

Living With It

(possible title)

Next (possible title)

I have written the last 3 books with cancer looking over my shoulder.

6 Jan.-- wt 159 (up 3#?)

morning bowel movement

the skips & blips of memory

Dex turns my brain into a list (among other things).

4 of us going arm in arm in arm to Summer Palace, overtaking Meg Ryan, solo. Gave us a mystified look (desc us), Gabri laceratingly young and beautiful.

no entourages

She and OO were no more

solo. Her marriage? w/ had gone defunct...

...I realized was Meg Ryan, deer-eyed & alone. The (format) was hard on the movie women... If I had the moment back, I like to think I'd say "Hey, Kiddo, join us," and offer her the spre aelbow.

On the other hand, tough luck, babe, we're all celebs of some kind here. and onward we swept, arm in arm
the 4 of us

I waw up there w/ those who were on top of the world.
real

I was one of the 2 graybeards on the trip, distinct from the gray haze of whiskers favored by H'wd types, and therefora e mystery.

The waiting room of Hell furnished with side effects.

The world of side effects

There are adjustments ~~any~~ aplenty. Such as sitting on the toilet to pee. But if half the human race can do the doodly squat, there's no reason I can't.

At Latham House, we (at least Holden, Ackerman, myself etc.) knew of the period after NY Times (& perhaps even that it cost \$45 a year in ink), and the story that it was best regarded as an ellipsis on top of itself.

OBITUARIES

Louis Silverstein, Who Gave a Bolder and Airier Look to The Times, Dies at 92

By DOUGLAS MARTIN

When The New York Times began publishing on Sept. 18, 1851, it was the New-York Daily Times. — without a “The” but with a period. When the newspaper took its present name six years later, the hyphen stayed (until 1896), and so did the period, until 1967. That was the year that Louis Silverstein, with the nervous approval of his tradition-minded superiors, got rid of it, ending more than a decade of debate.

It was just one among many changes to the newspaper that Mr. Silverstein, who died on Thursday at 92, made as art director, some of them far more consequential than the deletion of a dot.

In 1976, he helped devise a bigger, more visually expansive and, to many, more appealing New York Times (retaining the “The” it had since acquired). It was a rethinking of the paper that was as important to its future then as the Internet is today, and one that influenced newspaper design nationwide.

In a 1984 survey in the magazine Advertising Age, graphics experts ranked The Times as the best-designed paper in the country. Two years later, The Los Angeles Times said Mr. Silverstein had influenced the redesign of newspapers from coast to coast, winning accolades as the “godfather” of modern newspaper design. Tom Bodkin, the current art director and an assistant managing editor of The Times, said Mr. Silverstein elevated newspaper design from a trade to a profession.

Mr. Silverstein died of cardiac arrest in a hospital in Brooklyn, his daughter, Anne Silverstein, said. He also lived in Brooklyn.

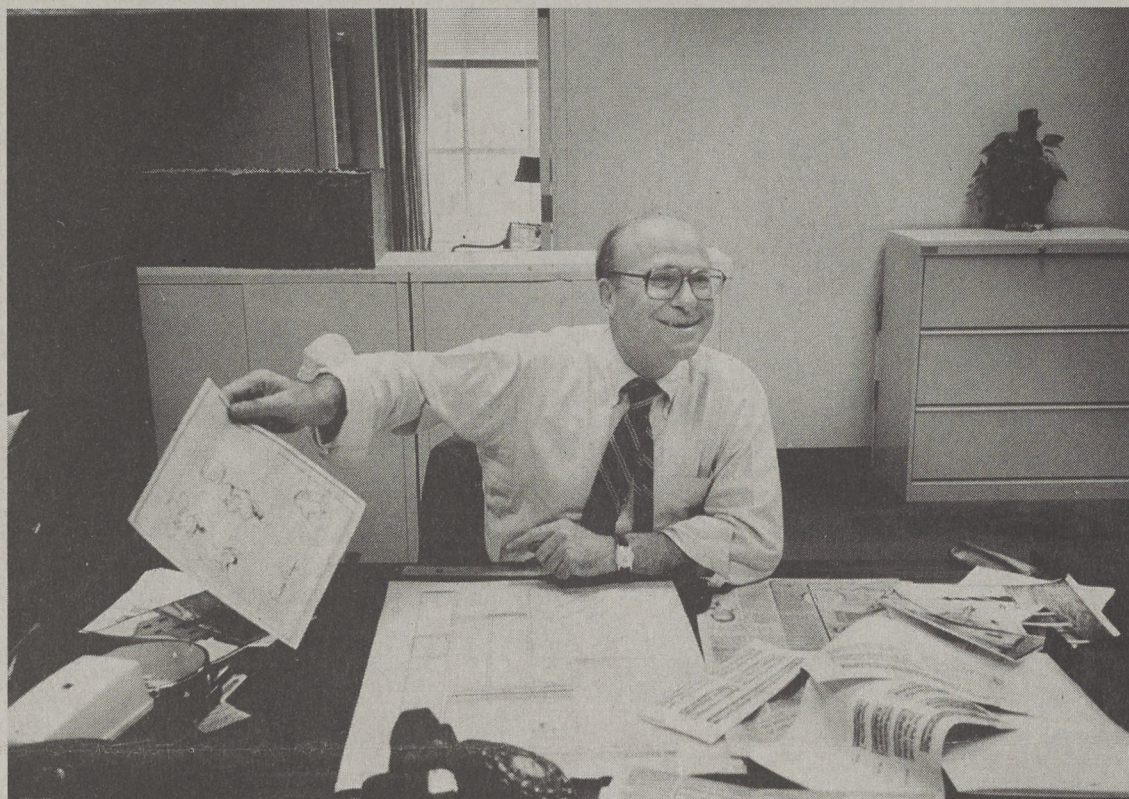
Mr. Silverstein’s original mission at The Times was to help attract a younger, more affluent readership at a time when television and an economic downturn were eroding newspapers’ influence and profitability. The Times, Mr. Silverstein understood, had to modernize. “The Gray Lady,” as it was unflatteringly called, with its tightly packed columns of dense type relieved only sparingly by a photograph or map, would no longer do.

Arthur Gelb, a former managing editor of The Times, said Mr. Silverstein responded with a vision for opening up the design, making more creative use of typefaces, enlarging photographs, adding explanatory graphics and running fewer stories on a page.

“He wanted the paper to breathe,” Mr. Gelb said.

Many of Mr. Silverstein’s contributions remain evident. He enlarged the typeface to make it more comfortable to read. He engineered the reconfiguration of the front page to six columns from eight in 1976, a change that New York magazine likened to tinkering with the “Stradivarius of journalism.”

When The Times, under the executive editor A. M. Rosenthal, expanded to four daily sections from two, adding SportsMonday, Science Times, Living, Home and Weekend, Mr. Silverstein envisioned and nurtured their look. Separate sections for metropolitan and business news were also created. “Ev-



THE NEW YORK TIMES



Louis Silverstein, a former art director and assistant managing editor at The New York Times, designing a page in 1981. He oversaw the look of new daily sections, like Home, and designed the front page after men walked on the moon. It was, at the time, the biggest banner headline in The Times’s history.

ery time you pick up the paper, you have in your hands a reflection of Lou’s sparkling talent,” Mr. Rosenthal once said.

Mr. Silverstein was typically brought in to design the front page when a story of historic dimensions came along, like the first man on the moon. The front page was given over entirely to that event, complete with a poem for the occasion by Archibald MacLeish and, at the time, the biggest banner headline in The Times’s history: “Men Walk on Moon.”

Before becoming the paper’s design director, Mr. Silverstein was an abstract

painter, an art director for advertising agencies and the corporate art director for The New York Times Company. Promoting the paper’s classified ads, he dreamt up the well-known slogan “I got my job through The New York Times.”

He had a fresh, magazinelike sensibility that the publisher, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, hoped to tap when he sent him

to the newsroom to challenge traditional newspaper practices.

When Mr. Silverstein was inducted into the Art Directors Hall of Fame in 1984, the designer Massimo Vignelli said, “By changing The Times and so many newspapers, we are indebted to him for improving the quality of our lives.”

Louis Silverstein was born on Oct. 10, 1919, in Brooklyn, where his parents owned a grocery store. Neighbors admired his chalk drawings on the sidewalk, though a few jaws dropped over his Michelangelo-inspired nudes. He graduated from Boys High School and earned a fine arts degree from Pratt Institute. He went to work in advertising and did graphic design while serving in the Army Air Forces. After World War II he studied at the Institute of Design in Chicago, where he threw himself into avant-garde design.

