There Is Nothing Simple About Hillary Clinton

By Rebecca Traister
What’s incredible to others is our everyday. Our average. As such, we’re our restaurants with stars, our theater with reviews, and our hospitals holding every New York icon of creativity, culture, and science close they do. At NYU Langone Medical Center, we understand that to be
more discerning and more demanding. So we measure things. We rank with badges. We reward the best of the best with loyalty and pride, to our hearts. We guard them as if they belong to us. And in a sense, the best means always striving to be better. To be made for New York.
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Meet Destiny Frasqueri, also known as Princess Nokia, an up-and-coming multifaceted artist from New York City. When she’s not working on her unique musical style, she’s modeling for Calvin Klein. It’s another great example of how the two influence one another to create a cutting-edge fashion and music scene.
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Lee, American kestrel. Found in Long Island City and treated for head trauma.

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Our sixth annual “Yesteryear” issue looked back at decades of dressing in New York City, from the evolution of women’s workwear to the clothes (and lack thereof) that shocked the city (“What We Wore,” May 16–29). Amy Larocca’s “New Yorkers Have Always Worn Black” left readers surprisingly divided. “I’m a native New Yorker who always wore black (even in the summer),” wrote commenter jpmonte. “I relocated to the South for a few years and my new co-workers were always asking who died.” “Because black is always in, it always looks good, and it goes with EVERYTHING,” wrote lpycb42. “Black is so chic and sophisticated!” jemanast chimed in. The pro-color camp included commenter cfgh2: “I haaaate this about New York. Incessant black is so boring and lazy. Stop wearing uniforms and take a goddamn risk already! Challenge yourself. Be uncomfortable. I guess while y’all are being too busy blending in wearing black, I’m going to wear plenty of colors, patterns and textures, à la Iris Apfel! A true New York style icon.” Commenter Carolella thought the decision to wear black might be a matter of pragmatism for many New Yorkers: “We wear black because otherwise we would go broke from the cost of laundry and dry cleaning. Who feels comfortable wearing light colored bottoms on public transportation?” Commenter JCSG added: “Citydwellers wear black to hide the grime that would collect more visibly on other colors. It’s too bad the black residue underneath their fingernails is not considered equally chic.” “There is an old joke,” wrote commenter Yorkville. “Q: Why do New Yorkers wear black? A: They can’t find anything darker.”

“Bill governed at a different historical moment than the one in which Hillary hopes to,” wrote Jonathan Chait in his column (“The Truman Corollary,” May 16–29). “The circumstances she faces may instead call to mind a different parallel: Harry Truman.” Commenter Ottovbs felt the comparison was flattering to Hillary. “All these comparisons with former presidents are somewhat suspect but Truman could be a role model for anyone. He’s without question the second greatest president since 1900 and he’s steadily climbed the rankings ever since he left office as his qualities and contribution have increasingly been recognized. To a large extent the times made the man but he rose to the challenge magnificently largely because he didn’t let his ego get in the way of his appointments ... When you look at the men who were his principal advisers (Marshall, Acheson, Lovett, McCloy, Harriman) they were stars. Truman along with FDR and Johnson made modern America. And when it was all over he went back to Independence and the house where he’d lived since 1919 and drove himself and Bess around in the family sedan.” At least one commenter, Group.Captain.Lionel.Mandrake, thought the comparison didn’t hold up: “Hillary is not Truman. She’s Tom Dewey. She’s close to Wall Street, she’s a New Democrat skeptical of liberal government programs, etc. So who is today’s Truman? There isn’t one. There’s no one who is both liberal on economics and moderate on social issues.” But many more agreed with Chait’s comparison, including Paul52, who is bullish on a Clinton presidency: “As Truman served largely to consolidate the gains of
the New Deal, Clinton will serve to consolidate the gains of the Obama administration. Anything more would, frankly, be icing on the cake.”

“Conjunctions and articles leave me unfazed,” wrote Christian Lorentzen. “If these combinations result in elaborate syntactical tangles, it thrills me. It’s cheap words I hate, and I hate adverbs” (“Can We Just Lose the Adverb [Already]?” May 16–29). Lorentzen’s takedown of the lowly adverb had readers analyzing their own syntactical choices. “I much prefer ‘walked swiftly’ to ‘galloped’ but that’s just me,” wrote commenter Yolonda23. “I think choosing colorful words to describe a specific kind of action sounds stilted. Actually, even ‘swiftly’ bothers me. ‘He walked quickly towards the door’ has the ring of natural language, as opposed to ‘he galloped towards the door.’ Sometimes you need adverbs.” “Except that plenty of swift walkers aren’t in any particular hurry,” responded Mark.Kennedy. “To be hurried is to be bullied by lack of time into behaving hastily. Maybe this swift walker customarily moves decisively towards doors.” Commenter AmyBean13 appreciated how writing sans adverbs encouraged more creative deployment of verbs: “My 9th grade English teacher penalized her students for using the word ‘go’ in any tense. She challenged us to use a more descriptive verb. This encouraged more succinct writing and discouraged use of adverbs. Phrases like ‘I went to school’ were replaced with ‘I attended/hurried/ambled/drove/walked/etc. to school.’ I do use adverbs in my writing, but I know that a well chosen verb is worth a thousand adverbs.” Commenter JakeH suggested that it was really the state of oral communication that needed a cold, hard assessment. ‘Every sentence begins with ‘So.’ Every contention begins with ‘I feel like.’ In our speech, we’re becoming habitually passive-aggressive and mealy mouthed. Hopefully, obviously, these trends will abate, and we will learn to speak straightforwardly, without necessity of a prefatory disclaimer that declares nothing so much as a lack of confidence in the sequence of our logic or a lack of faith in our listeners’ ability to follow it.” Writer Lucas Mann felt the no-adverbs dictate spoke to him directly. He tweeted: “**opens manuscript** **does a find-all for ‘ly’** **shame**.”
All Our Clintons

Twenty-four years’ coverage of her—as spouse, senator, loser, winner.

By Christopher Bonanos

1990s

“Friends remember Hillary Rodham as a fierce feminist who had trouble choosing between Clinton and a career of her own in politics. ‘I was kind of disappointed when Hillary married Bill,’ says [aide Betsey] Wright, who is active in feminist politics. ‘I was hoping she’d run for office herself.’”

—“Bill Clinton: Who Is This Guy?,” by Joe Klein, January 20, 1992

“Rumors have been circulating about the First Lady throwing things at her husband; one even has an anti-smoking Hillary lighting a cigarette to aggravate Bill’s allergies.”

—“Intelligence” item, May 10, 1993

“The Clinton health-care-reform plan, not so long ago considered an unstoppable juggernaut, bled to death on the floor of the Senate…”

[Regarding the midterm-election losses by Democrats] Hillary Clinton continued to maintain there had been some terrible mistake—

—“Feeling Their Pain,” by Jacob Weisberg, December 19, 1994

“There are … a lot of wise ideas in this book. To make them as nonprofits as possible, Hillary Clinton swallows them in little homilies.”

—Review by Judith Shulevitz of It Takes a Village, January 29, 1996

“What … could explain the speech Hillary Clinton made at the Democratic National Convention last week? One strenuously modulated sentence after another, delivered with all the enthusiasm and soul of those new Directory Assistance recordings … They shouldn’t insult us by insisting that they’re letting Hillary be Hillary, because the woman onstage last week was someone else entirely.”

—“Steyford First Wife,” by September 9, 1996

“What I found spookiest about Monica gate is our First Lady’s ability to rise to the occasion … I expected her head to explode on the Today show last week … Instead, she was more golden-helmeted, controlled, strategic, pal-like, and mediagenic than ever.”

—“The Hillary Mystique,” by Barbara Lippert, February 9, 1998

“Hillary for Senate. It seems, at first blush, ridiculous … ‘Off the record?’ says a Senate Democratic staff person. ‘Not a chance in hell.’ … It’s only a dream, and it’s likely to remain so.”

—“It Takes a … Carpetbagger,” by Michael Tomasky, January 25, 1999

2000s

“We were doing an event at C.W. Post … And I walked in, and the man who was going to be on the program and his wife—he had on a Three Stooges tie. Which I’ve never seen! And I mean, all their faces in big relief coming down his chest, you know? And so I go up to the man, and I go [she leans forward, puts her hands right in front of my face, and, à la Curly, starts snapping her fingers and rapping her knuckles] and he looks at me like [laughs, imitates man’s shock] … and I say, ‘Hi, I want to be your senator!’”

—Quoted in “Hillary, Frankly,” by Michael Tomasky, April 3, 2000

“It could get much uglier over the next dozen years, when the blue-state Democratic presidential nominees in 2008 (Hillary Clinton) and 2012 (Barack Obama) are trounced.”

—“People Like Us,” by Kurt Andersen, November 22, 2004

“I meet people all the time who say, ‘I just don’t like Hillary,’ says Susan Estrich … ‘But I’ve learned not to fight with them. I smile and say, Well, you go vote for a pro-life, pro-war, pro-gun, anti-environment conservative. Enjoy yourself’.”

—“The Trouble With Hillary,” by Craig Horowitz, May 29, 2006

“Allbeit temporarily, the loser has more power than the winner. She, not Obama, is in a position to bring the party together or rip the thing to shreds.”

—“The Fall and Rise of Hillary Clinton,” by John Heilemann, June 22, 2008

“Once Hillary stepped out of her husband’s shadow and found a proper power base of her own—namely, as a United States senator—she rarely faced the accusation of being either too much or too little like her husband. In short order, she managed to define herself in a way that was sui generis … and the uncompromising, humorless ideology was gone.”

—“The First Female President, Male First Lady, Former President in the White House,” by Jennifer Senior, October 8, 2007

“If you say anything about the specificity of Hillary being a woman, you’re just doing the knee-jerk feminist stuff, that’s the reaction,” said one woman … “Thinking about race is a serious issue, whereas sexism is just something for dumb feminists to think about.”

—“The Feminist Reawakening,” by Amanda Fortini, April 21, 2008

“Clinton, removed from the undertow of partisan combat in her role as secretary of State, has enjoyed soaring approval ratings … If Hillary gave up one of her balls and gave it to Obama,” James Carville told a Christian Science Monitor breakfast last year, “he’d have two.”

—“When Did Liberals Become So Unreasonable?” by Jonathan Chait, November 28, 2011

“Some of her close confidants … are far less circumspect than she is. She’s running, but she doesn’t know it yet … It’s just like a force of history … I think she actually believes she has more say in it than she actually does.”

—“Hillary in Midair,” by Joe Hagan, September 30, 2013
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A number of years ago, at just about this time of year, my family was enjoying a pleasant alfresco dinner in our Brooklyn backyard when a squad of marauding mosquitoes crashed the party. These were unusually shrewd and persistent critters, targeting our ankles and the backs of our necks, hovering just out of reach of our swats and slaps. They were ferocious biters, too. But when one landed on my forearm, I paused to admire this nefariously beautiful creation of evolution: She was engineered to be a sleek hypodermic needle with wings, and her sole purpose was to siphon off, like a gas bandit, a bit of blood, which she needs in order to lay her eggs.

And then I noticed the telltale pattern of white stripes on her legs. “Damn,” I said to myself. “That’s an Asian tiger!”

Only a mosquito nerd would get jazzed by insect markings during a backyard blood draw. But it wasn’t that long ago, in ecosystem time, that the Asian tiger first turned up in the United States. A couple of mosquito-control officers in Houston spotted the mos-
Aedes aegypti, the mosquito that is driving the Zika epidemic in Brazil, Puerto Rico, and elsewhere in South and Central America. The good news is that Aedes aegypti can’t stand the winters in New York; in a press release last month the mayor’s office stated that the Aedes aegypti mosquito “has never been found in New York City.” (This technically isn’t quite true, but we’ll get to that later.)

Bad news is that its harder cousin—in addition to being its equal at incubating the Zika virus, according to laboratory tests—is deeply entrenched in the region. The possibility that it might cause some local cases of Zika this summer is, in the words of Centers for Disease Control and Prevention research entomologist Janet McAllister, “an area of concern for us.”

Mosquito populations are exquisitely sensitive to climate and temperature, so mosquito experts aren’t sure what this year will bring. The relatively mild winter usually augurs an early mosquito season, but the cool spring could delay the emergence of this year’s crop (New York City began applying larvicide in mid-May). Despite these annual uncertainties, the Asian tiger has settled in these parts as a major pest; it is driving the Zika epidemic in Brazil, Puerto Rico, and else where.

The Asian tiger is a close relative of Aedes aegypti, the mosquito that is driving the Zika epidemic in Brazil, Puerto Rico, and elsewhere in South and Central America. The good news is that Aedes aegypti can’t stand the winters in New York; in a press release last month the mayor’s office stated that the Aedes aegypti mosquito “has never been found in New York City.” (This technically isn’t quite true, but we’ll get to that later.)

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The Asian tiger can transmit a number of nasty viral diseases, including what Ilia Rochlin calls “the big three”—Zika, dengue, and chikungunya—as well as West Nile disease. “Albopictus is kind of a wicked mosquito,” says Rochlin, who is affiliated with Rutgers University’s Center for Vector Biology and was the lead author of a 2013 paper documenting how the Asian tiger has colonized the I-95 corridor from Philadelphia to New York and predicting that its northern expansion will eventually reach all the way to Maine, especially if temperatures rise with climate change. Already, more than 30 million people live in areas of the Northeast that are prone to dense infestations of Aedes albopictus.

Whether Zika is here to stay is another matter. As of May 25, New York City Health Department officials had reported 109 cases, including 17 women who were pregnant at the time of diagnosis and whose fetuses are thus at risk for developmental abnormalities, including small brain size (microcephaly). All those cases, however, were “imported.” People with the disease contracted it outside the U.S. and showed up here already infected. What public-health officials don’t know—and can’t predict—is whether the Asian tiger mosquito will spread Zika in New York City, in what they call a “local-transmission event.”

“We think it’s possible,” says Dr. Jay Varma, the deputy health commissioner for disease control, “but not likely.”

The reason Varma believes local transmission is unlikely is that the exotic viruses similar to Zika have never gained a foothold in New York City. Despite a recent chikungunya epidemic overseas, he says, “we have never once had a locally transmitted case.” In a little-known episode in 2013, however, Suffolk County health officials reported that a case of dengue fever on Long Island was locally transmitted—meaning someone on Long Island had the disease and an “American-based” mosquito passed it on. The Asian tiger was almost certainly the culprit. “We know it can happen,” says McAllister. “We just don’t know how likely it is to happen.”

McAllister says a “perfect storm kind of situation” has to arise for transmission of a tropical virus to occur so far from the tropics. A mosquito has to bite somebody with a high level of virus in his blood; the virus has to incubate in the mosquito’s gut for about seven days after its “blood meal”; the same mosquito has to bite another person, so that the virus can be passed along. Lowering the odds even more: The Asian tiger isn’t a picky eater. It would be as happy biting a squirrel or your dog as you (the mosquito driving the epidemic in Brazil, by contrast, prefers to bite humans, lives indoors with them, and has the habit of taking small, frequent blood meals, which facilitates the spread of disease).

No one thinks a major, Brazil-like outbreak is likely here, but isolated cases may become part of the local ecosystem. Epidemiology is often about low-probability events super-imposed on very big numbers: the number of mosquitoes out at any given time of year, the number of travelers from endemic areas, the amount of virus in their blood. Traffic between New York and the region where Zika is being transmitted peaks between May and August, according to the Port Authority. The density of New York’s population, the presence of Aedes albopictus, and the number of potentially infected travelers lead McAllister to believe that, sooner or later, local transmission of Zika is a distinct possibility.

Perhaps the larger point is not about Zika at all, but about the Asian tiger mosquito. Public-health officials know that it is effective at spreading many diseases. A 2007 Zika outbreak in Gabon was driven by Asian tigers, as was a chikungunya epidemic in Northern Italy. As Rochlin says, “It can transmit pretty much everything.”

And there’s been a dramatic increase in these types of illnesses. “We’re seeing more frequent problems,” says the CDC’s McAllister. “We used to see a big mosquito-borne outbreak every ten years. Last year it was chikungunya. This year it’s Zika. And there’s probably something else that’s coming along as well. We just don’t know what it is.”

If this sounds a little alarming, let’s return to that questionable claim in the mayor’s press release. It is true, in the modern sense, that Aedes aegypti “has never been found” in New York City. But that is a historically—one is tempted to say fatally—inaccurate assertion. The informal name for Aedes aegypti is the “yellow-fever mosquito,” and it sparked at least 19 significant epidemics in New York City in the 18th and early-19th centuries, sailing into town in water barrels aboard slave ships and commercial vessels. Those mosquitoes couldn’t survive a northern winter, but they hung around long enough to cause thousands of deaths in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and other cities up and down the East Coast. This year’s Asian tigers are poised to emerge. Larvae have been detected on Long Island, and the blood-seeking females typically appear at the end of May. Mosquito bites are always annoying. This year’s carry the risk—unlikely but possible—of something worse.
Like a lot of people in the art world, I feel I have a sort of history with the legendary TV newsman Morley Safer, who died on May 19. To us, Safer was a persistent pain in the ass, most famously in his September 1993 quarter-hour hit piece for 60 Minutes on the whole culture of contemporary art, snidely titled “Yes ... But Is It Art?”

What most people don’t know about Safer is that he was himself an artist. Or, at least, he made art. In the 1990s, I’d heard he made watercolors of motel rooms, and I continually tried to coax him into allowing me to mount a show of them. I don’t even know if my requests ever got to him; I never heard from him or from CBS. That changed last year, when I was writing an article on art by celebrities and I reached out again. He offered to send a package. Before I could say “OMG! The bear is coming out of the woods,” a carefully wrapped bundle of small original works arrived at our offices. I didn’t hate them. What I saw had a certain earnest pathos, the work of someone being an artist in a mid-20th-century Sunday-painter way. It seemed influenced mainly by a very conservative idea about plain modernistic surfaces, depiction, and color. Safer was a careful drawer, and his colors stayed within the lines. His subjects were ordinary landscapes, portraits, churches, tourist sites, and the like.

I wouldn’t have bought any of these if I saw them at a yard sale, except one. His motel-room picture has everything you’d want it to have, and even a little bit more. Which is to say banality, blankness, something sweet, neat, forlorn, and soul-killing. The space is cramped, the décor drab and sterile; a rotary phone sits on the bare night table next to one generic lamp. Over the small double bed is just the kind of clichéd landscape that Safer liked to paint: two trees on a hill with a yellow sun in the white sky. A plain poignancy lingers, even in the uninspired style. I never got back to him.
A selection of Safer’s paintings, produced while traveling (on vacation or assignment) between 1980 and 2014.
66 MINUTES WITH ...

Ali Wong

Talking pregnancy and prostate stimulation at the nail salon with the stand-up comic.

BY MARY H.K. CHOI

Oh, cool, I picked the wrong color,” says Ali Wong, wriggling her toes in black flip-flops. “They look like little penises.” It’s her first pedicure in more than six months, and Wong has chosen the Beverly Hills outpost of Bellacures, a chain nail salon with a chandelier and low-slung faux-suede salmon armchairs. “They autoclave,” she tells me of the franchise’s sterilization techniques, which is good news. Even if the end result—a tawny hue that almost exactly matches Wong’s half-Vietnamese, half-Chinese foot—is not so great.

But as pressing concerns go, a bungled pedi color doesn’t even chart. It’s mid-afternoon, and afterward Wong’s rushing home to breast-feed. She wants to spend as much time with her 6-month-old as possible before starting work on the third season of Fresh Off the Boat, the ABC show for which she writes.

“I’m going to go back part-time,” she
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“No George Takei, but that’s next,” she says of the patron saint of Asian advocacy in Hollywood. “I hope he gives me an ‘Oh, my.’”

says, “Before, I was doing stand-up at night and working. It was manageable, but now with my daughter in the equation . . .”

In Wong’s breakout Netflix special, Baby Cobra, which debuted in May, her daughter was very much part of the equation, if only visually. The 60-minute special, shot last fall in Seattle, shows the five-foot-even, seven-months-pregnant bespectacled San Francisco native in a formfitting, striped $8 H&M dress. But the 34-year-old’s pregnancy only comes up explicitly about two-thirds of the way through.

Other topics, however, surface almost immediately. Venereal disease, vaginal discharge, accidentally sleeping with a homeless person not once but twice, ayahuasca trips, miscarriage, and prostate stimulation are all fair game for Wong’s shrewd takes. And even if you’ve never heard of her, her style—a steady, rhythmic wringing—is the relentlessly workshopped product of a comedy veteran. The special’s arrival on Netflix is the sort of star-making moment that unites the tastes of the unlikeliest fans.

With her emerald-cut baguette-diamond ring winking under the overhead lights, Wong contemplates her next move. Netflix is notoriously tight-lipped about performance metrics, and for Wong, who’s used to the immediacy of laughter or bowel-twisting silence, the mystery is maddening. Until she headlines a three-night engagement in Washington, D.C., in mid-June and can count ticket sales, she won’t know how much has changed.

Though she does detect a qualitative shift locally, in the ways she’s received at Upright Citizens Brigade, the Comedy Store, the Laugh Factory, and the poky little venues no one’s heard of where she’d been toiling as a stand-up for more than a decade before the special came out. “Before, no one in the audience knew who I was, so I would have to earn their respect,” she says. “It makes you really good. But now people seem to expect that it will be really good. It’s quite a different energy, and it’s only a portion of the audience, but I can feel it.”

Pre-motherhood, Wong performed five nights a week, mostly because, like Chris Rock and Maron, she writes while she’s onstage. “I need new humans,” she says of gauging the success of her bits. “I’d go up there with a Dictaphone. I’m working on a joke about Jiro Dreams of Sushi, so I’ll sandwich that bit between two bits that I know work really well.”

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Even now, after ten years of producing and sequencing to perfect an hour of jokes and the body language that accompanies them, she insists there are missed opportunities. “I can’t watch it,” she says of Baby Cobra. “I think, Oh God, I could have said it this way. For example, the joke about the fingers up the butt. After I like that fear, it turns me on,” she could have added: I’m a grown-ass woman who’s been around the block, so doggy style, spanking, it’s not freaky enough for me anymore. I have to wage psychological warfare on a man and make him doubt everything he’s ever known to be true about himself for me to even get wet.”

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There seems to be plenty of new grist for stand-up in Wong’s post-baby life. She mentions the way her elongated nipples have begun to resemble Raisinets, the wristbands she’s wearing to combat the carpal tunnel she developed from clutching her baby’s head to prevent it from slamming into her breast in sudden search of milk. She also had to get adult braces as a result of her daughter. “Breast-feeding was so stressful for me,” she tells me through Invisalign teeth. “I kept on clenching and pressing my tongue against the bottom teeth, so they started to move toward an underbite. It’s all clenching.”

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Randall, the Asian guy from Fresh Off the Boat, is Wong’s friend from UCLA. They joined the same improv group—Stage Ninjas. Wong was the only girl.

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“I broke up with my last boyfriend because he refused to put it in the back, cultural identity (“We have these Chinese scrolls up on the wall, and neither of us know what the fuck they mean”), and what it’s like to be the rare upwardly mobile, visible Asian-American woman who is actually married to an Asian guy. (“Asian men are the sexiest. They got no body hair from the neck down.”)

Accolades have poured in from the arbiters of popular culture—Questlove, Marc Maron, Amy Schumer—and from those who perhaps don’t get as much shine but should. “The Asian-male Illuminati loved it,” she says. The Asian guy from The Walking Dead (Steven Yeun), the Asian guy from the movie (Will Yun Lee), the Asian guy in Glee (Harry Shum Jr.), and the Asian guy in Kimmy Schmidt (Ki Hong Lee) have all reached out. “No George Takei, but that’s next,” she says of the patron saint of Asian advocacy in Hollywood. “I hope he gives me an Oh, my.”

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With her emerald-cut baguette-diamond ring winking under the overhead lights, Wong contemplates her next move. Netflix is notoriously tight-lipped about performance metrics, and for Wong, who’s used to the immediacy of laughter or bowel-twisting silence, the mystery is maddening. Until she headlines a three-night engagement in Washington, D.C., in mid-June and can count ticket sales, she won’t know how much has changed.

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• CyberKnife® is as effective as surgery, but with no cutting or pain.
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• No incontinence, less risk of impotence.
• Only real-time motion tracking radiation. Attacks tumor, protects healthy tissue.
• Treatment takes just five brief visits in one week.
• Winthrop has the most prostate cancer CyberKnife experience in the country.
• The ONLY CyberKnife center in both Manhattan and Long Island.
FOR NEW YORKERS, it’s the din of traffic and construction. In Yangon, the torrential beating of heavy rains competes with calls to prayer and the howls of stray dogs. And in both Beirut and Shanghai, high-decibel fireworks can punctuate the bedlam of blaring horns and jackhammers. All over the world, urban life is a symphony of taxing, draining, exhausting sounds. That sonic fury isn’t just an annoyance; it can actually be bad for you. Scientists have linked noise pollution to, in the words of one study, “elevated blood pressure, loss of sleep, increased heart rate, cardiovascular constriction, labored breathing, and changes in brain chemistry.” Noise-canceling headphones and double-glazed windows can provide a bit of respite. So can the city’s secret sanctuaries, those pockets where ever so occasionally the clamor subsides. Even in the world’s most turbulent turfs, a relaxing getaway isn’t too far off, be it a quiet café tucked between tourist hot spots, a Shinto shrine right off the Times Square of Tokyo, or a basement museum in Shanghai.

JENNA MAROTTA

Paddleboarding in Dubai

“You’re always in earshot of construction noise and traffic here. Even in the most secluded bits, there’s some building noise and banging. One of the things that made me fall in love with this city is stand-up paddleboarding. It’s so good. There are no waves here—the ocean’s flat—and it’s crystal-clear water. And you can get paddleboards and go out around the Burj al Arab, which is a really iconic building. It’s the “seven-star hotel” on a manmade island. The beach there is quite busy, like it’s hard to find a car park, and the beach has got a lot of people, a lot of sunbathing and swimming. But then, 15 meters offshore, there’s no one there, and the sound starts to slowly disappear. When you get, you know, 30 or 40 meters away from the shore, it’s just—all you can hear is the water lapping at the board, and the amazing Dubai skyline from the ocean is just breathtaking.” —Caitlyn Davey, journalist
Picnicking at a University in Beirut

“They like to shoot in the air here. We have this Hezbollah guy, the leader, who, every time he talks, his supporters start firing shots in the air. We do visit, on occasion, quite the oasis in the middle of Beirut’s madness: the American University of Beirut. Our favorite spot is the ‘green oval’ located in the upper campus, where visitors hang out.”
—Phil Saade, agriculture consultant

Sunday Morning in Buenos Aires

“The part that feels the most crazy is downtown. All the drivers honk constantly. But Sunday, basically everything shuts down. Nothing is open except maybe, you know, one pharmacy per neighborhood and occasionally a small supermarket. People tend to not do anything on Sundays either. It’s really a day of rest. And because people stay out so late here, if you get up early on Sunday, you basically have the entire city to yourself. There’s no traffic, there’s no people on the streets, except maybe somebody walking the dogs.”
—Elena Morin, English-literature graduate student

THE TEN NOISIEST CITIES

1. MUMBAI
2. KOLKATA
3. CAIRO
4. DELHI
5. TOKYO
6. MADRID
7. NEW YORK CITY
8. BUENOS AIRES
9. SHANGHAI
10. KARACHI

SOURCE: CITYQUIET, 2014
Quiet

Secret City Lakes
From Yangon to Staten Island

1. A hidden park in Yangon, Myanmar

“As the sun sets, stray dogs take over the roads. You can hear them howling and fighting all night. A lot of the noise comes from places of worship. The monks usually start their chanting at the pagodas at around six in the morning. Then there’s a huge rainy season, and it’s incessant, torrential. Kandawgyi Lake, a bit north of downtown, has a really nice boardwalk and fountains. Around sunset the lake catches some beautiful colors, and there are no stray dogs on the boardwalk, which is a big bonus.”

—Bridget Di Certo, lawyer

2. A rooftop café in Hanoi

“From five o’clock in the morning until ten o’clock at night, the streets are full of motorbikes and street vendors. Once you get out of the main streets, though, there are hundreds of tiny little alleyways full of lovely little cafés where you go through a courtyard and through someone’s house, up about four or five flights of stairs, and you come out on a rooftop overlooking one of the lakes. Hanoi is full of lakes. There are a couple I go to. My favorite is Cafe Pho Co, which you access through a lane way beside a souvenir shop.”

