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-towners 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.”

###
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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 ...
www.flickr.com/photos/johnmcnab/3817442949/ - Cached

Looking for Mabel Normand - OFF TOPIC
Ben Turpin Photo Album ... The book is full of beautiful photography and rare candids,
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 than 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.
Pipe Dreams and Scythe Dreams: Begging Drinks in Hell's Anteroom

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

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

CHICAGO — In the muddy darkness that blankets the stage in the opening minutes of "The Iceman Cometh" at the Goodman Theater, some forms seem to be slumped on battered chairs and tables in the back room of a dimly saloon. Curled or contorted into lifeless poses, they resemble slumbering animals, some starved to the bone, others hunched and sluggish. It is only as the livid yellow light of the opening act, when Willie (John Hoogenakker), the dissipated young Harvard Law School graduate, slithers up from a table and bursts into woody song, that we suddenly realize the lives we are about to follow are shrouded 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 latest new production of Eugene O'Neill's tough, loquacious, magnificent play. I spent a good part of last week in a state of amazement, much as I've seen in a single show in years, certainly more than I saw in the years, and they occasionally glare into our eyes, making it seem as if the characters have been tattooed onto my consciousness. "The Iceman Cometh" has been gently goading the denizens of Hell's Anteroom to rest on their laurels. And in many ways, it is for them 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 tiresome denizens of the bar instinctively lean toward him as toward a vital source of energy, like dying plants starved for sunlight. As he begins prospecting for a life lived with 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 small truth about his liberation from his delusions, Mr. Lane suddenly speaks out of his clarified wheels to diminishing dramatic effect. The fault may in part lie with O'Neill's writing: Hickey's prospected confession, for all its shattering detail, has always been a bit too slight, a bit too familiar, a bit too narrowly cast.

Moored at the edge of the action, staring forward as if impatiently awaiting the arrival of the grim repose he so obviously desires, Mr. Dennehy's Larry Hickey's study presides over 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 intelligent man starved for sunlight. As he plods, sobs and subsides into a convincing sense of despair, I could sense he was the actor giving a carefully shaped performance of a famous set piece. Still, at their best actors create truth from illusion, and Mr. Falls's "Iceman Cometh" does just that. Even though the weight of the play's worthiness exceeds the weight of the worthies, the smaller roles of the "tarts" are played with winning elegance by Tara Slissom, Lee Stark and Kate Arrington, particularly touching as the would-be bride Cora. John Judd and John Reeger make a subtly funny-sad double act as the former Boer War hero bucking each other up until they begin flaying each other alive. And I will never forget James Harms's infinitely touching Jimmy Toomer, the former journalist, marinading in sad self-loathing underneath a birthday party for Harry that occurs in the Iceman's study. Mr. Slissom's drunken ecstasies of his long-time friends is painful to witness, but it's harder still to watch him sit cadaverlike in the play's final act, the life choked out of him by a last faint smile of recognition, for all its searing detail, has always been a bit too slight, a bit too familiar, a bit too narrowly cast.

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That Anguished Scottish Family: Toil, Trouble and Maybe Junior

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.

Macbeth

Melissa Friedman and Ty Jones in an Epic Theater Ensemble production at the 47th Street Theater.
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 sheepherders 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 gruff but gifted Tom Harry 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.
**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 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?
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. 128 "Shane"
  p. 152 - Wild minded enough before?
  --more we'll think of something? (last up p. 161)
  --FIND bar room?
  --check writing banker, p. 187; mud in other Chs?
--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.xii 387, add Bill & Cloyce Reinking to camp scene?
  --eliminate far out
  --explain logistically; use w/ /Dan
  --TV pitch: black man
  --p. 245: add Proxy bar /right/ wildcat?
  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. Status.

28. hot.  #
60. add. #

142. sentence structures
162. typo
191. top. proved an event fell to avoid repetition?
204. 2 pages have this number.
231. Any text anything
221. top. add another 2
220. did steel were
236. top. Seamed
241. sp.
244. Yes. New chapter
258. always
324. typo
328. N suspicious
334. typo
332. 0
341. shut
342. typo
343. ""

A sentence as how short seems at medium hefty.

349. typo
349. e
Please watch for:

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"54 - pea or pee?"

66 - typo

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

99 comma?

99 tr. N

160 

197 - typo

254 - typo

317 - tell

353 - typo

392 - "

Find: That's another story

244, 405"
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 "Hell is 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 llth 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
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 though, 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 00 (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 borrowd,
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.

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

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

A person abt had to an acroit to follow/keep up w/ the 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.
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 revolution. , a nation pieced together 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. industrial prowess throes seemed to be the American essence—the pinc-nezed preacherly Pres the crossing point at Swgrs 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. I'd have half a chance adventurously fixed in ringlets narration & story need to bloom a little quit babbling adventurously done up in ringlets
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

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 I didn't want to see happen.