He worked for labor unions, an ad agency and the State Department, where he was art director for Amerika, a Russian-language magazine distributed in the Soviet Union. He joined The Times in the promotion department in 1952, becoming its director the next year.

Mr. Silverstein made an early foray into newspaper design in 1967, when he effected the first change in The Times’s typeface in a quarter-century, shifting

from 8-point Ideal to 8½-point Imperial. This was the year he enlarged and sharpened the front page logotype and dropped the period. (Its removal saved the paper \$45 a year in ink.)

Mr. Silverstein was named art director for The New York Times Company, the parent corporation, in 1969; the next year he added art direction of the newspaper to his portfolio.

An early assignment was to develop a look for the Op-Ed page, which first appeared in 1970. He came up with an expansive design using a new form of editorial art — not a standard political cartoon, not an illustration, but rather an artwork that used metaphor, allegory or literary allusion to complement a text.

One example was a monster dinosaur threatening a figure carrying an oil drum, suggesting the revenge of the fossil fuels. Another was of Easter Island-type monoliths with Nixon-like visages. Here the suggestion was that the Watergate scandal would one day seem as remote historically as the South Pacific island sculptures are geographically.

In 1976, Mr. Silverstein huddled with the publisher and the top editors to start two Sunday regional sections, New Jersey and Long Island, hoping to tap an affluent market by offering local news and ads. Westchester and Connecticut followed in 1977.

Then came the new daily sections: SportsMonday, Science Times on Tuesdays, Living on Wednesdays, Home on Thursdays and Weekend on Fridays. Their large illustrations and photos and bold typefaces lent a magazine-style sweep to broadsheet newsprint. Their banners were larger than the New York Times masthead on the front page.

In 1976, Mr. Silverstein was promoted to assistant managing editor, a position no one from the art department had ever achieved. In 1980, The Times nominated him for a special Pulitzer Prize for his design of the feature sections; it was the first time an art director at the paper was so honored. And in 1988, the Cooper Union in Manhattan had an exhibition of his page designs.

In addition to his daughter, Mr. Silverstein is survived by his wife of 60 years, the former Helen Becker; and two grandsons. His son, Jamie, was hit by a car in 1964 and died three days short of his ninth birthday.

After he retired on Jan. 1, 1985, Mr. Silverstein stayed on as a Times consultant, redesigning 35 of the company’s regional newspapers. He also did over newspapers in Kenya, Brazil and Spain.

For all his visual innovations, Mr. Silverstein battled stubborn opposition to even the tiniest changes to The Times. Traditionalists complained that the snappy new “soft news” sections devoured newsprint that might have been given over to “hard news.” They joked that the paper was going to unveil another new section and call it “News.”

Mr. Silverstein’s answer came in the success of the new sections, at a time when The Times was desperate for a turnaround. When the newspaper introduced its first new section, Weekend, on a Friday, it sold 70,000 extra copies.

HOCKEY

New Coach's Plan to Reawaken Ovechkin Has Little to Show

By JEFF Z. KLEIN

WASHINGTON — Alex Ovechkin vs. Sidney Crosby used to be a clash of the undisputed two best players in hockey, the way it was the last time they met, in the Winter Classic on New Year's night in Pittsburgh.

On Thursday, they met again, and it was clear who was now the better player. Ovechkin threw his body around like the Ovechkin of old, but he did not score and managed only a single shot on goal as his Washington Capitals lost, 2-1, to Crosby's Pittsburgh Penguins. Crosby was also held scoreless, for only the second time in six games, but he got off three shots, had another three blocked, and set up chances consistently.

Crosby has quickly re-established his primacy after missing more than 10 months because of a concussion that was triggered by a collision in the Winter Classic. But Ovechkin is in a funk so profound that it helped get his coach fired this week.

"I'm 26, he's 24 — we're not young anymore," Ovechkin said before the game when asked about being compared with Crosby, who has 11 points in six games this season. "We're in different positions, different teams. Everybody still be comparing, but I don't pay attention. Somebody going to say, 'my game, his game' — I don't listen to that."

Ovechkin, who averaged 50 goals in his first six N.H.L. seasons, has only one goal in the last 10 games and 18 points in 24 games. His play had seemed so indifferent this season that his ice time was reduced by Bruce Boudreau, the team's former coach, from his customary 22 minutes a game to less than 19. Ovechkin



NICK WASS/ASSOCIATED PRESS

From left, the Penguins' Richard Park, Arron Asham and Craig Adams after Adams's goal.

played 19 minutes 22 seconds Thursday.

Boudreau was fired Monday amid denials from him and Ovechkin that the two were at odds. "I tried every trick that I knew" to revive the slumping Capitals, Boudreau told reporters Wednesday morning.

That afternoon Boudreau flew to Southern California to take over as coach of the Anaheim Ducks, having been unemployed less than 66 hours. He left behind an Ovechkin who is still trying to resurrect his game.

The Capitals' new coach, Dale

Hunter, helped the London Knights set a record for the most victories in junior hockey in 11 years as their coach, and has the Ontario Hockey League's highest career winning percentage. After Thursday's morning skate, Hunter said he had a plan to jump-start his dormant superstar.

"He's going to forecheck harder tonight and play more aggressive in their end," Hunter said before his second game as Washington's coach; his first, on Tuesday, ended in a 2-1 loss to the St. Louis Blues. "He's got to shoot the puck — he's got a great shot, but he's got to get

open to do it. He's going to go to the net hard — that blue paint, that's where all the goals go in. You've got to go there if you want to score."

Those were all the things Ovechkin used to do. Would playing against Crosby revive him?

"Going head to head with another great player brings the blood flowing," Hunter said. "He'll get his 20 minutes."

Hunter was a notorious player over his 19-year N.H.L. career, 12 of them spent with the Capitals, who retired his number. At only 5 feet 9 inches, he was either a dirty

player or a "heart and soul" type, depending on your point of view, and the only player in league history to score more than 1,000 points and amass more than 3,000 penalty minutes.

He committed what many consider one of the more despicable on-ice acts in N.H.L. history, moments after the Islanders' Pierre Turgeon stole the puck from him and scored the goal that effectively eliminated the Capitals from the first round of the 1993 playoffs. While Turgeon was celebrating, arms aloft, Hunter drove him into the boards, separating Turgeon's shoulder. That video clip has received a lot of views on YouTube this week, along with several others in which Hunter throws wild blindside elbows and touches off brawls.

Hunter's 3,565 total penalty minutes are the second most in N.H.L. history. In a ceremony, the Capitals presented him with the penalty box from Capital Centre, their previous building.

But Hunter the coach "is actually a laid-back guy," said the Rangers' Brandon Prust, one of dozens of N.H.L. players who played for Hunter in London. The list also includes big scoring stars like Patrick Kane, Corey Perry and Rick Nash.

Capitals defenseman John Carlson, who also played for London, said Hunter knew how to handle star players. "There's no free passes," he said. "If he doesn't think you're doing your job or you're slacking off, he's going to get on you."

That, supposedly, was what Boudreau did when he cut Ovechkin's ice time. On Thursday, Ovechkin met his old rival Crosby, the player he once challenged for the title of hockey's best player. He has a long way to go to challenge him again.