—Chiara Popplewell, diplomat

3. A Chinese garden in Staten Island

“The New York Chinese Scholar’s Garden is totally one of the magical, secret spots of New York City. You feel completely transported to another time, another place. It’s basically a traditional scholar’s garden imported directly from China. You feel completely transported to another time, another place. It’s built with high walls, little arched stone bridges, all around flowing water, miniature bamboo forests, lots of hidden nooks and crannies. The views are very carefully positioned so that you feel like you’re looking out over some sort of distant Chinese forests.”

—N.D. Austin, underground-event producer

A Suburban Moped Excursion in Phnom Penh

“On the outskirts of Phnom Penh, there are these ‘suburbs,’ which are known as boreis, but I would consider them more like satellite cities. In the rich neighborhoods inside Phnom Penh, the mansions can be really gaudy. They have giant statues in front of them and colored-glass windows; it’s sort of the whole ‘New Khmer’ architecture. But the satellite cities are a little bit more tasteful. I like to drive up to Borey Angkor Phnom Penh or Borey Peng Huoth on my motorbike. Because they’re built for rich people, the roads are bigger and wider, so you don’t have to contend with that much traffic. And the surface is good. There’s no bumps or potholes, just smooth, paved roads, so you don’t have to concentrate too hard while you’re driving. You can just drive for 30 minutes without really encountering a person. That’s the best part about it—they built these satellite cities where occupancy is not that high at all. You can avoid a lot of people.”

—Dene-Hern Chen, reporter

In Western Europe, noise-associated heart disease kills 3,000 people annually, according to a World Health Organization study of the impact of noise pollution.
INTRODUCING

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**Quiet**

**Rock Climbing in Mumbai**

“Every time there’s a festival, the traffic sort of stops. There are loudspeakers set up on the road, and the people are blaring religious songs. I like to go rock climbing to get away from it. On weekends, some of us go to this forested area called Belapur, where there are rocks and crags that you can climb. When I’m in town, I go to the climbing gym. It’s inside the Podar College campus, and it’s sort of cut off from all the noise.”

—Rashmi Gupta, graphic designer

**Secret Museum Cafés of Madrid**

“You cannot go to a park here in search of quiet or anything. There are always a bunch of kids shouting or people playing the guitar. The Spanish people tend to shout a lot, and we are—most of the time, if possible—on the streets. But there are two museums here, Fundación Mapfre and Fundación Juan March, that both have beautiful cafés on their top floor. They are not the most common museums for foreign people to visit. They have small exhibitions and free entry, but there’s usually almost nobody there. So it’s a very nice place to go to relax, to be surrounded by art. Fundación Mapfre is part of an insurance company. And the other one, Juan March, tends to do exhibitions of German designers from the ‘30s or something like that.”

—Laura Flores, health consultant for an IT company

**A Shinto Shrine in Tokyo**

“You hear a lot of advertising here. There are a lot of billboards with ad videos that have sounds, and there are also trucks with music—like sound logos—blasting out of them. I live like right in the middle of Tokyo, in Shibuya, where the famous crossing from *Lost in Translation* is. It’s super-intense with all the people, especially on the weekends. I would say sometimes it’s just overwhelming. There’s a shrine called Hikawa Jinja right around the corner from my house. So if I want calm and quiet, I just go there. It’s a Shinto shrine, and it’s a pretty big space for a shrine. It’s got a park next to it and trees, so you get to feel the nature and stuff. And it’s got like a stone-carpet thing. So it looks cool, too; it looks very traditional. I’m not religious at all, but sometimes when I just want to get out of the whole city scene, I go there and chill for a bit. There is personal space here; it’s just really hard to get if you’re walking in the city.”

—Miyuko Ashida, advertising executive assistant

**A Basement Museum in Shanghai**

“On the weekends, people set off fireworks. You get kind of used to it. It’s not scary, it’s more like, ‘Whoo, hello, Sunday morning, how’s it going?’ One of my favorite places here is also the most quiet: this small museum called the Shanghai Propaganda Poster Art Centre. It’s just this guy’s private collection of print memorabilia from the 1950s on. It’s in a low-ceilinged fluorescent-lit basement that spans most of the floor of a residential high-rise in the former French Concession neighborhood, so it’s not an actual museum building. It stands out as something really genuine and inexhaustible. I usually spend the most time in the gift shop, leafing through Mao-era cinema posters.”

—Melia Snodgrass, photographer and voice actor

A 2009 survey of traffic noises in Kolkata found one of the city’s busiest intersections has 18,87 honks per day.
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National Jewish Health, the nation’s leading respiratory hospital, and the Icahn School of Medicine at Mount Sinai, a top-ranked academic medical center, have come together to form the Mount Sinai - National Jewish Health Respiratory Institute. Discover a superior level of personalized care at the top center in New York focusing solely on respiratory care.

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Photograph of Donald Trump and Ronald Reagan inside the Trump campaign office in Manchester, New Hampshire, in December.
The Trump candidacy looks a lot more like Reagan’s than anyone might care to notice.
AN ELECTION CYCLE that has brought unending surprises, let it be said that one time-honored tradition has been upheld: the Republican presidential contenders’ quadrennial tug-of-war to seize the mantle of Ronald Reagan. John Kasich, gesturing toward the Air Force One on display at the Reagan-library debate, said, “I think I actually flew on this plane with Ronald Reagan when I was a congressman.” Rand Paul claimed to have met Reagan as a child; Ben Carson said he switched parties because of Reagan; Chris Christie said he cast his first vote for Reagan; Ted Cruz cheered Reagan for having defeated Soviet Communism and vowed, for nonsensical good measure, to “do the same thing.” And then there was Donald Trump, never one to be outdone by the nobodies in any competition. “I helped him,” he said of Reagan on NBC last fall. “I knew him. He liked me and I liked him.”

The Reagan archives show no indication that the two men had anything more than a receiving-line acquaintance; Trump doesn’t appear in the president’s voluminous diaries. But of all the empty boasts that have marked Trump’s successful pursuit of the Republican nomination, his affinity to Reagan may have the most validity and the most pertinence to 2016. To understand how Trump has advanced to where he is now, and why he has been underestimated at almost every step, and why he has a shot at vanquishing Hillary Clinton in November, few road maps are more illuminating than Reagan’s unlikely path to the White House. One is almost tempted to say that Trump has been studying the Reagan playbook—but to do so would be to suggest that he actually might have read a book, another Trumpian claim for which there is scant evidence.

Before the fierce defenders of the Reagan faith collapse into seizures at the bracketing of their hero with the crudest and most vacuous presidential candidate in human memory, let me stipulate that I am not talking about Reagan the president in drawing this parallel, or about Reagan the man. I am talking about Reagan the candidate, the canny politician who, after a dozen years of failed efforts attended by nonstop ridicule, ended up leading the 1980 GOP ticket at the same age Trump is now (69) and who, like his present-day counterpart, was best known to much of the electorate up until then as a B-list show-business personality.

It’s true that Reagan, unlike Trump, did hold public office before seeking the presidency (though he’d been out of government for six years when he won). But Trump would no doubt argue that his executive experience atop the august Trump Organization more than compensates for Reagan’s two terms in Sacramento. (Trump would also argue, courtesy of Arnold Schwarzenegger, that serving as governor of California is merely a bush-league audition for the far greater responsibilities of hosting Celebrity Apprentice.) It’s also true that Reagan forged a (fairly) consistent ideology to address late-20th-century issues that are no longer extant: the Cold War, a federal government that feasted on a top income-tax bracket of 70 percent, and runaway inflation. Trump has no core conviction beyond gratifying his own bottomless ego.

Remarkably, though, the Reagan model has proved quite adaptable both to Trump and to our different times. Trump’s tenure as an NBC reality-show host is comparable to Reagan’s stint hosting the highly rated but disposable General Electric Theater for CBS in the Ed Sullivan era. Trump’s bumbling turn as a supporting player in a 1990 Bo Derek movie (Ghosts Can’t Do It) is no more egregious than Reagan’s starring opposite a chimp in Hollywood’s Bedtime for Bonzo of 1951. While Trump has owned tacky, bankrupt casinos in Atlantic City, Reagan was a mere casino serf—the emcee of a flop nightclub revue featuring barber-shop harmonizing and soft-shoe dancing at the Frontier Hotel in Las Vegas in 1954. While Trump would be the first president to have been married three times, here, too, he is simply updating his antecedent, who broke a cultural barrier by becoming the first White House occupant to have divorced and remarried. Neither Reagan nor Trump paid any price with the Evangelical right for deviations from the family-values norm; they respectively snared the endorsements of Jerry Falwell and Jerry Falwell Jr.

Reflecting the contrasting pop cultures of their times, Reagan’s and Trump’s performance styles are antithetical. Reagan’s cool persona of genial optimism was forged by his stint as a radio baseball broadcaster and a movie-studio utility player, and finally by his emergence on television when it was ruled by the soothing suburban patriarchs of Ozzie and Harriet, Father Knows Best, and Leave It to Beaver. Trump’s hot shitck, his scowling bombast and put-downs, is tailor-made for a culture that favors conflict over consensus, musical invective over easy listening, and exhibitionism over decorum in prime time. The two men’s representative celebrity endorsers—Jimmy Stewart and Pat Boone for Reagan, Hulk Hogan and Bobby Knight for Trump—belong to two different American civilizations.

But Reagan’s and Trump’s opposing styles belie their similarities of substance. Both have marketed the same brand of outrage to the same angry segments of the electorate, faced the same jeering press, attracted some of the same battlefield allies (Roger Stone, Paul Manafort, Phyllis Schlafly), offended the same elites (including two generations of Bushes), outmaneuvered similar political adversaries, and espoused the same conservative populism built broadly on the pillars of jingoistic nationalism, nostalgia, contempt for Washington, and racial resentment. They’ve even endured the same wisecracks about their unnatural coiffures. “Governor Reagan does not dye his hair,” said Gerald Ford at a Gridiron Dinner in 1974. “He is just turning prematurely orange.” Though Reagan’s 1980 campaign slogan (“Let’s Make America Great Again”) is one word longer than Trump’s, that word reflects a contrast in their personalities—the avuncular versus the autocratic—but not in message. Reagan’s apocalyptic theme, “The Empire is in decline,” is interchangeable with Trump’s, even if the Gipper delivered it with a smile.

Craig Shirley, a longtime Republican political consultant and Reagan acolyte, has written authoritative books on the presidential campaigns of 1976 and 1980 that serve as correctives to the sentimental revisionist history that would have us believe that Reagan was cheered on as a conquering hero by GOP elites during his long climb to national power. To hear the right’s triumphalism of recent years, you’d think that only smug Democrats were appalled by Reagan while Republicans quickly recognized that their party, decimated by Richard Nixon and Watergate, had found its savior.

Grassroots Republicans, whom Reagan had been courting for years with speeches, radio addresses, and opinion pieces beneath the mainstream media’s radar, were indeed in his camp. But aside from a lone operative (John Sears), Shirley wrote, “the other major GOP players—especially Easterners and moderates—thought Reagan was a certified yaho.” By his death in 2004, “they would profess their love and devotion to Reagan and claim they were there from the beginning in 1974, which was a load of horse manure.” Even after his election in 1980, Shirley adds, “Reagan was never much loved” by his own party’s leaders. After GOP setbacks in the 1982 mid-
Finally, the Republican primary race ends. We now face, however, a period of approximately six weeks of no political contests—a period of the political doldrums. Even though the political winds will blow with little force until the convention, we can, nevertheless, effectively use this period to steer our campaign considerably closer to its goal of electing you the President of the United States. During the doldrums, we face the risk of the media picking, willy-nilly, its own stories (some of which will be very negative). Or we can, given the press focus on you now as the nominee, write to some extent, our own media script ... Specifically, we should attempt to achieve the following during the doldrums:

—Position you so that you are viewed by the media and the public as true presidential timber.

—Control as best we can the focus, thrust and scope of media coverage.

—Continue to unify the Republican organizational structure from the Republican National Committee down to the state levels and strengthen and expand our organizational influence at all levels.

—Prepare to maximize the favorable political impact of the convention.

—Create the basic internal organizational structure for the coming campaign.

PRIMARIES CAMPAIGNS by their very parochial nature strongly tempt the candidate to don funny hats, etc. Given the seriousness of the times and the desire of the electorate to have a strong leader, we must now put that kind of political gimmickry far behind us ... [Campaign manager] Bill Casey’s 10 guidelines provide some good pointers:

—To maximize your effectiveness and avoid distraction, confusion and unproductive wrangling, stay away from specific and arguable statements which are not relevant in policy terms. For example, all that is relevant in making oil policy is that there is a hell of a lot of oil to be found in Alaska ...

—Stay away from unnecessary predictions. It is enough to justify getting the government out of the way of our oil explorers if that will reduce our dangerous and costly dependence on Middle East oil. It is not necessary to carry the difficult burden of an argument that this will make us self-sufficient in five years.

—Don’t get drawn into a numbers game. Economists can argue but no one knows how fast tax cuts will generate enough new revenue to make up for the revenue lost by lower rates. In campaigning it is sufficient to set a direction. Only when in office will anyone have the up-to-date information necessary to make a decision on how fast to proceed and what policy mix to use ...

—Stay away from statements or positions that are too technical for public understanding ...

—Lastly, and perhaps most important of all, you should never get involved, terms, “a Republican National Committee functionary taped a piece of paper to her door announcing the sign-up for the 1984 Bush for President campaign.”

Shirley's memories are corroborated by reportage contemporaneous with Reagan’s last two presidential runs. (There was also an abortive run in 1968.) A poll in 1976 found that 90 percent of Republican state chairmen judged Reagan guilty of “simplistic approaches,” with “no depth in federal government administration” and “no experience in foreign affairs.” It was little different in January 1980, when a U.S. News and World Report survey of 475 national and state Republican chairmen found they preferred George H.W. Bush to Reagan. One state chairman presumably spoke for many when he told the magazine that Reagan’s intellect was “thinner than spit on a slate rock.” As Rick Perlstein writes in The Invisible Bridge, the third and latest volume of his epic chronicle of the rise of the conservative movement, both Nixon and Ford dismissed Reagan as a lightweight. Barry Goldwater endorsed Ford over Reagan in 1976 despite the fact that Reagan’s legendary speech on behalf of Goldwater’s presidential campaign in October 1964, “A Time for Choosing,” was the biggest boost that his kamikaze candidacy received. Only a single Republican senator, Paul Laxalt of Nevada, signed on to Reagan’s presidential quest from the start, a solitary role that has been played in the Trump campaign by Jeff Sessions of Alabama.

What put off Reagan’s fellow Republicans will sound very familiar. He proposed an economic program—30 percent tax cuts, increased military spending, a balanced budget—whose math was voodoo and then some. He prided himself on not being “a part of the Washington Establishment” and mocked Capitol Hill’s “buddy system” and its collusion with “the forces that have brought us our problems—the Congress, the bureaucracy, the lobbyists, big business, and big labor.” He kept a light campaign schedule, regarded debates as optional, wouldn’t sit still to read briefing books, and often either improvised his speeches or worked off index cards that contained anecdotes and statistics gleaned from Reader’s Digest and the right-wing journal Human Events—sources hardly more elevated or reliable than the television talk shows and tabloids that feed Trump’s erroneous and incendiary pronouncements.

Like Trump but unlike most of his (and Trump’s) political rivals, Reagan was accessible to the press and public. His spontaneity in give-and-takes with reporters and voters played well but also gave him plenty of space to disgorge fantasies and factual errors so
The best words to describe politics in America are "fragmentation," "decentralization," and "disarray." While voters know there is a conservative revival, they remain uncertain as to where to gravitate politically. The party bosses are gone and nothing has replaced them. Direct primaries have diminished the role of and power of party organizations. The media's role in disseminating the news has further diminished the function of the political parties. Most issues cut across party lines or are sufficiently complex as to blur most party and ideological distinctions.

The shattering of traditional confidence in America in the last twenty years stems from an erosion in the expectation that given an abundant environment and an adequate amount of time, the individual—with sufficient diligence and ingenuity—would achieve a measure of economic security and a reasonably comfortable lifestyle. There is a sense in the country that Americans' confidence has waned because the unprecedented optimism they once had about the future was based on a generous environment which is now perhaps more fragile and requires greater planning and care.

Time, rather than being an ally of man and his ingenuity, is running out. Rather than coping through increasingly more adaptive practical solutions, Americans are losing confidence in pragmatism. The methods of expediency, the essence of pragmatism, are not measuring up against the problematic demands of contemporary life.

—A majority of American voters believe we were “better off in the old days when everyone knew just how they were expected to act.”

—Two out of three voters react negatively to today’s fast pace. They agree that, “everything changes so quickly these days that I often have trouble deciding which are the right rules to follow.”

—even larger numbers (71%) feel that “many things our parents stood for are just going to ruin before our very eyes.”

One response to the feelings of personal normlessness is to seek out and follow some authority figure. The resurgence of religious fundamentalism is one manifestation of this response. In the political sphere, voters are looking for a leader who can take charge with authority; return a sense of discipline to our government; and, manifest the willpower needed to get this country back on track.

Prolix and often outrageous that he single-handedly made the word gaffe a permanent fixture in America's political vernacular. He confused Pakistan with Afghanistan. He claimed that trees contributed 93 percent of the atmosphere's nitrous oxide and that pollution in America was "substantially under control" even as his hometown of Los Angeles was suffocating in smog. He said that the "finest oil geologists in the world" had found that there were more oil reserves in Alaska than Saudi Arabia. He said the federal government spent $3 for each dollar it distributed in welfare benefits, when the actual amount was 12 cents.

He also mythologized his own personal history in proto-Trump style. As Garry Wills has pointed out, Reagan referred to himself as one of "the soldiers who came back" when speaking plaintively of his return to civilian life after World War II—even though he had come back only from Culver City, where his wartime duty was making Air Force films at the old Hal Roach Studio. Once in office, he told the Israeli prime minister Yitzhak Shamir that he had filmed the liberated Nazi death camps, when in reality he had not seen them, let alone (as he claimed) squirmed away a reel of film as an antidote to potential Holocaust deniers. For his part, Trump has purported that his enrollment at the New York Military Academy, a prep school, amounted to Vietnam-era military service, and has borne historical witness to the urban legend of "thousands and thousands" of Muslims in Jersey City celebrating the 9/11 attacks. Even when these ruses are exposed, Trump follows the Reagan template of doubting down on mistakes rather than conceding them.

Norr was Reagan a consistent conservative. He deviated from party orthodoxy to both the left and the right. He had been by his own account a "near hopeless hemophilic liberal" for much of his adult life, having campaigned for Truman in 1948 and for Helen Gahagan Douglas in her senatorial race against Nixon in California in 1950. He didn't switch his registration to Republican until he was 51. As California governor, he signed one of America's strongest gun-control laws and its most liberal abortion law (both in 1967). His vocal opposition helped kill California's 1978 Briggs Initiative, which would have banned openly gay teachers at public schools. As a 1980 presidential candidate, he flip-flopped to endorse bailouts for both New York City and the Chrysler Corporation. Reagan may be revered now as a free-trade absolutist in contrast to Trump, but in that winning campaign he called for halting the "deluge" of Japanese car imports raining down on Detroit. "If Japan keeps on doing everything that it's doing, what they're doing, obviously, there's going to be what you call protectionism," he said.

Republican leaders blasted Reagan as a trigger-happy warmonger. Much as Trump now threatens to downsize Nato and start a trade war with China, so Reagan attacked Ford, the sitting Republican president he ran against in the 1976 primary, and Henry Kissinger for their pursuit of the bipartisan policies of detente and Chinese engagement. The sole benefit of detente, Reagan said, was to give America "the right to sell Pepsi-Cola in Siberia." For good measure, he stoked an international dispute by warning to upend a treaty ceding American control over the Panama Canal. "We bought it, we paid for it, it's ours, and we're going to keep it!" he bellowed with an America First ethic. Even his own party's hawks, like William F. Buckley Jr. and his pal John Wayne, protested. Goldwater, of all people, inveighed against Reagan's "gross factual errors" and warned he might "take rash action" and "needlessly lead this country into open military conflict."

Trump's signature cause of immigration was not a hot-button issue during Reagan's campaigns. In the White House, he signed a bill granting "amnesty" (Reagan used the now politically incorrect word) to 1.7 million undocumented immigrants. But if Reagan was free of Trump's bigoted nativism, he had his own racially tinged strategy for wooing disaffected white working-class Americans fearful that liberals in government were bestowing favors on freeloaders, law-breaking minorities at their expense. Taking a leaf from George Wallace's populist campaigns, Reagan scapegoated "welfare chiselers" like the nameless "strapping young buck" he claimed used food stamps to buy steak. His favorite villain was a Chicago "welfare queen" who, in his telling, "had 80 names, 30 addresses, and 12 Social Security cards, and is collecting veterans' benefits on four nonexistent deceased husbands" to loot the American taxpayer of over $150,000 of "tax-free cash income" a year. Never mind that she was actually charged with using four aliases and had netted $8,000: Reagan continued to hammer in this hyperbolic parable with a vengeance that rivals Trump's insistence that Mexico will pay for a wall to fend off Hispanic rapists.

The Republican elites of Reagan's day were as blindsided by him as their counterparts have been by Trump. Though Reagan came close to toppling the incumbent president at the contested Kansas City convention in 1976, the Ford forces didn't realize they could lose until the devil was at the
door. A “President Ford Committee” campaign statement had maintained that Reagan could “not defeat any candidate the Democrats put up” because his “constituency is much too narrow, even within the Republican party” and because he lacked “the critical national and international experience that President Ford has gained through 25 years of public service.” In Ford’s memoirs, written after he lost the election to Jimmy Carter, he wrote that he hadn’t taken the Reagan threat seriously because he “didn’t take Reagan seriously.” Reagan, he said, had a penchant for offering simplistic solutions to hideously complex problems and a stubborn insistence that he was “always right in every argument.” Even so, a Ford-campaign memo had correctly identified one ominous sign during primary season: a rising turnout of Reagan voters who were “not loyal Republicans or Democrats” and were “alienated from both parties because neither takes a sympathetic view toward their issues.” To these voters, the disdain Reagan drew from the GOP elites was a badge of honor. During the primary campaign, Times columnist William Safire reported with astonishment that Kissinger’s speeches championing Ford and attacking Reagan were helping Reagan, not Ford—a precursor of how attacks by Trump’s Establishment adversaries have backfired 40 years later.

Much of the press was slow to catch up, too. A typical liberal Establishment take on Reagan could be found in Harper’s, which called him Ronald Duck, “the Candidate from Disneyland.” That he had come to be deemed “a serious candidate for president,” the magazine intoned, was “a shame and embarrassment for the country.” But some reporters who tracked Reagan on the campaign trail sensed that many voters didn’t care if he came from Hollywood, if his policies didn’t add up, if his facts were bogus, or if he was condescended to by Republican leaders or pundits. As Elizabeth Drew of The New Yorker observed in 1976, his appeal “has to do not with competence at governing but with the emotion he evokes.” As she put it, “Reagan lets people get out their anger and frustration, their feeling of being misunderstood and mishandled by those who have run our government, their impatience with taxes and with the poor and the weak, their impulse to deal with the world’s troublemakers by employing the stratagem of a punch in the nose.” The power of that appeal was underestimated by his Democratic foes in 1980 even though Carter, too, had run as a populist and attracted some Wallace voters when beating Ford in 1976. By the time he was up for reelection, Carter was an unpopular incumbent presiding over the Iranian hostage crisis, gas shortages, and a reeling economy, yet surely the Democrats would prevail over Ronald Duck anyway. A strategic memo by Carter’s pollster, Patrick Caddell, laid out the campaign against Reagan’s obvious vulnerabilities with bullet points: “Is Reagan Safe? ... Shoots From the Hip ... Over His Head ... What Are His Solutions?” But it was the strategy of Caddell’s counterpart in the Reagan campaign, the pollster Richard Wirthlin, that carried the day with the electorate. Voters wanted to “follow some authority figure,” he theorized—a “leader who can take charge with authority; return a sense of discipline to our government; and, manifest the willpower needed to get this country back on track.” Or at least a leader from outside Washington, like Reagan and now Trump, who projects that image (“You’re fired!”) whether he has the ability to deliver on it or not.

**WHAT WE CALL THE REAGAN REVOLUTION WAS THE SECOND WAVE OF A RIGHT-WING POPulist REVOLUTION WITHIN THE GOP THAT HAD FIRST CRESTED WITH THE GOLdWATER CAMPAIGN OF 1964. AFTER Lyndon Johnson whipped Goldwater in a historical landslide that year, it was assumed that the revolution had been vanquished. The conventional wisdom was framed by James Reston of the Times the morning after Election Day: “Barry Goldwater not only lost the presidential election yesterday but the conservative cause as well.” But the conservative cause hardly lost a step after Goldwater’s Waterloo; it would soon start to regather its strength out West under Reagan. It’s the moderate wing of the party, the GOP of Nelson Rockefeller and George Romney and Henry Cabot Lodge and William Scranton, that never recovered and whose last, long-smoldering embers were finally extinguished with a Jeb Bush campaign with high-water mark in the Republican primaries was 11 percent of the vote in New Hampshire.**

Mitt Romney and his ilk are far more conservative than that previous generation of ancien régime Republicans. But the Romney crowd is not going to have a restoration after the 2016 election any more than his father’s crowd did post-1964—regardless of whether Trump is buried in an electoral avalanche, as Goldwater was, or wins big, as Reagan did against both Carter and Walter Mondale. Trump is far more representative of the GOP base than all the Establishment conservatives who are buffing and puffing that he is betraying the conservative movement and the spirit of Ronald Reagan. When the Bush family announces it will skip the Cleveland convention, the mainstream media dutifully report it as significant news. But there’s little evidence that many grassroots Republicans now give a damn what any Bush has to say about Trump or much else.

The only conservative columnist who seems to recognize this reality remains Peggy Noonan, who worked in the Reagan White House. As she pointed out in Wall Street Journal columns this spring, conservatism as “defined the past 15 years by Washington writers and thinkers” (i.e., since George W. Bush’s first inauguration)—“a neoconservative, functionally open borders, slash-the-entitlements party”—appears no longer to have any market in the Republican base. A telling poll by Public Policy Polling published in mid-May confirmed that the current GOP Washington leadership is not much more popular than the departed John Boehner and Eric Cantor: Only 40 percent of Republicans approve of the job performance of Paul Ryan, the Establishment wonder boy whose conservative catechism Noonan summarized, while 44 percent disapprove. Only 14 percent of Republicans approve of Mitch McConnell. This is Trump’s party now, and it was so well before he got there. It’s the populist-white-conservative party that Goldwater and Reagan built, with a hefty intervening assist from Nixon’s southern strategy, not the atavistic country-club Republicanism whose few surviving vestiges had their last hurrahs in the administrations of Bush père and fils. The third wave of the Reagan Revolution is here to stay.

were Trump to gain entry to the White House, it’s impossible to say whether he would or could follow Reagan’s example and
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function within the political norms of Washington. His burlesque efforts to appear “presidential” are intended to make that case: His constant promise to practice “the art of the deal” echoes Reagan’s campaign boast of having forged compromises with California’s Democratic legislature while governor. More likely a Trump presidency would be the train wreck largely predicted, an amalgam of the blunderbuss shoot-from-the-hip recklessness of George W. Bush and the randy corruption of Warren Harding, both of whom were easily manipulated by their own top brass. The love child of Hitler and Mussolini Trump is not. He lacks the discipline and zeal to be a successful fascist.

The good news for those who look with understandable horror on the prospect of a Trump victory is that the national demographic math is different now from Reagan’s day. The nonwhite electorate, only 12 percent in 1980, was 28 percent in 2012 and could hit 30 percent this year. Few number crunchers buy the Trump camp’s spin that the GOP can reclaim solidly Democratic territory like Pennsylvania and Michigan—states where many white working-class voters, soon to be christened “Reagan Democrats,” crossed over to vote Republican in Reagan’s 1984 landslide. Many of those voters are dead; their epicenter, Macomb County, Michigan, was won by Barack Obama in 2008. Nor is there now the ‘70s level of discontent that gave oxygen to Reagan’s insurgency. President Obama’s approval numbers are lapping above 50 percent. Both unemployment and gas prices are low, hardly the dire straits of Carter’s America. Trump’s gift for repelling women would also seem to be an asset for Democrats, creating a gender gap far exceeding the one that confronted Reagan, who was hostile to the Equal Rights Amendment.

