, would focus on the 1st Amendment and legal issues raised in the case. Scott would report on the activ-

ities inside the Times building — on Sulzberger, 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 Times’s lead reporters on the Monica Lewinsky case, in which Bennett defended President Clinton.)

Miller, it soon became clear, was not go-

ing to be an easy source to deal with. She ini-
tially 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 im-
pisoned. She refused to speak with Scott be-

cause, she told friends, Scott had not bothered 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 Times’s newsroom. Miller im-

mediately 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

colleague 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-

fice; at that point, Miller told Van Natta

she couldn’t speak with him because Libb-

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 
dealing with Judy,” Van Natta said. “At that 

point her stance was basically not to coop-

erate 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

stayed up most of the night trying to write

a piece 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

something that’s at odds with that, she’s po-
tentially a perjury target. The answer to that

dilemma, of course, is to always be consist-

ent and truthful.” Despite having little to

work with, by early Saturday morning, the

team had cobbled together a story they

hoped 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 answer any of the larger questions about

what was really going on here. If this was

the answer to the promise we’d made to our

readers about coming clean, it was just in-

adequate.”

Early on Saturday morning, Landman,

Levy, Liptak, and Van Natta reconvened in

Landman’s office. They all agreed the piece

couldn’t run. Miller was scheduled to testify

once 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 Times newsroom began
to percolate with rumors. Had Sulzberger

personally killed the story? Was the piece
ever going to run? “There was this enor-

mous pressure, both from within the pa-

per and from the outside world, to get this

thing in,” says one of the reporters. “And

then when it didn’t appear, I got these

e-mails saying, ‘Just tell me the truth. Has

it been killed? There were so many con-

spiracies, about Arthur protecting her, or

whatever. 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

Van Natta’s line of questioning, and Van Natt-

a felt she was trying to have him removed

from the story. (Miller did something similar

in my case. After I approached her for this

story, she complained to the editor of this

magazine and raised questions about my al-

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

“As, I read what you wrote about me in your

book. You never bothered to check any of your alleged facts about me. I have

absolutely no intention of talking to you.”

Three weeks later, after the story had been

written and edited, she sent another e-mail

that read, “When you are finished with your

research, and want my input before you

write, send me a list of questions.” I sent

Miller questions on two occasions, to which

she never replied. Outside of noting that

Miller’s pre-war W.M.D. reporting was

default—which Miller herself now acknow-

ledges—there are barely any mentions of

Miller in Hard News, my book about How-

nell Raines and the Times. What’s more, while writing it, I tried to reach her nu-

merous times for comment. She never re-

sponded.)

Miller was also delaying handing in a

first-person account of her grand-jury tes-

timony. Part of the problem was that her

lawyers were dead set against her writing
**New York Times**

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 even 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 pre-scient 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 what seemed like a very similar deal to what she had been offered at the outset.” Bennett, who didn’t respond to requests for comment, prevailed, and eventually reached a deal with Libby and had him clarify what he had communicated through his lawyer earlier: that Miller was free to testify. All of the deal, Fitzgerald also promised, that the grand jury would limit its quest to Scooter Libby and the Wilson case.

“When Judy took that deal, I was crushed,” said one colleague. “Her argument was that waivers are by definition coercive of the right one. If anything, it’s more correct to go back to a source when you’re sure and say, ‘Are you sure you really want us not to protect you?’”

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

On Sunday, October 16, more than two weeks after her release, the *Times* published its 6,000-word dispatch on Miller’s case, accompanied by the Barstow-guest column of Miller’s grand-jury testimony. The two stories highlighted the degree to which Miller was seen as a renegade reporter who included details of her unusual sourcing arrangements, murky security clearances, and Miller’s apparent misleading of her editors.

Before the *Times* report was even published, Bill Keller, perhaps rememberin disastrous “town hall” meeting that had convened in the wake of the *Times*’s reporting on the Jayson Blair affair, decamped previously scheduled tour through Times reaas in the Far East. While he was in the newsroom frustrations 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 we became executive editor,” Keller wrote to Asia. He also addressed the Miller saga in this case I missed what should have been a significant alarm bell. Until Fitzgerald came after her, I didn’t know that Judy had been one of the reporters on the receiving end of the anti-Wilson whisper campaign. I should have wondered why I was learning this in the special counsel, a year after the fact. If I had known the details of Judy’s challenge with Libby, I’d have been far more careful in how the paper articulated the defense, and perhaps more willing than I was to support efforts aimed at expelling 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, and of being outrageous and frantic. If Miller were to return to the *Times*, Dowd wrote, "a 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 ending in a lynching of a reporter it had just at months defending. Keller was critical for using the loaded word "entanglement" when "conversations" would have sufficed. Gadfly's like the *New York Post* and *Newsday* delighted in lamping up the conflict between Dowd and Miller. (PUNCHIN' OUT: A CATFIGHT BREAKS OUT AT PAPER OF CRACKED, Screamed the *New York Post* day after Dowd's column ran.) Sulzberger, meanwhile, seemed to scramble 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 'culpurs' were my pas too."

Miller, to the surprise of no one who knew her, dug in her heels and prepared for fight. Instead of taking several months off, he initially indicated she'd do, she began make noises about returning to the *Times* meditatively. One source says she called ads and advisers to tell them that her or Sulzberger ever asked to see her, she would have shared them without problem. She demanded she be given time to write an op-ed column refuting the charges against her. She had all-day meet- s with lawyers and private conferences with Sulzberger. Meanwhile, she continued to be defamable in Manhattan and Sag Harbor, on Long Island, where she and Epstein live. Miltights began to take on the currency potting Leo and Giselle canoodling with their new partners. One day she was seen king through Times Square, the *Post's* "Page Six" reported. On another, she was having breakfast at Balthazar with annotated Andrea Peyser, said the gossip site Gawker. She was out "gigging 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* ran thousands of words on her jail engagements, describing dinner with writer 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 demise 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 inter-personal 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 saying, 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*' 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* newsroom: If Judy is the new Jayson, then Arthur is the new Howell.

The same night Miller chatted with Larry King, Sulzberger 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
Cover: Noomi 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 to baileybanksandbiddle.com.

Page 10: Noomi Watts’s Zac Posen dress from Barneys New York, NYC, and LA, or call 212-826-8900, and Louis Boston, Boston, or call 617-262-6100.

Page 26b: See credits for cover.


Page 49: Amanda Hearst’s Tee sweater from Tse, Costa Mesa, Calif., or call 800-301-8873; for Hunter Boots boots, go to hunterboots.com.

Page 72: Lulu Guinness’s Martin Grant dress from Jeffrey, NYC, Barneys New York and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, and Harvey Nichols, London. Lulu Guinness shoes from Lulu Guinness, NYC, or call 212-367-2120.


Page 85: Kirstie Alley styled by Emma Trask for Pantos; dress by Alexander McQueen, from the Paper bag Princess, L.A., or call 310-385-9036; flashlight from The Way We Were, L.A., or call 323-937-0978.


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 Capito E jeans from lev.com, or call 800-USA-LEVI. Daniel Doe Kim’s DKNY tank top and pants from selected DKNY stores, or go to dknyc.com, or call 800-238-0884. Yunjin Kim’s Vivienne Westwood top and skirt from Vivienne Westwood, London, or call 01-44-207-629-3751. Cynthia Watros’s Ann Demeulemeester dress from Barneys New York, NYC. For Michelle Rodriguez’s Genera top, go to generana.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(1)st tank top from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide, or go to bloomingdales.com; for Tommy Hilfiger jeans, call 888-TOMMY4U, or 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 888-475-1764, or to polo.com.

Pages 102–3: Bruno Campus’s Canali shirt and tie from Bloomingdale’s, Nordstrom, and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. Giorgio Armani pants from Giorgio Armani, NYC, or call 212-988-9911, or to giorgioarmani.com; vintage Wittnauer watch from D. K. Bressler, NYC, or call 212-302-2177. Roma Moffo’s CBGB Max Azria dress from CBGB boutiques nationwide, or call 888-636-CBGB; for necklace by R. J. Graziano, on call 888-DYURMAN, or to dyurman.com. For David Yurman bracelet, call 888-DYURMAN, or to dyurman.com. Josie Richardson’s Jennifer Nicholson dress from Fred Segal, L.A., or call 323-851-4297. Julian McMahon’s Canali suit from Bloomingdale’s, Nordstrom, and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide, or go to canali.it. 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, or to davidyurman.com. Giorgio Armani pants from Giorgio Armani, NYC, or by Canali, from Bloomingdale’s, Nordstrom, and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide, or go to canali.it. John Hensley’s Thom Browne suit from Thom Browne and Bergdorf Goodman Men’s, both in NY. Neiman Marcus, San Francisco, and Ron Herman, L.A., or call 212-632-1977. Ralph Lauren shirt and tie, from selected Ralph Lauren stores, or call 888-975-1746. Jessalyn Gilsig’s Asprey dress and necklace from Asprey, NYC, and Beverly Hills, or call 800-883-2177, or go to asprey.com; for bracelet by R. J. Graziano, call 212-685-1248. Kelly Carlson’s Collette Dinong dress from Linda Dresner, NYC, or call 212-308-3177. Agent Provocateur bra from Agent Provocateur, NYC, and LA, or call 212-965-0229, or to agentprovocateur.com; for David Yurman earnings and rings, call 888-DYURMAN, or to davidyurman.com; for bracelet by M. & J. Savitt, call 800-355-WITT. Deda Cohen for celestianyc.com.

Pages 106–7: Steve Canale’s Brooks Brothers tuxedo, shirt, vest, and bow tie from selected Brooks Brothers stores, or call 800-274-1815, or go to brooksisbrothers.com. Robert Tokold suits from Robert Tokold stores nationwide, or call 800-747-8788. For Robert Tokold suits, or call 800-274-1815, or go to roberttokold.com. Ascot & Henley hat from Neal & Palmer, Lodon, or call 01-44-207-495-4094. Dummy’s clothing from Greg Lynn’s Tuxedo Shop, L.A., or call 888-980-5480, or go to tuxedoshop.com; shoes from Little Ecc, NYC, or call 212-717-5181; hat from Western Costume Rental, L.A., or call 818-620-0700.

Pages 110–11: Matthew Broderick’s Emmanegido Zeago suit, shirt, and belt from Emmanegido Zeago boutiques nationwide, or call 888-380-3642, or go to zeago.com. Ralph Lauren shoes from selected Ralph Lauren stores, or call 888-475-1764, or go to polo.com. Spencer Hart tie from Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, or call 212-777-7300.

Page 118: Noomi Watts’s Atelier Versace dress from Versace boutiques worldwide, or call 888-VERSACE; Chorvet scarf from Chorvet, Paris, or call 813-344-260-7799. Mikimoto earnings from Bailey Banks & Biddle stores nationwide, or call 800-442222, or to baileybanksandbiddle.com.


Pages 122–23: Ralph Lauren swimsuit from Ralph Lauren stores, or go to polo.com.

David Yurman bracelets from David Yurman, NYC, Atlanta, Las Vegas, Houston, Bal Harbour, Fla., Manhasset, NY, and Costa Mesa, Calif., or call 888-DYURMAN, or to dyurman.com.

Page 125: Mikhail Baryshnikov’s Valentino pants and pants from Valentino, NYC, or call 212-772-8900.

Page 170: Catherine Deneuve’s Lonvin trench coat from Barneys New York, NYC, Chicago, or LA, or call 212-826-8900. Christian Louboutin shoes from Christian Louboutin, NYC, or call 212-396-1884; for vintage Bulgari earnings and brooch from BUERL-BURGARI; Sassy Vila for Filomena.

BEAUTY AND GROOMING
Cover: Noomi Watts’s hair styled with Kerastase Paris Creme Bisto and Emilson Nutri-Instant; Sebastien 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 Eye Liner Pencil in Black, and Wonder Volume Mascara in Wonder Black; on her cheeks, Multi in Tender Raspberry; on her lips, Le Rouge Lips, Emotion 800; Lee Pycroft for Premier.

Page 26b: See credits for cover.

Page 34: Seth Minoian’s grooming by Sarah Potamian for the Wall Group.

Pages 72–76: Lulu Guinness’s hair styled with Bumble and Bumble. Does It All Styling Spray, Penny Roumagnou for Blunt Makeup by Givenchy on her eyes, Magic Kate Liner in Black, and Parad Eyes Volume, L.e. and Curl Mascara in Black; on her lips, Essential Lipstick in Shaun Red; Mel Alter for Givenchy/CLM.

Page 81: Olivia Wilde’s hair styled with Redken in The Loop. O.C. Burl and Lush Whip. O. Styling Cream, Thomas

168 | V A N I T Y  F A I R  | www.vanityfair.com | J A N U A R Y  2 0 0 4
Page 125: Mikhail Boryshnikov's hair styled with Kiehl's Creative Cream Wax; his face moisturized with Kiehl's Soothing Nourishing Face Cream for Men; on her face, Lançôme Matte Finish in Beige, Hollie Bowman for the Wall Group. 

Page 126: Where to find beauty products:

Bobbi Brown, Barneys New York, Neiman Marcus, and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide.

Bumble and Bumble, Bumble and Bumble salons, N.Y.C., or go to bumbleandbumble.com.

Clinique, Macy's, and Saks Fifth Avenue stores, bath in N.Y.C., and other selected department stores.

Face Stockholm, Face Stockholm stores, N.Y.C., or go to facestockholm.com.

Givenchy, Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide, or go to saks.com.

John Frieda, drugstores nationwide, or go to drugstore.com.

Kiehl's, selected salons, or go to kiehls.com.

Lancôme, major department stores nationwide, or go to lancome.com.

L'Oréal, drugstores nationwide.

L'Oréal Professionnel, specialty salons and hair-supply stores nationwide.

MAC, MAC stores and department stores nationwide, or go to maccosmetics.com.

Redken, Redken Galleries, N.Y.C., or go to redken.com.

Stila, Sephora stores nationwide, or go to sephora.com.

Tigi Bed Head, specialty stores and drugstores nationwide, or go to tigihaircare.com or drugstore.com.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND MISCALLANY

Cover: Produced on location by Teresa Kaloya for Czech: Cannecken, Prague.

Page 26: See credit for cover


Page 52: Bottom, photograph of television from photosobjects.net/PictureQuest; image from “Country Boys” by Michael Lutch/ITVS.

Page 54: Top left, by Kayte Delamaza/Zuma Press.

Page 56: All photographs from Getty Images.

Clockwise from top left: from AFP, by Bil Espridge/Time Life Pictures, Peter Kramer, Mark Wilson, Mary How, Stephen Stugerman, Mat Swijskis, Evan Agastin, Evan Agastin, Alew Wang, Rebecca Taylor.

Page 66: By Scott Applewhite/AP Wide World Photos (Bush), Matthew Cavanaugh/EPA/landov (Rumsfeld), Benjamin Lawy/Corbis (Tank), Pablo Martinez/AP Wide World Photos (Rice and Hughes), Win McNamee/Getty Images (Lobby), Doug Mills/AP Wide World Photos (Cheney and Card).


Page 73: Second from top, from the Alexander Library Ltd.

Page 94–95: Production by Ruth Levy; Hawaiian production by FX for fx-group.com, special thanks to the Halekulani Hotel.

Pages 98–99: Produced on location by Anne Dannell for Pantofilia One.

Page 100–101: From Ashes and Snow L.L.C.

Page 102–3: Jamie Deon for Portas; Norman Stewart for Zenobia Agency.


Pages 110–11: Casting by ML McCarthy for Urban Productions.

Page 119: Volestoage luggage from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.


Pages 140–41: From Carib (1), courtesy of St Paul’s School Archives (5, 6, B), from Concord Monitor (9).

Page 150: By James Devaney/Wire Image (Bergeron), Arnoldo Magnani/Getty Images (Bloomberg).

Page 160: By Brooks Kraft/Corbis (Rose), © by Walt Disney/Everett Collection (Chicken Little).
It has been nearly 50 years since Catherine Deneuve made her film debut, in Les Collégiennes. Today the Parisian beauty, currently starring in Palais Royal!, reigns as the grande dame of French cinema. A former Chanel model and now a MAC icon, she reveals her green thumb, an early love of Hermès, and a strong aversion to insects.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
George Sand.

Which living person do you most admire?
Aung San Suu Kyi.

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 I had a problem and I couldn’t admit it."

Lindsay Lohan: Confessions of a Teenage Movie Queen

Don Imus’s Last Stand · Special Prosecutor Patrick Fitzgerald · Air-Marshall Mysteries

Sex Scandal That’s Rocking Italy · The “Gawker” Crew · When Washington Was Fun
INTRODUCING

YOUTH DEW

AMBER NUDE

A NEW FRAGRANCE FOR WOMEN
Saks loves art for art's sake.
INES DE LA FRESSANGE
FOR
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

CONVERSIONS APPROXIMATELY

CHRISTIE'S

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
INTRODUCING
THE HANDBAG COLLECTION

BANANA REPUBLIC
ST. JOHN
"I think my hair deserves to go beyond one-tone color."

COULEUR EXPERTE™
Easy Two-Step Multi-Tonal Color System

Start with Brilliant All-Over color and add harmonizing highlights for the truest multi-tonal color experience.

It's breathtaking multi-tonal color with highs and lows that gives hair depth, movement, fluidity.

You could never get this color from any other single box of haircolor.

Couleur Experte™
Because You're Worth It™

STEP 1:
Brilliant All-Over Color
To lighten or deepen your base and even cover grays.

STEP 2:
Harmonizing Highlights
Sweep on shining highlights to complement your base color and haircut.

Multi-tonal transformation

Before

Log onto www.CouleurExperte.com

L'ORÉAL PARIS
©2005 L'Oréal USA, Inc.
A Truly Unique COLLECTION

Clifford Coffin, September

Vintage covers, photographs and illustrations reproduced from the Conde Nast Archive. Gallery quality prints available in two sizes, framed or unframed, for both your home and office. To view more of our collection, and to order, visit us at www.condenastART.com or call 1-888-728-4021

Conde Nast Art
THE BEST PARTY ON THE WEB.—THE INDEPENDENT (U.K.)

LOG ON TO VANITYFAIR.COM FOR SPARKLING COMMENTARY, HOT NEWS, AND PARTY PICTURES, PLUS THE INSIDE TRACK ON NEW FILMS, BOOKS, MUSIC, AND EVENTS. FROM JAMES WOLCOTT'S MUST-READ BLOG TO THE "DAILY DOSE" OF MUST-CLICK LINKS (TO VITAL SITES FOR GOSSIP, NEWS, CULTURE, AND OPINION), FROM MICHAEL LUTIN'S HOROSCOPE TO A FREEWHEELING ONLINE FORUM, VANITYFAIR.COM HAS GATHERED ALL THE STYLE, ALL THE DISH, AND ALL THE FUN ON ONE A-LIST SITE.
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 Kid's 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

Kate Winslet

My life. My card.
FEATURES

120 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.

128 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, braniac, legal juggernaut.

132 DRIVEN BY DYNASTY The adored grandson of the late 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.

140 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.

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

146 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.

150 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.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48
EACH MONTH, VANITY FAIR GIVES YOU THE SCOOP. NOW IT'S YOUR TURN.

Are you the person friends come to for the latest on what to do, where to go, and what to buy? If the answer is yes, then Vanity Fair wants you for its A-List panel. You'll have the chance to share your opinions through periodic surveys and polls, as well as receive updates on Vanity Fair events and programs.

When you sign up, you'll be entered into a drawing to win a framed Vanity Fair cover.

Log on to iceology.com/VF/A-ListPanel today.
Lift here
to discover
Acqua di Giò
for Men
WEST OF WESTERN
Visit Phoenix for the West of Western Culinary Festival, March 18–19, 2006, and discover a bounty of desert flavors and a re-invention of culinary styles that is truly west of western. Meet the chefs who are redefining the image of the West, offering the finest tastes of innovation, tradition, and unexpected delights. Plus, learn the culinary secrets of the desert. For festival information, visit westofwestern.com, and for visitor information, log on to visitphoenix.com/vanity or call 866-705-9743.

SHOPPING FOR A CAUSE
On September 14, 2005, TSE and Vanity Fair hosted a special charity evening at the new TSE boutique at South Coast Plaza in Costa Mesa, California. More than 125 guests, including Augustine Tse, enjoyed cocktails and hors d'oeuvres, entered to win a $1,000 TSE gift certificate, and shopped the Fall 2005 TSE collection to benefit Childhelp USA.

VANITY FAIR ACCESS
Visit VanityFair.com and click on "Vanity Fair Access" for monthly updates on the most exclusive promotions and opportunities.

A DESIGN EVENT
At Infiniti, vibrant design is the soul of every vehicle created. And it’s inspired Infiniti to put together a panel of six prominent designers, including Vivienne Tam, Karim Rashid, and two of the company’s own, to discuss their views and opinions in an open forum. To watch the forum, or to learn more about these designers, visit condenet.com/promo/vibrantdesign.
ERY WHEEL HAS ITS ROLE. Welcome to the world of performance-tuned AWD, now available on the V6. All four tires sharing 255 hp. Power split with a 40/60 rear bias for greater performance. Responsive, left/right stable torque as conditions demand. Empowering four, for all the right reasons. Cadillac STS V6 starting at $41,740.

BREAK THROUGH

A year of OnStar safety, on every Cadillac. Details at cadillac.com.

*MSRP. STS V6 as shown $46,675 MSRP. Tax, title, license, dealer fees and other optional equipment extra.

**Standard one-year OnStar service varies by model. Call 1 888 4ONSTAR (1 888 466 7827) or visit onstar.com for system limitations and details.

©2005 GM Corp. All rights reserved. Break Through Cadillac. Cadillac badge. OnStar STS.
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12:

154 CAMELOT'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 Wachowsky 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

TO FIND CONDE' NAST MAGAZINES ONLINE, VISIT www.condenast.com.
TO FIND VANITY FAIR, VISIT www.vanityfair.com.

PRINTED IN THE U.S.
As I See It, #9 in a photographic series by Sacha Waldman.

Hats off to tankless technology.
The surprising simplicity of the Purist Hatbox toilet.
Expect the unexpected.

1-800-4-KOHLER, ext. NG2
kohler.com/puristtoilet
ALPH LAUREN ROMANCE

E WOMEN'S FRAGRANCE BY RALPH LAUREN
RALPH LAUREN ROMANCE

THE WOMEN'S FRAGRANCE BY RALPH LAUREN

NORDSTROM
VANITY FAIR

Vice President and Publisher ALAN KATZ
Associate Publisher, Advertising GINGER SUTTON
Associate Publisher, Creative Services and Marketing RENEE LEWIN
Advertising Director DAVID WADE
Business Director MARC LEYER, Finance Director ROSEMARY STANTON
Executive Beauty Director LUCILLE DURAN
Executive Director, International Fashion MARIA ELIASON
Executive Fashion Director EMILY DAVIS
Entertainment, Automotive, and Southeast Director JAMIE TRIFIDIAN
Jewelry and Watch Director DANIEL T. BORCHERT
New England and Spirits Manager KATHRYN BANINO BANO
Financial and Technology Manager JULIA WILCOX
Fashion and Retail Manager OLIVIA MICHELE GELADE
Marketing Director ERIC A. KARP, Senior Marketing Manager LIZ HODGES, Marketing Associate GEOFF SHAW
Assistant to the Publisher ANNE ONOUE, Advertising Coordinator MARTINA NAVRATIL

West Coast Director RITA MORAN CHAVES
Southwest Manager STACY MACKLIN
6300 W falshe Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90048
323-965-3400

Detroit Manager
KELLIE A. MCALOON
2600 West Big Beaver Road
Suite 440
Troy, Michigan 48084
248-458-3100

Midwest Director
DARREN KLAPODROJ
875 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611
312-649-3517

San Francisco Director RUTH TOOKER
50 Francisco Street
Suite 115
San Francisco, California 94111
415-955-8270

Dallas
LEWIS STAFORD COMPANY
5000 Quorum Drive
Suite 545
Dallas, Texas 75240
972-960-2889

Hawaii
LOREN MALENCHER
Malenchek & Associates
2875 Kahoale Street
Kaila Hawaii 96753
808-283-7122

Canada
DODD MEDIA SALES
312 Theatre Road North, RR4
Cobourg, Ontario
KVA 4J7 Canada
905-885-0664

London
FRAN BERRICK
Go Media Sales Ltd.
61 Grosvenor Street
London, England WIT 9DA
44-20-7409-2666

Hong Kong
PETER JEFFERY
Asia Integrated Media Limited
15th Floor, Tower 2, The Central
251 Queen Road Central
Hong Kong
852-2850-4013

Director of Creative Services BRENDA OLIVER
Director of Merchandising and Creative Development JILL MENAGHAN
Director of Special Events DANA DAYITO
Associate Promotions Manager AUDRA ASENCIO
Creative Director, Advertising COLLEEN MEADE CLAPS
Associate Art Director JANE O'CONNOR
Copy Director ANNE DIBENEDETTO
Associate Copy Director JENNIFER PROBINS-HENDerson
Senior Copy Manager KAREN JENSEN
Associate Director of Special Projects SHELBY TOMPkins
Senior Merchandising Manager JUDY MATZ
TERRENCE CHARLES Merchandising Manager HOLLY DONLON
Creative Development Director JENNIFER ORR KELMAN
Entertainment Marketing Consultant JENNIFER PARKER VAN ZYL
Promotions Assistant KELLY FLOREO
Advertising Assistants MICHELLE EDGAR, NOA YEMINI, EERRIDAY MANSEL, K. QUINN STUDE
TONI PAUWELS (Detroit), CATHY HERZENBERG (Chicago), STACI CAZENAVE (Los Angeles), MATTHEW NEMETHY (San Francisco)

PUBLISHED BY THE CONDE NATS PUBLICATIONS
Chairman S. I. NEWHOUSE, JR.
President and CEO CHARLES H. TOWNSEND

Executive Vice President—Chief Operating Officer JOHN W. BELLANDO
Executive Vice President—Human Resources JILL BRIGHT
Senior Vice President—Manufacturing and Distribution KEVIN G. HICKEY
Senior Vice President—Chief Communications Officer MAURIE PERL
Senior Vice President—Planning and Development PRIMALIA CHANG
Senior Vice President—Market Research SCOTT MCDONALD
Senior Vice President—Finance DEBI CHIRCHILLA
Vice President—Editorial Business Manager LINDA RICE
Vice President—Corporate Creative Director GARY VAN DIS

ADVANCE MAGAZINE GROUP
CONDE NATS MEDIA GROUP
President RICHARD D. BICKMAN
Senior Vice President—Finance ROBERT A. SILVERSTONE
Vice President—Corporate Sales SUZANNE GRIMES
Vice President—Strategic Sales LINDA MASON
Vice President—Corporate Sales, Detroit PEGGY DUNICH
Vice President—Creative Marketing CARI DEHUT PERL
Vice President—Marketing MATT ROBERTS

CONSUMER MARKETING
Senior Vice President—Consumer Marketing PETER A. ARMOUR
Vice President—Retail Marketing JAMES J. MATE

(4 division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.)
Published at 4 Times Square, New York, New York 10036

Subscription information: Please write to Vanity Fair, Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714, or call 800-365-0635
For permission and reprint requests, please call 212-286-8349 or fax requests to 212-286-8628.

FEBRUARY 20
OYING HIS NEW MERCURY MILAN, Bill cleverly convinced Mary that sightseeing was best done on the fly.

Introducing the all-new 2006 Mercury Milan.

Mary could see why stopping was not an option for Bill. Two-tone leather seats,** satin-aluminum accents and Bill's favorite—Milan's 2.3L I-4 engine with a five-speed manual!*** Now, if only she could convince Bill to let her drive.

It is what makes incubators, baby bottles and car seats possible. It is chemistry.
If You Have Nothing to Hide …

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, was safety. Although planes over New York now follow pretty much the same flight paths that they did before September, the vice president used the influence of 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 storm—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 bars 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 tentional devastation of Katrina. The special House committee inquiring 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 minish everyone else’s freedoms at home. The USA Patriot Act, 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 Pakenham which appeared in the Telegraph last July. During a drug trial in which Pakenham had clashed often with a judge, a bag of marijuana was produced in evidence. Bring 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 substance 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 been through—in public, no less—would be total basket cases. Though she has certainly bouts of weakness, she now seems to be channeling the dark stuff in productive way.

Buzz Bissinger

When you interact with D. 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 resuscitating 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 some of 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 visionary Gianni Agnelli, contributing editor Mark Seal became fascinated with Turin, Italy, the backdrop for Elkann’s descent into drugs and the company of transsexual prostitutes. “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, urban and historic, 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. V 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 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 be 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
CRAVING CALVIN

Fashion straight from the runways. Now on STYLE.COM

STYLE.COM

See fashion first
CAUGHT UP IN THE RAPTURE

What would Jesus think?; Robert Redford champions PBS; revealing contributions; a princely pair; and authentic consequences

A
s 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-Rapturous 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 “detractive story on Rapture mania,” has taken the 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 tenets of Evangelicals. As evidence, he asserts that 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.” Was that 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 humanists wanting war, and of blindly following preachers’ teachings. To him, we are an intolerant cult of hateful, right-wing fanatics.

The truth is that Evangelicals represent a truly diverse cross section of America.
RÉNERGIE MICROLIFT EYE
YOUR ADVANCED EYELIFT
WITH 6,500 TARGETED MICROLIFTS*

NEW EYE CONTOUR TREATMENT • LIFTING • FIRMING • ANTI-WRINKLE
> IMMEDIATELY, MICROLIFTERS FORM A NETWORK ON SKIN TO TIGHTEN AND LIFT
> WITHIN 4 WEEKS, SKIN FEELS FIRMER. 81%** SEE LIDS LIFTED.
> EYES APPEAR RECONTOURED. WIDE-OPEN.

*On average, women ages 40-55 have 6,500 micro points concentrated in the delicate eye area. Renergie Microlift Eye targets these points to tighten, lift, and firm skin. **Percentage of women who reported visible improvement during a 4-week consumer test.

shop@lancome.com
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 Volvo,” 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 Now 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 programing 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 a
Façonnable

New York
Beverly Hills
South Coast Plaza
Dallas
Coral Gables
Nordstrom Stores

ANCOU NABLE.COM
free press ["60 Minutes Is Going Down!", December]. Mapes has done what the Bush administration she 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 inadequate 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
Brooklyn, 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.

Dana Giachetto—the high-flying Hollywood money manager who by night partyed 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"). Giachetto 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 $5,500 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 accounts 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, Giachetto'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. Giaccheto 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., Giachetto 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 Giachetto's financial firm, the Cassandra Group, has set about sing 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, Tobey Maguire, Courteney Cox Arquette, Alanis Morissette, and Mike Ozvitz have returned smaller amounts. Altogether, Geltzer has initiated about 100 of these "adversary proceedings" and about 65 of them have been resolved.

Giachetto 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, Giachetto launched a new capitalist venture in high-end canned foods. His company, Taste, is for those with discerning palates and gourmet can openers.
hynôse
The new hypnotizing fragrance
LANCÔME
PARIS
lift here to experience
Hypnôse

hypnôse
The new hypnotizing fragrance

LANCÔME
PARIS
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 Orson Welles chilled for. He acted in commercials for Paul Marion. On page 336 (“Charles and Camilla, Togeth-
er 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 Schweizer, the stunt coordinator for the photo shoot.

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

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 uncovereworthy. Moss, claims Kaela Misseter, 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 tugs,” 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.

Vanity Fair Mailbag

ENTERTAINMENT

ENTER THE VANITY FAIR “MAKING A SCENE” SWEEPSTAKES

Are you ready to take your turn in the spotlight? See the “Making a Scene” special advertising section—presented by Porsche Cayman S—in this issue for details on how you can enter the “Making a Scene” Sweepsstakes. One winner and a guest will win a whirlwind getaway to Los Angeles to attend Vanity Fair’s exclusive “Amped” event, during the week of the Academy Awards. It’s a trip that’s fit for a star. Log on to VanityFair.com and click on “Vanity Fair Access” to enter today.

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 Lang 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.

www.vanityfair.com | VANITY FAIR | 71
FANFAIR
28 Days in the Life of the Culture
February 2006

Making Their Debut
International debutantes Salima Mangalji, Yuki Mori, Nadine Ghosn, Camille de Dampierre, Michaela Roises, and Guiterie de Rivoyre, 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.

APRES-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 apres-ski—without having to unbuckle your boots.

BEHIND THE SEAM

FAT TUESDAY

Rebuild the spirit. Efforts won't be complete without the bourbon, beads, and music. Head down to New Orleans; it's Mardi Gras (2/24–28).

FANFAIR

FEBRUARY 2006

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 unbuckle your boots.

THE CULTURAL DIVIDE

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.

ART OPENINGS

"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).

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

1 oz. Smirnoff® Lime Flavored Vodka
1 oz. Cola

in tall glass over ice

drink responsibly.
1.5 oz. per serving.
FOR AN INDUSTRY THAT’S IN A SITUATION where diminishing sales are the norm, 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, there are some new offerings that I courageously listened to on pre-release discs bristling with encryptions, warnings, and threats. Enjoy.

Rhet Miller, the romantic front man for rock band Old 97’s, release his second solo CD, The Believer, a George Drakoulias–produced, melodic gem. Manchester fave Elbow’s Leaders of the Free World 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 restacked, 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.
Ingeniously designed to help protect the things that need protecting.

At Honda, we continue to show our commitment to “Safety for Everyone” by developing new technologies designed to help protect you and your family in the event of an accident. By studying the dynamics of collisions between vehicles, our engineers created the Advanced Compatibility Engineering (ACE) body structure. Its unique design helps spread the energy of a frontal collision throughout the body. ACE is only from Honda and comes standard on the all-new Civic. In the future, ACE will come standard on many of our models as they evolve. After all, we made a promise to help keep all of our drivers and passengers safe.

Safety for Everyone. HONDA
The Power of Dreams

©2005 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. safetyhonda.com
When 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: Brown’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

Would 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 squallid 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.

UPSIDE BROWN
THE CLASSIC HOTEL RE-INVENTS ITSELF

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

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

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.
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 María 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
A DIAMOND IS FOREVER. FOREVER TIMELESS. FOREVER UNIQUE. FOREVER A FORCE OF NATURE. FOREVER ALL THE THINGS THAT MAKE A WOMAN. WOMEN OF THE WORLD, RAISE YOUR RIGHT HAND.
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 SONYA DAKAR HYDRA SOFT CREAM
- Shampoo KORRES LAUREL & ECHINACEA
- Hair product N° 5 CREME, FOR HOLDING STYLES
- Perfume/cologne ROYAL BAIN DE CARON
- Toothpaste TON’S OF MAINE, IN SPEARMINT
- Nail-polish color CHANEL VAMP

**ELECTRONICS**
- Cell phone MOTOROLA V65, WITH RHINESTONES
- Stereo SONY DASH & OLUFEMI
- Computer MAC G5 LAPTOP
- Television DREAMVISION PLASMA FLAT-SCREEN

**HOME**
- Sheets BELLOLA 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-STRINGS
- SNEAKERS PRO-KIDS CEO'S
- WATCH TIE T-shirt OLD NAVY
- DAY BAG FENDI SPY BAG
- EVENING BAG CHLOE JEWEL CLUTCH

**FAVORITE DESIGNER**
- SHOES AZZEDINE ALAÏA
- CLOTHING NICOLAS Ghesquière AND GIAMBATTISTA VALLI

**NECESSARY EXTRAVAGANCE**
- FRESH FLOWERS IN EVERY ROOM—EVEN THE CABINET.
Just a hunch, but shouldn’t stock ratings be based on facts?

Schwab Equity Ratings: Stock ratings shouldn’t be grounded in conjecture, intuition and guesswork. That’s why we’ve taken a disciplined, objective approach to rating stocks—with a rigorous 12-step approach that uses measurable factors like risk, momentum and valuation analysis. And guess what? In average, our top-rated stocks have significantly outperformed the S&P 500. That’s a fact. Going on, drop in or call.

TALK TO CHUCK

SCHWAB.COM 1-800-4SCHWAB

Schwab Equity Ratings and stock lists or models are not personal recommendations for any particular investor and do not take into account financial, investment or other objectives and may not be suitable for any particular investor. Before buying, investors should consider whether the investment is suitable for themselves and their portfolio. Additionally, investors should consider any recent market or company news. Stocks can be volatile and entail risk, and individual stocks may not be suitable for an investor.

Performance is hypothetical, not actual, and does not reflect market-trading factors such as limited trading liquidity. Past hypothetical performance is no indication of future results and no indication of what an investor would realize in relying on Schwab Equity Ratings. Performance of a single stock or group of stocks within a Schwab Equity Ratings model performance cohort can vary greatly from the performance of that cohort. The S&P 500 Index is a capitalization-weighted index of the 500 largest U.S. companies and treats dividends as reinvested. The cohort (group of "A" rated stocks and group of "B" rated stocks) performance returns treat each stock as equal weighted. Dividends are not reinvested, indices are unmanaged, do not incur management fees and expenses and cannot be invested in directly. ©2005 Charles Schwab & Co., Inc. Rights reserved. Member SIPC. (0905-8112) ADS33118FUL
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 lienation 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.

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 somewhere 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.

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. Flailing about in blind rages only gives you excess stomach acid.

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 lunation and part of you that 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.

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 clinch and when to back off and let loved ones or adversaries take the lead—never your favorite course of action.

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.

Virgos have the most complicated personal lives. When they are not 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.

How can you make your nest comfortable enough for a long winter's nap and still leave open the option to come and go as you please without answering for your whereabouts to Papa or Mama? Whatever pressures you are under can easily be channeled into creative or emotional expression, but, with Ceres in your solar 4th house and Saturn in your 11th, the real trick will be to shore up your personal security while maintaining your freedom. It looks as if some more Libra-style manipulation is in order. You should be used to it by now.

You know you're on the brink of a breakthrough that would justify all your years of effort and struggle. You're not there yet, however, and with Saturn still retrograde a million things could go wrong to divert you from your path of creative flowering and/or world domination. If you keep your mind clear now and avoid too many detours into the forbidden zones you love to hang around in, once Saturn goes direct in the spring you'll be proud of how you were able to behave like an angel and avoid being brought down by all the evil temptations you so adore.

Now that Chiron is gone from your 2nd house and Saturn has left your 8th, you should be climbing slowly out of debt and once again building a little equity. That's not to say that you don't have 280 things going on. The fixed cross in cadent houses has you running in circles and working like a fiend while trying to stay healthy enough to cope with it all. You're lucky, though. No matter how much you misbehave or fret about what is to become of you, Jupiter in your solar 12th house protects you from all harm. You just have to believe.

If you were the effusive type, you'd be jumping up and down, clapping your hands, and screeching with joy over Chiron's long-awaited exit from your sign. Since you're a Capricorn, just bow your head in a decorous manner and thank heaven. With Venus in retrograde, you still probably aren't quite ready for prime time or polite society, but the new moon's conjunction with Ceres will certainly restore some of your old obsessive maternal zeal. Since that impulse has no "Off" button, go easy. Breast-feeding other adults is not sanctioned everywhere.
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 Dermaxyl (ceramides and elastin).

71% of users noticed a reduction in the appearance of wrinkles.*

*In clinical tests under dermatological 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 does 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 ballisitic impact of Bowling for Columbine and Fahrenheit 9/11 served notice that there was a method to Moore's madness approach, 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 theatricalized Op-Ed piece") is how film essayist Geoffrey O'Brien described Moore's brassy approach), but also because each succeeding film drilled deeper into the corporate-political-media dementia we take for granted. He matured beyond the gaudy antics of Roger & Me, ascending the slopes of Lower Slobovia and elevating his gun sights to mount a multi-track attack on institutional

power, propaganda, and the destruction of civic bonds in this new Hobbesian landscape. 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 entertainment, climate-controlled, manipulated for political advantage, fermented into paranoia, 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 pathology. Fear has militarized the American mind, set up occupation, made the country literally and figuratively gun-crazy. We've become prisoners of our own mentalities, some of us passive receptors for scare talk and terror alerts, others trying to tunnel their way out to the truth. This fortress mentality keeping us passive and indirectly is outlined and demarcated in the new documentary Why We Fight, while the unclassifiable The Unrecovered (which deploys documentary footage) digs underground.

Why We Fight, directed by Eugene Jarecki, who previously put America's mumbling Metternich in the dock in The Trials of Henry Kissinger (based on the indictment 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 offered an armory of assertions: We fight for peace, democracy, and "the most expensive 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, univaled 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 military bulking-up flagged, a fear injection was administered with a jab. To justify the spiraling extravagance of the defense budget, politicians and defense lobbyists exploited Americans' sense of anxiety and vulnerability from J.F.K.'s "missile gap" to Ronald Reagan's "Star Wars" initiative to Bush's "Axis of Evil." Similarly, America always found an excuse to meddle elsewhere, regardless of whose trouss occupied the chair in the

The Oval Office. As Wilfrid Sheed mused in an essay about Eisenhower, "Kennedy supporters... blamed Ike for bequeathing them the Bay of Pigs, just as LBJ's people would blame Jack for Vietnam, and so on. Sometimes it gets hard to remember in whose administration what things happened. Who subverted Iran? Guatemala? Chile? Who sent troops where? The continuum of post-war policy flows serenely through the presidencies." Carrying corpses downstream.

With a chronological arc stretching from WW. 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, pivotal spike: September 11, 2001. It is a day that refuses to lie flat in the pages of history. Like Fahrenheit 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 statue of Saddam Hussein. How the hell did we get from here to there? How did a campaign to avenge 9/11 and overthrow the Taliban detour into the way-Off-Broadway production of "Shock and Awe?" Why We Fight's answer is no Cracker Jack-box surprise: American foreign policy was commanded by a scrum of neoconservative ideologues who had been biding their
WHEN YOU'RE WITH THE MOST DESIRED MAN IN HOLLYWOOD,

that's

ENVIABLE.

WHEN HE'S ONLY 13½ INCHES TALL,

that's

CLASSIC.

