

Miss You When I'm Gone prospectus

It begins classically: man walks into a bar.

Ah, but this joint is the venerable Medicine Lodge, watering hole for my characters in the Montana Trilogy and *The Eleventh Man*, and to the dismay of its denizens and the town of Gros Ventre in general, the grumpy nonpareil bartender, Tom Harry, has put the place up for sale. Tom hopefully swats the polished wood of the bar with his towel as he eyes this young newcomer in a suit and tie.

"Sir, are you Tom Harry? *The* Tom Harry?" the young man asks, practically open-mouthed.

Tom suspiciously admits to it.

"I'm Timothy Sherman, field folklorist for the National Archives. I've been assigned to the Fort Peck Dam Silver Anniversary project, sir. Actually, I suppose I am the project, as the only one on the payroll."

The two men with four first names between them, and a canyon of generational differences they keep falling into, thus meet here in 1963 on the ground of the past: Tom, to his consternation, in the unsought role of institutional memory about the vast dam project and its boomtowns and free-spending damworkers from his thousand and one nights behind the bar in the Blue Eagle saloon, back in the 1930s; and Tim, still wet behind the ears professionally but earnest as the day is long, determined to become the Alan Lomax of Fort Peck history and lore, catching its richness of lore, lingo, and anecdote into his tape recorder. I think Tim will be from Washington, D.C.--actually born and raised there--and imbued with a spirit of public service (he's chosen this job instead of the Peace Corps) to the extent that he can speak of "the moral edifice embodied in remembrance." Tom Harry, stuck with this persistent visitor and the shadow of his World War II black marketeering, bootlegging, and providing working quarters for prostitutes, responds: "What's morals got to do with it?"

If Fort Peck and evocations of its anything-goes atmosphere is at hand, can Proxy Shannon be far behind?

She is now Proxy Duff, widow of Darius who went into the Missouri River in the truck there at the finale of *Bucking the Sun*, remember? In her fifties, she's still a looker, still on the level only when she has to be, still just crafty enough to get herself into situations that may or may not better her spot in life (such as that marriage to Darius). When she shows up in the Medicine Lodge, she has in tow a twenty-five-year-old daughter, Francine, whom she is trying to turn from being a directionless no-account. To cut the plot twists short, Proxy prevails on Tom Harry to give Francine a job as bartender. And so:

--Gros Ventre gains its first female bartender, to the wariness of the leathery-faced clientele.

--Francine takes up her post behind the bar with considerable attitude. She is a bit ahead of her time, i.e. something of a Woodstock sort before the Sixties really erupted. She amends her name according to her mood: Fran, Franny, Francie, and at one point, simply France. ("You mean like over there in Frogland?" asks Tom Harry.)

--Tim has to deal with her, and she with him, as he hangs around to winkle Fort Peck lore out of Tom Harry. They're of an age, there's an adage that opposites attract...

--For his part, Tom Harry has to muse over the slyness of fate that has him providing employment to Darius Duff's daughter.

Or, just possibly, is she his?

I think you can see that this work of fiction can reach into a considerable bag of tricks accumulated down through my various novels of the Two Medicine country and beyond. Characters from *The Eleventh Man* can be available: Bill Reinking still publishing the *Gleaner*, and Cloyce, now a bit of a grande dame, would see Tim Sherman as a welcome cultural ambassador to provincial Gros Ventre.

I vow not to overuse the Two Medicine cast of characters, but a handful of them can come onstage here in fresh circumstances as history is about to turn beneath their very feet one more time. There still is some night sweat on the country (and particularly on hippie-in-the-making Francine) from the Cuban missile crisis of the autumn before, and the JFK assassination and Vietnam are not far ahead. Montana is changing as it always is, the ranchers and small-townners finding themselves face-to-face with missile silos and Interstate highways. But there are those verities, the land and the weather, and by cheating ahead just one year, I can give this plot all the tension from nature it needs. In 1964, the worst flood in Montana's history hit the the Two Medicine country, when ten inches of rain fell in the Rockies in one day and the overload of water washed out a dam. By using a version of this event, I'd give the novel a resonance with the Fort Peck Dam--when the big slide of '38 did not quite breach the dam and flood the midsection of the United States--and a drama for my characters to cope with.

And somewhere along the line, as the veteran sparring partners Tom Harry and Proxy go at it once again in a saloon for the ages, one or the other of them says in reluctant admiration of the other one's wiles, "Sure gonna miss you when I'm gone."

###

SAW



City of Great Falls. Hotel Rainbow—Built by Montana Power Company

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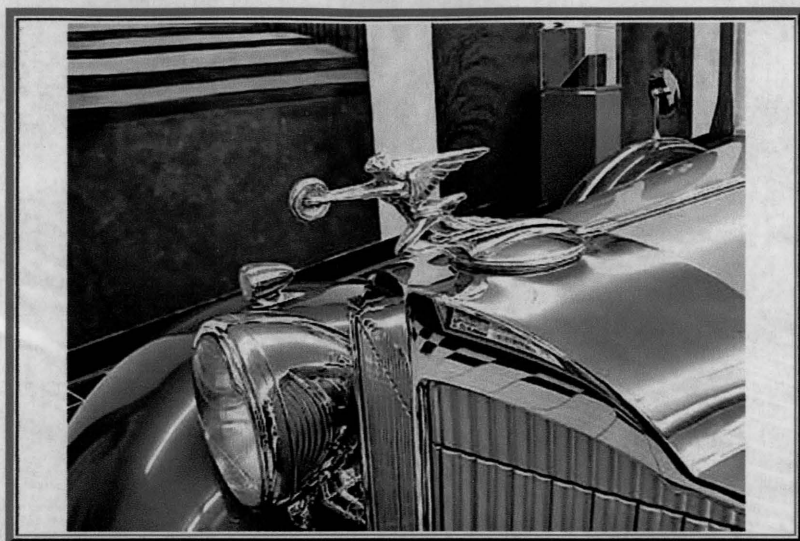
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Aug 13, 2009 ... In Chaplin's 1915 film, "His New Job." Wikipedia on **Ben Turpin**: He worked in vaudeville, burlesque, and circuses. Turpin had a distinctive ...

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Ben Turpin Photo Album ... The book is full of beautiful photography and rare candid,



Before we begin to enjoy these pictures of the nicest looking cars ever produced I want to share a real Packard Story with you. The story was submitted by Katie's Grandpa who now lives in Texas. Katie seems to like her Grandpa's stories better then the ones in her other story books. I thought that my visitors to this page may enjoy it also.

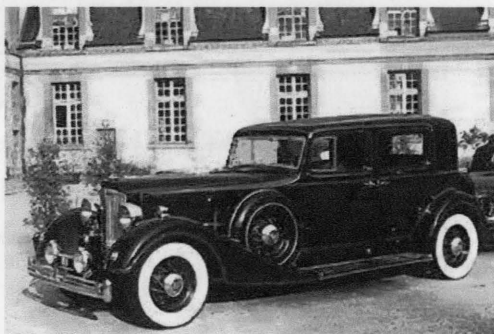
The Straight-Eight Packard

A Katie Story by Katie's Grandpa

I have to tell you about the senior prom.

They stopped making cars during World War II and gasoline was severely rationed. So having a car to take your date to the prom was not on everybody's prom card.

My best friend's dad owned a 1934 straight-eight Packard limousine that had been parked in the back-yard for the duration of the war. The gas mileage on that baby was only about five miles per gallon, and the strict gas rationing during World War II pretty much spelled out the doom of any car that had trouble getting around the block on a tank of gas.



This appears to be the five passenger version of the 1934 Super Eight. My friend's Packard was the seven passenger model and was about 3 feet longer.

The Packard's hood stretched out forever, and the powerful straight-eight engine looked like it was about ten feet long. The '34 Packard was an "Elliot Ness" gangster machine if ever there was one.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIZ LAUREN

From left, Salvatore Inzerillo, Brian Dennehy, Nathan Lane, Lee Wilkof and Stephen Ouimet in Eugene O'Neill's "Iceman Cometh," directed by Robert Falls at the Goodman Theater.

Pipe Dreams and Scythe Dreams: Begging Drinks in Hell's Anteroom

CHICAGO — In the muddy darkness that blankets the stage in the opening minutes of "The Iceman Cometh" at the Goodman Theater here, human forms seem to be slumped on battered chairs and tables in the back room of a dingy saloon. Curled or contorted into lifeless poses, they resemble slumbering animals, some starved to the bone, others bloated and sluggish.

It is only as the livid yellow light of dawn seeps into the room, and one by one they are jerked to life from the warm embrace of sleep, that we can make out the ravaged contours of their faces and, when speech comes at last, the ravaged souls beneath the wax-paper skin.

These grim figures — the living dead who have washed ashore at Harry Hope's bar, where they spend their days cadging drinks and killing time — are portrayed with heart-scraping pungency in Robert Falls's sterling new production of Eugene O'Neill's tough, loquacious, magnificent play. I spent a long night's restless journey into day being jerked awake myself by recollections of the five hours passed in the company of O'Neill's illusion-fed dreamers, replaying moments that had been tattooed onto my consciousness.

The marquee names in Mr. Falls's staging belong to Nathan Lane, the superlative musical-comedy star courageously braving the mighty role of Hickey, the salesman flogging salvation to men and women addicted to damnation; and Brian Dennehy, himself a former Hickey for Mr. Falls at the Goodman (in 1990), now undertaking the role of the apostate radical Larry Slade. But "The Iceman Cometh" depends for its power on a full stage of actors capable of bringing O'Neill's roiling depiction of the lower depths of 1912 New York to satisfying life — which is to say harrowing life. Mr. Falls's superbly cast production contains as many great performances as I've seen in a single show in years, certainly more than I saw in any Broadway show of the past, imperfect season.

The infelicities in O'Neill's four-act drama, first produced on Broadway in 1946, have been amply lamented over the years, and they occasionally glare forth from the gloaming of Natasha Katz's lighting. The play is schematic in outline and bloated with the repetition or overstatement that mars even some of O'Neill's finest plays. The relentless reiteration of the phrase "pipe dream" makes it seem as if the characters have

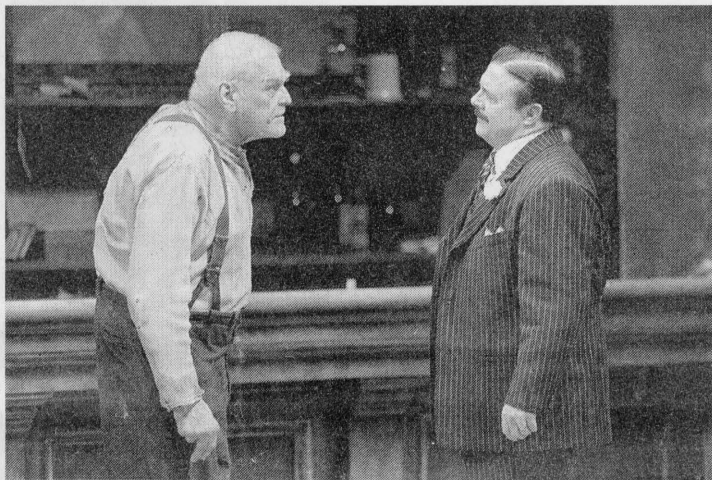
all memorized the same simple catechism about humanity's need for a life-raft of illusion to sail the rough seas of experience. But as Brooks Atkinson observed in The New York Times in his review of the celebrated 1956 production that established the play's reputation as an O'Neill masterpiece, its very excesses may account for the "monumental feeling of doom that it pulls down over the heads of the audience."

For me that feeling descended in the first act, when Willie Oban (John Hoogenakker), the dissipated young Harvard Law School graduate, slithered up from a table and burst into woozy song, only to be harshly reprimanded by Harry (Stephen Ouimet), who threatens to have him taken up to the room where he lodges. Mr. Hoogenakker's begrimed Willie, looking as if he has just clawed his way out of a grave, descends instantly from boozy jubilation to craven terror, so pitifully afraid of being alone that he pleads to stay and share the sad camaraderie of the bar as if begging for his life.

This is man at his most exposed, and one by one the characters in "The Iceman Cometh" are similarly stripped of their membranes of self-protection to reveal the hollowed-out shells underneath: men and women as unfit for life as they are afraid of death, sustained only by the booze that numbs them to the pitiable truth about themselves.

Mr. Falls's production does not move inexorably toward a dramatic climax in the final act, when Hickey, who has been gently goading the denizens of Harry's saloon into letting go of their sustaining lies about the future and the past, spills forth his own tortured innards. Rather, it proceeds as a series of sudden, breathtaking punches to the gut, with moments of piercing emotion — not to mention boisterously funny comedy — tumbling forth in a welter spread across its four acts.

Mr. Ouimet, a veteran of the Stratford Shakespeare Festival, is devastatingly good as Harry Hope. The minder of the bar's sad menagerie, Harry is slowly drained of his sometimes irascible, sometimes benevolent vitality by the slow drip of self-awareness. At the



Mr. Dennehy, left, and Mr. Lane in this nearly five-hour play.

The Iceman Cometh

By Eugene O'Neill; directed by Robert Falls; sets by Kevin Depinet, inspired by a set design by John Conklin; costumes by Merrily Murray-Walsh; lighting by Natasha Katz; dramaturgy by Neema Arndt; production stage manager, Joseph Drummond. Presented by the Goodman Theater, Mr. Falls, artistic director; Roche Schuler, executive director. At the Goodman Theater, 170 North Dearborn, Chicago; (312) 443-3800; goodmantheatre.org. Through June 17. Running time: 4 hours 45 minutes.

WITH: Patrick Andrews (Don Parritt), Kate Arrington (Cora), Brian Dennehy (Larry Slade), Marc Grapey (Chuck Morello), James Harms (James Cameron), John Hoogenakker (Willie Oban), Salvatore Inzerillo (Rocky Pioggi), John Judd (Piet Wetjoen), Nathan Lane (Theodore Hickman), Loren Lazerine (Moran), Larry Neumann Jr. (Ed Mosher), Stephen Ouimet (Harry Hope), John Reeger (Cecil Lewis), Tara Sissom (Pearl), Lee Stark (Margie), John Douglas Thompson (Joe Mott), Bret Tuomi (Lieb) and Lee Wilkof (Hugo Kalmar).

birthday party for Harry that occasions Hickey's visit Mr. Ouimet's drunken exhortation of his longtime friends is painful to witness, but it's harder still to watch him sit cadaverlike in the play's last acts, the life choked out of him by a reckoning with the comforting deceptions he's been living with for years.

The great actor John Douglas Thompson, known in New York for his Othello and Macbeth as well as his stunning performance in O'Neill's "Emperor Jones," creates yet another indelible portrait in Joe Mott, the former owner of a gambling house whose gentle good humor masks a volcanic rage at a life warped by racism. Pacing like a caged

animal in response to Hickey's needling presence, Joe erupts into near violence with a force that scalds.

Mostly seated at the edge of the action, staring forward as if patiently awaiting the arrival of the grim reaper he so eloquently claims to long for, Mr. Dennehy's Larry Slade presides with quiet implacability over the thickening fog of tension in the bar. When at last his equanimity splinters, under the dual pressures of Hickey's sardonic insinuations and the desperate imprecations of Don Parritt (Patrick Andrews), who seeks absolution from Larry for a sin he cannot forgive himself, Mr. Dennehy reveals the lacerating anguish of an intelligence susceptible to Hickey's harsh thrusts of truth.

Space forbids me from giving full due to all of the worthy performances. The smaller roles of the "tarts" are played with winning vibrancy by Tara Sissom, Lee Stark and Kate Arrington, particularly touching as the would-be bride Cora. John Judd and John Reeger make a sublimely funny-sad double act as the former Boer War foes bucking each other up until they begin flaying each other alive. And I will never forget James Harms's infinitely touching Jimmy Tomorrow, the former journalist, marinating in sad self-loathing underneath a festive paper hat, looking like a little boy shunned at a children's boisterous birthday party.

The role of Theodore Hickman, the hardware salesman known as Hickey, whose back-thumping joviality the bar's denizens look forward to even more than the booze he'll be buying, is of

course the dominant one in the play. Mr. Lane's decision to undertake this big, tricky part (I am tempted to say nigh-impossible part) is an inspiring signal that this fine actor, who has made his reputation mostly in comedy, is not content to rest on his laurels.

In many ways he is a natural for it. Mr. Lane's buoyant charisma announces itself as soon as Hickey sweeps onstage, looking spiffy in his pinstripes and straw boater, exuding bonhomie and good spirits. The listless denizens of the bar instinctively lean toward him as toward a vital source of energy, like dying plants starved for sunlight. As he begins proselytizing for a life lived without self-deception, Mr. Lane's Hickey has the righteous air of an evangelical preacher, even as we can sense a whisper of cruelty beneath the swagger.

But in the crucial last act, when Hickey delivers the long monologue in which he reveals the awful truth about his liberation from his delusions, Mr. Lane suddenly seems to be spinning his wheels to diminishing dramatic effect. The fault may in part lie with O'Neill's writing: Hickey's protracted confession, for all its searing detail, has always felt maddeningly overwritten and slightly saturated in stagi melodrama.

Heaven knows Mr. Lane gives it his all, rocketing around the stage, pouring forth the story of Hickey's tortured love for his wife, Evelyn, and the poison of his growing self-hatred with an unflagging intensity. He bellows and cajoles, he blusters and sobs and subsides into a convincing sense of dazed defeat. But I never got the sense that Hickey was truly slicing open his chest to bare a corroded, empty soul. I remained too consistently aware that I was watching a skilled actor giving a carefully shaped performance of a famous set piece.

Still, at their best actors create truth from an illusion, and Mr. Falls's "Iceman Cometh" does just that so consistently that even the few underpowered moments do not undercut its pummeling force. But what moved me most were the quieter notes of nobility the performers brought to these deeply etched portraits of defeat. The beliefs O'Neill's characters feed on — that tomorrow they will become better selves, that the mistakes they made are not irreversible, that they are still capable of loving and hoping — are the same ones that keep everyone from giving in to despair in darker moments. When these life-scarred men and women raise their glasses in jubilant relief as the lights go down, it's hard to begrudge them another fleeting moment of release.

ONLINE: 'THE ICEMAN COMETH'

A video excerpt from the Goodman Theater revival, and the original 1946 review in The New York Times:

nytimes.com/theater

That Anguished Scottish Family: Toil, Trouble and Maybe Junior

And baby made three? In the opening moments of this “Macbeth,” directed by Ron Russell, a home video plays, showing a mother, father and infant.

RACHEL
SALTZ

THEATER
REVIEW

There’s also a photo nearby of those parents, the Macbeths it turns out, gently kissing their baby’s head. A painted version of that image forms a backdrop above the stage.

The idea probably comes from Lady Macbeth’s lines “I have given suck, and know/How tender ’tis to love the babe that milks me,” words that have been much puzzled over and variously interpreted. Here Mr. Russell seems to want to suggest that the loss of a baby is

“*Macbeth*” continues through May 26 at the 47th Street Theater, 304 West 47th Street, Clinton; (212) 279-4200, ticketcentral.com.

what drives the Macbeths’ vaulting ambition and bloody deeds.

If that idea seems movie-of-the-week hokey, the good news is that the production doesn’t really insist on it (how could it?) beyond those visuals and a few moony glances by Lady Macbeth (Melissa Friedman) at the family photo. But it shows that Mr. Russell is eager to try things, some silly, some good, most with a modern spin. And that willingness gives this production, by the Epic Theater Ensemble, energy and the occasional lovely moment, even as it remains interpretively ragged.

(The ensemble, which has year-round residencies in New York City public schools, takes education seriously. Most performances have post-show discussions.)

Another jolt of energy comes from the Macbeth, Ty Jones, who leaps and darts around the stage and into the

A willingness to put a modern spin on an old Shakespearean tale of murder.

aisles. After he murders Duncan, his frantic busyness suggests a man hoping his body will outrun his mind. Just keep moving, he seems to be telling himself, and try not to think.

For Macbeth to be tragic, though, his thoughts need room to breathe and fester. Here they sometimes go by too fast to register, though Mr. Jones delivers Shakespeare’s verse with an engaging naturalness.

Mr. Russell uses television in some scenes, including all those with Duncan

(Richard Easton), who appears only on screen. It’s a way to have Mr. Easton, a Tony winner for Tom Stoppard’s “Invention of Love,” participate without being present, but his performance recedes into TV land.

Better are the gender-mixed Weird Sisters (James Wallert, Julian Rozzell Jr. and Aimé Donna Kelly), dressed in paint-smearing smocks. (Alixandra Gage Englund did the contemporary costumes.) Rather than standard-issue witches, they come off as malevolent artists, gathering dark materials (an ear, a soldier’s thumb) for dark works.

Mr. Russell never quite makes the domestic scenes convincing — a big problem in “Macbeth” — but he and his team get some of the atmospheric right. Outside Macbeth’s castle is a night world of fog, clamorous noises and empty spaces appropriate for present fears and horrible imaginings.



CAROL ROSEGG

Macbeth Melissa Friedman and Ty Jones in an Epic Theater Ensemble production at the 47th Street Theater.