And yet, to quote the headline of an economist cover story on Reagan in 1980: It’s time to think the unthinkable. Trump and Bernie Sanders didn’t surge in a vacuum. This is a volatile nation. Polls consistently find that some two-thirds of the country feels it has been abandoned by both parties. The national suicide rate is at a 30-year high. Anything can happen in an election where the presumptive candidates of both parties are loathed by a majority of their fellow Americans, a first in the history of modern polling. It’s not reassuring that some of those minimizing Trump’s chances are the experts who saw no path for Trump to the Republican nomination. There could be a July surprise in which party divisions capsize the Democratic convention rather than, as once expected, the GOP’s. An October surprise could come in the form of a terrorist incident that panics American voters much as the Iranian hostage crisis is thought to have sealed Carter’s doom in 1976.

While I did not rule out the possibility that Trump could win the Republican nomination as his campaign took off after Labor Day last year, I wrote that he had “no chance of ascending to the presidency.” Meanwhile, he was performing an unintended civic service: His bull-in-a-china-shop candidacy was exposing, however unintentionally, the sterility, corruption, and hypocrisy of our politics, from the consultant-and-focus-group-driven caution of candidates like Clinton to the toxic legacy of Sarah Palin on a GOP that now pretends it never invited her cancerous brand of bigoted populism into its midst. But I now realize I was as wrong as the Reagan naysayers in seeing no chance of Trump’s landing in the White House. I will henceforth defer to Norm Ornstein of the American Enterprise Institute, one of the few Washington analysts who saw Trump’s breakthrough before the pack did. As of early May, he was giving Trump a 20 percent chance of victory in November.

What is to be done to lower those odds further still? Certainly the feeble efforts of the #NeverTrump Republicans continue to be, as Trump would say, Sad! Alumni from the Romney, Bush, and John McCain campaigns seem to think that writing progressively more enraged op-ed pieces about how Trump is a shame and embarrassment for the country will make a difference. David Brooks has called this a “Joe McCarthy moment” for the GOP—in the sense that history will judge poorly those who don’t stand up to the bully in the Fifth Avenue tower. But if you actually look at history, what it says is that there were no repercussions for Republicans who didn’t stand up to McCarthy—or, for that matter, to Nixon at the height of his criminality. William Buckley co-wrote a book defending McCarthy in 1954, and his career only blossomed thereafter. Goldwater was one of McCarthy’s most loyal defenders, and Reagan refused to condemn Nixon even after the Iranian hostage crisis is thought as once expected, the GOP’s. An October surprise could come in the form of a terrorist incident that panics American voters much as the Iranian hostage crisis is thought to have sealed Carter’s doom in 1976.

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(2) Hold their nose and support Clinton. Both (1) and (2) would assure a Clinton presidency, so this would require those who feel that Trump will bring about America’s ruin to love their country more than they hate Clinton.

Dream on. That’s not happening. It’s easier to write op-ed pieces invoking Weimar Germany for audiences who already loathe Trump. Meanwhile, Republican grandees will continue to surrender to Trump no matter how much they’ve attacked him or he’s attacked them or how many high-minded editorials accuse them of failing a Joe McCarthy moral test. Just as Republican National Committee chairman Reince Priebus capitulated once Trump signed a worthless pledge of party loyalty last fall, so other GOP leaders are now citing Trump’s equally worthless list of potential Supreme Court nominees as a pretext for jumping on the bandwagon.

The handiest Reagan-era prototype for Christie, McCain, Nikki Haley, Peter King, Bobby Jindal, and all the other former Trump-haters who have now about-faced is Kissinger. Reagan had attacked him in the 1976 campaign for making America what Trump would call a loser—“No. 2”—to the Soviets in military might. Kissinger’s disdain of Reagan was such that, as Craig Shirley writes, he tried to persuade Ford to run again in 1980 so Reagan could be blocked. When that fizzled, Kissinger put out the word that Reagan was the only Republican contender he wouldn’t work with. But once Reagan had locked up the nomination, Kissinger declared him the “trustee of all our hopes” and lobbied to return to the White House as secretary of State. As I write these words, Kissinger is meeting with Trump.

And the Democrats? Hillary Clinton is to Trump what Carter and especially Mondale were to Reagan: a smart, mainstream liberal with a vast public-service résumé who stands for all good things without ever finding that one big thing that electrifies voters. No matter how many journalistic exposés are to follow on both candidates, it’s hard to believe that most Americans don’t already know which candidate they prefer when the choices are quantities as known as she and Trump. The real question is which one voters are actually going to show up and cast ballots for. Could America’s fading white majority make its last stand in 2016? All demographic and statistical logic says no. But as Reagan seduced voters and confounded the experts with his promise of Morning in America, we can’t entirely rule out the possibility that Trump might do the same with his stark, black-and-white entreaties to High Noon.

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A WOMAN RUNNING FOR PRESIDENT

This was never going to be easy. But maybe it didn’t have to get this hard.

By Rebecca Traister

Photographs by Brigitte Lacombe
Clinton speaking at the Louisville Slugger Hall of Fame on May 10.
A LOCKER ROOM at the University of Bridgeport in Connecticut, people are waiting in line to get their pictures taken with Hillary Clinton before a rally in the school’s gym. It’s a kid-heavy crowd, and Clinton has been chatting easily with them. But soon there’s only one family left and the mood shifts. Francine and David Wheeler are there with their 13-year-old son, Nate, and his 17-month-old brother, Matty, who’s scrambling around on the floor. They carry a stack of photographs of their other son, Benjamin, who was killed at Sandy Hook Elementary School in 2012, when he was 6. David presses the photos of his dead son on Clinton with the urgency of a parent desperate to keep other parents from having to show politicians pictures of their dead 6-year-olds.

Leaning in toward Wheeler as if they are colleagues mapping out a strategy, Clinton speaks in a voice that is low and serious. “We have to be as organized and focused as they are to beat them and undermine them,” she says. “We are going to be relentless and determined and focused … They are experts at scaring people, telling them, ‘They’re going to take your guns’ … We need the same level of intensity. Intensity is more important than numbers.” Clinton tells Wheeler that she has already discussed gun control with Chuck Schumer, who will likely be leading the Senate Democrats in 2017; she talks about the differences between state and federal law and between regulatory and legislative fixes, and describes the Supreme Court’s 2008 ruling in District of Columbia v. Heller, which extended the protections of the Second Amendment, as “a terrible decision.” She is practically swelling, Hulk-like, with her desire to describe to this family how she’s going to solve the problem of gun violence, even though it is clear that their real problem—the absence of their middle child—is unsolvable. When Matty grabs the front of his diaper, Clinton laughs, suggesting that he either needs a change or is pretending to be a baseball player. She is warm, present, engaged, but not sappy. For Clinton, the highest act of emotional respect is perhaps to find something to do, not just something to say. “I’m going to do everything I can,” she tells Wheeler. “Everything I can.”

After the family leaves the room, Clinton and her team move quietly down the long hall toward the gym. As they walk, Clinton wordlessly hands her aide Huma Abedin a postcard of Benjamin Wheeler, making eye contact to ensure that Abedin looks at the boy’s face before putting the card in her bag. The group pauses at the entrance of the gym, where 1,200 people are warmed up and screaming for Hillary. Clinton turns to me unexpectedly, and I mutter, “I don’t know how you do that …” “Yeah,” she says, looking right at me. “It’s really hard.”

Then, she unwraps a lozenge and puts it in her mouth. She clasps her hands in front of her and looks down at them for a few seconds. Suddenly her head is up and she is striding into the crowd of flashing iPhones and I’m with her signs. She raises her hand and waves at the crowd, grinning. “Hello, Bridgeport!” she bellows.

THE IDEA THAT, at this point, there is some version of Hillary Clinton that we haven’t seen before feels implausible. Often, it feels like we know too much about her. She has been around for so long—her story, encompassing political intrigue and personal drama, has been recounted so many times—that she can seem a fictional character. To her critics, she is Lady Macbeth, to her adherents, Joan of Arc. As a young Hillary hater, I often compared her to Darth Vader—more machine than woman, her humanity ever more shrouded by Dark Side gadgetry. These days, I think of her as General Leia: No longer a rebel princess, she has made a wry peace with her rakish mate and her controversial hair and is hard at work, mounting a campaign against the fascistic First Order.

All the epic allusions contribute to the difficulty Clinton has long had in coming across as, simply, a human being. She is uneasy with the press and ungainly on the stump. Catching a glimpse of the “real” her often entails spying something out of the corner of your eye, in a moment when she’s not trying to be, or to sell, “Hillary Clinton.” And in the midst of a presidential campaign, those moments are rare. You could see her, briefy, letting out a bawdy laugh in response to a silly question in the 11th hour of the Benghazi hearings, and there she was, revealed as regular in her damned emails, where she made drinking plans with retiring Maryland senator and deranged emailer Barbara Mikulski. Her inner circle claims to see her—to really see her, and really like her—every day. They say she is so different one-on-one, funny and warm and devastatingly smart. It’s hard for people who know her to comprehend why the rest of America can’t see what they do.

I spent several days with Hillary Clinton near the end of primary season—which, in campaign time, feels like a month, so much is packed into every hour—and I began to see why her campaign is so baffled by the disconnect. For from feeling like I was with an awkward campaigner, I watched her do the work of retail politics—the handshaking and small-talking and remembering of names and details of local sites and issues—like an Olympic athlete. Far from seeing a remote or robotic figure, I observed a woman who had direct, thoughtful, often moving exchanges: with the Wheelers, with home health-care workers and union representatives and young parents. I caught her eyes flash with brief irritation at an MSNBC chyron reading “Bernie Sanders can win” and with maternal annoyance as she chided press aide Nick Merrill for not throwing out his empty water bottle. I saw her break into spontaneous dance with a 2-year-old who had been named after her, Big Hillary stamping her kitten heels and clapping her hands and making “Oooh-ooh-ooh” noises. I heard her proclaim, with unself-conscious joy, from the pulpits of two black churches in Philadelphia, that “this is the day that the Lord has made!” and watched the young campaign staff at her Brooklyn headquarters bounce up and down with the anticipation of getting to shake her hand.
But what the rest of America sees is very different. Clinton’s unfavorability rating recently dipped to meet Trump’s at 57 percent; 60 percent think she doesn’t share their values, 64 percent think she is untrustworthy and dishonest (and that doesn’t even account for the fallout from the inspector general’s report about her private email server). Some of this is simply symptomatic of where we are in the election cycle, near the end of a bruising primary season, with Democratic tempers still hot even as the Republicans are falling in line behind their nominee. But some of it is also unique to Clinton, who has been plagued by the “likability” question since she was First Lady (and, indeed, even before that).

In a recent column, David Brooks posited that Clinton is disliked because she is a workaholic who “presents herself as a résumé and policy brief” and about whose interior life and extracurricular hobbies we know next to nothing. There’s more than a little sexism at work in Brooks’s diagnosis: The ambitious woman who works hard has long been disparaged as insufficiently human. And the Democratic-leaning voters least likely to view Clinton favorably, according to a recent Washington Post poll, skew young, white, and male. But those guys aren’t the only ones she’s having trouble reaching. And, no, it’s not really because we don’t know her hobbies (though if that is a burning question for you, read on).

The dichotomy between her public and private presentation has a lot to do with the fact that she has built such a wall between the two. Her pathological desire for privacy is at the root of the never-ending email saga, to name just one example. But how do you convince a woman whose entire career taught her to be defensive and secretive that the key to her political success might just be to lay all her cards on the table and trust that she’ll be treated fairly? Especially when she might not be.

There are a lot of reasons—internal, external, historical—for the way Clinton deals with the public, and the way we respond to her. But there is something about the candidate that is getting lost in translation. The conviction that I was in the presence of a capable, charming politician who inspires tremendous excitement would fade and in fact clash dramatically with the impressions I’d get as soon as I left her circle: of a campaign imperiled, a message muddled, unfavorable scarily high. To be near her is to feel like the campaign is in steady hands; to be at any distance is to fear for the fate of the republic.

**AFTER THE RALLY IN** Bridgeport, Clinton suggested we return to the locker room where she had met the Wheelers. In the middle of the room there was, improbably, an enormous gray sectional sofa. It did not smell good, but it was comfortable. And Clinton, who had begun this day in Chappaqua and spoken at churches in Philadelphia before flying to Bridgeport, and still had a fund-raiser ahead of her, was tired. She sank into the couch, and reclined. She was, briefly, in repose.

In the rare interviews that Clinton gives, she generally sticks close to her boilerplate talking points, but today she seemed a little looser, perhaps because this was the most relaxed period she’d had in months. It was the weekend between the New York primary and the Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Maryland, Delaware, and Rhode Island contests, of which she would win four of five. Clinton had loved campaigning in New York, a state she knows well and where she is known. She was feeling confident about the next round. And she’d been near enough to her home to return there most nights. “The beauty of the East Coast,” Matt Paul, Clinton’s former Iowa state director who now serves on her communications team, had told me the day before: “She can sleep in her own bed.”

When she’s within even a couple hours’ range of Chappaqua, Clinton tries to spend her nights there, often with her husband. Sometimes they’re coming home from an evening event together, sometimes separately, but the routine is the same. “We get back to the house and stay in the kitchen and talk and maybe eat something bad, maybe drink something bad.” Clinton’s bad drinks include mostly beer and wine, and she considers them bad not for moral but for health reasons. “We watch TV, like the hundreds of shows we record and finally get to.” They like *House of Cards, Madam Secretary, The Good Wife* (i.e., television shows about them), plus *Downton Abbey* and *NCIS*; the football season recently screwed up the couple’s DVR recordings, cutting off the end of *Madam Secretary* and causing great upset in the Clinton house-advisers, including the much-loathed Mark Penn, hobbled her. This time around, Bill phones in to campaign calls and attends some meetings, but, said one campaign source, “not in a way that is so institutionalized as to be debilitating or so scattershot as to be debilitating.”

A good morning for Hillary involves eight hours of sleep (though she often gets no more than four or five), scrambled eggs, and some yoga. “If I get a good balance—tree or whatever—I’m a happy camper,” she says. “If I have a good warrior pose that I’m really holding and looking incredibly strong?”—here she holds out her arms to the side, showing me the top half of Warrior Two—“I’m happy. I’m not good at it and would never pretend that I was, but I find it really restorative and helpful to keep my energy and flexibility going.”

In person, she presents, at 68, as a nana. When she tells me what she reads, she sounds just like my mother and so many other women I know, describing how she...
has become addicted to mystery novels. She cites the Maisie Dobbs books by Jacqueline Winspear and Donna Leon’s series set in Venice, explaining, “I’ve read so much over the course of my life that now I’m much more into easier things to read. I like a lot of women authors, novels about women, mysteries where a woman is the protagonist... It’s relaxing.”

Of course Clinton is no cinnamon-scented Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle; the grandmothers of today are the generation of women who were the first to get advanced degrees in huge numbers, and to march, first down Fifth Avenue, and then, shoulder-padded and bespectacled, into workplaces. In 1947, the year Clinton was born, there were no women serving in the Senate. Clinton remembers, as a girl, running home from her suburban Chicago primary school on Fridays to read Life magazine, which is where she discovered Margaret Chase Smith, the first woman elected to both houses of Congress, and was “just amazed that this woman did this.”

By the time Clinton graduated from Yale Law School, many people, including her boyfriend Bill, believed she could, and should, embark on a political career. She’d given the Wellesley commencement speech that had earned her a Life write-up of her own. She had volunteered for New Haven’s legal-services clinic, worked on Walter Mondale’s subcommittee investigating the living and working conditions of migrant laborers, spent a year accompanying doctors on rounds at Yale New Haven Hospital researching child abuse, and begun work for her future mentor and boss, Marian Wright Edelman. In 1973, she would publish a well-regarded paper on children’s legal rights, and in 1974, she worked for the committee to impeach Richard Nixon. There were few young people, men or women, with that kind of résumé.

But Clinton didn’t begin to take her own political prospect seriously until she was approached in 1998 by New York officials about running for Daniel Patrick Moynihan’s Senate seat. The timing was complicated. Moynihan had announced his retirement just a month before Bill Clinton’s impeachment vote. “We were coming out of two terms in the White House,” Clinton told me. “I really [didn’t] know that that’s what I want[ed] to get right into.” Clinton loves telling the story of what finally convinced her: At an event for women athletes called “Dare to Compete,” a teenage basketball captain, Sofia Totti, said to her, “Dare to compete. Mrs. Clinton, dare to compete.” The exhortation gave her pause. “It was like, Am I just scared to do this? Is that really what it comes down to?”

She had good reason to be scared. By 1999, even without having pursued her own political path, Clinton had learned what it might entail to be a woman who competed. She had taken her husband’s last name after his 1980 reelection defeat in Arkansas had been blamed on her independence; she’d done cookie-bake-off pavement for her remarks about prioritizing career over domesticity; everything from her friend Vince Foster’s death to the wandering attentions of her husband had been tied to her purported ruthlessness.

When I asked her why she thinks women’s ambition is regarded as dangerous, she posited that it was about “a fear that ambition will crowd out everything else—relationships, marriage, children, family, homemaking, all the other parts [of life] that are important to me and important to most women I know.” She also mentioned the unappealing stereotyping: “We’re so accustomed to think of women’s ambition being made manifest in ways that we don’t approve of, or that we find off-putting.”

She also edged toward something uglier, harder to talk about. “I think it’s the competition,” she said. “Like, if you do this, there won’t be room for some of us, and that’s not fair.”

“I pushed her: Did she mean men’s fears that ambitious women would take up space that used to belong exclusively to them? “One hundred percent,” she said, nodding forcefully.

She told a story about the time she and a friend from Wellesley sat for the LSAT at Harvard. “We were in this huge, cavernous room,” she said. “And hundreds of people were taking this test, and there weren’t many women there. This friend and I were waiting for the test to begin, and the young men around us were like, ‘What do you think [you’re] doing? How dare you take a spot from one of us?’ It was just a relentless harangue.” Clinton and her friend were stunned. They’d spent four safe years at a women’s college, where these kinds of gender dynamics didn’t apply.

“I remember one young man said, ‘If you get into law school and I don’t, and I have to go to Vietnam and get killed, it’s your fault.’”

“So yeah,” Clinton continued. “That level of visceral ... fear, anxiety, insecurity plays a role” in how America regards ambitious women.

The sexism is less virulent now than it was in 2008, she said, but still she encounters people on rope lines who tell her, “I really admire you, I really like you, I just don’t know if I can vote for a woman to be president.” I mean, they come to my events and then they say that to me.

But, she maintains, “Unpacking this, understanding it, is for writers like you. I’m just trying to cope with it. Deal with it. Live through it.”

Here, Clinton laughed, as if living through it were a hilarious punch line.

Here’s a video of Clinton on YouTube from 2007 that some on her campaign staff watch when they need a laugh, a classic “That’s so Hillary” moment. In the clip, she’s concluding a campaign event when a bunch of American flags fall over, a full-on equipment malfunction. As Clinton helps to right the flags, she cannot keep herself from offering some flag-related tips to the relevant officials:
“I think that the bases are not weighted enough; that’s your problem.”

Clinton is a master at identifying problems and coming up with plans to solve them. There is seemingly no crisis too small to escape her attention, no subject outside her wheelhouse. When she turns her energies onto bigger issues, her ability to see an interlocking set of concerns and her detailed knowledge about ... everything can sound like a parody of female hypercompetence.

When Clinton rolled out a progressive set of policies for families at her May events in Lexington and Louisville, her explanation went something like this: We need a national system of paid family leave because too many women don’t even get a paid day off to give birth; workers don’t have a federal requirement for paid sick days; meanwhile, many dads and parents of adopted children don’t get any time off at all, and sons and daughters don’t get time to take care of aging parents. We also need to establish voluntary home-visiting programs, where new parents, especially those facing economic adversity, can get assistance in learning how to care for their children and prepare them to succeed in school, thus taking aim at unequal outcomes in the earliest years. Relatedly, we need to raise wages, because two-thirds of minimum-wage workers are women, which has an impact on single-parent and dual-earning homes and, when combined with high child-care costs, inhibits women’s ability to earn equal benefits, save for college, and put away for retirement. Minimum-wage workers currently spend between 20 and 40 percent of their income on child care; Clinton has a plan whereby no family would pay more than 10 percent on child care, but she also believes we need to increase pay for child-care providers and early educators, who in some places are paid less than dog trainers and who have their own families to take care of. All of this is tied to the need to strengthen unions and make health care more affordable through revisions to the Affordable Care Act as well.

Clinton’s holistic view of intersecting challenges and multi-tentacled solutions—tax incentives, subsidies, wage hikes, pay protections—is weirdly thrilling in its expansive perspicacity. But it does not fit on a T-shirt. It does not sound good at a rally. You cannot even really show it on the local news, because it is not as simple as, say, “Free college!”

Or, as Joe Scarborough put it recently, “You want to go to sleep tonight? Go to Hillary Clinton’s website and start reading policy positions.”

It’s not uncommon for women to be tagged as dull pragmatists in this way. The history of politics and of progressive movements, after all, is one of women doing the drudge work and men giving the inspiring speeches. It wasn’t Dorothy Height or Rosa Parks or Pauli Murray or Diane Nash or Anna Hedgeman—hardworking activists and lawyers and organizers—who gave the big speeches on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial. Before she finally decided to run for office, Shirley Chisholm once said, she had compiled voter lists, carried petitions, rung doorbells, manned the telephone, stuffed envelopes,
and helped get voters to the polls. I had done it all to help other people get elected. The other people who got elected were men, of course, because that was the way it was in politics.”

Clinton self-identifies as a worker more than as a speechmaker. When I told her during one of our conversations that the comedian Samantha Bee had described her to me as “a working dog; you’ve got to give Hillary a job,” her eyes lit up. “When I got to the Senate, I said I was not a show horse!” she reminded me. It seems the thing Clinton is proudest of in the world.

You can hear her rarely disguised scorn for show horses when she tells me about her “admiration” for her Democratic rival Bernie Sanders. “His passion and his intensity and his consistent message have been really resonating with a proportion of the electorate,” she said. “You can go so far with the top lines. And, you know, I get it. I mean, I admit that some people are really much better at that than I am.” But she cannot help following up with: “When you really get into it and people are thinking, ‘Who’s going to be my president? Who cares about my kids’ education? Who’s really going to fix the Affordable Care Act so it’s more affordable?’ You have got to be prepared. And I feel that this campaign will be more than prepared.”

But being prepared is a Girl Scout motto, not a campaign slogan. Hard work is, perhaps oddly, not all that inspiring a trait in presidential candidates. For inspiration, we still demand the rhetorical high notes. Clinton has hit them before, in her speech in Beijing as First Lady, when she said, “Women’s rights are human rights,” and in her 2008 concession speech, when she talked about the “18 million cracks” in the glass ceiling. But those were both instances when she embraced her own symbolic significance as a woman—something she has long been hesitant about.

Years ago, her former speechwriter Lissa Muscatine told me of an argument they often had back when Clinton was First Lady: “I used to tell her, ‘You’re not using the symbolic power of your position,’” to which Clinton would reply, “That’s not going to effect systemic change or make a lasting impact.” Muscatine’s counterargument was that “sometimes you effect the change through the symbolic act.”

I asked Clinton if it still makes her uncomfortable to be thought of as a symbol. “No,” she replied. “I’ve really kind of matured in my understanding of how symbolism can be efficacious, so I’m more embracing of that. But at the end of the day, being the first woman president can only take you so far. What have I done that can actually produce positive results in somebody’s life? Do we have more jobs? Are people’s incomes going up? Have we made progress on the minimum wage? What have we gotten done on equal pay? What are we doing on early childhood?” She is right back in worker mode. “I’m still a results-oriented kind of person, because that’s what I think matters to people.”

**OF COURSE**, it’s not just her ambivalence about how to handle her historic firstness that’s at the root of Clinton’s problems as a campaigner. It’s also a pervasive defensiveness that gets in the way of her projecting authenticity, an intense desire for privacy that keeps voters from feeling as if they know her—especially problematic in an era in which social media makes personal connection with voters more important than ever. Clinton’s wariness about letting the world in is in part her personality and in part born of experience. A lifetime spent in the searing spotlight has taught her that exposure too often equals evisceration. It’s worth remembering that Clinton’s public identity was shaped during the feminist backlash of the ’80s and early ’90s, when scandals cloaked in the language of feminism were shaped during the feminist backlash of the ’80s and early ’90s, when scandals cloaked in the language of feminism were frequent. It’s also a pervasive defense about how to handle her historic firstness that’s at the root of Clinton’s problems as a campaigner. It’s also a pervasive defense.

If Clinton suffers from a kind of political PTSD that makes her overly cautious and scripted and closed-off, then its primary trigger is the press corps that trails her everywhere she goes. Clinton hates the press. A band of young reporters follows her, thanklessly, from event to event, and she gives them almost everywhere she goes. Clinton hates the press. A band of young reporters follows her, thanklessly, from event to event, and she gives them almost everything. Unlike other candidates, she does not ride on the same plane with them (though this may be because she lacks the gifts her husband and Barack Obama have for doing what politicians do: pandering to opposing factions while appearing sincere to both. Clinton is a terrible actor and an awkward speaker, prone to badly phrased pronouncements that muddy, or even seem to reverse, her message. So far this year, her stump speeches have relied on vivid infrastructural metaphors about tearing down barriers and building ladders of opportunity. (Her usually smooth-talking husband recently took it to the next level, suggesting that Clinton wants to “build an escalator to the future we can all ride on.”)
One of the biggest recent flubs from the Not Great Communicator was in Kentucky, when Clinton harkened back, as she often does with certain crowds, to the good old days of her husband’s administration. But this time she suggested, carelessly, that she was going to put Bill “in charge of revitalizing the economy, because you know he knows how to do it.” Social media—and traditional media—went nuts; the Times ran a full story on it, suggesting that Clinton’s “passing promise” indicated that “Mr. Clinton would be put in charge of a significant part of a president’s portfolio.”

It was a (bad!) rhetorical error in which she gracelessly crossed the (bright!) line between invoking Bill’s name and naming him to a post. That she hadn’t intended it was made clear by the manner in which she practically rolled her eyes when saying “No” to a follow-up question about whether she’d appoint her husband to her Cabinet. But this is the price Clinton pays for not having a warmer, closer relationship with reporters: She does not get the benefit of any doubt; there is no elasticity of comprehension. She does not enjoy the goodwill that someone like Joe Biden—a king of misstatements, prone to offending entire nationalities—has earned, which permits him to get out of media-jail time and again.

“There is no doubt that she has to walk a narrower path than some other politicians,” a frustrated Nick Merrill told me on the day of the Bill Clinton comments. Merrill, her press aide, was irritated by the willingness of the media to blow the remark into a fantasy scenario, at their refusal to believe the campaign’s clarification that no, there was no “official” role secretly being planned for the former president should his wife be elected. “When she says something—not even off-script, but gives a stump speech and talks about her husband and uses fewer words or less-exact words than she did the week before—it’s hard to put that toothpaste back in the tube. There’s an assumption that there’s some underlying secret.”

And this is the rub exactly: Everyone assumes Clinton is harboring an underlying secret. It’s a paranoid cycle—Clinton and her team think that everyone is after her, and their behavior creates further incentive for everyone to come after her. But at some point, cause and effect cease to matter. Defensiveness, secrecy, and a bunkered combative(men that perhaps relates to her worrying awk wake ness) are her very real shortcomings. The question is whether they can be overcome by her very real strengths, especially as she prepares to take on a man whose own flaws are so outsize.

**THERE IS AN** Indiana Jones–style, “It had to be snakes” inevitability about the fact that Donald Trump is Clinton’s Republican rival. Of course Hillary Clinton is going to have to run against a man who seems both to embody and have attracted the support of everything male, white, and angry about the ascension of women and black people in America. Trump is the antithesis of Clinton’s pragmatism, her careful nature, her capacious understanding of American civic and government institutions and how to maneuver within them. Of course a woman who wants to land in the Oval Office is going to have to get past an aggressive reality-TV star who has literally talked about his penis in a debate.

For all the hand-wringing about how she will hold up against a bully who has already made it clear he will attack her in the most shameless ways imaginable, Clinton seems extremely pleased about the prospect of running against him. “I’m actually looking forward to it,” she told me. “See, I don’t think it’s as fraught with complexity as some people are suggesting. I think the trap is not to get drawn in on his terms. We saw what happened to those Republicans who tried.”