31 DAYS OF OSCAR

OSCAR and OSCAR AWARDS are registered trademarks and service marks of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Barbra Streisand in Funny Girl (1968), one of our favorite Academy Award® winning performances, on February 16th.
wednesday, FEBRUARY 1
8:00   = The African Queen
10:00  = Casablanca
12:00  = Cactus Flower

thursday, FEBRUARY 2
8:00 = Father Goose
10:00 = Operation Petticoat
12:15 = Sabrina ('54)

friday, FEBRUARY 3
8:00 = The Bridge on the River Kwai
11:00 = Sunset Blvd.
1:00   = The Caddy

saturday, FEBRUARY 4
8:00 = Sands of Iwo Jima
10:00 = The Westerner
12:00 = The Pride of the Yankees

sunday, FEBRUARY 5
8:00 = Sunrise
10:00 = She Done Him Wrong
11:15 = The Cowboy and the Lady

wednesday, FEBRUARY 8
8:00 = Cleopatra ('63)
12:15 = My Fair Lady
3:15  = Funny Face

thursday, FEBRUARY 9
8:00 = The Big Country
11:00 = The Boys from Brazil
1:15  = North by Northwest

friday, FEBRUARY 10
8:00 = Heaven Can Wait ('78)
10:00 = 2001: A Space Odyssey
12:45 = Dr. Strangelove

saturday, FEBRUARY 11
8:00 = The Graduate
10:00 = Kramer vs. Kramer
12:00 = The Big Chill

sunday, FEBRUARY 12
8:00 = Out of Africa
11:00 = The Bridges of Madison County
1:30  = Quiz Show

monday, FEBRUARY 13
8:00 = The Awful Truth
10:00 = Sorry, Wrong Number
11:45 = 12 Angry Men

tuesday, FEBRUARY 14
8:00 = Benji
9:30  = The Sea Hawk
12:00 = The Devil and Miss Jones

wednesday, FEBRUARY 15
8:00 = Pillow Talk
10:00 = That Touch of Mink
12:00 = Born Yesterday ('50)

thursday, FEBRUARY 16
8:00 = Sahara ('43)
10:00 = The Lives of a Bengal Lancer
12:00 = Here Comes the Groom

friday, FEBRUARY 17
8:00 = The Quiet Man
10:15 = She Wore a yellow Ribbon
12:00 = The Long Voyage Home

saturday, FEBRUARY 18
8:00 = Who Framed Roger Rabbit
10:00 = Guys and Dolls
1:00  = Cimarron ('30)

sunday, FEBRUARY 19
8:00 = A Place in the Sun
10:15 = Cat on a Hot Tin Roof
12:15 = Absence of Malice

monday, FEBRUARY 20
8:00 = One Hundred Men and a Girl
9:30  = The Gay Divorcee
11:30 = Top Hat

tuesday, FEBRUARY 21
8:00 = Fried Green Tomatoes
10:15 = Coal Miner's Daughter
12:30 = Nashville

wednesday, FEBRUARY 22
8:00 = The Professionals
10:00 = Airport
12:30 = Bye Bye Birdie

thursday, FEBRUARY 23
8:00 = Imitation of Life ('34)
10:00 = The Facts of Life
12:00 = A Guy Named Joe

friday, FEBRUARY 24
8:00 = The Karate Kid
10:15 = Same Time, Next Year
12:30 = A Song to Remember

saturday, FEBRUARY 25
8:00 = Awakenings
10:15 = Sleepless in Seattle
12:00 = The Bridaligan

sunday, FEBRUARY 26
8:00 = Dark Command
9:45  = T-Men
11:30 = The Court Martial of Billy Mitchell

monday, FEBRUARY 27
8:00 = Sense and Sensibility
10:30 = The Spy Who Came In From the Cold
12:30 = Anne of the Thousand Days

monday, MARCH 1
8:00 = The Bridges at Toko-Ri
10:00 = From Here to Eternity
12:00 = So Proudly We Hail!

tuesday, MARCH 2
8:00 = The Conversation
10:00 = American Graffiti
12:00 = The Buddy Holly Story

wednesday, MARCH 3
8:00 = The Bridges at Toko-Ri
10:00 = From Here to Eternity
12:00 = So Proudly We Hail!

friday, MARCH 4
8:00 = In Harm's Way
11:00 = The Alamo ('60)
2:30  = The Big Sky

Primetime Highlights. All Times Eastern.

Watch the 78th Academy Awards
Sunday, March 5th at 8pm ET / 5pm PT
time under President Clinton and slide into positions of power at the behest of Cheney and Rumsfeld after Bush's election in 2000. It was a slow-motion coup d'etat. The neocon hawks were now able to implement what they had been propounding in print for years: transformational change to clear out the deadwood of despotic regimes 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.

From 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 neoconservatives, who like to fancy themselves the intellectual-warrior caste.) Very little foreign 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, prostituted. A harmonic convergence has been achieved within the military-industrial complex that outdoes Eisenhower's worst premonitions: 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 Halliburton's former chief Dick Cheney swore the oath of office as vice president in 2001, it was the consummation of these incestuous 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 brownsplitting thunderbolt to anyone who's read James Mann's Rise of the Vulcans and Val-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 faux-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.

As a counterpoint to such righteous certitude 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 broadcast the towers tumbling again and again as if their collapse were playing on a continuous loop. Protestes from enough viewers finally shamed the networks into ceasing nonstop flogging of the towers footage, which had the effect of reducing al-Qaeda's feat of mass murder to video wallpaper.

What's strange is that, after the initial orgy of endless replay, 9/11 footage has entered the realm of taboo. Apart from documentaries 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 collapse), so much of what happened that day before thousands of cameras and millions of viewers has been sanitized for our protection, 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, silently majestic—shrouded in inevitability. The casualties are too distant even to register as dots. The climactic fall appears self-actuating, as if the buildings had wearied of their own existence and detonated themselves. (TV seldom shows footage of the airliners striking the towers, which set everything 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 forthcoming 9/11 film, as yet untitled, director Oliver Stone took pre-emptive action by assuring survivors' families that he wouldn't re-create the towers' falling. Everything connected to the Ground Zero memorial has

The key scripture in Why We Fight is Eisenhowers' prophetic warning about the menace of what he termed the "military-industrial complex."
been conducted on tender tipToe. 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 spired 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 survivor 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 arty-farty academic exercise, and any film dedicated to the memory of Susan Sontag risks being called pretentious. The gutsy thing about this brainy movie is that it doesn't care about the risk. It has the courage of its own detective 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 steemy authority of a hotel-room TV, a skeleton 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 searchers 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 figures—petitions the military to honor his son's memory by stenciling his name on one of the bombs earmarked for Iraq. When his wish is granted and a 2,000-pound guided munition bearing his son's name ("In 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'd 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 going 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." Not 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, documentaries 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.
SEE HOW THE OTHER HALF GETS CAUGHT.

OMINICK DUNNE'S POWER PRIVILEGE AND JUSTICE

MONDAYS AT 10 PM
courtTV
Seriously Entertaining™
courttv.com

DRIVE your way™
R for Revolution

*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—as 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,” intones 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* . . .

There’s John Murtha, the staunchly military-minded congressman from a *Deer Hunter*-ish Pennsylvania, who, all of a sudden, has called for withdrawal from Iraq; there’s Cindy Sheehan, mother of a dead soldier. CONTINUED ON PAGE 103
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.
JEREMY PIVEN

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.
DANIEL DAE KIM

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 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 Cave, Crash, Spider-Man 2, and the highly anticipated Onion Sketch Movie, this is one player who's built to last.
Jeremy Renner

Behind 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 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.

ENTER THE "MAKING A SCENE" SWEEPSTAKES!

TAKE YOUR OWN TURN IN THE SPOTLIGHT. LOG ON TO VANITYFAIR.COM AND CLICK ON "VANITY FAIR ACCESS" TO ENTER THE "MAKING A SCENE" SWEEPSTAKES. YOU AND A FRIEND COULD FIND YOURSELVES ON A WHIRLWIND GETAWAY TO LOS ANGELES TO ATTEND VANITY FAIR'S EXCLUSIVE "AMPED" EVENT DURING THE WEEK OF THE ACADEMY AWARDS. IT'S A TRIP THAT'S FIT FOR A STAR.

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Open to legal residents of the 50 United States and the District of Columbia who are 21 and older except employees of the Sponsor and their immediate families. Starts 12:00 a.m. (EST) on 1/10/06 and ends 11:59 p.m. (EST) on 2/3/06. Void outside the 50 United States, the District of Columbia, and where prohibited. Odds of winning depend on the number of entries received. Approximate retail value of prize is $4,000. The Sponsor of this sweepstakes is Conde Nast Publications, 4 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. To enter and for full sweepstakes rules, log on to VanityFair.com and click on "Vanity Fair Access."
continuing from page 96 parked so stubbornly on the president's vacation-house win; there's Joe Wilson, Valerie Plame's husband, with his showboating and insouciance. These are the improvised and slightly eccentric early voices of the reversal, of the opposing narrative. And now the Wachowskis.

Hollywood, for all its dogged and well-nanced liberalism, is, most often, a tepid political force. Its political dramas are well-meaning, earnest, labored, educational, devoid of metaphor, more about Hollywood's virtue than about the other guy's mendacity. George Clooney's much-praised Good Night, and Good Luck is a good-works movie—it hits the nail on the head with a big had—not a subversive one.

Clooney is Hollywood's stand-up fellow of the moment (Steven Spielberg, with his Munich, is trying to claim the title, too), whereas real mockery, something truly innerving, something over the top, is a job probably better left to weirdos like the Wachowskis.

I kind of wonder, actually, if the Wachowskis exist. They could be made up. They could really be ... Thomas Pynchon (sometimes said to have been made up by J. D. Salinger). Indeed, V might also be an homage on the part of the brothers (whose Matrix series is a set of bows to a potpourri of 60s philosophers—Michel Foucault, Jacques Derrida, Jean Baudrillard) to the V of Pynchon's famous 60s novel about elusive identity.

Or, possibly, the brothers are making themselves up as made-up people. As it was for Stanley Kubrick, the director of Dr. Strangelove and A Clockwork Orange, elusiveness is their cover. Their eccentricities mean, necessarily, they work outside the leveling effects of celebrity (given the popularity of the Matrix movies, they might otherwise have lived an Us Weekly lifestyle). They're never going to be joking around with Letterman.

Larry Wachowski, the older of the brothers, left his high-school sweetheart and wife of nine years to become—as is noted in the riveting section of the Internet Movie Database (IMDb), suspiciously absent an official photo of either brother—the slave of a dominatrix. The publicists at Warner Bros. will allow only, uncomfortably, that Larry lives an alternative lifestyle. The comic-book loving Wachowski give no on-the-record interviews (well, one, that I can find, to the L.A. Times—but we can never know, truly, what it was they who gave it, can we?), make no appearances, do not participate in Hollywood life, and, in fact, have not even formally 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 bravado 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 aesthetic 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.

Apocalypse 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 finess, 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 move, 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. has started "its war"—the United States 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 subplots a burning-of-the-Reichstag-like scenario that involves using those weapons on England itself.

Then again, this is a comic-book movie with incredibly expensive special effects. Nobody wants you to chuck or whinge. 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* figureine, 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
Still, the Wachowskis walk a tricky line—which is part of the drama here. Obviously the marketing people at Warner Bros., looking at their movie and weighing public opinion and the general mood of the moment, have asked: Can we get away with it? This, oddly, mirrors the discussion undoubtedly taking place in the Bush White House: How much more war can we get away with? But it may not be, between the Bush administration and the Wachowskis, either/or.

The more complicated and compound ing calculation may be that the more war the Bush people believe they can get away with—the recent analysis in the White House is that it can get away with quite a bit more war if it can make the case (that old chestnut of a case) that victory is at the end of the tunnel—the more the Wachowskis, and other pop-culture subversives (you know they're on their way), can get away with, too.

They make each other possible.

V's aphoristic message, flashed in neon, is: "People shouldn't fear their governments; governments should fear their people."

Now, that is arguably exactly what is happening in Iraq, as well as in Israel and Palestine and Chechnya. It is, if not an out-right rationale for terrorism, a change in the context. Indeed, V for Vendetta is really about a . . . suicide bomber. V, the self-appointed Karmic adjudicator, is the bomber. The suicide bomber is the hero. The superhero is the suicide bomber.

We're back, in other words, to the elemental modern political issue: Violence—what's it good for? Or: whose violence is it, anyway? Or, more basically: how come the most violent sons of bitches are always the ones saying how shocked, shocked, they are about violence? Huh?

I was 15 when, in 1968, I saw the movie If... It was at the Plaza Theatre, then on East 58th Street, in Manhattan. I believe I may have cut school to see it. Malcolm McDowell (also the star of A Clockwork Orange—another 60s-era movie that takes on the modern Tartuferie about violence) and his band of unhappy and ironic school-mates rise up against their sadistic boarding-school masters (you really can't do better than England for representing sanctimony, self-satisfaction, and sadomasochism) and . . . shoot them . . . shoot them dead. Bang bang. Joyously.

Similarly, Parliament explodes. Joyously. Queen Amidala—Anne Frank pulls the switch.

It smacks the stuffed shirts silly.

"diva godiva
worthy

chocolate is indulgent.
chocolate liqueur takes it one step further. Godiva Liqueur*
Original, White Chocolate, Chocolate Cream and Cappuccino.
dulgence to the nth degree.

Godiva Truffletini
2 oz. Godiva Original Liqueur
2 oz. Godiva White Chocolate Liqueur
2 oz. Ciroc® Vodka

shaken with ice and strain into martini glass.

Please indulge responsibly. © 1998 Justerini & Brooks. All Rights Reserved."
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 marshal’s 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 security 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
Say “I love you!” softly
With a Valentine’s spa escape for two

Preston Wynne’s award winning spas are the perfect place to rekindle your flame. In our lusciously refurbished Saratoga Spa, enjoy massage for two, and the luxurious new Duetto pedicure suite. Or spend the weekend at our exclusive Hotel Los Gatos hideaway, one of the most romantic destinations in the Bay Area. Call today, and our spa concierge will happily play Cupid!

Flagship Day Spa
14567 Big Basin Way, Saratoga Village
408.741.5525

At Hotel Los Gatos
210 E. Main Street, Downtown Los Gatos
408.335.1777

Gift certificates or tantalizing spa menu
www.prestonwynne.com

PRESTON WYNNE
Superb Skin & Body Care
This won’t stop me. I’m cancer. Diabetes.
Heart disease. Stroke. And I kill nearly
2 out of every 3 Americans. You can
reduce your risk of being one of them.
Eat right. Get active. Don’t smoke.
See your doctor. And live.

We can help you take control of your health.
Start now by calling 1.866.399.6789 or visit us at everydaychoices.org.
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 homeless 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 marshal” 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 INCIDENT; AIR MARSHALS DODGE “SUIT NAZIS.”

For three years, no issue drew more ink

---

**AT NEWARK, 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.**

---

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 on 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 Shiites tortured and killed U.S. Navy divers 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 beefing 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 marshal,” 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 neatly 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 disciplined for their too casual attire.

At the time, agency spokesman David Adams defended the code to me, arguing that if a marshal was disguised like Al Pacino in *Serpico* “you’re going to have a ‘Let’s roll!’ phenomenon, because no one’s going to believe him.” (It was Todd Beamer, aboard United Flight 93 on 9/11, who yelled, “Let’s roll,” urging his fellow passengers to take on the hijackers moments before the plane crashed near Shanksville, Pennsylvania.)

But last summer, the new Homeland
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 spokesman, 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.

"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 marshals are ready on the job, so the perk remained in 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."
Neiman Marc

TESLAR technology inside Philip Stein TESLAR timepieces is specially designed to emit a unique earth signal associated with calm, creativity, and enhanced performance. Past wearers have reported more restful night time sleep, increased concentration, less tension and improved overall well being.

Immune cell production increases in presence of the TESLAR Effect in laboratory experiment. Dr. Glen Rein, while at Stanford Medical School, showed that in the presence of TESLAR there was, on average, 137% enhancement of human immune cell growth (invitro). A separate test demonstrated that nerve cells (invitro) could inhibit their uptake of noradrenaline (a depression fighting process) by as much as 19.5% in the presence of TESLAR.*

"I was given the Philip Stein watch as a gift on my last job by a movie director and I can honestly say it has changed my wellbeing ten-fold. The technology is simply astonishing - my energy levels, creativity & health have all benefited. I recommend the watch constantly - and now give them as gifts often. Simply brilliant." Film and Theatre Production Designer, 2002 Tony Award Winner

"I began wearing the Philip Stein TESLAR watch during my first year of law school. Within a few days I noticed that I was able to focus more on my studies and I did not become overwhelmed as easily. I truly credited the TESLAR technology with changing my study habits and my effectiveness in school. Law Student, San Diego"

*These findings have not been evaluated by the Food Drug Administration and PST is not intended to diagnose, cure or prevent any disease. Results cannot be guaranteed as individual results vary.

PHILIP STEIN®

Try it. Wear it. Live it. Feel it.

For information call 800-237-9477 or visit www.philipsteinleslar.com.

©Tesar trade Corporation 2005. All rights reserved.
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 Iranian 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 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,’ that ‘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 busted 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 booze: “My memory is not that clear of that day.” (Facing 20 years, she got eight months.)

Wise guys, abusive drunkards, 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.

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.

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 lonesome “than a beat cop’s,” 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-marshall 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 pilots. 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.

Steve, 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.

FEBRUARY 2006
There are forces out there beyond your control. So protect against them and shop smart. Just use the American Express® Card for the items you buy and you're eligible for coverage against accidental damage for 90 days from the date of purchase. Plus we extend your warranty up to one extra year on covered purchases. It's a world of service that makes a world of difference.

TO APPLY, CALL 1.800.THE CARD OR JUST VISIT 800THECARD.COM TO LEARN MORE.
PAULA PATTON

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 30, actress. PROVENANCE: Los Angeles. 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 Déjà 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
CALL THE OFFICE.
TELL THEM YOU’RE RUNNING EARLY.

Suddenly, your commute is shorter. And more invigorating. As the Acura TL strikes a deft balance of sophisticated V-6 po
voice-activated technology. Your arrival will be fashionable. It just won't be late. The TL. ACURA
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 COMPPELLING 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 what 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.
shoes  handbags  coats

Cole Haan
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 Jerry Springer on the Radio and discusses his return to politics (he was mayor of Cincinnati), the Holocaust, and a little problem with a prostitute.

Georges 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 wake 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.
I

If 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 home 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 and other older actors, the on-set meltdowns, and the speculation about drug use. But being in the tabloids' crosshairs wasn't her only problem. "I was sick," she now admits. "I was sick. Everyone was scared. And I was scared, too. I had people sit me down and say, 'You're going to die if you don't take care of yourself.'"

Before we get into all that, the news is that Lohan is no train wreck. In fact, she may be the most compelling and charismatic and real of all the actresses on the very young A-list. Perhaps that's why on the heels of her new romantic comedy, Just My Luck, due out this spring and for which she was paid a reported $7.5 million, she will co-star in Robert Altman's next film, A Prairie Home Companion, opposite Meryl Streep. "She has a quality that is really unusual in actors," says Streep. "And that is that she is very present and alive, almost preternaturally alive, on camera."

She's genuinely fun to be with—affectation, unguarded, mischievous, and a little loopy, Having lived at the Chateau Marmont for months, she is now the staff's very own Eloise, careening in and out of the kitchen, taking five pieces of chocolate cake to warm up in her suite's microwave grandly reserving several orders of curried chicken—she has fallen many times in her life clearly has great reserves of strength. She has personally survived so much that at point she can't help but start to let it about her damaged relationship with her father, her loneliness and rootlessness, the demons inside her that almost pointed herself destroy. As they say, she is each other—ever while her publicist, Lisa Sloane Zelnik, and mother/co-manager Dina Lohan, work overtime to play dark stuff down.

"A lot of people who are my age are injured, especially in the industry, and [paparazzi] want us to have this O.K. image. I don't think 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. The song came to mean so much to her when she talked to Casablancas Records chairman Tommy Mottola about it that he was the only one who could dir

"I WAS SICK... I HAD PEOPLE SIT ME DOWN AND SAY, 'YOU'RE GOING TO DIE IF YOU DON'T TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!'"

en each Thursday because you never know who's going to drop by; and having amazing conversations with total randomness, 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, 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 the video, "We had to tone it down a dr for MTV—which is saying something," Mottola reports. For the record, he declares the song "one of the best I've heard in my career."

O
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."
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.
For 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 scourge 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 fact 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 Rahman in a Manhattan terrorist 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 excoriating enough. in Fitzgerald's current home base of Chicago, where he was bumped off the White Sox victory parade. But it did matter; there, at least, they already knew him. He started nervously, blurt out his words in shaky, sometimes garbled phrases. He could detect the shyness his friends routinely 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 Everybody. "We all have our stichcks: his is the up-fro-the-gutter Irish kid from a poor family," says 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...
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, maddly, told Fitzgerald). They got only one, but Fitzgerald doled them out energetically and ingratiatingly, appearing more charming than he really was. Some non-

ors came with humor, some with base-

etaphors or colloquialisms. There was of the usual lawyerly stiffness and aloofness there was there elegance or eloquence. Harried was modest, self-deprecating, nimi-

ant, accessible, even-tempered, re-

ng, likable, real. And the press quickly

Charles Laughton as Inspector Javert

only morphed into Jimmy Stewart as

smith and Kevin Costner as Eliot Ness.

While the right-wing blogs

remained unusually quiet—

Fitzgerald is, after all, a
two-time Bush appointee—
on the left he was a hero.

Web site quickly offered up "Fitzie
My Homeboy" tote bags, boxer shorts, pgs, magnets, mouse pads, and mugs;

her touted "Fitzmas," the day when he

announce still more indictments. Po-
magazine recently listed him, along with

Ledger, Matthew McConaughey, and

Mortensen, among the Sexiest Men

he. He was also a leading contender for

magazine's Person of the Year. White-

ruined the last famous independent

prosecutor, Kenneth Starr, exiled to the dean-

ship of a second-tier California law school

for overreaching and then never letting go.

But Patrick Fitzgerald has kept his mandate

modest, though he could still indict Karl

Rove. At least for now, he has taken on what

appeared 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 prosecu-
tors; 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

as beloved as he is respected: 10 days af-

ter 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 hall-

mark of Fitzgerald’s densely packed ca-

reer. In his assault on him, Safire charged

that Fitzgerald’s efforts would be more wise-

ly spent fighting terrorism. In fact, for seven

years, tracking down and trying terrorists was

pretty much all Fitzgerald did; with his un-

canny memory, his ability to master infor-
mation and connect gasoline receipts to

phone records to address books to plane
tickets to intercepted, translated conversa-
tions, the work came naturally to him. Long

before most Americans had ever heard of

Osama bin Laden, Fitzgerald recognized all

of his aliases and noms de guerre. Few peo-

ple, 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 some-

one 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 com-

mission, 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 ter-

ror” 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 Fitz-

gerald with his lawyer, Lynne Stewart, and

their translator. “He’s like a Crusader,” Stew-

art 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 116

"He goes after fleas and
elephants with the same
bazooka."
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?

**DRIVEN BY DYNASTIES**
Lapo Elkann at the wheel of a Lancia Ypsilon, the first car he and his team launched, in 2003.
It looked just like 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 stardom when the Fiat trademark on products appeared as designer sweatshirts and watches. He would streak across the country in his grandfather’s hand-me-down suit battery of Fiats and associated brands: Ferrari, Alfa Romeo, Maserati—urging countrymen to buy Italian products, a sordid parade which had culminated only a few days 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 ruled Italy, the sordid news of an overdose in a family would never have seen the light of day. But this time, as Lapo’s family was 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 instalments: 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 Don Broco, a 53-year-old transsexual prosti 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 near dawn. Although moderate consumption of cocaine for personal use is not prosecuted in Italy, Lapo was guilty of something more serious: he’d gotten serious. As he lay comatose, a major station interrupted its schedule to report on the situation, and the hospital was besieged by friends, business associates, fans, even a Gypsy peach, all seeking an answer to one central question: Why?

“Lapo is like a son to me,” Henry Kissinger told me three weeks 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.
Lapo stuck the Fiat logo on sneakers, women's handbags, watches, luggage, and bottles of wine.
boy... This is...” He stopped, at a

for words.

I've been an idiot,” Lapo El-

can's secret was all in this

sentence,” said a writer in

the Italian weekly magazine Dipiù in the wake of

what Italians had begun

to refer to as “the crisis.” “These are the

issues that he would pronounce obsessively—

very time that he would meet up with

everybody: friends and acquaintances, even

newspaper columnists... and he would run to

him, to kiss them, to ask them for some

explanation, which he seemed to never get

tough of. Even so, at first look, Lapo

had everything.”

Famed for a close friendship with fellow poet Dante, Lapo had

been born into a soon-to-fall apart fairy-tale existence. His mother, Margherita

Agnelli, Gianni Agnelli’s pale, graceful, only daughter, could

even have had her pick of royalors, but instead she married a writer: Alain Elkann, handsome, suave son of the French banker. Now 55 and living in Rome, Elkann is

a well-known television personality and bon vivant and sometimes adviser to Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi.

In many ways, Lapo was the son of his grandfather, the man

Italy knew as l’Avvocato (the lawyer), who had built Fiat into an

industrial complex that propelled swarthy Italy into being the world’s

third-strongest economy. Once estimated to be worth $3.1 billion, Gianni Agnelli’s empire included Fiat, the Juventus soccer team, the Châ
tau Margaux vineyards, a department store, an aviation plant, and l’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 fascination 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, where he assumed a position at Fiat.

When Lapo’s serious, older brother, John, turned 17, he was summoned from Paris to Turin by his grandfather in order to begin his education in the executive suite of Fiat. When Lapo finished high school, he was also summoned by Gianni Agnelli to work in the family business.

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 town to everyone's surprise, and the company is Fiat—Fabbrica Italiana di Automobili Torino. The most glittery symbol of Fiat's dominance over Turin today 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 complex, and a helipad. 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 Alps 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 around October 9, Lapo is said to have laid out about 1,000 euros (1 euro equals $1.20) for, according to police, the number of small packets of cocaine and hashish. Blocks away, prostitutes line up at night asking for 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 city where Fiat rules, have ended up as the prostitutes' and transvestites' next-door neighbors," 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-D breasts and her mink waistcoat.

The most familiar of all the cross-dressers, though, Romagnoli says, is Donato Brochi, 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."
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.
KARENNA’S WORLD

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
GOLDEN GORE

Kareena 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, stump ing 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 grandmother 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., scourg 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
THE SNARK SET

Gawker Media C.E.O. Nick Denton, Gizmodo’s Noah Robischon, Gawker’s Jessica Coen, Wonkette’s Ana Marie Cox, Gawker’s Jesse Oxfeld, and Defamer’s Mark Lisanti, photographed in New York City on October 27, 2005.
LITERARY CHARACTER

David Caughell, 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.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES
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

Publisher 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.
fore lunch and pick "a few dozen."

It's a very agreeable life, and one
brought about by Campbell's two de-
fining traits: optimism and acumen.
Back in London, those characteristics
allowed him not only to see that
Everyman was "28-karat" but also to
sell the product. "If you're very ob-
scure or small, as we were, you've
got to punch above your weight. Your
books have got to look more beau-
tiful and be more acutely priced." Pap-
erbacks had become "foul" and
expensive. So his books have sewn
cloth bindings, and acid-free paper
that doesn't discolor with age. Many
cost only a few dollars more than a
paperback. And they're timeless:
one of this year's strongest sellers,
Campbell says, is Dante's Divine
Comedy. "It's got the Botticelli sil-
derpoint drawings no other edi-
tion has."

Campbell brings a dash of ro-
mance to a mercantile age. He's like
the hero of a thriller: an old Etonian,
educated at Oxford, who's always
had an eye for adventure. No wonder
"the Oxford Appointments Board
kept trying to make me a spy." It
wasn't to be: post-Oxford, Campbell
drove with the Maharajah of Jodhpur
and another friend across Central
Asia. Of Campbell, Jodhpur says,
"David's enthusiasm and hyperbole
know no bounds."

He has buckets of
elan too. Campbell
rides to work at his
London office on
an old-fashioned
bicycle with a bas-
ket 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 speak-
ing 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

Don Imus riding his horse Rockin’ Doe at the Imus Ranch, a not-for-profit working ranch for children with cancer, in Ribera, New Mexico, December 17, 2005.
I

t's Monday morning and I'm in a stretch limousine with Don Imus.

"I have this moron 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 he 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. Perverse. 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 sh**t to substance and began to wield such influence that some political pundits credited him with a pivotal role in guest 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, Ann Mitchell, and Tom Brokaw, and to some 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 lot and has coughing fits and screams his ears hurt and utters "Oh, man," or "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 by the considerable toll taken by the beat, and the drugs and the smoking—a misadventure when he was a young man and broke both his legs, a collapsed lung, a terrible fall from a horse that collapsed other lung and broke his ribs, collar and shoulder and almost killed him, a tator cuff torn after pulling off a saddle still hasn't healed), a little empathy 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 at 4:30 in the morning for nearly 40 ye and doing the morning drive time on radio with energy and focus. The voice once a manic rat-tat-tat as sharp and syncatred as an extended Buddy Rich drum roll, is softer now and sometimes garble. 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 latest survey by Talkers magazine, which covers the talk-radio industry. It ranks Imus 13 nationally, significantly behind Rush Limbaugh (13.75 million), Sean Hannity (12 million), and Howard Stern (77.5 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-eleonopoliticians craving atime. 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 Newsweek assistant managing editor Eva Thompson, 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 his interest and appreciation when she came off the air, leading me to CONTINUED ON PAGE 160

FEBRUARY 200
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.
When 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 gruin 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, Ambassador 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 default vice was curiosity to see “history on the boil,” wrote novelist of the upper classes Nancy Mitford, when fictionalizing Susan Mary as the brainy Mildred Jenkins fleisch in her 1960 novel, Don’t Tell A F Reed. 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 a 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
ing, soft hands, had asked for a kiss.
Susan Mary shrank away. "No, thank
she said. "I don't think I want to
you." Her English nanny gasped.
Queen Marie had no idea Queen Marie
an intimate of her father, Peter Au-
as Jay, the U.S. ambassador. All
had know was that the queen smelled
many flowers and overheated,
as. That night Susan Mary was sent
early, but she was perfectly elat-
sharing met the queen on her own

Then Susan Mary was eight, her life
ged a sharp corner. She woke up one
thing to find that her older sister,
y, had vanished into thin air. No ex-
ations were given. It made for a pit-
Christmas in Buenos Aires. Peter Jay,
ambassador to Argentina, told Susan
that he was retiring early from the
ign service (to the Jay family the most
able calling), citing failing lungs. It was not until their ship, the Pan America,
ed anchor in New York in early 1927 that Susan Mary's
er told her that her sister was dead, and that she lay inside
small mahogany box in her mother's stateroom.

Hopped off to the Foxcroft School, in Virginia hunt
countys. Susan Mary buried her sadness in history books and polite
ks. Although emboldened by a blazing intelllect, Susan Mary
ioned her curiosity with stylized manners. She had such
ring that everything she touched seemed blessed with beauty.
girls at Foxcroft knew she was American royalty. Her fa-
study was decorated with artifacts of his ancestor John Jay,
ounding Father and the first chief justice of the Supreme
rt. Also perched in the family tree was the first John Jacob
or. Although obsessed with deflecting attention from herself,
en she fixed her flattering eyes on an acquaintance and lis-
all with her might, the effect was thrilling.

After Susan Mary's father died of lung disease, at age 56, her
other, Susan McCook Jay, sometimes blamed his early retire-
for their daughter's lack of a trust fund. Susan Mary's moth-
had little time for her, so during most summers when she was
enager, she was sent to a rich aunt in Paris who lived in a com-
table 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
ladies'-room mirror with Marietta Peabody, a young, long-
dred 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 shy-
ness was permissible. Marietta and
Susan Mary (nicknamed Soolze by
Marietta) were "birds of a feather,"
remembers Sam Peabody, Mariet-
ta's younger brother. The girls had
such stamina for intelllect! 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 diplo-
mat'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. De-
spite her stiff poise and the startling symme-
try 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 bal-
erina in mid-leap. She would greet a girlfriend with invigorating
warmth, taking both her hands as if forgiving her friend for some-
dreadful deed she had just done, but her dark eyes were mea-
suring. 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 at-
tend a few classes at Barnard. Her mother was ungenerous,
de spite 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 Cushing
posing for Vogue photographers while floating in para-
cutes over the 1939 World's Fair. When the courtly Bill Patten
walked toward Susan Mary at the St. Regis hotel, she fell in-
stantly 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

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 grandee. 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 that, 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 ambassador 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

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTEST

A 70-year-old Susan Mary Alsop at her Georgetown home, beneath a Joseph Wright portrait of Revolutionary War hero Baron Friedrich von Steuben, photographed by Harry Benson, 1988.
Susan Mary Alsop was a witness to "history on the boil."
secretary, she sent invitations to le grain 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 ambassadress 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 grandees 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 Patts chose Joe Alsop as godfather. She was certain Duff Cooper had fathered the baby, but confirmed only in Marina Sulzberger, wife of New York Times columnist C. L. Sulzberger (first cousin 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 novel 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 hear Duff’s voice on the telephone, his wise letters (two a day), and dinners. 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 and Wasp cohort, the war-loving paper columnist, was catching a grand plan. In a letter Joe explained that since Susan was homosexual theirs would be a loving, tonic marriage. Susan Mary declined graciously. She professed surprise at Alsop’s secret, despite having heard of such marriage. The truth was: Susan Mary was 41 and beautiful, and although two men in her life had died, she hadn’t given up hope of an rer real marriage. But Joe Alsop never took off an answer, and he wrote to her again twice again. An overwhelming part of his tailoring package was John Kennedy, a man fall in love with. Great-looking, very bright, young, and graceful, the presidential candi date possessed magical charisma. Unfailing matters, Alsop said that Kennedy appealed to “a kind of snobbbery of style.”

Vacationing with her children in the South of France, Susan Mary was thrilled by an er letter from Alsop, at the Democratic Convention in Los Angeles, describing how he and Philip Graham, publisher of The Washington Post, had whispered secret passwords to his into John Kennedy’s hotel suite and had suauded the nominee to draft 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, Philip 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 stumped out, and written apologies soon followed. It was “salonism,” said Susan Mary.

But Joe Alsop was lonely. His writing partners 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 clandes...
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 the 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 caravan raced to Georgetown, Secret Service cars strung out behind his limousine. Moments earlier, Alsop had been stranded 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; Aleda 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 caravan stopped in piles of drifting snow in front of 2720 Dumbarton Avenue. Alone and at- less, Kennedy walked up 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. Aleda 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 salonism 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 absolutely 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 gilt 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 platonically) 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
Susan Mary Alsop

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 he knew 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 porcelain. 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 being dried 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 was very commonplace that week."

Despite such historic moments, Susan Mary was not happy. As Ben B. recalls, "Joe refused to relinquish hosties."

Alsop had promised Susan Mary she would be a grand Washington hostess. She would help him guide Kennedy to be a great and 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 1920 Roger champagne for guests was that happier time she had told him it was Wil Churchill's favorite tipple.

At family dinners, Joe began picking mercilessly on Susan Mary. Stewart Alsop's daughter Elizabeth Winthrop, the now remembers such meals as "ghostly, long, tense," and Susan Mary frequently left table early and went to bed. Joe's niece nephews and Susan Mary's children played on holidays, and one such skit portrayed Joe talking to Susan Mary. When child shouted, "Goddammit, Susan Mary, the play was quickly canceled, "by orde the management." Joe Alsop may have been a genius at manipulating presidents, but refused to share domestic life. Why she he? He presented the best table in Washin ton—quail eggs, leg of lamb—and he point the greatest wines.

Susan Mary was lonely. She breakfasted alone in her bedroom. After his usual be fast meeting in the garden room, Alsop her the day's guest lists—for lunch, dinner, and dinner. Susan Mary promised "to pp any efforts to change" him.

In early 1963, Susan Mary's beloved L Diana Cooper came to Washington for whirlwind fortnight whose high point was dinner with President and Mrs. Kened Joe's menu included caviar blini with a 19 Château Lafite Rothschild and Moët Chandon champagne. Joe also invited British ambassador David Ormsby-Gore and Dan Bruce, U.S. ambassador to England. Sus Mary fretted about whether Kennedy's own British aristocrats would overwhelm his dista for older women, and during dinner Susan Mary watched hopefully as Joe "translates" Lady Diana's grand and outrageous rema to Kennedy, saying over and over, "Who Lady Diana means..." But Susan Mary breathed a sigh of relief when, as he was lea ing, Kennedy remarked, "What a woman..."

When President John Kennedy was assassinated, in Dallas in 1963, Susan Mary rushed to help the new widow and an swered her condolence letters for weeks. b was unable to console Joe. He sobbed as sobbed, feeling, as he said, like "a male ow." At dinner two weeks earlier, Als
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 position was "unfashionable," as he well knew. In Vietnam, he shouted instructions at generals about how to win the war, and he criticized 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 suppressing news about Vietnam. In March 1965 the president ranted at Attorney General 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. Johnson 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 frequently traveled by herself to England or Barbados, where Marietta had a home. After 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 Forbidden City with you ... tall willows, water, and two old musicians playing their instruments against the walls ... and [we] loved it." Nonetheless, two years later Susan Mary politely left Joe Alsop, after 12 years, without ever raising her voice. Joe was devastated by her tiptoe exit. She rented a penthouse at the Watergate Hotel, but left her gilt candlesticks on Joe's table.

On top of this, Susan Mary's 94-year-old mother was dying. At a loss in her life, Susan 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 telephoned Ken McCormick, then an editor at Doubleday, who was absolutely delighted, and Susan Mary wrote Joe humbly asking for permission to publish under his famous 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 inexperienced 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 increasingly gloomy Joe Alsop.

When Susan Mary was 59, her mother died and she inherited a precious plenty, including 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 girl's reformatory." 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 Americans 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 Independence. Although engaged 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 Kissinger, 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 tiniest 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 thankyou 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 historic moments have been with you... You gave me the Kennedy years—Johnson White House, most curious and interesting, in retrospect, of all. Do you remember the night of Anne's 12th birthday when ... suddenly 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 funny 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, nimbly asked if they had any more to say. Binding her 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.

Susan Mary struggled with the truth. She told Alsop biographer Robert, “I had a love affair with Duff Cooper in many women did. Now my son has it and he is Duff Cooper’s son, not.” It seems as if Susan Mary’s personal conscience was not at peace. She was ambivalent with herself for having made her unhappy, particularly with their time ending to a close.

When Susan Mary lost most of her sight, many illustrious Washingtonians came to her. She prepared for the inevitable by asking Bill and Anne to bury her alone. Bill Patten in Lancaster, Massachusetts, died on August 18, 2004, at the age of 90. He marked the end of the Georgetown social club. Lengthy obituaries in England and the United States praised her books and respect to her circles of powerful friends. They were among her ambassadors Duff Cooper, his wife, Susan, was a deep friend, and when the frequency transcended her, he was a witness to history at the boil.” Henry Kissinger wrote to Bill Patten, “It is safe to say that more questions of policy were discussed around her table than at any diplomatic summit.”

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 Lhuillier 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 going to let me come home for a few days,” Lindsay says. “He would come home three days in a row and be very angry, and we’d be walking on eggshells, and it would be a very tense 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 auction and that was when it was bad. My mother was ‘away,’ ” says Lindsay. The first time he was sent to prison for criminal contempt 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,” Lindsay says. Even before she became hugely famous, she changed schools because her family life had become too exposed, as 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.
spect of his being on the loose was not frightening. For a time, Dana and Lily went to live with her parents, but the family was too afraid to stay at their home, which was just around the corner—her parents' house. But four years ago, when things cramped and the drive to school became hassle, the family decided to brave move back into their house. They lived in the driveway, and what happened next was, as Lohan puts it, "really weird." Followed by Ali and Dakota, they took some things inside. She proceeded to the bathroom. Ali and Dakota, already cautious at their ages, were right behind her. Suddenly, according to Lindsay, out of the show stopped Michael, Dina and the kids ran running out of the bathroom and tore the stairs. "He came running out of house," says Lindsay, "and I got in the car and Ali and Cody ran into the car, and it all floor it and drove back to my parents' house and wouldn't go back the house and got rid of the house."

She would never suspect anything about the personal drama from seeing the 11-year-old Lohan on-screen, playing identical twins—one British, one American—the 1998 remake of The Parent Trap. Diane Meyers recalls a happy-go lucky who bounced around and became like a member of her family.

"She was fun," says Meyers. "She would throw my trailer and she and my daughter would play really loud music and dance crazy." Meyers also realized that, even at a very young age, Lohan had an instinct it came to acting, even for rather competed challenges. For the scenes in which Annie and Hallie were together, for instance, Lohan played each sister in separate sets, with a stand-in actress for the other, and to remember every cadence of her, when she then played the twin as the other twin. "It was an amazing," says Meyers.

After the success of The Parent Trap, Lohan earned around $66 million domesticky, the family might easily have gone Hollywood, but Dana opted to stay on Long Island and keep Lindsay in school. For all of years, Lindsay was a normal teen—playing soccer and cheerleading. Then, in some of her friends from the younger circuit, such as Lacey Chabert, landed roles, Lindsay started getting jumpy feet. "I 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 what you'd call meaty. But in each of her movies Lohan has exhibited an unusual brightness and an 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 Teenage 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 Gothy, Lohan recalls: "No one could relate to the character when she was really Gothy. 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 character 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 screenplay 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 talking 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 because 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 [Waterson] would call 'Cut' and she'd be like, 'Anyway, I saw this thing ...'."

Following her success in Mean Girls, Lohan 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 Angeles—alone. Even more alienating, her father's embarrassing antics became public. He assaulted 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—the New York Post's "Page Six"—that his daughter was being destroyed by "lowlifes." "I was going through the phase of wanting to be with my family more and [wondering], What exactly 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 worshiped, 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, Concord, and Marquee—the sort that lavish free drinks on celebrities. She became a staple of the tabloids, which was how some family members 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 Zellnik 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 literally get home at two in the morning, sleep, and then sleep in the car for an hour."