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Bartender's Tale

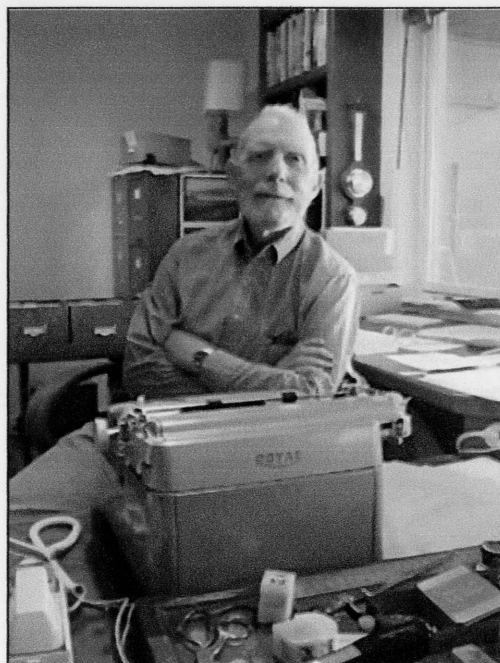
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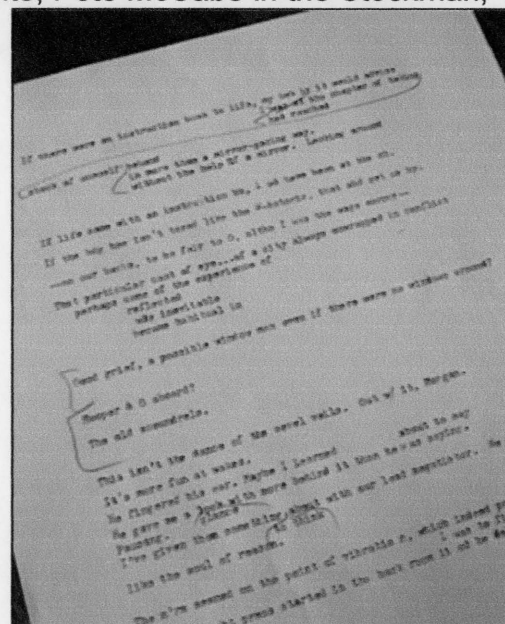
Bartender's Tale Background Notes*The author where books happen*

Life sometimes puts us through a rehearsal for a role not yet written. I was mostly raised, like Rusty in *The Bartender's Tale*, by my father, after my mother's early death. My dad—Charles Campbell Doig, "Charlie" to all—was a haymaker: a haying contractor, a kind of freelance foreman, who would hire his own crew and put up ranchers' hay crops. Bars where I was lucky enough to tag along with him were his hiring halls, so from the time I was about as tall as the elbow he judiciously bent in the nine drinking spots of our small Montana town, I saw a lot of character on display, in the ranch hands and shepherders and saloonkeepers of half a century ago.

Surely it was at life's prompting, back then, that I developed an abiding interest in that trait, character, and its even more seductive flowering into a plural form,

characters. How could I not, when Dad's rounds took him and the redheaded, sharp-eared kid always at his side from neon oasis to oasis, presided over by those personalities behind the bar. our favorite, Pete McCabe in the Stockman, passed along news as generously as he poured. The now nameless sad-faced bartender in the Pioneer murmured, "Hullo, Charlie, hullo, Red," as we stepped in, pulled a glass of beer for Dad, and said no more until "Take it easy, Charlie, take it easy, Red," as we left. Then perhaps to the mix of saloon and short-order joint presided over by the well-fed proprietor known only as Ham and Eggs—Ham for short—where other nicknamed denizens such as Mulligan John, Diamond Tony, and Hoppy Hopkins hung out. Small wonder, then, that my novels tend to have a bartender somewhere in the cast of characters.

The gruff but gifted Tom Harry has



The grand old gilded Tom Henry has persistently shown up, skunk stripe in his black pompadour and his towel tirelessly polishing the bar wood, in a supporting role. Now he more than deserves top billing. Life having given me a runthrough at precisely the wondrous early age when hanging around bars could do me no harm, it has seemed only natural to let my imagination ask the magic words "What if?" and give Tom a bright, inquisitive kid to cope with, along with living up to his reputation as the best bartender who ever lived.

*The way the sentences are sculpted.
Next stop, the computer.*

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***Bartender's Tale* Discussion Points**

1. Theatre plays a great part in this story, with Rusty and Zoe initiated into the mysteries of the stage via the amateur actress Mrs. Reinking and their own forays into comic "bits." What are the two adolescents learning about character and contrivance? How does the theme of performance and pretense underscore the dramas of the novel's "real" dramatis personae – especially Tom, Proxy, and Francine?
2. Why do you think Doig decided to set this novel at the dawn of the 1960s? How does he signal the cultural upheavals to come? What connections do you see between Rusty's loss of innocence over the course of the novel and the cultural moment in which it takes place?
3. The plot is aswirl with various adult pairings, past and present, real and imagined—Tom and Rusty's mysteriously vanished mother, Tom and Proxy, Del and Francine—seen through the young eyes of Rusty and Zoe. What do you think is Doig's stance toward love? Why doesn't he give any of the couples a conventionally happy ending – except, we discover, Rusty and Zoe?
4. Del's Missing Voices Oral History project is based on the Federal Writers' Project – a WPA program that sent writers across the country to, among other things, collect oral histories from various remote regions of the country. How does Doig carry on this tradition in his own writing?
5. The parent-child relationships in this novel are freighted with baggage from decades past. In what ways does Doig visit the "sins of the fathers" (and mothers) on their offspring, and in what ways does he absolve them?
6. The Medicine Lodge plays a unique role in Gros Ventre, functioning as hub of the town's social life and showcase for a pageant of human quirks and contrariness. What are some examples? What contemporary institutions function in a similar way?
7. Though this novel is set in the early 1960s, its characters are shadowed by of the Great Depression. Why does Doig pair these two time periods? How do they resonate with today's dilemmas?
8. *The Bartender's Tale* features a memorable collection of supporting players, some of whom are inanimate objects: Igdrasil the tree, the Gab Lab, and the various treasures in the back room of the bar. What kind of role do these "characters" play in the story? Can you think of other authors who use this technique?

9. Doig introduces a great deal of suspense into the story, even the identity and

9. Doig introduces a great deal of suspense into the story over the identity and whereabouts of Rusty's mother, yet he chooses not to introduce her directly into the story or to clarify much about her until the end. What do we learn from Rusty's efforts to fill in the gaps in his and his father's history?

10. Were you surprised by Francine's behavior at the end of the story? Why do you think Doig chose to give her the fate he did?

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fix

hum Home on the Range all the way through

ms p. 415--fix Delano Curtis
repertory theater companies

Bartender's tale word total: 131,304

considerations for final version:

--~~restore~~ missilemen?

--Proxy has to spook Rusty fairly early on

--Zoe has to be kept in the picture as much as possible

--use "Uff courze" at least once more

--Del's powers-that-be needs to be intro'd fairly early

--kids' slang has to be made consistent

--cut into short chapters w/ frequent graf breaks?

--2nd mention of Tom bartending in bedroom slippers

--Tom can signal again w/ jerk of head as on p. 76

--p. 93 check jack in box: used in earlier book?

-p. 126 "Shane"

p. 152 - Wild used enough before?

- more we'll think of something? (last time p. 161)

- FIND bar room?

- check whining barman, p. 157; used ~~but~~ in other bks?

--change D's refce to droves of mudjacks

p. 360: need earlier ref'ce to Everything nailed down

p. 366: check boys' names against Horse

Proxy must say "leak away into the landscape" early on

FIND squeal/er and make it snitch?

--p. ~~388~~ 387, add Bill & Cloyce Reinking to camp scene?

- eliminate far out

- explain bogachelly; use w C/Dan

- F1 pitch-black mane

- p. 245: add Proxy bar fight; wild cat?

p 397 - w/ a wave of his hand

Please watch for:

--characterization. It seems to me this has to be a character-driven book, and so the five main ones (besides Rusty the narrator) really have to come up off the page. Becky already liked Zoe and Del, and I think I've refined them even more and may add a few more small touches. Francine and Proxy weren't yet in the version she saw, so they have to be vivid and in the end a bit sympathetic, maybe, despite their scheming. Tom of course has to be an unforgettable personality, in a way the Morrie of this book.

--Plot turns. I'm deliberately pushing the boundaries in places, especially late in the book, but I don't want to go so far as to lose the reader's willing suspension of disbelief. Watch for anything that's just too implausible and let's try to adjust it.

--Pace. Particularly toward the end of the book, when there are a series of events that each take up a chapter or so, and then there's a considerable chunk of exposition enlightening Rusty and the reader about some things. I have the newspaperman Bill Reinking remark earlier in the book, "A story can have more than one ending...It's a question of what fits best with the rest of the tale, isn't it." So, I'm trying to have Rusty aware, and tip off the reader, that one damn thing after another is happening and they'll finally add up.

Friday, Sept. 2. 12:40 p.m. Start ms.

~~28~~ bot. #

~~66~~ add l

~~144~~ sentence structure

~~162~~ typo

~~191~~ top. peevish as crestfallen to avoid repetition?

~~204~~ 2 pages have this number

~~221~~ Any steb anything

~~221~~ top. add another o?

~~235~~ did steb were

~~235~~ top. Seemed

~~249~~ sp.

~~246~~ Yes. New chapter

~~256~~ always

~~324~~ typo

~~328~~ N suspicious

~~334~~ typo

~~335~~ q

~~378~~ shot

~~382~~ typo

~~385~~ "

~~387~~ a sentence about arriving at Medicine Lodge

~~388~~ typo

~~398~~

Please watch for:

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54 - pea or pee?

Find: that's another story
244, 408

66 - typo

97 - they're already into summer vacation. How about
deep summer? or 4th of July - Or?

99 comma?

99 tr. V

180 ~~z~~ ce

197 - typo

254 - typo

317 - tell

353 - typo

392 - "

fixes/FINDs

Tom must say a time or two, "That's another story."

FIND Gingerly; change at least once to Skittishly?

Possible: Tom "Too bad you weren't born twins" in Fixes

--Seeing me on the brink of tears, (he apologized)

~~check whether~~ Tom says abt Proxy, she was "Hellis good company"

peachy keen might be used more than once (or just peachy) (maybe by Francine)

watched for places to use synonyms for looked

sub gave a start for at least one jumped

Tom cd bunch his shoulders a time or two (as I think he does in 11th Man)

~~Francine~~ cd say to Rusty, You're a kick (possibly w/ you know that?) (w/ cuz?)

use dumbstruck only once, in Ft P scene; change any earlier; flabbergasted etc.
flummoxed floored

rain/raining: a few times use deluge etc.

Proxy or Francine desc'd as sultry?

watch for places to use synonyms for said: tossed off, enunciated, tried, sailed it out
barked

Tom or Francine can use How about that.

She imitated P's tilt of the head.

[I don't want to cream my chance

I didn't have as many silver dollars stashed as I'd thought, so I had to waste time gathering loose change and counting until I had enough.

We were splurging, thanks to a dollar I must have missed, back under my socks, when I OO (ransomed) CDan.

You dig that kind of thing?

[How about that.

She had been
In the amen corner...reading/absorbed in one of P's old favorites she'd borrow'd,
Say It With Bullets.

With the rare realization that she might have said too much, she winked at us
I'd put one right smack over there (in front of the Buck Fever case)

You guys know the difference between beans and peas? ...but you can always take a pea.
You might spill the beans

It was kind of a consolation prize for both of us, if you see what I mean.
each

same
[I noticed he was giving her the funny kind of look he had when she pulled in
after the FP reunion, guarded but taken

around this time of day. Been trying
Tried to talk Tom into putting in a jukebox

That's what I thought. Sound kind of hip, huh?

X/E A person abt had to an acrobt to follow/keep up w/ the ^{twists and turns} developments.

It wd surprise the skin off a rhino

Golly sakes,

I admit, I was flummoxed.

for 1st dumbstruck That floored me/I was floored.

[Probably we got idea.

It was a strange time in America, although when
that was nothing new in the republic
the unprecedented
of reinvention. Evidently the American fate is to
the restless , a nation pieced together
revolution. as cutting itself adrift
casting
from old royal loyalties, to
ways, was to claim the middle of the road by steering back and forth
across it. W Wilson, sick and dying
so inanimate he appeared to be stuffed. But that's democracy for you.
industri al prowess
throes seemed to be the American essence-
the pinc-nezed preacherly Pres
the crossing point at Swgers had been shut tight by federal agents. By now
I was putting two and two together and realizing that th3 H, whoever he was,
must be the mastermind
Really, you don't have to talk like...

but not before the customary warning about beans and nose, delivered w/ a
signfct look at both of us.

an oddly
recital ... was delivered with a contemplative look
at uour young selves.

delivering the warning about beans and noses with an oddly wistful look at
the so youthful pair of us

This was bliss.

too old to get out of the way of a sheepherder's stupid elbow,

There wasn't lipstick on him or anything,

Too bad you weren't twins. *Then maybe* I'd have half a chance

adventurously fixed in ringlets

narration & story need to bloom a little

quit babbling

adventurously done up in ringlets

barroom

There was an insidious side...What if the woman didn't want a kid, and P
abandoned me

He had stumbled into "maddermoany" one time before, and what if any new wife...
be forced
Wdn't he have to abandon me in one of 2 unwelcome directions?

She had an incredible knack of...zeroing in on unspoken
floozy

In the back of my mind (cdn't dodge elbow)
when the world was new

C'mon, don't get (on the prod)
hav to
Did you drive thru the flood?
It wasn't where I was.

That echoed in the back of mind, to when trouble hit him, a sheepherder's
dodge in time being flred by C Dan
elbow he cdn't get out of the way of. I knew that had been an accident,
...he'd said so himself in one of our hallway convstns, but
that same afterward
to calm me down
repeatedly

but

And that he hadn't been able to dodge a sh' flyind glebow, in an accident
that continually
I kept telling myself might not happen again in a hundred years

If I owned the jt myself, I'd sneak in
You dig that kind of thing?
Yes. absolutely.

Cripes, 1938 plus 9 mos, anybody like that'd have to be--
21, I contributed, and D...Going on 22.
Thank you, whizzes.

She's back like a bad penny. ruefully

~~All but~~
Close. Up north of Havre
Not quite. Next thing to it

he said very, very slowly

Unchain my heart and set me free, she said like the song.

nice hairdo

Know what, tho?

I dig yours too. Although you cd get away with a DA. You've got the head for it.

hadn't been

At least he wasn't with some woman.

hazard

Was he seeing somebody on these trips? Somebody naturally meant a woman, in
my mind, and "seeing" carried deeper implications.

all manner of

cal only
I didn't want to see happen.
have to face, ever.

maddermoany, but he had

What if he dawdled with some woman

spent too much time , assuming there was some woman,--and got a

late start

although not the main one

It never did, when something would set him off this way

possibly

except for

times like this. The truth of the matter was, bad weather wasn't the only

hazard agitating me as I watched him gatehering to go.

Beyond that,

I hated to be suspicious of him, but

Not by a million miles. I swallowed hard, which had nothing to do w/ b'fast,
plain
and spoke the truth.

I don't mean anything by this, but isn't yr hair diffnt than it was?

[flat-out honesty

Parting is such you-kno-what,

[I don't want to cream my chance here.

But you've always...had me. How'd you--?

Yeah, well, kidnapped is kind of a strong way of putting it. Legal bee ess
cd put it that way, though. And she always held that over me, when she was
on her benders.

TOWNIES TARA CLANCY

My Dad and I Walked Into a Bar . . .

Tara Clancy, a former bartender, is a writer.



Dad started taking me to Gregory's Bar and Restaurant in Kew Gardens, Queens, in 1986, when I was 6. He was single and looking for love. So he bought a black Chrysler Laser hatchback, a white Members Only jacket and sneakers with saw-blade soles. And every other weekend, when I wasn't with my mom, he took me to Gregory's.

There are many reasons Gregory's was a magical place. Inside the front door there were two real whale bones, seven feet tall and touching at the top. There was an enormous captain's wheel and the "crow's nest table" — an ordinary table perched about five feet in the air on a large "mast," accessible only by ladder.

But it was the regulars who really

made Gregory's special. Listed individually, they sound like a collection of clichés. English Billy wore tennis shorts and Tretorns. Sal wore painted-on jeans with V-neck shirts. His partner, George, was a flight attendant. Don Jo was Cuban and sold high-end lace. The waitresses were Katie and Sherry and Jackie, fresh from Ireland. And there was my dad, a cop with a Tom Selleck mustache.

But to me, they all were exempt from cliché, if only because of the unlikely fact that they were all gathered there together, a kind of family. Some might question how appropriate it was to bring a kid to a bar, but being raised around such different kinds of people was important. Seeing them become friends was invaluable.

Best of all, my dad did find love at Gregory's. He and Jackie were engaged

on Christmas Eve in 1989. A few months later the staff and regulars took over the entire coach section of a Dublin-bound Aer Lingus 747. That was back when you could smoke on planes and drink unlimited free booze. Everyone stood in the aisles, telling jokes and clinking glasses. A little nautical decoration and they might never have left that plane.

The next day, Jackie, her dress adorned with top-quality lace — a gift from Don Jo — walked down the aisle, past pews full of the entire hung-over Queens crew, and met Dad at the altar.

Around 10 years ago, Gregory's was torn down and replaced by an apartment building. Since then, I have watched the bars in New York become more and more homogeneous — if you're an electrician or an investment banker or a punk al-

bino, there's a bar for you, full of all the other electricians or investment bankers or punk albinos, and no one else. The likelihood of such wildly different people getting a conversation going in a bar today, let alone becoming family to one another, seems next to nil.

But Gregory's lives on for those who know that there was a moment in time when Sal, in skin-tight Levi's, climbed the ladder to the crow's nest table, where the cop with the kid waited for him, and they dined and drank above a crowd of drunken waitresses and lawyers and salesmen in a nautical-themed restaurant in the far, far away land of Queens.

This is an excerpt from *Townies*, a series about New York and occasionally other cities, at nytimes.com/opinionator.

FRANK BRUNI

Iowa's Harvest

CORALVILLE, Iowa
AS the hour of actual caucusing drew closer, Ron Paul's campaign trumpeted his endorsement by a pastor who, as it happens, has spoken of executing homosexuals. Rick Perry pledged to devote predator drones and thousands of troops to the protection of the Mexican border, making the mission to keep every last illegal immigrant from crossing sound as urgent as rooting out terrorists in Pakistan.

And Rick Santorum, bringing his "Faith, Family and Freedom" tour to this eastern Iowa town on Thursday, promised never to be cowed by all those craven secularists who believe that a stable, healthy household needn't be headed by a God-fearing mom and dad.

None of these three men is likely to win the Republican nomination. But before they exit stage right — stage far right, that is — they and a few of their similarly quixotic, similarly strident com-

ing in Iowa, correctly surmising that it bolsters their own party's fortunes and President Obama's re-election chances. They shouldn't, not if they care about the country, best served by a vigorous back-and-forth about the proper size and role of government and about budgetary restraint. In its least hypocritical moments, the Republican Party has provided an important counterbalance to a Democratic tropism toward paternalism and bloat. It can't do that if it marginalizes itself by repelling fiscally conservative but socially moderate voters who have little appetite for the shenanigans in Iowa.

Last week, Paul remained at or near the top of polls of the state's Republicans, despite his refusal to disavow support from white supremacist and anti-Zionist groups and — on an infinitely lighter note — a campaign style that just won't cut it.

I caught up with him in Newton, where his staff distributed glossy pamphlets, "The Ron Paul Family Cookbook," with recipes for "cherry-pineapple dump cake," "impossible pie," "razzle bo-dazzle pork tenderloin" and more. His remarks were less sculptured stump speech than meandering civics seminar, with none of the customary oratorical swells and dips.

An advocate of abolishing the Federal Reserve, he got questions unlike those other candidates receive, including one about monetary policy that concluded, "My thought is: maybe the silver standard?" He responded by earnestly weighing silver against gold, the pol as metallurgist.

He terrifies more pragmatic conservatives like the commentator Michael Medved, who has called him "Dr. Demento." Medved wrote in *The Daily Beast* last week that a strong showing by Paul in the caucuses and beyond would be "disastrous to Republican prospects," validating the impression that "today's Republicans have become a wild and crazy bunch, harboring oddball, irresponsible notions that place them far outside the American mainstream and make them untrustworthy when it comes to the serious business of governance." He added, rightly, that Paul's associations aren't helpful to a party whose future may depend on its appeal to Hispanic and black voters.

That future was lost on Perry, too. I caught up with him on Wednesday in Pella, where he was introduced by Joe Arpaio, the polarizing Arizona sheriff who once marched 200 immigrants awaiting deportation through the streets and is widely loathed by Hispanics. Perry spoke of Arpaio's support as a compliment higher than any imaginable. And when one of the Iowans who got to ask Perry a question commenced a vicious tirade against "these Mexicans" who come to America and "fly their flag above the United States flag," Perry didn't push back one iota.

jeopardizes its future. Surveys make clear that younger Americans are much more supportive of gay rights than older ones. You wouldn't know it from the likes of Perry and Santorum.

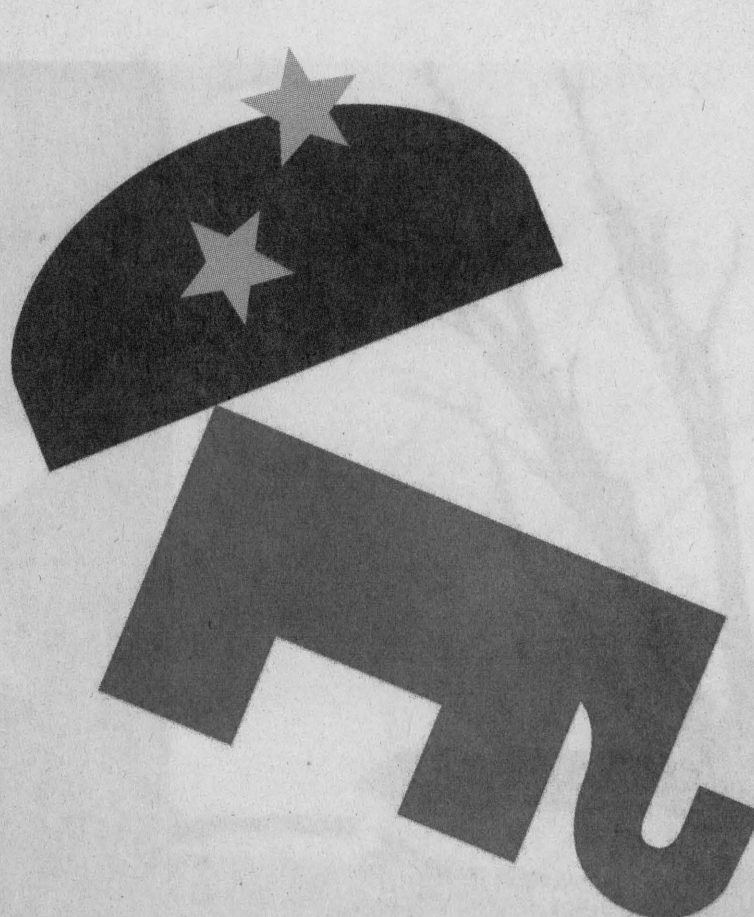
Santorum at long last experienced a surge of his very own — you have to wonder if Tim Pawlenty has developed hematomas from kicking himself for quitting the race — and reveled in it. And he talked not only about the economy but also about abstinence, Christianity, morality, decency.