SCOREBOARD

PRO HOCKEY

N.H.L. STANDINGS

EASTERN CONFERENCE

American	W	L	OT	Pts	GF	GA
Pittsburgh	15	7	4	34	82	64
Rangers	14	5	3	31	65	49
Phila.	13	7	3	29	80	68
Devils	12	10	1	25	58	64
Islanders	7	11	4	18	43	69
Northeast	W	L	OT	Pts	GF	GA
Boston	15	7	1	31	81	50
Toronto	14	9	2	30	82	81
Buffalo	13	10	1	27	68	63
Ottawa	12	10	2	26	75	83
Montreal	10	11	4	24	62	64
Southeast	W	L	OT	Pts	GF	GA
Florida	13	7	4	30	67	60
Wash.	12	11	1	25	72	77
Tampa	11	11	2	24	65	76
Winnipeg	9	11	4	22	70	80
Carolina	8	15	4	20	64	91

WESTERN CONFERENCE

Central	W	L	OT	Pts	GF	GA
Detroit	15	7	1	31	69	51
Chicago	14	8	3	31	80	78
St. Louis	14	8	2	30	59	50
Nashville	11	9	4	26	60	63
Columbus	6	15	3	15	55	79
Northwest	W	L	OT	Pts	GF	GA
Minnesota	15	7	3	33	60	55
Vancou.	14	9	1	29	73	60
Edmonton	12	10	3	27	67	63
Colorado	11	13	1	23	68	74
Calgary	10	12	1	21	51	60
Pacific	W	L	OT	Pts	GF	GA
Phoenix	13	7	3	29	65	57
Dallas	14	9	1	29	62	65
L.A.	12	8	4	28	57	55
San Jose	13	7	1	27	60	48
Anaheim	7	13	4	18	54	77

THURSDAY

Rangers 5, Carolina 3
Pittsburgh 2, Washington 1
Ottawa at Dallas
Phoenix at Winnipeg
Columbus at Calgary
Nashville at Vancouver
Florida at Los Angeles
Montreal at San Jose

FRIDAY

Devils at Minnesota, 8
Islanders at Chicago, 8:30
Detroit at Buffalo, 7:30
St. Louis at Colorado, 9
Columbus at Edmonton, 9:30
Philadelphia at Anaheim, 10

PRO FOOTBALL

N.F.L. STANDINGS

AMERICAN CONFERENCE

East	W	L	T	Pct	PF	PA
N. England	8	3	0	.727	331	223
Jets	6	5	0	.545	256	241
Buffalo	5	6	0	.455	261	281
Miami	3	8	0	.273	212	206
South	W	L	T	Pct	PF	PA
Houston	8	3	0	.727	293	179
Tennessee	6	5	0	.545	226	212
Jacksonville	3	8	0	.273	138	200
Indianapolis	0	11	0	.000	150	327
North	W	L	T	Pct	PF	PA
Baltimore	8	3	0	.727	272	182
Pittsburgh	8	3	0	.727	233	188

A Freshman Star for Duke Blossomed in an Unlikely Place

By CLARE LOCHARY

A few years ago, Kelly Cobb, a freshman forward on the Duke women's soccer team, decided to go for a run in Chugiak, Alaska, her hometown. Her street was slicked with snow and ice, so she strapped ice grips over her shoes. She kept her eyes on the ground to avoid slipping and did not notice the black bear in the road until it was about 20 feet away. They stared at each other for a few seconds until the animal wandered off. Cobb ran home.

"During a soccer game we actually had a moose come out on the

"She's not going backward. She's not going sideways. She's always going to try to beat her defender. She might not always do it, but she's always going to try. She's not scared of the responsibility of going to goal, and she's not scared of missing."

Cobb's preseason got off to a difficult start. Fair-skinned and unaccustomed to spending so many hours in direct sun-



goals and 5 assists. She and Cobb, a center forward, have developed good chemistry on the field, combining for 42.9 percent of the Blue Devils' goals.

"All season we've been trying to get to know each other's runs," Kerr said. "If she checks forward, I have to check back. We're moving off each other a lot. She's incredible, a great teammate, and a

needed in our program," Church said. "She was just bigger, stronger, quicker, faster. And she could score goals. I thought, Wow, this is somebody who can really help the players around us."

The 5-foot-9 Cobb's athleticism and Alaskan-bred quirks made her a great fit for Duke. Because her chances to test herself against top competition were limited, she had to maximize her individual talents. She spent many hours with her father in the Alaska Dome, an indoor facility in Anchorage, with a bag of balls and a few cones. Practicing indoors made her great at handling the ball in tight spaces.

NYT 4 Nov. '09, Edward Rothstein's obit of Claude Levi-Strauss; last graf:

"The final volume (of Mythologiques) ends by suggesting that the logic of mythology is so powerful that myths almost have a life independent from the people who tell them. In his view, myths speak through the medium of humanity and become, in turn, the tools with which humanity comes to terms with the world's greatest mystery: the possibility of not being, the burden of mortality."

Mortality is not all it's cracked up to be.

(I turned into a) human pill bottle.

Tues.

B almy, 38

- humbird appeared
- felt normal
- C to store, hunk of salmon

3/16 glass

$\frac{1}{2}$ " air up

over 3/16

$\frac{7}{8}$ overall

Ivan's pill schedule:

breakfast: 10 dexamethasone

lunch: 1 Vitamin B6

2 Glucosamine/Chondroitin

before bed, maybe 8 p.m.:

1 Thalidomide

1 Coumadin

available if needed:

Temazepam for sleeping

Lorazepam to settle nerves

SennaGen for constipation

Docusate Sodium stool softener

For the first time in years I wrote in my diary every single day. Necessity
is a hell of a muse.

stem cells:

year V of the W presidency...during which one's own govt does whatever it can think of to tweak scientific research away from its full range of exploration.

invariably fatal. Damn. But then, so is life.

stomach sounds during transplant period, April '07:

I woke up..."What the...? We don't have ^{noise} coyotes around here any more." I cocked an ear and sure enough, the ululating godless sound rose in the night again. It came from my stomach.

Review: Theater | *Terry Teachout*

The Joan Didion Show

New York
IT SURPRISED ME when Joan Didion published *"The Year of Magical Thinking,"* for I identified her so completely with California in the '60s that I'd almost forgotten she was still alive. Of course she continued to publish—a fat volume of her collected essays came out last fall—but somehow I had come to see her as a figure from the distant past, a chronicler of strange days for which I felt no nostalgia whatsoever. Then her daughter got sick and her husband died of a heart attack and she wrote a best seller about it, and all at once she was back.

**THE YEAR OF
 MAGICAL THINKING**

Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St.
 (\$76.25-\$96.25),
 212-239-6200/800-432-7250,
 closes June 30

Now Ms. Didion has turned her much-discussed memoir into a one-woman show in which she is played by Vanessa Redgrave, sort of. Ms. Didion has said that Ms. Redgrave isn't "portraying" her, but unless you know Joan Didion, which I don't, there's no way to know who's who, and since the woman on stage is delivering a first-person monologue about a year in the life of Joan Didion... well, you figure it out. All of which matters precisely because *"The Year of Magical Thinking,"* both on paper and on stage, is personal in a way that made me acutely uncomfortable, though I had to read the book twice before I was able to put my finger on the problem.

Let me stipulate up front that the death of a loved one is among the most devastating things that can happen to a human being, and that Ms. Didion is to be pitied for having been forced to swallow a double dose of it. (Quintana, her daughter, died shortly before *"The Year of Magical Thinking"* was published, and Ms. Didion has added a scene to the stage version describing her final illness.) It goes without saying, too, that a writer to whom such a catastrophe happens is likely to want to write about it at some point, and there's nothing wrong with that. It's what writers do.

Yet I found it hard to shake off the disquieting sensation that Ms. Didion, for all the obvious sincerity of her grief, was nonetheless functioning partly as a grieving widow and partly



A Capital-C Character: Vanessa Redgrave plays a woman based on Joan Didion in Didion's *"The Year of Magical Thinking."*

as a celebrity journalist who had chosen to treat the death of John Gregory Dunne as yet another piece of grist for her literary mill. All the familiar features of her style, hardened into slick, self-regarding mannerism after years of constant use, were locked into place and running smoothly, and I felt as though I were watching a piece of performance art, or reading a cover story in *People*: Joan Didion on Grief.

A Blunt Little Book

Is this unfair? Probably. After a certain point in his life, a writer writes the way he writes, and Ms. Didion has been doing it for so long that you wouldn't have expected her to start doing it differently overnight. Yet I couldn't help but recall *"A Grief Observed,"* the blunt little book that C.S. Lewis wrote in 1961 after the death of his wife. Yes, the style was recognizably his, but the

book didn't sound like another product brought to you by C.S. Lewis Inc. It was, rather, a shocking howl of pain that was all the more shocking for its rawness—and it was initially published under a pseudonym, "N.W. Clark." Not that it needed to be, for you never feel while reading it that Lewis was trading on his fame. All you hear is the voice of a man who just happens to be famous, telling you about something terrible that might have happened to anyone.

Would that the stage version of *"The Year of Magical Thinking"* were an improvement on the book, but it isn't. In one way it's much worse, for it starts off with a speech that has all the subtlety of the proverbial blunt object: "This happened on December 30, 2003. That may seem a while ago but it won't when it happens to you. And it will happen to you. The details will be differ-

ent, but it will happen to you. That's what I'm here to tell you." Why on earth did David Hare, the stage-savvy director, let Ms. Didion get away with so crude and undramatic a gesture? If the rest of the play doesn't make that point, nothing will.