While on the set at the California Speedway, she was trying to record her first album (Speak)—in her trailer, because it was overdue. "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' situation, 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 remembers 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

BR U A R Y  200 6
www.vanityfair.com | V AN IT Y  FA I R | 171
Lindsay Lohan

my boyfriend's house, lay down on the bed. I started getting these shooting head pains, where I would wake up in the middle of the night. I kid you not, I was lying in that bed and I never heard someone scream so loud. I was screaming, throwing things, because the pains were so intense in my head, like someone was stabbing me in the head.

She finally checked into the hospital and learned her diagnosis. "My liver was swollen, and I had a kidney infection, and my white blood cells were accelerated," she says, laughing. "I love how I say it like that. I don't know what it means, but it's not good. I wasn't eating. I was on an IV. They were giving me shots of morphine to numb the head pains every two hours." Over the course of a week and a half, she began to look like a completely different person. She took out her hair extensions. The orange glow she had achieved from frequent trips to Mystic Tan completely faded, and she lost around 15 pounds. By the time her family and best friend, Jesse Shulman, arrived from the East Coast, "I was really, really white, and I got really, really pale, and my hair was really short, and I was like this," she says, shriveling up like a famine victim, "and I hadn't gotten out of the bed. My legs were so num from not walking, I had a walker to walk to the bathroom and back. My body didn't have enough strength to take a shower.

Upon seeing Lindsay, Jesse started to cry and had to leave the room. Her father showed up at the hospital but didn't make it past the lobby. "I have to be honest," says Lindsay. "I would have liked to have seen him. But my mother was there, and my brother and sister were there, and they were scared.

While the illness was very real, Lohan admits that getting sick in such a dramatic fashion served as a cry for help. "I didn't want to complain, but that was my way to complain, to actually let everyone know. Yeah, I actually am really sick," she says. "I can't imagine seeing your daughter lying in a hospital bed, white as a ghost, like so tiny and frail-looking.

How did Dina feel? "Lindsay has had bronchial asthma since she was two," Dina says, exasperated, a tad defensive. "She was shooting [Herbie] in the Valley in 110-degree weather with the full racing suit on, in dust and in dirt. She had an asthma attack. She was breaking up with Wilmer. Her father was spiraling out of control at that time. And she was recording her album, which Tommy Mottola was trying to get out in an unrealistic time frame as well. It was the culmination of a lot of things, and of course any time you're in a hospital and you're on an IV, you're going to lose weight."

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 these 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 just 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.'" Lohan 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. Nina Jacobson, the executive whom Lohan credits with shepherding 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 Vanity Fair, 'Not a day goes by that I think about the words to your son. They've been reminders to me to exercise my conscience and re-evaluate my life.'

At the same time, Lohan discovered another way to find satisfaction in a that was terrifying and no longer included Wilmer: being skinny. The once curvy girl was fading into early Karen Carpenter territory. At the time, she used the old "work out with a trainer" excuse, while Slosnik informed tabloids, "She'll eat a muffin, she wants." Any muffins she was eating, ever, did not stay down for long. "I was listing myself sick," she says, referring to being episodes. The situation came to a head in May 2005 when she was hosting Saturday Night Live. Having first been on the show the year earlier, Lohan had become kind of favorite daughter among the S.N.L. group of everyone in his or her own way wanted to keep her on track. Amy Poehler took a more direct approach.

"Amy was good and tough on her," recalls Tina Fey, saying, 'You're too skinny,' "I'm not going to ask you why, but you're too skinny and I don't like it." Fey and producer Lorne Michaels, who'd seen John Beal and Chris Farley die of overdoses, took aside and had the kind of conversation amounted to a parental intervention about substance abuse and eating disorders. "I rallied and sat me down," recalls Lohan, "literally because I was going to do the show, and she said 'You need to take care of yourself. We care about you too much, and we've seen many people do this, and you're talented and I just started bawling. I knew I had a problem and I couldn't admit it.... I said that S.N.L. after I did it. My arms were disgusting. I had no arms." The point was driven home when an issue of Star magazine came out in which she was wearing what calls "that great where's dress." "I looked it and was like, Jesus Christ," says Lohan. "The sight of it devastated her siblings. 'My sister, she was scared. My brother called and crying.

"It happens to people in different periods of their life," says Dina, again exasperated. "She took it a little too far, maybe, as pulled back quickly and is fine. I don't see as what the press made it out to be. It was definitely more magnified, and I think it even made Lindsay think it was more magnified. She was 19 looking at it. I'm 43 looking at it going. No, it wasn't as bad as it looked. They took one really bad picture somehow, and they're probably not even her arms in the picture. She's similarly dismissive about the notion of Lindsay's excessive partying. "Who would people 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 club or you go to parties.'"
Despite her mother’s belief that everyone was getting carried away, Lindsay felt it woke-up call. “You have to learn for and you have to hit rock bottom some- to get yourself back up to the top,” she said in a very adult way she rejects the facade defense that young women in the hollywood need not be role models. With her sister walking in her footsteps, she helps but takes responsibility. “With my life, I’ve always had to be cautious of what Lohan says. “I feel like she’s my daughter. At the same time, she says, “I want her to know what’s out there. And I think her kids should know it’s O.K. to exper- tise, I’m not encouraging her to and getting a fake I.D. and going off deep end and having an eating disorder. I’m not saying, if you at least admit those kinds of things, that that might happen, then they feel the urge to do and do that.”

Her decision to address her problems sided with a career turning point that included the stakes: the invitation from Robert Altman to play Meryl Streep’s daughter in Prairie Home Companion, an ensemble based on the public-radio show. Suddenly, the teenage tabloid sensation, who’d felt inferior because she wasn’t a real actress such as Scarlett Johansson or Evan Rachel Wood, realized that the world took her talent seriously. The challenge ahead ap- palled immense. In addition to Streep, the included Lily Tomlin, Kevin Kline, John C., and Garrison Keillor, of whom was initially terrified because he seemed quiet and brilliant. Her role required a bella singing and improvisation, neither of which she had ever done. Scenes were taken long and had to be shot straight through.

“I was scared,” says Lohan, recalling the day of shooting, in Minnesota. She had perform a long, intense scene with Streep Tomlin, who plays Lohan’s aunt. “Meryl and I are singing this emotional song I’m chimming in. And I don’t have a fa- ther in the movie. I don’t really know my I.” And she’s talking about the dad that sings and, I just started to cry in the scene when we were improvising . . . I keep rolling and then all of a sudden Lily starts crying, Lily starts crying. The members start tearing up. . . . We cut. Altman starts clapping and every- one starts clapping. Meryl starts clapping. And they start coming up to me and saying that was amazing. I can’t believe it wasn’t scripted—it was so beautiful. That was the next day of shooting. . . . They were so nice to me and kind, and I was so proud of myself. That changed me a lot, I guess.”

Altman, who had initially been nervous about casting Lohan, was particularly impressed with her final scene. “She has to do some- thing 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 do 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 assassination 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, sit- ting up in her chair, a bun- dle 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 lo- vers . . . people that don’t get along with their par- ents. 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.”

SKETCHBOOK BY MARK SUMMERS

The Changing Face of Children’s Literature
Kareenna Gore Schiff

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143 remember my
grandfather talking to me before I went
out, being very firm, and saying, ‘You’re
a 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
fiery 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,” Kareenna says. “My grandfather’s loss in
1970, it was a big deal. He was for gun regis-
tration, 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.”

Kareenna 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 Kareenna 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 outgo-
ing,” Kareenna 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
approach 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 Kareenna, the ban on chocolate pow-
der and a caped mouse was nothing com-
pared with the crusade that put her mother
in the spotlight and kept her there for years.
It began in 1984, when Kareenna was 11, in
thral to Pat Benatar, Cyndi Lauper, and, yes,
Prince. Tipper heard a song on Kareenna’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. Kareenna 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 Kareenna’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 Kareenna brought
to academics 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 Kareenna 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
Kareenna found herself caught up in the is-
suces, 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 rebellious in and of itself. He was talking
about homelessness and poverty and social
justice. And those things resonated with
Michael Dukakis won the nomination that
but Kareenna was now part of her dad’s
team, with an ear turned to speeches on
an eye on issues that mattered to y
women. Her dad called it “perfect pitch.”

At Harvard, her father’s alma mater,
Kareenna 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’Oreal
and Kareenna’s roommate for two years,
then we decided we should try out for
field-hockey team. She’s a great, great
lete, a great team player. That’s when I
got to know her. She came out of the
shell and was superfunny and adventu-
and strong-minded and fun.”

The studious side of Kareenna, then,
stands out for herself, even at the
that sophomore year she became the da-
ter of the vice president of the United Sta
t all this she played down.

“She was very humble,” says Solom
very crunchy—you know, Indian skirts,
makup, really long hair that was never sty
dated very crunchy guys. She really wan
to stay true to her roots. When her father
came vice president, you would never kne

No, and if her friends didn’t tell you,
would never know that at 17 she was
Tennessee Water Skiing Champion, w
wins in slalom and jump. Or that she
 elevated magna cum laude in one of Harva
hardest concentrations, history and litera
ture. And when asked about her honors
sis and the award it won, she makes sure
correct you: “It was second place, O.K.”

During her college years, Kareenna ha
done summer internships in journalism,
thinking it might be her calling. Upon
gruation, in 1995, she moved to Madrid
work at the newspaper El Pais. It was
about this time that a close family frien
Chris Downey, whose former husband, Te
Downey, had been a congressman with G
, decided to do same matchmakin
Through mutual friend Jeffrey Sachs f
Downeys had met young Andrew Schiff, a
intest at New York Hospital and scion
the banking Schiffs, an immensely wealth
social-minded German-Jewish family descen
ded from the illustrious Jacob Schiff (who
said to have traced his bloodline back
to David and Bathsheba). “Drew” Schiff w
not only the one Democrat in a family of
 moderate Republicans (there had been tw
when his great-aunt Dolly Schiff, the liber
owner of the formerly liberal New York Po
t (which she was alive), but also one of the m
elከs in Manhattan, Kareenna, though
Sachs and Downey.

According to Schiff, Downey suggests
that Drew fly to Spain to meet Kareenna
“And I said,” Schiff recalls, “That’s ju
face crinkling like the field-hockey jock she once was. Karena 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 question, though, that her good looks, analytical mind, and spectacular marriage have irri
tated 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 Karena 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 politi
cal 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, Karena
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 Vanderb
lt 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 Ka
renna. “The aftermath of 9/11 was just stunn
ing . . . 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 toppling 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 Karena 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 chil
dren (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,
Karena saw firsthand the social good, the
lifted lives, that come with passionate ad
vocacy and adamatant, imaginative problem
solving.

When Karena wrote a preface for the Miramax book My Forbidden Face, a memo
oir of life under the Taliban, it all came to
tgether. 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 (Karena: “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 ballyhooed military escapade,”
says Karena. “It can look like Septima Clark
opening citizenship schools in the South
and being thrown in jail for promoting in
tegration.”

“There’s this sincerity about Karena 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), where
Karena 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 Karena, “where I am and where I’m go
ing. 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 Plame'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 “Fitzie”’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 discombobulated 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 aendarily hardworking doorman at 1475th Street, on Manhattan’s Upper East Side. (One summer, young Patrick won 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 his first day of sixth grade at Our Lady of Christians 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 for what you had to be,” says Martin Snow, who went to grade school and high school with him. “It was one word: ‘patricifitzgerald’ People would say, ‘What do you think, you patricifitzgerald?’” Last October, during Fitzgerald’s press conference, Snow stopped all workouts at the gym where 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 the Boys Goodbye and the forthcoming Dreamgirls; and Ken 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 got him into Amherst College, where he took up rugby, majored in economics and math, and spoke little in class, masking what one classmate called his “scar-the-smart” intelligence. He was somewhat shy and even his best friends didn’t see him as a litigator. But he went on to Harvard Law School, which he graduated from in 1986 and where the only sweat he broke was on rugby scrums. “On any given weekend you see him bleeding,” recalls Lou DiBell, a Regis and Harvard classmate who is no
“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, straight guy.”

Fitzgerald set his sights on becoming a courtroom terror, and he applied to both New York and Manhattan. The Brooklyn office offered him a job on the spot, forcing him to fillbuster until the more prestigious Manhattan office followed suit. In charge was the legendary John Gotti, but the job he actually ended up with was the one Gotti’s deputy, Louis Freeh, later to head the F.B.I. “Maybe because I didn’t have a white-shoe Wall Street background and me… I knew he was a very down-to-earth person who had a very good understanding of the world around him,” White recalls.

Fitzgerald showed an instant aptitude for trial work; he was not one of those analytical types who had to write everything down beforehand. And as disheveled as his life and personal life sometimes seemed, his brain was a marvel of organization. In 1978 he handled his first big case, of Mob boss John and Joseph Gambino, associate of John Gotti’s, charged with murder, racketeering, and narcotics trafficking. After 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 considered 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 Reno gave Fitzgerald an award for his work in the Gambino case, he brought his father, in only intermittently lucid, with him to ashington and posed with him for the portrait of one of the elder Fitzgerald’s heroes, Robert Kennedy, in the Justice Department’s lobby. It was a moment that few there would forget. Invariably bringing his office brk with him, Fitzgerald turned to drugs, and his siblings caring for his father at his home Brooklyn until his death.

The U.S. Attorney at the end of the Gambino trial, Mary Jo White, then made Fitzgerald chief of narcotics. But his tenure as brief because White needed him to assist on the most serious but difficult case in 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, availing 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, filling 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 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 Abdul 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 Patrick 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 scifi center—it stands for “sensitive compartmental 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 he'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 indicted 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 some 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 clouded his political future.

"Maybe the feds want to take over Mr. Hall completely," the lawyer for one of the indicted officials has grumbled. "He's after fleas and elephants with the same zooka," 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 innocent form."

But most people have applauded Fitzgerald's efforts. "I've heard no complaints, either from prosecutors hooked into the political 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 and they are happy that he's here," said John Kasell, 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 writing 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 toward defense lawyers. Another complaint is that he is so intent on convicting big shots that he wades into 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 Fitzgerald’s well intentioned, extremely aggres-

sion—extremely effective, but at times I feel
erreaches,” says Ronald Safer, of Schiff in, who represents Black’s former law-
Mark Kipnis. Black himself has called charges, most of which surfaced in an

al corporate investigation, “one mass-
mash job from A to Z.” I accept a

ept, but he doesn’t do

a thing about this case. He just

ops in for the press conference

and his lines.”

ut given Fitzgerald’s clout, some of

yer critics in Chicago won’t talk to

him. “Another puff piece, eh?” one

hem, Joseph Duffy, remarked when I

d him to discuss Fitzgerald. He then

red to elaborate and would not return

he calls.

en routine areas of prosecution have been ramped up. Fitzgerald’s office has

icted 14 alleged mobsters for 18 un-
ed murders dating back to 1970. That’s a

oundary, but of the estimated 60 deaths from Chicago Mob warfare since the Capone days, only 14 have resulted in homicide convictions. Fitzgerald has branched into new areas, prosecuting

am Arnaout, a Muslim and director of the Benevolence International Foundation, for allegedly funneling charitable donations to al-Qaeda. The first terror-related case brought against a Muslim charity after 9/11 was announced with great fanfare October 2002 by then attorney general in Ashcroft; it, along with reports of re-

red probes, enraged Chicago’s large Mus-

community. “Mr. Fitzgerald, if you work for us, you are fired! I’m firing you

he spot right here!” one angry audience member shouted at him during a raucous meeting at a local mosque. But Fitzgerald

ckly calmed things down. “He did a

keable job,” says Kareem Irfan, a past

amean of the Council of Islamic Organiza-

ions of Greater Chicago. “He’s a man of

gh integrity and is extremely courte-

ill, while Arnaout was convicted of racket-

ng, 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.”

n the meantime, Fitzgerald has settled to his new community of Chicago, which

ks an upgrade for him; he lives in a

townhouse close enough for him to jog

ong Lake Michigan. Its furnishings show

woman’s—or at least a designer’s—touch,

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 par-
ty 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

rosecutor to find the Bush-administration

icial 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

n the White House office. He

questioned dozens of people, including

ident Bush. Witnesses call his interroga-

ion style polite but insistent. Matt Cooper,
of Time magazine, one of those reporters

for whom Fitzgerald threatened with jail time, described being examined in “microscopic,

crucifying detail.” “He didn’t come across

asking to be a tough guy,” says Robert

ennett, the Washington, D.C., lawyer

who represented Judith Miller. “We were two

hick kids from New York and we could get

right to it.” To Floyd Abrams, who also re-

resented Miller, Fitzgerald is “a straight

hooter, totally reliable, trustworthy, and

obviously 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

swers ended—Fitzgerald had several things

wanted to say that day, set pieces he’d

worked on beforehand. One was about

the press: he’d 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

hould happen only very rarely, he insisted,

only when reporters were eyewitnesses to

a crime.

Another was to disparage the White House

ument that Libby had been charged with

“technicallites.” “That talking point won’t

fly,” he said. Truth is “the engine of our

judicial system”; without it, “we might as

good be hand in our jobs.” A third was about

the idea that he was a political partisan.

“We’re talking about, say your 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

Fitzgerald’s Manichaean universe noth-

ing 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

equired to do that. A lawyer is not ex-

ected to lie.” Perhaps, some speculate, this

explains the fate of Scooter Libby, Colum-

nia 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 obviously

he took it personally,” says Joseph di-

Genova, a former U.S. Attorney. DiGenova’s

wife, Victoria Toensing, helpeddraft 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 disclosure

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 dur-

ing 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 po-

litical 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.
Don Imus

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 152: To assume that—beyond his general fondness for Goodwin, a regular guest—there must have been something about the book he had responded to.

"How much of Doris's book did you get through?" I ask him in the limo.

"The Lincoln book?"

"How much did you get through?"

"None of it."

"None of it?"

"No. I didn't read a page of it. Why?"

"When you were interviewing her, it sounded like you had read some of it."

"I didn't tell her I read it. I know about Lincoln."

"You sounded very informed."

"I am informed."

"I know you're informed. I thought you'd read it?"

"No."

He has no qualms about saying this, just as he has no qualms about saying almost anything. The show has survived because of a fundamental shift in the wake of the 1990 Gulf War from puerile shock to substance. Imus began inviting more political heavyweights on the show, including journalists such as Anna Quindlen and Jeff Greenfield and then Senator Bill Bradley. But Imus still frequently uses the show as a platform for personal vendettas, brutally pistol-whipping those who he believes have crossed him. The most recent defamation suit against him, filed in New York last July, stems from a 2004 incident at the nonprofit Imus Ranch between Imus and Dr. Howard Pearson. Each summer, the working ranch, spread over nearly 4,000 acres in New Mexico, hosts about a hundred children with a history of cancer or blood disorders, as well as children who have lost a sibling to sudden-infant-death syndrome. Under the guidance of Imus and his wife, Deirdre, who spend the summer there as directors of the program, 10 participants each week learn how to ride horses and tend livestock and help with various projects such as building barns and stables, all in an effort to boost their self-esteem by providing them with the authentic experience of ranch life in an intimate setting.

The 75-year-old Pearson, a specialist in pediatric hematology and oncology, is the former chief of pediatric service at Yale–New 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's 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 did not 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 Deirdre Imus was an 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 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 "sneile old dirtbag," "Judge Scuzwax," and "Judge Rotworm," 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" to have his show attempt to cover the trial, but the suit was ultimately settled with Rothwax for somewhere in the range of $250,000.

"I was stucking up for my wife," he said in his comments about the judge. "[He] humiliated her in front of a packed courtroom."

Imus doesn't seem particularly bothered by defamation suits, since, as he notes, he is indemnified by his employers, Viacom NBC, for on-the-air comments. In the most recent one, involving Pearson, what other option was Imus what he saw as the doctor's inauspicious and arrogant attitude when a child was accused by Imus's account, suffering terribly; according to Imus, the young woman had 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 he sits in the corner of the limo, he makes no bones about confronting Pearson and cussing him out on the air. "I went up to the barn and read him the riot act, you know, and told him what an arrogant son of a bitch he was, and if he ever did that again I'd throw his ass off the ranch and said it was just fucking inexcusable to treat a kid like this, suffering like that.

"He's an absolute total disgraceful piece of shit. I can't wait to get [in court] with this motherfucker. But I'm sure he said me now that I'm knowing she died. He could be the worst physician I have ever, and I have known a lot of them, that I've ever known or met.

In a phone interview, Pearson said that the woman had had several lung biopsies and that she did give her Vicodin because she did not consider a mild pain reliever appropriate under the circumstances. Pearson said he did not recall when he discovered the young woman had died. "I'd hoped [the suit] would shut him up ... but it apparently hasn't."

Besides the outrage, there is a malevolence in Imus's 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 det
He says in the limo it irritated him, although it's hard not to wonder if the personal secret plea him in some way, helped 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-succireranego—his steadfast loyalty to an eye. One of the regulars on the show, Rob Bartlett, had come in to work despite being very ill. He had spent two hours uphill to play the character of Dr. Phil, when there was no television simulcast. They don't make good decisions," he says of NBC and its programming. "You can't idiotic decisions like [hosting hires] Tucker Carlson and Ron Reagan." Of conservative at Tucker Carlson, he says: "He's a twit. A pussy." This is in the same spirit as an earlier comment on Senate majority leader Kids ("a fucking criminal"). Similarly, he looks up from his circular desk at a vision monitor during a commercial break sees Chris Matthews, the host of Hard-silenently nattering away, he says, "There's idiot," to no one in particular.

One wonders if there is a nice opportunity to create a little turmoil for MSNB, with simulcasts Imus's WFAN radio show key days mornings from six to nine, by not giving over to the studios in Secaucus on day to do the show, and broadcasting it out from Astoria. There will still be an NBC simulcast, but from the shabby studio of WFAN where the setting is dim and dray. "I may punish them and not go over it," he says in the limo. He clearly doesn't want to make up his mind yet, because if the show would be no fun, no panic from NBC, no sound of shipmates scurrying to try to figure out what the hell is going on through their captain's mercurial mind.

The limo I ask Imus questions about his early life, about his show, about how he got in radio, about his life outside of the show. Though he is a major celebrity, with all of WNY at his beck and call, he describes himself as basically a shut-in. Once he's fixed 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 earlier that I could not ride with him unless I was willing to drive and wear a limo driver's cap. But he is clearly distracted by some-

thing, 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, grumpy, 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-mine 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 strip teases and got fired; the founder of a band with his brother. Fred, called Jay Jay Imus 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 KJOY, 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 disc-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 WGAR. 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 beauty, a form of speed, he often stayed up all night making pictures. He had 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 inebriated 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-chef 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
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 entree 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 Get-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 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 something disturbing about Imus's repudiation—com- bullshit, as he might put it—given that Rosenberg had already distinguished himself on the show in 2001 by calling tennis player Venus Williams an "animal" and noting that she and her sister, Serena, had a better chance of posing nude for National Geographic than 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. When I have said, That's it, never again. Or would have been like Cokie Roberts of ABC News, who called Imus's remarks "profane, rude," vowed never to go back on the air and then did several years later when the portunty arose to push her new book, Are Our Mothers' Daughters.

Imus considers me a good sport for having spayed myself on the radio earlier in the 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 is a guest on the show that day, there is talk about the incendiary column she had written in The New York Times about a league Judith Miller headlined WOMAN MASS DESTRUCTION. Imus wants to know what I thought she was conciliatory to Miller after the air 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 viruperation, given his famous dislike for phonies and people who rarely say what they feel. Which is why, when he wants a favor from someone, he responds to the opening pleasantries 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, ceme my place in the club.

"I mean, that was the most catfight column I've read in ages. Come on, she's not naive. You write a column like that, you are getting into a fucking catfight. You are jumping 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. "Sounds like you're getting angry, Buzz. Calm down. Jesus. [How about] some Zoloft in here? Jesus. Sounded scary."

I make a mental note to tone it down.
"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 cave 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 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 Disneyland. 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 Eichmann 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 demented.

We talk about his temper, which he says has improved measurably over the years, as well as about his regrets. He is being heart felt 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 WFAN, 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 gabbby chill notes about some idiotic add it 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 WFAN 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 neo-classical, 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 Westport 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 chateau, 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, and the talk turned to Lance Armstrong fresh off his seventh consecutive Tour de France victory. Deirdre said she felt it was something disingenuous about his comments that he had beaten cancer by himself. Based on her extensive experience with hundreds of pediatric cancer patients who have 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 neck 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, my 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 Tour de France wins.

"No, no," says Imus. "He's being charged these French faggots who are anti-American, scum 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 big-frog-legging 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. She says it's typical of their interaction. "No, I really know us that well, because we do hang around with anyone, but anyone who 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 a model after graduating from Villanova in suburban Philadelphia, met Imus in 1973 when she was a guest on the show. She was boxing at Gleason's Gym at the time, as someone on the show asked whether a woman who was into sports could also be attractive. She had never listened to Imus show 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'm was acutely aware of their age difference.
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 always 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 harass 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 going 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 amusement. Then, several weeks later, when I talk to him again, he’s sociable and chatty, asking me, “So how’s your hideous life?”

But, for now, as I pull out of the gravel driveway, 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

DRIVEN BY DYNASTY

TIMED FROM PAGE 113 subject me to will.” At 20, she fled Bari for Turin, and the gift of her mother’s retirement com- munion got a nose job and the first of three plast-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 me pay,” she said. “Absurd amounts ofoney. That money is my revenge. It’s the b of their cowardice.” She has said that her clientele represents a wide demographic, judging “important managers” and “soccer yers.” But not until the summer of 2005, coming to her, did she meet the man who could make her world-famous, Gianni Agnelli-gorgeous grandson.

Afer college, John Elkann went to New York to work at General Electric. In September 2001, just after 9/11, Lapo ar- red in New York to become the personalendant of Henry Kissinger, after Gianni Agnelli, whom Kissinger calls his “best end,” had asked the former secretary of te to teach Lapo something about interna-tional relations. Lapo has said that he was basically Kissinger’s gofer, spending 30 minutes every morning teaching his venerable boss 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 opportunity to meet all the people I know in international 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 perceptive. After he’d take notes, I asked him what he 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 Italians from Italy who were based here,” says the columnist Taki Theodoracopulos, who would regularly see Lapo at the down-town Cipriani and other Euro hangouts in Manhattan. 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’Urso, a longtime Agnelli intimate, would often join Kissinger, Agnelli, and Lapo for dinner. When 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 della 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 inti- macy they had.”

“Lapo is a very pleasant, brilliant, curious boy,” Agnelli was quoted as saying in Dipio. “When he comes into my room, everything brightens.” In 2002, Agnelli’s prostate cancer, 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 beloved 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 community, and Carla Ovazz, 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 support 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 Hydrogen. 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 zipperpe
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-person 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 imaginary 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 tollbooth 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 Velveta-style cheese square, melting into Fiat 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 supermodel 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 as saying in the newspaper Il Foglio.

A series of tragedies propelled John and Lapo Elkan to the top of the 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 Lapo once said was “part of the DNA of Italy,” would be sold to foreign concerns—the twist to a family history beset by misfortune.

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,” according to Alan Friedman, died at 33 of a form of stomach cancer. Agnelli’s old friend John Elkann, then 21, as his successor on the Fiat board. Agnelli never even met 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 his father’s son,” says his friend Count Gelasio Gaetani. “I believe this is one of the reasons he went 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.

At the funeral, Gianni Agnelli was observed leaping on Lapo, “almost naively toward the arm of the child that had become a boy with a head full of hair,” wrote Maurizio Crosetti in La Repubblica. “Giovanni [Gianni Agnelli loved Lapo because, probably, he reminded 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 shirt, but the collar buttons open; the Rolex Longines watch worn on top of the sleeve.

Agnelli gave John Elkann his Fiat voltige 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 and his grandfather’s pâle complexion and sense of style—which would earn him a place on the International Best-Dressed List in Vanity Fair in 2005 and cause one young Londoner to wonder, “He makes English men look unbearably dapper”—Lapo was Gian 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 Morchio, tried to seize the throne even before Umberto was lowered into the ground.

“At the funeral, Morchio 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, bearded, ebullient, Gaetani is Italy's flamboyant wine ambassador; once led to a Cinzano heiress, he is famous sipping, pouring, and drinking wine as ammets to the earth while skydiving. He is to Gianni's eldest sister, Susanna, who at 83 is the de facto head of the family, he says the family sprung into action to realize their goal: "Sunni put it together," says Gaetani, meaning his three other sisters—Clara, Cristiana, Maria Sole—who rushed from their quasi-castaway lives to attend to the turmoil in the Lingotto. Within days, word came that the Pelle Morchio was out, and he was soon ceded by Sergio Marchionne as C.E.O. Ferrari boss Luca Cordero di Montezemolo was chairman. (Marchionne declined to be interviewed for this article.)

So, Giovanni Alberto dead, Edoardol Umberto dead—the only keepers of the flame left, really, are the Elkans," says Friedman. It was true that Fiat was on track, "a mess," as even Suni would lay it. But if the company was going down, could go down with Agnelli blood at the top. John Elkann was promoted to vice-chairman of Fiat Group, and Lapo Elkann was named worldwide director of brand promotion for Fiat Auto. The young men's mother, Margherita, dispatched lawyers to add the terms of her father's will, which she favored her children by Elkann over her children by de Pahlen. The matter was settled before 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 save Lapo, as well as his team and Fiat at the, 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, with a price dreamt up by Lapo of 111 euros ($13,350). Lapo was given the responsibility of introducing the Grande Punto at to Italy's critical young-adult market and turn 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 a bit of overall marketing at Fiat Auto. "Now that we've done is we've split marketing in two. There's traditional marketing, which is 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 Proc ter & 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 $60-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 Airadou, 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 Airadou. "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 Schiavazzi, 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 [sponsored by Fiat, on Sardinia]. All the representatives of exclusive events fight to get him as a guest star, as do the newspapers."

In the area around the Park of Valentino, the prostitutes told reporters, Lapo drove a variety of Fiat cars, including, according to a transvestite named Ivana who spoke to me, "a Maserati!" They say he was seen cruising the streets all spring and summer, always discreet, anonymous, unusually quiet for him.

After his overdose, the press descended and the streetwalkers exploded in a vociferous chorus. One drag queen said she had been with Lapo three times, and he was "very polite and generous, a real gentleman." Another, a Brazilian transsexual, remembered how Lapo cruised to a stop and identified himself only as Eduardo, seeking mostly conversation. "He spoke a very good Portuguese," she said, "and said he had studied in Brazil. . . . He treated me like a princess. His looks, though, were sad. He always looked like he was begging for affection." One of the prostitutes told the TV show Striscia la Notizia, "He would come often, about every two days." When she was told that he had a beautiful girlfriend, she responded, "That's just cover-ups, there are always cover-ups. . . . Lapo is a habitual client."

Police say Patrizia told them that she often procures multiple partners for special clients, and that sometime late in the summer she took Lapo off the streets. In one press report she later said she had met him at "a private party," where she wore her customary miniskirt and knee-high boots. She recalled in another article that he was very dressed down. "When he told me he was Lapo Elkann, the grandson of Gianni Agnell i, I thought he was making fun of me."

Lapo's publicist denies that Lapo frequented the area. "I worked with him day and night, traveling constantly, and he was not a client of the transvestites," she says. A state commission has reportedly opened an inquiry into some media reports on the case.

Dear gentlemen, I promised something to shareholders, to the banks, to the world," Sergio Marchionne told his staff in the early summer of 2005. "This year, the Fiat accounts have to be balanced. To do this, the new Punto has to be presented right after summer. Otherwise, it will be that we're all going home."

Fiat committed millions of euros to launch the Grande Punto, and four advertising agencies competed for the account. Lapo's department...
Lapo Elkann

oment 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 Gaetai. “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 to buyers 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 whistle 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 bodes 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 Bresci 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 l’apocalisse, 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 Lingotto. 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 Lingotto to that address. Dead vines hung down from the balconies of the building, a squat, dull-gray mid-rise. The plate number on the door lists a dozen tenants, including “Broco.” I rang the bell, got no answer, then rang other bells until someone 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 doorway 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 plater angel on a table, all lit by a cheap little chandelier. “Don’t be a giraffe!” she
Lapo Elkann

boomed, 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... psychologized worry about 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—stilettos 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, ever since a couple of months,” she said through her spokesperson 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,” he said. 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 Italian had erupted on the subject, with doctored 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,” lamented the newspaper *Il Giornale*.

“The Lapo story is the story of the end of Italy, the crisis of Italian industry, and crisis of Italy’s new generation,” says writer Mario Adinolfi, who has become a voice of this generation, which has beled the Invisible Generation. “Lapo is the crossroads of all of these things—you rich, brilliant, and powerful. But in the end an empty box.”

Lapo’s overdose hasn’t sunk Fiat, but it has put to an end the automaker’s survival on a hill. Nevertheless, shares rose to 7.59 € in December, up from a record low of 4.12 € in April.

“Lapo will be back,” says the Fiat representative.

“We need him back,” says Pier Giorio Scrimaglio, speaking for Italian trade unions in general.

“When you fall, that’s when you learn,” says a princess friend of Lapo’s.

Patrizia has claimed that neither she nor Patrizia ever contacted her, either to thank her for saving Lapo’s life or to plug 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 two 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 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 pained, 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 the tattoo on my wrist?” he asked, pointing to an Oriental ideogram. “It means, I never give up.”

**FEBRUARY 200**
JAY MCINERNEY

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.

What living person do you most admire?
The author of the most insightful and laudatory review of The Good Life.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
My tendency to exaggerate.

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

What is your greatest extravagance?
Bespoke clothing.

On what occasion do you lie?
Most.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
I'll tell you after I have it fixed.

Which living person do you most despise?
The last person who wrote something nasty about me.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"Really. I promise."

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
My tendency to get mistaken for Bret Easton Ellis.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
Lack of trust-funding.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Brightness Falls.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
My ex-wife's potbellied pig.

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.
All-New MX-5 Miata. Once again, Mazda has reinvented the sports car.

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 connected, almost telepathic. Only Mazda could have delivered this seamless expression of the heart of your driving experience.
FORD'S FOUNDATION
SCARLETT JOHANSSON, TOM FORD, KEIRA KNIGHTLEY, AND SCARLETT'S...
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
Color, especially red, has a reason to be. Black and white return as the ultimate palette. Light is the easy spring is a style of its own. is where we're going now.

Shades of New York

...
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
CAN GREAT SKIN BE CREATED? YES.

Clinique’s 3-Step. Soap & water. And science. Cleanse, exfoliate, moisturize: A simple system created by our guiding dermatologists to keep skin clear, radiant. Exfoliation is the difference-maker—speeding up and regulating a natural process that clears dull flakes so livelier skin can surface. Helps skin maximize moisture, too. A custom-fit 3-Step System answers your skin’s specific needs.
Step 1: Cleanse. Bar or new Liquid, Clinique soap maintains protective lipids. Step 2: Exfoliate to speed brighter and smoother skin to the surface, prep for moisture. Step 3: Moisturize to replenish. 3 products, 3 minutes. Twice a day. What was dull and flaky becomes lively and translucent. Everybody deserves great skin.

Clinique. Allergy Tested. 100% Fragrance Free. Now at clinique.com
CLINIQUE
liquid facial soap mild

CLINIQUE
clarifying lotion 2

CLINIQUE
dramatically different moisturizing lotion
HONOLULU, BEVERLY HILLS, NEW YORK, LAS VEGAS, BAL HARBOUR, ASPEN, SOUTH COAST PLAZA, BOSTON, SAN FRANCISCO, MANHASSET, PALM BEACH, WAIKIKI, HOUSTON, ORLANDO, BEVERLY CENTER, SHORT HILLS, CHEVY CHASE, AND PUERTO RICO SELECT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, NEIMAN MARCUS, HOLT RENFREW AND PALACIO DE HIERRO LOCATIONS
Saks loves feeling bullish.
ST. JOHN
Sold exclusively in Louis Vuitton stores. 866.VUITTON www.louisvuitton.com
Sold exclusively in Louis Vuitton stores. www.louisvuitton.com 866-VUITTON
ACCEPT NO IMITATIONS.
BUY IT IN SALONS.
Professional strength. Intense repair. Transformed hair.

- Cera-Repair Pro4™, in-salon treatments, use patented ceramide to dramatically repair and reinforce hair's natural protective layer.
- Cera-Repair™, home maintenance treatments, prolong hair's salon-renewed health and manageability.
- 3 customized formulas enriched with **hibiscus, algae** or **ginseng**, tailored to treat hair-type specific needs.

point.click.style at matrix.com
LEADING LASS
PRE-TEEN ACTING SENSATION DAKOTA FANNING . . . . . . . . 285

F E A T U R E S

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 45
Get Online for the Year's Most Star-Studded Party

EXCLUSIVE LIVE WEBCAM OUTSIDE THE VANITY FAIR PARTY
OSCAR® NIGHT, MARCH 5

VISIT VANITYFAIR.COM ALL MONTH LONG FOR YOUR BEHIND-THE-SCENES HOLLYWOOD FIX

Only at VanityFair.com
DEATH 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.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62
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.

Visit a Movado boutique and you will find an exceptional array of exclusive jewelry designs that reflect the Movado brand personality in their smooth, sculptural shapes and clean, simple lines. Shown here is the Movado Trembrili™ pendant. A radiant circle of pavé diamonds beneath a halo of 18 karat gold. Available exclusively at Movado boutiques. For more information, log an to movodoboutique.com, or call 888-4movado.

On October 27, 2005, the Swiss Army Brands store in Manhattan’s SoHo was the site of an exclusive reception and exhibition of iconic photographs by Vanity Fair contributing photographer Mark Seliger. Co-hosted by Swiss Army Brands and Vanity Fair, the event celebrated Seliger’s images of music legends, including some from Vanity Fair’s November Music Issue. Guests sipped Svedka vodka cocktails while enjoying the show and took away signed copies of Seliger’s new book, In My Stairwell, with their Swiss Army Brands purchases.

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.
Navigating the LAND of CREDIT
with Citi Simplicity™

Start

Get the most out of your credit card.

Billing Date Options. Take One Step

Know the Rules. Jump Ahead

Get a Great Low Rate!

Swamp of Surprises

LATE!

Late Fees Waived

With Citi Simplicity, we'll waive your late fee if you've used your card once each billing period for a purchase or cash advance.

Learn more at usecreditwisely.com.

With Citi Simplicity customer service, just dial "0" to get a real person anytime.

Talk to a real person. Take One Step

Beep! Beep! You're stuck

On hold with a robot!

The Slippery Credit Slope!

You've avoided a late fee, but you could still be heading toward bad credit. Paying late on any of your credit cards can negatively affect your APR and credit score.
Introducing the Citi Simplicity credit card.

Guiding you safely through the Land of Credit by helping you avoid late fees, talk to a real person, and get a great low rate.

It’s simply the card that treats you right.

To apply, call 1-888-CITICARD or visit us at citisimplicity.com.

Live richly.
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

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.

VANITIES


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 FIND CONDE NAST MAGAZINES ONLINE, VISIT www.condenet.com;
TO FIND VANITY FAIR, VISIT www.vanityfair.com

MARCH 2006

RACK STARS
PAMELA ANDERSON AND MAMIE VAN DOREN 285
“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.
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.

VANITIES


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 FIND CONDE' NAST MAGAZINES ONLINE, VISIT www.condenet.com; TO FIND VANITY FAIR, VISIT www.vanityfair.com.

MARCH 2006
March 12
"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.
After 173 years, we know quite a bit about diamonds. But love is still a complete mystery.
TOMMY HILFIGER
fresh american style
PHOENIX FESTIVITIES
Visit Greater Phoenix for Cinco de Mayo 2006. Festivals all around the Valley will celebrate the holiday with live music, dancing, food, and fun. Enjoy everything from mariachis and salsa challenges to arts and crafts and carnival rides—there's a little something for everyone. Local restaurants also join the celebration with tequila tastings, serenading musicians, and the finest of Mexican hospitality. For more information on Cinco de Mayo events and resort packages, log on to visitphoenix.com/vanity or call 866-705-9743.

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.
Rush hour. 200 feet below Tokyo.

DESIGNED FOR THE EXTRAORDINARY

RANGE ROVER SPORT Go beyond at landroverusa.com
Drivers wanted!

DKNY JEANS PRESENTS
VANITY FAIR IN CONCERT

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, hosts 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.
love from London

Rachel Weisz in London

Burberry London

a new fragrance for women

Neiman Marcus Nordstrom Saks Fifth Avenue
HERMÈS IN THE AIR

HERMÈS
PARIS
HERMES IN THE AIR

HERMES
PARIS
HERMES IN THE AIR

HERMES
PARIS
“Paris-Bomboy” bag in Epsom calfskin.
Pointu “Regarde Paris” in silk twill.
Agenda in goatskin.
“Kelly Clochette” watch in Epsom calfskin.
Lambskin gloves.

1-800-441-4488
Hermes.com
The new Saab 9-5 Sedan

Saab was founded by 16 aircraft engineers and their spirit lives on. Introducing the new, redesigned 9-5 Sedan with an EPA estimated highway fuel economy of 29 mpg. While inside, there's a whole new class...
Never fly coach again.

With a sleek, aerodynamic exterior and a fuel-efficient, 260-hp turbocharged engine, it flies past gas stations, and features at your fingertips. After all, when you used to build jets, you don't build just another car.
EDITOR’S LETTER

Vanity Fair’s Tom Ford Moment

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 shrill 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 BUTT 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 Anjelica 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 redesigned 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 issues 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 lavvvy 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 shot. Tom e-mailed back: “Let’s pass on the family shots 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 fore 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 . . . (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 j

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 features editor Jane Sarkin had finished fidgeting with the portfolio, and was ready to walk me through it. I moved a few things around of day, prompting an exchange of e-mails that resulted in things returning to the way he had left them. The next day he wrote, “De Graydon, I know this is your way of apologizing after your see-

ingly 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 Holmes, at a party we gave before the Golden Globes at the Sunset Tower Hotel (the Argyle’s new name). Mr. Hoffman, the star of Capote, a terribly serious young man, and in an ill-fated attempt to lighten the moment, I told him that I too do a pretty mean Truman Capote. When he stood there, I did my own impersonation, including the high-pitch 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 went 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 passerby 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 be longings 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.

—GRAYDON CARTER

MARCH 2004
A FILM CAN MAKE IT HERE, IT CAN MAKE IT ANYWHERE.