Clinton says she knows what he’ll say about her—her marriage, her husband. She says she doesn’t care; she can ignore it. “But that doesn’t mean you don’t stand up for everybody else he’s insulting,” she said. “That doesn’t mean you don’t talk about where his policies would take this country, to draw the contrast.”

“If she’s looking forward to Trump, it’s because she’s dealt with some really unsavory characters and behind-the-scenes diplomatic maneuvering,” said Muscatine. “And I think she’s really effing good at it. Benghazi is like the zenith, where the whole point was just to evicerate her and by the end she’s kind of flicking dust off her collar. I think she knows this about herself; not that she’s at all arrogant about it, just that she knows how to do it. She kind of relishes the gamesmanship.”

Clinton is better when she is forced off the script, something the unpredictable Trump is likely to do. In a recent interview with Anderson Cooper on CNN, Cooper asked Clinton about the fact that her opponent will make hay of her husband’s infidelities. She laughed, “Well, he’s not the first one, Anderson!” and it was a good line, a human line. It was a meta-example of something that could happen in debates.

The next phase of the campaign will be, at the very least, clearer. We have not yet experienced Hillary Clinton as a general-election candidate, permitted to fight without one hand tied behind her back. We’ve only seen her in tough primaries, her natural base of support divided in its loyalties, pitted against beloved men with good politics—men she could not hit too hard, lest her negative words ever be used against them and their losses laid at her feet.

Even now she is careful around Sanders. She has long ceased going after him in her speeches and will say to me only that she thinks “that interview he gave to the New York Daily News was incredibly damaging.

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“**Being the first woman president can only take you so far.** What have I done that can actually produce positive results in somebody’s life?”

*... because you’ve got to get to the second, third, fourth, fifth levels of analysis and understanding.*

But Sanders has managed to land significant blows, not least about her high-priced speeches for Wall Street firms during the gap years between her time at State and her second presidential campaign. Sources close to her make the defensive case: that nothing about those speeches compromised her positions, that she had the right to make money in the private sector during her brief hiatus from public service. But in an era when there is ongoing fury about the stark chasm between the wealthy and everyone else in this country, there is no persuasive explanation for her decision to take the money for those speeches, or why she won’t release the transcripts—other than her deeply ingrained belief that buckling down is the only way to weather these storms.

Sanders has had the effect of making Clinton appear more, not less, defensive, and she has suffered for it. Still, the campaign is taking the long view, assuming
that her unfavorables will drop back down when the primaries are over, which they expect to be soon, regardless of what happens in California. Clinton feels protected by the delegate math, even though delegate math, as one person close to the campaign says, is not a vision.

So you can see why she would be anxious to get out of the primary morass and do direct battle with Trump. “When you get to a two-person race, it’s not you against the almighty and perfection that is hoped for,” says Clinton. “It’s you against somebody else.”

She’s confident enough about her prospects against Trump that she is thinking beyond the general to what could happen after Inauguration Day. “One of the reasons I’m hoping we can secure the nomination,” she says, “is that I really don’t just want to pivot politically into a campaign, I want to pivot into preparation. Because there’s so much that needs to be prepared”—here she ticks off comprehensive immigration reform, equal pay, and paid family leave, me-roar moves by picking Massachusetts senator Elizabeth Warren. It would be a risky, and therefore out-of-character, move for Clinton. But even without a ticketed alliance, the communication between the Clinton and Warren camps has been steadily increasing, according to sources with knowledge of the relationship. On May 24, the Clinton campaign launched its first coordinated attack against Trump, releasing a video showing the Republican reveling in having profited from the sub-prime mortgage crisis. That evening, Warren echoed the campaign’s talking points in a speech at the Center for Popular Democracy gala, calling Trump “a small, insecure, money-grubber who doesn’t care who gets hurt.”

Whether she chooses Warren or not, this is an election that may require Clinton to take some uncharacteristic risks. What the nomination of Trump, the enthusiasm for Bernie Sanders, and the nomination of Clinton—who is very clearly running as a successor to Barack Obama—tell us is that this election is a kind of civil war. It’s a referendum on the country’s feelings about inclusion, about women, people of color, and their increasing influence, and how it edges out the white men who have long had an exclusive grip on power.

This would have been less clear if Clinton had been running against Marco Rubio, or against Jeb Bush, men who would have hidden the Republicans’ backward-looking policies—around voting rights, reproductive rights, opposition to minimum-wage increases—behind rhetoric about empowered women and diversity. Trump does away with any pretext. He calls women pieces of ass and rates them on scales of one to ten; he encourages violence, fails to firmly disavow David Duke, promises walls to keep out immigrants and to ban Muslims from entering the country.

Ironically, this could give Clinton the thing she has had such a hard time mustering on her own: righteous symbolism. She doesn’t have to talk about herself, she just needs to be herself, in order to make the point that she represents inclusion, equality, progress. In Trump, she finds her foil: America’s repressive past.

**ON THE NIGHT** of the West Virginia primary, which her campaign knew she would lose to Sanders, Clinton arrived at Louisville Slugger Field in advance of a rally that was scheduled there. It’s rare for Clinton to arrive early anywhere, and she was enjoying a moment to herself in one of the stadium’s luxury boxes, looking out over the beautiful, empty minor-league baseball field, smiling.

“I really love baseball,” she said, seemingly to herself.

We chatted for a while about Mother’s Day—she spent it with granddaughter Charlotte—and about the fact that Chelsea and Marc Mezvinsky aren’t going to find out the sex of their new baby until its birth this summer. She talked grimly about the health center we had just visited, and about the Republican governor’s efforts to dismantle Kentucky’s health-care exchange, one of the most successful in the nation. She mused about how sad it is that voters’ anger toward Obama in 2012 left them here, four years later, about to lose the health-care benefits he fought for.

I asked her whether the time she was spending in Kentucky, a red state, reflected more than her desire to win the primary there the following week (which she did, by a hair). Her eyes lit up; it’s as if she’d been waiting for someone to ask her about the surprising possibilities of the electoral map this year. So which states do you think Trump puts in play? I asked, mentioning the possibility of Georgia, which some think could go Democratic for the first time since her husband won it in 1992.

“Texas!” she exclaimed, eyes wide, as if daring me to question this, which I did. “You are not going to win Texas,” I said. She smiled, undaunted. “If black and Latino voters come out and vote, we could win Texas,” she told me firmly, practically licking her lips.

An hour later, Clinton was giving her stump speech at a rally inside the Louisville Slugger Hall of Fame. Outside it was pouring on the ball field; inside there were twinkling lights. Polls would soon close in West Virginia, giving Bernie Sanders more momentum. But in front of this ecstatic crowd, Clinton sounded jubilant. “They’re going to throw everything including the kitchen sink” at me, she told the crowd.

“But I have a message for them: They’ve done it for 25 years, and I’m still standing!”

The crowd howled its approval. “I am looking forward to debating Donald Trump in the fall,” she hollered, several decibels more...
loudly than she needed to, into the mike. “Do we have disagreements? Yes,” she said. “That’s healthy! There are lots of different ways to achieve our goals … But you don’t do that by denigrating people, demeaning people. That is not who we are. And it is time we said, ‘Enough!’”

Watching her, I wondered if it’s possible, after all these years, once she has slipped the bonds of cons-trained primary combat, that she could emerge as a better and freer performer. In some ways, it seems necessary—not just to win but to govern. After all, the presidency is a public, performative job. She can’t just suffer through the indignity of campaigning and then hole up with her policy papers. It’s not enough to have a plan; you have to sell it to the country, over and over again. Obama proved to be particularly adept at using the media to disseminate his administration’s messages to the audiences it was trying to reach, but he is a masterful orator. Bill Clinton, too. Even George W. Bush was charismatic in his way.

But if, as in this election, a man who speaks hate and vulgarity, with no comprehension of how government works, can become presidentially plausible because he is magnetic while a capable, workaholic woman who knows policy inside and out struggles because she is not magnetic, perhaps we should reevaluate magnetism’s importance. It’s worth asking to what degree charisma, as we have defined it, is a masculine trait. Can a woman appeal to the country in the same way we are used to men doing it? Though those on both the right and the left moan about “woman cards,” it would be impossible, and dishonest, to not recognize gender as a central, defining, complicated, and often invisible force in this election. It is one of the factors that shaped Hillary Clinton, and it is one of the factors that shapes how we respond to her. Whatever your feelings about Clinton herself, this election raises important questions about how we define leadership in this country, how we feel about women who try to claim it, flawed though they may be.

Can we broaden our idea of presidential charisma beyond great men giving great speeches? Ed Rendell, former governor of Pennsylvania, made the case to me that Clinton should try to design the job—as much as she can, anyway—around her. “The president gets to select the mode of communicating,” he said. “The president can go out and make speeches in front of large audiences, or the president can make the speech sitting behind the desk talking to a TV camera. The president can do sit-down interviews. If I were Hillary’s chief of staff, I’d get her on as many of those interview shows as I could and just get her talking and not reading a speech. I’d have her do town meetings all through her presidency. Have you seen her in small town halls? Hillary is not a great large-crowd speaker, but in those contexts, I would rate her as close to spectacular.”

I thought back to the roundtable discussion I had seen in Lexington, where Clinton was meeting with dozens of parents whose kids had been enrolled at the day-care center where she was speaking. A single mother named Jessica McClung, who struggled to earn her undergraduate degree while raising her son, had been so nervous upon meeting Clinton backstage, before the discussion started, that she had become tongue-tied. She couldn’t speak, so Clinton took over. “Don’t be nervous,” she told McClung, regarding her with the same steady look I’d seen her train on the Wheelers. “Don’t be nervous. Just talk to me, look at me, take a deep breath, forget about all this”—here Clinton gestured at the cameras and Secret Service, the cumbersome machinery that trails her everywhere, and which she herself has such a hard time forgetting about. “Just talk to me.”
New York birds restored to health after gunshot wounds, mid-flight collisions, and other indignities.

**Take These Broken Wings**

**SUPER**

*Northern Flicker*

Collided with a window at West 71st Street. Treated for broken coracoid. Admitted April 5. Transferred to New Jersey’s Raptor Trust on May 17.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIKE FERNANDEZ
Two years ago, the photographer Mike Fernandez filmed a traditional Buddhist “life release” ceremony in Central Park, in which a monk blessed a small spotted woodpecker called a northern flicker before sending it back into the wild. A week earlier, the bird had collided chest-first with a window and been given respiratory treatment at the Wild Bird Fund—New York City’s sole wildlife-rehabilitation center.

The fund was founded by Rita McMahon, then a television-market researcher, after a sobering incident with a Canada goose. McMahon was driving into the city on Interstate 684 when she noticed the bird splayed, half-dead, on the side of the road. She packed him into her backseat and brought him to her apartment, where she began calling local veterinarians and animal hospitals. “None of them would touch the goose,” she says. McMahon realized there was no place in New York where you could bring an injured wild bird.

After receiving training, McMahon established New York’s first licensed facility in 2005 and ran the clinic out of her Upper West Side co-op apartment. Eventually, she had 60-some birds convalescing in her home. “A seagull swimming in the tub,” she says, “nine kestrel falcons perched on their cages along the wall, eight baby sparrows in the living room.” McMahon continued to hold monthly co-op meetings in her apartment; the neighbors, she says, liked the sounds of the baby birds chirping.

By the time Fernandez started making regular visits to the clinic, McMahon had moved the operation to a storefront on Columbus Avenue, which she estimates will treat over 4,000 birds of 130 different species this year. “I started taking my camera there every weekend. I’d take any excuse to go,” Fernandez says. The simple diversity of McMahon’s patients surprised the photographer, though about half of them are pigeons; the center has also treated a snowy owl shot near La Guardia, a pair of peafowls kept as lawn ornaments in Queens, and a golden pheasant with a scarlet breast and a pair of downy purple wings found ambling streetside in the Bronx. Window injuries are by far the most common: “The Atlantic flyway goes right through New York City,” says McMahon. “There are more than 350 species that have been flying through here for thousands of years. And in the past 200 years we’ve built this city in their path. So they run into a lot of windows. But they’re not changing their path. They’re going to come through. And that’s where we come in.”

Katy Schneider
BEN
Northern Cardinal


RON
Canada Goose Gosling


MULBERRY
Virginia Rail

Found on Mulberry Street after colliding with a window. Treated for a luxated shoulder. Admitted April 3. Released April 12 in Millington, N.J.

CARDAMOM AND ANISE
Peafowls

Found wandering in Queens and treated for parasites. Admitted February 26. Sent to a sanctuary in Rensselaer County, N.Y., on April 23.
The Felon Is Hot

Landing in jail and seeing his mug shot go viral was the best thing to ever happen to Jeremy Meeks.

By Jessica Pressler

Jim Jordan curls his bare toes around the edge of his pool, which looks out over the rolling hills and canyons of Calabasas, California. Earlier, when he'd gotten to the point in his life story where he said “I had everything that the world tells you that you need to be happy, but I was not happy,” which naturally preceded his miraculous discovery that there was even more happiness available, Jordan was referring to stuff like this view, and this pool, and the fountain bubbling nearby, and the manicured lawn leading up to his all-white mansion in the Oaks, an address that represents the pinnacle of a certain kind of achievement. Although the real top of the mountain is just across the canyon to the right, a gated community within the gated community where Khloé Kardashian recently bought a place from Justin Bieber. Jordan, a talent agent, grew up in this area; he remembers when it was all real oaks and orange groves, before the trees were cleared to make way for all the mansions during the housing boom.

He looks down at his iPhone and dials, his face reflected on the screen. At 55, Jordan is tanned, with bleached-blonde hair that swoops up and out in a way that might cause people his age to recall the band A Flock of Seagulls.

“Sup, buhhdddy,” Jordan says, as FaceTime summons the image of a striking young man whose cheekbones and ice-blue eyes give off the impression of intensity even through the fuzzy connection. Jordan grins—a flash of white teeth that might, if the light up here were not so golden, look predatory. “How you doing today?”

“It’s all right!” the head, which belongs to Jeremy Meeks, nods. “I’m doing pretty good!”
Jeremy Meeks

Height: 6'1"  Hair: Brown  Eyes: Blue  Shirt: M/15.5"  Waist: 32"  Suit: 40R  Shoe: 11
If you are the sort of person who believes in miracles, you might see this conversation as evidence of one. After all, there are few people in Meeks’s position, which is to say in federal custody, who would claim to be feeling good. And there is no sensible explanation for how a felon from the burned-out city of Stockton came to be chatting on a Sunday afternoon with an entertainment agent in the Oaks, a development that until recently would probably have never let him past its gates. If he were telling his own life story, Meeks would never utter a sentence like “I had everything that the world tells you that you need to be happy,” because he had very few of those things up until June 18, 2014, when a thoroughly modern set of circumstances turned him from a statistic into an international heartthrob.

When Meeks, his car reeking of marijuana, pulled up in front of the Stockton home of a man police had identified as a “documented gang member” at the precise moment they were poised to raid the place, it seemed at first like another bad move in a life full of them. So accustomed was Meeks, a 30-year-old forklift operator, to losing at the hands of the law that he didn’t protest when the police asked to search his vehicle. In fact, he pointed them to where he’d stashed weed and a 9-mm. cartridge. Nor did he make much of an effort to explain the unregistered, loaded pistol they found in the trunk. He’d never even opened the trunk before, he halfheartedly suggested, before trying the competing idea that he’d found the gun in some bushes. He asked for a cigarette.

“Fine,” he exhaled. “It’s mine.”

Later he would tell Jordan it was the realization that he was well and truly screwed that caused him, when he faced the camera for his mug shot, to puff ever so slightly, and cock his head in a way that not only emphasized his cheekbones but also played down the gang-related tattoos on his neck while rendering almost poignant the teardrop inked just below his left eye. And who knows what other magic was in play that somehow turned the resulting photograph into one of the all-time greats of the genre, a virtual work of art that began circulating as soon as the Stockton Police Department posted it to its Facebook page as part of an announcement of the successful completion of “Operation Ceasefire.” Maybe it was that California lighting, some commenters posited, that “luminiated his face with a warm glow that brings out his blue eyes.” Or the cop who took the picture had an unrealized gift. (Who took this mug shot? Annie effing Leibovitz?) Maybe it was a higher power, who, having created Jer- emy Meeks (Look at God, he outdid his self with this one. Me likey likey), decided to pluck him out of the darkness and deposit him directly in front of the gated community that is paradise (This is the spirit of God moving …).

This is a theory Meeks and Jordan are inclined to believe. If they have anything in common, it is that they are both religious men. “God is good,” Meeks affirms, as his agent tells him about the opportunities that have come in for him, clutching a list that includes names like Steven Klein, Bruce Weber, and Ryan Seacrest.

“I don’t want to overwhelm you, but we should talk about you potentially moving to L.A.,” Jordan is saying, when he realizes Meeks hasn’t spoken in a while. “Can you hear me?” he asks, frowning. He shakes the phone. “You’re frozen!”

Frozen has more or less been Jeremy Meeks’s status since that June day two years ago. “I just visited my wife, and she said I, like, blew up all over Facebook,” he said, befuddled, when a news crew from KXTV, the local ABC affiliate, arrived at the San Joaquin County jail the following afternoon to inform him of his burgeoning internet celebrity.

Just two days after the arrest, BuzzFeed declared his mug shot “officially a meme.” Reddit had a field day with the best Facebook comments about him, and on Twitter, a subset of fans who saw modeling potential were Photoshopping his mug shot into ads for Calvin Klein and Givenchy. Soon mainstream news anchors in suits were sitting in front of graphics like CRIMINALLY GOOD LOOKING, struggling to maintain their dignity while reading Facebook comments: “If this guy broke into my house I’d make him forget why he broke in within 30 seconds. Laugh out loud.” Some of them tried to be responsible. “We never want to glorify or put people like this to be responsible.”

Leanna Rominger was in a meeting when she got a text from a friend informing her that her brother’s mug shot was all over the internet. Twelve years his senior, Rominger had taken official cus- tody of him when he was 10 and their mother, Katherine Angier, who’d been in and out of prison throughout their childhood, stopped being able to care for her four children. For a while, it had gone well. And when Jeremy first started getting in trouble, it was for normal kid stuff: cutting school, breaking curfew. But in the tenth grade, Jeremy dropped out of school and moved out, and two months after his 18th birthday, Rominger got a call that he was facing a felony sentence for stealing a car. Her brother served two years, and when he came out, it didn’t seem like he had been reha- bilitated. The tattoos that he’d started getting in high school had multiplied and now seemed to indicate an association with the Crips, which probably didn’t work in his favor when a security guard accused him, in 2005, of trying to steal a pack of pellets. They didn’t get him on theft; having given the cops his older brother’s name, Meeks ended up serving 71 days for forgery.

But that was in the past. Eventually, Meeks met Melissa Curl,
a cute nurse with two kids. They’d gotten married, had a son, and settled in Stockton, where he’d landed what Rominger thought was likely his first real, income-tax-paying job. This mug shot her friend was talking about must be old.

But no, she realized, clicking on the link. There was her brother, above the caption: “30 year old man, convicted felon, arrested for felony weapon charges,” the comments below it piling up in real time, in multiple languages (“OHYYYY ... CARITA DE ANGELITO PERO CORAZON QUE DE MEDITO”). There were career suggestions (“This guy needs to get out of the felony game and into modeling”) and, of course, jokes: “OMG!!! Is a criminal, he killed my ovaries,” along with the inevitable “Don’t drop the soap!”

Rominger did not lol. She left work and drove to Stockton, where she found Melissa and her children barricaded in their house. The local Fox affiliate had put up a post about the photograph’s popularity, and immediately, the family’s phones had started ringing with calls from reporters wanting to know more about the Hot Felon, or “Dreamy McMugshot,” as TMZ was calling him. Their own Facebook accounts were being raided for family photos, and far-flung relatives were coming out of the woodwork to offer commentary. “He has a past and because of it he is being stereotyped,” Jeremy’s relatives were coming out of the woodwork to offer commentary. “He gave his heart to God, that is why he changed.” There was a rumor that his wife, “furious” that is why he changed. “Don’t drop the soap!”

On July 8, the day of Meeks’s federal arraignment, the Sacramento courthouse was prepped for the heat, and also for hotness. Meeks wasn’t the only representative of Stockton in court that day; the city itself was bracing for a ruling in the same building. Decimated by the housing crash and an increase in violent crime, it had become the largest American city to declare bankruptcy, in 2012. “Then Detroit went bankrupt,” says Roger Phillips, a reporter at the Stockton Record. “So we didn’t even get that.”

Nor did they even get the glory of being the biggest story of the day. Nationally, headlines about the city’s sorry state of affairs were dwarfed by the sadder news that the Hot Convict was now facing a federal possession charge. “Bad news for his fans,” E! Online noted. “Because federal court doesn’t allow the release of photos.” Phillips remembers “a lot of oohing and ahhing and thinking how stupid it was” Even the courtroom sketch artist there for the bankruptcy trial couldn’t resist a quick pop-in. “He’s just so unusual-looking,” she told city employees in the elevator afterward. “He’s got these clear eyes over the attention being paid to her husband’s mug shot, had killed him out of jealousy, and another that Oprah had paid his bail in full. And to Rominger’s horror, their wayward mother, Katherine, had already started a GoFundMe page, asking for $25,000 for Jeremy’s defense. Rominger managed to wrest control from the page of her mother and used the money that had been raised—about $5,000—to hire a defense attorney, Tai Bogan, who knew the territory of Stockton if not the media, and when a woman named Gina Rodriguez reached out about dealing with media requests, Rominger thought, Fine. She seemed legit. Neither of these things did much to get her brother out of trouble. Bogan’s request that Meeks be allowed to wear “civilian clothing that is fitting for his body” during court appearances only resulted in more headlines: “I’m Too Sexy for Shackles,” blared TMZ. Soon after, Katherine and Melissa appeared on Inside Edition. It seemed that Rodriguez, a former porn star, was paving the way for Jeremy to follow a trajectory similar to those of her other clients, Honey Boo Boo and Octomom.

With Meeks unavailable, people could project on him whatever they thought he was, or whatever they wanted to be: model scouts, saviors, detectives. “The case just didn’t make any sense,” says Brenda Taylor, an accountant who took over administration of the Supporters of Jeremy Meeks Facebook fan page from its original creator, an “eccentric but sincere multilingual Tunisian developer” based in Germany. “He was being persecuted,” Taylor explains, “because he was handsome.”

Like everyone else, Jim Jordan came across Meeks’s photos in his various feeds. “I thought it was funny,” he says, sipping a glass of wine on his patio. But it wasn’t until a friend called, saying that he had a connection to Meeks, that Jordan recognized how neatly the felon fit into his mission.

A hairdresser, makeup artist, and photographer for much of his career, Jordan started his talent agency, White Cross Management, in the early aughts. He is what is known as a “mother agent,” which means that he finds talent, develops them, then signs or lends them to larger agencies in exchange for a percentage of profits. Many of the people he works with are teenage girls like Charlize, a lithe blonde 14-year-old who drops by with her mother, a member of the cast of Swedish Hollywood Wives (Svenska Hollywoodfruar, as it’s known in Sweden), on the afternoon of my visit. “Gigi Hadid, Behati, Taylor Hill,” she says, primly ticking off Victoria’s Secret Angels when asked about her goals. “I idolize them.”

“You know, I discovered Gigi Hadid,” says Jordan, who has a Trumpian ability to take any thread and spin it into a self-affirming tale of questionable authenticity. He’d spotted Hadid on the beach, he says, with a friend who knew her parents, and taken some pictures, but it didn’t work out. “But Mohamed,” her father, “is all like,
“He has a ten-pack. Lean, he’s six-foot-one—the perfect height—fits the clothes perfect, super-white teeth.”

“You discovered Gigi!” he finishes. “I’m not out in the world saying, ‘I discovered Gigi.’ But that’s what happened.”

Anyway. About a decade ago, in the wake of some “gnarly spiritual stuff” that culminated in a scene where Jordan found himself huddled in a fetal position on the floor of a Malibu church, speaking in tongues, while Pamela Anderson and Kid Rock watched from across the aisle, he had a Christian awakening. “And I started, like, going out into the world and looking to where need was,” he tells me. “And you know, some people are like, I want to go to Haiti, and I want to go to Thailand, and I want to get orphans, and I want to get prostitutes off the street,” he says. “I realized that my heart was to help beautiful people. This is my mission.”

Jeremy Meeks was clearly beautiful and in need of help. When Jordan emailed Melissa Meeks, though, he immediately got a reply back from Rodriguez. “It says: ‘Hey back off, stop trying to poach my client,’” says Jordan. “So I call her and I say, ‘I don’t want to poach your client, but I can add value.’ I can hear her Googling, and she’s like, ‘Wow, you are, like, the real deal. Where do you live?’ I said, ‘The Oaks in Calabasas.’ She goes, ‘I was just there!’

This connection established, she agreed to put Jordan on the team. Next thing he knew, he was driving up to the prison to meet Melissa and Jeremy. And although the guards wouldn’t let him in to see Meeks (having discovered online that he was “a famous photographer”), Jordan and Melissa bonded, and, he says, she asked him to take over, solo, from Rodriguez (who declined to comment). Melissa and Jordan talked weekly about their hopes and dreams for Meeks, to whom Melissa would “translate” their conversations. Eventually, he and Jeremy had a conversation over the phone. “I was like, ‘Dude, it’s so crazy, the trouble you are in,’” he says he told him. “I was like, ‘Bro, are people going to cut your face up, disfigure you?’” he says. “He’s like, ‘No.’”

They got to know each other. “When I talked to Jeremy about his world, it’s not like me or people I know,” Jordan tells me, tearing up. “He has never known a model or an actor or anyone in our business. For him, the celebrities growing up were, like, gang people. And when I talked to Jeremy and got to know his heart, I understood this is something real. And I chose to have a vision for him.”

Jordan’s vision is different from the one Rodriguez might have had. Among the many requests he and his assistants have fielded are the expected opportunities for club appearances, reality shows, porn. But though he wants to incorporate Meeks’s story into his brand, he doesn’t want him to be a caricature. “I don’t want Jeremy just going on shows and being like, ‘Hey, I’m a prisoner,’” Jordan says. He wants him to have a message: “To help get guns out of kids’ hands.”

This, of course, will co-exist with a career in high fashion. “He’s going to walk in the shows in Paris,” Jordan says, noting that Meeks’s runway walk—which he saw him do over FaceTime—is spectacular. Meeks also wants to do movies: On his list, Jordan says, is interest from the producers of the upcoming Vin Diesel vehicle xXx: The Return of Xander Cage. “To this end, Jordan has been reading The Power of the Actor and The Artist’s Way. “He’s been doing his mornings pages,” Jordan tells me, adding that Meeks also makes use of his transitional housing’s gym. “He works out three, four times a day.”

It wasn’t until March 8, when Meeks was released into a reentry program, that Jordan experienced the Hot Felon in his full glory. “I was like, ‘Damn, this guy isn’t just good-looking,’” says Jordan, who snapped pictures on the road trip from the Mendota federal prison to Meeks’s halfway house. “He has a ten-pack. Lean, he’s six-foot-one—the perfect height—fits the clothes perfect, super-white teeth.”

Meeks has announced his intentions to get all his tattoos removed, which might be a hurdle for clients who were drawn to the bad-boy image. “I just think he’s really, like, dangerous and gorgeous,” a representative of Cotton Citizen, one of the brands that had contacted Jordan, tells me. “I live in L.A., and we have the street fashion, like, thug thing.”

Jordan himself sighs sadly at the thought of his client losing that special patina. “You still want to remove them?” he asks, when he gets ahold of Meeks on FaceTime the next day.

“As soon as possible,” Meeks says. “My kids are at the age when they ask questions. I want them to know this is not the life. I don’t want them to think, My dad is that, so I have to be that.”

Meeks, who was recently remanded to house arrest for good behavior, is still technically in federal custody until July 7 and isn’t supposed to be giving any interviews at the moment. But he knows Jordan has a reporter with him, and the canned quality of his answer suggests he has been prepped. He sounds like a beauty-pageant contestant. Which, in a way, he is. “It’s your story, man,” says Jordan.

And what a story it is. But as the internet giveth, the internet also taketh away. Since the beginning, Meeks has had his detractors: people perhaps too small-minded to partake in Jordan’s Vision. “You know he’s a felon, right?” one employee of the City of Stockton asks when I call to inquire about its most famous resident. “Like an actual criminal who is in prison?” And the news that Meeks is planning to capitalize on his renown—via Jordan, who posted a photo of the two of them leaving prison and has given several interviews boasting about offers Meeks has received from TV, film, and unnamed “royal families”—has caused even some of those fans to turn against him. “I think they’re going all Hollywood,” sniffs Brenda Taylor, noting Melissa Meeks’s increasingly glamorous Instagram presence. (“She had a kind of deep-cut shirt on, with the cleavage.”)