Nor did Mr. Hare insist that his debutante author (this is Ms. Didion's first play) ram a theatrical spine down the back of her fugitive reflections on death and dying. As a seasoned playwright, he should have known better. *"The Year of Magical Thinking"* doesn't go anywhere—it just goes and goes, inching from scene to scene, and when Ms. Didion finally gets around to telling us an hour and a half later what she learned from the loss of her husband and daughter, it turns out to be a string of portentously worded platitudes: "Grief turns out to be a place none of us know until we reach it... We

all know that if we are to live ourselves there comes a time when we must relinquish the dead, let them go, keep them dead." Now look at the gut-punching first sentence of *"A Grief Observed"*: "No one told me that grief felt so like fear." *That's* dramatic—not to mention modest.

Vanessa Redgrave is, of course, a great actress, and that's what's wrong with her performance in *"The Year of Magical Thinking"*: She never lets you forget that she's acting. Instead of letting Ms. Didion's words speak for themselves, she pumps up the volume, turning the narrator into a capital-C character, a twitchy, snooty Famous Writer who (lest we forget) isn't really J**n D*d**n. Only we know she is, because she ostentatiously pulls out a copy of *"The Year of Magical Thinking"* and reads from it at play's end, after which the lights obligingly go up on a billboard-sized reproduction of the glossy dust-jacket photo of the author and her family. I half expected Ms. Didion to be signing books in the lobby after the show.

It's All About Her

It strikes me that Ms. Redgrave would have profited from seeing *"Primo,"* Sir Anthony Sher's one-man stage version of *"If This Is a Man,"* Primo Levi's harrowing memoir of life and death in Auschwitz. Unlike her, Sir Anthony played his part with understated transparency. You never saw the teller, only his terrible tale. On the other hand, such self-effacing simplicity might well have been out of place in *"The Year of Magical Thinking,"* in which Ms. Didion is constantly on display, so much so that you never get a clear sense of what her husband and daughter were like. It's all about her.

I assume, by the way, that Mr. Hare is to blame for the fact that Ms. Redgrave plays the first hour and a quarter of *"The Year of Magical Thinking"* seated in a chair. That's inverted showmanship; an engraved invitation to admire a performer so charismatic that she doesn't have to move around the stage to hold your attention. Alas, it's but one of the many distracting pieces of notice-me trickery that disfigure this meretricious play.

Mr. Teachout, the Journal's drama critic, blogs about theater and the other arts at www.terryteachout.com. Write to him at tteachout@wsj.com.

THE HOME FRONT



DeGeneres Lists Estate Bought Half-Year Ago

Comedian and talk-show host **Ellen DeGeneres** is asking \$24 million for a Montecito, Calif., estate that she bought six months ago for \$15.75 million.



Ellen DeGeneres

The four-bedroom Mediterranean-style main house was built in 1926 and remodeled in 2004, according to the property listing. It features a wine cellar, billiards room, library, office and a 1,300-square-foot second-floor master suite with a balcony and an art studio. Also on the four-acre property: two guest cottages, tennis court, pool with a spa, and formal gardens.

Records show Ms. DeGeneres, who also owns a home in Los Angeles, bought the Santa Barbara County estate through a trust in late September. The property, which had been on the market for more than two years, was listed for \$16.9 million. Local brokers say the home has been renovated and relandscaped since the sale.

Ms. DeGeneres, 49 years old, starred in the 1990s sit-com "Ellen" and has hosted her self-titled daytime talk show since 2003. Last month, she hosted the 79th annual Academy Awards.

Suzanne Perkins of Sotheby's International Realty has the listing. Ms. DeGeneres declined to comment on the 52% increase in the estate's pricing.

Dwyane Wade Seeks Sale of Florida Home

Miami Heat star **Dwyane Wade** and his wife, **Siohvaughn**, are looking to sell their Miami-area home for \$8.9 million, more than double what they paid for it in 2005.

The nearly 12,000-square-foot French-style home is on a gated one-acre lot in Pinecrest, just south of Miami. (After Mr. Wade led the Heat to the National Basketball Association championship last year, the village flew banners reading "Welcome to Wade-crest.") There are six bedrooms plus a one-bed-



At Big Furniture Fair, a Shift To Classic and 'Green' Styles; From Farm Plows, Swing Sets

BY JUNE FLETCHER

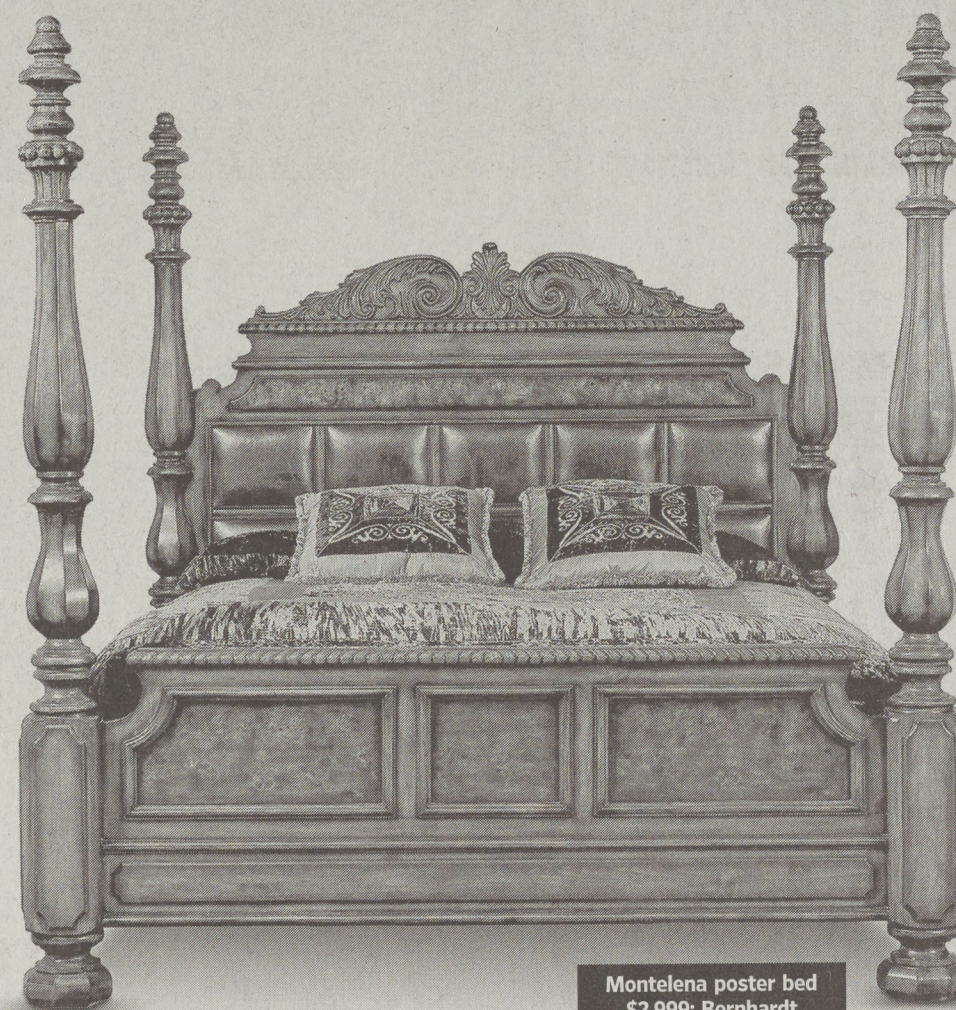
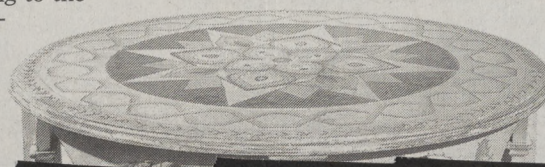
REVIVE, reproduce, recycle. That variation of the environmental mantra applies to much of what's been on display at this week's furniture fair in High Point, N.C. A return to traditional styles and an emphasis on eco-friendly materials are among the big themes at the semiannual trade show, which closes Sunday. The furniture will appear in stores this fall.

Gone is much of the midcentury minimalism and fanciful contemporary pieces that have dominated High Point in recent years. Instead, makers are adapting ornamental standards from centuries past, such as the \$7,850 fringed and carved Venetian sofa from P.A.M.A., and the \$6,300 Baroque-style chair with silk and leather upholstery from Old Hickory Tannery.