8 MILLION PEOPLE. 8 MILLION OPINIONS.

APRIL 25-MAY 7
NEW YORK CITY
EACH MONTH, VANITY FAIR GIVES YOU THE SCOOP. NOW IT'S YOUR TURN.

Are you the person friends come to for the latest on what to do, where to go, and what to buy? If the answer is yes, then Vanity Fair wants you for its A-List panel. You'll have the chance to share your opinions through periodic surveys and polls, as well as receive updates on Vanity Fair events and programs.

When you sign up, you'll be entered into a drawing to win a framed Vanity Fair cover.

Log on to iceology.com/VF/A-ListPanel today.
My name: Ken Watanabe

childhood ambition: Trumpet player
fondest memory: I have too many good memories to remember just one
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 gained 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

My life. My card.™
My name is 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

Kate Winslet

My life. My card."
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

Find the card that fits your life at mylifemycard.com

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.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112
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 up 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.
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 decking 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

THE FUTURE OF ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

SVEDKA

SVEDKA.COM
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

CONTRIBUTORS

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118
DREAMING OF DONNA

FASHION STRAIGHT FROM THE RUNWAYS, NOW ON STYLE.COM

STYLE.COM
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," Brox 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 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 Artpress 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 ...

BEHIND THE SCENES

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 wildcard. 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 unusual or completely off the wall to work with were pleasantly surprised.

ON THE COVER

Scarlett Johansson’s and Keira Knightley’s makeup products by Estée Lauder.

Hair by Julien d’Ys. Makeup by Carla White. Manicures by Deborah Lippmann. Set design by Rick Floyd and Mary Howard. Styled by Joe Zee.

Photographed exclusively for V.F. by Annie Leibovitz at Suite A studio in New York City on November 11, 2005.

MARCH 2006
FREE GIFT TIME

Your free gift with any $45 ETERNITY or ETERNITY MOMENT fragrance purchase.
TRIBUTE TO THE "FEMMES DU MONDE,"
UDEMARS PIGUET, CO-SPONSOR OF
INGHI, THE DEFENDER OF AMERICA'S
IP XXXII, PRESENTS THE ROYAL OAK
BY ALINGHI.
varvatos

Chris Cornell: Greenwich Village, N.Y.
Photographed by Danny Clinch, 2006
Phat

By Kimora Lee Simmons

Macy's - D.E.M.O.
120 Prince Street, NYC - Beverly Hills
Montreal - Paris - Milan - Tokyo

www.babyphat.com
www.kimoraleesimmons.com
CHARRIOL
GENEVE

The art of living the difference
Emily Procter in CHARRIOL®

Bloomingdale's
for an authorized retail location near you call
800-872-0172
charriol-usa.com
IT'S HPNOTIQ.
HPNOTIQ & VODKA WITH A TWIST
hpnotiq.com/hpnotini
The romantic evenings. The cram sessions.
And beneath it all, the underlying beauty of every single day. STAINMASTER® carpet.
Always stylish. Always beautiful.™
STAINMASTER
carpet

Always stylish. Always beautiful.
"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 COMMUNITY 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
Shine

RAYMOND WEIL
GENEVE

www.raymondweil-usa.com
We admire and salute Téa Leoni's dedication to UNICEF, a charity close to her and her family's heart. As a mother, actress and humanitarian, Téa continues to inspire and motivate us all. Di MODOLO proudly supports UNICEF in Téa's honor.
EXPERIENCE L.A.'S BEST FOR FILM
With unparalleled screening facilities, a café bar, and a cinema-themed retail shop, ArcLight Cinemas Hollywood, in Los Angeles, is truly a film-lover's paradise. Fourteen "black box" auditoriums and the historic Cinerama Dome offer all-reserved seating and a commercial-free environment. A full range of cinematic programming connects moviegoers with the movies and the filmmakers they love. For details, visit arclightcinemas.com.

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.

GUESTS ENJOYED THE EVENING.

BRave. BY DESIGN.
Meet the new 320-horsepower V8 Infiniti FX. With 20-inch wheels pushed to the edges of the vehicle for a more fluid ride. An engine placed nearer to its center of gravity for enhanced balance. And a sport-tuned exhaust system that lets out a distinctive, throaty growl. The Infiniti FX is more than just on SUV. It's the SUV inspired by sports-car design. Visit infiniti.com for more information.
ON THE ROAD
Introducing the all-new...
CESS, PICK YOUR COMPANIONS WISELY.

n Zephyr. The 2006 Lincoln Mark LT and 2006 Lincoln Navigator.

One is capable. One is spirited. One is bold. All are confident. The next generation of luxury from Lincoln. Get ahead in the world.

LINCOLN
Reach Higher
lincoln.com
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 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

FORD’S THEATER
From top: photographer Terry Richardson, stylist Joe Zee (second from left), and crew prepare to capture Eric Bana in a Woodland Hills pool; Ford enjoys the company of Pamela Anderson and Mamie Van Doren; Rosamund Pike and photographer Salve Sundsbø check out Polaroids.
A city works its magic.

It's our pleasure.
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 room 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 naïveté 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 not 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, 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

tary 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.

FEEL THE LOVE
Robert Evans lies with his wife, Victoria. They were married August 6, 2005, after doing for about three months.
BE DELICIOUS

the fragrances for women & men

DKNY
DONNA KARAN NEW YORK

experience the fragrances at DKNY.com
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 nightmarish 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 is 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 shut down 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
Morkton, 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 MNOOKIN’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-
introducing

Red DELICIOUS

a new temptation in fragrance, for women, for men.

DKNY
DONNA KARAN NEW YORK

experience the fragrances at DKNY.com
POLYGAMY LOVES COMPANY.

BILL AXTON  JEANNE TRIPPLEHORN  CHLOË SEVIGNY  GINNIFER GOODWIN  HARRY DEAN STANTON

BIG LOVE

SERIES PREMIERE MARCH 12, 10PM/9C FOLLOWING THE SOPRANOS

©2006 Home Box Office, Inc. All rights reserved. HBO, The Sopranos "and Big Love" are service marks of Home Box Office, Inc.
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 of 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*’ 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, hazarding 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 state 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...
The extreme skin makeover without the extreme measures

Like most women, you probably spent many hours basking under the midday sun. You never thought it could happen, but now the years of sun damage are starting to show on your skin, making it look duller, less radiant and more wrinkled than you had hoped. To help undo some of the photo-aging, some women see a dermatologist for 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 gentle as it is skin-friendly. Neutrogena has partnered with dermatologists to develop a hard-working, naturally derived acid peel that delivers professional-level exfoliation, yet gentle enough for all skin types. Interested? Read on...

Gentle on Photo-Aging

Advanced Solutions™ Facial Peel provides visible minimizing benefits with results up to a professional glycolic peel. The formula works in three key ways:

1. Texturizes instantly with deep surface exfoliation, dramatically enhancing skin’s smoothness, evenness and natural glow after just one use

2. Restores skin’s youthful appearance over time, helping reduce the look of fine lines, coarse wrinkles, mottled hyperpigmentation and overall photo-damage

3. Self-neutralizes to minimize the chance of irritation

Gentle on Skin

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.

Easy for You

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!
what’s IN STORE... i.d. bareMinerals SPF 15 Foundation
ULTA

YOUR BEAUTY DESTINATION

www.ulta.com

'Oréal Paris Color Juice Lipstick, Lovely Sarah Jessica Parker...
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 Read to Kong," by Krista Smith), we mistakenly called 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 vfa@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of Vanity Fair.

MORE FROM THE V.F. MAIL BAG

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 preemptively 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 from 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?

Mail 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 Byron 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 stationery.

MARK INGELS
I'm on your side, V.F.

My issue is take it with my sweet wife's target. It's already steamed up my waters at home some. It's too bad she didn't 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.
INTRODUCING

YOUTH DEW

AMBER NUDE

OM FORD ESTĒE LAUDER COLLECTION
YOUTH DEW

AMBER NUDE

A NEW FRAGRANCE FOR WOMEN

TOM FORD ESTÉE LAUDER COLLECTION
Put on something hot this Valentine's Day.

The Essential Barry Manilow
The Essential Neil Diamond
The Essential Hall & Oates
The Essential Kenny G
The Essential Kenny Loggins
The Essential Barbra Streisand
Dolly Parton “Love Songs"
Air Supply “Love Songs"
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"
Bob Dylan “Greatest Hits 1"
ELO “Greatest Hits"
The Essential Bruce Springsteen
The Essential Simon & Garfunkel
The Essential Santana
The Essential Billy Joel
The Essential Johnny Cash
The Essential Stevie Ray Vaughan
And many more

Essential Music
from Legacy Recordings.
The perfect Valentine's Day gift.

BORDERS®

More Of What You Love.

all CDs
buy 3, get 4th free

Sale ends 2/27/06
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.)

REEL MUSIC

■ 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.

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).

■ 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.
THE FACETS OF A WOMAN'S PERSONALITY
Cole Haan

shoes handbags coats
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). Celebrity-snap artist Patrick McMullan captures the high art of the Kiss Kiss (PMc Publishing). 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, 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!

**Calling All Superheroes**

April Eisenberg's latest triumph

The next time some lit-crit nincompoop 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 form 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 commentary. 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 his toddler son, a brother is poined by his relationship with his schizophrenic sister, and in the title story a group of pastcollegiate pals witness the terrorist attacks of 9/11 up close. In pared-down, lucid language Eisenberg distills the horror of the day when "something flashed and something tore, and the cloudless sky Ignited." But most astuteiy 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 beyond words. Tell me that isn't superpower.

—E.S.
I'll try it 72

Super Lustrous Lipstick

Exclusive LiquiSilk pampers lips with silk-drenched mega-moisturizers and vitamins. No wonder it's America's #1 lipstick*

REVLO

*Mendes is wearing Super Lustrous Lipstick in Goldpearl Plum. Featured shades are: Wine with Everything and Softsilver Rose

Source: Dollar sales for the 52 week period ending 10/29/05. AC Nielsen Scannex. www.revlon.com ©2006 Revlon Consumer Products Corporation
Chloé
The writering try
ural chef
marmalade sample is by neighborhood, run, 60-foot pool, rooms a bed
concrete with the largest and the great-grandson of Joan Buck, the former editor of French Vogue. Jean "Juliet" Buck prefers the Arizona Inn to the Hotel du Cap, in Antibes. A pink Spanish-colonial fantasy of 86 rooms on 14 palm-studded acres, the Arizona Inn feels like an intimate version of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Founded in 1930 by the remarkable Isabella Greenway, a friend of Eleanor Roosevelt's, the inn is now run, with a staff of 210, to gleaming perfection by her great-grandson Will Conroy, a screenwriter and the son of writer Frank Conroy. The lovely rooms are filled with fine furniture and artwork, tea with cucumber or caviar sandwiches is served afternoons in the library, and there's a 60-foot pool, which is also a good place to sample cinnamon toast and homemade orange marmalade at breakfast.

When we wanted to go hiking in the Tucson area's 75-degree, sunny winter days, but we didn't want to sleep in a tent. Then we heard that former editor of French Vogue Joan Juliet Buck prefers the Arizona Inn to the Hotel du Cap, in Antibes. A pink Spanish-colonial fantasy of 86 rooms on 14 palm-studded acres, the Arizona Inn feels like an intimate version of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Founded in 1930 by the remarkable Isabella Greenway, a friend of Eleanor Roosevelt's, the inn is now run, with a staff of 210, to gleaming perfection by her great-grandson Will Conroy, a screenwriter and the son of writer Frank Conroy. The lovely rooms are filled with fine furniture and artwork, tea with cucumber or caviar sandwiches is served afternoons in the library, and there's a 60-foot pool, which is also a good place to sample cinnamon toast and homemade orange marmalade at breakfast.

—DOUG STUMPF

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 frothage 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, lazily, 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
THE WORLD’S BEST COSMOPOLITAN STARTS WITH GREY GOOSE L’ORANGE.

GREY GOOSE
World’s Best Tasting Vodka

GREY GOOSE

L’Orange
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED FRANCE

ORANGE FLAVORED VODKA 40% ALC. VOL. 750ML

IMPORTED

SIP RESPONSIBLY
www.greycovodka.com
Who 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 and 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 Diane 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 starer 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 Bevhillibilly 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 Melquiade Estrada. Worth noting: No Direction Home, the companion CD to Martin Scorsese's wonderful Bob Dylan documentary. Yo-Yo Ma's and Rhahak Perelman's performances in John Williams's score for Memoirs of a Geisha; Nathan Larson's Filmmusik, with music he did for films such as Boys Don't Cry, High Art, Dirty Pretty Things, and The Woodman. 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's.

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.
New Pasha de Cartier Jewelry Collection
If the Beatles killed the barbershop in the U.K., then 1975's Shampoo put on end to those cliches of boy-ram machismo in Los Angeles. Prior to that, Hollywood had had a thriving tonsorial culture. Larry Gelbart got his start when his father, a Beverly Hills barber, pitched his son to potter Danny Thomas. And the late Harry Drucker clipped Frank Sinatra and President Ronald Reagan.

As with Rat Pack swagger, the vintage barbershop is having its comeback in the form 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 stresses 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 hot towel at a New Orleans barbershop. "Bill dragged me to Aidan Gill's, and it changed my life. Prior to that, I wore 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.

---

**The Men's Club**

A NEW TWIST ON THE TRADITIONAL SALON

**Kitchen Confidential**

Dining with the De Laurentisises

It's not an affectation, the funny, oft commended-upon way that Giada De Laurentis says "spaghetti": spoon-GIT-tee, in quick, syncopated, Italianate 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 Laurentis clan when its patriarch, Dino, her film-producer grandfather (Barbarella, 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 pasta factory," says Giada. Though she studied at Le Cardon Bleu, in Paris, and is therefore equipped with "strict, classical-French Escoffier training," De Laurentis 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, pancetta, 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
Ermenegildo Zegna

New York Beverly Hills Chicago Bal Harbour South Coast Plaza Las Vegas Vancouver
888.880.3462 zegna.com
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 music biz whiz who gave the world such fist-pumping, heavy rock acts as Limp Bizkit and Staind, bands without a shot 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 book clubs; 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!

VANITY FAIR'S

Guide to

A PERFECT DAY
IN L.A.
color is intense
introducing HIP
high intensity pigments™
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.

From Hollywood to Malibu

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

BY PUNCH HUTTON

They seem an unlikely couple: She, the designer, specializing in haute couture and Hollywood's trendiest evening gowns. He, the alternative-rocker, known for his fist-pumping performances without a shot glass in sight. Yet, in the 1920s and the Abstract Expressionist era, their aura of chic and rebellion were the pop-culture present. It was love at first sight.

Stephanie and Jordan now entertain on a gentler scale. Their intimate dinner parties are among the most coveted invitations in town.

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—had found a home in Los Angeles. The couple currently resides 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
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 couple, specializing in the world of chic: the world of fist-pumping, first-class, fist-pumping bands without a shot glass. In the 1920s and the Abstract Expressionist present, the pap-culture present, the pap-culture present, the pap-culture present, the pap-culture present, the pap-culture present.

It was love at first sight. Stephanie and Jordan, a moonlit bacchanal for sorrows," says the more low-key one...

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 Jordan now entertain on a gentler scale. Their intimate dinner parties are among the most coveted invitations in town. —AARON GELL
The end of the haircolor guessing game. 

Now, the color you select is the color you get.

NEW
Natural Match
No-Ammonia  Color-Calibrated Crème

Color so predictable, it takes the guesswork out of finding your best color.

Color so natural, it duplicates the tones and reflections of nature.

Color so precise, it's organized by levels and tones: Cooler, Natural, Warmer and Red.

Color so compatible, it even complements your skintone.

Color so refined, it won't go too dark or look artificial.

Color so gentle, it conditions your hair with green tea and aloe.

Color so glossy and polished, it looks naturally beautiful every time.

Because You're Worth It.

L'ORÉAL PARIS
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).

Goes to Kinara Skin Care Clinic and Spa for a mani-pedi and Botox (636 N. Robertson Blvd., West Hollywood; 310-657-9188).

**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).

Gets a sexy haircut and blow-out by Neil Weisberg, co-owner of Nail George salon. She passes the Olsen twins on her way out (9320 Civic Center Dr., Beverly Hills; 310-275-2808).

**AFTERNOON:** Hits the clothing boutiques along Robertson and 3rd. Kitson (115 S. Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills; 310-859-2652) and Satine (8117 W. 3rd St., Los Angeles; 323-655-2142). Then Lily et Cie (9044 Burton Way, Beverly Hills; 310-724-4757), Stella McCartney (8823 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles; 310-273-7051), and Tracey Ross (8595 W. 3rd St., Los Angeles; 310-854-1996). Then swings by the Melrose shops: DVF (8407 Melrose Ave., 332-951-1947), Fred Segal (8100 Melrose Ave.; 332-651-4129), Marni (8460 Melrose Pl; 323-782-1100), Marc Jacobs (8400 Melrose Pl.; 323-653-5100).

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
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).

**LATE NIGHT:** The Dime (442 N. Fairfax, Los Angeles; 323-651-4421).

**NIGHTCAP:** Mood (6623 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood; 323-464-6663).
They seem on unlikely signers, specializing in their aura of chic and the world such fist-pumping bands without a shot glass in the 1920s and the Abstract pop-culture present. It was love at first sight.

Stephanie and Jordon clothing line and the presc 2001. The alternative-rock in honor of which Jordan th a moonlit bacchanal for sor rible,” says the more lowk.

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, Jordon now entertains on a gentler scale. Their intimate dinner parties are among the most coveted invitations in town.

—AARON GELL
volutionary lift.
volutionary results.

REVITALIFT®
DOUBLE LIFTING

JUST ONE STEP: 
Use Re-Tightening Gel + Anti-Wrinkle Treatment

2. Starts reducing wrinkles immediately.

Anti-wrinkle comfort cream with Nanosomes of Pro-Retinol A
20% fewer surface wrinkles in one week***

L'OREAL®
PARIS

ORÉAL
PARIS

CAUSE YOU'RE WORTH IT®
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 Alan 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), Ermenegildo 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 Under welted (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 Stone 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.

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
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 (8565 Melrose Ave., West Hollywood; 310-659-0628).

**AFTERNOON:** Buys new speakers to plug into his iPod Nano at the **Apple Store** in the **Grove** (8400). Remembers when the Farmers Market was the only thing across the street from CBS.

Steps 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. intersects Sunset Blvd.).
VANITY

PHOTOGRAPH.

AARON MARCH

who’d

The
clothing

night

inimitable

and Fuller Ave., intersect).

DRINKS: Tower Bar at the Sunset Tower Hotel (8358 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood; 323-883-6677). Catches up with maître d’ Dimitri, who used to take care of him at Diaghilev, which is no longer.

DINNER: Ammo for great Italian food (1155 N. Highland Ave., Los Angeles; 323-467-3293), then stops by tapas hot spot Cobras & Matadors for the birthday party (7015 W. Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles; 323-932-6178).

LATE NIGHT: I-Candy for great-looking crowd and decor. 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).

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.

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 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
clan (paskowitz.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 these scratch-and-sniff T-shirts her kids are obsessed with (in 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 margaritas 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.
They seem an unlikely signers, specializing their aura of chic to the world such fist-pumping bands without a shot glass the 1920s and the Abstract pop-culture present.

It was love at first sight. Stephanie and Jordan, clothing line and the presic 2001. The alternative-rock in honor of which Jordan “a moonlit bacchanal far sor- rible,” says the more low-key.

The night wasn’t a total loss, though; she eventually met the host, who pried 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

Visit VanityFair.com on March 5 to watch the live Vanity Fair Party Webcast on Oscar® Night—and for your chance to win an exclusive, special-edition Lambertson Truex for L’Oréal Paris evening bag, just like the one being presented to this year’s nominated actresses!

GET RED CARPET BEAUTIFUL WITH
L’ORÉAL
PARIS

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY TO ENTER OR WIN. Sweepstakes open only to legal residents of the 50 United States or the District of Columbia who are 18 and older. Sweepstakes begins at 12:00 a.m. Eastern Time (ET) on March 6, 2006, and ends at 11:59 p.m. (ET) on April 5, 2006. To enter and for complete Official Rules, visit VanityFair.com. Void where prohibited.
You’re Invited to the Party

WITH AWARDS SEASON IN FULL SWING,
JOIN VANITY FAIR IN BEVERLY HILLS

ENJOY V.I.P. IN-STORE EVENTS, PROMOTIONS,
AND MORE—AT THE TOP BOUTIQUES AND RETAILERS
ALONG, AND AROUND, RODEO DRIVE

FOR DETAILS AND AN EVENT SCHEDULE,
VISIT CAMPAIGNHOLLYWOOD.COM

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 katy-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 on 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-down country heart that's more exhilarating and affront 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

Journey of a Lifetime
RIC BURNS ON PLAYWRIGHT EUGENE O'NEILL

Champagne toasts are in order for the magisterial "Eugene O'Neill: A Documentary 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

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
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...
Proof...not promises.

A revolutionary new skincare technology proven to alter the chain reaction that can result in visible signs of aging.

The Idebenone in the exclusive PREVAGE formula is proven as the most powerful antioxidant for correcting and preventing degenerative cellular damage caused by environmental assaults:

Clinical tests show a significant decrease in fine lines and wrinkles and improved firmness, tone, texture and radiance.

81% of consumers tested, including those with moderate to severe sun damage, saw a significant improvement in their skin’s overall appearance.

PREVAGE anti-aging treatment

For more proof we invite you to visit prevageskin.com

Nordstrom
Bloomingdale’s
speakeasy Milk & Honey; Fat Baby; and Max Fish, the Ludlow Street bar that remains the meeting place for musicians, artists, skateboarders, and bohemians now considered tribal elders. Below Delancey, where Chinese gangster boys with one single long fingernail draw an strange 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-saff 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 sunspattered 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 compactly chic, with travel-friendly packaging. Jetsetting 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 irresistible."

—MARIA RICAPITO

CHIC ACCENTS

Hairstylist Frédéric Fekkai and celebrated jeweler H. Stern have teamed up to create a dazzling line featuring diamonds in hair-colored hues. The collection, Frédéric Fekkai by H. Stern, includes necklaces and earrings, as well as eye-catching hair accessories such as exquisite combs, glittery clips, and suede ribbons. —JESSICA FLINT

REVIVING THE WEARY TRAVELER

International travel isn’t always as 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.

BRITISH AIRWAYS

American Airlines

AIR FRANCE

Delta

A great way to fly SINGAPORE AIRLINES

QANTAS

MOLTON BROWN PRODUCTS
Cocoa 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 shampoo in a bottle, 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.

BYLGARI PRODUCTS
Gel Eye Mask, Lotion for the Corps (body), Baume pour les Levres (lips), Eau de Parfum, Emulsion Après Rasage (aftershave), Eau de Toilette, razor.

L’OCCITANE PRODUCTS
Shea-butter face cream, hand cream, lip balm; Olive Daily Face Cream; Aromachologie Revitalizing 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.
PISCES FEB. 19 - MARCH 20

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. Intrinsically, 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.

ARIES MARCH 21 - APRIL 19

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.

TAURUS APRIL 20 - MAY 20

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.

GEMINI MAY 21 - JUNE 21

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.

CANCER JUNE 22 - JULY 22

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.

LEO JULY 23 - AUG. 22

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 too much time and energy worrying about saving others. The retrograde of Saturn in your sign means you've got plenty to worry about on your own.

VIRGO AUG. 23 - SEPT. 22

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.

LIBRA SEPT. 23 - OCT. 22

Love: It's the trip everybody wants to go on. Only when they get there do they complain about all the stuff that was not in the brochure. With planets in your 5th house, you have something in common with the mother whose elation at holding her adorable, sweet-smelling newborn blinds her to the knowledge that the same bundle of joy may turn into a bratty teenager 15 years from now. So if you're just starting a romance, don't think ahead. It could spoil the fun.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22 - DEC. 21

Congratulations on surviving the 2nd-house nightmare over money. Now you can glimpse a shiny bubble in a store window and not tear your hair out lasting 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?

CAPRICORN DEC. 22 - JAN. 19

It's a blessing when Venus moves forward in your solar 1st house. After months of feeling like a total troglobyte (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 shelve the checkbook, 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.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20 - FEB. 18

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?
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 fastleep. 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 hnology for firmer skin. Stimulen®, a complex of potent botanicals, protects skin’s “guardian cells” by day a more “lifted”, firmer appearance. Glistin® renews skin by night.

NEW

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

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

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.

In the last but one of his 12 novelistic gallops through history and imagination, Flashman and the Tiger, George MacDonald Fraser does something at least as daring as anything that his poltroonish hero has ever ventured. He inserts his main character smack-dab into the middle of a failed assassination attempt. Colonel John Sebastian Moran, a pitiless killer and big-game hunter, is drawing a bead from a window in London at a silhouette across the ghostly street. And just as old Flashy is drawing his own bead on Moran, there is a wild commotion when an austere, gaunt private detective, a bluff old physician, and a squad of bobbies come piling into the room.

Some of you will have seen this coming: it is the climactic moment of “The Adventure of the Empty House,” the momentous story in which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle recalled Sherlock Holmes 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-gelled 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 deftest 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 Gandamaack Lodge, in Kabul (Gandamaack 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.

Victoria 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 civilized 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 wagging 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 unhackneyed 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 toupee," 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 covering 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 screwups 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 T'other thing." 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:

"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...""
"Now 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 horseman 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 pondered 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 started by Flashman himself, who panics his horse by farting so loudly with sheer hangover and pure fear, why then it's hardly less of a fiasco and a shambles than the real thing turned out to be.

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 comrade, 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 stung whippet. 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 courtesan 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 granddaughter’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 squaror 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 gore 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 polishing only a pen. And, since history is often recounted by the victors, why not have it related for once by one who 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

For further information visit longines.com or call (800) 897-9477
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 president has done—for P.R. and partisan politics. His G.I. George performances would be scary, if they weren’t so hollow.
ANNETTE BENING
BEN KINGSLEY

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 A KILLER FILMS//NUMBER 9 FILMS//JOHN WELLS PRODUCTION ANNETTE BENING BEN KINGSLEY "MRS. HARRIS"

BY JOHN FRIZZELL EDITED BY CURTIS CLAYTON PRODUCTION DESIGNER ALISON DOMINITZ DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY STEVEN POSTER, ASC EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS CHRISTIAN VERGES EXECUTIVE PRODUCER JOHN WELLS EXECUTIVE PRODUCED BY ELIZABETH KARlsen PAM KOFFLER AND CHRISTINE VACHON INSPIRED BY THE BOOK "VERY MUCH A LADY" BY SHANA ALEXANDER WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY PHYLLIS NAGY

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 8PM/7C

WATCH IT WHENEVER YOU WANT ON HBO ON DEMAND
would be a narcissistic joke if it weren’t being carried to such debased 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 flouting 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 over the holiday season was Patricia O’Toole’s account of Teddy Roosevelt’s post-presidential years, *When Trumpets Call*. (An admirer 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 opera. 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 every-thing 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 Chur-chillian 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 blog group, 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 rockin’ rapport Bush fans crave from their Commando in Chief. Even more unpopular than Bush, Vice President Dick Cheney got into the act last winter, headlin-ing 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 P.R. 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. 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, and the flag-draped coffins of their fallen comrades are considered unsuit-able viewing. This isn’t some school play being put on, though you wouldn’t know it from the ridiculous stunt of sticking a cook’s hat on Secretary of De-fense Donald Rumsfeld and having him dish out Christmas Eve dinner in the mess hall in Mosul, Iraq, or the *Wag the Dog* episode where soldiers were caught on-camera being coached by AlliSon Barber, deputy assistant secretary of defense for internal communications, preceding a satellite teleconference between Bush and the troops. The sol-diers sat as stiff and sounded as programmed as the captives in The Manchurian Candidate, and it was no more animated at Bush’s end. “The president’s
Roberts is a self-titled debut album garnering critical raves, this try music "it girl" has enticed legions of fans with fresh interpretations and style-drenched stylings.

"Stage I might dress sexy; Offstage more understated, like my lyrics my look is just genuine," Roberts says. "My fans know who I don't try to be someone I'm not."

frames: PRADA 18G

Eye on Style

You want to keep them in your sights. True individuals whose vision, taste and accomplishments have insiders talking. Here, we put some of our favorite style-setters in frame before they become household names. Stand out from the crowd yourself in a stylish pair of LensCrafters frames. Our 30-day Unconditional Guarantee ensures you can try a daring new look without taking a fashion risk.

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," criticized 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 know the Churchillian cadences into his text, he tends to slide back into his comfort zone of framing the War on Terror in nursery-school homilies of bad people doing bad things to good people, or else he's glib to the point of being obtuse. 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 quiescent 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 regulations. A Department of Defense directive doesn't allow service members in uniform to attend 'partisan political events.'" A retired Marine general quoted in the Fox piece considered Bush's politicking on military bases bad juju. "This is the sort of thing that you find in other countries where the military and certain political parties are aligned." A former navy lawyer, echoing the general's qualm, said, "Where you have our uniformed members 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 more decidedly 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 squabmeish 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 peaking 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 neoconser-
he was embedded riving that of Brokeback Mountain for laconic splendor.

But as the historian John Gray observes in The New Review of Books in his assessement of Imperial Grants, the U.S. lacks the essential skill set to regiment a true empire. We’re too insular and creature-comfort a nation, complacent ignorantly about the history, culture, and geography of the countries we invade and occupy, to administer a colonial setup. We don’t know nuthin’ and that’s how we like it. We don’t even train our lethal professionals to master foreign languages, preferring to let them gesture and point their weapons in staccato bursts of loud sign language. Of Kaplan’s observation that few of the counter-intelligence officers he met in Afghanistan

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-biceps 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 eyeing 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 prophesies 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 worrywarts fear that as the Bush regime loses its grip abroad it will clench 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 dirt-poor countries abroad to bomb, and Bush is not the sort of lame-duck president to quiet quickly into that good night.

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

TO VICE PRESIDENT DICK CHENEY’S CREDIT, HE HAD THE MODESTY NOT TO DECK HIMSELF OUT IN ONE OF GENERAL SCHWARZKOPF’S OLD UNIFORMS AT THE TROOP RALLIES

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. Joe as he finds himself all dressed up and nowhere to go. 

MESSAGE ACCOMPLISHED
Winemakers in Burgundy covet this land. The revered Brother Timothy, legendary Christian Brothers winemaker, selected this land as being the perfect place to grow grapes. Why? The unique combination of a cooling fog, calcerous rock and limestone produces grapes with perfect flavor balance.

This soil, located in our Camelot Highlands Estates vineyard, is actually uplifted seabed from prehistoric geologic activity. This former seabed provides excellent water drainage. As a result, the vines focus their nutrients and energy on the grapes.

Because of our close proximity to the Pacific Ocean and its famous cool fog, the grapes grown in this prized vineyard enjoy a more leisurely ripening process with longer hangtime on the vine. This allows for phenolic maturity in which all elements of the grape achieve optimal ripening. The reward is a Chardonnay grape with natural tannin, pH, acid and flavor balance.

Winemakers in Burgundy grudgingly admit they may see wines like this only once every ten years.

Many of you enjoy the taste of our wines but are not sure why. My goal is to help with A Taste of the Truth.

kj.com/truth
©2006 Kendall-Jackson Wine Estates
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.

---

ON THE ROAD
The diarist was photographed last year outside the Beverly Hills Hotel.
as accent. She’s 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

“Oscar’s expected to offend people. She’s the exact opposite.”

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 Qaddafi 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 oilman said, “The Wyatts were at the Mobsbacher’s Christmas dinner this year. [Robert Mobsbacher was secretary of commerce under Bush II] 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 antiques 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 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 person 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—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 Melmotte in Anthony Trollope's great novel The Way We Live Now.

In their high-flying days, Lady Black was a radiant partner. Bright, funny,dishy, admittedly extravagant, gorgeously dressed in couture from Paris, still sexy at 65, she was as much an asset to a dinner table as her husband was. She once told me, at a Thanksgiving dinner the Ahmet Erteguns gave in Paris, that she really wanted to write books, as I do, but that, with the life she and Conrad lived, there never was time. Well, now there's time, plenty of it. Conrad's trial in Chicago will begin until March 2007. What a social history she could write of her own experience! I firmly believe that Barbara Black has got another act in her, and I sense that she is more realistic about their situation than Conrad is. The last time I saw him was in the barbershop at Claridge's in London. You would never have known from talking to him that he was facing dire legal difficulties.

"There's no truth or substance whatever to these charges," he told reporters at a book-launch party at the Albion Club in Toronto in December. "This has been a one massive smear job from A to Z, and it will have a surprise ending, a complete vindication."

Like Lord and Lady Black, Marvin and Barbara Davis were powerful activists in their social life, out every night that they weren't entertaining at home, and they entertained more than anyone else in Beverly Hills. Marvin was an interesting, complicated man, a genial host who could be terrifying in business. The list of people who dealt with him in the oil, movie, and real estate businesses and ended up hating him is long, and their names are well known. There were jokes about Marvin's weight and gargantuan appetite. People said that he had bought the Beverly Hills Hotel, which looks like a pink wedding cake, so that he could eat it. The Davises gave incredibly lavish parties at the Knoll, their 45,000-square-foot mansion in Beverly Hills, and the Carousel of Hope Ball they gave every other year to raise money to fight childhood diabetes became the last word in over-the-top extravagance, with treasure-filled goody bags on the back of every chair.

Barbara, weighed down in diamonds, moving from group to group, introducing celebrities, kissing, and laughing, was a nice lady and a very good hostess. Marvin, a 350-pound hulk with 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 daring 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 inter-
Mountains have crumbled.
Glaciers have melted.
Continents have drifted.
Diamonds have remained the same.

Clearly, Mother Nature is a romantic.
Marvin Davis turned out to be 350 pounds of baloney.

ly, 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 belies 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.

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 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 blouse, 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 cockamamie 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 TW'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-
THERE ARE 6 MILLION CAR ACCIDENTS EVERY YEAR IN AMERICA. WE THINK THAT'S ENTIRELY TOO MANY. IT'S TIME TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE TO DRIVE. THAT'S ALLSTATE'S STAND.

Introducing Allstate® Your Choice Auto—A whole new kind of car insurance.

DEDUCTIBLE REWARDS
Earn $100 off your deductible for every year of safe driving—up to $500. Get the first $100 off the day you sign up.

ACCIDENT FORGIVENESS
Wish your insurance rates didn't go up just because of an accident? Now they don't have to.

SAFE DRIVING BONUS
For every 6 months of good driving, you can get up to 5% off your renewal bill, on top of any discounts you already receive.

NEW CAR REPLACEMENT
If your new car gets totaled within the first 3 years, you can get a check for a totally new car. Not the depreciated value.

CALL YOUR LOCAL ALLSTATE AGENT OR 1-800-ALLSTATE®

Ask For Allstate® Your Choice Auto Insurance Today.
nies (TWA, Blockbuster, Texaco, among others) and the Fifth Avenue offices so large that he asks me not to describe 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 knowledge, 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 expensive lawyers plotting their moves in Delaware courts, M.B.A.'s of all sorts sweating the small stuff. But what you get, in this very big office, is an embodiment of the peanut gallery, raining down litter and catcalls on the stage, a man in a figurative Barcalounger in front of the television set shouting, "Throw the bums out!"

This is mostly the way the top dogs at Time Warner—largest magazine publisher, second-largest cable company, parent 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 assailing 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 morons. Can you believe that? There's no excuse for name-calling."

For more than two decades, the business world has been in something like a civil war. It's capital against capital. Any weakness in the value or the defense of your capital means a move against you by someone else's capital. Wars like this have been fought with such frequency and ferocity that very few companies are caught by surprise. The rules of attack and counterattack are clear and ritualized. An entire industry—the mergers and-acquisitions business on Wall Street—has been built around anticipating (or pre-cipitating or benefiting from) a capital war.

And yet Icahn truly seems to have surprised 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 corporations believed that their respectability, that being part of the Establishment, that simply ignoring their inferiors, was the best defense. Such country-club manners, and temperatureal disinclination to put up much of a fight, made possible, among other things, the rise of a whole generation of Carl Icahn's...about TW. or the media business in general, what's most clear is that he doesn't have much patience for any of it. Content? Distribution? 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 literal-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. (Together we handicap the chances of getting Meg Whitman to leave eBay.)

There's something so unbusinesslike about Icahn's proposed takeover—that's the disclaimer, as well as the fall, for better or worse, of so much of white-shoe corporate culture. Indeed, Richard Parsons, Time Warner's C.E.O., a tall, convivial former bank president—he's famous for table-hopping through Midtown media restaurants, hugging and clapping and rubbing nearly everyone—recalls nothing so much as the civic-minded, let's-all-get-along, golf-buddy C.E.O.'s of the past. His fundamental defense is, in fact, not about Time Warner as a hard-hearted business proposition but about Time Warner as an institution, as a pillar of the community, as an entity and organizing principle which it is hardly possible to imagine life without.

Parsons has a point. Time Warner, in any conventional terms, is pretty much unassailable. Even trading at slightly under $18 a share, the desultory price around which the company has been stuck for the better part of the last four years, Time Warner is worth more than $80 billion—too big to buy or control. A year of mergers of other complicated financial swaps, many of them for Time Warner shares, nobody owns enough of the company to make much of a difference. It does revert to that sense to an old-style company: the very weight of its existence protects and ensures its inefficiencies and independence—certainly against Carl Icahn's (and his associates') mealy 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 to his friends, they say: "I've been a partner in this business. I've been someone who keeps on taking one look at the hand and saying, 'I'll take this.' I'll take whatever is in the deck. I'll take whatever is possible."

Icahn's associates tell me his favorite story is about the first time he and some associates were told that a deal wasn't going to work. They were sitting there at a table, and one of his partners turned to him and said, "Carl, we're not going to do this. It's not going to work."

"What's your deal?" Icahn said. "We put in an offer. We should do it."

"But we're not going to do it," his partner said.

"Well, then run one more offer," Icahn said.

Now the other hand, no one at Time Warner would exactly, or credibly, defend the idea of Time Warner, either. Perhaps no company has ever been in such a long-term existential tailspin—everyone 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 fundamentally about ownership and control. It's a postmodern entity: the inevitable result of consolidation is that everything is connected 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 Warner Bros., have long been subsumed in the pileup of so many disparate companies.) In fact, there's no real leader—no one is really
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.

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

orders—and the people at the top (in the new showcase headquarters at Columbus Circle) aren’t nutters. 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 stately Parsons on CNBC and Icahn’s on-air response, appearing in its off-the-cuff-ness (everybody’s trying to play the mehman in this drama). Icahn tries to

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, multi-platform-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-of
serves as a constant reminder that the FX is, in fact, more than just an SUV. Visit infiniti.com.
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.

Among the high points.

He exec a trial and criticized MG
er who has been
The mem-
manship
ry, than
his job (he’s now involved with a health spa in California) over AOL but, neverthe-

less, 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,

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).

Channel has broken itself up as well.

The ever popular Jeffrey Bewkes—who, in
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-slung roofline giving it an aggressive posture, this gesture served as the inspiration for every decision made along the way to building the SUV inspired by sports car design.
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.

Among the high points:

- the fact that major portions of the original Miami-based Ivy League film studio have historically been run by Ivy League alumni
- that time the company's most reliable and successful business unit, the Warner Bros. film studio, was run by a guy named Bill and the Warners
- the appointment by Jeffrey R. Klarman of Jeffrey Bewkes as head of the film and TV units
- the appointment by Bewkes of Adam Levin to succeed him
- the appointment by Levin of Jonathan Waxman to succeed him
- the appointment by Waxman of David Zaslav to succeed him
- the appointment by Zaslav of Dick Parsons to succeed him
- the appointment of Icahn to succeed Parsons
- the appointment of Jeff Bewkes to succeed Icahn

But there's one fact that cannot be ignored or denied: Time Warner has been a pretty good company, a solid company, a company whose existence is a fact of life.

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, they haven't, built a financial bunce

—Wolff

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).

Different. By Design.

The 320-horsepower V8 engine is positioned near the vehicle's center of gravity, giving the Infiniti FX exceptional balance and agility. The wheels are placed at the far corners, providing a more fluid, more stable ride. A ride that's enhanced by technologies like Vehicle Dynamic Control? which helps maintain control through tight turns by automatically applying the appropriate brake pressure to individual wheels while reducing engine output. This is design. Design that performs. Design that helps protect. So you can better enjoy the singular experience of driving the SUV inspired by sports car design.

Channel has broken itself up as well. The ever popular Jeffrey Bewkes—who, in
serves as a constant reminder that the FX is, in fact, more than just an SUV. Visit infiniti.com.
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.

Among the high points,

there

through

Time

Warner's

management

origins

Ivy

murky

outlaw

there

unravel

structured

that

years

under

from

the

mantle

the

the

body

Parsons

in

positions


Intuitive. By Design.

The Infiniti Navigation System makes getting there second nature. Its full color, 7-inch screen provides an easy-to-read, elevated perspective of your route. It can even give verbal directions. Intelligent Cruise Control features maintain a safe distance between you and the car ahead. And the Infiniti Lane Departure Warning system is there to help alert you should you unintentionally begin to leave your lane. All of this allows you to concentrate on what’s important: driving the SUV inspired by sports car design.

Channel has broken itself up as well. The ever popular Jeffrey Bewkes—who, in
serves as a constant reminder that the FX is, in fact, more than just an SUV. Visit infiniti.com.
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 in-
fluential entities, is a happenstance historical
by-product.
And yet, the blow-by-blow facts of its exis-
tence 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.
Among the high points:

| Performance front seats help support your body when you’re driving if the way.
| It was meant to be driven. The steering wheel is telescopic and tilts, along with the gauges, to provide a clear line of sight. Helpful information, incoming calls, both inside and outside the vehicle, to flow freely of distraction. They work in concert to put you firmly in control of the SUV inspired by sports car design.

refined. by design.

R.W.

T.W.

His

Claudius,

MARCH

VANITY

Channel has broken itself up as well.

The ever popular Jeffrey Bewkes—who, in
The New Infiniti FX

serves as a constant reminder that the FX is, in fact, more than just an SUV. Visit infiniti.com.
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 in-
fluential entities, is a happenstance histori-
cal by-product.