A remark he made in Coralville had a xenophobic, even racist edge. Digressing to recall that Hillary Clinton had written a book titled, "It Takes a Village," he pointed out, gratuitously, "That's an African proverb."

He then plugged his own book, "It Takes a Family."

It takes a perspective less morally smug and divisive to lead this country. And for all of Romney's own pandering and cringe-inducing policy gyrations, he gets this, I think.

It's possible he'll prevail in Tuesday's caucuses and indeed be speeded toward the general election. But the rightward bobs he has felt compelled to make and the ugly carnival here will cling to him and his party. More than any vote tally, that will be Iowa's harvest, a bitter one.



BEN WISEMAN

The kooky, ugly carnival of the caucuses does lasting damage.

petitors will do no small measure of damage to the Republican Party and no great favors to the country as a whole. What happens in Iowa doesn't stay in Iowa: it befouls Republicans' image nationally, becomes a millstone around the eventual nominee's neck and legitimizes debate about some matters that shouldn't be debatable.

The run-up to the Iowa caucuses, like the rest of the primary season thus far, has underscored just how much general nuttiness and moral extremism the party has come to accommodate, with Iowa serving as a theater of the conservative absurd. The state's unrepresentative caucuses — in which a mere 100,000 or so of the most fervent voters, almost all of them white, are expected to participate — coax a Bible-thumping, border-militarizing harshness from candidates that's a tonal turnoff to the swing voters who will probably decide the general election.

The more reasoned, practical members of the Republican establishment know this. That's why many of them are doing all they can to expedite the coronation of Mitt Romney, whose mild manner and time as the governor of a heavily Democratic state give him a centrist aura, or at least the possibility of one. They'd like to get his loopier and more incendiary rivals away from the television cameras, soon.

Many Democrats take heart from the spectacle of ultra-conservative pander-

THE STRIP BRIAN McFADDEN



New Rules for the New Year

NEWS ANALYSIS

BY BILL MAHER

The host of HBO's "Real Time with Bill Maher" and author, most recently, of "The New New Rules"

NEW YEAR'S resolutions are the original New Rules. Except that resolutions are usually self-oriented: I am going to lose weight this year. My New Year's resolution, by the way, is to do the ones from '75; I made a lot of good ones that year. I was 19, and thought I could polish them off by age 20. Alas, I'm a little behind.

Also, New Rules are bigger, broader and grander. I don't tell you what I'm going to eat; I tell you how the world should work. Here's what 2011 prompts me to decree for 2012:

New Rule Now that we have no money, and all our soldiers have come home from Iraq and they've all got experience building infrastructure, and no jobs... we must immediately solve all of our problems by declaring war on the United States.

New Rule If you were a Republican in 2011, and you liked Donald Trump, and then you liked Michele Bachmann, and then you liked Rick Perry, and then you liked Herman Cain, and then you liked Newt Gingrich

... you can still hate Mitt Romney, but you can't say it's because he's always changing his mind.

New Rule Starting next year, any politician caught in a scandal can't go before the press, offer a lame excuse and then say, "Period. End of Story." Here's how you indicate a "period" and the end of a story: shut up.

New Rule The press must stop saying that each debate is "make or break" for Rick Perry and call them what they really are: "break."

New Rule You can't be against same-sex marriage and for Newt Gingrich. No man has ever loved another man as much as Newt Gingrich loves Newt Gingrich.

New Rule Internet headlines have to be more like newspaper headlines. That means they have to tell me something instead of just tricking me into clicking on them. If you write the headline, "She Wore That?" you have to go to your journalism school and give your degree back.

New Rule Let's stop scheduling the presidential election in the same year as the Summer Olympics. I get so exhausted watching those robotic, emotionally stunted, artificial-looking creatures with no real lives striving to do the one thing they're trained to do that I barely have energy left to watch the Olympics.

New Rule No more holiday-themed movies with a cast of thousands unless at least half of them get killed by a natural disaster. Fair's fair — if I have to watch Katherine Heigl and Zac Efron as singles who can't find love, I also get to see them swallowed up by the earth.

New Rule Jon Huntsman must get a sex change. The only way he's going to get any press coverage is by turning into a white woman and disappearing.

New Rule Starting this year, every appliance doesn't need a clock on it. My stove, my dishwasher, my microwave, my VCR — all have clocks on them. If I really cared that much about what time it was (or what year it was), would I still have a VCR?



Small painted stars thank outsiders who helped with the recovery in Joplin, Mo. Among them: an elephant and acupuncturists.

STEVE HEBERT FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Relying on the Kindness of Strangers

JOPLIN, Mo.

THEY arrived in the usual waves.

First the police and firefighters came to help comb the rubble for survivors and victims. Then the crush of news media hurried in. They were followed by the relief volunteers, filling the path of the devastation with good will and extra hands.

The politicians came, too, promising that this place would not be forgotten. Soon the businessmen and con artists showed up, slinging services and schemes they promised would get people back on their feet. Eventually, the big idea men arrived to add insight to it all as they researched books, filmed documentaries or conducted academic studies.

And along the way there were unexpected visitors: a crew from the television show "Extreme Makeover: Home Edition" arrived to rebuild an entire street of houses; Acupuncturists Without Borders came to promote the benefits of sticking needles in ears to reduce trauma; and an elephant, guided by circus employees, appeared to help clear the debris.

Except for the pachyderm variation on the theme, the pilgrims who came to Joplin last spring after the tornado — the deadliest in the United States in

spotlight begins to fade and the burst of adrenaline that accompanies the early frenetic months of rebuilding begins to give way to a sense of just how long and difficult the effort will be. Many local leaders, from the governor on down, have said that a main focus is to use media attention to draw continued outside help and postpone that moment as long as possible.

Irwin Redlener, director of the National Center for Disaster Preparedness at Columbia University, said that the influx of people, money and attention after a major disaster typically fades during the "most vexing and most difficult" phase of recovery, as the drama of disaster gives way to the bureaucracy of rebuilding. "It's fatigue syndrome," he said.

Mr. Redlener, who dispatched a three-person team to Joplin last month to study, among other things, why some communities are more resilient post-disaster than others, credited Joplin's leaders for keeping volunteers, donors and the news media engaged. The members of Mr. Redlener's team, echoing sentiments expressed by many others here who have visited devastated communities, said the speed of progress has been impressive.

As the new year begins, the signs of recovery are everywhere in Joplin, from the sounds of swinging hammers to the

cause we were still trying to find our children and our families to make sure everyone was O.K. They wanted my time, and I didn't have it."

The person who knocked was a salesman pitching his services for school restoration before the extent of the damage was even apparent. And since then the pitches have continued, several a day, Mr. Huff said.

The list of visitors is long and varied. A team from the National Weather Service studied the tornado; another from the Centers for Disease Control studied a rare fungal infection that emerged in its aftermath. Dozens of city planners attended a three-day workshop focusing on recovery. President Obama showed up, as did the mayor of Tuscaloosa, Ala., which had also been hit by a deadly tornado. A visiting group from the United Arab Emirates bought every student in the high school a new laptop. There have been too many religious congregations and university groups to count.

The city manager said he had heard — but could not confirm — that 100 documentaries were in the works.

Though the influx of contractors was imperative to speed rebuilding — there are only so many plumbers and electricians in a community — it has also provoked hundreds of complaints of fraud, including a recent spike after the first

fall to people like Misti Lindquist. A year ago she was a stay-at-home mother hobbled by back problems. Now she is surprised to find herself running a sprawling donation and distribution center on her property, which has been crowded with trailers and hastily erected storage buildings full of food, clothing and other supplies. The operation, Misti's Mission, has about 30 employees.

She praises the outside volunteers effusively but adds, "It's important to have someone that will be here for the long haul."

No one seems sure when Joplin will revert to being a small, mostly forgotten city in southwestern Missouri. Some

There is progress, but also a mental toll. Teachers see more stuttering.

residents say it won't happen, but the outsiders who have toured other tornado, hurricane, flood and earthquake sites say the moment's arrival is just a matter of time.

Just across a barren stretch of ground from where an elderly woman had all her insurance money taken by a man posing as a contractor are seven gleaming new homes. The freshly mentioned

NEWS ANALYSIS

BY A. G. SULZBERGER

A national correspondent for The New York Times, based in Kansas City, Mo.

Relying on the Kindness of Strangers

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And along the way there were unexpected visitors: a crew from the television show "Extreme Makeover: Home Edition" arrived to rebuild an entire street of houses; Acupuncturists Without Borders came to promote the benefits of sticking needles in ears to reduce trauma; and an elephant, guided by circus employees, appeared to help clear the debris.

Except for the pachyderm variation on the theme, the pilgrims who came to Joplin last spring after the tornado — the deadliest in the United States in more than a half-century — were typical of those who follow any major disaster. Though these new arrivals were drawn to Joplin for different reasons, bringing different skills and intentions, they were all, in a word, outsiders.

"It's funny how the outsiders call us locals," said Jane Cage, a businesswoman who leads the Citizens Advisory Recovery Team and has met with many of these delegations of visitors.

In this city of about 50,000, where 115,000 volunteers have registered in the last seven months (and several times simply showed up), outsiders have become a fundamental — and indispensable — part of the community.

"We never could have recovered ourselves; the job is just too big," Ms. Cage said in an interview in her office a few weeks ago. "People have been really generous. But they are not going to come forever. At some point along the way we're going to have to rely on ourselves, like we always have."

That shift, already becoming apparent but still some time off, will be a crucial transition for the community as the

spotlight begins to fade and the burst of adrenaline that accompanies the early frenetic months of rebuilding begins to give way to a sense of just how long and difficult the effort will be. Many local leaders, from the governor on down, have said that a main focus is to use media attention to draw continued outside help and postpone that moment as long as possible.

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As the new year begins, the signs of recovery are everywhere in Joplin, from the sounds of swinging hammers, to the matchstick profiles of emerging houses, to the unmistakable sense of optimism that infuses conversations about "good coming out of bad." A place like this feels more manageable when strung up in Christmas lights.

Still, it is impossible to miss the scars of the tornado that tore a path 13 miles long and more than half a mile wide through the heart of the community, killing 161 people and destroying thousands of homes, a hospital, a half-dozen schools and hundreds of businesses. More than \$1 billion in insurance claims have already been paid, according to city estimates.

The physical toll is most visible at night, when nearly a third of the city appears to have been blotted out by ink. The mental toll is more subtle: the schools have reported a 50 percent increase in stuttering.

This is what the outsiders have come to fix, to chronicle, to profit from and to study.

"I remember the first knock on the door," said C. J. Huff, the schools superintendent. "It was very frustrating be-

cause we were still trying to find our children and our families to make sure everyone was O.K. They wanted my time, and I didn't have it."

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The list of visitors is long and varied. A team from the National Weather Service studied the tornado; another from the Centers for Disease Control studied a rare fungal infection that emerged in its aftermath. Dozens of city planners attended a three-day workshop focusing on recovery. President Obama showed up, as did the mayor of Tuscaloosa, Ala., which had also been hit by a deadly tornado. A visiting group from the United Arab Emirates bought every student in the high school a new laptop. There have been too many religious congregations and university groups to count.

The city manager said he had heard — but could not confirm — that 100 documentaries were in the works.

Though the influx of contractors was imperative to speed rebuilding — there are only so many plumbers and electricians in a community — it has also provoked hundreds of complaints of fraud, including a recent spike after the first major rainstorm, when poorly repaired roofs across the city started leaking. And some here note the more ambiguous truth that even outsiders who take nothing from local residents leave the city with a part of the Joplin brand, a proximity to tragedy that will add weight to résumés, bar stories and, perhaps, journalism prizes.

AT the bustling AmeriCorps office there are workers who have spent months in Joplin for the relief efforts; one of them even bought a home. But Quinn Gardner, the energetic leader of this effort, said that despite making "a million personal sacrifices" to stay here, she has no such illusions that this community will become her own. Last month was the first time the number of volunteers on a weekend failed to reach double digits. As a result, Ms. Gardner has been encouraging local residents to assume more responsibility. "I tell them eventually this will be your community again."

When that day comes, leadership in the rebuilding and recovery effort will

fall to people like Misti Lindquist. A year ago she was a stay-at-home mother hobbled by back problems. Now she is surprised to find herself running a sprawling donation and distribution center on her property, which has been crowded with trailers and hastily erected storage buildings full of food, clothing and other supplies. The operation, Misti's Mission, has about 30 employees.

She praises the outside volunteers effusively but adds, "It's important to have someone that will be here for the long haul."

No one seems sure when Joplin will revert to being a small, mostly forgotten city in southwestern Missouri. Some

There is progress, but also a mental toll. Teachers see more stuttering.

residents say it won't happen, but the outsiders who have toured other tornado, hurricane, flood and earthquake sites say the moment's arrival is just a matter of time.

Just across a barren stretch of ground from where an elderly woman had all her insurance money taken by a man posing as a contractor are seven gleaming new houses. The freshly manicured lawns offer a jarring contrast with the gritty mix of earth and rubble that carpets the surrounding area.

These were the houses built for the television show "Extreme Makeover: Home Edition." And in the evening cars drive by to gawk at the celebrity structures.

A few miles away at a trailer park run by the Federal Emergency Management Agency where he now lives, Clay Morgan said that he has not been happy with all the attention the show received. "It left me with the sense that they've healed Joplin and moved on," he said, as his wife cooked a dinner of fried chicken for their four children.

Mr. Morgan and his family were in their house when it disintegrated during the tornado, scattering them around the block. He landed in a tree half a block away, lucky to be alive. Now his home is just a concrete slab, and he is trying to navigate the bureaucracy to rebuild it. But he expects no help. "For us," he said, "I guess this is something that we just have to do on our own."

NEWS ANALYSIS

BY A. G. SULZBERGER

A national correspondent for *The New York Times*, based in Kansas City, Mo.

The Living Arts

K Y B1

THURSDAY, MAY 24, 2001

The New York Times

A Brave Singer Who Finally Ran Out of Silver Linings

By ROBIN POGREBIN

One of her favorite songs was "The Waters of March," by Antonio Carlos Jobim. Susannah McCorkle often performed it as her encore, and it sometimes made her cry.

*A stick, a stone
It's the end of the road
It's feeling alone
It's the weight of your load*

Ms. McCorkle, 55, a fixture in the rarefied

Susannah McCorkle in the Oak Room.

world of cabaret with 17 albums and a loyal following at the Oak Room of the Algonquin Hotel, jumped from her 16th-floor apartment on West 86th Street in Manhattan early Saturday morning, leaving a suicide note.

She had a history of clinical depression, her mother and her friends said. In the last few weeks her career had also been dealt a double blow. She learned that her record company, Concord Jazz, would not be putting out a new CD of hers this year, only a compilation of her past work. She also learned that the Algonquin, where she had performed for the last 11 years, would not be renewing her annual engagement this fall.

"These were two of her professional an-

chors," said Thea Lurie, Ms. McCorkle's closest friend for 30 years. "The news did hit her hard. But this was an extraordinarily resilient, resourceful and positive person."

Friends say that Ms. McCorkle was private about her depression, discussing her struggles only with select friends, in part because of concern that it could adversely affect her career.

Manhattan's cabaret scene is centered on a handful of intimate clubs filled with aficionados often willing to pay high cover prices to hear the sort of polished, stylized music that fell off the best-seller charts decades ago. It is a tough world to succeed in over the long haul. Ms. McCorkle had not performed since last

November and did not have another booking until August.

To friends, this professional drought was one more hurdle for a woman with a long history of personal pain. She had been on and off antidepressants and was about to start a new drug, friends say.

Her father suffered from bipolar depression and in 1994 chose to put a plastic bag over his head rather than battle cancer, said her mother, Margery, 84, who lives in Oakland, Calif.

"I think we all believe we should get to die if we want to," Margery McCorkle said. "I don't blame her. I think she saw that she couldn't

Continued on Page B5



Rahav Segev

A Singer Ran Out Of Silver Linings

Continued From Page B1

stand what was coming up." In Ms. McCorkle's suicide note, addressed to Ms. Lurie, the singer said she did not want to face down her demons anymore. "She had become convinced that her illness would never be able to be helped for any length of time," Ms. Lurie said. "And she was tired of fighting it."

Until recently Ms. McCorkle had been fighting successfully. She loved race-walking in Central Park. She enjoyed health food and meditation. She offered performances for children and music therapy for cancer victims, having herself survived breast cancer.

What pulled her through in large part was her music, friends say. Ms. McCorkle's particular gift was for interpreting songs, the buoyant as well as the rueful. In elegant evening gowns and a pixie haircut, she held the room with her smoky voice, delivering songs unadorned.

"She was not flashy, not flamboyant, she didn't want to scat," said Dan DiNicola, her former husband and former manager (she was married twice), who remained a close friend. "Her love of language stopped her from doing that. She fell between the cracks, really."

Ms. McCorkle's respect for the music made her want to get out of the way and let her songs speak for themselves. A writer herself, she approached the songs as literature, researching their origins, plumbing them for meaning, unearthing new verses and relaying her discoveries to her audiences.

"She would come up with things that no one knew," said Arthur Pomposello, the manager of the Oak Room. "It was an intelligent patter."

Reviewing her Algonquin show in 1999 in *The New York Times*, Stephen Holden wrote, "It is singing that confidently reconciles a refined literary sensibility with the raw impulse to swing."

Of her most recent show at the Oak

Depression and career setbacks, then a suicide note.

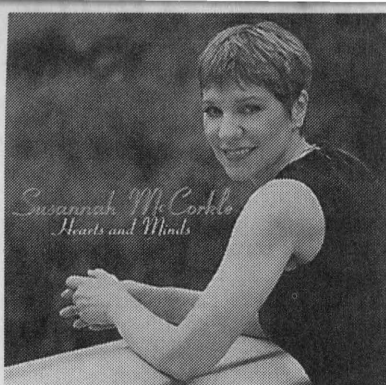
Room, Mr. Holden wrote: "Ms. McCorkle's sultry vocal minimalism and her phrasing, which strongly echoes Billie Holiday's, sustain a mood that's simultaneously pensive, light and airily sexy. Her versions of 'Love Look Away' and 'I Can Dream, Can't I?' distill a gossamer wistfulness of such delicacy you want to hold your breath."

The life of a cabaret singer is usually not as glamorous as the song-world of love and heartbreak evoked in the clubs: it involves audiences of no more than 100 and earnings of about \$5,000 a week on the high end, much of which goes to musicians, managers and publicists. It means hustling for sporadic engagements in a small field with big competition. A handful have climbed the mountain, Rosemary Clooney, Bobby Short, Andrea Marcovicci, Michael Feinstein and Karen Akers among them.

Ms. Akers was singing in the Oak Room the night after the suicide and, although she had not known Ms. McCorkle well, was shaken by the news. "I have never sung with such sadness, ever — especially in a room where she'd been," she said. "I just wish there had been something more to hold her here."

Ms. McCorkle might not have been quite famous, but she was well above anonymous. She could fill rooms in Los Angeles, Chicago and Washington, but her emphasis on jazz as well as standards made her something out of the ordinary in cabaret.

"She worked with the knowledge that some people may not have gotten what she did," Mr. DiNicola said. "She was the first one to say she didn't have a great voice. She was no Sarah Vaughan. She had to work at it. But she made people hear songs



Susannah McCorkle's most recent album, released last year.

for the first time."

Born in Berkeley, Calif., where her father was an anthropology professor, Ms. McCorkle attended the University of California there, majoring in Italian literature. She dropped out of college and traveled to Europe to study languages (she spoke five) and to begin a literary career.

Several of Ms. McCorkle's friends suggested that her relationship with her mother was a source of pain, and Margery McCorkle acknowledged the distance that had grown between them. "She's always been independent," she said. "I couldn't ever talk to her. When she sang, I felt I really was talking to her."

It was in Paris in 1970 that Ms. McCorkle heard a recording of Billie Holiday singing "I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues" and decided that was what she wanted to do. She moved to London, where she made her first recording. Later in the 1970's she moved back to New York and received strong notices performing at the Cookery, in Greenwich Village.

In 1989 Ms. McCorkle made her first album with Concord, which produced her next several recordings, which included classics by Cole Porter and George Gershwin and contemporary hits. "She was one of those artists where you can't really separate the person and the music," said Nick Phillips, her producer at Concord since 1995. "Every one of her songs was to some degree an expression of who she was."

Concord was recently purchased by Act III Communications, a production company headed by Norman Lear. "Given financial considerations and the conditions of the market, we did decide that we weren't going to record a new project this year," Mr. Phillips said. Instead it decided to issue the compilation.

"She understood the situation, and she seemed quite happy that we were doing this particular project," he added.

Similarly, Mr. Pomposello recently informed Ms. McCorkle — his first booking when he began scheduling the Oak Room 11 years ago — that she would not have her fall slot this year. He said that he had instead offered her a spot in a summer jazz festival but that she had declined. "I said we would have to skip this year," he said. "I had booked some new talents for the fall."

Mr. Pomposello said that decision had not precluded booking Ms. McCorkle next year.

Ms. McCorkle was also a writer. Her story "Ramona by the Sea," was selected for "The O. Henry Book of Prize Short Stories" in 1973.

In the last year she had been working on a memoir. But lately she had been unable to write, a friend said.

Ms. McCorkle had a reputation for being exacting about her performances. Mr. Pomposello recalled, "I even knew the temperature she wanted in the room."

Some pianists bristled at her direction, friends say. Allen Farnham, her piano accompanist and musical director for the last decade, said he came to understand it. "She drove some other pianists crazy," he said. "They'd want to do their own thing."

Despite the ups and downs, Ms. McCorkle persevered.

"She would rally," Ms. Lurie remembered. "She always went toward the light."

Lately Ms. McCorkle had been having trouble rallying. "It was wearing her down," Ms. Lurie said. "She was dealing with increasingly frequent cycles of depression that she was feeling powerless to help in a permanent way."

Linda Fennimore, a jazz violinist who lived in Ms. McCorkle's building and accompanied her on her walks, said, "One of the last things she said to me was, 'I can't seem to pull out of this one.'"