Not everything just looks old—some of it actually is old. Julian Chichester is selling a \$1,350 table lamp made from 19th-century French wallpaper rollers, and a \$2,400 dining table from Lee Industries uses wood reclaimed from a defunct pickle factory. The market for furniture using eco-friendly materials and production methods has been steadily growing at High Point in the past few seasons, and this week, with some 85,000 interior designers and retailers browsing the nearly 12 million square feet of display space, many companies have been touting their green credentials.

The shift to safer, traditional styles comes as the industry is bracing for a slowdown. Furniture sales lag behind home sales by six months to a year, according to Laura Champine, an analyst with Morgan, Keegan & Co., a Memphis, Tenn., investment bank. Existing-home sales fell 3.6% to 6.7 million in February from a year earlier, and new-home sales fell 18.3% to 848,000 for the same period. Ms. Champine anticipates that the furniture industry will trend down at least through 2007.

The industry has already been shaken by competition from low-cost imports and six years of slowing sales. According to the U.S. Commerce Department, furniture sales grew 4% in February over the same month a year earlier. Overall, sales grew 6.2% in 2006 over 2005.



Montelena poster bed \$2,999; Bernhardt

Earthbound

THE CONCEPT: Sustainable woods, reclaimed materials and eco-friendly production.

Dozens of manufacturers are touting their products as "green" this year, though what that actually means varies widely. Dallas-based Groovystuff is promoting a \$1,995 "Chuck Wagon Hutch" made from reclaimed teak wagon wheels from Thailand and a \$2,995 swing set made from antique farm plows. South Cone Trading Co.'s new Anza collection features furniture made from a little-known wood species from the Peruvian Amazon called cachimbo. The company says it researched the wood as part of a joint project with the World Wildlife Fund and the U.S. Agency for International Development.

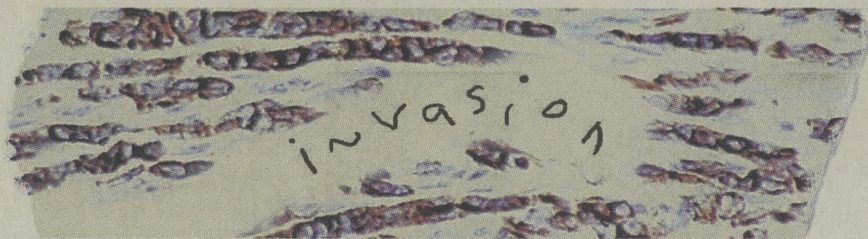
sideboard has detailed carving, inlaid walnut and maple-wood borders, and an inset stone top.

As consumer confidence wanes, experts say, shoppers are seeking refuge in such safe, classic looks, rather than taking a risk with edgier designs. Oscar Carmona, owner of Atmosphere in Austin, Texas, says the company's Grand Mirror, a massive Baroque-style piece that's 44 inches by 54 inches, has been selling well this week. The hand-carved mahogany frame is finished in silver and gold leaf. It retails for \$2,800.

But North Myrtle Beach, S.C., interior designer Laura Cole says the ornate and traditional styles won't play well in the Sunbelt. Her clients, mostly resort-home owners, prefer lighter, tropical looks. "What I've been seeing is really heavy and drab," she says.

Name That Designer

THE CONCEPT: Fashion veterans get their



Serge Bloch

BASICS | Natalie Angier

A Mutinous Group of Cells On a Greedy, Destructive Path

However much their politics and personal styles may otherwise divide them, Elizabeth Edwards and Tony Snow have now been linked in the public eye by a brutal disease that itself flouts the body's partitions and ruptures the compartmentalized calm of which we all are built.

In quick, sad succession over the last two weeks, Mrs. Edwards, the 57-year-old wife of the presidential candidate John Edwards, and Mr. Snow, the 51-year-old press secretary to President Bush, announced that the cancers for

cent of deaths from cancer are the result of metastases, of malignant cellular outposts proliferating far from the neoplastic mass that spawned them. They are barbarians, the colonist cells, co-opting all nutrients in their adopted organ and starving their normal neighbors of air, sugar and salts, and blocking traffic and clogging conduits, and finally, when their greed exceeds their easy grab, tearing open surrounding cells and feasting like cannibals on the meat of their fellows.

This, of course, is outrageous. We are each of us an obligately multicellular community, in which many trillions of microscopic cells have joined forces and fates, have specialized in the tasks to which they were assigned during our embryonic development. You over there, in the neural crest, you will be a melanocyte and help pigment a freckle. And you, in the midline ridge of the limb bud, you will be a bone cell of an index finger that will someday point firmly at a reporter's raised hand. With all the normal cell divisions that occur throughout life, the chronic replacement of skin, hair and intestinal lining, the constant remodeling of our bones and retooling of our immune system, we go through about 10 million billion cells over our four-scorish span. The vast majority of those cells behave and do their job, as though innately aware that only the gametes can jump ship and live to tell about it. So what gives with metastases? What turns them

SCREENING FOR BREAST CANCER

New guidelines on M.R.I. scanning raise difficult questions for women and their doctors. The Consumer, Page 7.

which they had previously been treated had returned and metastasized: in her case, spreading from breast to bone, in his, from colon to liver. Both vowed to fight their resurgent disease, and given the possible treatments now available, they could well have years more of productive, if sometimes rough-edged, life before them. When Katie Couric said in a "60 Minutes" interview with Mrs. Edwards how hard it must be "staring at possible death," Mrs. Edwards correctly shot back, "Aren't we all, though?"

Yet in truth, metastatic cancer remains one of the grimmest conditions a person can face. Patients rarely die from the effects of a primary tumor; 90 per-

Continued on Page 8



repair.

the heart—are damaged, it takes a
ons performed more minimally
e no surprise that we pioneered
valve disorder, turn to the experts

stitute

reach your goal.
d learn to keep it
al program
s and improved
on, exercise,
you win at


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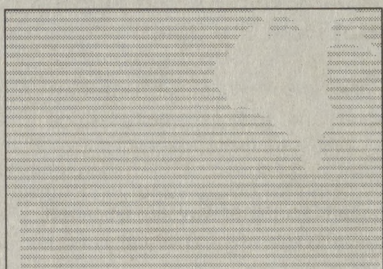
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Mutinous Cells on a Greedy, Destructive Path

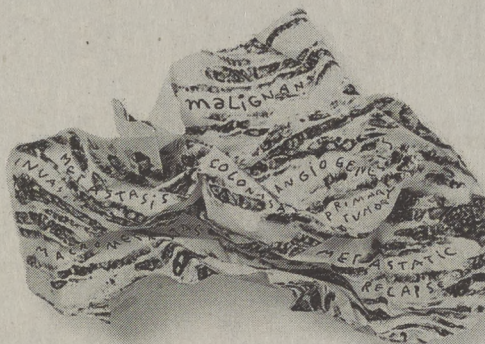
Continued From First Science Page

into such oblivious, self-important, suicidal fools?

Biologists know quite a bit about the steps that transform a normal cell into a cancer cell, a cell that lawlessly divides and gives rise to a primary tumor. They have identified genetic mutations and chromosomal aberrations that prompt cells to think they are being stimulated by growth hormones when they are not, that stifle safety signals meant to keep cell division in check, and that shore up the tips of chromosomes and so immortalize cells that otherwise would be slated to die. Researchers' grasp of metastasis, by contrast, remains relatively sketchy, one reason being that whereas the initial stages of malignant transformation can be analyzed in vitro, in the controlled setting of cultured cells, metastasis — which is Greek for "beyond static" — is a matter of cells on the move and ultimately must be studied in vivo, in the bewildering wilderness of the body.

Nevertheless, researchers have some clues. They have learned that full-blown metastasis is an extremely challenging trade, and that the great majority of cancer cells are not up to the task. Even those malignant characters that manage to slither their way into the blood or lymph system usually fail to do anything further. In his newly published book, "The Biology of Cancer" (Garland Science), Dr. Robert A. Weinberg of the Whitehead Institute in Cambridge, Mass., points out that in experiments with mice carrying bulky tumors of a billion cells each, perhaps a million cancer cells are seeded into the rodents' circulation each day, "yet the visible metastases formed in such animals may be counted on the fingers of one hand."