Worse, it’s possible the fashion world will have already deemed Meeks “over” before he begins. Because of his long incarceration, Meeks has missed some prime opportunities—like a chance to maybe be on W’s September cover with Rihanna, says Jordan, and that shot at Xander Cage, which has finished filming. “So I’d seen him around when he did the Givenchy campaign,” the woman from Cotton Citizen had told me earlier when I asked about Meeks’s appeal. “Wait, what?” I responded. “He hasn’t done any campaigns yet.” “No, he has,” she insisted. “That’s how everyone came across him. He did major campaigns, and then he was arrested.” Anyway, she went on, “it’s a good story. But my boyfriend is a photographer, and he thinks his time has already come and gone.”

Back at the Oaks, Jim Jordan gives his client one last prompt over FaceTime. “I know you have some stuff about the message that you have to share,” says Jordan.

“I do have a message,” Meeks says. But then, once again, he’s frozen. All we can see is his face.
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Who picks the doctors?
A New York City research and information company, Castle Connolly Medical Ltd., publishes an annual database, Top Doctors: New York Metro Area, which lists those whom Castle Connolly has determined to be in the top 10 percent of the region’s physicians—nearly 6,000 in all. For the past 18 years, Castle Connolly has been providing New York Magazine with a shorter version of this list for the magazine’s “Best Doctors” issue. Space prohibits New York Magazine from publishing the full list; this year, the doctors on our list number 1,300.

How does Castle Connolly decide which doctors are the best?
The firm conducts a peer-review survey. The idea is that medical professionals are best qualified to judge other medical professionals, and if one recommendation is good (think of your doctor referring you to a specialist), multiple recommendations are better. Licensed physicians vote online (castleconnolly.com/nominations) for those doctors they view as exceptional. Participating physicians are asked to nominate those doctors who, in their judgment, are the best in their field and related fields, taking into account not only professional qualifications and reputation (education, residency, board certification, hospital appointment, and disciplinary record, for example) but also skills in dealing with patients (listening and communicating effectively, demonstrating empathy, instilling trust and confidence). Doctors cannot nominate themselves, and all nominations are confidential. The Castle Connolly physician-led research team then tabulates the results and vets the nominee pool, confirming the doctors’ board certifications and licensing, and investigating their disciplinary histories.

Are the results adjusted at all?
Yes. The list is first adjusted for geographical balance. Because both Castle Connolly’s database and the list New York Magazine publishes are meant to help patients find doctors in their communities, Castle Connolly includes at least some top doctors from each relevant geographic area. On the one hand, this makes the list useful to the greatest possible number of New York Magazine readers; on the other hand, as a result of the concentration of excellent doctors in Manhattan, it forces some Manhattan doctors off the list.

Second, Castle Connolly strives for balance across specialties. Top doctors in popular specialties, therefore, might be left off in favor of a few in less-populated fields. Keep in mind, though, that all the doctors listed, regardless of location or specialty, are included because they came highly recommended by their peers and that all were thoroughly screened by Castle Connolly.

My doctor says he was left out last year because of politics. Could that be true?
To the extent that politics can enter into any peer-review process, it is possible that a given nominator had concerns other than an objective assessment of his peers’ skills when filling out his ballot. But Castle Connolly doesn’t play favorites in its selection process, and the large number of nominators tends to correct for any individual’s ulterior motives.

If my doctor is not on the list, does that mean he is not a great doctor?
No. The selection of doctors by peer review—and the compilation of a list that considers diversity of specialties and geography—inevitably leaves out many outstanding doctors.

Don’t the same doctors get nominated every year?
Many doctors do, but there are many new doctors on the list each year, too. Because established, well-known doctors are exactly that—established and well-known—the list may favor that kind of physician. That may mean fewer new choices each year, but it also means the list is inherently conservative. Given the importance of choosing a doctor, Castle Connolly and New York Magazine view that as a healthy bias.

One of my doctors was on last year’s list and isn’t on this year’s. What does that mean?
It doesn’t necessarily mean anything; it certainly shouldn’t be taken as proof of a drop-off in the doctor’s effectiveness. Getting on the list once doesn’t guarantee a doctor a “lock” on a position; the selection process begins anew every year.
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ANDREW GRANAS
Preventive medicine, diabetes, cholesterol/lipid disorders; Waldwick; 201-447-3603
VALLEY

Ohan Karapetyan
Geriatric medicine; Fort Lee; 201-866-8877
HOLY NAME

Adolescent medicine

Benjamin Kluger
Complementary medicine; New York; 646-935-2257
MT SAINI BETH ISRAEL

Edward Merker
Geriatric medicine; Pleasantville; 914-797-7300
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Robert Schaller
Complementary medicine; New York; 212-924-7744
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Richard Shephard
Diabetes, hypertension, asthma; New York; 212-466-9620
NYU LANGONE

Ann Williams
Stamford; 203-977-2566 STAMFORD

Geriatric medicine

Laura Chavez
Alzheimer’s disease; Hackensack; 201-487-3355
HOLY NAME

Andrew Fader
Preventive medicine; New York; 914-593-6500 ST. JOHN’S RIVERSIDE

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Harvey Gross
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ENGLEWOOD

Geralynne Laman
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BARRA PARIS
Frail elderly, cognitive loss in aging; Brooklyn; 718-283-7071 MAHNOON

Michael Perskin
Cholesterol/lipid disorders, hypertension, memory disorders; New York; 212-283-8313
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Margaret Vaughan
Geriatric functional assessment, frail elderly, falls in the elderly; Katonah; 914-242-1270 WESTCHESTER

INFECTIOUS DISEASE

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Travel medicine; New York; 212-249-3440 NY PRES-WELL CORNELL

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Aryeh Berkovitz
Preventive medicine, cholesterol/lipid disorders; New York; 212-959-6933 MT SAINI WEST

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Women’s health; New York; 212-288-1302 NY PRES-WELL CORNELL

ALAN DECHIARIO
Preventive medicine; New York; 212-857-411
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Susan Flanzman
Women’s health, anxiety and depression, menopause problems, nutrition and obesity; Paramus; 201-445-1600 VALLEY

Sandra Gelbard
Concierge medicine, preventive medicine, cholesterol/lipid disorders, nutrition; New York; 212-988-5303 LENOX HILL

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Although he acknowledges a unique passion for rhinoplasty, Dr. Miller’s practice is not limited to nasal surgery. He performs neck and face lifts, cheek, chin and jaw implants, cosmetic eyelid surgery, Botox® and facial fillers. He brings a unique perspective to these procedures that is responsible for his remarkably natural results.

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Dr. Miller’s office is located at 60 East 56th Street, 3rd Floor in Midtown New York. You can find more information at www.DrPhilipMillerRhinoplasty.com and www.DrPhilipMiller.com. If you would like to schedule an appointment to meet with Dr. Miller you may contact the office at (212) 750-7100 or by email at welcome@drphilipmiller.com.
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MONTEFIORE

JOSHUA PISCHE
Laparoscopic surgery, kidney stones, prostate benign disease, minimally invasive surgery; Cranford; 908-654-5006
OVERLOOK

MIDWEST MEDICAL GROUP

KIMBERLY FRIEDMAN
Urology–female, incontinence, neuro–urology, voiding dysfunction, urethral–voiding dysfunction; New York; 212-342-6600
HACKENSACK

JONATHAN STIFFELMAN
Robotics and minimally invasive urology, reconstructive surgery, kidney cancer; New York; 646-825-6325
NYU LANGONE

SAMIR TANIA
Prostate cancer, kidney cancer, robotic surgery, bladder cancer, kidney cancer; New York; 646-424-4391
SLOAN-KETTERING

MATTHEW W. UY
Prostate benign disease; prostate cancer, testicular cancer, urological cancer, neuro–urology; New York; 212-305-0114
NY PRES-COLUMBIA

ROBERT SALTZ
Prostate cancer, robotic surgery, prostate cancer, prostate benign disease, erectile dysfunction, kidney stones; New York; 617-686-1140
MT SINA BETH ISRAEL

JASPREET SINGH
Urology, incontinence, neurogenic bladder, urodynamics, urinary tract infections; New York; 646-722-9500
MT SINA

VASCULAR AND INTERVENTIONAL RADIOLOGY

KAREN BROWN
Liver cancer, radiofrequency tumor ablation, chemoembolization and tumor ablation; New York; 212-393-5882
SLOAN-KETTERING

JACOB CYBAMON
Peripheral vascular disease, uterine fibroid embolization, liver cancer, dialisis access; the Bronx; 718-920-5729
MONTEFIORE

RONALD DICKERSON
New York; 212-523-4446
MT SINA BETH ISRAEL

ADRIAN DURDIN
Endovascular surgery, minimally invasive surgery, abdominal aortic, peripheral vascular disease; Old Westbury; 203-425-2792
GREENWICH

ALAN BENNETT
Renovascular disease, aneurysm–aortic, endovascular surgery,
interventions, carotid endarterectomy, aneurysm–abdominal aortic; New York; 212-283-7311
NY LANGONE

GREGG LANDIS
Endovascular surgery, peripheral vascular disease, aneurysm–aortic, carotid endarterectomy; New Hyde Park; 516-470-4505

LI JEWISH

JOHN LANTIS
Limb salvage, wound healing/care, endovascular surgery, carotid endarterectomy; New York; 212-523-4797

MT S I REE S T L O C K E R

EVAN LIPSITZ
Aneurysm–abdominal and thoracic aortic, endovascular surgery, limb salvage, peripheral vascular disease; the Bronx; 718-920-2016

MT S I REE S T L O C K E R

MICHAEL MARIN
Aneurysm–aortic, peripheral vascular disease, limb salvage, endovascular surgery; New York; 212-241-0737

MT S I REE S T L O C K E R

ROMEO MATEO
Endovascular surgery, minimally invasive surgery, carotid endarterectomy, aneurysm; Hawthorne; 914-909-6000

WESTCHESTER

NICHOLAS MORRISEY
Endovascular surgery, aneurysm–abdominal and thoracic aortic, carotid endarterectomy; New York; 212-305-1165

MT S I REE S T L O C K E R

CAROL ROCKMAN
Carotid, endarterectomy, varicose veins, peripheral vascular disease, aneurysm–abdominal aortic; New York; 212-283-7311

NY LANGONE

DARREN SCHNEIDER
Endovascular surgery, minimally invasive surgery, aneurysm–aortic, peripheral vascular disease; New York; 212-746-5122

MT S I REE S T L O C K E R

APOSTOLOS TASSIOPOULOS
Endovascular surgery, aneurysm–aortic, peripheral vascular disease, carotid endarterectomy; Centereach; 631-444-1279

STONY BROOK

REESE WAIN
Aneurysm–abdominal and thoracic aortic, carotid endarterectomy, peripheral vascular disease; Mineola; 516-603-1220

WINTROP
HAVANA
May 3
Karl Lagerfeld with his godson, Hudson Kroenig, heading backstage after the show.

See thecut.com for the full series.
Far-Flung Fashion

A burgeoning of style outside the usual global hubs.

Photographs by
CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON
We brought 700 people to Havana!” says Karl Lagerfeld, the creative director of Chanel. He raises his eyebrows slowly above his dark black glasses, impressed by his own chutzpah. And indeed the whole thing is like a crazy fever dream: high capitalism in Havana? Giddy consumption and luxury lust?

Lagerfeld, with his truffle-pig nose for the Zeitgeist, is ready. He’s brought rack upon rack of glistening ropes of pearls. “It’s a complete accident!” he says, “like everything I do.” But it was the good kind of accident. “Here,” he says, “you can really wear jewelry. Here you can smile whenever you want. It is adorable.”

But of course, what do I know about Cuba? It is very childish, my idea, a stupid idea,” Lagerfeld says, smiling. He knows it’s not. “But it’s an idea.”

The show comes at the end of a multiday Chanel-a-thon, a mad blur of activity and heat and cultural overload during which the mark of Chanel is all over a conspicuously logo-free city. It’s a massive affair on the Paseo del Prado, a pedestrian walkway in the center of the city with tall trees shading its marble benches. The buildings lining the street are filled with spectators, fanning themselves on balconies, climbing onto roofs, leaning out of windows to see the 88 looks: prints about vintage cars, fedoras on top, men smoking cigars, T-shirts declaring VIVA COCO LIBRE!

For the grand finale, the models all emerge together, and the band follows them down the runway. They are awkward at first, but then the audience starts dancing and cheering and the models loosen up. Soon no one’s hair looks okay, but no one cares.

Lagerfeld dances a salsalike thing with French actress Cécile Cassel.

“I never thought this was going to happen,” the Cuban actress Ana de Armas says. “The only way of acquiring knowledge in Cuba is by conversation, and this is like a great big conversation.”

“I really thought the collection honored Cuban styles, shapes, and attitudes,” says Tilda Swinton, who had flown in for the show just the day before. “There’s a thing here in terms of style that reminds me of clubbing in the ’80s. It’s just that general coolness and relaxedness of being well put-together.”

And will a big fashion show change that?

“Look,” she says, “capitalism is visiting and the Cubans are doffing their caps, but this is a very healthy country, and any notion that they need saving by a moribund capitalist country from across the sea is just absurd.”
Isabella Ridolfi waiting for the show to begin.
Taiwan, Maybelline Worldwide Has Its First Asian Face

Taiwanese model I-Hua Wu is the newest addition to Maybelline’s increasingly diverse beauty roster.

I-Hua Wu’s (pronounced ee-hwa woo) origin story sounds like that of many foreign beauties unearthed in remote locales—a gawky teen unrecognized by provincial beauty standards, unaware of her own potential. As she put it, “I was bullied because I was too tall. I cried every single day. In high school, my mom saw a company was holding a modeling competition and signed me up. It wasn’t to become a model; it was to meet other tall people like me.” Wu credits her unusual height to daily stops at the beef-soup stand in her hometown. “In Tainan, all the street food is so good. This could be a reason why my family is so tall. All the kids in my family are so tall. My mom’s older brother and their wife are tall, but their kids are short. They don’t eat beef. My brother is [six feet tall]. My cousin is about [five foot six]. I think we all owe it to the beef.”

IN

Malaysia

Boasts a Pop Muslim Icon

Yuna, a new musical export.

WHAT DO YOU do when you’re a devout Muslim pop star who collaborates with super-producers like Pharrell and Usher but can’t show your hair or any skin at all? You take your love of turbans and team up with international fashion retailers like Uniqlo to inspire a new generation of fashion-minded Muslim women. While she’s not the first female Muslim pop star, Yuna is certainly poised for cross-over success. Her new album, Chapters, came out in May and evokes early Sade. As for her choice to cover up, “I’m not oppressed,” she says. “It’s very liberating that I get to do this and still be in the music industry. I like it that I don’t have to conform to the normal women-in-entertainment sex-selling appeal.” LINDSAY PEOPLES

Australia

Stakes a Claim on the Fashion Circuit

A dispatch from Sydney Fashion Week.

One asset Sydney has, besides sun and an almost unjust surplus of beautiful people, is scenery, and at the recent Sydney Fashion Week, designers took advantage. Manning Cartell—designed by sisters Cheryl, Vanessa, and Gabrielle Manning—set its show underneath the city’s famed Harbour Bridge, with the Opera House looming behind the models, who were clad in denim trouser suits and safari dresses. Elsewhere, on the thin strip of lawn that divides Carthona, a mansion in Sydney’s Darling Point suburb, from the beach, a very eccentric dress-up party hosted by fashion line Romance Was Born featured models with cotton-candy hairdos, flapper dresses dripping with piano keys, and Muppet-ish pelts in every color of the rainbow. The label’s designers Luke Sales and Anna Plunkett are proof that the city—which has long taken a backseat to London and New York in terms of buzzy talent—is finally coming into its own, fashion-wise. VÉRONIQUE HYLAND

PHOTOGRAPHS: THIS PAGE, DANIEL BOUD/COURTESY OF ROMANCE IS BORN (AUSTRALIA); DAVID URBANKE FOR THE CUT (WU), STYLING BY DIANA TSUI; ANDRE WAGNER FOR THE CUT (YUNA), STYLING BY LINDSAY PEOPLES
Photographer María Fernanda Molins roved the capital city capturing locals who mixed traditional embroidery with vintage YSL, Hood by Air, and pink denim for a distinctive street style.

Photographs by María Fernanda Molins
Everyone deserves to breathe clean, smoke-free air in their homes.
Smoke-free housing protects New Yorkers, especially children from secondhand smoke.
For more information on going smoke-free, or to lend your support, visit SmokeFreeHousingNY.org.
UNTIL LAST MONTH, the only way to so much as look at this bright-orange shock of a 1969 Ford Bronco was to awkwardly walk into a shaded West Soho showroom or shell out to become a member of the Classic Car Club’s exclusive home base. No longer. The club has moved uptown, into a 37,500-square-foot indoor-outdoor waterfront clubhouse on Pier 76 (at West 34th Street). Now, for the first time ever, the club’s inviting the public to gawk at its 40 rare whips and even participate in car-education classes. It’s also opened up memberships: For $185 per month, you can attend weekly happy hours with fellow enthusiasts, drive race cars upstate, and get the chance to take this baby out for a weekend in the Hamptons (there’s a wait list, of course). The Bronco’s been upgraded with a five-liter fuel-injected engine, a light fiberglass body, waterproof interiors, and custom suspension lifts. There’s a hard top if you prefer, but we strongly suggest tying up a surfboard instead.
BEST BETS

The Hugh Jackman–frequented DogPound and indoor-rowing studio Current round out western Canal Street’s boutique-fitness hub.

Barry’s Bootcamp: Trendmill-based workouts mix arms and abs to shock the body into building muscle ($34).

City Pole: Mindfulness-focused pole-dancing classes with a meditation area and rejuvenation room ($38).

The DogPound: Machine Gun classes that mix yoga, ballet, boxing, and core strength ($34).

JumpLife: Trampoline-based cardio fusion classes integrate dance and Pilates ($28).

Tracy Anderson: Gwyneth Paltrow–approved 50-minute dance cardio classes ($45).

Current: 45-minute Justin Bieber–themed indoor-rowing classes ($34).

Jen Bailey picks her favorite glass knobs and customizable shoes from F.A.D. Weekend (22 Boerum Pl., Downtown Brooklyn), her market for makers of fashion, art, and design, open every Sunday through June 26.

Legendary store designer Jacques Grange emerges for the Row’s New York debut (17 E. 71st St.).

‘I don’t make many stores, but Mary Kate and Ashley [Olsen] seduced me. They said, ‘We’ve followed your work for a long time,’ and then showed me Italian floors and Jean-Michel Frank chairs, different items with balance. We went back and forth to build a story and decided to make it feel like a private home. The floor is stone, and there’s an alcove with a velvet couch. The clothes are all dark navy and gray, so I stayed light with taupe and off-white. The wedding between Mary Kate, Ashley, and myself, Jacques Grange, is the best wedding in a long time.’

On May 26, VanMoof (269 Baltic St., Cobble Hill) introduced a smart bike that’s virtually unstealable ($1,998).

The wheels and saddle are attached with unusually shaped bolts, so thieves can’t use their typical tools.

A Bluetooth-connected lock only opens if your smartphone is nearby.

A Dynamo generator turns pedaling into energy that powers the lights and speedometer.

The chain hides inside a soft plastic frame so that it can’t snag suit pants.

A Frequency meter shows how fast I’m going.

The stupid phone is nearby.

VanMoof approved: the bike is stolen, VanMoof guarantees they’ll find it or buy you a replacement.

The anodized-aluminum frame is lightweight, rustproof, and scratch-resistant.

Jordan Rosenthal opened the world’s first dedicated pin store, Pintrill (231 Grand St., Williamsburg).

‘How did you become a pin don? I started designing emoji pins in 2014 and kept thinking of more pop-culture references, like Yeezus for President ($18), which is only available in the shop. We also carry rare Keith Haring pins ($100) I found in a Japanese mall.

Jen Bailey’s Pick

Alterre makes customizable heels (from $130), where the strap is interchangeable, so you can switch up the color from day to night for any occasion.

Jen Bailey’s Pick

Iron and Light Design uses pipes to create lights ($690). I’d admire this as a sculpture during the day and turn it on for ambient lighting in the evening.

Jen Bailey’s Pick

I met Izaskun Zabala years ago at a market and then asked her to join F.A.D. Her shapes are great, and this ring ($135) is so funky and minimal.

Jen Bailey’s Pick

‘I’m a huge glass fan, so you’ll see more glass here than any other market. SRBGlassCraft makes these amazingly colorful cabinet knobs ($40 for two).’

Jen Bailey’s Pick

Major Pendant by Paul Loebach, from $2,200.

Excel by Rich Brilliant Willing, from $390.

Bluff City by Jonah Takagi, from $750.

Modo by Jason Miller, from $590.

2X2

Roll & Hill Lights

Now available at its inaugural showroom (3 Mercer St.).
OLIVER AND LEWIS SPEED
Students

What are you guys up to today?
LEWIS: We took the 158 bus from Edgewater, New Jersey, to the Port Authority and have been walking around taking photos. It's a pretty typical day for us.
OLIVER: We graduated from high school in New Jersey last year, but we're Australian, so we're waiting to get our papers so we can apply to college there.
LEWIS: People at our high school in New Jersey didn't know what to make of us; they called me Jesus, and they called Oliver Jesús. They would put halos over our heads on Snapchat.

Are you guys very twiny twins?
OLIVER: Well, we've spent almost every day together for the past 20 years.
LEWIS: People say we're telepathic; like, in U.S.-history class, on every test, we got the exact same questions wrong, and our teacher thought we were cheating, so we were put on opposite sides of the room—but it kept happening.
OLIVER: We might not go to the same college.
LEWIS: Yeah, it's not going to be like Step Brothers, where we are grown up and sleeping in bunk beds. We have to end it sometime.

INTERVIEW BY ALEXIS SWERDLOFF

LIGHTNING ROUND

Type of twins: Fraternal.
Cameras: OLIVER: Pentax 67, “Taking pictures is a growing hobby for us.”
LEWIS: Hasselblad 500C and a Canon AE-1.
Favorite TV shows: OLIVER: Mr. Robot.
LEWIS: Parks and Recreation and Seinfeld.
Shampoo: OLIVER: “What's the stuff in the black bottle?”
LEWIS: “Tresemme. Our mom buys it for us.”
Deceptively Modest Mimi
A pint-size Village bistro with a daring French soul.

BY ADAM PLATT

I can’t remember precisely when it was during my first dinner at a small, randomly named Village bistro called Mimi, but I turned to one of my guests and muttered, with my mouth half-full and only semi-intelligibly, a phrase roughly translatable to “So where the hell has this place been all my life?!” Possibly it was after a little platter of white asparagus appeared at our table, plump, perfectly cooked, and dressed in a strange, smoky porridge stirred with bits of fresh uni. Or maybe it was the mind-bending boudin noir appetizer, which in the hands of Mimi’s precocious 25-year-old chef, Liz Johnson, isn’t a classic blood sausage, really, at least not in the old-fashioned, fatso sense of the word. The sausage is cut in a loose square, like a piece of country scrapple, poured with a pink verjus sauce, and served over a slip of tarte Tatin pastry covered not with apples but with rhubarb.

Johnson has been serving up these odd little wonders in this semi-anonymous little bistro, which has been hiding more or less in plain sight ever since it opened several months ago among all the other small, semi-anonymous restaurants along Sullivan Street below Washington Square. The stylish little dining room was mostly empty when I visited, although in fairness, I should note that I like to have my dinner on the early side. A soothing saxophone loop played over the stereo, and a few regulars sat at the small bar up front, sipping their aperitifs in spring dresses and fashionably rumpled coats. Our genial waiter acted less like a real waiter than like somebody’s friend who’d been dragooned into service that night (he’s one of the co-owners, it turns out), and the dated menu was written on a single page in the chef’s big, loopy handwriting.

But once the food begins to arrive from the small basement kitchen, these familiar bistro trappings drop away, and dinner at Mimi takes on a kind of carnival, pop-up feel. Johnson has done lightning tours of grand kitchens in far-off places like Denmark (Noma, of course) and Japan during the course of her short career, and although her cooking is rooted in the ancient French canon, she grabs inspiration from all over. Because the menu changes constantly, she doesn’t stick to one theme for very long. Regulars, who’ve been badgering me to visit the restaurant for months, talk in hushed tones about the decadent old-school specials on her winter menu, like tureens of turtle soup for two, folded with foie gras and nuggets of salty country ham, and a theatrical version of duck à l’orange, presented with the head still attached to its neck, doused in Grand Marnier, then lit aflame in the dining room.

These theatrical throwbacks have mostly vanished with the warmer weather, but for a kitchen this size (it’s worked by Johnson and her fiancé, who just completed a stint at Per Se), the menu still packs a sizable punch. When we called for an order of pork rillettes, they appeared with all the trimmings (gherkins, sliced bread, a pot of mustard) in a cannonball-size jar and caulked on top with a comforting layer of pig fat. In addition to the boudin noir, the fusillade of appetizers included sweetbreads dressed in an impressively executed scallop blanquette, towers of escargot (in puff pastry), and fresh-made gnocchi layered with uni and little nickels of white asparagus. For lighter eaters, there were helpings of sea trout, gently sizzled soft-shell crab, and little strips of madai crudo dripped with citrus and brown butter, presented in high Tokyo style with little silver-tipped chopsticks.

“If this place opened in Silver Lake, it would win 40 James Beard Awards,” mused a chef friend of mine from L.A., as he pondered his Ludo Lefebvre–like lamb entrée, which consisted of two thick slices of lamb leg poured with a jus spiked with wild nettles, arranged on the plate with
Moholy-Nagy: Future Present

But a Storm Is Blowing from Paradise: Contemporary Art of the Middle East and North Africa

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Global Partners
a sinfully rich square of potato dauphinoise. My sugary-edged, deeply porky pork shoulder exuded a similar combination of barnyard goodness and classic technical skill, and so did the roast chicken, which Johnson serves with toasted potato dumplings on the side. My bloated, slightly bedazzled guests agreed that her faithful version of veal Oscar (swaddled in bacon with a viscously creamy crab sauce) was possibly too much of a good thing, so if you’re in an expansive mood, I suggest the Cadillac-size Maine lobster, which, on the evening I enjoyed it, was smothered in mounds of parsley-rich escargot butter.

Mimi has been designed by its trio of young owners (one Parisian, two New Yorkers) to be a stylish neighborhood bar as well as a restaurant, which means you can enjoy a decent Negroni on the little café chairs set up on the sidewalk before dinner, along with a selection of deceptively modest French wines once the food arrives. The desserts are deceptively modest, too, in the style of one of those polished small-town bistros you might wander into while rambling around, say, the Breton countryside. There is a generously sized soufflé, which, like any self-respecting soufflé, must be ordered 20 minutes in advance, and a soft, cocoa-saturated wedge of chocolate tart, paired with a cooling scoop of cow’s-milk sorbet. But the star of this unexpectedly dazzling show is the baba au rhum, which is served with clouds of freshly whipped cream on its soft, egg-colored top and finished with a tot of rum poured, with proper ceremony, tableside.

SCRATCHPAD

This is a classic two-star joint by most measures, but we’ll give one star for customer satisfaction, one for classic technique, and one for good old joie de vivre.

BITES

IDEAL MEAL: Pork rillettes, soft-shell crab or escargot or ris de veau (sweetbreads), lamb with mint sauce, baba au rhum. NOTE: There is a new menu weekly, so much of what you read here is subject to change. OPEN: Monday to Saturday for dinner; Sunday for brunch. PRICES: Appetizers, $7 to $21; entrées, $26 to $39; and $80 for dishes for two.

Rabbit Terrine

If you’re a New Delhi–born chef best known for elegant Indian cuisine but determined to demonstrate your cross-cultural cooking chops, you could do worse than position a superb terrine near the top of your new restaurant’s menu under the section heading “Nashta/Noshing.” That’s what former Devi chef Suvir Saran has done at Tapestry, whose bill of fare runs the gamut from fritto misto to masala fried chicken. Unlike those dishes, which incorporate Indian herbs and spices, the terrine is straight-up, textbook French. “I started making it because our neighbors at our upstate farm raise rabbits for butchering,” says Saran.

“It was a no-brainer to have it on the menu.”