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About Say It With Bullets



SAY IT WITH BULLETS

Richard Powell

March 2006

ISBN: 978-0857683540

Cover art by Michael Koelsch

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EVER WONDER WHY THEY CALL IT THE WILD WEST?

Bill Wayne told his beautiful tour guide that he took the bus trip through the West to relax. But who can relax with dead bodies turning up at every stop?

From Cheyenne to Salt Lake City, from Reno to Yosemite, Bill's secretly on a mission to discover which of his former army buddies shot him and left him for dead four years earlier. But with all the lead that's flying around, Bill will be lucky to make it to the end of the tour in one piece...

- First publication in 50 years!
- Best-selling creator of the Andy and Arabella Blake mysteries and the suspense classic *A Shot In the Dark*.
- Author worked for the U.S. War Department during World War II and as a police reporter.
- Barnes & Noble on SAY IT WITH BULLETS: "A relentlessly paced blend of Wild West adventure and hard-nosed mystery, this post WWII thriller is just as enthralling as it was half a century ago. In a word: Classic."
- Sarah Weinman on SAY IT WITH BULLETS: "It's fast, it's funny, the dialogue is so snappy that twigs are falling all over the place, and Powell clearly had a grand time writing the book...Way fun."

Praise for the work of Richard Powell...

"Exceptionally adept...Relentless."

— *New York Herald Tribune*

"Light wit and hard action."

— *Anthony Boucher, The New York Times*

"Rampaging excitement."

— *Chicago Tribune*

en.wikipedia.org

Brett Halliday

JULY 15, 2011

Brett Halliday (July 31, 1904 - February 4, 1977), primary pen name of **Davis Dresser**, was an American mystery writer, best known for the long-lived series of *Michael Shayne* novels he wrote, and later commissioned others to write. Dresser wrote non-series mysteries, westerns and romances under the names **Asa Baker**, **Matthew Blood**, **Kathryn Culver**, **Don Davis**, **Hal Debrett**, **Anthony Scott**, **Peter Field**, and **Anderson Wayne**.

- 1 Biography
- 2 Novels
- 3 See also
- 4 External links

Biography

Dresser was born in Chicago, Illinois, but mostly grew up in West Texas. Here he lost an eye to barbed wire as a boy, and thus had to wear an eye patch for the rest of his life. At the age of 14, he ran away from home and enlisted in the U.S. 5th Cavalry Regiment at Fort Bliss, Texas, followed by a year of Border Patrol duty on the Rio Grande. After his service, he returned to Texas to finish high school. In search of adventure, Dresser traveled throughout the Southwest working at various odd jobs, including that of muleskinner, farm hand, deckhand on a freighter in the Gulf of Mexico, laborer in the California oilfields, etc. Eventually, he went to Tri-State College of Engineer, where he received a certificate in civil engineering. Back in Texas, he worked as an engineer and surveyor for several years before turning to writing in 1927.

After his first marriage (to Kathleen Rollins, who had two daughters from a previous marriage), Dresser was married to mystery writer Helen McCloy from 1946 to 1961; they had a daughter named Chloe. As partners, they formed a literary agency called Halliday and McCloy. Dresser also established a publishing company Torquil Publishing Company, which published his books as well as those of other authors, from 1953 to 1965. In 1961, he married Mary Savage, also a writer; their son, Halliday, was born in 1965.

The first Shayne novel was rejected by 21 publishers before being accepted by Henry Holt & Co. in 1939. The Shayne series went on to be highly successful, reprinted in many editions and translated into French, Spanish, Italian, German, Swedish, Japanese and Hebrew. A radio series based on the Shayne character was heard during the 1940s. Twelve motion pictures were made, seven of them featuring Lloyd Nolan as Shayne. Five of the Nolan films, which were produced by 20th Century Fox, have been released on DVD: *Michael*

Shayne, Private Detective; Sleepers West; Dressed to Kill; Blue, White and Perfect; and The Man Who Wouldn't Die. After the Fox series ended, five more Shayne films were made by PRC which featured Hugh Beaumont as the detective. There was also a TV series in 1960, starring Richard Denning. The 2005 film *Kiss Kiss Bang Bang* is based partly on Halliday's novel *Bodies Are Where You Find Them*.

Dresser was a founding member of the Mystery Writers of America, and in 1954 he and McCloy were given Edgar Awards for their critical writings on the genre.

He lived in Santa Barbara, California, until his death at the age of 72.

Novels

- *Dividend on Death* (1939)
- *The Private Practice of Michael Shayne* (1940)
- *The Uncomplaining Corpses* (1940)
- *Tickets for Death* (1941)
- *Bodies are Where You Find Them* (1941)
- *The Corpse Came Calling* (1942)
- *Murder Wears a Mummer's Mask* (1943; AKA *In a Deadly Vein*)
- *Blood on the Black Market* (1943; *Heads You Lose*)
- *Michael Shayne's Long Chance* (1944)
- *Murder and the Married Virgin* (1944)
- *Murder is My Business* (1945)
- *Marked for Murder* (1945)
- *Blood on Biscayne Bay* (1946)
- *Counterfeit Wife* (1947)
- *Blood on the Stars* (1948)
- *A Taste for Violence* (1949)
- *Call for Michael Shayne* (1949)
- *This is It, Michael Shayne* (1950)
- *Framed in Blood* (1951)
- *What Really Happened* (1952)
- *When Dorinda Dances* (1951)
- *One Night with Nora* (1953)
- *She Woke to Darkness* (1954)
- *Death Has Three Lives* (1955)
- *Stranger in Town* (1955)
- *The Blonde Cried Murder* (1956)
- *Weep for a Blonde* (1957)
- *Shoot the Works* (1957)

- *Murder and the Wanton Bride* (1958)
- *Fit to Kill* (1958)
- *Date with a Dead Man* (1959)
- *Target: Michael Shayne* (1959)
- *Die Like a Dog* (1959)
- *Murder Takes no Holiday* (1960)
- *Dolls are Deadly* (1960)
- *The Homicidal Virgin* (1960)
- *Killers from the Keys* (1961)
- *Murder in Haste* (1961)
- *The Careless Corpse* (1961)
- *Pay-Off in Blood* (1962)
- *Murder by Proxy* (1962)
- *Never Kill a Client* (1962)
- *Too Friendly, Too Dead* (1962)
- *The Corpse that Never Was* (1963)
- *The Body Came Back* (1963)
- *A Redhead for Michael Shayne* (1964)
- *Shoot to Kill* (1964)
- *Michael Shayne's 50th Case* (1964)
- *The Violent World of Michael Shayne* (1965)
- *Nice Fillies Finish Last* (1965)
- *Murder Spins the Wheel* (1966)
- *Armed...Dangerous...* (1966)
- *Mermaid on the Rocks* (1967)
- *Guilty as Hell* (1967)
- *So Lush, So Deadly* (1968)
- *Violence is Golden* (1968)
- *Lady, Be Bad* (1969)
- *Six Seconds to Kill* (1970)
- *Fourth Down to Death* (1970)
- *Count Backwards to Zero* (1971)
- *I Come to Kill You* (1971)
- *Caught Dead* (1972)
- *Kill All the Young Girls* (1973)
- *Blue Murder* (1973)
- *Last Seen Hitchhiking* (1974)
- *At the Point of a .38* (1974)
- *Million Dollar Handle* (1976)

Many of the great fictional detectives have their Watson: Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot, for example, is often accompanied by Captain Arthur Hastings. Hastings, however, appeared only intermittently in those Poirot novels and stories written after 1925 and only once in those written after 1937.

(See also Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson for further explication.)

The Golden Age—Development by later writers

Main article: Golden Age of Detective Fiction

The 1920s and 30s are commonly known as the "Golden Age" of detective fiction. Most of its authors were British—Agatha Christie (1890–1976), Dorothy L. Sayers (1893–1957), and many more; some of them were American, but with a British touch. By that time certain conventions and clichés had been established which limited any surprises on the part of the reader to the twists and turns within the plot and of course to the identity of the murderer. The majority of novels of that era were whodunnits, and several authors excelled, after successfully leading their readers on the wrong track, in convincingly revealing to them the least likely suspect as the real villain of the story. What is more, they had a predilection for certain casts of characters and certain settings, with the secluded English country-house at the top of the list.

A typical plot of the Golden Age mystery followed these lines:

- A body, preferably that of a stranger, is found in the library by a maid who has just come in to dust the furniture.
- As it happens, a few guests have just arrived for a weekend in the country—people who may or may not know each other. They typically include such stock characters as a handsome young gentleman and his beautiful and rich fiancée, an actress with past glory and an alcoholic husband, a clumsy aspiring young author, a retired colonel, a quiet middle-aged man no one knows anything about who is supposedly the host's old friend, but behaves suspiciously and a famous detective.
- The police are either unavailable or incompetent to lead the investigation for the time being.

Hard boiled American crime fiction writing

A U.S. reaction to the cosy conventionality of British murder mysteries was the American hard-boiled school of crime writing (certain works in the field are also referred to as noir fiction). Writers like Dashiell Hammett (1894–1961), Raymond Chandler (1888–1959), Jonathan Latimer (1906–1983), Mickey Spillane (1918–2006), and many others decided on an altogether different, innovative approach to crime fiction.

This created whole new stereotypes of crime fiction writing. The typical American investigator in these novels, was modelled thus:

He works alone. He is between 35 and 45 years or so, and both a loner and a tough guy. His usual diet consists of fried eggs, black coffee and cigarettes. He hangs out at shady all-night bars. He is a heavy drinker but always aware of his surroundings and able to fight back when attacked. He always "wears" a gun. He shoots criminals or takes a beating if it helps him solve a case. He is always poor. Cases that at first seem straightforward, often turn out to be quite complicated, forcing him to embark on an odyssey through the urban landscape. He is involved with organized crime and other lowlifes on the "mean streets" of , preferably Los Angeles, San

Francisco, New York, or Chicago. A hard-boiled private eye has an ambivalent attitude towards the police. It is his ambition to save America and rid it of its mean elements all by himself.

As Raymond Chandler's protagonist Philip Marlowe—immortalized by actor Humphrey Bogart in the movie adaptation (1946) of the novel *The Big Sleep* (1939)—admits to his client, General Sternwood, he finds it rather tiresome, as an individualist, to fit into the extensive set of rules and regulations for police detectives:

"Tell me about yourself, Mr Marlowe. I suppose I have a right to ask?"

"Sure, but there's very little to tell. I'm thirty-three years old, went to college once and can still speak English if there's any demand for it. There isn't much in my trade. I worked for Mr Wilde, the District Attorney, as an investigator once. [...] I'm unmarried because I don't like policemen's wives." "And a little bit of a cynic," the old man smiled. "You didn't like working for Wilde?"

"I was fired. For insubordination. I test very high on insubordination, General."

Hard-boiled crime fiction just uses a different set of clichés and stereotypes. Generally, it does include a murder mystery. However, the atmosphere created by hard-boiled writers and the settings they chose for their novels are different from English country-house murders or mysteries surrounding rich old ladies elegantly bumped off on a cruise ship, with a detective happening to be on board. Ian Ousby writes,

Hard-boiled fiction would have happened anyway, even if Agatha Christie and Dorothy L. Sayers [...] had not written the way they did or Knox had not formulated his rules. The impetus came from the conditions of American life and the opportunities available to the American writer in the 1920s. The economic boom following the First World War combined with the introduction of Prohibition in 1920 to encourage the rise of the gangster. The familiar issues of law and lawlessness in a society determined to judge itself by the most ideal standards took on a new urgency. At the same time, the pulp magazines were already exploiting a ready market for adventure stories—what Ronald Knox would have called "shockers"—which made heroes of cowboys, soldiers, explorers and masked avengers. It took no great leap of imagination for them to tackle modern crime and detection, fresh from the newspaper headlines of the day, and create heroes with the same vigour [...].

Another author who enjoyed writing about the sleazy side of life in the U.S.A. is Jonathan Latimer. In his novel *Solomon's Vineyard* (1941), private eye Karl Craven aims to rescue a young heiress from the clutches of a weird cult. Apart from being an action-packed thriller, the novel contains open references to the detective's sex drive and allusions to, and a brief description of, kinky sexual practices. The novel was considered "too hot" for Latimer's American publishers and was not published until 1950 in a heavily Bowdlerized version. The unexpurgated novel came out in Britain during the Second World War.

The military veteran as hardboiled protagonist

Several hardboiled heroes have been war veterans. H. C. McNeile (*Sapper*)'s Bulldog Drummond from World War I, Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer and many others from World War II, and John D. MacDonald's Travis McGee from the Korean War. In Bulldog Drummond's first appearance he is a bored ex-serviceman seeking adventure, Spillane's Mike Hammer avenges an old buddy who saved his life on Guadalcanal. The frequent

hardcasecrime.com

About Murder Is My Business

MURDER IS MY BUSINESS

Brett Halliday

August 2010

ISBN: 978-0857683472

Cover art by Robert McGinnis

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MURDER AT THE RIO GRANDE

Ten years ago, private eye Mike Shayne did a job for one of the richest men in El Paso, digging up dirt on a boy courting the tycoon's daughter. Now the daughter's back, all grown up and dangerous. And so's Shayne—but this time it's to investigate murder...

- First publication in 20 years
- One of the most popular detectives of all time, Mike Shayne starred in more than 70 novels, a dozen movies, a TV series, radio dramas, comic books, and the long-running *Mike Shayne Mystery Magazine*

Filmmaker SHANE BLACK, creator of *Lethal Weapon* and *Kiss Kiss Bang Bang*, on the Work of BRETT HALLIDAY

"In this age of private eyes with cats, funny neighbors, and relationship woes—here's to 40's thriller writer Brett Halliday, whose baffling, bullet-paced capers have come to light again.

"Halliday's books were marvels of misdirection. Red herrings, skewed motives, mistaken identities—he did everything but come to your house and bang cymbals.

"Halliday's plots are byzantine gems. This is back when mystery writers were so much *smarter* than you and me. Want an engrossing read? Pick this one up.

"Never heard of this book? No matter. It's been waiting patiently, poised to dazzle you with raw, ingenious storytelling. Halliday is the king of the baffler novel. Pure pleasure.

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About A Touch of Death

**A TOUCH OF DEATH**

Charles Williams

February 2006

ISBN: 978-0857683052

Cover art by Chuck Pyle

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When Lee Scarborough came upon the brunette sunbathing topless in her back yard, getting involved in a heist was the last thing on his mind. But somehow that's where he found himself—sneaking through a stranger's house, on the hunt for \$120,000 in embezzled bank funds.

It looked like an easy score. But one thing stood between him and the money: the beautiful and deadly Madelon Butler.

"Madelon Butler [is] about the toughest babe you'll meet in fiction."

— *Mystery File*

- First publication in almost 40 years!
- Author's books have been made into numerous films, including *Dead Calm* starring Nicole Kidman, *The Hot Spot* starring Jennifer Connelly and Don Johnson, and Francois Truffaut's last film, *Confidentially Yours*.
- Orson Welles' famous unfinished movie, *The Deep*, was based on a Charles Williams novel.

Raves for the legendary Charles Williams...

"First-rate."

— *The New Yorker*

"Brilliant, breathtaking, spectacular...Charles Williams is just about as good as they come."

— *Anthony Boucher, The New York Times*

"Charles Williams is one of the neglected hardboiled geniuses of his era...His novels were perfect little gems."

— *Joe R. Lansdale*

"No one can make violence seem more real."

— *John D. MacDonald*

"Williams was the best of all the Gold Medal writers."

— *Ed Gorman*

checking, The Bartender's Tale

Del Rio Texas radio station '54
Mex

My Friend Flicka: in existence in 1960?

1941 named by Mary O'Hara

Meat's Not Meat Until It's in the Pan: correct title?

Brave to Breakfast + Camp Cook's Treasures

Wilt Chamberlin: basketball star by 1960?

Prof. Career began 1959

Krapp's Last Tape: correct title?

yes

Harrah's: in Reno?

Yes. Started 1937.

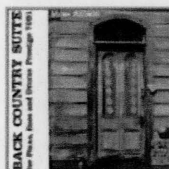
next time one of us in a liquor store: does Crown Royal bourbon come in a square bottle?

	3. Warm Night	1:42	\$0.99	Buy MP3
	4. Blues	1:24	\$0.99	Buy MP3
	5. Saturday	1:20	\$0.99	Buy MP3
	6. Scamper	2:10	\$0.99	Buy MP3
	7. January	1:34	\$0.99	Buy MP3
	8. Promised Land	1:59	\$0.99	Buy MP3
	9. Spring Song	1:18	\$0.99	Buy MP3
	10. Highway 49	1:35	\$0.99	Buy MP3
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	12. You Won't Let Me Go	3:42	\$0.99	Buy MP3
	13. I Thought About You	3:48	\$0.99	Buy MP3
	14. One Room Country Shack <i>Del-classic!</i>	3:00	\$0.99	Buy MP3
	15. In Salah	3:45	\$0.99	Buy MP3

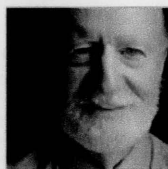
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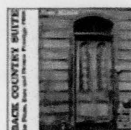


Biography

Mose Allison's new album and ANTI- debut *The Way of the World* arrives March 23rd, 2010, marking his return to the recording studio after a 12 year absence. Working with maverick producer Joe Henry, Allison has found his most sympathetic setting in years, surrounded by young, vibrant players, who add surprising slide guitar and some sinewy saxophone to the classic Mose sound; *The Way of the World*... [Read more in Amazon's Mose Allison Store](#)

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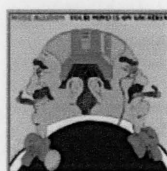
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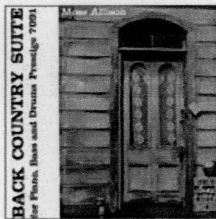
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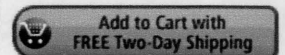
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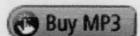
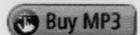
Song Title

**1. New Ground**

Time

2:00

Price

\$0.99**2. Train****1:46****\$0.99**

Mose Allison

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Mose John Allison, Jr. (born November 11, 1927, Tippto, Tallahatchie County, Mississippi, United States) is an American jazz blues pianist and singer.

Contents

- 1 Biography
- 2 Discography
- 3 References
- 4 External links

Biography

Allison played piano in grammar school and trumpet in high school. He went to college at the University of Mississippi for a while, then enlisted in the U.S. Army for two years. Fresh out of the Army, he enrolled at Louisiana State University, from which he was graduated in 1952 with a BA in English with a minor in Philosophy.^[1] It was at that point that he moved to New York City and launched his jazz career performing with artists such as Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan, Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, and Phil Woods. His debut album, *Back Country Suite* was issued on the Prestige label in 1957. He formed his own trio in 1958.

It was not until 1963 that his record label allowed him to release an album entirely of vocals. Titled "Mose Allison Sings, it was an inspired collection of songs that paid tribute to artists of the Mojo Triangle: Sonny Boy Williamson ("Eyesight to the Blind"), Jimmie Rodgers ("That's All Right") and Willie Dixon ("The Seventh Son"). However, it was an original composition in the album that brought him the most attention, "Parchman Farm." For more than two decades, "Parchman Farm" was his most requested song. He dropped it from his playlist in the 1980s because some critics felt it was politically incorrect. Explained Allison to *Nine-O-One Network Magazine*: "I don't do the cotton sack songs much anymore. You go to the Mississippi Delta and there are no cotton sacks. It's all machines and chemicals."^[2]

His music has influenced many blues and rock artists, including Jimi Hendrix, The Rolling Stones, Tom Waits, The Yardbirds, John Mayall, J. J. Cale, The Who (who made "Young Man Blues" a staple of their live performances and used it to open their original *Live at Leeds* album), and Georgie Fame.^[citation needed] Blue Cheer also recorded a version of his song "Parchman Farm" on their debut album. The Yardbirds and The

Mose Allison



Background information

Birth name	Mose John Allison, Jr.
Born	November 11, 1927 <div>Tippo, Tallahatchie County, Mississippi, United States</div>
Genres	Jazz, jazz blues, blues
Instruments	Piano, vocals, trumpet
Years active	1956–present
Website	moseallison.com <div>(http://www.moseallison.com/)</div>

Misunderstood both recorded versions of his song "I'm Not Talking".

His song "Look Here" was covered by The Clash on their album *Sandinista!*. Leon Russell covered Allison's song "Smashed!" on his album *Stop All That Jazz*. Van Morrison released an album of his songs entitled *Tell Me Something: The Songs of Mose Allison*, and Elvis Costello recorded "Everybody's Cryin' Mercy" on his album *Kojak Variety* and "Your Mind Is On Vacation" on *King of America* (Bonus Tracks). Frank Black of the Pixies claims that the song "Allison" off the album *Bossanova* is about Mose Allison.^[3] He also states this at the beginning of the video for the song. His song "Monsters of the Id" was recorded by Stan Ridgway on his 2004 album *Snakebite: Blacktop Ballads And Fugitive Songs*.

The film *The Whole Nine Yards* begins with Mose Allison's song "I Don't Worry About A Thing" during the opening credits. Americana singer-songwriter Greg Brown wrote and performed the song "Mose Allison Played Here" on his 1997 album, *Slant 6 Mind*. Alternative rock band Pixies wrote the song "Allison" as a tribute to Mose Allison. Eve 6 did a cover of "Allison" for *Where Is My Mind? A Tribute to the Pixies*.

Allison was inducted into the Long Island Music Hall of Fame in 2006.

Allison has stated over the past few years that he would not be recording any new albums, but as of March 1, 2010, his website declared that his "new album, 'The Way of the World,' arrives March 23, 2010, marking his return to the recording studio after a 12-year absence."