The body's transportation networks are fraught with danger to unlicensed migrants, and not just from the body's defense system. Because most tumor cells lack the streamlined form of the blood



Serge Bloch

A true understanding of ever-changing metastases eludes cancer researchers.

and immune cells that are designed for cross-body trafficking, shear forces in the smaller vessels may rip the intruders apart.

To survive the journey, malignant cells must reinvent themselves as parasites. A few manage to slim down to almost bacterial dimensions by pinching off unnecessary hanks of their cytoplasm. Others take on what Dr. Weinberg calls "hitchhikers," attracting an entourage of platelets and red blood cells to their surface "to escort them through the rapids into safe pools within tissues."

Such oases might be wound sites to which the chaperone platelets handily stick, enabling their

companion cancer cells to gain their first toe-hold in virgin terrain — and to begin feeding on the rich broth of growth hormones and factors with which wound sites typically teem. In one 1993 report, Israeli oral surgeons described 55 cases of dental extractions in which the procedure was followed days to months afterward by the eruption of an ugly metastasis where the tooth had once been; for a third of the patients, the appearance of the gumline growth was the first sign that an internal organ was riddled with cancer.

Yet even after malignant cells have settled onto a new site, their replicative success is hardly guaranteed. Most appear to either die or lapse into dormancy. Patients may harbor thousands or millions of these dormant micrometastases without suffering a fatal relapse of the disease. Evidence suggests that micrometastases will not attain macro dimensions unless, among other things, they adapt to their new surroundings and interact with their neighbors enough to exploit them. This helps explain why different types of primary tumors tend to metastasize to their "preferred" organ: cells learn a skill set from their tissue of origin, and some lessons are more easily applied to one novel setting than to another. Breast tumors, for example, are known to metastasize to bone tissue, where the invasive cells perversely take advantage of their ability to gather calcium ions for breast milk and apply it to the rampant dissolution of calcium-rich bone. Malignant melanoma spreads readily to the brain, presumably because neural tissue and the melanocytes that give rise to melanoma both arise from the same class of cells during gestation.

Cancer may be short-sighted; but it is life stripped raw and caterwauling, life determined to divide at all costs, and to go back to the womb, and to be born all over again.

Health

The New York Times

ESSAY

A Patient's Demands Versus a Doctor's Conviction

By SANDEEP JAUHAR, M.D.

Doctors talk all the time about a patient's right to refuse treatment. But what about the right to demand it?

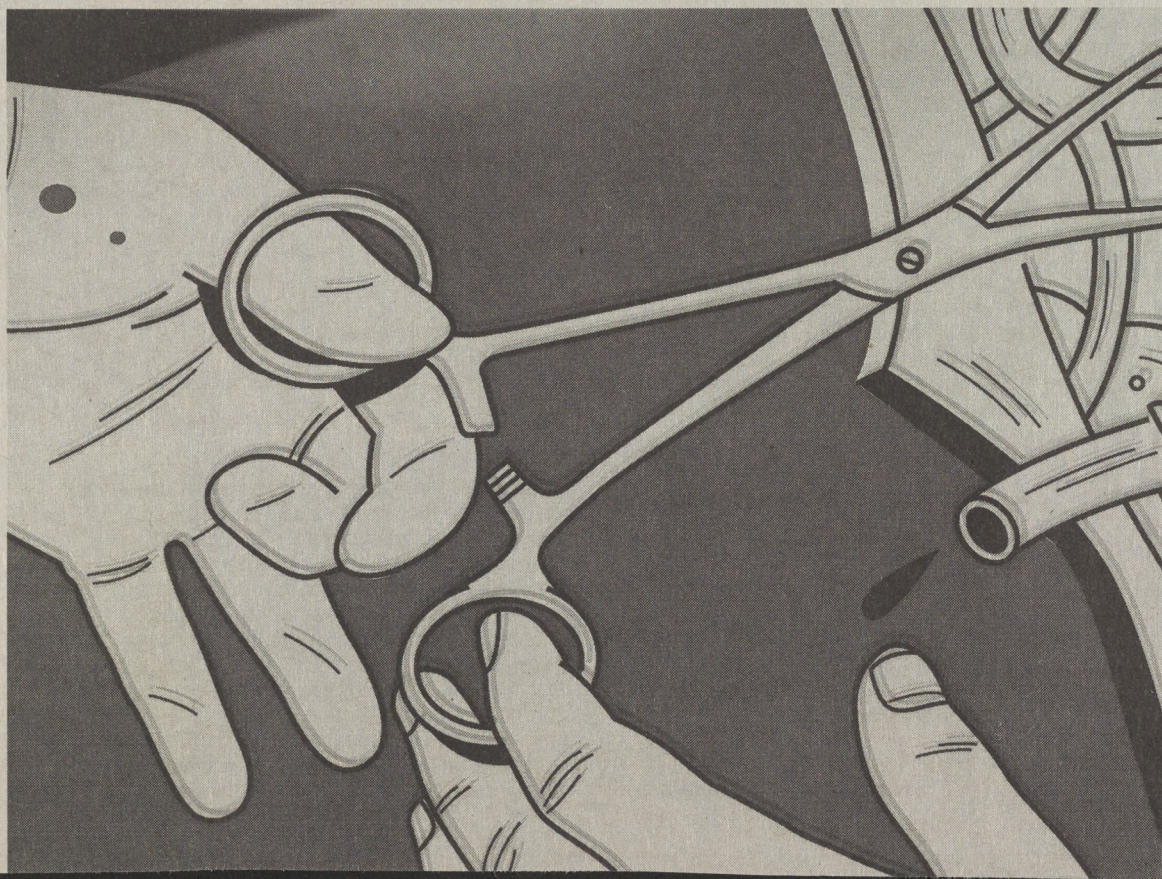
Not long ago, a middle-age man was admitted to the hospital where I work with fever and shortness of breath. The man, Eric, was in his early 40s, thin but toned, with colorful tattoos and a pallid countenance.

A chest X-ray showed fluid in his lungs, but doctors did not know why. An echocardiogram, an ultrasound of the heart, provided the answer. On one heart valve was an infected mass of tissue, a vegetation, flapping around wildly like a flag in the breeze. It had severely damaged the valve, resulting in congestive heart failure.

Heart infections can usually be treated with intravenous antibiotics; surgery is reserved for the most complicated cases. In Eric's case, a CT scan of the head showed several small bleeding sites, probably caused by parts of the vegetation breaking off and lodging in the brain. Doctors decided that the valve needed to be replaced to prevent further injury.

A consulting neurologist recommended an M.R.I. before surgery to make sure that this infection had not caused any brain aneurysms that could rupture and bleed in the operating room, causing a stroke.

When the scan showed no aneurysms, the neurologist asked for a cerebral angiogram to exclude even tiny aneurysms that the



listening to MP3 player during sitzbaths:

otherwise naked as a shucked oyster, I clap on my bathing headdress (earphones)...

Somewhere back in Scottish time (check the family genealogy printout on this) the name Doig seems to have been Dogg; as in "dogged."

chary:

^{never}
effects of tugs

balmy morning / clarity / w/ superfluous

11th M too ambitious?

passages @ it by 9 a.m.

march 7. first boat Lucia - Rebecca /

storm starting @ Pulten

^{rain}

advancing across. Snd; in 5 min, when

meant 0 a mile a min, it was

2:17 the block (another 10 min.)

5:30 1st 10 pills

Time: pretty woozy; 1st pill @ 10:45
then
sleep to 5:15

1/3 Dr. Kato - pace myself (white / feeling weird)

Dr. K - pace yourself

Deborah ~~Thal~~ Cancer Care Alliance Pharmacist
Thal/

- tasks listed w/ doc
- if it spreads to majority of torso
- periodicity center
- crash usually day after
- twice a day laxative
- / diet
- loose stool back to once
- checking ultra sensitive to C'din
- allergic / ER tag / ER

DEAR Diary:

While getting my Midwestern kicks browsing on Madison Avenue somewhere between 65th and 68th, I wandered into a "wearable art" shop. Van Gogh would have loved to sell his paintings for the same price as the coats.

At the elegant desk that served as the place to pay for the gorgeous items, I heard the clerk ask the svelte, chic customer (should I say client?): "To what address should the sweater be sent?"

Dumbstruck, said shopper wailed, "I don't know; I have five of them."

As I slipped behind the luxe scarves, the better to listen to the discussion, I heard her finally settle on the one on Martha's Vineyard after nixing Naples, Santa Barbara, London and Houston.

It was then I realized I was not at Wal-Mart any longer.