R. R. & R. P.

The garnish, or what Saran calls “rabbit grazings”: fennel fronds, shaved carrot, and edible flowers.

Saran combines rabbit meat and rabbit liver with pork and seasons the mixture with herbs, fennel, and Pernod.

Is there anything better to line a terrine dish with than bacon?

Besides nutty flavor, pistachios add color and textural contrast.

On the menu at Tapestry, $23; 60 Greenwich Ave., nr. Seventh Ave. S.; 212-373-8900
Just how does a mattress win so many awards? It starts with great engineering. Our in-house team spent nine months developing one perfect mattress. It’s obsessively engineered with springy latex and supportive memory foams to create a sleep surface that loves you back. But don’t take our word for it, try the Casper in your home for 100 nights with free shipping and free returns. No springs attached.

ENJOY $50 OFF ANY MATTRESS WITH CODE: NYMAG*
In the relentless pendulum swing of global tastes, France and its iconic cuisine have been going through a slump. You’d never know it, though, from the proliferation of classic French desserts around town. This is a moment for meringue, for lush pastry cream, and for looming soufflés—and not just at places like La Grenouille. The trend is most apparent at Antoine Westermann’s Le Coq Rico, which has reacquainted New Yorkers with the pleasures of these festive showstoppers, but it’s also on display at Bowery neo-bistros and English-clubby hotels. Here, a retro-pastry primer. 

**DIRTY FRENCH’S TARTE TATIN**
When you think tarte Tatin, you think apples. But Rich Torrisi’s pineapple tarte Tatin—larded with sliced banana for creaminess—changes all that in one bite. $15. 180 Ludlow St., nr. Houston St.; 212-254-3000.

**REBELLE’S MILLE-FEUILLE**
Pastry chef Samantha Chen makes her own flaky “thousand-leaves” puff pastry, tops it with huckleberry compote, and layers it with yogurt mousse and nutty taro mousseline—a nod to her Taiwanese roots. $24 (to share). 218 Bowery, nr. Prince St.; 917-639-3880.

**VAUCULSE’S VACHERIN**
Strawberry shortcake has nothing on pastry chef Alina Martell’s vacherin, a textbook-crisp meringue shell housing fromage blanc ice cream and strawberry consommé. $13. 100 E. 63rd St., nr. Park Ave.; 646-869-2300.

**THE CLOCKTOWER’S PISTACHIO SOUFFLÉ**
Sebastien Rouxel patterned his menu after the room’s old-fashioned vibe. His classic soufflé, a miracle of beaten egg whites aerating a yolk-based sauce, is “all about technique” and comes with a scoop of chocolate ice cream. $18. 5 Madison Ave., at 24th St.; 212-413-4300.

**TRENDLET**
**SOUFFLÉS RISING**
Classic desserts return to the menu.

A domed island of ethereal soft meringue, floating in a sea of crème anglaise dappled with crunchy pink praline. $10. 30 E. 20th St., nr. Park Ave. S.; 212-267-7426.

**IN THE RELENTLESS pendulum swing of global tastes, France and its iconic cuisine have been going through a slump. You’d never know it, though, from the proliferation of classic French desserts around town. This is a moment for meringue, for lush pastry cream, and for looming soufflés—and not just at places like La Grenouille. The trend is most apparent at Antoine Westermann’s Le Coq Rico, which has reacquainted New Yorkers with the pleasures of these festive showstoppers, but it’s also on display at Bowery neo-bistros and English-clubby hotels. Here, a retro-pastry primer. R.R. & R.P.**
M. Wells Steakhouse’s
Baked Alaska
M. Wells picks up where Delmonico’s left off, plopping ice cream onto cake, spackling it with meringue, baking it for a while, then dousing it with anise liqueur and torching it tableside. $20.
43-15 Crescent St., Long Island City; 718-786-9060.

Le Coq Rico’s Profiteroles
Bourbon-vanilla ice cream inside pâte à choux, or cream-puff dough, dribbled with rich Valrhona chocolate. As close as France gets to a hot-fudge sundae. $11.

La Sirena’s Baba al Campari
Baba au rhum reinterpreted for a Mario Batali restaurant by former Le Bernardin pastry chef Michael Laiskonis. The cake is soaked in everyone’s favorite deep-pink aperitif and topped with basil ice cream. $14.
88 Ninth Ave., at 16th St.; 212-977-6096.
and many questionable innovations—behind everybody's favorite new topic.

Going deep into the science—

THE EVERYTHING GUIDE TO:

POO
Suddenly, it seems like we’re all talking about poop. At dinner parties, at the grocery store, on Snapchat. At play, in part, is a broader cultural trend in making public discourse of formerly taboo body functions (see, for example, last year’s viral-marketing campaign for Thinx menstrual underwear). But in the case of our bowel movements, there’s actually much to discuss.

For one, the 2010s have turned out to be a golden age of crap science. Discoveries around the world have been made about the microbiome—the millions of microbes that reside throughout your body and intestines and, consequently, your excrement—and its role in an astonishing array of conditions. A 2015 University of Minnesota study showed that doctors may one day be able to predict a colon-cancer sufferer’s prognosis by examining his gut bacteria, where elevated levels of two particular gut bugs —
May indicate how far the disease has progressed. Other recent findings reported that, compared with non-autistic kids, those with autism had drastically altered degrees of certain intestinal bacterial species; in another paper, treating mice with *Bacteroides fragilis* improved their autism-like behavioral symptoms. And a recently formed coalition of four U.S. research centers called the MS Microbiome Consortium even believes we may one day be able to treat patients with multiple sclerosis and other autoimmune diseases by altering their gut bacteria—largely through dietary changes and probiotic supplements.

It’s not surprising, then, that just this month the White House announced the launch of the National Microbiome Initiative, which will involve major investigations of the human-gut microbiome, funded by $121 million from the government plus an additional $400 million from private donors.

Beyond diseases, studies in animals have hinted at what scientists call a “gut-brain axis”—that is, that the bacteria and viruses found in the gut may influence the brain and thereby behavior; a finding published in *Gastroenterology* in 2011 revealed a typically shy set of mice became “bold and adventurous” after taking a mixture of antibiotics that significantly altered their gut composition. Other studies on the human microbiome have found that the makeup of a person’s gut bacteria is personalized enough to potentially play a role in forensics: A 2015 finding published in *Science* showed that researchers were able to identify people by their microbiological aura—bacteria shed throughout their homes (and, theoretically, in their toilets).

The boom of scatological breakthroughs extends past the medical field, too. In 2014 in the U.K., a bus fueled by biomethane gas—created from human (and food) waste—made its inaugural journey, traveling from Bristol to Bath. In a widely viewed recent YouTube video, Bill Gates drinks water that just five minutes earlier had been literal shit (it was to demonstrate the power of his new Omni Processor project, dedicated to turning human waste into water and electricity).

Alongside all this new fecal science and technology, we’ve seen a burst of more individualized advancements: bowel-tracking apps helping our quest for an ever-more “quantified” self; colonic treatments at new New Age spas; the $25 plastic Squatty Potty that did an estimated $15 million in sales last year. In Israel, meanwhile, a pair of scientists say they can tailor a nutrition plan for you after you give a stool sample. There’s a 4,000-person waiting list. —Melissa Dahl

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**How May We Clean Your Colon?**

BY AMANDA MACMILLAN

**OUR CURRENT** colonic resurgence includes a slew of niche and newfangled spa treatments designed to leave your system cleaner than ever, the purported benefits ranging from relieved constipation to increased concentration. Of course, gastroenterologists are skeptical. Here, an assessment of the city’s latest options from Gina Sam, director of the Mount Sinai Gastrointestinal Motility Center—as well as a few very satisfied customers. (Understandably, they asked that their last names not be used; as free as people may be about discussing the inner workings of their bodies, there are still some limits.)

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**What it is:**

A nozzle is inserted into the rectum, and the lower intestine is flushed with gallons of water. *Fluid Water Therapy* (22 E. 21st St.) has one of the city’s only FDA-approved open-system devices, which means that waste can be released straight into a basin—instead of through an inch-thick tube like in more common closed-system devices. The 30-minute treatment takes place in a recliner with a drainage opening. $150 per session.

**What an enthusiastic client says:**

“I’m 65 and always constipated, and this helps me feel cleaned out. I had my first colonic at another spa, but it felt like some kind of homemade enema. The machine at Fluid is far superior: comfortable, professional, and the environment is very soothing.” —Denise, Upper East Side

**What the skeptical doctor says:**

“In general, gastroenterologists do not recommend colonics. There could be complications, like intestinal tears from the nozzle or electrolyte imbalances. Plus, you’re flushing out the good bacteria along with the bad.”

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**What it is:**

The “Ultimate Flush” package at the cozy *Provence Wellness Center* (150 E. 55th St.) combines colon hydrotherapy with lymphatic drainage—a procedure that, in this case, uses an ultrasound-like wand to send vibrational pulses throughout the body. It’s meant to target lymph nodes and increase circulation, and it supposedly works for everything from weight loss to better skin.

$235 per package.

**What an enthusiastic client says:**

“I like to go every week or two. The lymphatic combo helps break up and stimulate the release of waste faster, so much more comes out than with a regular colonic. It helps with swelling in my stomach and legs in particular. It feels like your whole body becomes lighter.” —Terri, Upper East Side

**What the skeptical doctor says:**

“Our body is designed to get rid of toxins naturally—that’s what our liver and our kidneys are for. And there is just no scientific support that something like vibration is going to help us do that better.”

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**SIX MOMENTS WHEN FECES ENTERED THE PUBLIC DISCOURSE:**

2005

On an episode of *The Oprah Winfrey Show,* Winfrey asked Dr. Oz what shape the ideal excrement should be. (Like the letter S, which indicates smooth movement through the intestines.)

2008

Jamie Lee Curtis appeared on an episode of *Oprah* to tell us about Activia, the yogurt “scientifically proven” to help digestion.

2010

In actuality this was not scientifically proven, and Dannon was ordered to pay $45 million to settle a lawsuit over the false claim.

2012

Guyanath Paltrow introduces the Goop Cleanse, a $425 digestive-cleansing kit.

2013

Howard Stern enthusiastically (andgraphically) endorses the Squatty Potty on his SiriusXM radio show.

2016

Both Kylie and Kris Jenner Instagram photos of their respective $10,000 Toto toilets, designed to be used with a high-tech rear-cleansing washlet.
I’ve Made Thousands of Dollars Donating My Bowel Movements

OpenBiome is a nonprofit organization located just outside Boston that relies on healthy volunteers to donate their excrement—sort of like a feces bank—to be used for fecal transplants for people with a recurrent form of the potentially life-threatening gastrointestinal infection C. difficile. When fecal matter from a healthy person is introduced into the gut of a person with C. diff, the healthy microbes take over, crowding the C. diff out. At $40 a pop, someone who donates every day for a year could make $14,000. But only 2.8 percent of applicants pass the intense screening process. Here’s the story of one who did.

My story begins with my Maltese puppy with a horrible diarrhea problem. The week we got her, she had these really serious gastrointestinal issues. She was miserable. And so I kept doing all this research online to try to figure out how I could help her, but Google kept pulling up results for humans instead of dogs. So that’s how I found out about OpenBiome. Here I am commiserating with my puppy about what she was going through, and I came upon this opportunity to help people suffering from their own bowel issues.

I had to fill out a long application, then six months went by, then I had to go in for a medical exam. They needed my entire medical history—

I had to answer about 15 pages of questions, everything you would find on a blood-donor questionnaire plus questions about my gastrointestinal and infectious-disease history. It turns out that I’m a super-duper poop-er. It might be my vegan diet. I don’t know. I’ve been doing it for about three months, and I drop off my donations about five to seven times a week. I’ve made about $3,000 so far from just pooping. I have a little routine going. They give you this little tray that fits into your toilet bowl underneath the lid and a big plastic tub. It kind of looks like a Tupperware container. I position myself over the tray, then I just go. If I’m having pellet poop and it’s not the right quality, that’s not going to work. The poop should ideally look kind of like a snake. When I’m done, I seal it up in a plastic container they give you and I bring it into the office. I’m a morning pooper, so it works out really well. I go, drop off my sample, and then on the way home drive by a Trader Joe’s and pick up some groceries. At first it took some getting used to. You just kind of look at it and go, I have a sample of poop in the passenger seat next to me. The folks at OpenBiome sometimes will shoot us donors testimonials from patients saying thank-you. Like, “Hey, I had a transplant, and it was instantaneous—I felt better immediately.” And, you know, it’s something I’m going to be doing anyway.
—As Told To M.D.

Coffee enema

The coffee enema at Gravity East Village (515 E. 5th St.) starts with castor oil on the abdomen to stimulate the liver. Then, low-acid organic coffee is freshly ground, mixed with water, and funneled six to eight inches into the colon and held there for ten minutes while clients lie on their side. They release—inhale, on the toilet—and repeat a second time. Proponents say the caffeine provides a mild buzz and stimulates the release of stored-up bile. $140 per session.

Maya abdominal massage

Developed by a naturopathic doctor, this is a noninvasive technique meant to treat digestive problems, infertility, and urinary incontinence. Manual pressure is applied to the pelvic region, with an aim to release blockages and guide organs into their proper positions. At the high-end clinic The YinOva Center (24 E. 11th St.), patients are also taught how to perform the technique on themselves. $275 for a two-hour consultation and massage.

Panchakarma

This 5-to-21-day Ayurvedic cleanse is personalized by dosha (in Ayurvedic medicine, everyone falls into one of three mind-body types known as doshas) and aims to restore balance to the mind, body, and soul. It’s offered at the no-frills New York Ayurveda (315 W. 55th St.) and includes body oiling, enema, and a strict diet of rice and lentils. It culminates in a final “day of purgation” involving laxatives and clarified butter. From $699.

Probiotic colonic

There’s an entire colonic menu to choose from at La Casa Spa (41 E. 20th St.), with add-on therapies like pulsed magnetic energy, far-infrared waves, and the infusion of French “marine plasma,” a.k.a. seawater. The newest offering uses a solution of probiotics—the gut-friendly bacteria found in yogurt and fermented foods—dissolved in water instead of plain H2O. $150.

Coffee enema

“I have been having colonics for 20 years and have just recently introduced coffee enemas into my regime. When done together—the enema following a colonic—you feel like you can fly. My energy is also increased not only that day but for weeks afterward.” —Melissa, Tribeca

Maya abdominal massage

“It was deep at times, and there were some areas that ached more than others. But my therapist had me take a deep breath, and, with a gentle change of her angle, she was able to release areas that I didn’t even know were tight! Over the next 24 hours I felt even lighter.” —Rachel, Tribeca

Panchakarma

“I do it twice a week, in the spring and the fall. It’s been life-changing: Eating such a restrictive diet is extremely taxing, physically and emotionally. But then you come out feeling cleansed and lighter. I’ve even lost five pounds.” —Mel, Upper West Side

Probiotic colonic

“The last time I did a colonic at another spa, not much happened. But when I got the probiotic treatment at La Casa, so much came out. (They position a mirror so you can see what’s happening.) I’m hoping that the probiotics help my seasonal allergies, too.” —Chastity, Gramercy Park

Coffee enema

“The caffeine will get absorbed and may provide a laxative effect. Enemas are fairly safe, since they use less water and don’t permeate as far as a colonic. But again, you don’t have to detox your liver. It’s already doing that.”

Maya abdominal massage

“This may help relieve constipation for some people who have scar tissue in their colon or slow-moving stool. Massage can stimulate peristalsis, a movement of the intestines that helps move things along.”

Panchakarma

“Laxatives help move water through the body, so if the patient is constipated, they can help pull the stool with the water. But overusing them can cause fatigue, headaches, and electrolyte abnormalities.”

Probiotic colonic

“Probiotics can do wonders for your gut when you take them as supplements or as food. But there are no studies, at least not yet, that show they have a beneficial effect when placed in the colon.”
The New Tools to Help You Go

Or so they claim. Brennan Spiegel, an expert from the American Gastroenterological Association and the director of Cedars-Sinai Health Services Research, assesses four bowel-movement-improvement products.

By Susan Rinkunas

Probiotic Butter

Probiotics are good bacteria similar to those that live in our bodies. The thinking goes that by taking either probiotic supplements or eating fermented foods that contain these active cultures (like yogurt), you can help manage or prevent GI symptoms like diarrhea, bloating, and constipation. And in this quest, people have spent more than $32 billion on probiotics in 2013; the category is expected to reach $52 billion by 2020. Probiotics are being added to everything: There are probiotic burritos, probiotic butter substitutes, even probiotic drinking straws. But while studies looking at pills containing probiotics have found a “tiny” benefit for GI problems compared with placebos, there are millions of strains, and not all have been tested. Certain strains have been studied and branded for use in Align probiotics and Activia yogurt, but Spiegel says neither is very effective for his patients. If he does recommend them, it’s for people who have bloating and gassiness and don’t want to use antibiotics.

Bottom line: Taking probiotics might help relieve symptoms, but they’re not miracle pills, nor are they FDA-approved for this use.

Squatty Potty

This toilet-base footstool brings your knees up into what the company says is a more natural position that unkinks the rectum and makes it easier to go. (The last section of the large intestine is bent so that we keep it together the rest of the time.) Spiegel says this is plausible, as are claims that it can help with hemorrhoids, since straining could indeed lead to swollen veins around the anus. Relief of constipation and bloating aren’t totally far-fetched either.

Bottom line: Very legitimate claims, but you could get a similar effect by leaning forward on the toilet.

Bidet Attachments

Some companies argue that bidets are more sanitary than wiping, while some doctors have said they’re a good option for people with hemorrhoids or those who go a lot, like people with irritable bowel syndrome with diarrhea. (And the $10,000 Japanese Toto toilet—which is designed to be used with a rear-cleansing washlet—has become a status symbol in Upper East Side penthouses.) Sure, wiping in the wrong direction can promote urinary-tract infections in women, but Spiegel says it’s a pretty well-known fact that people should wipe toward the back, not the front. Overrubbing with toilet paper can lead to irritation or skin breakage, which can lead to infection, but that’s fairly uncommon, he says.

Bottom line: If you use supersoft toilet paper and still get irritated, then maybe a bidet is a better choice for you. But otherwise it’s just personal preference.

Poop-Tracking Apps

There are apps that just track how often you go. But the mere fact that you went isn’t necessarily helpful information (maybe it’s a strained, unhealthy bowel movement). However, being able to log specific symptoms like bloating, stomach pain, and nausea can help identify patterns or determine how much GI problems are affecting your life. Apps like GI Buddy, Tummy Trends, and Spiegel’s own MyGIHealth prompt users to tick off symptoms in addition to selecting size and shape when logging their deposits.

Bottom line: They can be helpful when they ask for detailed information. Otherwise, probably not worth it.

The Foods to Help You Go

Some healthier than others.

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Foods to Help You Go</th>
<th>Supervised Digestion by the Pros</th>
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<tr>
<td>NAVY BEANS</td>
<td>BRAN CEREAL</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fiber binds with other food in the digestive tract, helping it move along quickly and efficiently. Half a cup of cooked navy beans contains nearly ten grams of fiber—about a third of what you should get every day.</td>
<td>A half-cup of bran cereal (like Fiber One) has about 14 grams of fiber. Oat bran muffins have about five grams each.</td>
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"I swallow a tablespoon of olive oil chased with a tablespoon of apple-cider vinegar. It works, but it’s with their wet food."—Ian, Harlem

"This is going to sound insane, but Oreos. Six will do it. On an empty unblock you; could also raise the dead."—Eric, Jackson Heights

"I go by the national French rule, CCC. Café, strawberries, almond milk, and plant protein. And take 400 mg. of magnesium pills. Works every time."—Lili
What’s It Like Studying Other People’s Feces?

Jessica Richman co-founded the Silicon Valley start-up uBiome in 2012. Here’s how it works: You mail in a stool sample, and uBiome studies it and reports back on your gut health. Meanwhile, the data it collects goes toward its ultimate goal of sequencing the human microbiome.

What have your citizen scientists taught you about poop so far?

We have one guy who found a correlation between potato starch and Bifidobacterium, a bacteria that helps you sleep. He started eating potato starch to increase Bifidobacterium in his gut to see if it would help him have more restful sleep. And it did. Another person went on a ketogenic diet, eating mostly fat and water, because the idea is that you can lose weight quickly if you don’t eat carbohydrates. We could see her microbiome change pretty dramatically to fat-digesting bacteria versus carbohydrate-digesting bacteria within three days.

Have you experimented on yourself? I test myself a lot. There’s a specific bacteria that I happen to be moderate in that burns a lot of calories because it uses sugar for energy. It’s associated with lower rates of diabetes, but there hasn’t been a lot of research into how to influence it. I don’t have diabetes, but I’m interested in having bacteria burn more of my energy so that I can eat more without gaining weight. I’m experimenting with increasing that bacteria and seeing how it affects me. I haven’t analyzed all the data yet, but it’s been interesting to see the change not only in my energy utilization but the actual composition of my microbiome.

What have you learned about the ideal look and shape of our poop?

The smoother the better. That means you’re probably eating enough fiber and fairly healthy. The look and feel also indicate things like how long it’s been in your body and how hydrated you are. If you’re very dehydrated, you might’ve noticed, it kind of dries up.

Lauren Schwartzberg

PUMPKINSEEDS
More than five grams of fiber per cup.

BERRIES
Raspberries and blueberries have about four grams of fiber per half-cup. But too much fruit can cause diarrhea because of its high sugar content.

PRUNES
Just like your grandmother said.

COFFEE
The chlorogenic acid in coffee is believed to increase stomach-acid levels and production of gastric acid, helping food travel out of the body more quickly. The effect has also been seen in people who drink decaf.

BANANAS
Not getting enough potassium (a medium banana has 422 mg) can cause constipation. But too much can give you the opposite problem, so don’t overdo it.

SUGAR-FREE CANDY
Maltitol, a natural sugar alcohol found in sugarless gums and candies, can cause diarrhea. (One Amazon review for sugar-free gummy bears said they could “power wash your intestines.”)

DETOX TEA
Beware herbal blends that claim to have a cleansing or regulating effect: They often contain laxatives like senna leaf or aloe vera, which aren’t recommended for long-term use.

CHIPOTLE
That is, when it’s just had an E. coli outbreak.

A.M.

...revolting.” —Ally, Park Slope / “Canned pumpkin. Works great on cats too. I’ll eat five spoonfuls. For a cat, I mix about a spoonful and a half stomach. They go straight through me.” —Elizabeth, Bushwick / “LITER of cold water, one bunch of kale —raw and torn off the stems. Will cace, caca... coffee, cigarrate, pood.” —Lolita, East Village / “I drink a smoothie with flaxseed oil, almond butter, blueberries, Chelsea / “Castor oil and a day off. It’ll make you lose five pounds.” —JP, Crown Heights

As told to Katy Schneider

May 30-June 12, 2016 | New York | 117
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We Were on a Break

More than a decade after *Friends* left the air, David Schwimmer is finally ready for the next stage of his career. *By Jada Yuan*
DAVID SCHWIMMER holds the sip of Riesling in his mouth, using skills he’s learned from playing an alcoholic sommelier on AMC’s new series Feed the Beast, to come to the stunning conclusion that ... yup, he likes Riesling. It also seems to be the only varietal he feels confident about ordering. ¶ Schwimmer’s knowledge of wine before signing on for *Beast* was very much in the “Hey, tastes good to me!” range of Thomas Haden Church’s character in *Sideways*. Even now, after four months of saying lines about wine for 12 to 14 hours a day, five days a week, on the Astoria set of the foodie drama, he’s learned, he says, “pretty much nothing. Really. I would say I know 10 percent more than I did, which is not much to begin with. But I’m enjoying the research!”

He’s taken me to a private room at the Dutch in Soho to meet his friend Josh Nadel, the restaurant’s boisterous sommelier. “Can I bring you a coffee, or seven beers?” asks Nadel, who likes to call Schwimmer “Young Jedi.” He chose the wines for Schwimmer’s 2010 wedding to now-30-year-old British artist Zoe Buckman, and Schwimmer brought him on as a consultant for *Beast*—which *Dexter* showrunner Clyde Phillips adapted from a Danish series, *Bankerot*. The new series is about two childhood friends, Schwimmer’s sommelier Tommy and Jim Sturgess’s screwup chef Dion, starting their dream restaurant together in the Bronx under duress from both the mob and the law. Schwimmer has plenty of fight scenes, but the most crucial part of his prep work was probably Nadel’s teaching him the importance of spitting. “When we first started,” says Schwimmer, “he’d put out six glasses, three reds, three whites. And after an hour of that, I was battered. He was like, ‘Yeah, you should probably not swallow all of the time.’”

Schwimmer certainly has plenty to toast to; he’s in a veritable renaissance these days, at age 49, more than 20 years after he first entered megastardom as lovelorn paleontologist Ross Geller on *Friends*. His comeback, which he insists was completely uncalculated, traces back to January 2015, when *Friends* began streaming on Netflix and somehow once again became the most popular show among teens and 20-somethings. (At least anecdotally; Netflix doesn’t release ratings numbers.) Then there was his tormented turn as Robert Kardashian, the moral center for FX’s *The People v. O.J. Simpson*, caught between loyalty to a friend and increasing certainty that that friend is a murderer. O.J., with its bonanza ratings and all-anyone-could-talk-about appeal—including a genius viral video compiling the many, varied ways Schwimmer says O.J.’s nickname, Juice (“Juice?” “Juice!”)—is arguably the most prominent acting gig Schwimmer has had in a decade.

Schwimmer, who lives in the East Village with Buckman and their 5-year-old daughter, Cleo, is the only Central Perk regular not based in L.A., mainly for purposes of sanity and freedom of movement. If traffic gets too bad heading to the *Beast* set, he’ll ask his driver to drop him off at the subway: “I just throw a hat on and I’m good to go.”

No member of that $1 million-an-episode club has a financial imperative to ever work again, but among the men, who all took longer than the women to find their postshow grooves, Schwimmer probably took the longest and has been the least eager to reenter the spotlight. “Even that first year [of *Friends*], I immediately became worried about being typecast for the rest of my life,” he explains. “And then I said, ‘This is not something in my control. I’m just going to play the long game. I hope to be acting until I’m 80, or am physically able to do so. And hopefully in the meantime I’ll be able to change people’s minds or let them see that I have more to offer.’ Because there was nothing else I could do.”

During hiatuses from the show at the peak of its popularity, he actively sought out anti-Ross parts—and alienated more than a few fans—starting with his first lead movie role, in the 1996 indie rom-com *The Pallbearer*, about a guy who starts dating the mother of a childhood friend at said friend’s funeral (he turned down Will Smith’s role in *Men in Black* around the same time, he says). And he was memorably evil as a disciplinarian commanding officer in HBO’s 2001 mini-series *Band of Brothers*. Since the *Friends* finale in 2004, though, other than voicing Melman the giraffe in the *Madagascar* franchise, he’d mainly done theater, both acting and directing, in New York, London, and Chicago, where he co-founded the Lookingglass Theatre Company 28 years ago. And he directed a couple of movies: Simon Pegg’s *Run, Fatboy, Run*, a romantic comedy, and 2010’s *Trust*, starring Viola Davis and Clive Owen, a thriller about a man dealing with his teenage daughter’s sexual assault. Then, five years ago, he almost completely disappeared from public view upon Cleo’s birth.

“To be honest, I needed a break from this kind of work ethic that I realized I’d inherited from my parents and then self-imposed,” Schwimmer says. (Both his parents and his sister are lawyers. “I’m the black sheep.”) “For 40 years, I just worked. In hiatuses from *Friends*, I was always doing a play in Chicago with my company or something.” And while he was achieving financial freedom, all his friends were struggling. “So I was never unaware,” he says, “and not a day went by that I wasn’t incredibly grateful for having hit the jackpot in a way. I felt guilty if I wasn’t working. It was indulgent, you know?” Meeting Buckman through mutual friends in London changed that, though, and he realized he didn’t want to miss out on the experience of being a husband and a father. “I felt like I really wanted to enjoy this chapter of my life and not work as hard.”

His friends, in case you’re wondering, are mainly Schwimmer’s crew from Chicago or other pre-fame acting buddies like *Spotlight* director Tom McCarthy. He’s currently playing chess on his phone with four of them and is also into “speed Monopoly,” Uno, canasta, and cribbage. He can’t play poker anymore because, he says, he gets too much Jewish guilt when he loses. (“I was at a high-stakes game in L.A. once, and I’m not going to say the amount I lost in one night, but on the drive home, all I could think about were all my closest friends and how much that...
amount of money would have meant to change the quality of their lives.”) And, yes, he does stay in touch with the gang from Friends; he’d just seen Lisa Kudrow, and the day we spoke he was texting with Matt LeBlanc about a play Matthew Perry had written and was starring in on London’s West End.