Discography

- 1957 : *Back Country Suite* (Prestige 7091)
- 1957 : *Local Color* (Prestige 7121)
- 1958 : *Young Man Mose* (Prestige 7137)
- 1958 : *Creek Bank* (Prestige 7152)
- 1958 : *Ramblin' with Mose* (Prestige 7215)
- 1959 : *Autumn Song* (Prestige 7189)
- 1959 : *A Modern Jazz Premiere* (Columbia)
- 1959 : *Transfiguration of Hiram Brown* (Columbia/Legacy)
- 1960 : *I Love the Life I Live* (Columbia/Legacy)
- 1961 : *V-8 Ford Blues* (Epic/Legacy)
- 1961 : *Take to the Hills* (Epic)
- 1962 : *That's Jazz* (Atlantic)
- 1962 : *I Don't Worry About a Thing* (Atlantic), (Rhino)
- 1962 : *Swingin' Machine* (Atlantic)
- 1963 : *Mose Allison Sings* (Prestige 7279)
- 1964 : *The Songs of Mose Allison* (Atlantic)
- 1964 : *The Word from Mose Allison* (Atlantic)
- 1965 : *Wild Man on the Loose* (Atlantic)
- 1965 : *Mose Alive!* (Atlantic)
- 1965 : *Down Home Piano* (Prestige 7423)
- 1965 : *Mose Allison Plays for Lovers* (Prestige 7446)
- 1968 : *I've Been Doin' Some Thinkin'* (Atlantic)
- 1969 : *Hello There, Universe* (Atlantic)

- 1971 : *Western Man* (Atlantic)
- 1972 : *Mose in Your Ear* [live] (Atlantic)
- 1972(?) : *Retrospective* (Columbia)
- 1975 : *Creek Bank* (1958 recordings from 2 different sessions) (Prestige Records)
- 1976 : *Your Mind is on Vacation* (Koch)
- 1978 : *Pure Mose* [live] (32 Jazz)
- 1979 : *Ol' Devil Mose* [compilation] (Prestige 24089)
- 1982 : *Middle Class White Boy* (Discovery)
- 1982 : *Lessons in Living* [live] (Elektra)
- 1987 : *Ever Since the World Ended* (Blue Note)
- 1988 : *The Best of Mose Allison* (Atlantic)
- 1989 : *My Backyard* (Blue Note)
- 1993 : *The Earth Wants You* [live] (Blue Note)
- 1994 : *Allison Wonderland Anthology* (Rhino Records)
- 1996 : *Tell Me Something: The Songs of Mose Allison* (Verve Records)
- 1997 : *Gimcracks and Gewgaws* (Blue Note)
- 2001 : *The Mose Chronicles: Live in London, vol. 1* (Blue Note)
- 2002 : *The Mose chronicles: live in London, vol. 2* (Blue Note)
- 2010 : *The Way of the World* (ANTI-)

References

1. ^ Dickerson, James L. (2005). *Mojo Triangle: Birthplace of Country, Blues, Jazz and Rock 'n' Roll* (Schirmer Trade Books), pp. 110-112
2. ^ 901 Interview (May 1987), *Nine-O-One Network Magazine*, p.6
3. ^ AlecEiffel.net Pixies Titles/Names (<http://aleceiffel.free.fr/titles.html>) . Retrieved on 2008-04-01 . Archived (<http://www.webcitation.org/5PwKtpADl>) 28 June 2007 at WebCite

External links

- Official Site (<http://www.moseallison.com>)
- Concert review at [allaboutjazz.com](http://www.allaboutjazz.com) (February 11, 2005) (<http://www.allaboutjazz.com/php/article.php?id=16513>)
- Los Angeles Citybeat - Mose Allison Interview (http://www.lacitybeat.com/cms/story/detail/young_man_mose/8024/)
- Mose Allison at Rhapsody (<http://blog.rhapsody.com/2010/12/jazz2010.html>)

Retrieved from "http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Mose_Allison&oldid=459821378"

Categories: 1927 births | American blues singers | American jazz pianists | American jazz singers | Jazz-blues pianists | Atlantic Records artists | Living people | Louisiana State University alumni | Musicians from Mississippi | University of Mississippi alumni | Prestige Records artists

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Singing the Perfectionist-Folkie Blues

In 1961, as a young graduate student at an ethnomusicologists' meeting, John Szwed caught the eye of the master: Alan Lomax, the man whose tremendous body of work allowed previously unheard folk recordings to become universally well known. Seemingly apropos of nothing, Lomax remarked "Pygmies are a baseline culture." Then he went on his way.

Years later, when they had gotten to know each other, Mr. Szwed accompanied Mr. Lomax to the Village Gate to hear Professor Longhair. The set began with "Jambalaya." Lomax vanished. And then, as Mr. Szwed writes in his keenly appreciative, enormously detailed new Lomax biography, "I felt something brush by my leg, and when I looked down there was Alan crawling on the floor toward the bandstand so as to stay out of people's vision." Lomax reached the edge of the stage, knelt worshipfully until the set was over and then pronounced Longhair the greatest folk musician in the Western world.

Alan Lomax had astounding energy and enthusiasm. He was both an exhaustive and exhausting force in American music for almost 70 years. When he died in 2002, he left behind at least the following, which Mr. Szwed has dauntlessly tackled as source material: 5,000 hours of sound recordings; 400,000 feet of film; 2,450 videotapes; 2,000 books and journals; numerous prints, documents and databases; and more than 120 linear feet of paperwork. It's not hard to see why detractors called Lomax "The People's Republic of Me."

On the evidence of "Alan Lomax: The Man Who Recorded the World" his enemies and admirers were equally well armed. Lomax may not have courted controversy, but his work and methods made argument inevitable.

When he started collecting musical artifacts, he was ahead of his time — almost. His father, the more culturally conservative John Lomax, was such a celebrated folklorist that Alan inevitably played hanger-on. Together, bearing the burdens of financial, ideological and father-son tensions, they roamed the country for the Library of Congress during the Depression with recording equipment, trying to talk strangers into sharing their songs.

Father and son shared an academic bent. But Alan saw a greater, more adventurous calling for himself, Mr. Szwed writes: "He was also to be a messenger for the masses." This required Alan to decipher the songs' larger meanings, find out about the cultures that produced them and understand the culture clashes that the music became



SHIRLEY COLLINS/ALAN LOMAX ARCHIVE

Alan Lomax listening to one of his recordings in 1959.

more widely known.

When rural black musicians (with whom Alan was much more simpatico than his father was) were exposed to big-city audiences, as the ex-convict Lead Belly was when the Lomaxes brought him to New York in 1934, the press used epithets like "Murderous Minstrel," "Sweet



John Szwed

Singer of the Swamplands" and "a virtuoso of Knife and Guitar." The world was not yet ready for what Alan Lomax planned to deliver.

But under the New Deal "folklore as an activity, as a subject, as a calling rather than an academic study," began rising in stature. And by the time of the 1939 World's Fair Alan was its chief avatar. He issued advice about the fair's folk exhibits with his trademark mixture of eagerness, excitement and pedantry. "Each table should be provided with a set of songs that will be sung in the course of the entertainment, and the audience naturally will be encouraged to join in the chorus," he proposed, adding that this could "make the World's Fair the simple and merry peo-

The life of man who collected music, admirers and detractors.

ple's festival that it was in the Middle Ages."

Even to Pete Seeger, who did a stint as Lomax's assistant, "Alan had a way of making proclamations and value judgments that could ring down the years." Woody Guthrie's "lumpenproletariat act is too much!" Lomax once complained to him; Lomax regarded Guthrie as "a self-made intellectual."

Yet behind Lomax's air of superiority were awful self-doubts. And he wrote about his inadequacies no less relentlessly than he did everything else. "What do I

Alan Lomax

The Man Who Recorded the World

By John Szwed

438 pages. Viking. \$29.95.

like? What do I think about? What do I want? Why am I born?" he wrote on one such occasion. "I know the kind of intellectual, moral and emotional structure that can be made out of folklore. It is a lack of personal conviction that is my problem."

Mr. Szwed is an ideal match for his fretful, protean subject. He is thorough enough to document the Lomax earaches, colds and carbuncles, not to mention the many women who fleetingly assisted Lomax on his travels but then drifted away. This book's lists of destinations (Haiti, Sicily, Spain, Scotland) and cultures (Gullah, Creole, Cajun, lumberjack) are made to sound almost like business as usual: after all, for Lomax, that's what they were. In one remarkable and perhaps record-breaking paragraph, Mr. Szwed ticks off Lomax's pie-in-the-sky plans for 75 new albums, including two reissues, three square-dance records with calls and two anthologies.

(Under these circumstances the glaring omission from "Alan Lomax" is a discography. And although this book deserved to be beautifully illustrated, it includes only one lousy picture.)

Mr. Szwed also ignores the enormous, ancillary opportunity to write about Lomax's effects on the many, many musicians who reflect his influence. He stays within Lomax's perspective. So there's much more about Lomax in Bob Dylan's "Chronicles: Volume One" than there is about Mr. Dylan here: "Alan would say that Dylan wanted to create a folk music for the urban middle class, which wasn't a bad idea, but just seemed boring to him," Mr. Szwed remarks. As for the folk boom of the 1960s, Lomax said, "New York had gone to sleep around the Peter Seeger banjo picking folknik image, and I was shocked to find that the kids here thought that folk music pretty much began and ended in Washington Square."

Mr. Szwed's own interests are as picky and academic as Lomax's, and as ingratiatingly peculiar. When he brings up skiffle, the 1950s musical precursor to the British Invasion, he is primarily interested in how Lonnie Donegan's skiffle version of "Rock Island Line" appropriated Lead Belly's. ("Outright knavery," Lomax complained.) And he takes care to point out not only the skiffle origins of assorted Beatles, Rolling Stones, Hollies, Yardbirds and so on, but also points out something extra: Spinal Tap was once a skiffle band, too (though its members called it "scuffle").

A Man of His Time; Voices for All Time

TIMING can be everything in cultural matters, and Alan Lomax, the musicologist who evangelized folk music for most of the 20th century, put himself in the right places at the right times. When he died at 87 on July 19, Lomax left an irreplaceable archive of homemade music and dance that he recorded; at least 150 CD's will be released by the time Rounder Records completes its Alan Lomax Collection series. He also bequeathed a way of perceiving folklore that has grown so pervasive, it's virtually taken for granted.

The music he loved was once considered to be primitive entertainment for ignorant nobodies, fit only to be cleaned up as pop or elevated as raw material for classical works. Now, due in no small part to his efforts, it is prized for its raw beauty and its quirks.

Lomax started his work in the 1930's at a juncture when technology was perfectly double-edged, promising both salvation and destruction for local traditions. Salvation because the music could be recorded and then, conceivably, broadcast. And destruction because radio was breaking down the isolation of local styles on the way to promoting music that reached for a pop common denominator. Then World War II exposed people thrown together by military service to formerly isolated regional music; it also made America re-examine its identity and its folk heritage.

Recording and broadcasting were already changing the role of music from a live local event, demanding participation, to a commodity created by distant professionals, made for passive consumption. Lomax envisioned the relentless spread of a centralized pop that would erase eons of tradition. "We of the jets, the wireless and the atom blast," he wrote, "are on the verge of sweeping completely off the globe what unspoiled folklore is left."

An archivist with a hustler's touch, Alan Lomax preserved the people's music.

What actually happened would be considerably more complicated: a ceaseless and creative wrangle between grassroots and institutions, the margins and the center. Commercial recording companies weren't completely ignoring down-home styles; there was money to be made on hillbilly music, jazz and so-called race records. Lomax deeply distrusted the products of the commercial music business, even as he used its distribution channels and financing.

Lomax didn't just document songs for posterity and research like other working ethnomusicologists. With a mixture of paternalism and media savvy, he hustled to get them into the public ear. He used the reach and credibility of recordings, radio and then television to bring people what they weren't hearing elsewhere.

He compared musical diversity to biodiversity. For Lomax, each local style of song or dance represented a way to survive that might come in handy someday. He devoted the later years of his life to creating a Global Jukebox, a database for comparative study of music, dance and anthropological traits; one human genome project consulted him to compare his musical maps with DNA distributions.

The tens of thousands of songs Lomax recorded himself — across the United States and in rural Italy, the Caribbean, Great Britain and Spain — and the many others he worked to analyze and disseminate made him the Johnny Appleseed of folk revival-



Alan Lomax, left, with the Cajun fiddler Dewey Balfa in Louisiana in 1983; right, Lomax performing in North Carolina.

ists. When the people who made the songs heard them played back by Lomax, they felt legitimized. And when outsiders heard them, they were fascinated and sometimes smitten. They still are; recordings from the Lomax archives have lately turned up on million-selling albums like the soundtrack for "O Brother, Where Art Thou?" and Moby's "Play."

Lomax was not the last word in musical preferences. He disliked rock 'n' roll, which he saw as a mass-market threat. He was appalled when Bob Dylan went electric. He was leery of professional musicians in general, preferring less slick (and frequently less skillful) performers who, to him, seemed closer to their traditions. Lomax came from left-wing circles that idealized "the people," and he wanted to find and save the music that had been forged by tradition's anonymous collective efforts, the people's music. He often sought out the generic

and the old-style, not the brilliant maverick. But the recording process inevitably singled out individual voices, among them musicians so vital that they would become stars such as Muddy Waters and Leadbelly.

Lomax, like his father and mentor, John A. Lomax, named himself as co-author or arranger in songs he recorded, splitting prospective publishing royalties, a practice that was common among commercial record producers at the time. The choice was controversial back then because folklorists generally credited songs to "traditional" (which wouldn't yield publishing royalties either). And nowadays it is jarring to see Lomax's name attached to the repertoire of Leadbelly and others.

Lomax's rationale was that without his own clout, publishers wouldn't bother to track down the likes of a Delta bluesman to get them their royalties. "If he did not secure these songs in the names of himself



Alan Lomax Archives (Lomax and Balfa); Associated Press

and these artists, they would not be paid," said his daughter, Anna L. Chairidakis, who now runs the Alan Lomax Archive.

The publishing revenues from hits like the Weavers' version of Leadbelly's "Goodnight Irene," credited to Huddie Ledbetter and John Lomax, helped support Lomax's international song-collecting trips in the 1950's. Lately, the Alan Lomax Archive has been searching out people like James Carter, the ex-convict who sang "Po' Lazarus" on the "O Brother, Where Art Thou?" soundtrack; he got a \$20,000 check.

The vast majority of the songs Lomax recorded will never show up on a pop chart, though the Lomax archive has lately become a resource for producers seeking samples of unvarnished authenticity. Lomax wasn't in business to sell albums. He was trying to make sure humanity could hear and respect its own voices, all of them, in recordings that defy time. □

Peter Falk, Rumpled and Crafty Actor In Television's 'Columbo,' Dies at 83

By BRUCE WEBER

Peter Falk, who marshaled actorly tics, prop room appurtenances and his own physical idiosyncrasies to personify Columbo, one of the most famous and beloved fictional detectives in television history, died on Thursday night at his home in Beverly Hills, Calif. He was 83.

His death was announced in a statement from Larry Larson, a longtime friend and the lawyer for Mr. Falk's wife, Shera. He had been treated for Alzheimer's disease in recent years.

Mr. Falk had a wide-ranging career in comedy and drama, in the movies and onstage, before and during the three and a half decades in which he portrayed the unkempt but canny lead on "Columbo." He was nominated for two Oscars; appeared in original stage productions of works by Paddy Chayefsky, Neil Simon and Arthur Miller; worked with the directors Frank Capra, John Cassavetes, Blake Edwards and Mike Nichols; and co-starred with the likes of Frank Sinatra, Bette Davis and Jason Robards.

But Mr. Falk's prime-time popularity, like that of his contemporary Telly Savalas, of "Kojak" fame, was founded on a single role.

A lieutenant in the Los Angeles Police Department, Columbo was a comic variation on the traditional fictional detective. With the keen mind of Sherlock Holmes and Philip Marlowe, he

A role with a famous request: 'Just one more thing . . .'

was cast in the mold of neither — not a gentleman scholar, not a tough guy. He was instead a mass of quirks and peculiarities, a seemingly distracted figure in a rumpled raincoat, perpetually patting his pockets for a light for his signature stogie.

He drove a battered Peugeot, was unfailingly polite, was sometimes accompanied by a basset hound named Dog, and was constantly referring to the wisdom of his wife (who was never seen on

Falk's anecdotal memoir, published in 2006, in which he summarized the appeal of the show.

"What are you hanging around for?" he wrote, referring to the viewer. "Just one thing. You want to know how he gets caught."

Mr. Falk had a glass eye, resulting from an operation to remove a cancerous tumor when he was 3. The prosthesis gave all his characters a peculiar, almost quizzical squint. And he had a mild speech impediment that gave his L's a breathy quality, a sound that emanated from the back of his throat and that seemed especially emphatic whenever, in character, he introduced himself as Lieutenant Columbo.

Such a deep well of eccentricity made Columbo amusing as well as incisive, not to mention a progenitor of later characters: like Tony Shalhoub's Monk, and it made him a representative Everyman too. Off and on from 1968 to 2003, Mr. Falk played the character numerous times, often in the format of a 90-minute or 2-hour television movie. Each time Columbo, the ordinary man as hero, brought low a greedy and murderous privileged denizen of Beverly Hills, Malibu or Brentwood, it was an implicit victory for the many over the few.

"This is, perhaps, the most thoroughgoing satisfaction 'Columbo' offers us," Jeff Greenfield wrote in The New York Times in 1973: "the assurance that those who dwell in marble and satin, those whose clothes, food, cars and mates are the very best, do not deserve it."

Peter Michael Falk was born in Manhattan on Sept. 16, 1927, and lived for a time in the Bronx, near Yankee Stadium, but grew up mostly in Ossining, N.Y., where his father owned a clothing store and where, in spite of his missing eye, he was a high school athlete. In one story he liked to tell, after being called out at third base during a baseball game, he removed his eye and handed it to the umpire.

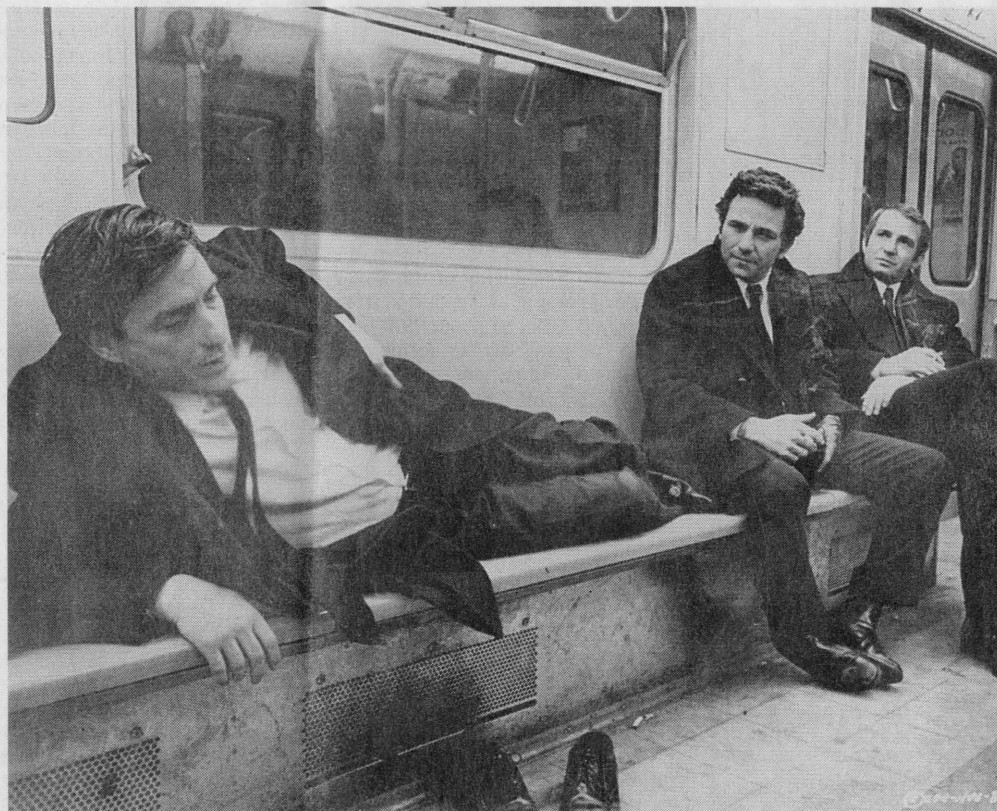
"You'll do better with this," he said.

After high school Mr. Falk went briefly to Hamilton College, in upstate New York, before dropping out and joining the Merchant Marine as a cook. He later returned to New York City, where

Right, Peter Falk, left, and Oskar Werner in the television series "Columbo." Mr. Falk played the title role, that of a lieutenant in the Los Angeles Police Department, beginning in 1968. Below, from left, John Cassavetes, Mr. Falk and Ben Gazzara in "Husbands," one of several movies in which Mr. Falk worked with Cassavetes. Bottom, Mr. Falk at NBC's 75th-anniversary party in 2002.



NBC

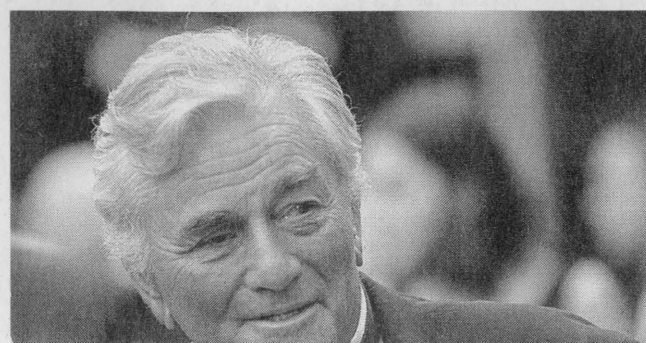


COLUMBIA PICTURES

the winner was announced — it was Peter Ustinov for "Spartacus" — Mr. Falk heard the first name and stood, only to have to sit back down again a moment later.

"When I hit the seat, I turned to the press agent and said, 'You're fired!'" Mr. Falk wrote in his memoir. "I didn't want him charging me for another day."

The next year, newly married to a Syracuse classmate, Alyce Mayo — they would have two



the first "Columbo" movie and the second, "Ransom for a Dead Man," which became the pilot that turned the show into a regular network offering. It was part of a revolving wheel of Sunday night mysteries with recurring characters that appeared under the rubric "NBC Mystery Theater." The first set included "McCloud," with Dennis Weaver, and "McMillan and Wife," with Rock Hudson and Susan Saint James.