Judith Steininger

Dear Diary:

Last month, my daughter-in-law, 2-year-old granddaughter and 9-week-old grandson visited me on Fifth Avenue in the 70s on my granddaughter's birthday to open her gifts. One was a tea service in a see-through backpack.

Leaving late for nap time and almost time for my grandson's next breast-feeding, the three were trapped in the elevator when it broke down between floors. The elevator could not be manually nudged to the next floor, so everyone had to wait for the serviceman to arrive.

Concerned about hysteria in the elevator, my daughter-in-law suggested, "Alice, dear, why don't you serve tea to the elevator man and mommy?" So, calmly, everyone had imaginary tea until they were rescued a half-hour later.

Sheila Walker Hartwell

Dear Diary:

At last it was cold enough to wear my new fuchsia-dyed sheared beaver jacket into the city!

When I retrieved it at the coat check after a wonderful day at the Metropolitan Museum, the young man at the counter said, "You're not from New York, are you?"

"I'm from New Jersey," I replied. "Why do you ask?"

Observations for this column may be sent to Metropolitan Diary at diary@nytimes.com or to The New York Times, 229 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. Please include your name, mailing address and daytime telephone number; upon request, names may be withheld in print. Submissions become the property of The Times and cannot be returned. They may be edited and may be republished in all media.



Lars Leetaru

"Because," he answered, "nobody in New York wears furs that color." Everybody is a fashionista.

Anne Wolfe

Dear Diary:

My wife and I are still smiling from overhearing the following at our favorite Indian restaurant on the Upper West Side:

Patron: "What is the shrimp vindaloo?"

Waiter: "It's the same as the lamb vindaloo, only with shrimp."

Gouri Mukherjee

Dear Diary:

Taped to a lamppost on 72nd Street and Broadway was the following:

"Lost Yellow Neckless. Sentimental Value."

Neckless? No wonder it got lost.

Gary Milo

Dear Diary:

A few months ago a close friend from San Francisco stopped by to visit us for a weekend, on his way to J.F.K. Airport for a six-week trek through Peru. During rush hour we stepped on the subway, easing our way through the crowd that shifted

to accommodate the enormous rucksack on his back.

He looked worried as he glanced at the crush of riders and asked, "Is it O.K. if I carry a huge pack around like this?"

I assured him: "Are you kidding? It's New York. You can carry anything on the subway!"

Next stop, West Fourth Street. A man stepped into the car hauling a massive porcelain kitchen sink. No further comment was necessary.

Janet Wagman LeMonnier

Dear Diary:

I was walking down First Avenue in the East Village on a recent morning and noticed a "cat missing" sign. I think I know the reason the cat was lost!

The description read: "Missing: gray/tabby cat. Might be wearing a dress."

Jessica Davis

Dear Diary:

Everyone knows that the left side of the subway station escalators is for walking or running up and down; the stationary stay on the right, and woe to the unlucky person who doesn't follow these unwritten rules.

Time: Evening rush hour.

Place: Lexington Avenue and 53rd Street station, which has a very long escalator.

Observed: A man on the left side of a descending escalator doesn't move while the backed-up people grow more and more frustrated. A voice from behind calls out, "Hey, can you move?"

Stander (also angrily): "No, I can't. I have cancer of the blood, all right?"

Mr. Show-no-mercy: "And you didn't know it when you got on?"

Diane Fromhart

Dear Diary:

I don't know whether to be amused or depressed by this snippet of conversation overheard while waiting to cross Madison Avenue.

One young, well-dressed businessman to another: "There are only two kinds of people who live in New York City: the ones who get obscenely huge salaries and those who don't make enough to live even vaguely decently."

He expanded: "The ones who get millions of dollars in bonuses, and the others who have to struggle by on \$200,000."

Brenda K. Cooney

...mer, Rick Steves, New York 1's Valarie D'Elia, Peter
 " Joseph Rosendo of "Travelscope" on PBS and

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 Stephanie Abrams



Senior Year:

'56-7, my last year in high school, when we had lost even the Jensen ranch as a place to live, and Dad and Grandma ended up living in the trailerhouse in a grainfield near Bynam (~~I~~ remember being there in the snow) while waiting for Snider to ship the sheep. After finishing up with Snider they moved into Dupuyer in the one-room house next to Dave Salois' and, somewhat to my dismay, I moved in with them from Chadwick's. They wintered by babysitting, until work at Parocai's opened up that spring.

Details--

--At Parocai's, TV came into their lives more than ever before (none at Jensen ranch), particularly, as G'ma called him, Liverace. Also, there were debates, and also much admiration, over skills of various Lawrence Welk band members on various instruments. And a refrigerator-shaped guy named Pinske (Pinsky?), I think a furniture dealer in GT Falls, sang on show he also sponsored.

--I was a teenage pedant, forever trying to correct G'ma to Liberace. She was righter than I was, though, in recognizing in him a change of era (though we didn't know it wd include AIDS).

--Our strange situation of being thralls to Snider. One of his exploits: he had a friend in Gt. Falls, p'haps met when the guy came out fishing, who wd save his vacation time to come and work in lambing, enjoying the change of scene etc.; Snider meanwhile, ostensibly tending sheepcamp or buying groceries, wd scoot past the Dry Range, dn the Smith River road, into Gt Falls and boff the guy's wife.

--That year, until I got away to college and the folks got on with McTaggart, was as if we had been pushed adrift by a long pole.

Heart Earth

check Intruder in the Dust (as cited by Shelby Foote in the PBS Civil War series) for Faulkner's point abt the South's "defining moment"—that every Southern boy grew up imagining 1 o'clock on that July 1863 day at Gettysburg, i.e. the hour before Pickett's charge and all was lost. Define the West's "moment", what it draws its mythical awareness from, in terms of "heart earth"? (meld of person and place?) (in contrast to South's supposed meld of person and society?)
--or ignore the Western aspect and try to look at it in terms of the time, the bending toward the America of now?

WINTER

the isles of the Thoreauvian Archipelago:

the Thoreauvian Isles, that archipelago of musing and...

timespots
pond

Centennial West (June '89) confce notes in U. of Portland file until after speaking tour.

ideas

Centennial West (June '89) confce notes in U. of Portland file until after speaking tour.

"...though they had heard only bits and pieces of the tale~~xxxx~~ he had told,
that was enough to cover all the world with words, just as a handful of wheat
can sow a field."

--Doruntine, Ismail Kadare, p. 150

Jack abt age?

the human head a kind of hourglass, life draining down out of it...

the slight pause before the mirror that we all make (at midlife)

Just as opera works on the principle that (what's too silly to be said must be sung)...

WINTER

We live by seasons; if seasons were years... (clearer demarcation: the year
the dogwood bloomed, etc.)

as long as we walk the earth

Heart Earth

paradox as a strength (of thinking, of writing)?

Wm. T. Pilkington, "Edward Abbey, Western Philosopher," in Critical Essays on the Western American Novel:

p. 220—"Paradox' (Abbey) defines as 'the inconvertible union of contradictory truths.' When Abbey dreams, for instance, of 'a hard and brutal mysticism in which the naked self merges with a nonhuman world and yet somehow survives still intact, individual, separate,' he conceives such a paradoxical union. 'Paradox' is the foundation of Abbey's philosophy, since it is the principle that allows for the integration of opposites, ultimately for the dissolution of dualism."

"...the problem of whether or not such an integration can be consciously achieved by a exertion of will,"

"The task, then--for Will Gatlin, for Edward Abbey, and for Americans generally--is, as Gatlin's Indian friend says, to learn how to be 'a happy Hopi hippie.'"

Virtual reality: Mitch derides it as "real virtuality"

unused in SeaRunner

How we exist in the minds of others...

the figure we make there...

(Possibly use as an overall summary in the K-W portion of the book: a climax of the "pics in the mind" theme: link the coastal scenes into a wholeness, M and B--and K and W, still alive--into the coast's length of history, as the geographical scenes are made part of its length of geography. This should be an important philosophic part of the book.)

It gathers, then,... (summary of the above scenes)

(Perhaps link all this back to K's "moment" scene at the gate?)