And yet, the blow-by-blow facts of its exis-
tence 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.

Among the high points:

the man
original
Ivy
ture
out
there
struct
ite
that
year
nder
from
ner
eral
body
Par
in Ba
sition

When the bone structure of a car is so beautiful and strong, you want to wrap
it in a lean body. Accentuated by distinctive, dynamic features that exemplify
both elegance and power. And set upon wheels that not only provide a sure
sure grip on the road, but also enhance the vehicle's muscular stance. Every
decision, thoughtful and brave. Every detail befitting the SUV inspired by
sports car design.

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
feed me a few lines for a spot of com-
mentary 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, dis-
patching 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 every-
body is thinking (a little ahead of someone
else's saying it—that's what you get the big
bucks for).
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.

Among the high points:

the man...originally
Ivy League
structure
out
them,
unnecessary
strategies
that
the
year
under
ner
happenstance
from
the
ner
emotional
the
ner
body
Parsons
in first position

and his

exec...subject

and

critical

sitting

MG

er

rule!

The

has

memories

Time

appears

"mutable"

than

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

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).

The ever popular Jeffrey Bewkes—who, in
The New Infiniti FX

serves as a constant reminder that the FX is, in fact, more than just an SUV. Visit infiniti.com.
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.

Among the high points:

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.

Among the high points:

- The biggest media company in the world, arguably one of the world's most influential entities, is a happenstance historical by-product.
- Everybody involved with Time Warner is always telling the story of Time Warner.
- Not to argue its virtues but rather to rehash or fill in more nuances of the essential comedy of Time Warner's 15-year history.

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).
Introducing the 320-horsepower V8 Infiniti FX. Brave. By design.

With its long, slim silhouette designed to give it an aggressive posture and a flat, horizontal line designed to portray confidence, even at rest. The Infiniti FX is not just an SUV. It's the SUV inspired by sports car design. The 20-inch wheels are inset to the edges of the vehicle for a more fluid look. The engine is positioned near the rear to give it a lower center of gravity for exceptional balance. And a sport-tuned exhaust system whose deep, rich growl evokes a constant reminder that this FX was born more than just an SUV. Visit infiniti.com.
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 T.W. 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 inexcusable 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 gotten 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 (T.W.) 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 insinuated 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 irresistible but, in Icahn's hands, relentless, bound to finally enervate everybody at Time Warner (they're media guys—if they can do nothing else, they should be able to read the Zeigfeld) 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 Zeigfeld 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.
A Business Class bed that feels like home.
An Internet connection that feels like the office.
An experience that feels like cloud nine.
All for this one moment.

There's no better way to fly.
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, who 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 Getty’s possession. She knew, it is claimed, that they had been unearthed by looters—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 what 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.E.—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 lat-er, Deborah Gribbin, 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, Gribbin’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 staff-er, 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.

“M

unitz’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 Oc-tober, an L.A. Times investigation cited information from confidential documents, widely thought to have been leaked by a former or current Getty employee, showing, among other problems, that Munitz’s wife had in 1995 been given a loan of nearly $400,000 for a house on the Greek island of Paros by an associate of Lon-don 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 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 Lock yer 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 Oc-tober, True retired, although the Getty is still paying her legal fees for the ongoing trial. She was, say 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.”
Join Ameniti and earn up to 25,000 Mileage Plus bonus miles and more on your next luxury cruise.

Now when you set sail with any one of our five deluxe cruise partners, you'll enjoy double miles, special upgrades, unique welcome gifts and other exclusive privileges available only to Ameniti™ embers. Best of all, you'll earn 25,000 bonus miles for every cruise you take with one of our cruise partners. You'll also enjoy a host of benefits both in the air and on the ground, including for-1 travel, elite upgrades and the ultimate in customer service.

Join now and earn an additional 5,000 Mileage Plus® bonus miles. Visit www.ameniti.com/club today to join, or call 1-877-AMENITI and use code ACA1-2594.
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 Maxam 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,
ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST
HOME DESIGN SHOW

furnishings • home accessories • outdoor styles • design services

PHOTOS (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT): TUCKER ROBBINS, BANG & OLUFSEN, AMERICAN LEATHER, BRUETON, LIGNE ROSET, HENRY HALL, BDDW

march 9-12, 2006 • pier 94 • 12th ave. at 55th st. • nyc

Thursday: preview for the trade • Friday-Sunday: open to the public to exhibit, call 212.644.0833

co-sponsored by

produced by

Merchandise Mart Properties, Inc.

www.archdigesthomeshow.com
In a remarkable turn of events, arguably one of the strangest in the history of cosmetics, women across the country are putting a stretch-mark cream called StriVectin-SD on their face—diminishing the appearance of fine lines, wrinkles, and crow's feet. And, if consumer sales are any indication of a product's effectiveness, StriVectin-SD is nothing short of a miracle. Women as well as a growing number of “Boomer” men are buying so much StriVectin-SD that finding a tube at your local cosmetician counter has become just about impossible. Has everyone gone mad? Well... not really.

Scientific Breakthrough or Dumb Luck?

Although StriVectin-SD's functional components were already backed by clinical trials documenting their ability to visibly reduce the appearance of existing stretch marks (prominent because of their depth, length, discoloration, and texture)... the success of StriVectin-SD as an anti-wrinkle cream was “dumb luck,” says Gina Gay, spokesperson for Klein-Becker, 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 muddied and some people used this ‘topical cream’ as a facial moisturizer. As we began to receive feedback from users, like ‘I look 10 years younger’ and ‘I can’t even notice my crow’s feet,’ we knew we had something more than America’s most effective stretch-mark cream. The point was driven home as store owners began reporting that almost as many people were purchasing StriVectin as an anti-wrinkle cream as were buying it to reduce stretch marks.”

Dr. Daniel B. Mowrey, PhD, Klein-Becker's Director of Scientific Affairs, says, “Clearly, people were seeing results, but we didn't have a scientific explanation as to why this wrinkle-reduction was occurring. However, based on the incredibly positive reports, I started using it myself — applying StriVectin to my face after shaving.” Dr. Mowrey adds, “On a personal note, my wife tells me I haven't looked this good in years.”

Dumb Luck Strikes Again!

Then, on Tuesday, July 2, 2002, at a meeting of the 20th World Congress of Dermatology in Paris, France, a series of studies detailing the superior wrinkle-reducing properties of a patented oligo-peptide (called Pal-KTTS) versus retinol, vitamin C, and placebo, on “photo-aged skin” was presented.1,2 “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 authors confirmed that the Pal-KTTS solution's effectiveness at reducing the appearance of fine lines and wrinkles far exceeded both vitamin C and placebo.

A smoother, younger complexion, with less irritation and faster results — all without expensive (and painful) peels, implants or injections. Better than Retinol and Vitamin C, But Is StriVectin-SD Better than Botox? Dr. Nathalie Cheveau, PhD, RD, Director of Women's Health at Salt Lake City based Basic Research, exclusive distributor for Klein-Becker, explains, “Leading dermatologists agree that Botox is the preferred treatment for moderate to severe frown lines between the brow. But ever since it was discovered that StriVectin could reduce the appearance of fine lines, wrinkles, and crow's feet... the kind of fine lines, wrinkles and crow's feet that can add 10-15 years to your appearance and which costly medical treatments often leave behind... skin-care professionals have been recommending, and using, StriVectin.” In fact, researchers believe non-invasive alternatives are better, because, Dr. Cheveau 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.”

In other words, StriVectin-SD helps you a youthful, healthy, glowing complexion faster than retinol, far superior to vitamin C, and without irritation, needles, or surgery. Even better, many dermatologists and plastic surgeons recommend StriVectin in conjunction with cosmetic procedures, including Botox.
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 $959,876, 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."

Blenda 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."

Not all the members of his faculty and staff loved him, however. "I've just blurred that from my memory as just a bad dream," says a former colleague. Even so, the articles about Munitz at the time were flattering, bordering on uncritical. A Los Angeles Times Magazine cover story gushed, "He quotes William Butler Yeats, rock star Bob Seger and IBM chairman Lou Gerstner. Speaking without notes and unaccompanied by handlers, he is charming, even entertaining."

It was this article, people assume, that brought Munitz to the attention of Robert Erbbru, the chairman emeritus of the Times Mirror Corporation, which then owned the Los Angeles Times. Erbbru also happened to be chairman of the board of the Getty, which was then looking to fill its top job. To his surprise, says Munitz, he got a call from a recruiting firm, but initially he wasn't interested. "Ironically, you're usually a lot more effective when you don't think you either want or are going to get the job," he says.

In the interview he said that the Getty was widely seen as too elite and that it needed to have greater outreach and fiscal reworking. He argued that the trust's wealth should be used to spread excellence around the world--by sharing with other cultural institutions. He placed emphasis on education rather than art, although the museum, he realized, would always be the most visible part of the trust. The search committee voiced its concerns about Maxxam, just as C.S.U. had. When asked now why the board was prepared to offer the post of president to someone who would a year later be barred from working in a bank, a Getty spokesperson said that assurances from C.S.U. lawyers satisfied them.

When Munitz was offered the post, Sherry Lansing says, she told him not to take it. "Sherry argued in the most caring way. It wasn't so much an argument. It was basically 'O.K., tell me again why you think this is a good idea given what you care about and given what your values are,'" says Munitz. But the Getty, he says, told him, "We don't think you understand what the job is. . . . We are committed to having this be an educational institution."

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..."
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 out that he had fired Munitz, the Getty employee 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 had to hire a new director of education. He had his own agenda,” Munitz said. “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
Brooks Brothers
Generations of Style

800.274.1815  |  BrooksBrothers.com
Brooks Brothers
Generations of Style
Muitz believes Murphy was unfairly demonized: "She was basically a very, very smart, very young woman in a setting where some people had trouble with that. . . . She was my responsibility, she was my staff person, and maybe she became a target because some people didn't want to fight with me. But she wasn't out there by herself making decisions."

Meanwhile, the unhappiness spread at what was seen as Munitz's selfishness. "The Getty, in order to act responsibly with its wealth, had to have a very transparent and careful process of deciding [in] what areas it would make grants and what its criteria would be for deciding who would get them," explains a former employee. "With Barry's arrival, suddenly he brought a sense of kind of personal preference and interest to things that everybody else at the Getty had worked really hard to suppress. . . . The film [First Year, directed by Davis Guggenheim, about education, having nothing to do with art] was seen as a vehicle for Barry's personal ambitions." Munitz says that in retrospect he misunderstood the nature of the institution. "What I hadn't really fully thought through was going from the underdog institution to the elite institution. And eight years later I'm still not sure I have fully realized it," he says. "It becomes very political and very personal when a mission and a priority decision is undertaken in an institution of such relative wealth."

Munitz says he had a moment of realization a few months into the job, after he gave a radio interview in which he said that the Getty would now consider fund-raising and development work. "It was a front-page story," he says. Whereas at C.S.U., he says, he "could have declared the world was coming to an end and it would be maybe a little box on page 137 of the Los Angeles or The New York Times."

"After the board had voted me in for a five-year term, in 2004," says Munitz, "that was the opportunity to really spend an enormous time in-house talking to everybody. . . . It pains me that I missed the opportunity to be a better communicator."

Lack of explanation from the top is indeed one of the woes cited by Munitz's detractors, who felt, in particular, that when the Maxxmum case was settled, in 1999, he should have been more forthcoming about what had happened. "Instead," says one employee, "you had this terrible atmosphere with everyone wondering what it meant. How could the Getty be run by someone who would not be allowed to work in a bank? It was very demoralizing."

Last year the Getty returned three artifacts to the Italians, and few people thought that the matter would get as far as an indictment. "Many antiquities in the market have falsified backgrounds," comments Maxwell L. Anderson, the former director of New York City's Whitney Museum and a principal at AEA, an arts consulting firm. "Museums have had few means to determine the accuracy of a purported provenance, apart from writing government officials in those countries from which objects can be assumed to have been excavated, to see if they have information about a work or works gone missing. The problem is, if an object was spirited out of the ground in the cover of darkness, the government in question will, of course, have no record of its disappearance."

Marion True, it's been argued by defenders such as Malcolm Bell III, a University of Virginia art-history professor and vice president of the Archaeological Institute of America, was actual-
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, 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

OLD-SCHOOL SPIES

Taste the perfectly balanced vodka.

For the perfect balance of smoothness and taste.

level
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-waitress's pass 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 volupptuaries 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-
MY TOP FIVE

Bennett Miller directs his attention to some particulars of Intel® Viiv™ technology

A PC that puts you in control of your digital entertainment

For more information about Intel® Viiv™ technology and where to get it, visit www.intel.com/viiv
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.
Often working at home, he appreciates a streamlined theater/media room, which he uses to download and view movies and images. The following five benefits of Intel® Viiv™ technology answer his particular demands:

• SIMPLICITY.
  Intel® Viiv™ technology can streamline and “declutter” work life and media room by storing all images, videos, and films in the powerful memory of one sleek “box.”

• ORGANIZATION.
  An extensive database of movies, images, and scenes can be accessed easily, yielding any desired file at any given moment.

• EASY REFERENCE.
  Plenty of room to store archives in one place for easy reference and call-up when needed.

• BIG-SCREEN APPEAL.
  One can enjoy home theater-like performance with support for up to 7.1 surround sound.

• CONTROL.
  PC capability brought to the big screen means the ability to cut and edit films and footage right from the comfort of the sofa.\(^2\)

---

\(^1\)Home networking capability and many Intel® Viiv™ technology-based usage models will require additional hardware devices, software or services. Functionality of Intel® Viiv™ technology verified devices will vary; check product details for desired features. System and component performance and functionality will vary depending on your specific hardware and software configurations. See www.intel.com/go/viv_info for more information.

\(^2\)Remote may be sold separately.

Intel, the Intel logo and Intel Viiv are trademarks or registered trademarks of Intel Corporation or its subsidiaries in the United States and other countries. Other names and brands may be claimed as the property of others.
I just took my TV to a whole new level.

Now with Intel® Viiv™ technology, there's a whole new kind of PC. An entertainment PC that brings all of your digital content together where it belongs — on the big screen, in your living room. To find out how this leap in home entertainment can change your world, go to www.intel.com/viiv

*Remote may be sold separately

© Intel Corporation 2006 Intel, the Intel logo, Intel Viiv, Intel Viiv Leap ahead, and the Intel Leap ahead logo are trademarks or registered trademarks of Intel Corporation or its subsidiaries in the United States and other countries. All rights reserved.
I know guys who are not even as good-looking as me who get laid like crazy because of MySpace,” Jackson says.

As if overnight, 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 more than 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 headshots 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 Anderson, otherwise unpretentious guys who occasionally lapse into marketing-speak, like to say.

Similar ventures—the Globe among the first generation of Web sites, Friendster among the second—have tried and failed at this. What distinguishes MySpace from them? It’s the same archaic characteristic that distinguishes MySpace from the Web itself: a sense of place. If the Web has rendered geography obsolete, as is often said, DeWolfe and Anderson have turned the telescope around. They have rendered one bit of psychic geography—Los Angeles, Hollywood—supreme.

“This generation wants to be known, they want to be famous,” DeWolfe, whose official title is C.E.O., says, “MySpace facilitates that. This generation is self-involved, but they’re also self-aware.”

“I think of it as the reality TV of the Internet,” adds Anderson, the company’s president. “Or like a nightclub.”

Indeed, the more popular it becomes, the more MySpace exudes L.A.—the city and the idea. It is a Sunset Strip for virtual boulevardiers, a hall of mirrors for fame seekers, where the shy, the neurotic, and the desperately run-of-the-mill go to become exhibitionists and tarts. You cannot peruse the site for long before coming upon hoards of would-be models in thong bikinis and tweens posing in their underwear. Their comments and biographies, open for all to see, are composed in a syntax-challenged, !!!-riddled new argot of desire and frustration.

It is a place where lonely songwriters,
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, 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 taste 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 retinue 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-

brooding would-be thespians, reality-TV personalities, multimillionaires' 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 horrid—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 further: when the criminal-defense lawyer Robert Shapiro's crazed Asian Kewpie doll and boasts 760,000 friends. Dolce has such a following that De-Wolfe 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
Our Planet Doesn’t Come With A Spare.

We all have a choice. We can continue to drain our natural resources while creating more and more pollution. Or we can make a change. We can use less gasoline. We can create nearly 80% fewer smog-forming emissions.* In other words, we can drive vehicles with Hybrid Synergy Drive® like the Toyota Prius, the Highlander Hybrid and, soon, the Camry Hybrid. And until we find another planet Earth, that seems like a pretty good solution.

Learn more at toyota.com

*Compared to the average new vehicle.
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 Axl Rose and Tommy Lee. MySpace nets him just as many eager groupies 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 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 revitalize 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 who had just tied up and gagged another woman and locked her in a giant cage. “You should really read my MySpace blog,” one said to the other.
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 material. The site also uses a search engine and staffs to try to root out under-age (sub-14) users.

“What about that?” DeWolfe 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, DeWolfe 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. DeWolfe 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,” DeWolfe says.

When I ask about the obsessives who might be more interested in the countless pictures of teenagers in their underwear, DeWolfe 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.

L
ike 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-

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.

P
arents 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
Amine. Arrests and rehab 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—ones 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. He says he recently lost $5,000 to a phony music booker he had met on MySpace. That's in addition to $45,000 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 $15 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
and 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, Vidi-life, 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 unmoistened.

“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 Forbidden, 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.
MANIFESTO MAN
Zach Helm, photographed outside his home in Los Angeles, on December 19, 2005. Below, his first produced screenplay. The film will star Will Ferrell.

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

PHOTOGRAPHY STEVEN SEBRING

Screenwriters were at the bottom even in Hollywood’s early years. Studio boss Jack Warner called them “schmucks with Underwoods.” Since then the industry has updated its view. Now they’re considered “schmucks with laptops,” as John Gregory Dunne noted in his 1997 book, Monster: Living Off the Big Screen. For every Charlie Kaufman who has a say in how his work will appear on-screen, there are hundreds of writers who accept their subordinate role in the moviemaking process, content to do the executives bidding in exchange for a studio check and an occasional lunch at the Grill. They may whine, and cry in their espressos, and make their friends miserable with their complaints, but ultimately they accept it.

Zach Helm, at age 31, is determined not to rejoin their ranks.

He spent years in typical screenwriter mode, working as one of many hands on various big-budget projects while his labors of love died in development. He refuses to allow that to happen anymore. Now he won’t sell a script unless he’s satisfied not only that it will have an excellent chance of actually making it to the screen, but also that it will be filmed as he
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 Canary, 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 managers, 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 Quijote 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 Hollywood. 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 lowly, 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 suffers."

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

Wtiter Unlocked
Helm at his home office.
Inset, Dustin Hoffman and Will Ferrell in Stranger than Fiction.

"Rule No. 1, Section One: I Will No Longer Allow... Career Ambition to Determine the Direction of My Work."

were 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 is dressed in still 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 bongers 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 he 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 whomever 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 on much. Young Zach, an only child, had a lot of chores.

Lunch is over. Next stop, Amoeba Music.
THE SCREENWRITER

CUT TO:
Helm and his fiancée, Kels Sanchez, a star of Related on the WB.
He is currently preparing to direct his first film.

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-sleeve 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 is 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. □

GIVEN THE MIXTURE OF THE BIZARRE AND THE MUNDANE IN HIS SCRIPTS, HELM IS A BABY BROTHER TO CHARLIE KAUFMAN.
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 56th Street, just off Park Avenue. I took the elevator to her floor, 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 the illusion that I was walking into a 1940s Warner Bros. movie. "I always like to have the door open and be waiting for..."
Veuve Clicquot
LA GRANDE DAME
Champagne
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 I’d like to do a scene for you—all 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
above the title for the first time, and it's stayed there ever since. "He 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. And 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 immediately 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 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 Olympus 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 aspiring beau, Buck Cantrell (George Brent), to arouse Pres's jealousy, 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, heroine-type women as I have a Jezebel-type person. But the Jezebels are always remembered 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 father to see the film. I wanted to hear him say I was a great actress 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 father. 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 Silver Bow, Montana, who elopes with Frank Medlin (Errol Flynn),
Into the Night

WITTNAUER
SWISS

ZALES 1-800-311-JEWEL
a peripatetic newspaperman. They go to San Francisco, where Frank abandons her just before the earthquake of 1906. She survives the subsequent fire but suffers a miscarriage. Afterward, she goes to work in a department store, where the owner (Ian Hunter) falls in love with her. Frank returns, however, and Louise forgives him when he says he still loves her.

In the original script, Bette and Ian Hunter wound up together, but preview audiences didn’t like Bette Davis’s leaving Flynn for the dependable Hunter, so a “happy” ending was shot, with Bette taking back Flynn, who promises to reform. “This is not at all a hap-

FOUR-TIME LOSER
From above: Davis with her first husband, bandleader Harmon Nelson, 1932; cutting the cake with number two, Arthur Farnsworth, 1940; cutting another slice, in 1945, with number three, William Grant Sherry, the father of her only natural child, Barbara; with her last husband, Gary Merrill, 1951.

py ending,” Bette told me, “because it would be out of character for Frank to become a steadfast husband. That would be as foolish as thinking Errol Flynn would make a lifelong husband. Who would be so foolish? Well, Louise, my character, would, of course. Louise is a romantic and believes, or at least hopes, it will be permanent.

“It was a very Bette Davis thing to do. Romantic foolishness is almost certainly doomed. The Flynn character would never change. He couldn’t even if he wanted to, and he certainly didn’t want to.”

“Errol Flynn liked to put his tongue in your mouth after he’d been out drinking all night. Ugh! I always kept my lips tightly closed. He must have been a terrible lover. I wouldn’t know firsthand. He invited me to find out, but I didn’t think I’d like being compared to all those cute little contestants in the private beauty contest he was holding.”

Her marriage to bandleader Harmon “Ham” Nelson had been deteriorating, “disappearing for years,” as Bette described it. “Admitting defeat was always difficult for me. Ham and I weren’t really right for each other. We had just seemed right for each other. It was the end of many of my girlish dreams. “Without mentioning any names,” Bette said, “I’ll tell you about a man I met after our marriage had failed, but before Ham asked for the divorce.

“I met this man at Tailwaggers, the animal-welfare organization. I’ve always loved dogs—my own, all dogs—and it broke my heart to think of them homeless, unwanted, held as prisoners, under inhumane conditions, when some of them are more human than we are.

“Well, anyway, in 1938 I was a Tailwagger. In fact, I was the Tailwagger—president of the organization. We had the most glamorous black-tie party in Beverly Hills, and I remember what I was wearing—a pink lace gown, very low-cut. Very.

“A tall, slim man approached me. He seemed reserved, even shy. He spoke softly, and I had to lean close to hear him. When he introduced himself, he looked into my eyes, not down my dress. That really impressed me, though if I didn’t want men looking, why didn’t I wear a higher-necked dress?

“He bought me a ton of raffle tickets. Impressive, though none of them won. And he asked me for a date. I was flattered. I was bored. I accepted.

“By that time, I was married to Ham only in name. We were usually separated because of his work or my work, or both.

“In selecting husbands, I confused muscle with strength. All my husbands were canaries. Tweet, tweet!”

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.
"This man had to have his way. He never really listened to you, though he seemed to be listening. Perhaps it was because he was having hearing problems even then, and he'd taken to just nodding his head when he saw you speaking. I think he heard what he wanted to hear. In his later years he became the world's foremost hermit. I never knew if he retreated from the world as he became increasingly deaf, or if he became deaf because he was retreating from the world."

She continued: "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 unbecoming 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 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 and asked if I could give up the part. Hal said to me, 'Stay upset.' ‘The question I'm most often asked is 'What was your favorite part?'; so I'll answer it before you ask. It was Judith Traherne in Dark Victory.

"I haven't the foggiest which is my favorite film after Dark Victory. Oh, I suppose I'd have to choose All About Eve [1950], Joe Mankiewicz [the director] was truly a genius. I always think it's better not to have your favorite film at the very beginning of your career, when you don't need it. Poor Orson Welles. Imagine having to top or equal Citizen Kane!

"I hope there won't be a remake of Dark Victory. I've always felt it belonged to me."

And 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 silly-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 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
Luxury is a personal experience.
Stay different.
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, 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. 'Glad 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 so passionate and emotional," he said, "with more energy than anyone I'd ever known. Too much for me."

"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. 'Glad 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

hadn't thought of him. But once I realized that Willie had gotten on with his life, I made up my mind it was high time for me to get Willie out of my mind. The strange thing is, the more desperate you are to get rid of a thought, the more it persists.

"When they wanted me to appear for Willie at the American Film Institute, I thought about doing it. He'd been so important in my life. Then, at the last moment, I knew I couldn't do it. I pleaded illness. There were those who said derisively, 'A Bette Davis cold.' When it was over, I was sorry, but you can't get yesterday back for any price.'

Bette said she had another reason that had made her feel nervous attending the A.F.I. tribute. She knew that at Wyler's side would be the woman with whom he had shared his life, Margaret Tallichet, his wife and the mother of his children. "Oh, I do envy Talli that," Bette said. "I don't know how I would feel sitting at their table."

The next year, when Bette was honored with the same award by the A.F.I., Wyler was there with Talli. Bette saw them and, somewhat to her surprise, she felt happy. "I was happy for him, happy that he had found a good life. So, you see, I really did love him. And I was pleased to find that I'm not at all a bad person." Bette was the first woman to be so honored by the A.F.I. "I was proud indeed, and excited about it. I even went to one of those diet places to get in shape—600 calories a day and decaf. Ugh! They asked Willie to speak for me, and he did. I hadn't braved it for him, but he stood up for me. As always, he was the better man."

"I've told myself it wouldn't have worked out if I'd married Willie. Can the magic of being together last? I don't know. I'm afraid it always has to wear off. Too much to hope for. Well, at

"With Willie Wyler, I felt I had to play a little hard to get. Well, I was too good an actress. I overplayed my part."

THE WINNER

Davis, holding her Oscar for Jezebel, with William Wyler, her favorite director—and more—1939.

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. Farney 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."

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."

"With Willie Wyler, I felt I had to play a little hard to get. Well, I was too good an actress. I overplayed my part."
A beautiful smile.
Wear it with everything.

Introducing
MICRO ADVANCED COSMETICS VENEERS.

MACVENEERS
BY MICRODENTAL LABORATORIES

WWW.MACVENEERS.COM // 800.840.2615

//Ask for them by name.
TEETH. The Ultimate Accessory

"Today's patients expect and deserve perfection, so choosing the right veneers is critical. MICRO ADVANCED COSMETICS VENEERS provide us with the highest level of excellence.

—DRS. LARRY ROSENTHAL AND MICHAEL AP
MANHATTAN'S "DENTISTS TO THE STARS"

Contact us today at 800.840.2615 for a cosmetically trained dentist that offers MICRO ADVANCED COSMETICS VENEERS in your area.

WWW.MACVENEERS.COM // 800.840.2615
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 tallest men in Hollywood. He liked me, but he loved my 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.

"Thirtv 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 3 I, 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."

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 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 Is 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 the 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*.

Bette had been told that her daughter's book, published in 1985, was terrible, that it would hurt her deeply, but she hoped those who had told her had exaggerated. "They hadn't. It was more horrible than anything I could have imagined. No question about it."

She was concerned that she would be recognized while buying it. "That would have been too mortifying. I sent someone to the store to buy the book for me. I wanted to be able to say to anyone who ever asked me that I hadn't read it."

She said she couldn't bear the idea that the salesclerk would tell someone, and that the story of her buying the book might appear in a column that B.D., as her daughter was known, might read. "She didn't send me a complimentary copy of her highly uncomplimentary book," Bette told me. "I suppose she was counting every book sold. Even in writing her book, she had to depend on her mother in order to be able to sell her book to a publisher, and then to anyone else.

"I had to know what it said. I read every searing word. I
"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.

T he 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 onstage, 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 festivel, 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 she 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.
FROSTINI

1 part Starbucks™ Cream Liqueur
1 part Starbucks™ Coffee Liqueur
1/4 part DeKuyper Peppermint Schnapps

Shake over ice and strain into a martini glass. Garnish with a sprig of mint.
LUCKY BRAND JEANS
EMILE HIRSCH

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. —KIRSTA SMITH
They designed a garage around an Acura RL. We designed the Acura RL around your life. Fusing mod
le with advanced technology. Inspiring anyone who comes in contact with it.
## Intelligence Report: The Directors

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Directors</th>
<th>The Giants</th>
<th>The Spectacularists</th>
<th>The Artistes</th>
<th>The TV Auteurs</th>
<th>The Indie Boys</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Steven Spielberg</td>
<td>Michael Bay</td>
<td>David Lynch</td>
<td>Alan Ball</td>
<td>Spike Jonze</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Riviera Palisades</td>
<td>Bird Streets</td>
<td>M. C. Country Mart</td>
<td>Outpost Circle</td>
<td>Silver Lake</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peter Jackson</td>
<td>Christopher Nolan</td>
<td>Steven Soderbergh</td>
<td>Marc Cherry</td>
<td>Noah Baumbach</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roger Corman Productions</td>
<td>Donny Deutsch Advertising</td>
<td>Super-8</td>
<td>Feature Films</td>
<td>MTV</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Munich</td>
<td>Fantastic Four</td>
<td>Solaris</td>
<td>Six Feet Under</td>
<td>Adapted</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toscano</td>
<td>Café Med</td>
<td>Du Par's Ventura Boulevard</td>
<td>Real Food Daily</td>
<td>The Edendale Grill</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arizona Biltmore Lobby</td>
<td>Converted warehouse with exposed heating ducts</td>
<td>Palmetto 40s studio bungalow</td>
<td>Germ-free midcentury modern</td>
<td>Rented house with Galago machine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Koji Annan</td>
<td>Neal Moritz</td>
<td>George Clooney</td>
<td>Chris Albrecht</td>
<td>Mike De Luca</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rob Reiner</td>
<td>The Rock</td>
<td>Luis Guzman</td>
<td>Lisa Kudrow</td>
<td>Elvis Mitchell</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Solemn prowess</td>
<td>Maximilism</td>
<td>Studio edgy</td>
<td>Lynch lite</td>
<td>Altman does SA</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The big purple Hanukkah sweater and baseball cap</td>
<td>Alligator belt, snug jeans, and Billy Martin boots</td>
<td>Nerd glasses and black T-shirt</td>
<td>All cargo pants all the time</td>
<td>Corduroy jacket, biker pants, and flip-flops</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oscars</td>
<td>People's Choice</td>
<td>DGA</td>
<td>Emmys</td>
<td>Spirits</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Cameron</td>
<td>Wachowski brothers</td>
<td>Nic Cage</td>
<td>Mark Burnett</td>
<td>Sofia Coppola</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Face lift and Botax</td>
<td>Gastric bypass</td>
<td>Elective exploratory</td>
<td>Face transplant</td>
<td>Spinal fusion rejuvenation</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Find cure for Tay-Sachs</td>
<td>Cor-design consultant</td>
<td>Graphic novelist</td>
<td>Guest lecturer</td>
<td>Gap mode</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"All that matters is if I've made people stop and think."
"My asteroid is still the industry standard."
"I'm not making a film about a story. I'm making a story about a film."
"There is no scarier subject than the American family."
"Pretend you're thinking about nothing."

---

RICHARD RUSHFIELD and ADAM LEFF

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM SHEAFFER

MARCH 20
kate spade
NEW YORK
kate spade

NEW YORK

NEW YORK  HONG KONG  TOKYO  SAN FRANCISCO  CHICAGO

SHOP KATESPADE.COM
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 are called yourself. Any 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. Yes, 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.
Antihero. 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 ranty, usually ethnic protagonists—such as Robert De Niro’s Travis Bickle in Taxi Driver. Al Pacino’s eponymous 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 antihero.

Aspect ratio. The ratio between the width and height of the film frame: 1:1.85:1 is the American wide-screen standard. Though known only within the filmmaking industry and among those who use it to be called “AC 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. Thicket, Doberman-faced character actor (1885-1949) who found unlikely success as a leading man in late-period silent features and early-talkies, most notably in Miss and Bell (1930), a salty harborside 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 Kabablah 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.”

Cassel, 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 Moskovitz—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. Slightly beautiful 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 Elena Derenkovsky and raised in New York after her Jewish family fled the pogroms in their native Ukraine, Deren quickly assimilated herself into the American film, dance, and difficultart worlds, using a Guggenheim fellowship to study Haitian voodoo and becoming a voodoo priestess in the process. Even STAN BRACKMAN 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 “videothéque,” not a store, and its adjacent theater—which offers “cinechats” with such visiting directors as GUY MADIN and PETER GREENAWAY—is called a “cinemathèque.” Arguably the only video shop with a self-imposed mandate to turn impressionable children into Film Snobs, Facets offers a Future Filmmaker Membership that allows kids to borrow such titles as Cries and Whispers or Fahrenheit 205.

Grier, Pam. Tall, regally beautiful black actress who made her name in women-in-prison movies in the early 70s before becoming the regent-empress-mama of blaxploitation, kicking and barring 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 haled by 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 a leading lady. Novice Snob frequent 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, decollage-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 Athenically 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 hammered 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 submits 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-liberals kerfuffle upon its American 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-erotic-
Polglass, Van Nest. Temperamental art director for RKO Pictures (1934–1940) in that studio’s glory days, and legendary director of the promotional designs of films as varied as The Three Musketeers (1932), Gone with the Wind (1939), and Citizen Kane (1941). Polglass gets his biggest Spud codas, though, for the "Big White Sets" he helped devise for Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers movies like Big Hill (1935) and Shall We Dance (1937), stylishly Art Deco expanses that afforded Fred and Ginger the opportunity to twirl into infinity. Check out those Bak fakshuns shown in a fare-thee-well...not just Polglass at his most awesomely

Ritz Brothers, The. The semi-forgotten trio of pointy-nosed vaude- vians turned film zanies of the 30s—Al, Jimmy, and Harry, in Warner’s and raised in Brooklyn—for years championed by Comedy Snobs as tragically underrated geniuses forever in the shadow of the Marx Brothers, despite a scat filmography whose best moments are the Fox comedy The Three Musketeers (1939) and some welcome interludes in white- bread Alice Faye musicals. Pocket-sized and marketed as "Harry in Silent Movie (1976)"

Second-unit director. A deputy to a film’s main director whose job is to shoot scenes and footage that don’t require the presence and immediate supervision of the main director. The most commonly-revised location shots. Many a second-unit director, having overseen his own semi-autonomous production crew, has eventually graduated to supervising director status, though Snobs glory in knowing the names of certain second-unit specialists like Yoko Ono (in John Wayne movies) and B. Reeves Eason. No disrespect to Verhoeven, but the real reason RoboCop rocks is that Monte Hellman is the uncredited second-unit director.

Troma Entertainment. Congioe independent production company, in business since 1974, specializing in cheapo, cheerfully cheap horror-comedies (Class of Nuke ’Em High, the Toxic Avenger series) and cheap, cheerfully sexy exploitation movies (House of the Dead, The Turn-On!!), many of which are directed by Troma’s irrepressible founder himself, Lloyd Kaufman. Kaufman, who has cultivated a bow-tied, ranting-libertine N YKew persona—a sort of cleaned-up, slimmed-down, unbearded Goldstein with soft-core rather than hard-core proclivities—often takes the road to teach a Robert Mckee-style seminar on filmmaking, based on his book Make Your Own Damn Movie! Secrets of a Renegade Director. Wire-fu. Modish Spud term for both the genre and the technique in which martial-arts actors are attacks to wires and pulleys, the better to suspend such superhuman powers as the ability to leap great heights and to swing around like actual superheroes with combinations of kicks. Pioneered by the action star Jet Li in Hong Kong movies in the 1980s, wire-fu reached the mainstream with Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon (2000) and the Matrix (1999). Some martial-arts purists lament the growing popularity of wire-fu, preferring the "wireless," and therefore more audacious, stunts of Jackie Chan. Sin-Fung Ching’s ninja extravaganzas Due to the Death is an awesome example of early wire-fu.

Z Channel. Los Angeles–based pay-cable TV movie channel that began its life in 1974 as a sort of pay-pay-cable Showtime and then, upon its hiring of a feisty repertory-cinema Spud named Jerry Harvey as its program- mer, went on to become a major player in the world of film-savvy industry folk (Orson Welles and JOHN CASSAVETES were both fans in their dy- ing days) and twilight-aspirants (such as the post-success Quentin Tarantino and the director Tom Stern). The Z Channel also purchased rights to the all-important 1988, but its reputation has since been rehabilitated by a 2004 documentary lovingly compiled by Cassavetes’ daughter Xan. I first grew to Dick Ray when I was a squatter at a friend’s place above the Strip and caught In a Lonely Place on the Z Channel.
BRATING THE ARRIVAL OF...

It's the New Magazine Featuring ALL THE BEST FOR

Introductory Savings Certificate

Yes! Send my COOKIE subscription at the special CHARTER RATE — 12 issues for only $12. I'll save 64% off the cover price...that's like getting 7 issues FREE!

NAME

ADDRESS/APT

CITY/STATE/ZIP

- Payment enclosed  - Bill me

*Plus $3 postage and handling. Offer valid in U.S. only. First issue mails within 6-8 weeks. COOKIE publishes 6 issues a year.
film about a young woman's sexual and political "voyage of discovery" with explosive 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)* effectively nailed the coffin shut on the Maps Code and paved the way for the emergence of 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 Sjöman's follow-up, *I Am Curious (Blue)*.

Jaglom, Henry. Rumpledly handsome, staggeringly self-indulgent filmmaker whose every move, mostly improvised comedies such as *Always* (1985), *Eating* (1990), and *Festival in Cannes* (2002) bear the imprints of both 1970s psychotherapy and 1950s coffeehouse philosophizing (as such, earning Jaglom not quite fully accurate comparisons to Woody Allen and John Cassavetes). Though his films are seldom shown outside art houses, what truly endears Jaglom to Snobs is his role as Orson Welles’s post-*Peter Bogdanovich* caretaker; Jaglom kept the great man company in 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-Dee-Elvers* 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-Snob college student diarying of the silent-cinema revival of the 1960s. Langdon earns further Snob 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 16:9-source film is adapted to fit the 4:3 screen of a TV without losing the whole picture. Matching the 4:3 version of the kids is not only idiotic, given that Lucasfilm offers it in letterbox, but also an affront to all the work Lucas put into those re-releases.

Mckee, Robert. Theoretically belligerent, fiercely browed screenwriting guru whose revival-like three-day Story Seminars attract thousands of desperate would-be screenwriters, a zillion of whom actually become successful in pictures. At once a bracing, incisive instructor and a willfully demoralizing lifer of expectations (for both his students’ prospects and the future of film), McKee, who has been on the circuit since the 1980s, has dished many texts, and co-authored many. McKee, Jonestown, film. Born in rural in his native CARRERS DU CI getting arrested. McKee found most temple 1 and in 2001, its appropria- sionally I Sandpiper of 3 Mr. Ned. Mani- tion when was too short of means andknown to see in mole-skin Platt, Polly. Mother and actress, who as the work—it was by McMurtry. Though she continued to lose the plot, tooties, Plat Ruby (1975); Rocket (1996).

Polgås, Van Nest. Temperamental art director for RKO Pictures (1939–1948) in that studio’s glory days, renowned for the sumptuous, sumptuous designs of films as varied as *The Three Musketeers* (1935), *Guys and Dolls* (1955), and *Citizen Kane* (1941). Polgås gets his biggest Snob nods, though, for the “Big White Sets” he helped devise for such Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers movies as *Top Hat* (1935) and *Shall We Dance* (1937), highly stylized Art Deco expanses that afforded Fred and Ginger the opportunity to twirl to infinity. Check out those Baba flours shined to a fair-ture-nell, that’s just Polgås at his mostaccurate.

Ritz Brothers, The. The Semi-forgotten trio of poity-snoozed vaude- viains turned film zanies of the 30s—Al, Jimmy, and Harry, born in Newark and raised in Brooklyn—and championed by Comedy Snobs as tragically underrated geniuses forever in the shadow of the Marx Brothers, despite a scant filmography whose best moments are the Fox comedy *The Three Musketeers* (1939) and some welcome interludes in white- bread Alice Faye musicals. Pauline Kael was a huge fan, as is Mel Brooks, who proclaimed the Ritzes funnier than the Marxes and put the aged Harry in *Silent Movie* (1976).

Second-unit director. A deputy to a film’s main director whose job it is to shoot scenes and footage that don’t require the presence and immediate supervision of the main director, often action sequences and expository location shots. Many a second-unit director, having overseen their own semi-autonomous production unit, has eventually graduated to senior director status, though Snobs glory in knowing the names of such second-unit specialists like Yakima Cament (who was also an ace stunt man in John Wayne movies) and B. Reeves Eason. No disrespect to P. Verhoeven, but the real reason Red Cop rocks is that Monte Hellman was the unrecced second-unit director.

Trona Entertainment. Gonzo independent production company, in business since 1974, specializing in cheapo, cheerfully cheesy horror-comedies (class of *Nuke Em High, the Toxic Avenger* series) and cheep, cheerful cheapy jugs-splattered genre movies (Hailstorm’s *The First Turn-On*), many which are directed by Trona’s irrepresible founder himself, Lloyd Kaufman. Kaufman, who has cultivated a bow-tied, ranting-libertine New York-Jew persona—a sort of cleaned-up, slimmed-down, unbearded, goldstein with soft-core rather than hard-core product—often takes the road to teach a Robert McKeever-style seminar on filmmaking, based on his book *Make Your Own Damn Movie!* Secrets of a Renegade Director. Wire-fu. Modish Snob term for both the genre and the technique in which martial-arts artists are attached to wires and pulleys, the better to suggest supernatural elements as the ability to leap great heights and get above
Celebrating the arrival of...

It's the New Magazine Featuring All the Best for Your Family

For the next exciting issue as a charter subscriber, get the new magazine for parents filled with all the best for your children—from fashion, food and toys, travel and birthday parties. Be among the first to discover COOKIE through this special offer.