In between, Mr. Falk made "Husbands," the first of his collaborations with his friend Cassavetes. The others were "A Woman Under the Influence," in 1974, a brutally realistic portrayal of a marriage undermined by mental illness, directed by Cassavetes, for which Mr. Falk's co-star and Cassavetes's wife, Gena Rowlands, was nominated for an Academy Award; and "Mikey and Nicky" in 1976, a dark buddy film directed by Elaine May in which the two men played the title roles.

In 1971 he once again returned to Broadway, in Neil Simon's angry comedy "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."

In later years Mr. Falk starred in several notable films — among them "Murder by Death" (1976), "The In-Laws" (1979), "The Princess Bride" (1987), "Tune In Tomorrow" (1990) and "Wings of Desire" (1987), in which he played himself, contemplating his acting career — and in 1998 he opened Off Broadway in the title role of Arthur Miller's play "Mr. Peters' Connections," a portrait of an older man trying to make sense out of his life as it comes to an end. By that time,

identified in Homeric-epithet-like shorthand — an uncle who played the bagpipes with the Shriners, say, or a nephew majoring in dermatology at U.C.L.A. — and who were called to mind by the circumstances of the crime at hand.

It was a low-rent affect that was especially irksome to the high-society murderers he outwitted in episode after episode. In the detective-story niche where Columbo lived, whodunit was hardly the point; the murder was committed and the murderer revealed in the show's opening minutes. How it was done was paramount. Typically, Columbo would string his suspects along, flattering them, apologizing profusely for continuing to trouble them with questions, appearing to have bought their alibis and, just before making an exit, nailing them with a final, damning query that he unfailingly introduced with the innocent-sounding phrase, "Just one more thing . . ." It was the signal to viewers that the jig was up.

It was also the title of Mr.

Social Research before attending Syracuse University, where he received a master's degree in public administration.

He took a job in Hartford as an efficiency expert for the Connecticut budget bureau. It was in Connecticut that he began acting, joining an amateur troupe called the Mark Twain Masquers in Hartford and taking classes from Eva Le Gallienne at the White Barn Theater in Westport. He was 29 when he decided to move to New York again, this time to be an actor.

He made his professional debut in an Off Broadway production of Molière's "Don Juan" in 1956. In 1957 he was cast as the bartender in the famous Circle in the Square revival of "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero and starring Jason Robards; he made his first splash on screen, as Abe Reles, a violent mob thug, in the 1960 film "Murder, Inc." That performance earned him an Oscar nomination for best supporting actor and a moment of high embarrassment at the awards ceremony. When

Mr. Falk again earned a supporting-actor Oscar nomination for playing a mobster, though this time with a more light-hearted stripe, in the final film to be directed by Frank Capra, "Pocketful of Miracles," starring Bette Davis and Glenn Ford.

From then on Mr. Falk, who was swarthy, squat (he was 5-foot-6) and handsome, had to fend off offers to play gangsters. He did take such a part in "Robin and the 7 Hoods," alongside Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Bing Crosby and Sammy Davis Jr., but fearful of typecasting, he also took roles in comic films like "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" and "The Great Race."

He returned to the stage as well, as Stalin, the title role, in Paddy Chayefsky's "Passion of Josef D," which earned him solid reviews in spite of the show's brief run (less than two weeks). Mr. Falk played Stalin "with brilliant, unsmiling ferocity," Howard Taubman wrote in his largely positive review in *The Times*.

His life was forever changed in 1967 when, reportedly after both



RON FREHM/ASSOCIATED PRESS

Bing Crosby and Lee J. Cobb turned down the role, he was cast as Columbo in the television film "Prescription: Murder." The story, about a psychiatrist who kills his wife with the help of one of his patients, was written by Richard Levinson and William Link; they had adapted it from their stage play, which opened in San Francisco and Boston in 1964, and which itself was an adaptation. Mr. Levinson and Mr. Link first wrote the story in 1960 for a series called "The Chevy Mystery Show." It was in that show — the episode was titled "Enough Rope" — that Columbo made his debut as a character, played by Bert Freed.

But it was Mr. Falk who made him a legend. During the filming it was he who rejected the fashionable attire the costume shop had laid out for him; it was he who chose the raincoat — one of his own — and who matched the

rest of the detective's clothes to its shabbiness. It was he who picked out the Peugeot from the studio motor pool, a convertible with a flat tire and needing a paint job that, he reflected years afterward, "even matched the raincoat."

And as the character grew, the line between the actor and the role grew hazier. They shared a general disregard for nattiness, an informal mode of speech, an obsession with detail, an irrepressible absent-mindedness. Even Columbo's favorite song, "This Old Man," which seemed to run through his mind (and the series) like a broken record, was one that Mr. Falk had loved from childhood and that ended up in the show because he was standing around humming it one day, in character, when Columbo was waiting for someone to come to the phone.

Three years passed between

changeable, as cultural references. Mr. Peters, Ben Brantley wrote in his review of the play in *The Times*, "is as genuinely perplexed as Columbo, his aggressively rumpled television detective, only pretends to be."

Mr. Falk, who began sketching as a way to while away time on movie sets, had had many gallery shows of his charcoal drawings and watercolors. He is survived by his second wife, the former Shera Danese, and his two daughters, Jackie and Catherine.

For all the mysteries Columbo solved, one remains. Many viewers claim that in one or more episodes Columbo's police identification is visible with the first name "Frank" visibly scrawled on it. However, the character was initially created without a first name; an exhaustive book about the television show, "The Columbo Phile," does not give a first name, and Mr. Falk, for his part, was no help in this regard. Whenever he was asked Columbo's first name, his response was the same.

"Lieutenant," he said.

Don Diamond, 90, TV Actor

By DANIEL E. SLOTNIK

Don Diamond, a character actor on radio, television and film who was best known for playing supporting roles on TV westerns, died on Sunday en route to a hospital in Los Angeles. He was 90.

The cause was heart failure, his wife, Louisa, said.

Mr. Diamond, a New Yorker of Russian Jewish heritage, often played ethnic minorities because he had mastered several accents. During his nearly 40-year career he played El Toro, a Mexican sidekick, on "The Adventures of Kit Carson"; Corporal Reyes on "Zorro"; and Crazy Cat, Chief Wild Eagle's inept subordinate, on the comedy "F Troop."

Donald Alan Diamond was born on June 4, 1921, in New York City. He received a degree in drama and studied Spanish at the University of Michigan before he enlisted during World War II. He served stateside in the Army Air Corps because his myopia had made him unfit for combat.

While awaiting induction in New York, Mr. Diamond began developing his accents on radio shows like "The March of Time." He continued studying Spanish while stationed in the Southwest, and acted on the radio after the war.

Mr. Diamond also appeared on nonwestern shows like "Get Smart" and "Mission: Impossi-



EVERETT COLLECTION

Don Diamond in an appearance on the show "F Troop."

ble" and in several movies, including the crime drama "Borderline" (1950), the Elvis Presley vehicle "Fun in Acapulco" (1963) and "The Carpetbaggers" (1964). He also did voice-over work in commercials and in cartoons like the "Tijuana Toads" shorts.

In addition to his wife, Mr. Diamond is survived by a brother, Neil (not the singer); a sister, Muriel Krems; a daughter, Maxine Roxanne Diamond; two stepdaughters, Emily and Fortuna Israel; two step-grandchildren; and two step-great-grandchildren.

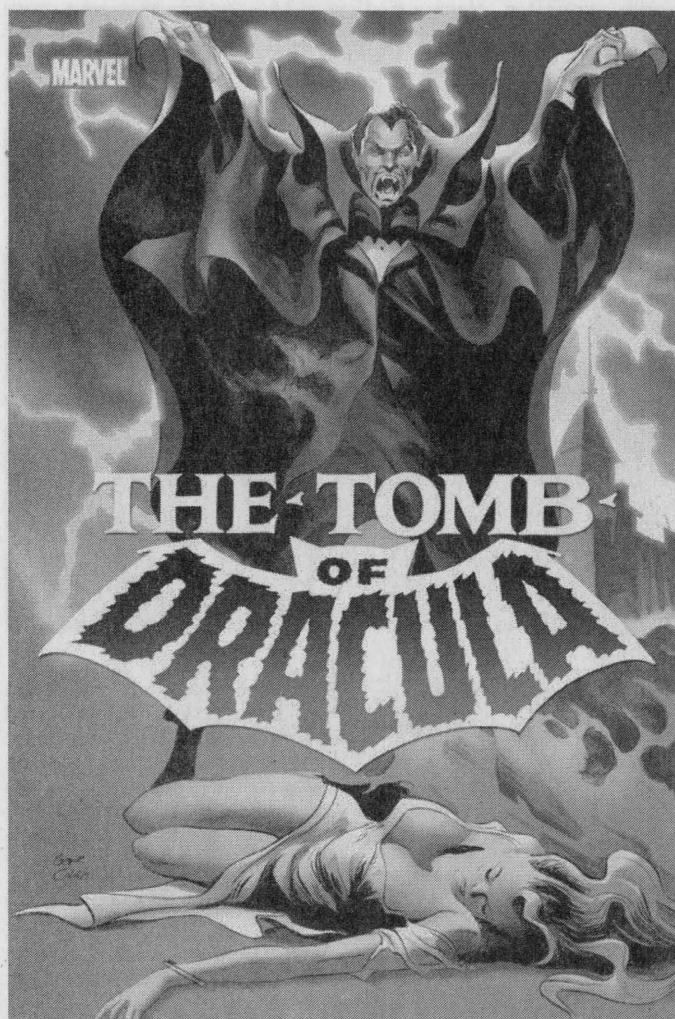
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MARVEL COMICS, VIA ASSOCIATED PRESS

"The Tomb of Dracula," with its expressive drawings, was created by the artist Gene Colan and the writer Marv Wolfman.

Gene Colan, Prolific Comic-Book Artist, Dies at 84

By MARGALIT FOX

Gene Colan, a towering figure among comic-book artists, whose depictions of some of the best-known characters in the genre were lauded for their realism, expressiveness and painterly qualities, died on Thursday in the Bronx. He was 84 and lived in Brooklyn.

The cause was complications of cancer and liver disease, his son, Erik, said.

Most closely associated with Marvel Comics, Mr. Colan also drew for DC and other publishers. At Marvel, he was best known for Daredevil (written by Marvel's editor in chief, Stan Lee), about a blind man with superpowers; the Falcon, one of the first African-American superheroes, created by Mr. Colan and Mr. Lee; Howard the Duck, written by Steve Gerber; and The Tomb of Dracula, which Mr. Colan created with the writer Marv Wolfman.

Mr. Colan's work was noteworthy on several counts. The first was its sheer duration: He completed his first professional assignment in the 1940s and his last a year or two ago. In between, his art was a mainstay of the Silver Age of comics, as the period from the mid-1950s to about 1970 — a time of heady artistic ferment in the field — is known.

The second was its prodigious volume: Over nearly seven dec-

ades he illustrated many hundreds of comics, from the famous, including Batman, Wonder Woman and the Hulk, to the possibly less so, including Ben Casey, Falling in Love and Captain Britain.

The third was his visual style, by all accounts unlike that of any other artist in the business. Where comic-book art tends toward deliberately flat, stylized images, Mr. Colan preferred a realistic look that emphasized texture and fluidity: the drape of a hero's cape, tilt of a head, the arc of an oncoming fist.

A lifelong film buff, Mr. Colan was known as a master of light and shadow, which lent his work a noirish, cinematic quality.

"He was referred to as a painter with a pencil," Tom Field, the author of "Secrets in the Shadows: The Art & Life of Gene Colan" (2005), said in an interview on Friday. "Comic books had been put together like a production line: There's someone who writes the script, someone who would letter the words onto the pages, someone who would do the pencil illustrations. And typically another artist would come along with India ink and embellish those illustrations so they would stand out for the printer. In Gene's case, the pencils were so rich and lavish that when the technology evolved to that point, the publishers stopped putting ink on his pencils and re-



ERIK COLAN

Mr. Colan, whose work included "Batman," "Daredevil" and "Howard the Duck."

produced the work just as it was drawn."

Mr. Colan had lived for many years with glaucoma; since the early 1990s, Mr. Field said, he was nearly blind in one eye and had tunnel vision in the other. Throughout this period, his work continued unabated, and it was, in most estimates, as fine as what had gone before.

Eugene Jules Colan was born in New York on Sept. 1, 1926. (The family name, according to Mr. Field's book, was originally Cohen.) He was reared in Manhattan, where his parents ran an antiques business on the Upper

East Side. He studied at the Art Students League of New York and toward the end of World War II served in the Philippines with the Army Air Forces.

After the war he joined Marvel (then known as Timely Comics), where his assignments would include Captain America, Captain Marvel, Iron Man and Sub-Mariner.

For DC (and its precursor, National Comics), Mr. Colan drew Batman, Hopalong Cassidy and Silverblade.

Mr. Colan's first marriage, to Cynthia Sanders, ended in divorce. His second wife, the former Adrienne Brickman, died last year. He is survived by two children from his second marriage, his son, Erik, and a daughter, Nanci Solo; and three grandchildren.

Underpinning the realistic look of Mr. Colan's comics was his fealty to real-world models. For the Dracula series, he based the title character on Jack Palance, whom he had seen play Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in a 1968 television movie. Fittingly, Mr. Palance went on to play Dracula in a 1974 television movie.

On another occasion, Mr. Colan needed to draw a particular make of handgun. "He was such a stickler for detail," Mr. Field said, "that he went down to the police station and asked them to pull one out and show it to him."

Deaths

Bocour, Peter	Keefe, Anna	Roth, Posie
Brady, Wilfred	Lattimore, Martha	Weinstein, Yada
Devlin, Elizabeth	Levitt, Gene	Yegelow, Bernard
Donnenfeld, Alvin	Menon, Girija	
Fox, Lester	Rosen, Ruth	

BOCOUR—Peter. Painter and designer, died June 23 from leukemia. Born in New York City in 1947, the son of Leonard Bocour, a manufacturer of paint for artists, he grew up in the world of the arts. He attended NYU, Cornell, and Berkeley. His work was exhibited at the Sarah Renschler, RC Fine Arts, Allen, and Algira galleries. His paintings were characterized by brilliant colors and energetic movement. He lived in Montclair, N.J. Beloved husband of Nina Pellegrini Bocour, father to Angelica and Nicola, and grandfather to Oliver, he will also be missed by brothers Charles and Paul Hirsch. The funeral will be at Moriarty Funeral Home, 76 Park St., Montclair, N.J., Sunday, June 26, at 2 p.m. In lieu of flowers, please make donations to the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society.

BRADY—Wilfred T. III, (Ted), 62, of Keyport, New Jersey, passed away, Wednesday, June 22, 2011, at Bayshore Community Hospital.

DONNENFELD—Dr. Alvin M., died peacefully at home, June 24th, after a long battle with renal disease. He is survived by Eleanor, his wife of 63 years and his children Marc, Gail and Penny, their spouses Cathy and Paul and his grandchildren Beatrix, Alex and Jake. He was an innovative and visionary obstetrician/gynecologist who worked to better conditions for pregnant women and their partners and supported the out-of-hospital birthing movement as medical advisor to the Maternity Center Association on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. His practice was far reaching. He touched the lives of thousands of families and served as an inspiring mentor to countless students. We will miss him. The funeral will take place at "The Riverside" on Sunday, June 26 at 11:45am. Shiva will be observed on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday evenings, starting at 6:30pm at the Sonnenfeld Residence, 160 East 84th St., Apt 3D.

Deaths

MENON—Girija. 1950-2011. Retired Division One Officer of the Administrative and Diplomatic Service of the Government of Malaysia, she passed away from complications arising from cancer in New York on Sunday, June 19. She was a founding member of Educational Welfare and Research Foundation and also worked with artistic organizations in Kuala Lumpur. In 1991, she married Malaysian playwright-director and New York attorney Kannan Menon at the Hindu Temple in Flushing, Queens, New York. She was the Producer of a number of her husband's productions, including, Haze Fever in 1997 (Kuala Lumpur) and At A Plank Bridge in 2003 (New York). In 1997 she completed her LLB from the University of London. Funeral services will be held at the Park Hill Funeral Home, 102-17 101 Avenue, Ozone Park, New York at 11:00am on June 25th. The service will be streamed live on the web. For more information or to leave condolence messages please visit: FranciscoFuneralHome.com

ROSEN—Ruth K., 90, of West Hartford, CT, formerly of Bethpage, NY and Delray Beach, FL, died June 23, 2011. Widow of Leon Rosen.

F. Gilman Spencer, 85, Newspaper Editor

By WILLIAM GRIMES

F. Gilman Spencer, who was known for his freewheeling style and sharp eye for writing talent as the editor of four newspapers, including The Philadelphia Daily News and The Daily News in New York, died on Friday in Manhattan. He was 85.

The death was confirmed by his son F. Gilman Spencer IV.

Mr. Spencer, known as Gil, worked in the newspaper business for nearly half a century. Starting out as a copy boy for The Philadelphia Inquirer in the 1940s, he went on to edit The Trentonian in New Jersey and The Denver Post, in addition to the Philadelphia and New York newspapers.

While editor of The Trentonian, he was awarded the Pulitzer prize for editing the paper's



worked in operations as a VP with Mitusbushii U.F.J. Trust and Banking Corp. NYC, retiring in August 2010. He served his country in the Navy during Vietnam. Wilfred was predeceased by his parents, Wilfred T. Brady, II and Marie Hammond Brady. He is survived by his loving children, Heather Brady of Keyport and Tara Brady of Hazlet; his dear siblings, Joan Brady of Arizona; John Brady and his wife, Pam of Ohio; Kathleen Hartman and her husband, Charlie of California; Jane Brady of California; and Marianne Conte and her husband, Gabe of Florida; and one cherished grandchild, Brynn Champagne. He will be dearly missed by all who knew and loved him. Family and friends are invited Saturday, June 25, 2011 and Sunday, June 26, 2011, from 2-4 and 7-9pm, Day Funeral Home, 361 Maple Place, Keyport; and Monday, 9am, with a 9:30am service at the funeral home. Interment to follow at Pineawn Cemetery, Long Island, NY. To offer the family online condolences or for directions to the funeral home, please visit www.dayfuneralhome.com.

DEVLIN—Elizabeth Mary,



born April 24, 1981, died peacefully on June 21 surrounded by her family after a two year battle with cancer. Lisi, as she was affectionately known, was the beloved daughter of Eugene and Lisbeth Devlin of Rye, NY. From the moment she was born, Lisi's radiant smile, bright outlook, effervescence, and natural grace affected everyone she met. Lisi spent her early education at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Greenwich, CT and graduated from Rye High School in Rye, NY in 2000. She attended Fairfield University in Connecticut and after a yearlong absence to recover from AML Leukemia, graduated with a BA in Communications and a minor in Education. She received a Masters of Science in Education from Bank Street Teachers College in NYC with a dual certification in Early Childhood Special and General Education. Lisi was passionate about family, children and teaching. She thrived as an elementary and then pre-school teacher. Her colleagues had the utmost respect for her but, more importantly, her students adored her. She had a natural ability to relate and interact with children having never lost her sense of wonder. She is also survived by her three elder siblings, Jennifer Burke (husband Michael) of Ridgewood, NJ, Gene Devlin (wife Lilly) of Middlebury, VT, and Christie Furman (husband Michael) of Manhattan, NY, her adoring five nephews and three nieces, her 25 aunts and uncles and 32 first cousins. In lieu of flowers, donations in the memory of Elizabeth M. Devlin can be made to Bank Street Family Center for a scholarship fund. Send to Bank Street College, 610 West 112th Street, NY, NY 10025, attn: Carla Scheele. Memorial visiting is Sunday, June 26th at the Graham Funeral Home in Rye, NY from 2 to 6pm. Funeral Mass is on Monday, June 27th at The Church of the Resurrection in Rye, NY at 11:00am.

FOX—Lester It is with great sadness we announce the death of Lester Fox, 77, of New York and Montauk, on June 23, 2011. Lester was the loving husband of Audrey for 55 years. For many years they enjoyed traveling the world together. He was the very proud father of Russell (Andrea), Spencer (Amy) and Caryn (Michael), and proud grandfather of Erik, Matthew, Dorrie, Brandon, Hayley, Connor and Brendan. Lester attended New York University, became a CPA and later received his MBA from New York University. Family was his first love and he drew great satisfaction from his second love, being an esteemed financial professional and providing valued advice to his many clients. He will be deeply missed.

KEEFE—Anna E. passed away on June 23, 2011. Mother, wife of more than forty years, friend, healer and helper of many, Anna in her larger-than-life way and with her abundance of talents, enabled and assisted countless individuals during her more than thirty years of private practice as a psychotherapist in Manhattan and Scarsdale, NY. She was also a former Executive Director of the Training Institute in New York City. More than a person, Anna was a presence, a life-force, a creative power and a grace in its most spiritual sense. Her skills went beyond psychotherapy. She was also an artist in the kitchen and, with her decorating skills, an artist in every other room of the house as well. But most of all, Anna was an artist in understanding and transforming others. She is survived by her husband, Martin, their daughter, Casey, and her brother, Anthony. Friends may call at the Fred H. McGrath & Son, Funeral Home in Bronxville, (914-337-6770) 2 to 4 and 6 to 9pm, Sunday, June 26. A Mass of Christian Burial will be held at St. Joseph's Church, Bronxville, on Monday, June 27 at 10am. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Jansen Hospice, 69 Main St., Tuckahoe, NY 10707 (914-961-8654).

LATTIMORE—Martha, of New York City and Lattimore, NC. It is with great sorrow that we, her friends in New York City, mourn the loss of our cherished Martha. We extend our warmest sympathy to her beloved family: her mother, Mary Frances Lattimore; her brothers, John and Tom Lattimore; her nephews, Alex, Edley and Lee Lattimore; and their dearly loved children.

LEVITT—Gene. Beloved by all who knew him and friend to all who met him, a larger than life man of integrity, humor and generosity. Admired and respected for his deep and abiding contributions to his community and their institutions and his unconditional love for his family and friends. Gene was more a brother than brother-in-law to Harris and Helen, and a loving and devoted uncle to Julie. Our love goes out to Shirley, Marc, Joy, Diane, Sam and all of his grandchildren and extended family. He will be greatly missed.