The last project Schwimmer did before his extended break was directing Trust, a movie about children groomed via the internet to be sexual victims, which consumed four years of his life at the start of his relationship with Buckman. Schwimmer considers himself a staunch feminist and advocate for reproductive rights. He won’t say which Democrat he’s supporting but hints that he’s a fan of the socialist tenets of Upton Sinclair’s The Jungle. “My earliest memories,” he says, “were being on pro-choice picket lines with my mom,” a prominent L.A. attorney on child-custody cases. The first works of theater he can remember seeing were feminist plays his mother acted in. “So that always informed how I related to women, as equals,” he says. “I would observe injustice and inequality regularly and kind of clock it more than a lot of my male peers.” During Friends, he became involved with the Rape Treatment Center in Santa Monica and started doing NBC’s “The More You Know” PSAs trying to encourage fraternity brothers to speak up about campus assault. “At the time, 18 years ago, at the height of Friends, my celebrity was bigger than it is now, and I felt like the campaign could use a young heterosexual-male voice,” he says. He was also in a relationship with a woman who’d opened up to him about her own repressed history of childhood sexual abuse and date rape. “I went through that with her as her boy-friend and best friend,” he says. “And at the same time, more and more of my friends—a couple of guys and several women—I became more and more aware of their history of sexual abuse, and I found it really, obviously—I hope it’s obvious—upsetting and distressing, just how prevalent it is.” Those are the stories that inspired him to do Trust.

Buckman, too, is deeply feminist. One art series of hers involved hand-embroidering rap lyrics about women from Biggie and Tupac onto vintage lingerie. For another, she had her placenta from Cleo’s birth plastinated (the same method used to preserve human anatomy for the “Bodies” exhibit) and then mounted on marble. “I was absolutely amazed by the placenta itself,” Schwimmer says. “The fact that women are able to generate an entire organ and then once it serves its purpose, it’s just gently shed—it was amazing. It’s enormous! My wife is an average-size woman, and I just had no idea of the size of the organ that is produced along with the baby.” Buckman photographed it and then sent it off for the plastination, which took, “ironically, nine months,” Schwimmer says. More recently she’s been working with neon, including one piece that’s a light-up uterus with boxing gloves as the ovaries. It was playing with Cleo, actually, that made Schwimmer realize he wanted to get back to acting on screen. He started “feeling the itch again,” he says, about a year ago, “because there was something about just telling stories and role-playing and going on imaginary adventures with her in that very childlike way that re-engaged a part of me that I kind of lost touch with. A less cynical part, a less hardened-to-the-industry part.”

Schwimmer’s biggest takeaway from O.J., though, was that he never wants to be away from his family for that long again. He shot seven months in Los Angeles, and, he says, “that was really tough for me, seeing my daughter only every two weeks and then just for a couple of days at a time.” (She had to go to school in New York.) He freely admits that Feed the Beast’s shooting in Astoria was a major selling point.

After this, though, he and the family are headed to London, near Buckman’s parents, to do a six-part Curb Your Enthusiasm–style improv comedy for Channel 4 from U.K. actor-writer Julia Davis. Schwimmer plays an American TV exec who comes over to add more sex and salaciousness to a flailing morning talk show. “It’ll kind of be liberating to play a character who’s a sexual predator,” he says. “I think one of this guy’s goals is to sleep with everyone, age, race, sexual orientation. He’s just a marauder.”

We’ve been chatting for over two hours, the bottle of Riesling is kicked, and I’m pretty sure we’re both a little lit. Schwimmer notices for the first time that the walls of this private room are covered with bottles of whiskey. “What’s your drink of choice?” he asks.

I say a Sazerac, the first thing that comes to mind. “Wow! So you just go crazy!” he says. “You just lose your mind! A couple of those and you’re just out! You’re another person.”

His would be a martini, particularly the house martini at a London bar called Dukes where they use a vodka called Potocki. “It’s incredible,” he says. “It’s, like, a perfume bottle of vermouth, then the ice-cold Potocki vodka pours in like a syrup. Then they do a lemon peel with these special lemons from Italy. I’m telling you, it’s one of the best martinis you’ll ever have. And one of them? You’re just toast. If you can have two of them, I’ll be very impressed.”

Schwimmer checks his phone. “Oh! My wife’s like, ‘Where are you?’” he says, laughing and gathering up his stuff. They’re supposed to see Gillian Anderson and Ben Foster in A Streetcar Named Desire at St. Ann’s Warehouse in Brooklyn. I have one last question, since I may never witness it: What does hammered David Schwimmer look like? “Oh, you know, uninhibited, probably very silly. I love to dance. In the old days, it was probably a little more reckless. Uninhibited and reckless,” he says, and laughs at a memory he’s clearly not going to tell me. “But I haven’t been that way in a while.”

“I was absolutely amazed by the placenta itself.”

He slipped word to his agent that he was back on the hunt, and soon the O.J. part came up. He liked that Kardhians was the one person in perhaps the entire saga who had nothing to gain by sticking by his friend, and who’d been friends with Nicole Brown Simpson, too. “I was interested in, what makes a person do this?” he says. “I genuinely didn’t understand his choices.” Schwimmer turned for help to Kardashians’s ex-wife Kris Jenner, who explained just how close her family and the Simpsons had been—ski trips, daily tennis matches. She also described Robert as a devoted dad and devoutly Greek Orthodox; he prayed before every meal and business meeting and carried around a Bible. “My personal choice, and I could be wrong—we’ll never know, because he’s not with us anymore,” says Schwimmer, “was that he had a crisis of faith, not only in his friendship but in his God. Justice was not served, and he somehow felt complicit in that.” Schwimmer did not, however, dig deep enough to watch Keeping Up With the Kardashians, or meet with the children; they wanted to do it on-camera.
So Have (Some) Actors’ Salaries

6. **Life is good for name actors.**
Actors who, a few years ago would have made $50,000 per episode now make $100,000.

7. **Jeffrey Donovan’s likely salary for Hulu’s drama** is $175 per episode.

8. **Kevin Costner** was offered $500,000 per episode.

9. **Billy Bob Thornton** is earning around $350,000 per episode.

10. **That’s estimated to be likely double what** he got for *Fargo*.

11. **Thornton’s and Costner’s figures are in the ballpark of what Naomi Watts and Drew Barrymore have reportedly been offered for series.**

12. **“It sounds like actors make a lot,”** says a former studio executive, “but any review of the SAG-AFTRA employment statistics will show you that most actors receive poverty-level wages over the course of a year. You get these shows that pay a fortune for a name—and then total crap to the rest of the cast.”
There Are More Shows, But Fewer Episodes

13. There’s been a shift toward shorter seasons.

Instead of the once-standard 22- and 13-episode cycles for broadcast and cable, it’s now common for networks to green-light as few as eight or ten episodes of a show per year.

14. And shows don’t run for as long.

The payoff to creators is not as big as it once was.

“If you’re the Mr. Robot guy [Sam Esmail]—15 years ago, the Mr. Robot guy is Aaron Sorkin,” a Hollywood rep says. “Well, Aaron probably made $50 million to $60 million from The West Wing. The Mr. Robot guy is going to make $10 million from that show.”

But for How Much Longer?

17. Not everyone is happy about how TV revenue is being shared these days.

“[Netflix’s] model is to overpay up front because they don’t really have a back-end structure,” says Steven Soderbergh. “That’s only gonna fly for so long, because at a certain point, if I go create a valuable asset for Netflix or Amazon and the thing blows up, I want to participate in that.”

Meaning Showrunners Have to Hustle

15. The payoff to creators is not as big as it once was.

16. Work has become very complicated for series heads.

Showrunner Carlton Cuse works with at least 20 writers.

But for How Much Longer?

18. And the industry is very top-heavy.

“I’m concerned that something happens in the stock market, and Netflix or Amazon takes a big tumble, and they ratchet back their spending,” says one senior agent. “Between Netflix, Hulu, and Amazon, you’re talking about $10 billion being introduced into the ecosystem of Hollywood. Everybody would suffer if that went away.”
Will Brooklyn Finally Get A World-Class Skyline?

A handful of new projects promise an end to Downtown’s drab-construction boom.

By Justin Davidson

New York grew by dint of ugly architecture. Every celebrated skyscraper rose amid bundles of mid-rise mediocrity. Each masterpiece-producing boom also threw off acres of stupefying repetition. So it’s hardly shocking that a decade of high-rise construction in Brooklyn has brought forth a parade of buildings that an iPhone app could spit out. The ax blade of residential high-rises that slices the borough drives from Brooklyn Bridge Park through Downtown, grazing Fort Greene and reaching into Prospect Heights. Canyons of cheap window walls and protuberant air conditioners rise along Flatbush Avenue. Call it the Brooklyn Wedge, a nowhere that’s convenient to everywhere. It’s hard to fathom how sentient beings could have devoted so much time, money, and enthusiasm to producing such drear. Well, not that hard: Everyone follows the path of least resistance and then moves on to the next job. The result is an orgy of indifference.

When a newcomer does sport a dash of design, it only accentuates the sadness. Consider Brooklyn’s temporary tallest, 100 Willoughby Street, a.k.a. AVA DoBro, which SLCE Architects “designed” for AvalonBay. The architects speckled the façade of this monolithic mass in an assortment of blue panes, so that it looks as though the builders had raided an odd-lot store. Blue-glass patchwork has become a mystifying New York trend. Bernard Tschumi started it a decade ago with his bulbous Blue condo on the Lower East Side. Christian de Portzamparc followed up with his gaudy 57th Street supertall, One57. Here, it looks like a cheap knockoff of a bad idea.

The Wedge is the partially intended consequence of a plan to revive Downtown: A couple of decades ago, the area cleared out at the end of the business day and the full-time population numbered in the dozens. Then the Bloomberg administration rezoned Downtown in 2004, hoping to stimulate more office space. That didn’t materialize, but apartment towers did. Scan the provisional skyline, and you’ll see nearly 7,000 apartments that have gone up in the past ten years. Make note of the empty lots and work sites, and you can count 6,000 more already under construction. Add in projects at various stages of planning, and you see that the next decade will bring 6,000 more.

These new multitudes may yet bring redemption to the Brooklyn skyline, even if it’s slow, fitful, and incomplete. They will demand new restaurants, supermarkets, bookstores, and schools—and they’ll have to keep demanding for a while. Retail lags; public services lag even further. Eventually, though, when the construction fences go away, the streets will start to knit themselves together.

Improving the skyline begins at the street, and here, too, much-needed civic care is on the way. Is there any part of the city that makes moving around it so unpleasant? Even before the boom began, traffic was monstrous and the sidewalks moribund. Now construction fences push pedestrians into the road. Blocks of blank walls separate the few tempting storefronts. Outside of MetroTech’s corporate courtyard, the chopped-up green spaces seem designed to lure pigeons and dexter people. Driving along Flatbush Avenue is a slow-mo contact sport, cycling means sparring with buses, and even crossing a street requires a reckless spirit. The city, the state, and the Downtown Brooklyn Partnership have spent years plotting how to fix the chain of parks and plazas shattered by the BQE, and now, maybe, their proposals have a chance.

You’d be justified in believing that block-hogging high-rises inevitably choke off street life. But a thoughtfully designed private tower can foster public life at its feet. TEN Arquitectos’ nearly completed 300 Ashland Place, flanking BAM and the Williamsburgh Savings Bank, gets it right. Developed by the Dumbo-based Two Trees, the metal-clad slab makes the most of its triangular site by declining to fill every corner. Instead of crowding its neighbors, it steps gracefully away, perching atop a pile of public amenities: a library, three stores, four brightly painted BAM movie theaters jutting toward their mother opera house, a floor of dance studios, an outdoor staircase for lounging on, and a paved plaza. It’s designed to do more for the neighborhood than just maximize rentable square footage. The movie crowds will arrive just as the library closes, BAM audiences will have a pre-cur- tense place to mingle, and residents on their way home will run a gauntlet of culturalists.

As the Wedge matures, time and rising real-estate prices are also pulling up the architectural baseline. Even SLCE, the firm that perpetrated AVA DoBro, expanded more effort on its next-door neighbor, 388 Bridge Street. That glass-sided pillar, with its pet-rinsing station, two gyms, and imperial views, seems like a pleasant-enough place to live, and at least it doesn’t give blah a bad name. Two blocks away, the immense City Point complex has sprouted a pair of fraternal towers by CookFox, a large, relatively luxurious one and a stumpier, all-affordable sidekick. Neither is beautiful, but they have virtues: a shopping concourse, including a Trader Joe’s, and the future Williamsburg Savings Bank, gets it right.

By dint of

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the process into a nasty slog. Now the tower has defiantly announced its arrival with a façade of fire-engine red.

But the clearest sign that the Wedge is evolving past its frontier days is the future tallest building in Brooklyn. SHoP’s 1,000-footer at 9 DeKalb Avenue will be one of the most sensitively detailed and spectacularly expressive additions to the New York (not just Brooklyn) skyline since the Seagram Building. Some towers grab height; this one earns it.

Like most great urban architecture, the design emerges from a thicket of local constraints. The scarcity of lots and the difficulty of assembling them force architects and developers to be creative. SHoP plans to squeeze its 73-story spire on a triangle it shares with an unofficial landmark, Junior’s, and the officially designated Dime Savings Bank. The bank, originally designed by Mowbray and Uffinger in 1906, expanded in 1932 into a geometric layer cake: a round cupola on a hexagonal base, enclosed by another hexagonal banking hall, inscribed in a triangular site. SHoP’s designers extended the same grid onto the adjacent lot and massaged it into a composition of overlapping hexagons that get smaller on their way to the top, like a bundle of pencils of varying lengths. From below, the arrangement evokes an abstracted sandstone butte scored by erosion. A few steps back should bring the building’s New York-iness into focus. SHoP is one of the few forward-looking firms eagerly reviving New York’s old textures, colors, and materials. Tubes of varied sizes and profiles run up the exterior like organ pipes, growing thicker and darker as they shoot into the sky. An assortment of dramatic flourishes—the chiaroscuro of blackened metal and brazen glints, the Batman-ready ledges, the syncopated rhythms of windows—add up to a new kind of Gotham gothic.

None of these charms will placate Brooklynites who fear that giants are trampling the borough’s icons. When 9 DeKalb opens, its thin-air penthouses will look out over a four-to-eight-story metropolis stretching from Newtown Creek to Coney Island. So what is to prevent one superscaled building from leading to the next, until they invade the leafy brownstone shires? Plenty, for now: zoning regulations, the distribution of subway lines, the existence of historic districts, and the power of money to fight money. These barriers can leak and crumble, though, and so the best way to preserve low-rise Brooklyn is for the Wedge to succeed by growing up rather than out. A great skyline remains concentrated and confined, its towers made meaningful by borders, its scale a contrast to be savored, not feared.

The Lonely Island Changed Internet Comedy

By JESSE DAVID FOX

DURING ITS 15-YEAR CAREER, comedy trio the Lonely Island has won an Emmy and a Peabody, earned three Grammy nominations, released three top-ten albums and three platinum singles, and its videos have been seen over 1.7 billion times on YouTube—and it’s all been building toward a flaccid penis.

Midway through Akiva Schaffer, Andy Samberg, and Jorma Taccone’s new film, Popstar: Never Stop Never Stopping, in which Samberg stars as Conner4Real, a sort of cross between Justin Bieber and Macklemore, Taccone and Schaffer’s characters are trapped with Conner in a limo being swarmed by the latter’s fans. One admirer presses her breasts against the car’s window, and Conner turns to his fellow passengers and begins waxing faux humble about boobs as a motivating influence when, suddenly, a fan’s limp member appears in their place. Conner, oblivious, says he’s going to sign what’s behind him, rolls down the window—you see where this is going.

Outrageous and destined to be iconic, the scene shows the Lonely Island at the height of its powers. This particular penis joke uses the vocabulary of modern pop stardom and the rhythms of online comedy to undermine male insecurity, and it’s pretty much the epitome of what Schaffer, Samberg, and Taccone have been doing since they started making comedy. Or, as they once said about their improbably successful career: “There are two rules: music and dick.”

As you’ll see, those rules have served them well.
1. **Cut a Hole in a Box**
The Lonely Island remade the visual aesthetics of filmed comedy.

2. **Put Your Junk in That Box**
The Lonely Island found fresh ways to make, and satirize, dick jokes.

3. **Make Her Open the Box**
The Lonely Island made its weirdness accessible.

4. **And That’s the Way You Do It**
The Lonely Island’s legacy is double-edged.

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Comedy is all about timing. YouTube launched on December 15, 2005. The Lonely Island premiered its second *SNL* digital short, “Lazy Sunday,” two days later. The site and the group have been irrevocably linked ever since. There were others doing comedy online before the Lonely Planet but these guys made it work for a mass audience.

“Lazy Sunday” — the gangster-rap ode to a cupcake-filled day of rest — went viral before things went viral. Shortly after it appeared online, “Lazy Sunday” had over a million YouTube views, a then-unfathomable number. It’s easy to knock the Lonely Island as only breaking out by being in the right place at the right time, but the editing of their sketches made them ideal for the internet. In that regard, Schaffer, who directed the bulk of the trio’s digital shorts, was the secret weapon. He created a brisk tempo for viral humor. “Lazy Sunday” blitzes through random cultural touchstones (*The Notebook*, *MapQuest*, the Hamilton-Burr duel); “Andy Popping Into Frame” is a 71-second sketch where Samberg — yes — pops into frame in a variety of settings in New York. The humor is all in the rhythm of the editing; a rhythm that became the pulse of online comedy.

In 2012, on Andy Samberg’s penultimate episode of *SNL*, the show aired “100th Digital Short,” a tribute to all the shorts the Lonely Island had done on the show. How did the video suggest that Samberg and Taccone wanted to celebrate? By autofellatio, of course. Two-thirds of the way through, Usher pops up and sings, “Hey, I’ve never been in a ‘digital short,’ but these white boys are obsessed with their dicks.” He is not wrong.

There are, among other shorts, “Please Don’t Cut My Testicles,” “Dick in a Box,” “Jizz in My Pants,” and “Like a Boss,” which features the lyrics “Suck my own dick/like a boss.” There’s a method to this madness, though. Samberg has explained that his approach to comedy is based on revisiting the things that made him laugh when he was a kid. That is, dick jokes. Teenage boys love those. Thus, the Lonely Island keeps delivering them. Over and over.

But there’s a twist. The Lonely Island, all three members of which grew up in Berkeley, self-identifies as feminist. Seen through this prism, all these dick jokes function as a parody of masculinity. “Dick in a Box,” to pick the best-known example, uses the sounds of sexualized 90s-era R&B to make fun of the brand of male stupidity that thinks of a penis as a gift to be given.

In his 2014 “WTF” interview, Samberg explained the two types of *SNL* sketches: the “weirder stuff” that airs late in the episode and the “big, flashy, Miley Cyrus–twerking, pop-culture thing at the top of the show.” The Lonely Island’s trick is to use that pop-culture thing to sneak in weirder stuff.

Mostly, and most effectively, they do this via the pop-culture lingua franca of rap.

The Lonely Island’s extremely well-constructed music is not the joke itself, as many might assume, but the means of delivery. As Taccone told *The Guardian*: “We’re using [hip-hop] as a medium to tell a joke, not making fun of music necessarily.” In that way, the Lonely Island members are less parodists like Spinal Tap or Weird Al and more like Tom Lehrer, who used music to make jokes about disparate subjects. Their “Diaper Money” uses rap to make fun of mortality anxiety. (“Wobbledy wobbledy, drop into my grave plot / You afraid of death, well I’m afraid not.”)

The anemic “Jack Sparrow” contrasts the Lonely Island’s raps about clubbing with a non sequitur chorus that features an absolutely belting Michael Bolton proclaiming his love of the *Pirates of the Caribbean* movies. That very catchy, strange-as-hell song has a whopping 150 million YouTube views.

Samberg, Shaffer, and Taccone have been diligent about their jokes’ amounting to more than the fact that they’re three white guys making rap. Others haven’t.

Online comedian Jon Lajoie got tens of millions of views for songs that didn’t amount to more than that. Rapper-comedian Lil Dicky has been successful mining one gag: He is white and rapping. Then there’s the notion that some Island fans don’t get the joke. These are the fans who reflexively laugh at the sight of men kissing, not knowing that their discomfort is the target of the joke. It’s a problem.

**Still, the group’s influence on comedy has been a net positive.** Its video shorts gave *SNL*, as fellow former cast member Seth Meyers has explained, a “shot of adrenaline.” Jimmy Fallon and his viral-hunting, celebrity-cameo-crazy latenight peers are simply playing in the Lonely Island’s sandbox. You also see the Lonely Island in the cinematic quality of Key and Peele’s sketches, *Kroll Show’s* absurdist take on pop culture, even in *Inside Amy Schumer’s* ridicule of gender norms. And you see the Lonely Island in the thousands of people making comedy on YouTube, Vine, Snapchat, and Facebook, hoping to ride a widely shared comedy hit to Hollywood stardom.
CRITICS

Matt Zoller Seitz on Roots ... Jerry Saltz on Philip Guston ... Christian Lorentzen on The Girls by Emma Cline.

Roots Reimagined

The ’70s mini-series gets an update, this time with less pandering.

“THEY CAN PUT THE CHAINS ON YOUR BODY. Never let them put the chains on your mind.”

The slave Kunta Kinte (Malachi Kirby) says that to his daughter Kizzy (Anika Noni Rose) in Roots. It reappears in different forms throughout this four-part, eight-hour mini-series, a remake of the 1977 blockbuster adaptation of Alex Haley’s best seller about the African-American experience during and after slavery. Soon enough, you realize that it’s not merely a recurring bit of dialogue but a defining sentiment. This Roots strives to maintain some creative continuity with the original—it’s presented by the Wolper Organization, the production company founded by David L. Wolper, a producer of the first mini-series, and LeVar Burton, the first Kunta Kinte, served as an executive producer—but for the most part it’s quite different in style, temperament, and most of all emphasis. And it should be, because the cultural context has changed radically in the last 39 years.

The original was a surprise hit for ABC, which spent $6.6 million, a lavish sum at the time; TV executives got cold feet when they saw the finished product, deemed it uncommercial, and burned off all the episodes on consecutive nights in January, traditionally one of the weakest months for TV viewership. But it caught fire anyway, becoming one of the top-rated original dramatic productions to ever air in the U.S. Its finale was seen by over 100 million people, roughly half the country, maybe because, unbeknown to everyone involved, its timing was...
impeccable. Airing roughly a decade after major developments in the civil-rights movement, during a period of national malaise, it had a conciliatory sensibility; it was what online-content producers would now call "an explainer." Written, produced, and directed almost entirely by white men, it was a visually crude but thoughtfully acted and altogether powerful tale whose most harrowing moments (Kunta's mutilation as punishment for trying to escape; Kizzy's separation from her family) had the wrenching power of a silent melodrama. It exposed white viewers to a history that many of them had known only in the abstract and validated the experience of black viewers who were thrilled to see so many accomplished African-American performers enacting a tale of the nation's original sin under viewing conditions too big to ignore.

The new Roots is more passionate, more sweeping, considerably angrier, and more disgusted by the physical and moral atrocities it depicts. The violence is more graphic: The blood flows freely, and there are horror-film close-ups of acts that were shunted offscreen in the 1977 version; this might have been unbearable if the screenwriters (including the African-American writer Charles Murray) and the directors (two white, two black: Phillip Noyce and Bruce Beresford; Mario Van Peebles and Thomas Carter) didn't make a point of centering the black experience, stressing the notion that Kunta and his descendants are displaced warriors whose pride is grounded in the survival instinct and making the entire story unfold within the context of displacement from Africa to North America. The first Roots was framed rather pointedly as an American story, as if to reassure white viewers that it would be involving for them, too; prominent white actors, many known for playing lovable TV characters, were cast in supporting roles as slave owners, driving home the idea that institutionalized racism was enacted not just by leering sadists but by people who thought of themselves as kindhearted. The remake replicates some of the story's most chilling moments of hypocrisy and double-dealing by white characters, including the scene where Missy Anne (G. Hannelius), a slave owner's daughter, berates her supposed friend Kizzy, whom Missy taught to read and write, for forging a travel pass to help her illiterate boyfriend, Noah, escape.

But the tone is less empathetic, often scathingly unforgiving of the masters' moral bankruptcy, and this, too, is as it should be. The violent abolitionist Nat Turner is an offscreen presence in this Roots, and by the time he enters the story, we've seen so much racist viciousness that his men's reported butchering of the wives and children of slave owners seems like karmic payback. Four decades after the original mini-series became a go-to punch line on sitcoms that poked fun at white liberals who believed they were "down" ("I'm hip to the black experience, brother ... I saw Roots!"), there are too many broken promises, too many additional outrages, too much evidence that the political and psychological legacy of slavery persists, for a remake of Roots to pull punches. We're past the point where big-tent persuasion would be anything but a nostalgia act. Laurence Fishburne's voice-over performance as Alex Haley offers a few preemptive strikes against canned racist talking points—as when it informs us, over images of black Africans keeping other Africans in bondage, that many other cultures, including the Hebrews and the Romans, had slaves too. Black voices hold the floor from start to finish.

To this end, the storytelling is more subjective, aggressively interior at times. The first episode, charting Kunta's upbringing as a Mandinka tribesman and his separation from his family, is the strongest of the lot because it focuses on Kirby's astonishing Kunta (one of the great strong-silent performances in recent years) and uses filmmaking devices, such as direct address of the camera by other characters, to put us inside his head. Whether Kunta is enjoying moments (Kunta's birth and passing a griot telling) of the African grandfather she never met. The iconic image of Baby Kunta was held aloft by his father repeats again in a future episode, linking the experiences of different generations bonded by their indomitable warrior spirit.

**ART / JERRY SALTZ**

**Philip Guston’s Freakout**

An electrifying show catches him ditching AbEx and reinventing the sublime.

**AS LATE AS HE** came to the style, by 1957 Philip Guston was a highly admired first-generation Abstract Expressionist. How "late" was Guston? In the 1940s, peers like Arshile Gorky, Franz Kline, Jackson Pollock, and Mark Rothko were finding their ways into allover abstraction. Yet Guston experimented with figures, grounds, solid spaces, and objects until 1950. Pollock—whom Guston went to high school with in Los Angeles (the two were expelled for publishing satirical leaflets)—had been making abstract paintings since 1939. Gorky had done so since 1932; Rothko and Willem de Kooning reached these further shores by the early 1940s. Guston didn’t go fully abstract until about 1950! History is lucky; had he waited a minute more, the AbEx train would have left without him and we might never have heard of him.

Guston was always a hesitant plodder, and when he finally did get to real abstraction, he stayed ambivalent about it. “Every real painter wants to be, and his greatest desire is to be, a realist,” he said.

PHILIP GUSTON: PAINTER 1957-1967
HAUSER & WIRTH
THROUGH JULY 29.
By the 1950s, he felt he “had nowhere to go.” Later he said, “I hope sometime to get to the point where I’ll have the courage to paint my face ... to paint a single form in the middle of the canvas.” Soon he started doing exactly that. And had the courage to do it at the apex of his AbEx career. By 1970, he’d finished “clearing the decks.” From then until his death in 1980 at age 66, Guston left abstraction behind and made some of the most memorable and influential paintings of the late-20th century, big and small—huge gloppy opaque-colored images of Ku Klux Klansmen driving around in convertibles, smoking cigars; Cyclops heads in bed staring at bare lightbulbs; piles of legs and shoes; figures hiding under blankets, clutching paintbrushes in bed. A lot of these are so narratively accessible they can seem comic-strip-like. But also cryptic. The stakes of abandoning abstraction were high. Recognition had come late to Guston’s generation. The Abstract Expressionists had labored alone in America, dirt poor, with no audience, no art-world apparatus to support them. They had bet their entire lives on their gamble, which is why any sign of apostasy or disaffection was seen as a threat to all.

And why “Philip Guston: Painter 1957–1967” at Hauser & Wirth—a showcase of Guston at the turning point of his career, perfectly curated by Paul Schimmel—is an incantatory lesson for all artists. The lesson is that in order to really be themselves, all artists must find their inner Guston—an artist who forgoes easy answers, looks for and channels doubt and not knowing. An artist like this understands that he or she isn’t controlling his or her art—not really; that on some cosmic level art controls the artist. All great artists must be able to create a machine that can make things that they cannot predict. Even when they make what might be nightmarish or ugly to them.