Special introductory subscription rate: Only $1 an issue

Mail the attached card, call 877-402-6654, or go to www.cookiemag.com
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, 2003), Kurt Russell, her co-star in the horse-racing movie Dreamer (2005), likened her to Meryl Streep. The Georgia-born Fanning will soon have major roles in new adaptations of two classic works, children’s literature, Charlotte’s Web and Alice in Wonderland, and will be doing the voice of the heroine for the screen version of Neil Gaiman’s terrific and terrifying child’s book Coraline. Since her 2001 debut, in Tomcats, her films have banked more than $200 million. Fanning, so poised on-camera, never resorts to starchy mannerisms. Her performances are moving and authentic. She’s the real thing.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at Smashbox Studios in Culver City, California, on November 21, 2005.
THE CHAMELEON
PETE SARSGAARD, 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 marshal), 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 on 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 Affie (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.
Jake Gyllenhaal famously lassoes 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

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 romp, 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 of sorts. 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, a 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, gun-slinging 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 Munich (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 go 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) in 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 Piggot 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 trailing 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 a good 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 chat-room 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.
Those lips, those eyes, those tattoos! Angelina Jolie has the fierceness and beauty to match Hollywood’s golden-age starlets, not to mention a cocksure swagger that recalls 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 at ease playing 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 joy-ah 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.
THE WARRIORS

HARVEY AND BOB WEINSTEIN, SELF-MADE MAGNATES, INDUSTRY HEAVY HITTERS.

More than 800 films; 60 Academy Awards (including 3 for best picture), 249 nominations; 32 Golden Globes; four TV series; 12 plays; 20 Tony Awards.

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 pop—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 Salve Sundbye 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 boisterous 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 vague 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.
Twenty-two films; one Golden Globe (Walk the Line, 2005).

With Legally Blonde (2001), Reese Witherspoon showed the world she was a comedienne as buoyant as she was bankable. With Sweet Home Alabama (2002) and Legally Blonde 2: Red, White & Blonde (2003), she proved her box-office clout was no fluke—she did it once again, for good measure, with last year's surprise romantic-comedy hit Just Like Heaven.

With Walk the Line, she made it abundantly clear that she's no fluke in a dramatic role. Witherspoon, a mother of two who's married to actor Ryan Phillippe, was probably destined to play June Carter Cash. While growing up in Nashville, she portrayed June's mother, Maybelle Carter, in a school play. And when she put on one of June's dresses to perform with her co-star, Joaquin Phoenix, she found that it fit her perfectly. While not driven in the demented manner of Trudy Flick, the A student she played to perfection in Alexander Payne's Election (1999), she's becoming a producer of note. With her own production house, Type A Films, photographed by Michael Thompson at the Studios, New York, on November 16, 2003.
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 traits 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 interracial 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, 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 Brakeback 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.
Max, Max, Max, is this any way to start a career? Where are the laudy 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.

Here 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, The 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 unluckiest of all, he matched up with Woody Allen for Match Point (2005), the best Woody Allen movie in ages. He slipped effortlessly into a role part-playing a charming but oily tennis pro who seduces his female, Jewish, family. Rhys Meyers has at last found success in the right place at the right time.

Photographed by Matthias Clamer in Los Angeles
February 2005
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 co-workers 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.

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 Poor & 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 risks 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. And 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.
THE WILD HONEY
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. After her mother entered her in a beauty pageant behind her back, Yeoh was soon crowned Miss Malaysia. She met billionaire Hong Kong film producer and business tycoon Dickson Poon and started high-kicking her way through such films as Twinkle, Twinkle, Lucky Stars (1985). After marrying Poon, she quit the business—only to return with a vengeance after their divorce, paired with Jackie Chan in the blockbuster Police Story III: Supercop (1992). To break into Hollywood, she took a step back, playing a Bond Girl in Tomorrow Never Dies (1997) before wowing everyone in the deluxe Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon (2000). A more reserved Yeoh starred in the lovely Memoirs of a Geisha (2005). See her soon in Jet Li’s Fearless and Danny Boyle’s Sunshine.
Photographed by Michael Thompson in New York City on December 16, 2005.
THE ENHANCER
GARTH FISHER, M.D.

One TV series; one informational DVD series; countless nips and tucks.

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 airy 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.
Q’ORIANKA KILCHER, ACTOR, SINGER
Two films.

Born in Germany, raised in Hawaii, Q’orianka Kilcher, who is part Peruvian Indian, took on a 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. Further, 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 personage (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.
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."

Zooey Deschanel has been called "quirky" so often that she has come to embrace it, telling one interviewer: "If they say I'm quirky, I'm quirky. It's better than being boring."

She loves her quirky and old-screwball comedies. She plays the ukulele and sings in a cabaret band. The daughter of Oscar-nominated cinematographer Caleb Deschanel and actress Mary Jo Deschanel, she's an L.A. girl, but not a typical one, having spent much of her formative years in the darkness of the New Beverly Cinema, an art house on 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 manqué (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 film 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 biopic in production, MICHAEL CALLAHAN charts the tumultuous celebrity, emotional flameout, and sordid death, at 39, of an unlikely cultural trailblazer.
he summer of 1955 had not been good to Grace Metalious. A nine-week drought had left tiny Gilmanton, New Hampshire, bone dry, including the well in the back of the ramshackle cottage she'd sarcastically nicknamed "It'll Do." Her three children were living on lettuce-and-tomato sandwiches. She was three months behind on payments for her beat-up car. At the age of 30 she was broke, smelly, thirsty, exhausted, and desperate.

She had dreamed of a different life for herself, a life of romance and adventure, a life all little girls dream of. Escaping a troubled home to sneak off to her Aunt Georgie's bathroom, she would lock the door and sit in the tub for hours, putting those dreams to paper by scribbling tales of heroines and dashing princes.

She kept writing, even after her wedding at 18 to her high-school sweetheart, George Metalious; after giving birth to her third child and having her tubes tied when doctors told her she wouldn't survive a fourth pregnancy; after George went away during World War II and had an affair; after he came home and she had an affair of her own. Writing was neither hobby nor diversion, but livelihood. During those years when George was getting his teaching degree at the University of New Hampshire under the G.I. Bill, Grace often locked her children out of the apartment so she could write, leaving her runny-nosed charges to fend for themselves in the cold by knocking on neighbors' doors, asking to be let in.

In the end, she'd written a book. Actually, a polemic. She titled it *The Tree and the Blossom*—about the secrets, scandals, and hypocrisy in a fictional New Hampshire town not unlike her own.

Grace discovered literary agent Jacques Chambrun by browsing through a library directory, singling him out because his was the most French-sounding name. Born Marie Grace deRepentigny (prone to embellish, she would later state that her birth name had been Grace Marie Antoinette Jeanne d'Arc de Repentigny), she'd been brought up with an air of French snobbery that belied the modest apartment she'd shared with her mother, grandmother, and sister.

Chambrun, an uncanny dandy who favored long lunches and chauffeured cars, had an office facing the Plaza and a client roster that at one point included W. Somerset Maugham and Jack Schaefer, the author of *Shane*. He already knew Grace Metalious. The year before, he'd sent him a passionate five-page pleading of becoming a public writer, along with a 312-page manuscript that focused on the travails of a pain newlyweds—which had clear parallel to her life with George. The agent had calculated it among a few publishers; all of it declined.

So when Chambrun got *The Tree and the Blossom* in April 1955, he wasn't mystified. He perfunctorily sent it on its way through the publishing circuit, where it ended up on the desk of Leona New, a manuscript reader at Lippincott. Many days, Nevler's job was to field the run from less discriminating agents, such as Chambrun, and sift through the maze of unsolicited "slush," then pass along rare jewels that might warrant an editor's attention. Nevler, it turned out, quite liked *The Tree and the Blossom*, but her boss at Lippincott passed.

During a job interview at rival Julian Messner, Inc., Nevler told the firm's president, Kitty Messner, about the novel. Curious and thin, Kitty Messner was the Katharine Hepburn of the publishing world, known for her draping tailored suits and signature cigarette holder as her signature for commercial fiction. According to Emily Toth's 1981 biography *Inside a Ton Place*—the Rosetta Stone of Grace Metalious arcanà—on the night of August 10, Messner decided to stay in and read Grace, heaving and thinning and settling into the mailbox.

The next day, Kitty called Chambrun.

"I have to have it," she said. The title, however, would need to be changed to the name of the town where the novel was set: Peyton Place.

Grace had been at the market in Laconia, buying frozen French fries cause you don't have to wash them before you cook them. Then she had taken a kids' trip in Opechee Park. When she got back to Gilmanton, Grace, carrying bags of groceries, spotted the mailman.
It was a crafty, page-turning brew of illicit sex, incest, and murder.
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-
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 would-be socialite 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 shirts, and jeans, Grace broke every mold of the prim New England country wife. She was outspoken, a terrible housekeeper (once, when some P.R. 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 Snierson, the daughter of Grace’s longtime attorney, Bernard Snierson. “I didn’t know any other woman like her. Grace swore, 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 160

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 of the same 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.”

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, malefaction, 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 of the same 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.”

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 of the same 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.”
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

WHERE THERE’S SMOKE

David Hockney, photographed at his Pembroke Gardens studio, in London, January 4, 2006.
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.”

From Sneer to Eternity
Or: How some of the 20th century’s more influential critics occasionally missed the big picture.
MARK SUMMERS excavates and illustrates

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 even a glancing familiarity with 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’s disposal: a big budget, A-list stars, and in this case, the brains, skills, and talents of best and the brightest of Hollywood’s past—recent—and probably final—golden age. Of this at a moment that could not have been less hospitable to the subject. But Beatty, the Russians invaded Afghanistan: production continued throughout 1980, the year America elected a new president, Ronald 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 unpropitious, that many in Beatty’s orbit, including the screenwriter Robert Towne and the film critic Paul Kael, begged him not to make it, convinced that Reds was a folly.

Looking back from the press time characterized by corporate consolidation of movie industry, filmmaking committee, and creative timidity, the fact that Reds was made at all is almost incomprehensible—testimony to the vision and persistence of one man. As one of Beatty’s longtime collaborators, the late production designer Dick Sydney 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 come since he backed Bobby Kennedy for president in 1968, and then became a visible supporter of gun control after Kennedy’s assassination. Four years later he was doggedly pounding the pavement for George McGovern, helping to organize a then groundbreaking series of rock-concert fund-raisers. It was during this period—the night after McGovern won the Democratic nomination at a deeply divided convention in Miami, which Beatty attended—that he took a break from campaigning to hole up in a hotel room and spend four days working on a treatment that would eventually become Reds, one of the most audacious and politically literate movies ever to come out of Hollywood.

Released a quarter-century ago, on December 4, 1981, Reds is a sprawling, three-hour-and-twenty-minute homage, of sorts, to the Russian Revolution as well as to the high passions that animated the largely forgotten American left in the years before, during, and after World War I. The film is
Wilson, as Eugene O'Neill, Beatty, as journalist John Reed, during the shooting of the movie's commute scenes. Opposite, Keaton and Keaton play on the film's train. Petersburg.
IT ZELL IN INDIANA?" " 20.

(1) Ron and Beatty, 1979. (2) Charles Bluhdorn, then-lit Reds as chairman of Paramount's company, Gulf & Western. (3) Beatty as Reed, Green Stapleton, as anarchist Emma and Beatty. (5) The real John Reed, 1920. (6) Paramount head Barry Diller, and frequent collaborator Elaine May, (8) Keaton as journalist Louise Bryant. (10) The real Bryant, circa 1918, with Hackman and Beatty on the set.
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. The film business; studio executives are to run for the hills when a powerful director, or producer knocks on the with a personal project to which he or has long given tender care, and this never truer than in the late 70's, a time in the once astringent talents of the Hollywood were giving way to bloat self-indulgence. While Beatty was pitch-Reds (which he might have described the movie David Lean would have made Gillo Pontecorvo, director of The Battle of Algiers, put a knife to his throat), ed Artists was still looking down the el of Francis Ford Coppola's troubled, h-delayed, and phenomenally expen-
-Apocalypse Now. Worse, UA was about ade knee-deep into the quicksand of uel Cimino's studio-busting Heaven's
Universal, meanwhile, was still reel-
from Sorcerer. Billy Friedkin's expen-
1977 flop, and was about to lose a llle more on Steven Spielberg's over-used, unfunny comedy, 1941. Reds and rin Scorsese's Raging Bull would be notions that proved the rule, although orner, with its lengthy dialogue scenes ted to parsing the fictional infighting on the American left, was still a big thful to swallow. Beatty, who at the was coming off the huge comedy Heaven Can Wait, which minted mon-
or Paramount, was probably the only with the clout (or desire) to launch ajor motion picture that would dra-
the Russian Revolution from a entirely unsympathetic 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 came into his own 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 dating games 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 much fortune's child—too 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, inexorably 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 Wobbles) 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 alcoholism, 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 Shook 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
restaurant 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 fucked 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 without 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 deliberate, 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 protégé 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 characteristics, 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 got drafted 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 re-write while it's being shot."

Says Beatty, "That draft had serious problems. There was no tension between Bryant and Reed. What I needed to do 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 half months," Griffiths recalls. "It was a pretty unpleasant four and a half months.... I was sitting in a room for eight hours a day with a guy that I was increasingly getting to detest, and who increasingly was getting to detest me. That's Sartrean version of hell."

In his everyday exchanges, Beatty is variably polite and soft-spoken, with a wit. When he's relaxed and unguarded as he ever gets, he's ribald—funny. He rarely loses his temper, rarely loses himself to get annoyed or irritable, script meetings are, for Beatty, somewhat else: free-for-alls, extreme combat. "If 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." He 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're 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 lying. That's how he is with Robert Town—how he is with Elaine May, but he loves it. They throw things, they scream, they swear at each other. I think they feel this is what it means to be creative. The time I met Townes—" the screenwriter bitzed on Reds, as did writer-director Nichols more 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."

A few years later, after the four-and-a-half-month stint at the Carlyle, Griffiths told Beatty 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 ombathed on both sides."

Pikser, who spent a lot of time with the couple, "Warren was always trying to please Diane. Which was not easy. I wish he wanted to do it so much. It's not or him if it's easy. 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 parapherania 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 Keaton had not made Reds, I don't know what I would have done." He says now, "She's always surprising. And that's fun. It would have been kind of heavy going to have these two idealists go through this idealistic period without some surprises. And some laughs.

When Beatty had first asked Keaton to play Bryant, the actress was skeptical. "I didn't really believe it was going to happen," she recalls. "He would say, 'We're going 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 really 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' pullor. 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 advice. "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 interviewer. Without missing a beat. Nicholson responded, "There is only one actor who could do that—me!"

Nevertheless, says executive producer Simon 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 shambolic state. A kind of grotesque figure appeared. 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 really want to do it. When it was time, he appeared, 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 fireman Johnnie Eames. Pikser, who spent a lot of time with Diane, was always trying to please Diane. Which was not easy. Which is why he wanted to do it so much. It's no or him if it's easy. 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 parapherania 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 Keaton had not made Reds, I don't know what I would have done." He says now, "She's always surprising. And that's fun. It would have been kind of heavy going to have these two idealists go through this idealistic period without some surprises. And some laughs.

When Beatty had first asked Keaton to play Bryant, the actress was skeptical. "I didn't really believe it was going to happen," she recalls. "He would say, 'We're going 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 really wasn't a reality until we were actually in England, and we started to shoot. And then I believed we were doing it."
Making of Reds

brand Louis Fraina, 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 Provincetown 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 Bryant. 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 Selby, “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. Selby, 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 filming talking-head interviews with 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, blah-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 fiancée, though platonic, girlfriend. (He was a spitting image.) 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, would fly in on the Concorde. At the latter she’d use the floor of her suite for a 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 at a few days (she never went out) room-service trays covered with dirty dishes and over food were stacked in piles. She ate smoked tiny cigars and let the ashes 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 fiths, May understood that Beatty was a star, that Reed was in large part a vehicle, and that the Reed-Bryant relationship had to have contemporary resonance. Tension between the two protagonists, though rooted in the historical reality of period, had to crackle with the passions, the riots of the 1970s, particularly the women’s movement. According to Pikser, she said, “I don’t know anything about this history.” But somebody needed to, so she insisted that they be integrated into the process. Having spent some pages, she would say, “Jack and Ed Goldman need to fight here. I don’t know what the fuck they would fight about.” She threw him a pad.

Beatty had been financing script development and the pre-production of out of his own pocket. “That’s the way I really do things, because I’m what is called control freak,” he explains with a laugh. He was not about to launch into a film as expensive as this one might be without some backing. By this time the studios had revved from the New Hollywood fever of early 1970s, were sitting up in bed and being to eat solid food, especially Paramount, now run by a group of Young Turks reared from television—Barry Diller, Mie Diller, Don Simpson—and presc by the cholerie but brilliant financial Charles Bluhdorn, chairman of Paramount parent corporation, Gulf & Western. He Can Wait had made a lot of money for the mount, and when the Oscar nominations were announced in February 1979, they received nine. While making it, Beatty charmed Bluhdorn, and he already knew Diller, who headed the studio, through Docratic Party politics, but Beatty knew Reds was still going to be a tough sell.

He did what he always did: he played 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 rem
It was persuasive. I was fascinated by it as an impossible idea for a movie, but Warren created success with *Can't Buy Me Love,* and if you create success you're entitled to extra room." Diller, Eisner and Beatty had a dinner with Bluthorn in New York to discuss *Reds,* the Gulf & Western chairman's blessing would be a prerequisite for making the film as potentially expensive and as oversized as this one. Diller remembers Bluthorn was enthusiastic about the project, but in Beatty's recollection Bluthorn was cooler toward the idea, and Beatty hardly made *Reds* sound like a no-brainer. "Look, this is an iffy project about an amnesiac hero who dies in the end. It's a very dodgy commercial subject. I may no, there's no hard feelings, and I'll let somewhere else."

"How much is it going to cost?" asked the fan-born Bluthorn, who spoke in a thick accent as his executives 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 Bluthorn a sense of what then passed for the script, and Bluthorn had a sense of what he read. Bluthorn told Beatty that he might do it, and then he would get back to him. Beatty felt that he didn't want to lose the movie.

A few days later, Bluthorn came to a bad case of buyer's remorse. Dorn told Beatty, "Do me a favor. Take the script and go to Mexico. Keep $24 million for yourself. Spend the one million on the script. Just don't make this one." Beatty replied, "Charlie, I have to make this one." Beatty then got a call from one of Dorn's pals. The Gulf & Western head was suspicious of nurturing *Mob* connections, among them the attorney and Hollywood fixer Sidney Korshak, though Beatty said the caller was not Korshak.) The man told Beatty, "If you know what's good for you, you won't make this picture!" Beatty replied, "I'm going to do this movie and I'm going to get it that I got this call." Finally, Bluthorn agreed to the inevitable and agreed to the script, whose budget was then increased to $20 million. The studio agreed to do the picture, executives reversed field, forcing Beatty to abandon production before he wanted to. "I didn't consider the script to be ready, but I'm not sure even if I can use the script to be ready," he said. "But I did say I can be more condescending if I have another month. To preproduce, rehearse, etc." According to Beatty, Bluthorn believed that waiting could help him and Dorn, Bluthorn, and the studio. "No. The contract says you start on date, and if you don't start on date, you're in default, and we have no arrangement.

Continued Beatty, "It was odd." He dined with Paramount executives 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 that just can't be clarified on paper, and the film eventually as you go along. You adhere to the Napoleon's battle plan. When they were planning him how he planned a battle, he said, "Here's how I do it—that I go there, and then I see what happens."

Principal photography began in early August of 1979 in London. Recalls 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 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 get 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, hanging trays, and looking to turn over tables," recalls production manager Nigel Woolf. 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 Woolf recalls, "He said, 'O.K., bring the two ringleaders 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 nothing compared to those caused by the actors. Says Woolf, "Maureen Stapleton wouldn't go to London. We wanted her in November, but in November there are no oceangoing 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 had 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

**BRUCE AND JAVIER SCENE II**

Bruce and Javier lawyered up. Bruce retained a married divorce attorney who owned 34 sweater-vests, many of them unstained. Javier—now living at his sister's—relocated his college roommate, Arlene.

"You gay boys! So competitive!" Arlene sympathized with her Eames-bashed client over coffee at Fifteen Beowren. "Your sense of aesthetics is the gay version of penis size. It's like the Algonquin Round Table, only with fabric swatches instead of jokes." Javier looked miserable.

"Oh, honey, we'll make Bruce fork it over bigtime at the prelim," Arlene comforted him.

"I'm talking major bigtime; I'm talking scarred-earth bigtime. I'm talking ... and jihad!" Javier was glad to have found a sympathetic ear.
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 bullshit—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 Ded 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, skimming 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. Beatty's was such a pleasure to work for Warren even though he did a lot of takes," the actor says. "It was close to 50. He didn't say to me. There's something about some people who is that tough and perseveres that is attractive to an actor that wants to do good work. So I hung in there. And if it gets you out of the text. You just think these words that are flowing out of you, all those takes—I was going blind. A 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 you must have known. When he called me up with 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 Scharf, who later worked on Ishar (the 1987 flop starred Beatty and Dustin Hoffman and directed by May), explains Beatty's working method: "A lot of people say Warren overshoot know that not to be true. Directors come back with insufficient material amounting to 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 in history.' Warren felt that way when he said. He believed that that time and was the place, and he had to take advantage of the opportunity to hit the hell out of the resources, and he wanted to use them because he knew he would never get other 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 would have done if we knew what the real cost was. I doubt we would have done it, but who knows?"

MORPHOLUTION

ON THE ROAD AHEAD, A PATH TO BE AVOIDED

Britney "Pop Tarts" Spears...
says 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
of long shooting days, Beatty got on the
the Paramount head, and the two
 screamed at each other. “Within a
week or a week behind [schedule],” says Dil-
And it just went on from there. They
had all sorts of problems. They had prob-
on problems. They had weather prob-
They had fatigue problems. They had
and-Diane problems. It was all on,
which is a dopey way to make a
movie was just a mess, and it went on
and it was one of those rough, rough shoots
made everybody unhappy.”

at Diller was in a bind. “Here’s the
bassiness of that,” he continues. “I
had force him not to be Warren,
that would have been stupid. That’s his
ess. That’s how he functions.”

olly exaggerated, Diller ceased re-
ing Beatty’s phone calls. “I was so an-
with him. I thought it was just pointless
lk to him. I wanted to make him feel
ly. I thought that would have some ef-
That was naïve.”

s months passed, and the wrap date
was forever just over the horizon, mor-
jokes about the production were heard
set, some of which 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-
title, was a popular term for Second-
ing pills, and suggested alternative titles
as The Longest Day and The 39 Takes.
mors swirled: about the budget, about
the 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
ly to me, ‘You and I are the only two
who give a fuck about what this movie
ving.’ Which is true. You had hundreds
people working on this picture, and for
it was a gig. ‘We did Agatha last month
we’re doing this month.’ And War-
et like he’s bogged down in the Philip-
s fighting the Japanese. And nobody el-
if he’s going to win or not.”

Beatty’s relationship with Keaton barely
ved the shoot. It is always a dicey pro-
P a director who works with a star or di-
—both, in this case—with whom he has
screen relationship. “It’s like running
street with a plate of consommé and
ng 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
ted 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
with 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 impor-
tant thing to Warren. Completely, absolute-
ly. I understood that then, and I understand
now, and I’m proud to have been part of it.”

ome 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
article 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
vant-garde, which to me was a product of
a restive and intelligent mind, and also to
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
says 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 se-
riously, 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 ana-
logous to their own. Says Keaton, “It was
completely different. I didn’t find myself dead
in a stairway, drunk. Also I don’t think that
were that important, historically, Warren and
I. Sorry to say.” For his part, Beatty credits
Keaton with much more self-awareness than
Bryant possessed. Nor, he says emphatically,
was the actress in any way in his shadow.
“She had just made one of the great, great

**BRUCE AND JAVIER SCENE III**

The prelim was tense, held in a 45th-floor corporate boardroom that induced vertigo.
Javier produced a large burlap bag whose bottomed 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 doxhund, Ann B. Davis. Suddenly
the tone of the proceedings shifted from “total picnic” to “Yolo.”

**CONTINUED FROM PAGE 353**

**CONTINUED ON 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 screening 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 Redis 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, 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 filming, Diller and Eisner had flown to London to see five hours of footage prepared specifically for them. They loved it, and for that point on, the studio was fully behind Reds, though some observers wondered if Bludhorn was hedging his bets when he picked up Rags Time, another long historical epic set in vaguely the same time period, from producer Dino De Laurentis. One week, Paramount would release it a mere two 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 Bludhorn. There was a protocol for these screenings: no guest of honor was never on time. How he was depended on where he stood in the pecking order. If a screening was scheduled for Beatty himself at eight in the evening, he might show up at any time after that, but never earlier. When he screened the film for Diller, Beatty arrived punctually at eight, Diller was late. (Nicholson was at that screening, and he’d yell, in his Nicholson voice, "Hey, Dill, la, la, la, Dill! At the screening for Bludhorn in New York, Beatty and Diller were on time, but Bludhorn was late. (He was accompanied by bodyguards, who locked the doors of the room.) During the interval, picking food off silver trays, the Australian mogul said something like, "Warren, you had made a wonderful movie. It is fantastic. I love you in it, especially, but I hate you in it."

"What is that, Mr. Bludhorn?"

"You 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 Sylvert put it, "The shooting time was about 50 weeks. We shot in studios all over Europe. We shot in every fucking country in the world. We backed and filled the studios here in L.A., and we were in New York. We were in Washington. 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 snipping 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 likely based on anything but one another, gradually crept up to the $40 millions. The journalist Aaron Latham, in Rolling Stone, quoted unnamed Paramount sources who said 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...
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 "companions," the title of Griffith's first draft, and the word Reed whispers to Bryant 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. Beatty's gamble in making a movie with his partner paid off; he didn't spill the consommé. 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 thinking in American life, one that went back to 1915." But it was also, he says, a reverie about the two decades just past, about Beatty's own generation. "We were those old lefties 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 nominations, matching a feat he had accomplished with Heaven Can Wait, set a record. (Only Orson Welles had also been nominated four times for the same film, but just once, for Citizen Kane.)

In the end, Reds won only three Oscars: best director, best cinematography, and best supporting actress, for Stapleton. The biggest disappointment was inexplicably losing best picture to Puttnam's Chariots of Fire. It was a nasty twist of fate. As Sybert put it, Beatty and Puttnam "hated each other. [The loss] broke Warren's heart, because that was really the first time he'd have a chance to do everything he ever dreamed of." But Beatty, at this point exhausted by Reds, had his Oscar and other consolations. He had screened the picture for Elia Kazan, who directed Beatty in his first picture, Splendor in the Grass, in 1961. Kazan had apparently not liked Shampoo, and had told Beatty at the time, "You know, Warren, you should have talked to me about that picture before you made it." But after seeing Reds the man who had made A Streetcar Named Desire and On the Waterfront called Beatty and said, "You really are a good director."
Peyton Place

Continued from page 338 about some of the townspeople. Grace confirmed that she was working on a book, but insisted it was pure fiction. Soon, she and Laurie were together almost every day in the kitchen of Shaky Acres, Laurie's farm in Gilman, where Grace had begun his job as a teacher and principal, Grace wrote. Laurie told her the story of Barbara Roberts, a local 20-year-old who in 1947 shot and killed her father, then buried his body in a goat pen on their farm. She had pleaded guilty to second-degree homicide and was sentenced to 30 years to life. Then the truth came out: for years, Roberts and her sister had been raped regularly by their father, and at times chained to a bed for days. One night she flew into a rage, chasing Barbara and her young brother around the kitchen table and threatening to kill them. She reached into a drawer, extracted her father's gun, and shot him dead. Only after an exposed by some crusading journalists—including a cub reporter for the New Hampshire Sunday News by the name of Ben Bradlee—was Barbara Roberts freed.

Grace soaked up the details, and she used them in Peyton Place in the story of Selena Cross, the dark ingenue from the wrong side of the tracks who is brutally raped by her stepfather and kills him, burying his body in a sheep pen. (Saying that the American public wasn't ready for full-on incest, Kitty Messner insisted Grace change him from father to stepfather.) Grace frantically scribbled down additional tales of Gilmanon life, including some from Arlington "Chunky" Hartford, a Gilman cop and born storyteller who told Grace about "hard-cider parties" held in the basement of a local farmhouse. Men would supposedly pile in for up to a week at a time, getting sauced. The anecdotes also piled up—as did Gilmanon's wrath once they all appeared in print.

"A lot of people wouldn't read the book—or they said they wouldn't," says Esther Peters, who, as a radio host at WLNE in Lacomia, interviewed Grace shortly after Peyton Place was published, and who still lives in neighboring Guilford. "Of course what happened was that people in Gilman, they had the book. If you happened to go to their house and asked them to bring out a copy, they'd bring out a copy—and it generally fell open at one of the places where there was a rather torrid passage."

In retaliation, the town gossips spread Grace stories with brutal efficacy, from the outlandish (she had gone to the grocery store in a min coat while naked beneath; she had greeted the milkman in the buff) to the valid (her house was filthy; she cheated on her husband). According to Emily Tuth's biography, Grace had drifted into an affair with her neighbor Carl Newman and was often spotted carousing with him at the Rod and Gun Club, on Beacon Street. So people talked. And talked. Grace had, in effect, begun living Peyton Place.

The most damning rumor was also the most hurtful: that she hadn't actually written the book at all. "People would say, "Oh, she couldn't have written it. Her husband went to college. I bet he wrote it,"" says John Chandler, Bernard Sniserson's law partner. At one point Grace sat in Chandler's office, writing some background information for a legal matter. "After I read that," Chandler says, "there was no question in my mind about who wrote Peyton Place."

In public, Grace struck back at her neighbors. Her point wasn't that her life was perfect, it was that their lives weren't, either. The only difference was that she wasn't hiding it. "To a tourist these towns look as peaceful as a postcard picture," she said. "But if you go beneath that picture, it's like turning over a rock with your foot—all kinds of strange things crawl out. Everybody who lives in town knows what's going on—there are no secrets—but they don't want outsiders to know."

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 Bellamann'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 Provincetown. "I thought, How filthy and green she says. "I just became obsessed with".

"One of my earliest memories as a teenager is of sneaking off with friends and grabbing their mom's copies of Peyton Place and we would go through the good part," adds Barbara Delinsky, the bestselling 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 Harrington has taken Allison MacKenzie to the salon dance, gets him all riled up in his car.

"Is it up, Rod?" she panted, undulating under his. "Is it up good and hard?"

"Oh, yes," he whispered, almost unable to speak. "Oh, yes."

Without another word, Betty jackknifed her knees, pushed Rodney away from her, chose the lock on the door and was outside of the car. "Now go shoo 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 morning swim with the repressed Constance, demands her to "unite the top of your bikini suit. I want you to feel your breasts against me when I kiss you." (It would turn out that Makris was the name of a co-worker. George's who matched his fictional counterpart's physical description; Makris was 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 versions, the character's name was changed to Michael Rossi.) But it was through the film and TV passages that Grace delivered her most withering social commentary, such as in the description of the hidden, ranid Scottish town, which the proper townsfolk pretended not to see.

In the end, reviews were largely negative. "Never before in my memory has a young mother published a book in languages I don't understand. This is a scathing denunciation of small-girons that, as I'm sure you've heard, has been described as the novel's public's reading material."

And the headline the filthy they live by is Lacomia Evening Citizen, publisher Willo Loeb branded the book 'literary sewerage.'

"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 pea show," the paper applauded the book's stand "against the fronts and bourgeois pretensions of locally 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."

360 | VANITY FAIR www.vanityfair.com MARCH 2
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 recalls. "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, Snierson—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 Snierson'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 downtown highballs as for her nacy 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 Snierson to...

**BRUCE AND JAVIER SCENE V**

Javier and Bruce tried to see other people, but were unable to muster up the requisite warmth or sociability. A fellow Harvard professor who went out on a date with Bruce later described him as "Teutonic and slightly unbearable", a gym buddy who'd gone to the re-release of *The Passenger* with Javier later described him as "Javinatable."

Bruce and Javier had not yet scabbled over.
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 Metalious. 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 gigantic 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 version of slandering doors, wayward glances, and A-line skirts. The story line had no abortions, no moonlit 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 Gilmanton 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 rau cous parties in Gilmanton, then call friends in the middle of the night after she and T.J. had fought. She once phoned Laurie Wilkens at one A.M. from the Plaza, telling her she had to come immediately. Laurie found Grace in the lobby, almost suicidal; the phone would ring anytime, and it would be 'Bernie, I need you."

"Lynne Snier son recalls. Grace would come to the house smelling drunk, and pass out in Lynne's bed.

After Grace and T.J. wed, George rived in Gilmanton, packed up the kids, and took them to his home in Massachusetts. Meanwhile, Cindy eventually returned to Grace, and, with Marsha, then 14, stayed behind with George to escape the madness. "At that point I cried, 'I need to do this for myself,'" she says. "'I knew if I didn't do it, I wasn't going to make it.'"

Drowning in booze and running out of 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 downward; a publicity tour was shelved. (Two later titles, The Tight White Collar 1960, and No Akim in Eden, in 1963, were caught on.)

One night Grace placed a call to Berke Snierson, begging him to come over. After he arrived, he sat with her for a while.

"Bernie, I'm scared," Grace confided. "What are you afraid of. Grace?"

"Let me know," he 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..."

B y 1960, T.J. was gone, fed up with the cycle of drinking and fighting. On the rebound, Grace reconciled with George, announcing to the world they'd remarried, even though they never had. They bought an Inn, and called it the Peyton Place Motel. Not surprisingly, no one wanted to stay there. 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 lighting does strike twice in the same place." Buoyed by 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 Colonial Theatre in Laconia.

The town cranked with excitement on the big night. Grace wore her hair in a style French twist; Marsha got to wear Grace's mink stole. Bernie and Muriel Snier son hoisted 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 Carlin (in which she seems to be channeling Judi Anderson in Rebeca), were overwhelming grim. Even the promotional newsletter, featuring Lynley and Grace, was creepy. On screen, Grace appeared awkward, bloated and tired: Lynley says she remembers l
October 1963, John Rees, a tall, broad, married British journalist, arrived in Gilmanton looking to interview its most famous resident for a profile in the Boston Daily Mirror. Within weeks he had become her lover—and moved into her house.

The day Esther Peters came upon the couple at a Concord taproom, Grace "was still somnambulant of herself, but she was way somewhere in dreams that didn't correlate with reality," she says, adding that his time, I think her liver had gone to... She was delusional."

Marsha had married and moved to Las Vegas; Rees and then 16-year-old Mike had an argument and Rees threw the boy out. Race watched in an alcoholic stupor. At the time Marsha called, Rees would answer, "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 is 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...
Peyton Place

...cussed in polite society, 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 Metastiosis 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 Metastiosis, 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.
Ross, L.A.; and Peoples, Atlanta; Dolce & Gabbana shoes from Dolce & Gabbana stores nationwide, or call 877-70-DGUSA; Neil Lane jewelry from Neil Lane, L.A.; Joe Zee for Jed Root.

Pages 328–29: Joaquin Phoenix's Calvin Klein Collection shirt from Calvin Klein, N.Y.C., or call 877-256-7353; Guess jeans from Guess stores nationwide, or call 800-39-GUESS, or visit guess.com; Joe Zee for Jed Root.

Pages 330–31: George Clooney's Thomas Pink shirt from Thomas Pink, N.Y.C., or call 212-828-9282; for H Hillfiger pants, go to tommy.com; for Hunter boots, go to hunter-boot.com; Carter watch from all Carter boutiques, or call 800-CARTIER, or go to carterinc.com. For women's Calvin Klein Underwear bras and panties, go to calvcum.com; Joe Zee for Jed Root

Page 353: Bruce's Ralph Lauren Purple Label sweater from selected Ralph Lauren boutiques.

DXNY shirt, jeans, and sunglasses from selected DXNY stores nationwide; Tod's shoes from Tod's boutiques nationwide, or go to todlonline.com. Javier's Polo by Ralph Lauren shirt and sunglasses from selected Ralph Lauren boutiques.

Page 355: Arlene's BCBG Max Azria top from BCBG boutique nationwide, or call 888-636-BCBG. Javier's Paul Smith jacket from Paul Smith, N.Y.C., or call 323-951-4800.

Page 357: Bruce's lawyer's Ermengildo Zegna suit from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; Robert Talbott shirt and tie from Robert Talbott stores nationwide. Bruce's and Javier's Polo by Ralph Lauren suits from selected Ralph Lauren boutiques, or call 888-475-9747. Robert Talbott shirts, ties, and pocket squares from Robert Talbott stores nationwide. Arlene's BCBG Max Azria suit and shirt from BCBG boutiques nationwide, or call 888-636-BCBG.

Page 359: Javier's Polo by Ralph Lauren shirt from selected Ralph Lauren boutiques.

Page 361: Gymn's '7 for All Mankind jeans from Barneys New York stores nationwide. Professor's Polo by Ralph Lauren blazer from selected Ralph Lauren stores, Robert Talbott shirt, vest, and bow tie from Robert Talbott stores nationwide; 7 for All Mankind jeans from Barneys New York stores nationwide.

Page 363: Bruce's John Varvatos tuxedo from John Varvatos stores nationwide, or call 212-965-0700; Javier's Ralph Lauren Purple Label tuxedo from selected Ralph Lauren boutiques, or call 888-475-9747. Robert Talbott shirts and bow ties from Robert Talbott stores nationwide.

BEAUTY AND GROOMING


Page 120: See credits for cover.

Page 156: Kurt Thomson's grooming by Assumpta Clohessey for Price Inc.


Page 182: Center, Yves Saint Laurent's In Love Again Edition Jasmin Etoile, exclusively from Victoria's Secret stores nationwide; Annick Goutal's Songs from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; and Bloomingdale's and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. Ferre from Ferre boutiques and specialty department stores nationwide; Hermès Terre from Hermès stores nationwide.


Page 236: Angelina Jolie's hair by Colin Jamison, makeup by Tony G. Matt Daman's hair by Key Konrad, grooming by Chrisie Beberidge.


Page 250: Zach Helm's hair styled with Bumble and Bumble Suma Wax, Frankie Payne for Luxe.

Page 255: Kiele Sanchez's hair styled with Bumble and Bumble Styling Spray; Erin Ayonan for cloutieragency.com.

Page 273: Emile Hirsch's hair styled with Redken Polish Up Defining Gel; Peter Savic for Redken/salon IQ.

Page 277: JF Howard for Always Entertaining Inc.

Page 287: Dakota Fanning's hair styled with Bumble and Bumble Styling Lotion.

Page 288: Peter Sarsgaard's hair styled with Matrix Biolage Shaping Crème Wax; his face moisturized with Clarins Men Moisture Balm; Manuella for aristobythymphriano.com. Manicure by Moncho Bolo for Opi/aristobythymphriano.com.

Page 291: Sienna Miller's hair styled with Clive's Healthy Shine Serum, and Natural Hold Soft-Finish Hairspray; Alex Dixon for aristobythymphriano.com. On her eyes, Shu Uemura Fiber Xension Lengthening Mascara in Xtra Black, on her cheeks, Glow On in M Pink 3l, on her lips, Lip Fix and Rouge 4 Balance in No. 3l0, Judi Roberts for Jed Root. Lisa Postmo for celebreagency.com.

Page 292: Jane Gyllenhiold's hair styled with Redken Maneuver Working Wax, his face moisturized with Lab Series Skincare for Men Instant Moisture Gel; on his eyes, Instant Moisture Eye Gel; on his lips, Instant Moisture Lip Balm; Sylvia You for cloutieragency.com.

Page 294: Jason Schwartzman's hair styled with Redken Polish Up Defining Pomade; his face moisturized with Kiehl's Sodium PCA Oil-Free Moisturizer; Donna Schmidt for Redken/celebreagency.com.

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.”
"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."

ALSO!

DIRTY LOBBYIST
JACK ABRAMOFF TALKS
BY DAVID MARGOLICK
P 196

THE HONEYMOON-CRUISE MYSTERY
BY BRYAN BURROUGH
P 172

ON THE GROUND WITH U.S. FORCES IN AFGHANISTAN
BY SEBASTIAN JUNGER
P 218

BOB WOODWARD COMES CLEAN
BY MARIE BRENNER
P 204
RALPH LAUREN
THE AVIATOR BAG
Believably perfect. New Perfectly Real™ Compact Makeup. 
Silky powder makeup delivers buildable coverage in 20 true-to-you shades. Oil-free to keep skins from fairest to darkest looking fresh, flawless, even-toned. All day. Allergy Tested. 100% Fragrance Free. Now at clinique.com
Saks loves serious collectors.
LE ROUGE ABSOLU
LAVISH YOUR LIPS IN MOISTURE.
SMOOTHER, FULLER, ABSOLUTELY REPLENISHED.

NEW RESHAPING & REPLENISHING LIPCOLOUR SPF 15
> REPLENISH LIPS WITH 6-HOUR CONTINUOUS MOISTURE AND PROTECTIVE VITAMIN E.
> RESHAPE AND DEFINE LIPS WITH PLUMPING POLYMER AND NON-FEATHERING COLOUR.
> 22 LUXURIOUS SHADeS WITH LUSTROUS PEARL OR SATIN CREAM.

shop@lancome.com
Sold exclusively in Louis Vuitton stores. www.louisvuitton.com  866-VUITTON
GUESS
BY MARCIANO
FEAT URES

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

WITH THE INTRODUCTION OF SLEEK AND MODERN SUITINGS

IN A CHOCOLATE BROWN PALETTE. SHARP LINES, METICULOUS TAILORING

AND DRAMATIC SILHOUETTES DEFINE THE SPRING 2006 COLLECTION.
We found ourselves instinctively. Because it made sense, especially in spring. Especially when the weather allows for layers you can add or remove. Now we refine the look of the khaki with the tops of the season—crocheted, knit, and shrunken. Then this slouchy, which is worn-in, ripped to perfection. Put together and there’s just a little better about it.
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.
CADILLAC HIGH-PERFORMANCE V-SERIES
LIMITED-PRODUCTION XLR-V, STS-V AND CTS-V

SIGNATURE STAINLESS STEEL WIRE MESH GRILLE
0-60 UNDER 5 SECONDS
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, Qualitgate, and Tessiegate . . .