The Barer Family

(Lynn) of Roxbury, CT, and Hanora L. Rosen, Berman (Ed) of New York, NY; sister of Samuel Klein (Rosalind) of Florida and the late Herbert Klein; five grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren. Strong, indomitable, devoted to family and friends, successful in her professional life. Funeral will be Sunday, June 26, 2011 at 11:00am at Wellwood Cemetery, Farmingdale, L.I., NY. Shiva will be observed on Monday in Bloomfield, CT and New York, NY, and on Tuesday in New York, NY.

ROTH—Posie Robins, died on June 8, 2011 from breast cancer. She was born on March 22, 1954 in New York City, the eldest of the late Fay Robins Roth and the late Herbert Roth. She graduated from Forest Hills High School after which she attended Clark University, graduating in 1976, later earning a Master's Degree in Cultural Geography. In 1987 she graduated from The American Center for the Alexander Technique in New York City and embarked on a career as an Alexander teacher. In 1993 she moved to Colorado. She was a uniquely dedicated and loving mother. She is survived by her son Max Green of Chicago, daughter Faye Green of Denver, sister Beth Roth of Connecticut, sister Jinny Isserow of Virginia, Godmother Gorena Brown of North Carolina, and other relatives and close friends. She will be remembered with extraordinary love and admiration, and live forever in our hearts. Funeral service to be held Sunday, June 26 at 10:00am, U Morris Funeral Parlor, 46 Greenwich St., Hempstead, NY 11550.

WEINSTEIN—Yada. March 31, 1928-June 21, 2011 in Fairfax, VA. Predeceased by parents Hattie and Harry Gladstone, husband Howard, brother Aaron and daughter Joy. Beloved mother of Tina Wallace and husband Steve. Adored grandmother of Hilary, Matthew and Josh. Loving aunt of Peter, Jay, Michael and Steven, and adoring sister Doris Berkman and husband Gerald. A friend to many and a smile for all.

YEGELWEL—Bernard H., age 85, of Teaneck, formerly of Fair Lawn, died Wednesday. Beloved husband of Bunny, devoted father of Eric and Gail Yegelwel, Jodi and Tony Senese and Caren and David Gutwetter. Cherished grandfather of Robin, Sam, Elvise, Ben, Anthony, and Sarah. Bernie was a CPA. Services 12noon, Sunday at Louis Suburban Chapel 13-01 Broadway (Route 4 West) Fair Lawn, NJ.

In Memoriam

O'BRIEN—Lois. We miss you every day. Rest in peace, beloved. Jack and Jeremiah

RIPPS—David. June 25, 1967 Always loved and greatly missed on your birthday today and everyday.

Mommy, Daddy, Van, Leah and Emily

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ment corruption in New Jersey that led to the federal prosecution of a number of officials.

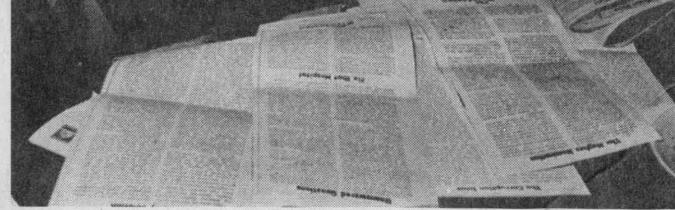
Mr. Spencer was known for spotting talent and promoting it in his pages. At The Philadelphia Daily News, he decided that Pete Dexter, an obscure reporter, would make an excellent columnist. He did, and later went on to write a column for Esquire and establish a career as a novelist.

After becoming editor of The Daily News in New York in 1984, Mr. Spencer helped the careers of Juan Gonzalez, Bob Herbert, Mike McAlary and Gail Collins, whose columns he often placed in the front pages to maximize their impact. Mr. Herbert and Ms. Collins later became columnists at The New York Times, and Ms. Collins was editor of the Times editorial page.

"He had an amazing instinct for what people were good at and letting them do it, and knowing how much leash to give them," said Richard Aregood, who was an editorial writer and rock critic at the Philadelphia paper when Mr. Spencer put him in charge of the editorial page. "He left the same trail from Trenton to Philadelphia to New York to Denver."

At The Daily News in New York, where he was responsible for the editorial pages as well as the news pages, Mr. Spencer brought a feistier, flashier style and a carnivorous appetite for reporting on city politics and corruption as the newspaper mounted a head-to-head battle for readers with The New York Post. "We want to put out a hard-driving, down-to-earth tabloid and enjoy ourselves doing it," he told The Times in 1986.

Arthur Browne, the city editor of The Daily News at the time and now its editorial page editor, said: "He worked at a tabloid, but he did not like frivolous silliness. He insisted that the paper not



ASSOCIATED PRESS

F. Gilman Spencer at The Trentonian in 1974. He went on to edit daily newspapers in Philadelphia, New York and Denver.

A champion of skilled writers, and himself a Pulitzer Prize winner.

take itself too seriously but that it be a serious newspaper."

The Daily News was owned then by the Tribune Company, which had been trying, without success, to sell it. Mr. Spencer sought to combat the mood of crisis and impart a sense of purpose and buoyancy, which he managed to do at his first meeting with the newsroom staff.

"It's like watching Jimmy Stewart play a newspaper editor in 'It's a Wonderful Life,'" Mr. Browne recalled telling a fellow editor at the meeting.

Mr. Spencer often clashed with The Daily News's publisher, James F. Hoge. In 1989, before the Democratic mayoral primary, he strongly opposed Mr. Hoge's wish to endorse Mayor Edward I. Koch, a favorite target of the newspaper's columnists, preferring David N. Dinkins. In the end, the newspaper endorsed Richard Ravitch.

Soon after the primary election, which Mr. Dinkins won, Mr. Spencer resigned. At the time, he said his decision was motivated by impending negotiations with the newspaper's labor unions that would have required him to

make a long-term commitment to remain at The Daily News.

He was hired almost immediately as editor of The Denver Post, from which he retired in 1993.

Frederick Gilman Spencer III was born on Dec. 8, 1925, in Philadelphia, where his father was a lawyer. He attended Swarthmore High School but did not graduate. After serving in the Navy during World War II, he was hired as a copy boy at The Inquirer and held a variety of reporting and editing jobs at The Chester Times in Pennsylvania; The Mount Holly Herald in New Jersey; The Main Line Times of Ardmore, Pa.; and The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

He worked in television in the mid-1960s as a writer and editorialist at WCAU, then the CBS station in Philadelphia, before becoming editor of The Trentonian, a tabloid, in 1967. He received the 2003 George Polk Award for career achievement.

In addition to his son Gilman, of Media, Pa., Mr. Spencer, who lived in Manhattan, is survived by his wife, Isabel; three daughters, Amy Becker of Media; Elizabeth Mergel of Dorchester, Mass.; and Isabel Spencer, known as Charlie, of Amherst, Mass.; another son, Jonathan, of Pennington, N.J.; 10 grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

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The Bartender's Tale

Tom H. Beth

March 20 '11

detesta / citarast ?

too much weight

SAD -

read twice - letter started

- ~~no~~ dialog OK

schick / pl ?

old rocks names

p. 15 - Mint & Starkman

- created a world / 1/2 atm a

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160 - direct quote - 2 sentences? G-R lines from
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The New York Times

Amid the Memorials, Ambiguity and Ambivalence

Has any attack in history ever been commemorated the way this one is about to be? What might we

EDWARD
ROTHSTEIN

CRITIC'S
NOTEBOOK

have anticipated, that morning of Sept. 11, as we watched the demonically choreographed assault unfold? What could we have imagined when New York City was covered in the ashes of the twin towers and their dead, or when a section of the Penta-

gon — the seemingly invulnerable core of the world's most powerful military — was reduced to rubble? Or when we finally understood that but for the doomed bravery of several heroes, the destruction of the Capitol or the White House was assured?

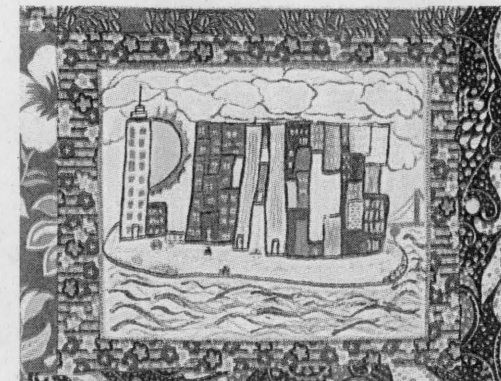
Would we have conjured up anything like the "9/11 Peace Story Quilt," now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, with children's drawings and words emphasizing the need for

multicultural sensitivity? Or a book paying tribute to "Dog Heroes of September 11th"? Would we have predicted that the performance artist Karen Finley would impersonate Liza Minnelli at the West Bank Cafe for the occasion, supposedly to champion her spunky spirit (though Ms. Finley will probably be far more mischievous)? Or that a Film Forum festival would pay tribute to the N.Y.P.D. with 19 movies, some unflattering (like "Serpico")?

The cultural commemorations scheduled for this anniversary will also include compositions that have been associated with death (Brahms's "Requiem") and the over-coming of death (Mahler's "Resurrection" Symphony), as well as a "Concert of Peace" that will offer music from the cultures out of which the attackers arose.

And while the hours of television

Continued on Page 6



INTERRELATIONS COLLABORATIVE

"9/11 Peace Story Quilt," at the Met Museum.

Jason And Medea Together Again

The mythological affair between Jason and Medea ended on a gruesome note, but in true 17th-century Venetian style, tragedy and comedy are interwoven in

VIVIEN
SCHWEITZER

MUSIC
REVIEW

Francesco Cavalli's infrequently performed "Giasone." The work opened on Thursday evening at Le Poisson Rouge in a staged production by Opera Omnia, a fledgling company that specializes in repertory from that period.

In the program notes, Wesley Chinn, Opera Omnia's general manager and artistic director, writes that economic challenges caused the three-year gap between the company's debut at Le Poisson Rouge in 2008, with Monteverdi's "Coronation of Poppea,"

Giasone

Le Poisson Rouge

and "Giasone," its second endeavor. (Opera companies much larger than Omnia have recently faced similar difficulties.)

"Giasone," which had its pre-

Struggling to Keep Up With Those Mormons

By PATRICK HEALY

The new Broadway musical "The Book of Mormon" has been setting box office records, and this has been the best summer yet for the long-running hits "Wicked" and "The Lion King." But this blockbuster bounty has not trickled down to everything on Broadway; several major musicals have struggled to fill seats during an especially lucrative time of the year, with some shows closing, while others are bracing for the traditionally slow-selling fall.

"Priscilla Queen of the Desert" has begun offering a money-back guarantee — virtually unheard of on Broadway — to groups of ticket buyers as a hedge against the relatively risqué content of a show about gay male drag performers. The producers of both "Priscilla" and "Sister Act," another new musical with uneven box office sales, are revamping their advertising and marketing campaigns in hopes of improving the shows' appeal.

And the team behind the hit "Billy Elliot," which began turning a profit in 2010, is hoping that creative changes, including the elimination of some profanity, will help draw more families and school groups.

Meanwhile, the \$13 million musical "Catch Me if You Can" — which had been one of the most anticipated of the spring — is now set to close on Sunday after ticket sales firmed this summer.



to have been the era's most frequently performed opera, is similar to "The Coronation of Poppea" in both its musical style (recitative and short ariosi) and its view of human nature as amoral. Crystal Manich's lively staging meshes pathos and bathos with quirky touches alluding to Poisson Rouge's Greenwich Village neighborhood, and illuminates the link between Cavalli's satire and the commedia dell'arte tradition.

Continued on Page 6



word of mouth. Another new musical, "Baby It's You!," is also closing on Sunday after quickly petering out, and the producers of "The Addams Family" announced last week that it would

Continued on Page 5

"Sister Act" (left, with Patina Miller) and "Priscilla Queen of the Desert" (with Nick Adams) are two of the Broadway musicals facing slow sales.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARA KRULWICH/THE NEW YORK TIMES

Danger Close And Far Away

A group of photogenic college kids is attacked by ravenous you-know-whats in the film "Shark Night 3D." And some American astronauts also encounter a few predatory creatures when they land on the Moon in "Apollo 18." Reviews are on Pages 4 and 6.



STEVE DIETL/RELATIVITY MEDIA

STRATFORD, Ontario — Brian Dennehy is making mischief all over the place at the Stratford Shakespeare Festival this summer. I refer not to the actor himself, of course, but

CHARLES ISHERWOOD

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK

to the two contrasting miscreants he's portraying onstage here in the fine productions of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" and Harold Pinter's "Homecoming" that are among the highlights of the company's season.

Mr. Dennehy, who won his second Tony for his James Tyrone in Eugene O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night," was most recently seen on Broadway as the snarling patriarch in the short-lived revival of O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms." He will be appearing next spring as Larry Slade alongside Nathan Lane's Hickey in a new production of "The Iceman Cometh," at the



CYLLA VON TIEDEMANN

Brian Dennehy in Harold Pinter's "Homecoming" at the Stratford Shakespeare Festival.

Goodman Theater in Chicago.

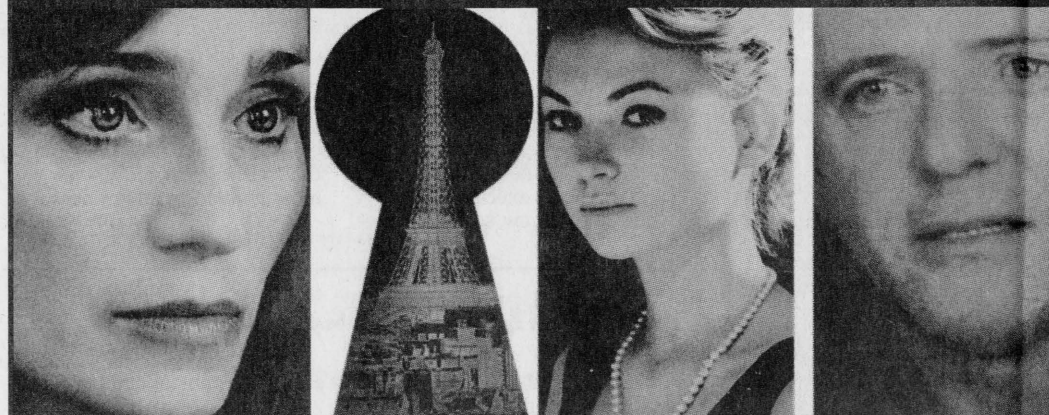
But this summer he's setting aside O'Neillian angst, and honing his skills in comparatively lighter roles. True, the snarling patriarch of Pinter's drama isn't really a barrel of fun, but in Jennifer Tarver's smooth production of this ever-mysterious play, its strong vein of dark humor moves to the fore. And as is often the case with "Twelfth Night," Sir Toby Belch (Mr. Dennehy) and his partner in dissolution, Andrew Aguecheek (the terrific Stephen Ouimette), give such pleasure with their debauched antics that the romances at the center of the comedy's plot seem pallid by comparison.

Des McAnuff, the Stratford festival's artistic director, who staged the company's comparatively streamlined production of "Jesus Christ Superstar," pulls out all the stops for this romping

Continued on Page 5

"ONE OF THE YEAR'S BEST FILMS!"

LEONARD MALTIN, MALTIN ON MOVIES



"KRISTIN SCOTT THOMAS IS EXCELLENT."

RACHEL SALTZ, THE NEW YORK TIMES

KRISTIN SCOTT THOMAS

AIDAN QUINN

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THE WEINSTEIN COMPANY

NOW PLAYING



PHOTOGRAPHS BY FABRIZIO COSTANTINI FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

VINTAGE PAIR Margaret Dunning, below, will show her '30 Packard at the Concours d'Élégance of America on July 31.

Packard, 81, Is a Youngster to Its Driver

By MARY M. CHAPMAN

PLYMOUTH, Mich.

WHEN Margaret Dunning was 10 years old, she lost control while driving the family's Overland touring car and careened into a barn, fracturing several boards.

"I hit it, and it didn't move," Ms. Dunning, who turned 101 last month, said.

"That car had a mind of its own," she said. "And I'm not a very tall person, so I had trouble getting onto the brakes with enough power to hold that engine down. It just got away from me."

Soon enough, though, she was back at it, rumbling around the back roads of Redford Township, just west of Detroit, where her family owned a sprawling dairy and potato farm. By then she had already been driving for two years.

Before the barn incident, Ms. Dunning's father had often let his young daughter steer while he operated the other controls. One day he let her do it all, but not without a stern lecture.

"Do you know what you're controlling here?" she recalled him asking. "Do you know the power that you're controlling?"

"He explained to me how, for some jobs, it was better to use multiple horses," she said. "But the minute you lose control, you've got wild horses to deal with."

"And that's how he taught me about horsepower," Ms. Dunning added. "And it stuck with me."

After that, Ms. Dunning, an only child, drove everything on the farm that was drivable, she said, including a Maxwell truck and eventually, tractors.

When she was 12 her father died, and his Model T Ford became hers.

Once her politically connected mother, who had arthritic feet and could not drive cars, finagled a driver's license for the 12-year-old Margaret, she drove her mother everywhere. Her mother drove the farm's four teams of horses.

"If you had just a little knowledge and some baling wire and bob pins, you could keep the thing going," she said of the Model T. "It was the little car that made America."

She cherished her time in the car alone, reaching into the wind for roadside stalks of fragrant sweet clover. "I'd see a few friends or race past a blind pig," she said, using the euphemism for Prohibition-era drinking establishments. "Before I could get home, people would be calling saying, 'I think I just saw Margaret, with quite a dust pile behind her.'"

In those days there was something else in the air: the excitement spawned by a burgeoning auto industry. Henry Ford not only led that wave, but to the Dunnings he was a friend and neighbor who lived minutes away.

"Dad would come in and say, 'Well, Henry's outside and I've asked him to stay for dinner,'" she said. "Mom had made huckleberry pie and offered Henry some."

ONLINE: ACTIVE SENIORS

A video and slide show of Margaret Dunning, 101, and the rumble-seat Packard she has owned for six decades.

nytimes.com/autos

town of Plymouth, where she has lived in the same home since she was 13. In the 1940s she and her mother donated property to establish what is now the Dunning-Hough Library. She has also donated more than \$1 million to the Plymouth Historical Museum.

Her love affair with vehicles never waned. She drove a truck as a Red Cross volunteer and has owned a parade of classic and antique cars. At her



home, she also keeps a 1931 Ford Model A, a 1966 Cadillac DeVille that she often drives to car meets, a 1975 Cadillac Eldorado convertible and her everyday car, a 2003 DeVille. A battered Model T steering wheel is her garage doorstop.

But her real love is a cream-color 1930 Packard 740 roadster, which she has owned since 1949. She plans to show the Packard at the Concours d'Élégance of America in Plymouth on July 31.

"I saw a for-sale picture and I was a goner right then and there," Ms. Dunning said. "The guy said his wife had told him they had to get a closed car if they were going to have children. It was raining that day in Detroit when it came in, I remember it well. It sat in a carrier all by itself."

Ms. Dunning cannot recall how much she paid for the Packard, and said it was unclear how many miles were on its inline 8-cylinder engine. The Packard had not exactly been pampered, she said, before it was fully restored by a friend.

"It had been through the boot camp at some Army places during the Second World War," she explained. "In those days soldiers wanted something to drive from camp to their new city, and they loaded them with other soldiers and ran the dickens out of them."

Since it was restored, the Packard has mostly been a show car, although Ms. Dunning used to drive it more often than the three or four times a year that she takes it out now. "It's always been a

car that I've kept separate from other cars," she said, adding that she has owned other Packards.

"They're just made out of such fine material," she said. "I love the engineering that went into it. There's just a lot of very, very fine workmanship."

Packard, an upscale brand produced from 1899 to 1958, ushered in several innovative designs, including the modern steering wheel. Ms. Dunning's roadster was built in Detroit in an Albert Kahn-designed factory complex, now abandoned, that covered 3.5 million square feet and once employed 40,000 workers. In addition to the luxury vehicles, the factory turned out engines for World War II fighter planes.

Ms. Dunning still changes the oil herself, but mostly relies on a small maintenance team that includes a 90-year-old friend. "His hands are just magic," she said.

Her car has black fenders and a red leather interior with a cigarette lighter, map light and glove compartments on each side of the dashboard. The windshield pushes outward, and there is a rumble seat and storage compartment in back. The transmission is a 4-speed — manual shift, of course.

All these years Ms. Dunning has kept her Packard's original key with its elaborate crest. For her recent birthday, some friends duplicated the prized key.

"I was thrilled to death to have another one," she said. "If I had ever lost the one I had, the locksmith would be out here for a week, and I still would not have that crest," she said.

Ms. Dunning, who belongs to several car clubs, including the Michigan Region Classic Car Club of America, said the Packard has never given her much trouble, although there were times she had to deal with vapor lock, when the gasoline gets hot and evaporates before making it through the carburetor.

"You wait until the car cools off, restart it and off you go," she said.

"I've never run out of gas with it," she said with a chuckle. "That's the famous thing to do with old cars. You're so busy trying to keep everything else in shape, you forget about the gas."

She said she was looking forward to the concours because she had not shown the car in years. "And it's just such a pleasure to revive old memories, people I haven't seen in such a long time."

Having experienced the horse-and-buggy and Model T days, Ms. Dunning is amazed by the technology and styling of contemporary cars, she said. She is considering buying another vehicle, but she does not know what yet. "It's just so much easier to drive now because of power steering and brakes," she explained.

"With the older cars you have to use what I call arm-strong steering. But cars like the Packard make it all worthwhile. I love that car a great deal. I mean, I honestly do love it."

"He said that was his favorite pie — I think he was being polite, but he was marvelous just like that."