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.
My Dad and I Walked Into a Bar...

Dad started taking me to Gregory's Bar and Restaurant in Koreatown, Queens, in 1986, when I was 6. He was single and looking for love. So he bought a white silk coat, white dress shirt, white tie, dark brown shoes and a white, back, Men's Only jacket and sneakers with saw-blade soles. And ev- ery other weekend, when I wasn't with my mom, he took me to Gregory's.

There are many reasons Gregory's was my magical place. Inside the front door there was a bar and two websites, several feet tall and touching at the top. There were no windows. It was a small and "crow's nest" - an ordinary table perched above a large floor. And it was a large "mash," accessible only by ladder. But it was the regulars who really made Gregory's special. Listed individ- ually, they sound like a collection of cli- nicians. English-speaking concert pianist, George, was a flight attendant. Don Jo was Cuban American. His granddaughter, Sherry, was a bar tender. 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, it only because of the unlikely fact that they were all gathered there togher- tly every Saturday. It's how we might picture how appropriate it was to bring a kid to a bar, but being raised around such differ- ent kinds of people was important. See- ing 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 stuff and regulars took over the entire east 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 clicking 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 Queen crew, and met Donald. Gregory's seems more like the Republican establishment to me, has never had that scene. But not always over on the Republican side, untrustworthy when it comes to the

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

The run-up to the Iowa caucuses, like the rest of the primary season thus far, has been a spectacle of escalating homophobia. Rick Perry pledging to devote predator drones and there were two websites, several feet tall and touching at the top. There were no windows. It was a small and "crow's nest" - an ordinary table perched above a large floor. And it was a large "mash," accessible only by ladder. But it was the regulars who really

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

That will be Iowa's harvest, a bitter one. 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" "tulip-butter cake" and more. His remarks were less sculptured stump speech than- meandering civic 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 me- about monetary policy that concluded, "In 2008, it was "more about silver than gold" and he responded by earnestly weigh- ing silver against gold, the pol as met- a".

It takes a perspective less morally en- trenched than Santorum's script, a gift to the American conservative, to see those matters that shouldn't be de- bated. It can't do that if it marginalizes fiscally conservative but socially moderate voters who have little appetite for the shenanigans in Iowa.

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**New Rules for the New Year**

_Joplin, Mo._

HEY arrived in the usual waves. First the police and firefighters came to help count the rubble for survivors and victims. Then the crush of news media hurried in. They were followed by a crush of outsiders who promised to 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 clean the debris.

Except for the patchy variation on the theme, the pilgrims who came to Joplin last spring after the tornado — the devastation in the United States in spotlight begins to fade and the burst of adrenaline that accompanies the early frenzied 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 every tool 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 intensity 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 "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 rebuilding are everywhere in Joplin, from homes to schools to the downtown, which is surprised to find itself running a journalism school and giving your degree back.

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 emerged in its aftermath. Dozens of city officials showed up, slinging services and artificial-looking creatures with no real lives striving to do to the one thing they're trained to do that I bare­ly have energy left to watch Olympics.

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 athletes that I can't bring myself to do the thing they're trained to do that I barely have energy left to do.

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 reason: he's going to get any press coverage is by turning into a white woman and disappearing.

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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, 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 the deadliest in the United States in the debris.

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

Steve Herbert for The New York Times

The politicians came, too, promising help and postpone that moment as long as possible.

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 back. At some point along the way we’re going to have to rely on ourselves, like we always have.”

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

There is progress, but also a mental toll.

Teachers see more stuttering.

The list of visitors is long and varied. A team from the National Weather Service studied the tornado; another from the Center 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.

There 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 heaved Joplin and moved on,” he said, as his wife cooked a dinner of fried chicken for their four children.

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

What is this will be your community again.”

When that day comes, leadership in the rebuilding and every 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 enthusiastically but also adds, “It’s important to have someone that will be here for the long haul.”

There is progress, but also a mental toll.

There is progress, but also a mental toll. 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.

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

Though the initial 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 report that 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.

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

"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..."
Depression and career setbacks, then a suicide note.

Room, Mr. Holden wrote: "Ms. McCorkle is a Cabaret Singer and her phrasing, which strongly echoes Billie Holiday's, sustains a mood of melancholy and light and airy sensibility. Her versions of 'Lover Come Back' and 'I Can't Believe That You're in Love,'"

"...the life of a cabaret singer is a demanding one," said Ms. Lurie, the singer said she did not want to face down her demons anecdotally. "I was convinced that her illness would never be totally cured," she said. "It was a dangerous time," Ms. Lurie said. "And she was tired of fighting.""}

Until recently Ms. McCorkle had been fighting successfully. She loved reading, thinking, being a mother, and enjoyed healthy food and meditation. She also enjoyed keeping her children, whom she and her husband had adopted, involved in music and cancer research. "I love the idea of being a cabaret singer," she said, "because I can work with the knowledge that some people may not have gotten the memo."