74 Contributors

80 Letters I Want My I-Man

122 Planetarium Breathe, Aries

264 Credits

266 Proust Questionnaire Robert Altman

TO FIND CONDE NAST MAGAZINES ONLINE VISIT WWW.CONDENET.COM, TO FIND VANITY FAIR VISIT WWW.VANITYFAIR.COM

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A. APRIL 2006
ARMANI code
the secret code of women

GIORGIO ARMANI
ARMANI code
the secret code of women

Lift here to experience Armani code for women

shop @ giorgioarmaniparfums.com
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 VIPs 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 Valetta and Jill Marie Jones, to support the charity, listen to holiday favorites played by the Pallette 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
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.

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 conversation at cocktail parties. The Charlie Rose Show is a national television presentation of Thirteen/WNET New York.

FASHION FORWARD
On March 1, 2006, fashion designer Robert Malnlar’s Fall 2006 Menswear Collection, which showcases fine wools, cashmere, and sleek suits with a 1960s influence, will premiere at robertmolnar.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.
La crème de la crème of lipcolour.

COLOUR RICHE
NURTURING AND PROTECTIVE LIPCOLOUR

- Nurtures lips to keep them soft, smooth and supple with ultra-hydrating Omega 3.
- Protects against moisture loss with the conditioning power of Vitamin E.

drumbeat red
N° 310
Excellence meets Passion
Experience the wines of Ferrari-Carano

Ferrari-Carano
Vineyards and Winery

Healdsburg, CA 95448 • 800.831.0381 • ferrari-carano.com • Please visit us
REDUCE LINES UP TO 50% IN 2 WEEKS*

Over 75% of women found their skin looked firmer, more radiant after just one week.

AGE DEFYING MAKEUP WITH BOTAfirm™

Featuring Botafirm, a patented blend of hexapeptide and botanicals

Formulated for your skin type.

*Diminished appearances in clinical tests.
VANITY FAIR

Vice President and Publisher ALAN KATZ

Associate Publisher, Advertising GINGER SUTTON
Associate Publisher, Creative Services and Marketing RENEE LEWIN
Advertising Director DAVID WADE

Business Director MARC LEYER Finance Director ROSEMARY STANTON
Executive Beauty Director LUCILLE DURAN
Executive Director, International Fashion MARIA ELIASON
Executive Fashion Director EMILY DAYS
Entertainment, Travel, and Southeast Director JAMIE FREEMAN
Jewelry and Watch Director DANIEL T. BORCHERT

Automotive, Technology, and Home Furnishings Director R. COALTER POLLOCK
New England and Spirits Manager KATHRYN BANNINO BANO
Financial and Pharmaceutical Manager JULIA WILCOX

Fashion and Retail Manager OLIVIA MICHELE GELADE

Assistant to the Publisher ANNE ONGUE Adverting Coordinator MARTINA NAVARIL

West Coast Director KITA MORAN CHAVES Southwestern Manager STACY MACKLIN
6300 Wilshire Boulevard Los Angeles, California 90048 323-965-3400

Detroit Manager KELLY A. MCCALMON 2600 West Big Beaver Road Suite 440 Troy, Michigan 48094 248-458-3100

Midwest Director DARRIN KLAPPY 875 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois 60611 312-649-3517

San Francisco Director RUTH TOOKER 50 Francisco Street Suite 11B San Francisco, California 94133 415-955-8270

Los Angeles, California 90048

Milan MIRELLA DONINI VALENTINA DONINI MIA S.R.L. Via Hoepli, 3 20121 Milan, Italy 3902-805-1422


London FRAN BERRICK Go Media Sales Ltd. 61 Grosvenor Street London, England W1Y 9DA 44-20-7409-5616

Hong Kong PETER JEFFERY Asia Integrated Media Limited 15th Floor, Tower 2, Town Centre 251 Queens Road Central Hong Kong 852-2850-4013

Director of Creative Services BRENDA OLIVER
Director of Merchandising and Development KARA TORRE
Associate Director of Special Projects SHELBY TOMPKINS
Creative Development Director JENNIFER ORR KELMAN
Director of Special Events DANA DAVITO
Associate Creative Director JACQUELINE BACH
Associate Art Director JANE O’CONNOR
Copy Director ANNE DIBENEDETTO Associate Copy Director JENNIFER PRODAN HENDERSON Senior Copy Manager KAREN JENSEN
Marketing Director ERIC A. KARP Senior Marketing Manager LIZ HODGES Marketing Associate GEOFF SHAW
Executive Director, Strategic Development IRENE ALLEN

Advertising Assistants NOA YEMINI FERRIDAY MANSEL K. QUINN SUEBÉ TONI PALWLS (Detroit),
CATHY HERZENBERG (Chicago), STACI CAZENAVE (Los Angeles), MATTHEW NEMETHY (San Francisco)

PUBLISHED BY CONDE´ NAST PUBLICATIONS
Chairman S. I. NEWHOUSE, JR.
President and CEO CHARLES H. TOWNSEND
Chief Operating Officer JOHN W. BELLANDO
Chief Marketing Officer RICHARD D. BECKMAN
Chief Financial Officer DEBI CHIRICHELLA SABINO

Group Presidents—Publishing Directors DAVID CARY MITCHELL B. FOX
Executive Vice President—Human Resources BILL BRIGHT Senior Vice President—Chief Information Officer JOHN BUSE
Senior Vice President—Operations and Strategic Sourcing DAVID ORLIN
Senior Vice President—Manufacturing and Distribution KEVIN G. HICKEY
Managing Director—Real Estate ROBERT BENNS Senior Vice President—Corporate Controller DAVID B. CHEMIDLIN
Senior Vice President—Chief Communications Officer MAURIE PERL
Senior Vice President—Planning and Development PRAMILA CHANG
Senior Vice President—Market Research SCOTT MCDONALD
Vice President—Editorial Business Manager LINDA RICE
Vice President—Corporate Creative Director CARY VAN DIS

CONDE´ NAST MEDIA GROUP
Senior Vice President—Corporate Sales SUZANNE GROMES Senior Vice President—Finance ROBERT A. SILVERSTONE
Vice President—Integrated Marketing LINDA MAGNOLIA Vice President—Corporate Sales, Detroit PEGGY DAUTCH
Vice President—Creative Marketing CARA DEOUL PERL Vice President—Marketing MATT ROBERTS

CONSUMER MARKETING
Executive Vice President ROBERT A. SAUERBERG, JR.
Senior Vice President—Consumer Marketing Affairs PETER A. ARMSTRONG Vice President—Retail Marketing JAMES J. MATE
Senior Vice President—Business Development JULIE M. HALOWSKI Consumer Marketing Director TAMMY LALAPAKIS

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

Subscription inquiries: Please write to Vanity Fair, 3774, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714, or call 800-365-0535.
For permissions and reprint requests, please call 212-286-8349 or fax requests to 212-286-8628.
alive in the world
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.

Pro-DLX. The business essentials collection.

*Branson’s proceeds from the photo shoot were donated to the Virgin Unite Foundation: www.virginunite.com
ALL NEW JAGUAR
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 seeing 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 pages 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 a 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 $240 billion it has spent to fight its losing war in Iraq:chi-town, 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 in the turret of a Bradley Fighting Vehicle last year who

**EDITOR’S LETTER**

Fordgate, Abramoffgate, Godfathergate, Quailgate, and Tessiegate...
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.
OR, YOU'VE EARNED THIS FEELING. THESE ARE TIMES TO REMEMBER.
A TIFFANY CELEBRATION RING CAPTURES THOSE FEELINGS.
WITH PERFECTION. FOR ALL TIME.

TIFFANY CELEBRATION™ RINGS

VISIT A TIFFANY STORE OR OUR WEBSITE
TO CHOOSE YOUR RING OR CREATE A UNIQUE STACK
800 526 0649 | TIFFANY.COM
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 Tweedledum and Tweedledee of Western politics, see Christopher Hitchens’s column.

As much as members of the administration attempt to keep their figures-hands-safely-protected in his bubble, there have to be days when this becomes all but 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 a morning of Saturday, February 11, when just about everything in paper spilled disaster for the White House and for the nation. These were the headlines on the front page of The New York Times:

1. “EX-FEMA LEADER FAULTS RESPONSE BY WHITE HOUSE; Cheri New Orleans Alert: Says Administration Was Too Focus on Terror to Respond Properly.” (The report jumped to page A10, where there was more bad news: AUDITORS FIND FRAUD IN FEMA AID.)

2. “REPUBLICAN SPEAKS UP, LEADING OTHERS TO CHALLENGE WHITE HOUSE TAPS; 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 story had a headline capable of causing distress to the White House inhabitants:

1. “EX-C.I.A. OFFICIAL SAYS IRAQ DATA WAS DISTORTED.”

2. “IRAQIS CERTIFY ELECTION RESULTS ON A DAY OF MORE VIOLENCE.”

3. “GENERAL SAYS TRAINING OF IRAQI TROOPS SUFFERED FROM POOR PLANNING AND STAFFING.”

By the time administration readers hit A14, the editorial page, this must have been curled up in fetal positions. These were the headlines of the editorials: ANOTHER CAGE-IN ON THE PATRIOT ACT; CONGRESSIONAL DUTY ON ENERGY; and A WINK AND A NOD FOR LOBBYING REFORM. And this all happened before the hoo-has over Qualgate & Portsecuritygate. Regarding Qualgate—or “#2 with a Bull”—as The Daily Show tagged Vice President Dick Cheney’s putting his pal Harry Whittington with a load of birdshot—it might have killed the White House not be able to divert everyone’s attention with a quick orange-level terror alert like the administration has done in past when things got sticky. This psew was no doubt rejected, inasmuch as the vice president was wearing 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 come home on the Sunday night to find a very different animal than the one we left behind. Our friend’s wife, who had been taking a class in grooming, had taken it upon her to give our Tess—who has hair so short that she can be mistaken for a fox—her new look. And so, without consulting us, she had shaved Tess’s head, so that she looked like . . . a puddle! A puddle—with close-cropped snout and abdomen, puffy legs, a round tail, and a mullet on top! And the folks around the commander in chief thought he had a weekend.

GRAYDON CARRELL

On the Cover
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 having 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 to his friends asked him if we were even still fighting in Afghanistan," Junger says. Junger's new book, A Death in Belmont, 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 larger 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 may have led to a consequence that few people 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 article "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 May.
Time is no match for science.

A revolutionary new skincare technology proven to alter the chain reaction that can result in visible signs of aging.

The Idebenone in the exclusive PREVAGE™ formula is proven as the most powerful antioxidant for correcting and preventing degenerative cellular damage caused by environmental assaults:

Clinical tests show a significant decrease in fine lines and wrinkles and improved firmness, tone, texture and radiance.

81% of consumers tested, including those with moderate to severe sun damage, saw a significant improvement in their skin’s overall appearance.

PREVAGE™ anti-aging treatment

Proof...not promises.

For more proof we invite you to visit prevageskin.com

Professional strength PREVAGE™ MD is available at your dermatologist or plastic surgeon’s office.

Elizabeth Arden
ALLERGAN
DERMATOLOGY
A cosmeceutical partnership

Nordstrom
Bloomingdale’s
Sam Kashner

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 childre, 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.”

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

CONTRIBUTORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

VANITY FAIR AGENDA
ADVERTISING AND PROMOTION EVENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES

ROMANCE AT HARRY WINSTON
On Tuesday, October 18, 2005, Harry Winston and Vanity Fair celebrated Darcie Denkert’s new book, A Fine Romance: A Chronicle of the Musical Love Affair Between Hollywood and Broadway, with an exclusive event at the Harry Winston salon in Manhattan. The special evening drew a bejeweled crowd, including author Darcie Denkert, Tinsley Mortimer, Alexis Bryan, Lewis Black, Mickey Boardman, and Fabian and Martina Basabe. Theatrical lights illuminated the boutique, evoking the glamour of the theater, as guests toasted Denkert with champagne.

SALUTING AMERICA
On Thursday, November 10, 2005, Kenneth Cole and Vanity Fair hosted an exclusive exhibition of photographs by Vanity Fair contributing photographer Harry Benson at the Kenneth Cole store on Grant Avenue in San Francisco. The event celebrated Benson’s new book, America, and featured iconic images of politicians, entertainers, and everyday people. A fashion-forward group turned out to view the photographs, enjoy cocktails, shop the latest Kenneth Cole collection, and take home a signed copy of America with their purchases.
Some people create poetry without ever picking up a pen.

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.

OYSTER PERPETUAL DAY DATE
WWW.ROLEX.COM

FOR AN OFFICIAL ROLEX JEWELER CALL 1-800-367-6539. ROLEX OYSTER PERPETUAL AND DAY-DATE ARE TRADEMARKS.
NEW YORK
THE ART OF CHANEL
Chanel and Vanity Fair co-hosted an evening of fashion and art at the Chanel boutique in San Francisco on Tuesday, November 29, 2005. The event featured an exhibition of artwork by notable Bay Area artists, curated in conjunction with the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art's Artist Gallery and Contemporary Extension. Guests, including top Chanel clients, local artists, and museum members, enjoyed the show, viewed a special preview of the Chanel Cruise 2006 Collection, and sipped cocktails as they shopped.

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 V.F. 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, V.F.'s executive director of public relations, right, and Sara Switzer, deputy director, had something to do with it. It's their job to promote V.F., 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 V.F. 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: Express Vu 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.

HUNTER GRANT
Naples, Florida

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 demeans 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?

GARY PETOK
Austin, Texas

WHERE HAS BUZZ BISSINGER BEEN? We already know that Imus is a "flamboyant," "outrageous," limo-driven "flamethrower of ridicule" who can be a "prick," "pervasive," and "moody." We also know, with some dis-
EDAT & C°
GENEVE

№3

Available at Saks Fifth Avenue, Neiman Marcus, Tourneau and other fine retailers nationwide.

14K Gold with 150 Baguette Diamonds (7.90 cts), 366 Full Cut Diamonds (14.30 cts).

324.550.100 (Left) - 324.550.100 (Right)

www.bedat.com 1-877-BEDATCO (2332826) © EDAT & C° LLC Inc. 2005
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 one 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.
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 their 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 sues 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."

TO READ THE ORIGINAL STORIES. PLEASE VISIT VANITYFAIR.COM

NEIGHBORLY RELATIONS

84 | VANITY FAIR | www.vanityfair.com
Halle Guest for Versace
Halle Berry for
VERSACE
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.
MX-5 Miata. Once again, Mazda has reinvented the sports car.

You don’t have to be in the cockpit very long to see why Car and Driver is praising MX-5 Miata as being "The best in its class." And for the seventh time, it’s one of Car and 10Best. You see it in every sweep and stitch. You feel it with every shift, straightaway and...
One car. One driver. One feeling. (And one more award.)

MX-5 Miata. Completely redesigned and rebuilt from the ground up to bring the ultimate feeling of oneness between car and driver. Delivering a response so immediate, the connection is almost telepathic. And only Mazda has created such a seamless expression of pure motion. It's a mindset. An obsession. A sports car.
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
Rego 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

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
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 front, 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 complain. Recently, every time I open your magazine, I have to endure letter after letter condemning you for articles or photos on "young Hollywood"—Charles and Camilla or Kate Moss. Are people really so ignorant of the fact that the majority of Americans enjoy reading about the lives of others? I think there is an overwhelming 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 regarding 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 developed severe stabbing pains in my head while reading this article."

“What were you thinking when you decided to put Lindsay Lohan on the cover of your latest issue?” demands Dana Carey, of New York City. “Well, actually, we were thinking, let’s put Lindsay Lohan 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 selection.” 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 grousing about the actress’s scanty outfits in the pictures accompanying 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 magazines usually do,” writes Sarah Azia, from Nottingham, United Kingdom. The freckles universally inspired close reading, or viewing, 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 encouraged to wear more sunscreen."

More skimpiness: John Dale McCutchan, of Santa Monica, California, is "looking for the full-page color picture of Tony Curtis in his bathing suit, possibly 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 Yorkies. "I was a stand-in for Tony Curtis in the motion picture _Johnny Dark, 1954._" McCutchan 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 courtesy of Tari Donohue, of Portland, Oregon), Diane Houser, of Boston, writes, “I love him, I love him, I love him! My husband 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 parallel, both men recently posed for national magazines wearing little or no clothing (Curtis for _V.F._ in 2005, McCutchan for _Outside_ in 2003).
Vera Wang
Charlotte 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 overhyped, underweight young actress, I would have bought a tabloid.

ALECIA 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 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 “hubbis” 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

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

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 excite 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

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to subscriptions@vf.com. All other queries should be sent to vfa@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of Vanity Fair.
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).

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).

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 Louis Vuitton espadrilles to Zanotti cowboy boots—and handbags are just a click away (fredsegalfeet.com).

Fred Segal Feet, Los Angeles.

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.

LONDON

“Modernism: Designing a New World”
Victoria and Albert Museum
Using select objects from around the world, including Europe, the U.S., Brazil, and Japan, the show explores modernism in the designed world—highlighting the years 1914 to 1939 (4/6-7/23).

Wells Coates’s Ekco AD-65 radio, from 1934.

LOS ANGELES

“Degas at the Getty”
The Getty Center
The most modern of traditional 19th-century artists, Edgar Degas brought an 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

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

My life. My card.
Spy Wonder

HENRY PORTER THRILLS AND CHILLS

Henry Porter is a double agent, operating as he does as both Vanity 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 tome, 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 an offer he can’t refuse—a job only on able cocksman and master of the agency’s “love tutorials” can pull off. The mission: rekindle a romance with an old laver, 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 struts 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.

and good-natured gal eager to convert an ex-con. Fifty years after its publication, Allen Ginsberg’s Howl still echoes: witness The Poem That Changed America (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), editor Jason Shinder’s chorus of essays by hipsters such as Robert Pinsky, Frank Bidart, and Amiri Baraka. Master satirist and caricaturist Edward Sorel’s Literary Lives (Bloomsbury U.S.A.) makes hay out of such moments as when Jung buddied up to Nazis and Beauvoir provided Sartre with nibbles for his erotic enjoyment. Nothing to Wear? (Hudson Street)—Joe Lupo and Jesse Garza solve the most vexing sartorial problems. Desperate to land a diamond—with a man attached? Jessica Kaminsky shares The Truth Behind the Rock (Simon Spotlight).

In My Lives (Ecco), Edmund White gets gossipy about his shrinks, lovers, and AIDS. Mark Danner plots the Bush administration’s Secret Way to War (New York Review Books). Deep Throat and his lawyer—or Mark Felt and John O’Connor—tell all in A G-Man’s Life (Public Affairs). Making their springtime fiction debuts: Tony D’Souza, whose Whiteman (Harcourt) is a relief worker who refuses to leave his post in the African bush; former correspondent Neil MacFarquhar, who captures the ferocious absurdity of the Gulf War in The Sand Café (Public Affairs); and Harvard sophomore Kaavya Viswanathan, who gets giggly over How Opal Mehta Got Kissed, Got Wild, and Got a Life (Little, Brown).

The hero of Colson Whitehead’s Apex Hides the Hurt (Doubleday) is a nomenclature consultant whose towering plum 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 Openshaw’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).
My name ............................ Kate Winslet

childhood ambition ............................ To act

fondest memory ............................ Camping as a child in Cornwall, U.K.

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
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: Jeanne Tripplehorn, Chloé Sevigny, and Ginnifer Goodwin—the sensible mother hen, scheming spendthrift, and domestically challenged hothead, 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 restate 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 glibness 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 far most Hollywood movies, which are always hectoring 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-olf-sen-er.) —BRUCE HANDY

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 trod ploids, paisleys, stripes, and notional-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 “cranksho1” 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-up surfer trunks.

As for the new collection, Prissert explains, “Last year was so far’s 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 DAY-LEWIS
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.

A DIAMOND IS FOREVER
DIAMOND TRADING COMPANY
**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 wraparound 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 5101, 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.

point.click.style at matrix.com
Bound for Glory
AMERICA'S FAVORITE 1950S PINUP GAL

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 girl 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 various 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

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 gits,” 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. H. Spade, and has his sights set on becoming a mini-mogul of home furnishings. “His art is gutsy, dawn 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’s 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 downtown 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
NOW AT LACOSTE BOUTIQUES • FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION CALL 1-800-4-LACOSTE
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 wry, 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 hybrid. 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

T

he 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, he passes 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冷spot), 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.

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 at 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 redesigns 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 Kirk Varnedoe, 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 re-touch the photos as much," he says with a laugh. Now that over-30 celebs are the norm, the Factors have added the wrinkle-smoothing Dermayxel to their best-selling Photo Finish Foundation Primer S.P.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, hasted 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

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 LANCOME DEFICINCILS
Shampoo KERASTASE
Moisturizer LANCOME RESOLUTION
Perfume/cologne QUELQUES FLEURS
Toothpaste CREST VIVID WHITE
Soap L'Occitane or DOVE
Nail polish color NARS CHINATOWN
Where do you get your hair cut?
ANYWHERE THAT WILL TAKE ME.
Eyelashes tinted JARNA BEAUTY SPA, IN N.Y.C.
Sunless tanning method? BROWNBERRY

HOME
Sheets FRETTE Coffee-maker BEALM
Stationery SWITZER Stationery PEIS A MUGGLE (AS SOON AS I STOP THE INCESSANT TRAVEL SCHEDULE).
Where do you live? GREENWICH VILLAGE, N.Y.C.
Favorite neighborhood restaurant? GIUSTO

BEVERAGES
Bottled water YITTLE Coffee PRIT'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
Tshirt SPLENDID or LA COSTA
Day bag MULBERRY BAYSWATER
Evening bag ANITA HINDMARSH

FAVORITE PLACE
MY BED

NECESSARY EXTRAVAGANCE
Shoes, shoes, and more shoes.
Smirnoff® Lime and Cola

1 oz. Smirnoff® Lime Flavored Vodka
1 Cola

in tall glass over ice
ARIES MARCH 21 - APRIL 19

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 conjointing 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 best the get 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 irredeemable partners to show up on time—or at all. Fortunately, there is a middle ground between masochistic enabling and cutting her or him off. It's called maturity.

LIBRA SEPT. 23 - OCT. 23

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 zesty 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

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

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

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.

Science meets nature.
A rare Lotus Root brightens a dull, stressed complexion while Glistin*, an active sequence of amino acids, helps fight signs of aging. Clarins Super-activated Lock-Around System® with Guava extract, rich in Vitamin C, reduces the appearance of dark spots and promises an even-toned, brighter, clearer, more luminous skin.

Saks Fifth Avenue
www.clarins.com
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.
I guess it is easy being green.

Presenting the 36 mpg Ford Escape Hybrid, the most fuel-efficient SUV on Earth.* How green is that?

www.fordvehicles.com

ESCape Hybrid

*Based on Automobil Revue, Transport Canada and US EPA. EPA estimated 36 city/31 hwy mpg, FWD. Actual mileage will vary. ©The Muppets Holding Company, LLC. All Rights Reserved.
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. But 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 lawbreaking 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. could be a violation of the First Amendment. Another reason, it occurred to me, why I had changed countries to begin with.) In other words, 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 case. Things have changed since 1978, when FISA became law. The distinction between “overseas” and “at home” has been eroded by trans-national jihadiist 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 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. All 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 conflagration was to say that he wondered if it had anything to do with that guy in the flight-training school in Minnesota. For this, Bush gave him a Presidential Medal of Freedom. When the C.I.A.

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-moted 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 Sanford 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

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 underlining 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 panicky 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?

GENERAL CONFUSION
Attorney General Alberto Gonzales pauses as students protest during his speech at Georgetown, January 24, 2006.

THESE LEGAL ACTIONS HAVE QUITE MOMENTOUS IMPLICATIONS. THE FIRST ALLEGES THAT BUSH HAS FLAT OUT BROKEN THE LAW.

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 in very poor taste and the transcribers misunderstood, then we'll all climb down. But in that case why are 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 turnoff 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 citizen 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 suction, some vacuums throw dust into the air, filling your home with the stuff they're supposed to eliminate. Dyson is the only vacuum in the world that never loses suction while releasing fresh, clean air into your home.

VACUUMS DON'T WORK EFFECTIVELY. DYSON DOES.
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.

First Lady Laura Bush has developed a Day-Glo gleam in her eyes that doesn’t seem connected to an off switch, a beatific stare that never blinks no matter how much reality gets thrown at it. Less than halfway through President Bush’s second term, his haggard face and salted hair bare the battle fatigue of misplaced optimism, a war gone bad, and eroding popularity; like so many of his predecessors, he has endured accelerated aging, drained of so much jocelyn his head resembles a geological sample. Not Mrs. Bush. She looks the opposite of careworn—so smooth, unmussed, serenely composed, and coated against the elements that it’s as if she has found a miracle cure to arrest time and sustain a peachy glow: the secret of Shangri-la. No wonder she has become the White House’s favorite good-
ABSOLUT KRAVITZ.

download 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 ducktail hair, and talked like hepeats; “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 back yonder in Midland, Texas, with no homosexuals flouting 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-tonk 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 oppres-sive policy back in Laura’s wonder years but an examined given, an unchal-lenged assumption. It was so institution-alized that everyone took it for granted. Just because the high school she attended was named in honor of Robert E. Lee, the yearbook was called the Rebel, and a Confederate flag flew from the flagpole, deuces Yankee get snippy ideas. “The truth was that Midland’s racial bias was no worse than it was in other places. As anyone who lived in the 1960s knows, not only was the entire South segregated, the North imposed a more subtle prejudice that was just as devastating.” Just as devastating as Bull Connor, the murders of civil-rights workers Chaney, Goodman, and Schwerner in Mississippi, the bombing of black churches? But let’s not quib-ble. Point is, Laura and her classmates and presumably their doting parents harbored no hope nor sought to keep anyone in their lowly place, according to her por-traitist. “Growing up when and where they did, Laura and her friends simply ac-cepted that this was the way things were.” The notion that everyone led their adole-scence in this chirpy state of anesthe-sia has a hole torn in it two brief chapters later, when, on No- vember 22, 1963, news hits the classroom of President Kennedy’s assassination. Sit-ting in eighth-grade homeroom is Sandra Moore-Dyrenforth, one of the few black students “allowed to go to Austin Junior High,” a school which, apart from a few Hispanics, was lily-white. The class fell stricken-silent af-ter hearing that J.F.K. had been shot, re-counts Moore-Dyrenforth, until a kid with Howdy Doody freckles named Ar-nold exclaimed, “I bet a nigger shot him!” The homeroom teacher assented, reason-ing, “Who else would do such a thing?” Moore-Dyrenforth, feeling understand-ably exposed and vulnerable, bravely stood and said no colored person would have done this, only to be told by teach to sit down and clam up as the rest of the class kibitzed over what should be done to the Kennedy-shooting “nigger.” The only student to speak up on Moore-Dyrenforth’s behalf was a Mexican, Epi-fonio Ramírez, who was ordered to the principal’s office along with her, the two of them suspended for three days for un-rulus and rank ingratitude. (‘I was... told that I should ‘get on my hands and knees’ and be ‘thankful you are able to attend such a wonderful school.’” she told Kessler.) Ramírez later dropped out of high school and served in Vietnam, where he was killed, one of those sad postscripts that says as much about this country as a full documentary. Moore-Dyrenforth attended his funeral.

So what has this to do with Laura? It’s intriguing that she’s nowhere mentioned in the anecdote—we’re not told if she was one of those white kids sitting in the class-room keeping mute. In fact, she couldn’t have been, since she was a senior at Robert E. Lee High that year. So why include it? It’s as if Kessler’s unconscious sprang
"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

"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

"If the glove don't fit, you must acquit."

- JOHNNIE COCHRAN,
THANK YOU FOR SMOKING

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE MOMENT IN SPIN?
www.foxsearchlight.com
It would be a mistake to portray Laura as a Stepford Wife.
White tea. The calming new scent of Westin.

This is how it should feel.

Westin
HOTELS & RESORTS
flyingwatt Hillary Clinton's contention that the Republican House of Representatives is run like a plantation. "I think it's ridiculous," she told reporters. "It's a ridiculous comment. That's what I think."

No surprise that it was a nasty whiff of Hillary that provoked Laura Bush into blowing her salon cool. Hillary is everything Laura has sought to avoid emulating as First Lady: where Hillary is feminist, Laura is feminine; where Hillary's carriage is assertive, hers is cushioned; where Hillary's pantsuits are businesslike, hers have a softer palette. She even deflates Dubya when he begins sounding a little Bubba. After Bush puffed on a cigar and boasted about a boffo speech he'd given that day, goes an anecdote in the Kessler book, Laura brought him down to earth by teasing, "Did you have a little bit of Clintonitis?" Clintonitis is the cootie bug neither of them wants to catch, and the fumigation process began in December 2000, after the Supreme Court handed the election to Bush. With the presidential winner declared, Hillary gave the future First Lady a tour of the White House. "Laura was no stranger to the mansion," Kessler writes.

Back when her father-in-law was president, she had slept in the Lincoln Bedroom and the Queen's Bedroom. Now she was quietly dismayed at what she saw. Not only were carpets and furnishings fraying and in disrepair in the West Wing and public areas, the Oval Office was done in loud colors—red, blue, and gold. The Lincoln Bedroom looked worn because it hadn't been decorated in so long. The East Wing was cut up into small offices and had exposed electrical conduits. Many of the furnishings looked dated.

Despite her opinion of the decor, Laura never said anything critical about Hillary.

Funny how Laura's quiet disdain managed to mouse its way into the book, which indicates she must have murmured it to somebody, perhaps to the author himself as long as he agreed not to drape attributable quotation marks around it. (A cynic might add that the Bushes will probably leave the White House looking fresh and tidy. It's the Constitution that will resemble a frayed dishrag when they get done with it.) Again and again the chord is sounded that Laura is a classy lady with no need to call undue attention to herself, unpretentiously refined (unlike Jacqueline Kennedy, with her aristocratic airs) and kindly disposed (unlike hatchet-faced Hillary). Describing how Laura's support of arts and education helped spare cultural programs from the chopping block in the 2006 budget, Kessler chalks this up to her dab touch in working quiet-

ly behind the scenes instead of barging into the forefront to hog credit. "In contrast to some first ladies like Hillary Clinton, she preferred to keep her influence quiet."

Eleanor Roosevelt didn't keep her influence quiet, either, and she may have achieved the most of any First Lady, which was why she was scorned and mocked during F.D.R.'s presidency and long after by conservative columnists ranging from Westbrook Pegler to the National Review's James Burnham, who wrote, "At her macrocosmic level Mrs. Roosevelt makes all the world her personal slum; and on her flat-heeled shoes she charges her humorless way across oceans and continents as a lesser social-service lady pounds the sidewalks of Chicago's South Side or New York's Tenth Avenue." Whatever one thinks of Hillary Clinton, she took barrels of abuse as First Lady (much of it personal—I can recall many a jokey comment on Imus in the Morning and right-wing talk radio about Hillary's big butt but nary a wisecrack about Laura's own appreciable can), ran for office, put herself on the firing line, whipped Rick Lazio, and has worked diligently as a senator; she hasn't been an incredible shrinking waste of space in Congress—unlike, say, Senate colleague Elizabeth Dole (also the spouse of a famous politician), who doesn't seem able to think under that Ann Miller pagoda of industrial hair spray.

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 so often sounds a bit Romper Room.

Those are among her pluses.

Her minuses 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'athist 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 Valpy in the Buddhist magazine the Shambhala Sun. Women are being wiped out, Lewis says, because they're being infect ed 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-pedal 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 spokesperson 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 men and women her husband nominates for the judiciary. The "O'Connor seat" on the Supreme Court that Laura
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 well. 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 has occupied the White House for two years, and the administration has basted its zippers to environmental regulations nearly everything that it has been doing—ocean drilling, oil and gas developments in Alaska, and-opening forests and national reserves to drilling and logging, strip-mining the beautiful North Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee, and more. The list is long and environmentally damaging. And it goes on.

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.

The sad waste of it is that Laura Bush is no vacant accessory, no pork-rind philistine pretending to be interested only in NASCAR and Jack Bauer booting evil doers 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 rolled 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—barraged 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 truthy when he says that the First Lady was "hurt" by the flak 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 kitch, or dilettantish pretension; her literary taste is impeccable, ranging from Katherine Anne Porter to E. B. White, to Texas novelist 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 storytimers winkle 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 mood. 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.
The French taught me about "terroir." I learned to be born on my own. It wasn't until I applied my stubbornness to this classically proven French concept that we're able to create Kendall-Jackson wines.

First, a bit about terroir. The French developed this concept centuries ago—the location, soil and climate of a given vineyard site directly affect the flavor and characteristics of the wine produced from that vineyard. Armed with this knowledge, I found that the grapes grown in California's cool coastal mountains, ridges, hillsides and benchlands produced the richest and most intense flavors with unique character.

Low-yield farming on high elevation terrain takes a tremendous commitment in terms of time and cost. But anything else would require compromise. And my stubbornness will never allow it.

I understand that many of you enjoy the taste of our wines, but you're not sure why. Hopefully, I can help with the facts. So you can enjoy A Taste of the Truth.
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...
HARRY WINSTON
whole story of her life with Oswald it would "split open the front pages of newspapers all over the world," according to Lee Israel in her biography of Kilgallen. There was talk that the C.I.A. had silenced her, but it was never proved. Seconal and barbiturates were given as the official cause of death. She was found in bed in her town house, on East 68th Street, but it was not the bed she normally slept in. She was in full makeup, including false eyelashes. She had been reading a novel by Robert Ruark, which was by her side. Although Kilgallen could not read without eyeglasses, the police report made no mention of any on or around the bed.

In later years, when I worked in live television, I became a friend of Dorothy's younger sister, Eleanor Kilgallen, who was the New York casting director for Universal Studios in Hollywood. A couple of times, after a couple of drinks, I asked Eleanor about Dorothy's death and the Ruby notes. She would never talk about it, and she made me feel like a skunk for asking, but I was dying to know the truth. Since that call from Oklahoma, I've been thinking once again about Kilgallen's death, and so are a lot of people I've been hearing from.

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! ... Unfortu

There was talk that the C.I.A. had silenced Dorothy Kilgallen.

... 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 Costantinio 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’ 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
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 Shutter, 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.

corporation sent worthless items, likecatalogues, to outofstate 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.

One 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

The country’s most widely read gossip column. She said that Zeta Graff had attacked her at a London nightclub named Cabaret and had tried to steal a $4 million diamond necklace she was wearing. In a perfect twist of fate, the diamond necklace was on loan from Graff jewelers for promotional purposes. Zeta Graff promptly filed a $10 million slander suit against Hilton.

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

EXPLORE WHOTELS.COM/THEWORLD
STARWOOD PREFERRED GUEST | 1 877 WHOTELS | WHATEVER/WHenever™ SERVICE
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. He is the at-one-with-the-American-consumer golden gut. He’s the ultimate media guy. Everybod 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 boilxed 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-plates-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 everybody 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 channeled 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, 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
loads.

Account service fees. Big commissions. Just say no.

...ching! It's the unmistakable sound of another investor being overcharged. If you don't like paying big commissions when you buy or sell funds, or fees just to open an account, you're not alone. At Schwab we believe investors should expect premium service, not pay a premium for it. That's why our commission prices start as low as $9.95. It's why we offer hundreds of no-load, no-commission funds. And it's why Schwab there is no such thing as account service fees.

Invest more of your money in you.

800-4SCHWAB / SCHWAB.COM
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 disorderish 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 the charismatic leader complex (known lovingly as the Jobs “reality-distortion field”),

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 hopelessly 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—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 wiping 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 world. It's the technology, stupid. It's the experience, stupid. It's the box that gets us off and makes us what we are. We're not watching media, we're inhabiting it. We're acting it out. (Try having this discussion at your local media conglomerate.)

There is another aspect to Jobs that regresses even further than the 60s: He's not just McLuhan in the media business, he's Edison—the autodidact garage inventor. And, too, he's Henry Ford. Part of the great frustration so many people have had with Jobs is that, in this virtual, transubstantiating 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 topping 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 cheapskate, 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 victorious party. Eisner was the rude, difficult, imperious C.E.O., whereas Jobs, to the bewilderman 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 $74 billion are Cars and Ratatouille, the remaining films on its existing agreement with Pixar—in other words, films it presumably 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 $74 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
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 ascendency 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 ascendency, 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

The Klan’s position in Birmingham was that a dead nigger was a good nigger,” an agitated Clarence Jones tells me. “Eugene ‘Bull’ Connor, [the city’s infamous] commissioner of public safety, made it very clear there would be no integration while he was alive. Not only were racial slurs shouted out of windows by angry whites cruising down Sixth Avenue, but African-American houses were being blown to smithereens by dynamite sticks and pipe bombs. You hear what I’m saying? It was brutal.”

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
TOPIC#1: ENTERTAINMENT Charlie Rose asks George Clooney and Michael Eisner what will fuel the entertainment industry in the next ten years.

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: 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 it goes through the process and gets to be made, so many of the edges 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.

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 eight-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 3 1/2 billion people because every 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.

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 space, simple data, and human interaction will be transferred to your cell phone or mobile device. Three or five years out, you’ll see two or three HDTV channel sets in your house. You’ll get ten megabits of capacity for your computer. You’ll want stream capacity to send information the same way you have broadband 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. You can’t see people walking around with TVs on their backs or in their purses.

2: Define the moment in terms of technology.
It’s the moment to scale more quickly, and get the services deployed quickly. In 1991, there might have been five million wireless customers across the whole country. Now, there are 160 million. Internet protocols, mobility is where we’re going. So we invest in bandwidth, glass (optical fibers).

We’re taking down all of the entry barriers for anybody who writes code or software, because we’ll now have much more bandwidth and the capacity to deliver it to the desktop or mobile device. We’re not trying to complete your call today; we’re trying to create a delivery system that gives you unlimited capability on either end. We want to bring 50 to 100 megabits of capacity into any fixed terminal in the home. Our core competency is deploying technology and running networks to create synergies. We can’t predict the new services that creative people will develop to use over these networks.

“I don’t see people walking around with TVs on their belts or in their purses.”

2: What is your goal going forward?
Eric Schmidt: We want to organize the world’s information and make it universally accessible. Most of it still is 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’ve to find ways to partner with them.

There’s an enormous amount of information that’s not in digital sources, but in people’s heads. Look at the phenomenon of Wikipedia. Wikipedia has roughly 50,000 contributors and 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 edited 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 mobile devices. We want to give you much more information, much more accurate results, and many more types of information. You know, viewers can now use Google Search to find 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 different. We’re taking fiber optics right into any room in your home. 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 is affordability issues, and what we once called “the digital divide”?

**ES:** The good news is that we’re in a rapidly declining cost industry.

**IS:** We deploy so we can scale. People in Roxbury or South Philly or Shaker Heights spend the same amount on communications. So, all the markets are ripe to deploy. If we create the most cost-efficient network, we serve every market. And you can achieve the quickest scale where you have houses every 50 feet so you can run fiber down the street and get it in efficiently.

**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.

Notwithstanding 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?**

**IS:** 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.

**ES:** Hiring better and better talent. The very best people want to work where their skills are appreciated. Twenty percent of Google employees’ time is free to do whatever they want. That time generates almost all our new ideas.

**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.

---

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.
warted the house ahead became law lands Christian ed the time his his King, McWhorter 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 moneymen 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, poignantly 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...
DARLING TO DREAM

King delivers his "I Have a Dream" speech, the capstone of the historic March on Washington, 1963.

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 paces around 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."

D
digusted, 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 us 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 speechwriter. 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 clergy 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 thus I would get them to Willie Pearl Mackey, [the 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 inspirational 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
VOTED #1 VODKA OF 2033

SVEDKA REMINDS YOU TO DO YOUR PART TO END GLOBAL WARMING

ADD MORE ICE

THE FUTURE OF ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

SVEDKA

SVEDKA.COM
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 pig tails."

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.

"My response was 'Just because some Negro preacher got caught with his hand in the cookie jar, it's not my problem.'"

She showed him the meaning of Christian compassion. Her kindness still evokes fond memories: "I remember, a number of years later, Martin King saying to me, 'Clarence, I need you to go up to the North. I know you've got this firebrand radicalism in you. But you're not anti-white. I've never heard you talk about white people in an angry fashion.' I said, 'You know, Martin, it may be [because] the first source of love I had as a young boy were Irish nuns.'"

The goal-oriented Jones attended Palmyra High, graduating in 1949. He was chosen president of the honor society and valedictorian of his integrated class. "My speech was 'Tomorrow a Better World,'" Jones remembers, cringing at the sophomoric title. "Much of my class was white. My parents worked for their parents. So it was a big thing for the domestic help's son to give the address. My parents were sitting in the audience, proud as peacocks."

The model student was accepted at Columbia University, where he majored in political science. Determined not to let his skin color impede his scholastic pursuits, Jones started reading the literary canon, from the Iliad to Moby Dick. He was also a committed freshman football player. Many of his more radical African-American friends, those active in the Young Progressives of America, used to mock him for being a jock instead of an activist.

That's when singer-activist Paul Robeson—a friend of Jones's uncle—entered Clarence's life. An outspoken stage performer with ties to the Communist Party, the controversial Robeson traveled the world speaking out against racism. When Robeson—a former all-American football player at Rutgers who spoke more than a dozen languages—learned that some student activists were ridiculing Jones for his efforts on the gridiron, he sought out the teenager and told him, "Clarence, you go back there and you tell your friends . . . that one touchdown by you, a Negro, with a full stadium on a Saturday at Baker's Field is going to have a greater [impact on] civil rights than [they will have handing out] leaflets on 116th Street."

In June 1953, though the Korean War was ending, Jones was drafted. Radicalized by Robeson, he told his New York induction board that he would not sign an oath affirming that he had not been a member of any of the more than 200 organizations deemed "subversive" by the attorney general—or that he had never associated with members of those groups. Instead, he offered a written statement that he was ready, willing, and able to serve 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 Warder 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 Newyorkers 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 hardly 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 reputation 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 essentially 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, accompanied by Reverend Bernard Lee, came into my home and sat down to talk with me.” King began to interrogate Jones about his hard-scrabble 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 working 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 upcoming 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 McDonald, King’s secretary, calling to invite Jones and his wife to be his guests at Friendship Baptist Church, in well-heel ed 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 babysitter on short notice, Jones, unwilling to further offend King, attended alone. “The church parking lot was filled with Lincolns, Cadillacs, 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 rock-star status.”