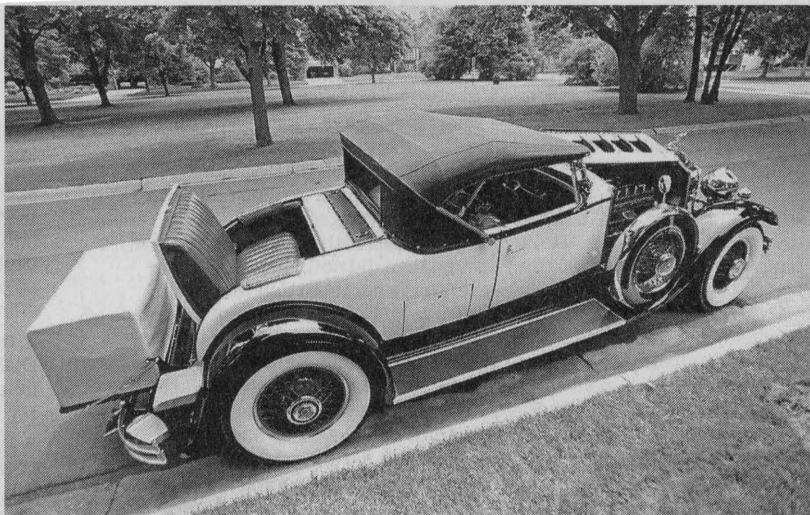
She added, "He always wore a hat with a sizable brim and a black band, and he'd push it off his face when he talked to you, and looked you right in the eye."

Ms. Dunning, who never married, attended a private high school in Wellesley, Mass., before enrolling at the University of Michigan, intending to study business.

"When I was little, Mom asked me what I thought I wanted to do for a living," she said. "I told her 'to buy and sell.' I think that surprised her."

She dropped out of college during the Depression to help at her mother's real estate business and later had successful turns in banking and retail.

All along she supported her beloved



AL FRESCO Among the attractions of Ms. Dunning's roadster is a rumble seat.

ONLINE nytimes.com/autos

MOTORING: **Automotive Ailments**

A new batch of technical service bulletins lists problem heaters, bad driveshafts and rattling steering columns. By Scott Sturgis.

WHEELS BLOG: **A Hybrid Scorecard**

The Union of Concerned Scientists said some automakers were not delivering on the promise of hybrid technology. By Cheryl Jensen.



The New York Times



RUBY WASHINGTON/THE NEW YORK TIMES

By the Water, Pretending to Be Water

Members of the Streb Extreme Action Company performing "Human Fountain" at the World Financial Center Plaza as part of the River to River Festival. Review, Page 5.

A Concept Is Minimal. The Works Sure Aren't.

Franz Welser-Möst and the Cleveland Orchestra have taken up residence at Avery Fisher

Time-Travel Adventure to Save the Life of Doctor Who

By PATRICK HEALY

SALFORD, England — The 15 schoolchildren knew they weren't in danger, but theater still worked its magic as they spied the six-foot-tall stone monster behind them in the corridor of a spaceship. When the dusky lighting went black, and a pulsing strobe light began to illuminate the monster closing in, they

let out a collective shriek and fled through a portal that, mysteriously, opened onto a tented fairground where a sign announced the date: "6 July 1888."

By this point the adults on the adventure looked baffled. But the 8- and 9-year-olds had it all figured out.

The monster, duh, was one of the Weeping Angel statues that caused trouble last season on

Monsters hot on the trail of child heroes.

"Doctor Who," the long-running science-fiction television series on the BBC that has become embedded in British popular culture. The Angels' powers in-

clude hurtling their prey into the past — hence the 113-year jump in time. But what would come next, some of the students wondered aloud with delight. Where would the story go from here?

Turning children into hands-on heroes of a "Doctor Who" episode, and giving some of them their first taste of theater, are among the goals of "The Crash of the Elysium," which

runs through Sunday in the Manchester International Festival here. The critically praised hourlong show is also the latest full-immersion work by the London troupe Punchdrunk, best known in New York for another, continuing piece of full-participation theater, "Sleep No More," in which people — grown-ups,

Continued on Page 6

ner symphonies are juxtaposed with works by John Adams. It is an odd pairing, built on Mr. Welser-Möst's interesting assertion that Bruckner is "the grandfather of Minimalism."

How is that? Both Bruckner and the Minimalists wrote big works that evolve gradually over long stretches of time, and if Bruckner's symphonic wanderings do indeed point toward Minimalism, his music is revolutionary. Or something.

The second installment of the series, on Thursday evening,

Cleveland Orchestra
Avery Fisher Hall

pointed up a few problems with this conceit. One was apparent at a glance: the works at hand — Mr. Adams's 1993 Violin Concerto and the Bruckner Seventh Symphony — are about as far from Minimalism as you can get.

The Bruckner, with its huge, variegated textures; generous dynamic range; and winding, if not serpentine, themes, is an essay in 19th-century maximalism, and nothing screams High Romanticism louder than the brass climaxes scattered throughout the work.

Mr. Adams, for the last couple of decades, has been less a Minimalist than an eclectic neo-Romantic, and his Violin Concerto has more in common with the Berg and Bartok concertos than with any of the classic Minimalist

Continued on Page 5

That's as Familiar As the Machine It Fights With

I have played the future of mobile gaming. It is called Shadow Cities.

If you have an iPhone, you simply must try this game. Shadow Cities isn't just the future of mobile gaming. It may actually be the most interesting, innovative, provocative and far-reaching video game in the world right now, on any system.

**SETH
SCHIESEL**
VIDEO GAME
REVIEW

That's a strong, perhaps outrageous, statement. But it's merited because Shadow Cities delivers a radically fresh sort of engagement. Shadow Cities fully employs the abilities of the modern smartphone in the service of an entertainment experience that feels almost impossibly exciting and new.

The game's basic concept may sound familiar: you are trying to help your team take over the world. But we're not talking about some fantasy realm or alien planet here. In Shadow Cities you're trying to take over the real world.

When you log in to Shadow Cities, you see your actual location, as if you were using a satellite map program, which you are (using the iPhone's GPS service). If you are in a reasonably populated area, you will also see nearby "gateways," based on local landmarks. You then take control of those gateways and use them to power additional structures that allow you to grow in strength and stake a claim to control of your 'hood. When you log off, your empire remains, until some enemy players come along and raze it.

Of course you're not alone. Right there on the screen you will see other nearby players in real time, and not all will be friendly. When



GREY AREA

Shadow Cities This iPhone battle game lets players compete in real time and in real places.

you start the game, you must choose between two factions, the Animators (nature lovers) and the Architects (technologists). These cabals are locked in an eternal struggle, and at any time you can zoom out and survey the surrounding area for miles to determine which side is winning around you. More broadly, the game is structured in a series of weeklong campaigns, with separate scoreboards for various countries and states.

But why stay home when you have an entire planet to explore? The most far-reaching (literally!) aspect of Shadow Cities is that you can set up a beacon at your location for other play-

Continued on Page 6

After 22 Years, Organist Seeks an Adventure

By DANIEL J. WAKIN

The Church of St. Ignatius Loyola rests nobly on Park Avenue at 84th Street, amid the wealth and power of the Upper East Side. Its music program is equally imposing, an important part of the city's concert scene. Kent Tritle, the organist and choral conductor, has overseen the church's lyrical side for 22 years. It's an established, comfortable perch.

But Mr. Tritle is giving it up for roomier and decidedly non-Roman-Catholic confines on the dowdier Upper West Side. He is becoming music director of the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, starting on Sept. 1.

For music lovers his move is a big deal. St. Ignatius, Trinity Church and a few other houses of worship play a major role in the musical life of the city, presenting a whole slice of the literature — sacred and choral music — at a high level and organ works, on spectacular instruments, in their native habitat. Mr. Tritle is a major performing organist and plays the instrument for the New York Philharmonic when called for.

Mr. Tritle said in an interview that he had been happy at St. Ignatius, and that the move to the Episcopal cathedral was entirely voluntary. The acting pastor at St. Ignatius Loyola, the Rev. William J. Bergen, in a message to the parish, sent him off with sad-

ness and blessings, saying Mr. Tritle wanted "to leave secure and familiar surroundings and to move on to new and promising places."

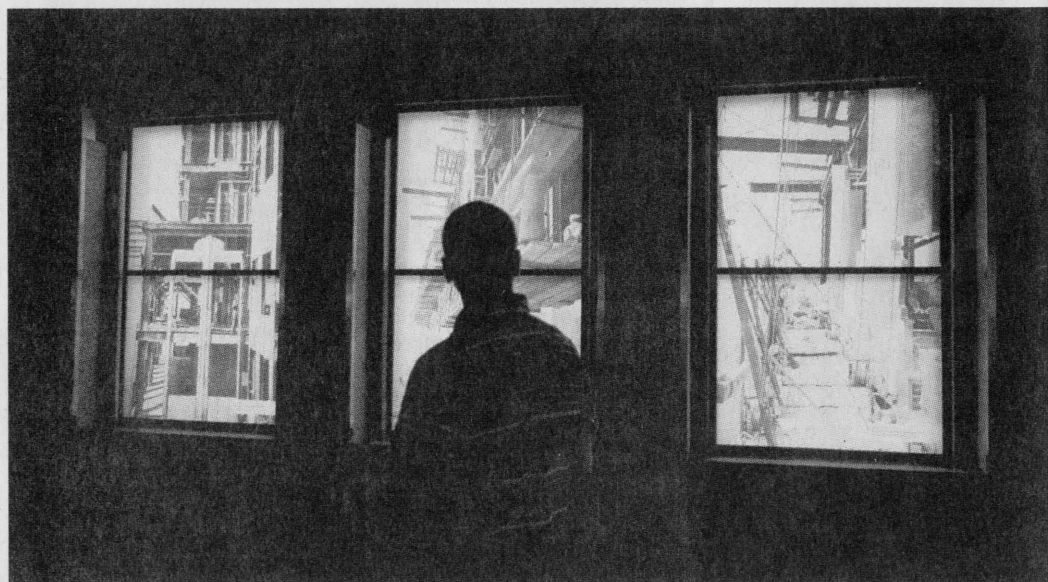
In essence Mr. Tritle agreed. But he added another reason and spoke about his plans for St. John. Here is a condensed and edited version of the conversation.

Q. Why did you decide to take the
Continued on Page 7



JENNIFER S. ALTMAN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Kent Tritle conducting at St. Ignatius Loyola, where he has worked for two decades.



LIBRADO ROMERO/THE NEW YORK TIMES

Empire State Building Photographs from an exhibition on the 80th floor about the building's construction.

A View Inside King Kong's Perch

I am pressing against a secure wall, not daring to step away. The wind is whipping against me — or is it howling? My feet feel rubbery on the narrow walkway. I think of those balconies

**EDWARD
ROTHSTEIN**

EXHIBITION
REVIEW

on the upper floors of colonial homes in old ports, where pacing wives would gaze out to sea, seeking the long-overdue ships of sailor husbands: widows' walks. If this particular walk were open to an anxiously pacing public, I can only imagine how many new widows and widowers would be left behind. But I look out, and the vision is literally breathtaking, the Hudson shimmering in the west, and a patch of green off to the north — Central Park — lying just beyond some half-hearted high-rises.

I am standing a floor above the high-

est observation deck of the Empire State Building just outside a room with cables and communications equipment. The walkway circles around the building's narrow spire, which, in 1930, was envisioned as a mooring mast for dirigibles; as it turned out, only King Kong ever reliably used it for support.

And though the view from the glassed-in deck on the 102nd floor below is almost as remarkable, I am glad that Jean-Yves Ghazi, the director of the observatory, has led me up here, because what I have been made forcefully aware of by the jolts of wind is not the building as completed object, secure and established, dominating the cityscape, but the building as it came to be. Because it was in the midst of these whipping winds and unsettling heights that welders, riveters, steamfitters,

Continued on Page 5



"THE MOST THOROUGHLY ENJOYABLE MOVIE FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY!"

Steve Persall, ST. PETERSBURG TIMES



KEVIN JAMES
ZOO

Arts, Briefly

Compiled by Dave Itzkoff

2 More Resignations From City Opera Board

Two more members of the board of New York City Opera have resigned in the wake of the company's departure from Lincoln Center. **Jonathan Sheffer**, a conductor and composer who had been a trustee for two years, said on Friday that he stepped down 10 days ago but not because of the move. "I really felt at odds with the company's artistic direction," he said, adding that it had "broken faith with the audience." The general and artistic director, **George Steel**, has been criticized by some for neglecting more traditional productions in favor of the off-beat. Mr. Sheffer, the former music director of the Eos Orchestra in New York and Red [an orchestra], in Cleveland, said he still had "enormous respect and admiration for Mr. Steel." **Roy L. Furman**, an investment banker and theater producer, has also resigned, Mr. Sheffer said. Mr. Furman did not immediately return messages; nor did a City Opera spokeswoman. The mezzo-soprano **Joyce Castle** stepped down last month, citing opposition to the move. **DANIEL J. WAKIN**



RICHARD TERMINE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Injured Romeo Undergoes Knee Surgery

Sam Troughton (above with **Mariah Gale**), the actor playing Romeo who was injured on Tuesday during the Royal Shakespeare Company's performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Park Avenue Armory, has undergone



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE NEWARK MUSEUM

Newark Museum Receives \$1 Million Grant

The Newark Museum has received a \$1 million grant from the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation to support its African art collection. The grant will allow the museum to hire a new assistant curator, doubling the size of its African art department, and to engage additional scholars for research, the museum's director, **Mary Sue Sweeney Price**, said in a telephone interview. The museum, whose holdings include works by **Yinka Shonibare**, above, and by **Olu Amoda**, below, is also planning an expansion and reinstallation of its African art galleries, which will open in 2015. It received a \$500,000 challenge grant toward that project from the National Endowment for the Humanities, which requires the museum to raise an additional \$1.5 million. Ms. Price said the museum was making progress toward that goal and would announce some major gifts in the next few months. The museum, which has long received a major portion of its funding from the State of New Jersey, has had to cope with a reduction in its state subsidy of more than 50 percent in recent years. Last year it laid off 15 percent of its staff. "The institution is doing what all institutions are doing, which is focus on your core strengths and bring those forward, and work with your community," Ms. Price said. "The result, I hope, will be a stronger and more vibrant museum that can survive the current economic downsizing in the wider cultural world." **KATE TAYLOR**

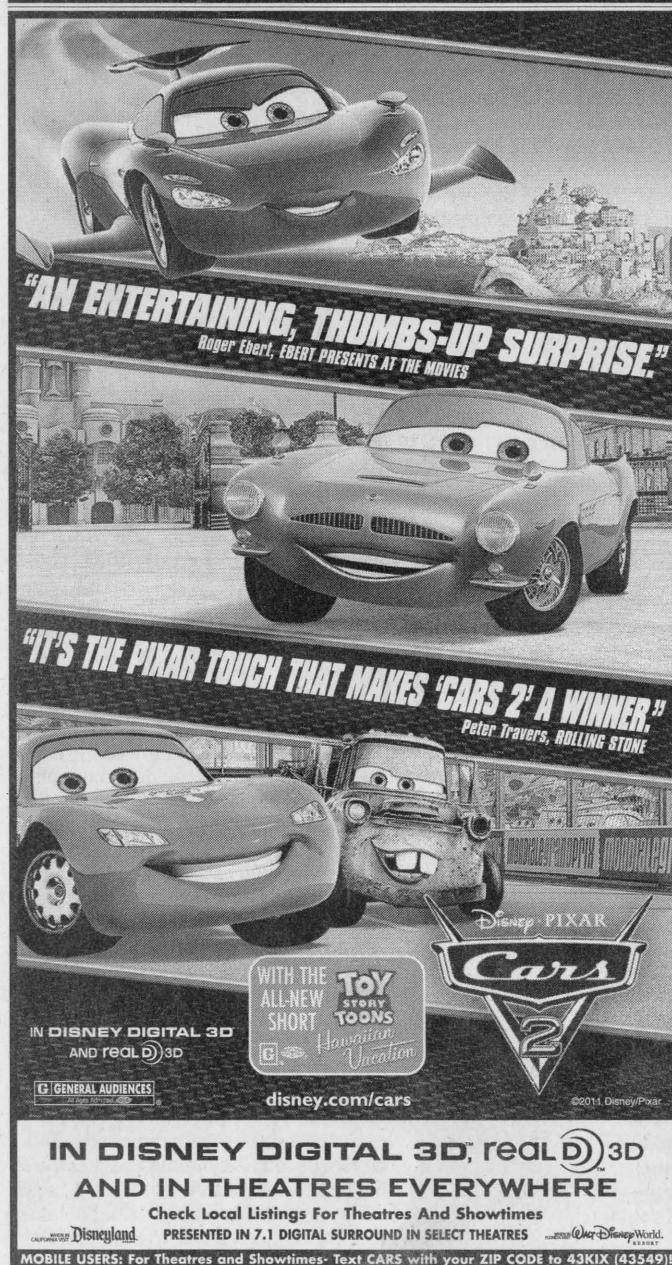


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Roger Ebert, Ebert Presents At the Movies

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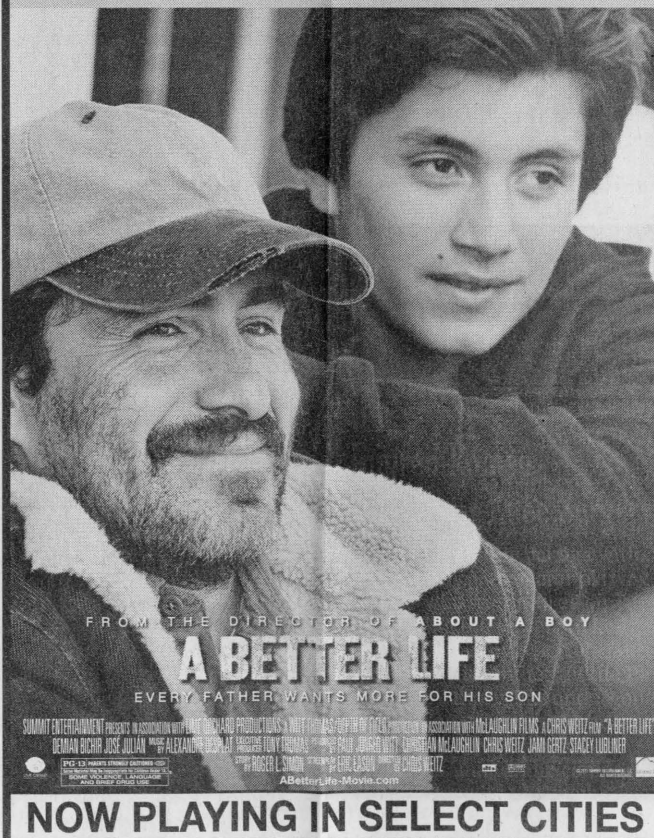
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She said she did not know if he would be able to return to the role on Sunday, when the next performance is scheduled. When Mr. Troughton was hurt during the Tuesday matinee the show went on, after a brief delay, with **Dylan Dwyfor** filling in as Mr. Troughton went to a hospital. Mr. Dwyfor also played the role Tuesday night. In a statement, Mr. Troughton said: "My time in New York so far has been brilliant, and performing at the army for such generous and enthusiastic audiences a thrill, so it is extremely disappointing to have suffered this injury. I'd like to wish Dylan all the best and thank everyone for their support and good wishes including the fantastic medical team, with whose continued care I intend to defy the stars and return to the stage as soon as possible."

PATRICIA COHEN

Downstate Theater Takes On 'Cymbeline'

Commercial theater producers seeking to make money off Shakespeare usually stick to tried-and-true audience draws like "Hamlet" or "Macbeth," but even those can be financially risky without a celebrity in the title role. But next month a group of commercial producers will try to make a go of "Cymbeline," one of Shakespeare's trickier tragic romances — though with a staging that received strong notices from critics this winter. This inventive production by Fiasco Theater, featuring six actors in 14 roles and an imaginative set that relied on just two crates, a sheet and trunk serving many purposes, will begin an 18-week run Aug. 27 at the Barrow Street Theater. The nonprofit Theater for a New Audience, which presented the earlier production of "Cymbeline," is now undertaking the first commercial run of a Shakespeare play in an Off Broadway house in its 32-year history. Its partners are three successful Off Broadway commercial producers: **Scott Morfee**, **Jean Doumanian** and **Tom Wirtshafter**. Also returning soon is the Play Company's acclaimed production of "Invasion!," a comic drama about the fight against terrorism that ran at Walker-space during the winter. The play, by **Jonas Hassen Khemiri** and translated from the Swedish by **Rachel Willson-Broyles**, will move to the nearby Flea Theater, with preview performances scheduled to begin Sept. 6. The Play Company, which has been praised for its productions of foreign language works in translation, will be based at the Flea for the 2011-12 season, the theater company has announced.

PATRICK HEALY

Lane Explains Appeal Of 'Iceman Cometh'

Nathan Lane, above right, will play one of the stage's great dramatic characters — the doomed salesman **Hickey Hickman** — in the Goodman Theater's revival of "The Iceman Cometh" by **Eugene O'Neill** in Chicago next spring, the theater announced on

Thursday. Mr. Lane said in a telephone interview that he had never been in a O'Neill play but had long been fascinated by "Iceman" and the self-deluding Hickey. In addition, after 30 years of performing on New York stages, he said he was eager for some time away. "It's a good time in my life to do this — I mean, if not now, when?" said Mr. Lane, 55. Mr. Lane is best known for musical theater — he won Tony Awards for "The Producers" and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" and starred as Gomez in "The Addams Family" — but has also taken on a range of dramatic parts, most recently Estragon in "Waiting for Godot" on Broadway in 2009. Also starring in "Iceman" will be **Brian Dennehy**, a long-time O'Neill actor at the Goodman, who will play the one-time anarchist **Larry Slade**. Mr. Dennehy was Hickey in a 1990 Goodman production of "Iceman," and he won a Tony in 2003 as Tyrone in the Broadway transfer of the Goodman's "Long Day's Journey into Night."

PATRICK HEALY



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CBS Edges Rivals

CBS eked out a victory as the top-rated network on Thursday night as 6.5 million viewers tuned in to "Big Brother" at 9 p.m., more than any other program on the night, according to Nielsen's estimates. ABC's "Wipeout" had an audience of 6.4 million at 8, but ABC was second for the night over all. CBS also drew 6.4 million viewers at 10 for a repeat of "The Mentalist," while it broadcast back-to-back reruns of its sitcoms "The Big Bang Theory" (6.3 million) and "Rules of Engagement" (4.9 million). Fox was third with "So You Think You Can Dance" at 8 (5.2 million) followed by a repeat of "Glee" (2.9 million), and NBC finished fourth with low-rated comedy reruns and "Love Bites" at 10 (2 million).

BENJAMIN TOFF

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