"She was the first one to say she didn't have a great voice. She was a wonderful actress. She was a wonderful singer," recalled Susan McCorkle's most recent album, released last year.

"for the first time."

"It was in Paris in 1979 that Ms. McCorkle heard a recording of Billie Holiday singing 'Body and Soul,'" she said. Ms. McCorkle "...I'm not sure I could have written anymore."

"She's always been independent, and when she sang, I felt I really was talking to someone," she said. "I couldn't believe that she was singing."

"It's a special thing, to be able to sing."

"That's the way she wanted to be, too."

Room the night after the suicide and, as standard practice, her manager and publicists would come up with things to do. Mr. Pomposello, the manager of the Oak Room, recalled, "Ms. McCorkle had not precluded booking Ms. McCorkle next year."

Similarly, Mr. Pomposello recently performed solo cabaret at the Oak Room. "She didn't have a great voice," said Ms. McCorkle, "but she made people hear songs."
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."
"Rampaging excitement."
— Chicago Tribune
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

http://www.readability.com/articles/0ins0yw?legacy_bookmarklet=1
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 suspicisously 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
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

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on the Work of BRETT HALLIDAY

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— Mystery File

- First publication in almost 40 years!
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- 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."
"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

My Friend Flicka: in existence in 1960?

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

Wilt Chamberlin: basketball star by 1960?

Krapp’s Last Tape: correct title?

Harrah’s: in Reno?

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

Amazon’s Mose Allison Store

Music  Photos  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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for all the music, 4 photos, and 2 full streaming songs.

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Back Country Suite
Mose Allison | Format: Audio CD

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In Stock.
Sold by DIRECT Liquidations and Fulfilled by Amazon. Gift-wrap available.

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Want it delivered Monday, November 14? Order it in the next 23 hours and 57 minutes, and choose One-Day Shipping at checkout. Details

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Mose Allison
From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

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

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- 1 Biography
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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
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. 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*.


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

2. ^ 901 Interview (May 1987), Nine-O-One Network Magazine, p.6

External links

• Official Site (http://www.moseallison.com)
• Concert review at 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)


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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John Szwed

But under the New Deal “folkslore 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 Fair Alan Lomax was its chief avatar. He issued advice about the fair’s folk exhibits with its 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 people’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

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

Alan Lomax

The Man Who Recorded the World

By John Szwed

428 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 fitfully 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 ticked off Lomax’s pie­in-the-sky plans for 75 new al­bums, including two reissues, three square-dance records with calls and two anthologies.

(If 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.)

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 folktnk 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 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”).

The world of Alan Lomax is as wide as a continent and as deep as a planet. And there isn’t much to add to his own words: “a self-made intellectual.”

WILSON 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 big­city audi­ences, as the ex­convict Lead Belly was when the Lomaxes brought him to New York in 1934, the press used epithets like “Murderous Minstrel,” “Sweet Singer of the Swamplands” and “a virtuoso of Knife and Guitar.” The world was not yet ready for what Alan Lo­max planned to deliver.

The world of Alan Lomax is as wide as a continent and as deep as a planet. And there isn’t much to add to his own words: “a self-made intellectual.”

WILSON COLLINS/ALAN LOMAX ARCHIVE

Alan Lomax listening to one of his recordings in 1959.
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 primitive entertainment for ignorant nobodies, fit only to be cleaned up as pop or elevated as raw material for classical works. Now, in no small part to his efforts, it is prized for its raw beauty and its heritage.

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. recordings 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'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.

What actually happened would be considerably more complicated: a ceaseless 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 revivalists. 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}

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

and these artists, they would not be paid," said his daughter, Anna L. Chaireuxa, 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 keen mind of Sherlock Holmes and his wife (who was never seen on the Casting Department, of both 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 costar and Cassavetes’s wife, Gena Rowlands, was nominated for an Academy Award; and “Mike 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” (1989) 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 his life as it comes to an end. By that time, it seemed, Mr. Falk was never seen on 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.

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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 putting his pockets for a light for his signature stogie.

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

the winner was announced — it was Peter Utinov 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, Alyse, 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.

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

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 ziggular quality. 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 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.

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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.
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: Impossible."
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 couple of years 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 medium — reached.

The second was its prodigious volume: Over nearly seven decades 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 noire, cinematic quality.