On view in the airplane-hangar-scale museum-level gallery show are 35 paintings and 48 drawings. All are from the lesser-known decade of his career, 1957 to 1967. The entire group has not been exhibited together since the 1960s. So this is new information for many in the art world. What we see is a lead-up to what is perhaps the greatest last act in 20th-century American art history—Guston’s all-hell-broken-loose, id-under-pressure late figurative paintings.

The change comes slowly at first; Guston is always fighting it. As Jasper Johns put it about being an artist, “If you avoid everything you can avoid, then you do what you can’t avoid doing, and you do what is helpless, and unavoidable.” Guston did that. In 1957, Guston’s colors turn more opaque; warm tones turn frosty and muddy; odd armlike shapes appear, torsos or trunks, hillocks, shadowy head configurations. But nothing definite. Being figurative was so strictly verboten that at one point Guston said he painted a can with paintbrushes in it, lost his nerve, and scraped it off. It was just too much. In Garden of M., referring to his wife, Musa, we spot something like a patchy garden grid, or maybe two lumpy figures clutching one another in bed. Sooty grays, yellows, and crimson are abstract. But things stay abstract. What’s happening is that Guston is looking for every possible way not to make a figurative painting. He couldn’t just paint that single thing inside a canvas, a head or even a can, without retreating into abstraction. It must have been hellish. These works are almost ugly.

Then in 1963 he just blows through the fear. A big black hat-wearing egg-shaped head appears with a shaky arm holding what might be a paintbrush and maybe a small canvas. This wasn’t AbEx, it wasn’t Pop, it wasn’t like anything. The title Painter III tells us what’s going on; it’s a self-portrait and a collective portrait of all artists’ immense inner temperaments when venturing into realms unknown.

Guston must have known the return to figuration couldn’t be denied anymore. And still he refused. He was in a battle of wills with his art. It must have been nightmarish, so much so that he stopped painting altogether for three years after the last canvas in this exhibition. He didn’t show his work again until 1970, and when he did, his colleagues were shocked, suspicious, and thought he was trying to hop on the Pop bandwagon; one painter asked why he had “to go and ruin everything.” Lee Krasner was said to find the work “embarrassing.” New York Times critic Hilton Kramer lambasted Guston, saying he saw “mandarin sensibilities masquerading as unlettered but lyrical stumble-bums” and dismissing the work as “cartoon anecdote ... funky, clumsy and demotic.” He concluded, “We are asked to take seriously his new persona as an urban primitive, and this is asking too much.” But the die was cast. While Pollock was the first to truly break through to pure nonobjective painting, it was Guston who was the first to break out.

Guston had crossed the Rubicon and was becoming the great painter of the American night. Not the night that follows day; the night of self. He said he wasn’t painting “pictures” but “one’s experiences and one’s enlargement of one’s self.” Guston moved the sublime—the bigness of it all—away from abstraction, where the Abstract Expressionists located it; away from nature, where the 19th century placed it; off the ceilings of churches,
where it went in the Renaissance, and back finally to where it really is and probably has always been since it left the fires in the caves: The sublime is in us! To see that pictured brings Emerson’s “alienated majesty” back to us. Of his contemporaries, only the always-generous de Kooning saw the real deep content of Guston’s late art. He said that the subject of this art is “freedom.”

IN THE GIRLS, her first novel, Emma Cline has taken the story of the Manson Family as a template and made her own sly alterations. Some of these are cosmetic: The setting is moved from Southern California to the outskirts of the Bay Area; no historical names are retained. Others are in the interest of streamlining the narrative: A few characters seem to be composites of real-life figures and several wholly imagined; the predictions of a Beatles-themed apocalyptic race war that Manson was spouting before the Family’s murders (he called it “Helter Skelter”) have been entirely dispensed with. Cline has retained the essential structure of a gang of hippies living in hedonistic squalor on a remote ranch, the women sexually in thrall to a buckskin-clad charismatic leader who keeps them around with the shared delusion that he’s destined to become a rock superstar. Cline’s crucial decision, signaled in her title, is to tell the story in the voice of a minor, off-and-on member of the reimagined cult. Now middle-aged and looking back on the strange summer of 1969, when she was 14, Evie Boyd is a narrator in the essentia that pictured brings Emerson’s “alienated majesty” back to us. Of his contemporaries, only the always-generous de Kooning saw the real deep content of Guston’s late art. He said that the subject of this art is “freedom.”

THE GIRLS
EMMA CLINE. RANDOM HOUSE. 368 PAGES.

Manson Family
Values
Emma Cline’s masterful debut.

THE GIRLS
EMMA CLINE. RANDOM HOUSE. 368 PAGES.

The Manson horror show has been chewed over in too many books, films, and other pop-culture ephemera to count, and for the baby-boomers, the
Manson episode lingers with Altamont as one of the bad dreams that closed the book on 1960s utopianism. Cline approaches the story without those hang-ups. A 27-year-old graduate of the Columbia M.F.A. program whose fiction has appeared in the Paris Review and Tin House, she’s shrewdly reasoned that we’ve heard enough about Charlie. In the cult dynamic, she’s seen something universal—emotions, appetites, and regular human needs warped way out of proportion—and in her novel she’s converted a quintessentially ’60s story into something timeless. (It hasn’t gone unreported that her efforts earned her a $2 million advance from Random House.)

The Girls has a retrospective frame. When it begins, Evie Boyd is out of work and living in a borrowed house on the Northern California coast. Unexpected guests arrive in the middle of the night, and her frightened mind jumps back in time to the night of the murders.

The decades that have passed allow Evie to understand it all with some clarity. Just out of junior high, she was drawn in from a place of unhappiness: her parents newly divorced, her crush on an older boy unrequited, her friendship with the boy’s sister going sour. She glimpses the “black-haired girl,” Suzanne, from afar, in a park, pulling at the neckline of her dress and for a moment exposing a nipple. The excitement is part attraction, part identification—it’s a public demonstration of perverse impulses Evie recognizes in herself. She sees Suzanne and her “attendants” take a bag of bread and an uncooked chicken from a restaurant Dumpster, get shouted away by a man in an apron, and climb into a school bus painted black. On their next encounter, Suzanne is thrown out of a store when the shop owner recognizes her from a previous theft, and Evie returns to buy the toilet paper Suzanne was after, saying she stole it to impress her new friend; a few days later, Suzanne invites the younger girl to the cult’s ranch and assumes the role of big sister, lover, protector, groomer, and corruptor.

Cline’s true subject is the tangle between Evie and Suzanne’s bond and the cult’s internal economy. Within the closed system of the ranch, the women of the cult are at once commodities and procurers of food and money, venturing into the straight world to commit little acts of larceny. The first day Evie visits, a boy asks Suzanne if she’s a “solstice present” and is told to shut up. But when the evening’s party commences—a car is ritually burned, and there’s a feast of “watery vegetable pabulum, the mash of potatoes and ketchup and onion-soup packets”—another of the girls calls her “our sacrifice ... Our solstice offering.” She meets Russell, and he takes her to his trailer with the promise, unfulfilled, that they’ll be joined by Suzanne. A sexual initiation follows. “I wanted Russell to be a genius,” Evie says. She gets stoned, and he turns out to be a reciter of lines like these: “There’s something in you ... Some part that’s real sad. And you know what? That makes me sad. They’ve tried to ruin this beautiful, special girl. They’ve made her sad. Just because they are.” She starts to cry, and a page later he’s pushing her head toward his crotch.

An act, I thought, calibrated to comfort young girls who were glad, at least, that it wasn’t sex. Who could stay fully dressed the whole time, as if nothing out of the ordinary were happening. But maybe the strangest part—I liked it, too.

This is the most we see of Russell and the “undercooked look of his dick.” For Evie this episode is less a matter of her submission to the cult leader than her initiation to a sisterhood, and she spends the rest of the night with Suzanne: “You can crash in my room if you want,” she says. “But you have to actually be here, if you’re going to be here. Get it?” To Evie, the moment was like “those fairy tales where goblins can enter a house only if invited by its inhabitants,” but here she’s the innocent invited into a house of goblins. She doesn’t realize it yet, instead sensing “the possibility that my life was hovering on the brink of a new and permanent happiness.”

Cline has a lush descriptive style, and she favors the sentence fragment where the pressure falls on nouns: On her return to the ranch, she sees the “silty rectangle of pool, half-full, with its teem of algae and exposed concrete ... The crispy package of a dead frog, drifting on the surface.” A system of metaphors drawn from Evie’s middle-class world animates her departure from it. (There are a few too many “like”-dependent similes, but one gets used to them.) Cline’s exquisite set pieces are the equal of her intricate unwinding of Evie’s emotions. Even after the murders, she thinks, “Suzanne was not a good person. I understood this. But I held the actual knowledge away from myself.” When she finds Polaroids from Suzanne, she feels some sadness. Just because they’ve tried to ruin this beautiful, special girl. (“That makes me sad.”) What’s real sad.

These effects are all the more potent for what Cline has left out. There’s very little cultural noise in the picture. The Girls isn’t a Wikipedia novel, it’s not one of those historical novels that congratulate the present on its improvements over the past, and it doesn’t impose today’s ideas on the old days. Cline is interested in the Manson chapter for the way it amplifies the novel’s traditional concerns. Pastoral, marriage plot, crime story—the novel of the cult has it all. You wonder why more people don’t write them.
PARTY LINES

“Going back to Gilmore Girls, it kind of felt like I was sitting in my elementary-school desk again, you know? It’s a little small, a little tight, but my ass knows what it feels like.” —Milo Ventimiglia

“Is Drake in the house?” —Lena Dunham

“Nude selfies till I die.” —Kim Kardashian West

“I have grade-four tears in both Achilles tendons from Mystery, Alaska, wearing ice skates 12, 14 hours a day. And from Gladiator—nobody was allowed to have heels in their shoes. I’m missing cartilage in my toes from the lateral movement you do in fight sequences. Sometimes you have to stop moving abruptly. Either you stop or you die.” —Russell Crowe

“I have a kitten in my coat. He’s really tiny—that’s why there’s no bulge. It’s for one lucky winner who will get a Peabody and a kitten. Don’t tell anybody. We don’t want everyone else to be jealous.” —Keegan-Michael Key
To

Twenty-five things to see, hear, watch, and read.

JUNE 1–14

POP

1. Go to Governors Ball
   So many singers!
   Randalls Island Park, June 3 through 5.
   It’s got competition from the Coachella-spawned Panorama fest, but the Ball is still the official start to outdoor-concert season, with 67 acts ranging from Chvrches to Kanye West to the Strokes. Come for the music; stay for Kanye’s last-day antics.

2. Watch Carol Burnett’s Favorite Sketches
   Queen of comedy.
   PBS, June 3 at 9 p.m.
   One of the pioneering women of sketch comedy, who just turned 83, selects highlights from *The Carol Burnett Show.* Starlet O’Hara, Nora Desmond, Mrs. Wiggins, and Eunice will all be represented (along with beloved characters portrayed by Vicki Lawrence, Tim Conway, and Harvey Korman); I’m betting that oblivious secretary Mrs. Wiggins’s sketches will be somewhat truncated, as it seems to take her six minutes to cross a room.

3. See The Importance of Being Earnest
   An opera for Oscar.
   Rose Theater, June 2 through 4.
   Oscar Wilde’s meringuelike confection isn’t something you’d think would benefit from loud singing and a noisy orchestra. But Gerald Barry’s raucous, aeroactic, high-octane opera has made even hardened skeptics grin. Be warned: Plates are thrown and flannel work shirts are worn. Ramin Gray directs, Ilan Volkov conducts, and the New York Philharmonic takes the pit.

THEATER

4. See Shining City
   Back in the lights of 22nd Street.
   Irish Repertory Theatre, through July 3.
   The Irish Rep’s ambitions long ago outgrew its Chelsea home’s L-shaped auditorium and wacko sightlines. Now, after 18 months in exile, the company marks its return to an entirely renovated space with a revival of Conor McPherson’s great ghost play. Matthew Broderick stars as a widower haunted by his late wife.

5. Hear Brian Wilson
   It would be nice.
   McCarran Park, June 12.
   The Beach Boys’ classic album *Pet Sounds* just turned 50, so Brian Wilson and his touring band (which includes original Beach Boy Al Jardine) are playing it in its entirety at Williamsburg’s Northside Festival. Come decide if ballads like “God Only Knows” still hold up.

ART

6. See Transitional Object (Psycho Barn)
   Creak, creak.
   Metropolitan Museum of Art, through October 31.
   Look up from different points around the Met: Above you might see British artist Cornelia Parker’s creepy, 30-foot-tall re-creation of Norman Bates’s house from Alfred Hitchcock’s *Psycho.* It’s like a corpse in the attic of the Met, another consciousness, shadows crystallizing in an architectural apparition, or just a fabulously bizarre public sculpture well worth seeing.
BOOKS
7. & 8. Read *Homegoing*
then See *Yaa Gyasi*
Believe the hype.
Knopf, June 7; Brooklyn Public Library, June 13.
Seven long months after Ta-Nehisi Coates tweeted “Stay woke” in reference to the young Ghanaian-American’s debut novel, the awakening has finally come. In 14 fine, searing, chapter-long character studies, Gyasi follows the bloodline of two Ghanaian half-sisters through Africa and the U.S. across seven generations, their descendants stalked by sorrow and racism. She will be discussing *Homegoing* with the Pulitzer-winning poet Tracy K. Smith.

So, John Green, what cultural thing are you most into right now?

I’m obsessed with the work of *Octavia Butler*; it’s been decades since I’ve read a writer’s entire work all at once the way I have with hers. She writes sci-fi and fantasy for people who don’t even like sci-fi and fantasy. My wife would say read *Kindred* first. I would say read *Parable of the Sower* first. It’s an amazing dystopian novel that’s too, too believable: The premise is that the United States has begun to fall apart, which will feel familiar to any current citizen of the United States. And *Kindred* is a novel in which a woman time travels from the 1970s to when her ancestors were slaves. It sounds like horror, but it’s not, and sentence by sentence it’s very well executed. After reading her, I feel transformed. There’s a lot of great female authors in sci-fi/fantasy, but most don’t get the attention they deserve. I don’t understand why Butler’s not the most celebrated American novelist of the 20th century.

TV
9. Watch *Below Deck*
Rocking the boat.
Bravo, Tuesdays at 9 p.m.
It doesn’t stray far from Bravo’s reality-show formula—booze, sexual tension, fighting—but in its fourth season, set in the Mediterranean, this voyeuristic look at the lives of a megayacht captain and his crew has become arguably the channel’s most compelling show. We’ve already had a deckhand-passenger scandal and a romance between cook and first mate. Trashy, yes, but highly bingeable.

DANCE
10. See *Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater*
Contemporary meets classic.
David H. Koch Theater, June 8 through 19.
This season, five programs cover oodles of new and classic works. Robert Battle’s *The Hunt*, inspired by his martial-arts background, is a fierce showcase for the company’s awe-inspiring male dancers, and the return of Alvin Alley’s iconic solo...
Howard Chaykin
Irresistible rock musical spectacles.
情绪化作品的杰作。
What to choose? His bleak, uncompromisingly Italian voluptuousness uniquely his but adds genius—he owes something to Hitchcock, yes, but also his masterly, mysteriously controversial director the way close to the screen at this retrospective to A month of the macabre master.

COMICS
11. Learn From Howard Chaykin
Boot camp for the funny-books.

What is it about comics that makes them such fertile material for TV and movies? Veteran writer and artist Howard Chaykin (best known for his groundbreaking American Flagg!) leads a workshop on comic-book storytelling, teaching the medium’s different schools of creative thought, explicating how to lay out a page of panels narratively, and guiding aspiring artists in the creation of their own comics.

ABRAHAM RIESMAN

MOVIES
12. See Brian De Palma
A month of the macabre master.

Sit close to the screen at this retrospective to savor the masterly, controversially controversial director Brian De Palma’s spatiotemporal genius—he owes something to Hitchcock, yes, but adds an Italian voluptuousness uniquely his own. What to choose? His bleak, uncompromising masterpieces Blow Out, for sure. But also the spectacularly emotional Casualties of War, the irresistible rock musical Phantom of the Para-

dise, the early, unhinged “White Negro” satire Hi, Mom!, the merely perfect Carlito’s Way—I could go on and on.

DAVID EDELSTEIN
THEATER
13. See The First Folio
Brush up against your Shakespeare.

Not many books get their own national tour, but in honor of the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare’s death, the Folger Shakespeare Library is sending one of its 82 copies of the First Folio on the road. The 1623 compilation of 36 plays, many not published in his lifetime, will be in New York for six weeks only.

J.G.

TV
14. Watch Cleverman
Hairy stuff.

This smart, sleek Australian sci-fi drama presents an intriguing new twist on race relations. An older, hairier—and superior—group of nonhuman beings announce that they’ve been living among us all along (what we do to them when they refuse to assimilate is not pretty).

CLASSICAL MUSIC
15. Hear The Aspen Music Festival and School
Water music.

Whitney Museum, June 8.

THE CURSE OF BEAUTY’
James Bone tells the story of Audrey Munson, the leading artists’ model in Gilded Age New York for murals, statues, and sculptures by the likes of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney (Regan Arts).

Audrey was a rare female model invited into Mrs. Whitney’s commodious studio. Audrey found the experience soothing… Perhaps [Mrs. Whitney] saw in Audrey the innocence and anonymity she never enjoyed herself. Audrey’s genuineness won Mrs. Whitney over. As Audrey posed in the converted stable, sometimes kneeling naked as if in prayer, her head bowed, Mrs. Whitney carried on a one-sided conversation with her. The sculptor could talk, but the model could not… the multimillionaire confided to the artist about her struggle to be recognized as an artist. “When I began to be a sculptor and it was a parlor trick … the critics weree of a group of well-bred people condescendingly watching one of their number trying to do a parlor trick… They just couldn’t get the idea of a Vanderbilt actually working.”

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white tent in the Rockies. Now the festival sends its contemporary ensemble east to give the New York premieres of half a dozen recent pieces, including Esa-Pekka Salonen’s fly-fishing-themed Catch and Release.

J.D.

POP

16. Listen to Living

Vérité is for real.

iTunes.

Vérité has been releasing brooding pop for a few years now, but her latest EP captures a new maturity and hard-won confidence. The stark, slow-build title track is a harsh look at relationships and bad decision-making even as she sounds ready to throw up her arms and dance.

ART

17. See Nuggets

Catch the imagination of Tom Sachs.

Jeffrey Deitch, through June 4.

New York is lucky that impresario art dealer Jeffrey Deitch has reopened his local emporium of unpredictability. In his wonderful old Grand Street digs we get the squirrely sculptor and Houdini Tom Sachs, who makes replicas of Xerox machines, movie cameras, and electric generators out of plywood, resin, and whatever else he can get his dexterous hands on. Sustainability meets ingenuity meets amazement and entertainment.

J.S.

SCIENCE!

18. Go to World Science Festival

Physiology meets performance.

Various venues, June 1 through 5.

At 50 events over five days, see why this broad-thinking festival has attracted not only great scientific thinkers like Stephen Hawking and E. O. Wilson but performance luminaries like John Lithgow, Philip Glass, Julie Taymor, and Alan Alda. It’s chock-full of fascinating looks at the intersections among math, science, and art: This year’s offerings range from an examination of drone warfare as presented in movies to a science-stories Moth night to a multimedia evening honoring Oliver Sacks.

TV

19. Watch

O.J.: Made in America

A story that’s still got juice.

ABC, June 11 at 9 p.m.; ESPN, June 14, 15, 17, and 18 at 9 p.m.

Just when you thought you were O.J.’d out after Ryan Murphy’s superb mini-series, lightning strikes a second time with Ezra Edelman’s five-part documentary. Edelman interviews more than 65 people, including lead prosecutor Marcia Clark and defense lawyers F. Lee Bailey and Barry Scheck, eliciting some startling moments, as when Scheck hesitates after being asked if he believes his own arguments, or when O.J.’s former agent admits that, right before the Juice tried on the glove, O.J. told him that if he didn’t take his arthritis medication, his hands would swell.

M.Z.S.
Listen to Breakin’ Point
Peter Bjorn and John, grown up.

The whistle-happy Swedish trio of “Young Folks” fame is back, and while the Scandinavian scene has exploded since their last album in 2011 (they’ve been busy building a studio and starting a label), Breakin’ Point slides comfortably into the Scandiodance diaspora, alongside acts like Robyn and Avicii. The whistles remain, but lyrics confronting the very real sadness of desire lurk underneath.

See Confusions and Hero’s Welcome
Ayckbourn’s No. 17 and No. 79.

Over the past few years, the Brits Off Broadway festival has been staging what amounts to an installment-plan Alan Ayckbourn retrospective. This season brings two more examples of the prolific playwright’s formal wizardry: Confusions, a classic 1974 daisy-chain farce; and his latest, Hero’s Welcome, about a man trying to return to the neighborhood he was once hell-bent on escaping. The author directs both productions, probably while writing another.

See Tame Impala
The millennial’s stadium-rock band.

Since the release of their nouveau-frochildren debut in 2010, Tame Impala have grown from Australia’s best-kept indie secret to boldface summer-fest headliner. At their two-day Celebrate Brooklyn! stint, expect psych-pop cuts from last year’s Currents, gleaming tunes tailor-made for a big stage.

See Universal Robots
Take me to your playwright.

Karel Capek’s 1921 farce R.U.R. popularized the word robot and the idea of a robot revolution. Mac Rogers’s 2009 Universal Robots uses the earlier work to posit a tragic counter-history. Jason Howard returns to the role of lead robot Radius in Rogers’s reworked revival.
Why New York Magazine smiles on this dentist.

His offices have a million-dollar view of the park to go with your new smile. Braverman is not slick or a hipster, but he is a past president of the New York chapter of the American Academy of Cosmetic Dentistry and his fees are substantially less than the top-priced guys."


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Veiled Promises
New York Crossword by Cathy Allis

Across
1. Ancient Greek colonnade
2. Bones alongside radius
3. Dan Marino's longtime team
4. French gal pal
5. Portentous sign
6. Lost traction
7. Ancient markings
8. Book after Isaiah
9. She's toast?
10. Look of disdain
11. Horizontal kin of a Dagwood
12. Adversary
13. Thirty on the clock
14. Fridge follow-up, perhaps
15. congregation
16. Step-saving computer instruction
17. Glossy fabric
18. 1/16th of a pint
19. Earthenware dish
20. Break with a meaty sauce
21. First lady's garden?
22. French Ministry of Foreign Affairs
23. Five-footed mammals
24. Has a faith
25. Associate in Reagan's cabinet
26. Blue-pencil
27. Eight other answers)
28. Preserve for Harpo
29. Ancient Greek colonnade
30. Scottie
31. Baked with a meaty sauce
32. Rough patch
33. Natural mysteries
34. Ancient markings
35. Fume
36. Spread on a bagel
37. Ditch dug for defense
38. Batter
39. Yellow pool
40. Cocky
41. Keep French bread?
42. Sixth-grade heart
43. Frustration on a stream
44. D-DAY beach code name
45. Tobacco product
46. Effective use
47. Relentless
48. Household god
49. "Am too!"
50. “Spotlight” actor Schreiber
51. Ode title starter
52. Co-production co. of "Rhoda"
53. Partial of IV
54. Nosing around
55. BOA toddler
56. Fruits in a lock
57. Anticlimactic commentary
58. Osteoporosis drug brand
59. Take a pew
60. Spread on a bagel
61. Glossy fabric
62. Ditch dug for defense
63. Rosette
64. Legend of a Dagwood
65. Toast?
66. Standoff
67. Old friends
68. Flick
69. Potential sponsor
70. Nervous System
71. Fleece, as a flock
72. 1976 Uganda rescue mission
73. "Am too!" comeback
74. Stroll in a stream
75. "Yeah!"
76. Superlative suffix
77. Next yr's alums
78. carrot
79. Soybean paste
80. Almond nut
81. Biting, briefly
82. "Am too!" comeback
83. Steely Dan, e.g.
84. Superlative suffix
85. Superlative suffix
86. Superlative suffix
87. Superlative suffix
88. Leading man in the film "South Park"
89. To the point, in law
90. "Am too!" comeback
91. "Am too!" comeback
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123. "Am too!" comeback
124. "Am too!" comeback

Down
1. White of the eye
2. Brazilian derivative
3. One of the Big Four
4. 1957's theme
5. 2008's theme
6. "Am too!"
7. 1976 Uganda rescue mission
8. "Am too!"
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IT ALL STARTS WITH A TEXT:

PLEASE, WYLIE, I NEED YOUR HELP.

THE NEWEST THRILLER FROM KIMBERLY McCREIGHT, NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF RECONSTRUCTING AMELIA.

“A spellbinding thriller that keeps you guessing until the very last page.”

—SARA SHEPARD, #1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF PRETTY LITTLE LIARS

ON SALE NOW!
THE APPROVAL MATRIX  Our deliberately oversimplified guide to who falls where on our taste hierarchies.

HIGHBROW

Trump bypasses conspiracy-mongering right-wing media, mongering away all on his own.

Cake plagiarists? The new café at the San Francisco MoMA is accused of copying art-themed pastries originated by the former café operator.

With her speech at the Center for Popular Democracy, Elizabeth Warren’s Trump critique (“small, insecure money-grubber”) continues into its post-Twitter phase.


In game three of the Western Conference Finals, Draymond Green kicked Steven Adams in the groin. Oof.

Who killed the Dutch Kills feral-cat colony in Long Island City?

Rihanna’s Dior sunglasses line, inspired by Star Trek: The Next Generation’s Geordi La Forge. (Of course, for $1,950 you ought to cure space blindness.)

The tingly app nonsense of Steve Quinn’s single “Park Bench Smile.”

“Pork fries,” ahoy! Aboard Brooklyn Barge, which actually is a barge, moored off Greenpoint...

And, in other tasty starch news, Pommes Frites—destroyed in the East Village gas explosion—rises out of the ashes on Macdougal Street.

Robert Moses’ proposal to build a triple-decker bridge across midtown to connect Jersey and Queens.

The work of László Moholy-Nagy could not be more perfectly at home in the Guggenheim.

The doll triumph of Rupert Everett as Oscar Wilde (including a fat suit with “baboon moobs”) in The Judas Kiss...

And the jaw-dropping nudity of almost everyone else.


The return of Robert Moses’ proposal to build a triple-decker bridge across midtown to connect Jersey and Queens.

According to a Lancet study, countries with stricter abortion laws don’t have fewer abortions per capita than those with more liberal laws.

Victoria’s Secret retires its “snail-mail catalogue—kinds old” for an underwear model, anyway (1977–2016).

Krocraft’s adult-size stroller, so you can test-drive it—hopefully while wearing an adult diaper.

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Ooh.

Why do all music videos get tinted pink these days? Seems like a unicorn threw up on them.

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Two kids at China’s Shanghai Museum of Glass broke Shelly Xu’s wall-mounted glass sculpture Angel Is Waiting while adults just filmed them on their phones.

Uh-oh, de Blasio: more federal pay-to-play investigations.

Former child stars Corey Feldman, Elijah Wood allege there is a network of sex abusers of child stars.

Don’t mess with internet mogul Peter Thiel: He’s Hulk Hogan’s lawsuit Pixar.

Lin-Manuel Miranda gets his Sardi’s portrait at last.

Bill Cosby is going to trial.

YG’s “Why You Always Hatin?” (Drake and Kamaiyah) is hard to hate.

Glug glug! FDA nutrition labels on 12-ounce and 20-ounce soda bottles now consider them both “single serving.”

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The Licki Brush, an invention enabling you to lick any cat.

Employment prospects for the class of 2016.

Captain America might be evil now, hints latest iteration of the comic! Noam Chomsky predicted it.

Shia LaBeouf is going hitchhiking for the sake of art. Hey, we’d be happy to give him a ride.

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Our network hospitals are consistently recognized for providing the highest levels of quality care. It is our extraordinary medical staff that make this care possible.

In fact, our care and quality is celebrated by both patients and their medical peers. In a recent Castle Connolly Survey of NJ Doctors, physicians voted HackensackUMC the #1 hospital overall and the top hospital in every clinical category. This respect from their peers is the truest testament to our team.

We thank them for choosing to practice medicine at Hackensack University Health Network hospitals, offices, clinics, and centers.

Robert C. Garrett
President & Chief Executive Officer
Hackensack University Health Network, Inc.

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