When King was introduced, the congregation roared. King’s oratorical 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 parable 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 referring 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 humor 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 “Mother 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 emotionally messed me up.” More reflective than piqued, Jones decided 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.

staunch supporters of Israel. “Jewish Americans, along with a few guys like Rockefeller, financed the civil-rights movement,” Jones explains. “And Martin’s sentiments regarding Jews were not opportunistic, as some have claimed. It was real. He consistently sought to maintain the historic coalition and alliance with leaders of the Jewish community.” According to Jones, King took great solace in the teachings of the Jewish philosopher Martin Buber, author of the 1923 classic *I and Thou*.

“As King interpreted Buber, there were ‘I-Thou’ people (Good Samaritans who had a relationship with God) and ‘I-It’ people (folks like the Black Power cabal that were self-centered),” Jones maintains. “He loathed anti-Semitism and was enraged by the rise of the Black Power movement, of guys like Stokely Carmichael, H. Rap Brown, and others who wanted to reduce the leadership role of whites in black organizations. Martin would question how anyone who had any familiarity with the biblical and political history of the Jewish people could have anything but the most profound admiration and respect for the Jewish community.”

When Malcolm X, the charismatic leader of the Nation of Islam, talked about the “white devil,” often coupled with anti-Semitic rhetoric, King, according to Jones, would privately lament that Malcolm was behaving no better than a hooded Klansman. This did not mean, however, that Jones disliked the man. On the contrary, Jones would serve as a liaison between King and Malcolm X. “At first Malcolm was disdainful of Martin’s whole ‘turn the other cheek’ philosophy,” Jones recalls. “But after [Malcolm’s] trip to Mecca, he changed. [He] started speaking to me in very respectful terms of his admiration for the courage of Martin.” Often, Jones would attend secret summits with Malcolm X, African-American scholar John Henrik Clarke, intellectual and civil-rights figure John Killens, actor-activists Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee, and others. “It was like a black caucus of political thinkers,” he recalls. “My job was to collect insights gleaned from these sessions and share them privately with Martin.”

A strange White House tête-à-tête on June 22, 1963, brought the two even closer. President John F. Kennedy, while signing King around the Rose Garden, informed him that J. Edgar Hoover, head of the F.B.I., was convinced that two S.C.L.C. associates—Levison and an S.C.L.C. director, Jack O’Dell—were Communists. “You’ve got to get rid of them,” Kennedy cautioned King. Although King told Jones that he was not startled by the accusations, King said he was jarred that Kennedy would try to intimidate him this way. A month later, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, the president’s brother, would approve F.B.I. wiretaps on Jones’s Riverdale home and Manhattan office.

Shortly after the Rose Garden stroll, King asked Jones to chair an “internal investigative panel” to determine if Hoover’s allegations were true. “The end result was that Martin would not have direct contact with Stanley,” Jones recalls. “Contact, if any, would be through me. Meanwhile, O’Dell resigned his S.C.L.C. position. But the joke was on us. Unbeknownst to me at the time, the F.B.I. was monitoring me daily.”

With the bureau and the segregationists out for his scalp, King trusted fewer and fewer people. Correctly fearing bugs and wiretaps, he started relying on Jones more and more. They devised a private code for discussing key figures: Hoover being “the other person,” and Levison referred to only as “our friend.” Instead of Levison, Jones was now charged with helping to oversee the *Why We Can’t Wait* project—King’s personal memoir of the Birmingham campaign, which writer Alfred Duckett 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 risqué 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
NOT ALL MONUMENTS TO PROGRESS REMAIN STATIONARY.


LINCOLN
Reach Higher
lincoln.com

Starting at 29,660**

**Includes destination charge of $925. Please see dealer for complete details. MSRP does not include title, license, and insurance fees.
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,’ and we both kind of rolled our eyes at each other. The other leaders were 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 me finish.’ I had tried to incorporate not only the text of this group 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 him saying. “I thank you very much. Now I am 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 words 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 I came in, 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 enlisted Marlon Brando. Building on Brando’s commitment, he conscripted other Hollywood luminaries, such as Paul Newman and Burt Lancaster. “Clarence,” says Belafonte, “was in charge of making sure the stars were both visible and safe.”

“My job was to make sure the cameras saw all of the famous faces around the Lincoln Memorial,” Jones says. “Believe it or not, Charlton Heston—yes, the N.R.A. man—was co-chair. And I had with me Steve McQueen, James Garner, Diahann Carroll, Marlon Brando, Shelley Winters, Judy Garland, and many others. We circulated amongst everyday people, and I positioned the stars near the stage. Many of the celebrities were white, and we wanted the message to be that the March on Washington was an integrated event. So Brando and Poitier standing together cheering, for example, was the kind of visual I tried to choreograph.”

Clearly the highlight of King’s 17-minute oration consisted of the various “dream” sequences aimed at confronting corrosive racism in America. “I have a dream,” King proclaimed with high-Baptist élan, “that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.” Watching from 15 yards away, Jones shook his head in utter wonderment. King seemed almost biblically possessed, hitting feverish notes Jones had never before imagined. His rhetoric soared, crescendowed, inspired.

“I have a dream,” King continued, “that my four little chil-
Pinstripe Tuxedo Shirt and Blue Lap's Cuff Links as seen in Poseidon. Available at Select Nordstrom Stores.
WIN TICKETS TO THE PREMIERE OF WARNER BROS. PICTURES POSEIDON

This April, stop by a participating Nordstrom and enter the Poseidon Sweepstakes to win tickets to the premiere of Warner Bros. Pictures' POSEIDON. Prize includes two all-inclusive tickets to the Los Angeles or New York premiere, including airfare and hotel accommodations. Visit the men's furnishings department at a participating Nordstrom or gqconnects.com for complete sweepstakes rules and alternate means of entry.

Or, TO SEE POSEIDON AT YOUR LOCAL THEATER, visit a participating Nordstrom and receive two adult movie tickets with the purchase of an Ike Behar shirt and tie. On the dates below, meet the designer himself and check out the actual shirts worn in the film.

SEATTLE, WA March 18
MERRICK PARK, FL March 18
BELLEVUE, WA March 19
TAMPA, FL March 25
SCOTTSDALE, AZ March 25
COSTA MESA, CA March 26
SAN DIEGO, CA March 26
LOS ANGELES - THE GROVE, CA March 26
SAN JOSE, CA April 1
LITTLETON, CO April 1
SAN FRANCISCO, CA April 1

SEATTLE, WA March 18
MERRICK PARK, FL March 18
BELLEVUE, WA March 19
TAMPA, FL March 25
SCOTTSDALE, AZ March 25
COSTA MESA, CA March 26
SAN DIEGO, CA March 26
LOS ANGELES - THE GROVE, CA March 26
SAN JOSE, CA April 1
LITTLETON, CO April 1
SAN FRANCISCO, CA April 1

SACRAMENTO, CA April 1
WALNUT CREEK, CA April 2
PARAMUS, NJ April 8
BOCA RATON, FL April 15
ATLANTA, GA April 23
TROY, MI April 23
TYSON'S CORNER, VA April 29
HOUSTON, TX April 29
MICHIGAN AVE, IL April 29
OAK BROOK, IL April 30
PENTAGON CITY, VA April 30

No purchase necessary. Sweepstakes begins at 9:00 AM ET March 14, 2006 and ends 11:59:59 PM ET April 14, 2006. Entrants must be a legal resident of the 50 United States and District of Columbia and be 18 years or older at time of entry. Odds depend on the number of entries received. Approximate retail value of prize is $3500. Sponsors are GQ and Ike Behar. Motion Picture Action and Photography © 2006 Warner Bros Entertainment Inc.
When King finished the speech, he came over and shook his cohort's hand. "You was smoking," a euphoric Jones told him. "The words was so hot they was just burning off the page!"

The success of the speech, however, only intensified the F.B.I.'s determination to discredit King's 32-year-old attorney. As evidenced in hundreds of newly released transcripts chronicling many of the bureau's eavesdropping sessions from 1963 to 1968, the government had as many as six agents listening in on Jones, Levison, and King. In late 1963, for example, the F.B.I. overheard a conversation between Jones and novelist James Baldwin. The fact that Baldwin blamed Hoover personally for violence against civil-rights workers in Alabama clearly worried Justice Department officials.

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 helping to help King 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, feeling justified in his wires, reported first to R.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 be led 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.'"

Even 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 me 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 finged, 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 haggled conversations. "If the F.B.I. could monitor my activities around the clock, a perplexed Jones asks me, his forehead as furrowed as a washboard, "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 whitewashed 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
Introducing ALLSTATE® YOUR CHOICE AUTO INSURANCE—a whole new kind of car insurance.

ACCIDENT FORGIVENESS

Have an accident, and your rates could go up by 40%. But with Accident Forgiveness, your rates won’t go up at all just because you had an accident. Even if it’s your fault. And it starts the day you sign up.

It’s time to make the world a better place to drive. That’s Allstate’s stand.

Call your local Allstate agent or 1-800-ALLSTATE®

You're in good hands.

Feature is optional and is subject to terms, conditions, and availability. Safe driving bonus won’t apply after an accident. Patent Pending. Allstate Property and Casualty Insurance Company and Allstate Fire and Casualty Insurance Company, Northbrook, IL. ©2006 Allstate Insurance Company.
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 boomer of Missing White Women media saga 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 ebowed 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, Mau- reen, 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 whiz 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 partyed 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 Waltoning, 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 unkind word for anyone," says Waltoning. "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 Waltoning. "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
THE MOST LIVABLE PLACE ON EARTH*

"Vancouver, the world's most desirable place to live", The Economist, 2005.

Estates Previewing May 2006

Sales Registration  604 781 4303  Toll-free  877 733 6333
FAIRMONTPACIFICRIM.COM
Estates from US$ 600,000s – US$ 3.5 million+  Penthouse pricing available upon request

RENNIE MARKETING SYSTEMS  604.682.2088
This is not an offering for sale
Estates Previewing May 2006

Sales Registration 604 781 4303 Toll-free 877 733 6333
FAIRMONTPACIFICRIM.COM
Estates from US$ 600,000s – US$ 3.5 million+ Penthouse pricing available upon request

This is not an offering for sale
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 Hagem in 2002. He and some friends had taken a summer share in a dilapidated rental 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 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, burlled-wood cabinets on the other, and a double bed next to the balcony’s sliding door. By all accounts, 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...
Rozenberg. One, from South Florida, is headed by Mikhail and Larisa Rozenberg. The second family, believed to be from Brighton Beach, a Russian section of Brooklyn, is headed by Michael and Angela Rozenberg. Between them the families had three sons aboard, all said to be in their teens or early 20s: Jeffrey, Zachary, and Greg. Also in the group was a burly Brighton Beach 20-year-old named Rostislav "Rusty" Kofman.

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 Natalee 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 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 Florida 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 disembar 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 aboard 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 Dominic Mazza 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 Law- yer, 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 estimate, 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 9062 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 justifica tion 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 Kofman’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 Hug-Smithe anything to do with her husband’s disappearance?

The mystery began to clear up in January, when Royal Caribbean issued its timeline 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” Clete 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 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.

According 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 Clete 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 helped Jennifer to her feet. She was able to walk, but not well. Rather than frog-march her through the hallways in this condition, two of the three men walked the length of the ship to the Smith stateroom. They arrived at the door at 4:48, 15 minutes after the first pair’s visit. There is no indication
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 hers 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 t about the time Jennifer Havel-Smith arrived for her massage, several passengers on their balconies had noticed the bloodstain on the white canopy. A group of ship's officers examined it, as did Captain Lachtaridis. All knew what this might mean: Brilliance of the Seas was experiencing what Royal Caribbean terms an "overboard situation."

But who went overboard? There were four decks of staterooms above the bloodstains. Captain Lachtaridis ordered a check of the four staterooms directly above the blood, plus the eight rooms on either side. Guests' entry onto and exit from the ship is monitored via a card system called Senpass: it took only minutes to establish that many of the guests in those rooms had already gone ashore. It took less than an hour to determine that the Smiths were the only guests not accounted for.

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."

B oth 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 bedsheets 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
TEETH. The Ultimate Accessory™

Introducing MICRO ADVANCED COSMETICS VENEERS.

Wear them with everything.

Contact us today at 800.840.2615 for a cosmetically trained dentist that offers MICRO ADVANCED COSMETICS VENEERS in your area.
anchor the next morning at the Greek port of Piraeus. The drama involving the Smiths was over, but troubles with Rostislav Kofman and the Rozenberg boys were just picking up steam. Two more incidents involving them allegedly occurred over the next 48 hours. One evening, ship officials said, Greg Rozenberg was carded at the disco. His passport indicated he was 17. He insisted he was 18. Marie Breheret was summoned, as were Greg’s parents. According to attorneys familiar with what happened, the parents argued to Breheret that the passport was in error, that Greg was in fact 18, but Greg was barred from the disco.

On another occasion, Breheret took a call from one of the women who answered room-service calls. She complained that Kofman and the Rozenberg boys had phoned in an order and, during the course of ordering, cursed at her. Breheret picked up the phone, called the boys, and took their order. She says she told them they would have to be more polite. They assured her they would be. Even so, Breheret felt that two more incidents justified a second meeting with the Rozenberg parents.

Once again they were summoned to the hotel director’s office. This time Breheret was emphatic. “I would say they were helpful and nice again,” she says, “but we made it very clear; we told them that if this kind of situation recurred, we will ask them to leave the ship. We made it very clear—there won’t be any further warnings.”

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 tape, 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-

allegation 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
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 complaints 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 started feeling very, very sorry for Royal Caribbean," this passenger says. "The day all this took place, with the help of the ship's doctor, who was extremely nice, we had the name of the F.B.I. agent who was involved in the case, his telephone number, all that stuff, within hours. This is just so different from the way Royal Caribbean has been portrayed. I mean, since when does a cruise line have an obligation to become a C.S.I. unit and solve crimes? This whole thing is crazy."

While the war of words continues, the F.B.I. investigation drags on. Attorneys for Rusty Kofman and Josh Askin say their clients have been repeatedly interviewed by the F.B.I. They say the Rozenberg boys have not agreed to similar interviews; the Rozenbergs' attorney won't say whether this is true. So far, most lawyers involved in the case speculate, no one has admitted to much of anything beyond having consensual sex with the 20-year-old woman. Without a confession, the case may be difficult to solve. "That's what worries me," says Clete Hyman. "That [the F.B.I.] may never come out and say anything."

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. "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-
Cole Haan

shoes  handbags  coats
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
Dear Graydon,

I suspect that there's going to be a stink about this in the papers shortly, so let me give it to you straight: I have been less than forthcoming about the circumstances that compelled me to write about the story of my father's service in the Army in 1957. My debut novel, In a Green Pink Country, was not dishonorably discharged from the army for my personal misbehavior, nor did I sleep through the entire landing, nor did I dig the shrapnel out of the leg of a hapless staff officer. In fact, I asked to go, I received a noncommissioned officer's badge for helping a wounded soldier, and I was the only one to survive a post-traumatic stress disorder. I was out of the armed forces by 1953, and then I lived quietly in New Canaan, Connecticut, with my second wife and infant daughter.

I suppose my editor, Al Knopf, did not believe him to have done these monstrous things because I wanted him to believe that my transgressive work of literature—the novel In a Green Pink Country—was the most honest, most truthful depiction of a single human body. I believe the story is true, but I cannot say that it was wrong, experiences. But now I realize that this was wrong, and I have prepared a new introduction for Random House's Modern Library reissue of Green Pink. I have also written a letter to Oprah Winfrey, urging her to bring the book to the attention of the American public. Only by extensive media exposure will the truth of the story come to light.

I am grateful to you for sharing your experiences, and I hope you will be able to cleanse yourself of your conscience.

Edwin Coaster, editor, The Smoking Gun.com

February 8, 2006

Graydon:

If Ed's expecting a "scandal bounce" in his book sales, he can forget about it. I've called around, and no one cares about something that happened almost 50 years ago with a dead editor and an old writer. However, the guys at the Smoking Gun confirmed Ed's valorous war record, and further produced documents showing that he organized the '54 Easter Egg Hunt for the New Canaan Rotary Club. FYI: they also found mug shots of you when you were booked and fingerprinted as a teen for protesting the CBC's cancellation of the popular Canadian satirical TV program This Hour Has Seven Days.

Graydon:

February 9, 2006

Bette

This must stay entre nous. Things are not going well between Ed and me. He's been acting weird, asking me to flagellate him while he yells "I'm sorry, Oprah, I'm sorry!" I'm not into that kind of stuff. Frankly, he's creeping me out. Would it be wrong of me to call off the wedding?

Love,

Amy

Coaster Correspondence

More of the very expensive words of Edwin John Coaster, contributing editor
The Huffstodts.
They couldn't be closer.

HUFF

Season Premiere SUN APRIL 2, 10 PMET
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 coiffeur.

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 hog 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. 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?
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.
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.”
A night 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 heartthrob by 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 calls 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 ferocious 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 silicone 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 fidgeting the glinting 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 dismally 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 Snoopys 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
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.
By now, Jack Abramoff is known in just about every home and Grange hall and shopping mall, every Middlesex village and farm, in America. He's the Washington lobbyist who bought all those senators and representatives, the man who ripped 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 late-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 advisor 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 spokesperson 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 admin...
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 of 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 was only a few feet away, between Republican senators George Allen (Virginia) and Orrin Hatch (Utah), and was the only lobbyist on the dais?

"He has one of the best memories of any politician I have ever met," Abramoff rote of the president in yet another of his notorious e-mails, which have evolved from 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... 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 $17 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 rancer is over. However angry he may be with former cronies who supposed 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 Orthodoxy 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 staffers, 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 lobbed his former employer within less than a year of his departure—yet another violation of the law. As 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 100 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 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’s 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 says, a stockin-trade was whom he knew. Now, though, it 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—that Abramoff spread around Washington. Two thirds of that went either to the Republican Party, his ideological home since collegial or to individual Republicans, many of whom could dole out appropriations, more 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 on 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 “miliated” him. But, according to the plea agreement, Ney threw a lucrative contract to an 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
Abramoff, agreed to introduce legislation that would help reopen the Tigua casino, and, to assist Abramoff in buying the SunCruz line, read two statements into the Congressional Record, one in which he described Abramoff’s main partner in that deal, Adam Kidan—a man who’d been disbarred, declared bankruptcy, and had Mob ties—as a man of the utmost integrity.

For such services, Ney, according to the plea agreement, got “a stream of things of value” from Abramoff and those he represented: a “lavish” golf trip to St. Andrews, seats in Abramoff’s ports boxes, freebie dinners at Signature (Ney was a “sushiholic,” one eyewitness recalls), and at least $37,500 in donations to various political-action committees on his behalf. Rather than go for Ney immediately, prosecutors appear to be encircling him, possibly striking plea deals with frightened staffers, themselves desperate to stay out of jail.

Also in the prosecutorial crosshairs may be Republican senator Conrad Burns, of Montana, one of the largest single recipients of Abramoff loot.

As head of the Senate appropriations subcommittee for the Department of the Interior, which handles Indian affairs, he was Abramoff’s point man in the Senate for federal goodies.

Burns told a reporter he wishes Abramoff had never been born, and, more recently, has blanketed the airwaves in Montana with ads claiming that Abramoff lied to anybody and everybody “and ripped off his Indian clients,” but that he never influenced me.” Abramoff won’t comment specifically on the ads, clearly tempted as he is. “Every appropriation we wanted [from Burns's committee] we got,” he says. “Our staffers were as close as they could be. They practically used Signatures as their cafeteria. I mean, it’s a little difficult for him to run from that record.” As for Burns’s wishing he’d never been born, Abramoff remarks, “That’s quite a statement, coming from a pro-life Republican.”

Burns, 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 at 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 onetime 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
Fools for Love

"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
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.
LIES AND SIXTEEN WORDS THAT

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.
NEQUENCES 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 inflame 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

WATERGATE HERO

Author Bob Woodward, who knew in 2003 that Joseph Wilson's wife was at the C.I.A., but did not consider it important, photographed by Annie Leibovitz in the Hay-Adams hotel, in Washington, D.C., July 29, 2005.

"You'll see," Woodward had been telling Pincus. "They are moving stuff around at night in Iraq. The W.M.D. will all be found."

Woodward had been making notes for Plan of Attack, rechecking the moment when Prince Bandar bin Sultan, the Saudi ambassador and a close friend of the Bush family's, pressured the president to go to war. Woodward later wrote that the president had "bristled" at the prince's obvious audacity, but he barely mentioned Prince Bandar's long association with the Bushes, which would have provided a telling context. "What I do is all on the page," Woodward told me. "I don't weaponize my words. I don't feel the need to write, 'Guilty, guilty, guilty.'" Woodward had seen presidents and special prosecutors come and go and had written 10 No. 1 best-sellers over seven administrations. He had been criticized for being too close to his sources, and he had taught himself to keep surface emotion out of his writing.

"THE REST OF THE COUNTRY . . . THINKS FITZGERALD IS THE AUTHOR OF THE GREAT GATSBY," SAID WOODWARD.

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 ofbloggers 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 m 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 sources, putting 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.

The 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, later remarked, “driven as much by specific people and historical circumstances as by abstract, timeless principles like press freedom 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 left. Kaplan continued, “First Amendment laws apply both to people we love and people we loathe... How would we partition one side react if the principle we were fighting about was ‘our people,’ rather than who they actually turn out to be? That is politics, not justice.”

Pincus 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 been 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 better mail. You &##! Who cares if we never had weapons of mass destruction, because we’ve liberated the Iraqi people from a murderous tyrant,” Pincus summarized the content. But at morning Kristof had raised the question that plagued Pincus: “Here were the “500 tons of mustard gas and nerve gas, 25,000 liters of anthrax, 38,000 liters of mustard 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 Príncipe. 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

LEGAL EXPERT

First Amendment lawyer Floyd Abrams, who initially represented both Judith Miller and Matthew Cooper, Time magazine, in the Valerie Plame affair, photographed at his office in New York City. January 10, 2006.
that Powell later explained he had not included the information because “it did not rise to his standards. So how the hell did it rise to the standards of the president of the United States?”

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 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 Wilson’s articles 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. 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, works 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 Ronald Evans Jr., and he tirelessly propels himself through the Washington party circuit. Many people consider him an apostle 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 investigate the Italian report.”


“IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A TWO-DAY STORY AT MOST.... THEN THEY CAME AFTER MY WIFE,” SAID 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

210 | V A N I T Y  F A I R  | www.vanityfair.com

A P R I L  2 0 0 6
Following month in Los Angeles, he was introduced by the writer 
Riania Huffington at an event given by an activist organization 
done by TV producer Norman Lear. 

Wilson was now in place to become the new anti-administration 
liberty hero. Months later he told me, “It would have been a two-
story at most. My part was over. I had come forward. The 
White 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. 
I had corrected the mistake of the 16 words. I was ready to go 
way. I had done my civic duty. Then they came after my wife.” He 
added, “Guys like Scooter Libby [Dick Cheney’s chief of staff] 
puld go around and say, ‘There is more to come on this.’ If any-
be 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 acti-
ting a trip wire that would lead to a special prosecutor, and 
I could not have guessed that the end result of his action would 
his own indictment. No other special prosecutor had ever gone 
far as to demand that reporters either divulge their sources 
and testify in front of a grand jury or go to jail. 

Joseph Wilson’s war had a purpose—to have the Justice De-
tartment investigate the White House. Within the press corps 
tere 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. 
—Robert Bennett, attorney for New York Times 
reporter Judith Miller, July 6, 2005. 

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 CONTINUED ON PAGE 256
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
here 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 vegetarianism 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 $3 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 lavendar. She has no idea what kind of jeans she wears. "Citizen?" she asks hazily, 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 Convent. 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 Ha'aretz, 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.)

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 adorably, 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, but 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. Any one 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 Mori tribe's philosophy of nonviolence dooms it to extinction, or how the two-party system is hampering American politics. She never sounds pompous, because it's all punctuated with "like"s, 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 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's happened. 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 new text continued on page 244. Photographs continued overleaf.
STRAITLACED

"Granted, I'm not super-scandalous," says Portman, "but I've had drunken nights out."
At Harvard she always worried, "Everyone..."
"links 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.
The Afghan landscape reflected in a visor worn by an American door gunner in a Chinook helicopter.
This 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 guys’ 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 suiting 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, хуморless 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
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,” one elderly Afghan man in Kandahar told me. This man had fought the Soviets in the 1980s, and he said that the Taliban were using the same tactics that he remembers from his days with the mujahideen. He went on: “The Russians organized local militias with village leaders, and we took the village leaders and killed them. We made it difficult for anyone working for the government to move around. Gradually we got closer and closer to Kandahar, and finally we took the governor.”

It was from Kandahar—not Kabul—that the Taliban ruled the country until 2001. It was from Kandahar that Osama bin Laden orchestrated the attacks of September 11. Kandahar was the last major city to fall to Americans, and even after it did, a dozen or so wounded Arabs held out in the city hospital for weeks. Since then, troubles have pulsed out of that area like a dark tide. In 2005 a beloved police chief and 19 other people were killed in a horrific bombing at a mosque. A month before I arrived in the city late last fall, the Taliban ambushed and killed a district chief from nearby Oruzgan; a few weeks later they killed another district chief and two police officers; and the day after I arrived, a suicide bomber blew himself up against a Canadian military convoy. He didn’t kill any Canadians, but a month later another suicide bomber managed to kill a senior Canadian diplomat in a nearly identical attack. In early February, a suicide bomber killed 13 people—most of them policemen—at the Kandahar police station.

Perhaps more devastating than the high-profile attacks, though, are the continual threats to common people. To understand how deep the poverty is in that area, consider that local women will spend all day shelling almonds without pay, just to take the husks home to burn in their cooking fires at night. Obviously, a government job is not something that many people can afford to turn down, yet working for the government may also put them on a death list. Unable to lure the population over to their side through political persuasion, Taliban operatives have started leaving “night letters” in mosques that threaten people with execution unless they quit their government jobs. There is little that the police can do about it.

Late last November, for example, a night watchman at a child’s school outside Kandahar was found hanged with his own turban because he had ignored such a warning. A night letter was penned to his body that named 13 other teachers—all of whom quit. “I put a checkpoint at the school, but they were not willing to keep working,” the district police chief told me sadly when I asked about the murder. “The school has been closed ever since.”

This sort of ruthlessness is in many ways due to the fact that the Taliban cannot hope to confront the Americans head-on. In a country like Afghanistan, the destructive ability of even one fighter plane is so absolute that it almost attains the power of God. Air A-10 Warthogs, for example, carry 30-mm. Gatling guns that can fire up to 66 rounds a second. The sound of this gun in use cannot even be identified as gunfire; it’s just a deep, evil belch that comes from somewhere up in the night.
An American soldier shoots for Taliban from the roof of a safe house in the town of Andar.
Here 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 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. If 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 Loutier, and Chuk Iwuji.
A Hell of a

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.
Fade-Out

A PLACE IN THE SUN

Kathleen and Kenneth Tynan in Spain in 1970. Spain was his sunny climate of choice, but Kathleen opted for California and the movie business.
In 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 “tartlet 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 . . .

ALL THE WORLD’S A STAGE

"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 goddamned 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.

As 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 effetely 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 “f-f-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 exhaused by this long, bitter marriage,
which had been a punching match characterized by infidelities on both sides. In December of 1962, he met Kathleen Halton, 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 Batten, 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 pallor and a cigarette held elegantly "between two spiderly 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-velvet 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 Kathleen who became her closest friend. "I was always jealous of Shirley MacLaine's friendship with Kathleen," says Mengers. "To Kathleen, I was probably 'the amusing Jew.' I admired Kathleen but didn't feel close to her—that's not really the way you felt around her. I wish I had gotten to know her better. To have been their court jester."

T


yan 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 Balls à la Mrs. Benjamin Harrison." In L.A., they hired a cook, a Canadian named Sheila Weeks.

Matthew remembers, "They always had to 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 in," recalls Mengers. "That's who you would see at the Tyans'. 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 Tyans "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 Tyans' 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 here 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 anguished 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 egregiously 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 he'd worked on for several years. Begun 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 was too revealing, and instinctive 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.
not to speak with him. He preferred to write his own book, saying, “I love Ken a lot, but I don’t owe him my life.” Tynan was shattered.

As Kathleen thrived, Ken’s emphemysma continued to sap his strength. “There were lots of times where 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 ascendance 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 impishly 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 urchin 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 . . .
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 woollen 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-prettt 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 incoherent.") 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—Ethel 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 telegram 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 seared us. But I was suddenly overpowered by the feeling of love—a sensation I have never experienced with any other man. Are you a variation on Jack the Ripper who finally brings me love which I am prevented from accepting [a reference to Lulu's end in Pandorin'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! Wrecking 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 approached by two producers who wanted an option on her life story and that they had the "rapturous enthusiasm of a director, 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 exploitation 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 persuaded 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 speculates 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 portrait of the actress, the only woman he included 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 Tynan published. Louise Brooks would outlive Ken Tynan by five years.

Mum kept us cocooned from Dad's illness," 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 hospital, 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 household, 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 he 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 benefactor, William Shawn, posted a letter telling

238 | V A N I T Y  F A I R  w w w . v a n i t y f a i r . c o m
A P R I L  2 0 0 6
Tynan that his contract had been extended for another year, adding, "I'm happy you are beginning to recover. The writing will follow."

But Tynan died a month later, on July 26, 1980, at Saint John's Health Center, in Santa Monica. His good friends Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne helped to arrange the funeral, at All Saints Episcopal Church, on Santa Monica Boulevard, where the English film critic Penelope Gilliatt and Shirley MacLaine spoke, and Christopher Isherwood quoted a paragraph from the Louise Brooks profile. Kathleen and her children later flew his ashes to England, where a service was held at St. Cross Cemetry, in Oxford. As the playwright Tom Stoppard (the subject of one of Tynan's profiles) told Roxana and Matthew, addressing them in his eulogy at the memorial service the following day, "For those of us who were working in the English-speaking theater during those years, for those of us who shared his time, your father was part of the luck we had."

A year after Ken's death, the Tynans relocated to New York City. "Matthew and I were both desperate to move," Roxana recalls. "We lived all over the West Side... we usually wound up moving once a year." Looking back, Roxana marvels at how well her mother did on so little money, showing up at meetings with bankers in her white miniskirts and with her long, leonine hair. She wrote for New York magazines, including Vogue, and managed to get Roxana into the exclusive girls' prep school Brearley and, later, a full scholarship to Yale. "I bargained and I lied," she told Judy Harger. "Mum wasn't making that much money," Roxana says, "but she was still living incredibly well. The first apartment we lived in was on Central Park West. God knows how she afforded it."

With Roxana at Yale, Kathleen and Matthew returned to London and took up residence at the Thurloe Square house, where she continued to live well, though sometimes she had to move into the basement and rent out the rest of the house to make ends meet. She turned her attention to what would become the great work of her life: writing the biography of Ken Tynan.

In London she met Joan Juliet Buck, the novelist and future editor of French Vogue. Buck first noticed her at a party given by Lady Rothermere. "I was early to this party, and Kathleen was early, too," Buck recalls. She was struck by Kathleen, dressed in a stunning gown, "a kind of column of gold. There was this shaft of sunlight falling on her, because it was six o'clock in London, in June, and I thought, Who is this woman?"

They became friends in the fall of 1983. 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 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 fronting a band (called Peacock's Penny Arcade, complete with accordion, sousaphone, guitars, and kazoo), 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?' And 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 composes 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," Teri 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 over her 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 says. "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 Cleemp. "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 account'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 X
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—he is 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 coming to tell me I made it all up."

Stone's defense attorney, Eric Geffon, declined to comment on the case, and Stone couldn't not reached in jail by 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 unhireable," 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 Snoopies 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 burnt 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 burnt toast, and this book is my ideas, and my
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.

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.

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.

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.
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 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."

Tennyson 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 trooper," 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 while 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 211

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-War II, 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 movie 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 succumbed 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...
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 1—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 while trying to sell romantic chemistry with a nine-year-old. Although the next two episodes were improvements, they didn't really expand her acting horizons. 

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, 'I 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." Sarra Chafetz 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 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' 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, more admirable—one this more unlike—Joel Silver. Known for his brashness 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
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 wild-est 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**

**Washington's Invisible Man**

**CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20:** 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 incubated 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 Nney coming up and groveling, saying how much he enjoyed a golf outing or a sunset 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

plied 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 legerdemain, 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.

C
early, 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 relentlessly, more ruthlessly. Other people surely wrote e-mails every bit as embarrassing as his, in which he called his Indian clients "troglodytes" 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 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 synagogue 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 stuck 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 founded 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 email 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, shorn-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 suits, 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 flixbustered 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.

H e always had a very vaudevillian, 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 Borscht 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 weight-lifting 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 \textit{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 \textit{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 exhalation and, occasionally, the discomfort of Republican grown-ups, 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 \textit{The Washington Post—and was fired. Abramoff then turned to producing films. From 1986 to 1994 he made a few stinkers, most notably \textit{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.

A bramoff 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 tem-
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 cheesy 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—heaving him subpoenaed, investigated, fired, and attacked in The Washington Times—that he finally called a mutual acquaintance of theirs. “Isn’t this guy going to let up and get a life?” he asked this friend.

“He’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 outwork everyone in the media, pay think-tank people to ride 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 Saginaw Chippewas, the Agua Caliente Band of Cahuilla Indians, the Sandia Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, and the Tiguas, 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 vixen-suites 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 Rossett’s testimony to the Senate committee, show how faithfully Griles did Abramoff’s bidding. (Griles denies any wrongdoing.) “There was a swagger at [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 fatally, 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 Worzel, 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 demeaning 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: thePost 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 1/4 the cost,” the former chief of the Saginaw Chippewas, Maynard Kahgegab Jr., wrote of Abramoff’s replacements, “but they are 1/4 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 Kahgegab declined to comment.) But with 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, doing 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 fortify 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 amnesiacs.”

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 Saganaw 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 be saddened by any further indictments. But would he feel responsible for them? “I don't want to answer that question, if 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 foolish, 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 tenement 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 tardy 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, chiller 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 unusually 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 Louisana 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 322 sky and can make entire mountainsides glow. There is no way for a foot soldier to counter something like that. In several major battles in Zabul 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 Zabul 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 one million 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 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 fire-base 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 Hazar hub 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 deep-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-schlack-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 when he stops. He won’t get 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 out-maneuver 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 Hazarab 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.

Dawn: Four scouts are belly-down on a ridge with their rifles leveled at a cluster of mud houses. The houses show up on a U.S. military map as the village of Kockay. Downslope, a squad of Afghan National Army soldiers moves through an apple orchard, setting the dogs to barking. It takes five minutes to round up the men of the village and walk them down the hill toward the next village, where the process is repeated. A gray light touches the moonscape where these people scrathe out their living. Dead grass twitches in the wind.

By the time the sun has hoisted itself over the last frozen ridges of the Shamali Korte, three or four villages have been cordoned off and swept by the A.N.A., and several dozen men of all ages have been arranged in two lines in another orchard halfway down the valley. They squat silently with their shawls wrapped around their thin shoulders, not talking, not looking up. This is the first time that McGary’s interpreter hasn’t picked up any radio chatter in the morning, which means that some of the men in these lines are probably Taliban: one of them may even have had us in his gunsight 12 hours earlier.

McGary and his squad walk up through the broken sunlight of the orchard 20 minutes later, unnoticed until the last moment because of their camouflage. The scouts have settled behind some rocks to watch the perimeter, and his "terp" (interpreter), Mike, is walking between the lines of village men, looking for anyone who seems too nervous—or not nervous enough—or who just strikes him as wrong. Hands without calluses are a giveaway. Sunglasses are a giveaway. Disdain is a giveaway.

"Look at that guy," one of the soldiers says, pointing out one young man, who refuses to look at us: "He’s shot so many R.P.G.’s his damn eyes are sideways."

McGary is five feet four, impeccably shaved, and moves with the balanced precision of the wrestler he once was. He has a tendency to start speaking a moment or two after you expect him to, which gives him an aura of thoughtfulness. Four years ago he kicked out a window during training and fell at the wrong moment, severing most of his right leg. His femoral artery retracted into his groin, and McGary only survived because a fellow soldier— who had just received E.M.T. training— managed to pull the femoral back out and apply an improvised tourniquet. He then carried McGary to the nearest road and drove him to the hospital at a hundred miles an hour. By the time they got there, McGary had lost so much blood that he had gone into cardiac arrest.

McGary sits down on a rock under an apple tree and tells Mike to gather the villagers 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 Dayehopan 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."

"The men sit cross-legged on the grass, rapt. "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 us at. 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 blink, 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 they 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 strung along the Afghan border like coils 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 bomber 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 his 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 Shbib, 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 Pakistani 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 service- men. 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 J.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.

A

At 12 Z [Greenwich Mean Time] we’re probably going to take some small-arms fires, 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-timer 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 Hazar- bus Valley, and Captain McGary 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 McGary 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 taps 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 pushes up on 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 ter- ritory, 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—one 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 am 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 Piranay, 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 coax—one and for all—these war-ruined people over to our side.

16 Words

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 211 over the Jayson Blair affair. The young, pampered reporter, who had a drug problem, had fabricated or plagiarized dozens of stories and had been forced to resign in disgrace on May 1. Miller’s confidant, managing editor Gerald Boyd, had been dealing with the fallout. In addition, Raines was under fire for his imperious management style.

Miller later recalled Boyd and Raines telling her then, “There has been a lot of flak over your stories.” It was becoming clear that the W.M.D. issue had been largely a propaganda vehicle used by the administration to sell the war to the press, and Miller’s articles were suddenly seen as having been key in turning public opinion in favor of the war. All the stories she had written in the past on the financing of al-Qaeda, the threat of bioterrorism, Taliban training camps, and national security seemed to evaporate in a blaze of criticism. At first Raines and Boyd defended her and her stories about the Middle East, but they warned her, “Roger does not think you should go back.”

“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 Mylroie 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.” “What 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 slanderous. Things would get instantly picked up, magnified, and vulminated. . . . 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-
cism rose to a critical mass. Miller and the Times's Baghdad-bureau chief, John Burns, another Pulitzer winner, had had an acidic 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 Gerns. 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 [necon] 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?" "Intelli" meant the intelligence assessments of Iraq, and she underlined the word "slanted." Libby, she later wrote, was "displeased" with what he called "selective leaking" 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 briefing 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 outing 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..."
16 Words

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 high 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 reinter 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 fun 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 Posner 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 Bagbie, to understand that I would have no makeup, no per-
sonal items except for my pills," she told me. "You are going in one door of the courthouse and out another," her lawyers Bob Bennett and Saul-Pilehcn 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, scammers, 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 Branzburg v. Hayes. The arguments thrummed 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, blivators 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-journal-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 blinders. Woodward later said that the only person he had let in on his secret was not Len Downie, The Washington Post 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-
16 Words

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. Attack ing 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] rem ains: 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 promoters 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 memorandum 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 underscored 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
we should all do, but if one of those officers’ [lies] was compromised by the leak of classified information, we would want to see that justice was done,” It was clear that Hogan had no intention of letting Miller off. As she was sentenced, her Times colleague David Barstow was choked with emotion. “I have never been as proud of another human being in my life,” he later said. Frances Cook, the former diplomat, wept. “I feel awful,” Bob Bennett said in the car outside the courthouse. “You know it’s coming, and there is nothing you can do.” Miller’s statement, though it was available on the Times’s Web site, was not printed in any major newspaper.

III. The Fallout

A very different scenario is floating in the halls of the Times... Miller doesn’t want to reveal her “source” at the White House—because she was the source. Sure, she first got the info from someone else, and the odds are she wasn’t the only one who chided in Libya and/or Rove (the State Dept. memo likely played a role too) ... but in this scenario, Miller certainly wasn’t an innocent writer caught up in the whirl of history. She had a starring role in it.

—Arianna Huffington, the Huffington Post, July 27, 2005.

"You are going to get upset with this,” Saul Pilechen told Judy Miller during one of his visits to the Alexandria, Virginia, jail. A former federal prosecutor in Washington, D.C., Pilechen had served on the defense team for Caspar Weinberger during Iran contra, but what was happening in the Miller case was new for him. “It was my first experience with the blog culture,” he told me. “It was astounding to me how little constraint the bloggers had. They were passing off speculation as fact, and it read to me like pure character assassination.”

According to Miller, the Huffington piece was not only mistaken but also possibly libelous. The Web site, though still in its infancy, had been steadily gaining heft. The Greek-born Huffington had an internationalist’s shrewdness and realized that the digitally savvy went after information with a different sensibility. Her blog had become must reading for the media—a tangle of opinions, facts, and pseudofacts.

The blog set the stage for many in the press to find it difficult to defend Miller for protecting sources. When it was revealed that there were murky areas surrounding Miller—like the later-revealed notes of the June 23 meeting—her inability to shed the blogs’ allegations undermined her. By late July a smog had descended on the crux of the case—protection of the press—and the blogs seemed to certify what had been speculated for weeks by Miller’s critics.

Pilechen had with him a packet of press 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 excoriating 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,” Pilechen told me. And how could they do that when the up roar 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. Russett and Pincus avoided talking to Fitzgerald but later yielded. “Every time a deal like that is made, by a Tim Russett 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 drugnet 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
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 unchoked abuse of prosecutorial discretion…. The reason is that I am afraid of retaliation against … Judy 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 Bermudas, 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 wiretapping 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 iPhones, 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 Plain 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 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 unseated.

"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—were all wrong. If your sources are wrong, you are wrong. I did the best job that I could." —The New York Times, October 16, 2005.

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 abridgement 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 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 her. "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 Branchburg 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
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."

By 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."
ROBERT ALTMAN


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 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 do you consider the most underrated virtue? Frugality.

On what occasion do you lie? 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."

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."
ENGINEERING
BEYOND EXPECTATIONS.
BEYOND CONVENTION.
BEYOND THE STATUS QUO.
INTRODUCING THE ALL-NEW 2007 GMC YUKON.