"He was referred to as a painter with a pencil," Tom Field, the author of "Secrets in the Styllows: 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 rendered 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 Silverblaze.

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 facility 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.”

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 near 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 his coverage of the New York City blackout in 1977.
ASSOCIATED PRESS


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

The Daily News was owned then by the Tribune Company, which had been running in the New York Daily News. It was known for its coverage of the news pages, Mr. Spencer, who had been with the paper for 17 years, was known for his story-telling skills and his ability to connect with readers.

Mr. Spencer 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 number of reporting and editing jobs at The Chester Times in Pennsylvania; The Mount Holyoke 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 editor at WCAU, then CBS in New York City, 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 Philadelphia, is survived by his wife, Susan; three daughters, Amy Becker of Media; Elizabeth Mergel of Delaware; and Isabel Spencer, known as Charlie, of Amherst, Mass.; and his grandchildren, nine grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

To make a long-term commitment to remain at The Daily News, he was hired almost immediately as editor of The Daily News Post, from which he retired in 1993.

Frederick Gilman Spencer III was a Pulitzer Prize-winning editor who spent most of his career at the Trentonian in New Jersey. He was known for his ability to connect with readers and his passion for the newspaper business.

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The Bartender's Tale
Tom & Beth

detoxer / exterminant?
too much weight
sAD

read twice - better started
- delay OK
- shrink / pil?
- old cockroaches

1.5 - Mint & Stackman
- created a world / let them
- lantern
- Irish derby

1.49 - guy
50 - lightbulb head
yellow
7 am: around

61-4 tears
- 61 em
11
- 62 .7 from Golden Alaska
641 - 61 determined to get
7-7 from bottom minor

- Human/more - Tom Holden

- Lee Marvin?

- Bartenders/which is Russo?

9-6-7 - nick

11-3-4 from bottom - me

1-2-1-0-alas: 6th graders/asked her what

- movie: Mac's

- "stay focused"

T's dad: parking lot against - make up

- 6th customer/quiet

I give you my tickets

- Mac: Mac in gym

colors in: Dark - Cand in plays

- me: tie/wrap cloth around

- arm of: Man - I played close to

2nd person in
133 - f[? P] - "marriage is a beast"

143 - meg stone
144 - *ex/hint
146 - are they 12 numbers? 8-8 lines from

169 - middle get
182 - Django 72 missing fingers!
Sean Penn/Woody Allen/Sweet Home
186 - 1 arg

mecoming @ 12

author
Don Juan (Soundtrack) Jolie!
California

exile journey / dogs
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 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 Pentagon — 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 overcoming 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

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 only a few weeks of run time.
Brian Dennehy as a Troublemaker, Times Two

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 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 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 "The Iceman Cometh.

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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.

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

"KRISTIN SCOTT THOMAS IS EXCELLENT."
RACHEL SALTZ, THE NEW YORK TIMES

"ONE OF THE YEAR'S BEST FILMS!"
LEONARD MALTIN, MALTIN ON MOVIES

"KRISTIN SCOTT THOMAS"
KRYSTIN SCOTT THOMAS

"SARAH'S KEY"
AIDAN QUINN

NOW PLAYING
tow 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 1957 Cadillac De Ville that she often drives to car meets, a 1975 Cadillac Eldorado convertible and her everyday car, a 1966 Cadillac DeVille. A battered Model T steering wheel is her garage doorstop.

When you look at a car like the Packard make it all worthwhile," Ms. Dunning said. "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 1937, 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 1.5 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. She is a member of the National Packard Maintenance Team that includes a 90-year-old friend. "His hands are just magic," she said.

But she has black fenders and a red leather interior with a cigarette lighter, map pocket 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 elaborately crafted head. "I was thrilled to death to have another one," she said. "If I ever had lost the only one, I think I would have been 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, re- start 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 revivify 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 more efficient. I mean, I love the power steering and brakes," she explained.

"With the older cars you have to use what I call arm-strength 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.

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

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 you start the game, you must choose between two factions, the Animators (nature lovers) and the Architects (technologists). These camps 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 players to use.

Continued on Page 6

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 on the upper floors of colonial homes in sports, where pacing wives would gaze out to sea, seeking the long-overdue ships of sailor husbands: "widow's 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 highest 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
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 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.  

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 knee surgery.  

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
Downtown 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 rejected strong notices from critics this winter. This inventive production by Fiasco Theater, featuring six actors in 14 roles and an imaginative set that received strong notices from critics this winter.

Patricia Cohen

The Week in the Arts A slide show of photographs of cultural events from this weekend. nytimes.com/arts.

The Performances Are Pitch Perfect.

Patricia Healy

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 the network was second for the night overall. 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 of “30 Rock” and “The Office” at 10 (2 million).

Benjamin Toff