Jack?

a kind of absent-mindedness, as if only dreams fit
in ~~my~~ head

his

~~was K & W? at Willapa?~~

Marsh

In the Antler bar in Choteau, June 19 '89, Dick Brown moved from our table to the bar in order to hear the ~~in~~ Gt. Falls TV weather forecast, and as he sat on the bar stool a tall bearded youngish guy in tractor cap and dirty T-shirt came from other end of the bar to stand beside Dick and hear the TV weather too. Listening, he said: "Moderate~~x~~ chance of rain, fair chance of rain--what the hell kind of forecast is that, I've got a roof to tear off."

Note: don't use this unless necessary, as Dick likely will in something he writes as a weather historian.

The Antler scene during this: maybe a dozen people, 1 or 2 of them women, strung along the long J-shaped bar, watching the TV weather attentively; guy at end of bar nearest the street, in front of the Browns and us as we sat at ~~the~~ a table, had his feet tucked--hooked--under the sides of the tubular frame at base of his barstool as he hunched and watched.

Covellis, 25 April '85

- @ Greenhaven last night, country & western band playing, 2 couples dancing together, in some madrigal-like 2-step. 1 of . women, slim, black-haired, lithe, in a flowing skirt, was a fluid graceful dancer; she seemed to float. Her partner was a bulky baldish guy, also a good dancer but only half as good as she was; they stayed on floor after 2-step & kept dancing, with intricate twirls. Eventually they went to the table to sit with 2 other couples, & while . other 5 talked - I think playing a verbal poker game involving serial #s on paper money - . dancing woman sat tranced, moving her lips to . lyrics . c & w singer was doing - On. Road Again, Help Me Make It Through. Night - entirely into herself. At 1 pt. she woke from it briefly & asked . others, what's going on? Somebody told her they'd just explained what's going on, she said oh, & in seconds was in her lip-synch trance again. Yeats indeed, dancer & dance.

Possible use: Rascal Fair or Montarians

1 July '89

Lewistown

--The hearts-and-flowers sagas we overhear at almost every supper on this trip. Last night ~~ext~~ at the Bar 19 supper club, a guy about my age and a woman in ~~xx~~ her 20s were at the next table--from their environmentalist comments, unusual in this ~~part~~ part of the country, I'd guess they're bureaucratic colleagues of some kind--and though not overtly romancing they were exchanging family gripes. The gist of his is that his wife so dominates the furniture arranging in their household that only the bed, the TV set, and a rack of antlers he inherited from his dad are where he wants them to be. The young woman's particular bane is her mother, who started bossing the rest of the family as they tried to assemble a glider plane during a visit here until the daughter told her to go sit down out of the way, at which she ~~drove~~ got in the car and drove off. It bothers the younger woman a lot that she may turn out like her mother. On the other hand, she thinks her dad is nifty; on the glider day, he went aloft, caught a wonderful thermal and she figured he could stay up for hours--but he soon came back down and insisted she go up and experience it--"he shared his thermal."

--Carol remarked on how uncohesive Montana is in some ways; the differences, say, between bluecollar people in Gt. Falls, or our middle class friends there, and the folks in the Empire Cafe here at lunch y'day, where the talk, the faces, everything was of farming.

Feb. 23 '86 diary entry about laid-back storytelling approach to life possibly being the better behavior for Montana than exerting every nerve.

Keeping

Tai chi "master" in Huntington Park (on Nob Hill, San Francisco) as he leads morning group in slow arm-swinging walk around the 1-block park:

"Hup hup hup hup foh" slowly and rhythmically repeated by him with each arm swing; slight pause at top of the swing of his arms.

Mitch: retailers hotel bathroom mirrors (showing every sag & bag
of/less)

He wondered if any other civilization ever sneered itself to death.

(He was shocked to hear irony attached to nature.)

the travels in the book shd emulate Montana geography: cozier, quicker in western Montana; bigger but still businesslike distances on the High Line; and long sweeps of driving in eastern Montana.

Sweetman

ch. 1

p. 57 - head of Little Porcupine: "To north an outstg rim 7 hills - divide betn Mont's 2 great rivers - ..."

(Missouri & Yellowstone)

--Little Porcupine Creek is north of Forsyth, so Sweetman's refce here wd be to the Garfield County country, toward Jordan.

--use this with refce to Mont's other divides, the Cont'l and Hudson's Bay?

- Stanley traveled across it, on way to Custer NF?
- use a allsepm 7 Mont

the wild helix (M writes "Coastwatch" column about it?)

prism

as my grandparents were emigrants from Scotland,
I am an emigrant from Montana, from the skein
of life they started there.

--Dad and Mother chose not to emigrate to Arizona?

jet noise and coyote howls, often juxtaposed in our suburban air

My father, I think, would have to be called a failure. As his father before him would, as I will. None of us across three generations could hold land. All of us struck out for some new life; my grandfather to a Montana homestead (which he would not have held even if he had lived: D.L., abler than he, was gone from the Basin by the middle of the Depression); my father to foremaning; and me to education. One thing was, we all were free--free to fail. And we all failed on our chosen ground, and apparently logical ground. All three of us tried something else in life, for the same length of time, about 2 years. Inevitably those who knew us later on were surprised to find that Peter Doig had once been a tailor, that Dad had run a cafe, that I held down an office at The Rotarian.

The life inside my head was--is--a long dreaming, a floated
existence which goes on by the bend of hours...

sitzbaths: naked as a shucked oyster, I clap on my bathing headress, fat earphones
corded to an Mp~~3~~ player...

Paul Simon's studio professionalism: like a productive novelist...

wrecking the toaster by trying to warm a rice cake atop it.

sirt

Sprinkling sugar on cereal was complicated.

Two things were on my mind, pills and food. Ingestion was the order of the day, every day.

3 Feb. '07--Rash came back y'day with the dex, receded this morn after I finished that pulse.

--Awareness: cancer seems everywhere, the latest instance the death of Molly Ivins at 62 of breast cancer. Dinner party ahead at the Walkinshaws, Walt's old law partner Stim Bullitt may not be there because he's had lung cancer. On and on, it crops into the consciousness now.

Eerily, I had created a character named Dex--Dexter Cariston--~~x~~ just before dex came into my life.

The dex makes me longitudinal--concentrated on a single line of endeavor at a time, no latitude to speak of.

1/24--teetery, altho 4 days past dex pulse; caused by Thal?

--slept 9:30-3:30 without slpg pills

--never make it as a tightrope walker, no straight line for 00 days.

--having to keep track of bowel movements: dismal bookkeeping.

Stegner, American West as Living Space

- 3- images: gold rush, h'stlds
- 4- conditioned by climate & geog'y
- 5- isohyetal line of 20" rainfall
- 8- dry West area
- 9- Del: "Get out & give us more money."
- 10- water rights: prior appropriations
- 11- Powell's recomdn
- 14- extractive industries
- 16- 77 Peck Reservoir water rights
- 21- Am'cons as DPs.
- 22- exhilaration of being footloose
- 23- space instd of place
 - adaptation
- 25- towns
- 27- engineer'g v. adapting

Stegner/2

32 - immorality of exceeding limits

33 - instead of listening to silence

36 - habitat for limited population

37 - 1902, feds begin reclamation

38 - w/in attitude to fed presence

39 - "plunder removed from circulation"

42 - bureaus are imperfect protection but...

43 - geography of hope

- These Amen Lands

44 - need for agencies; but Reclam'n mines west

46 - Missouri R. a string of ponds

- "manner of country makes usage of life there"

48 - enthusiasm for w/in dam building

49 - anti-dam bks

52 - irrigation ag has limited life

- salts (saline seep?)

55 - hydraulic society

60 - a hard living but a wonderful life

Stagner/3

68 - West's mythic enlargement

70 - entrepreneurs as frontier individuals

73 - pioneer farmer in Midwestern, not Wm

75 - "hard, aggressive, single-minded energy"

77 - Rousseau: civ'l'n's corruption

78 - "When you call me that" Yo "Go ahead, make..."

80 - space as pressure (me: shellac & clear air?) (shellac & scenery?)

81 - Say!

84 - Fiedler & Montana face

- seeing culture from inside

- Missoula & Corvallis as enduring places

86 - adaptation

Memory is metaphor. Not the actuality itself, but some striking similarity, ~~in~~ some inspired comparison; some deep apprehending truth.

on dex, hard to do things ~~ex~~ sequentially; tendency to single-mindedly (slavishly)
do whatever task is at front of the mind, then wonder what the hell was supposed
to come next.

My obituary preceded me (one earlier time).
tried to

what my family called dropsy (tendency to have things fall from the hand)

--so I was dropsical

Grading - Time

155 - 4 kinds / picture time

168 - time's thick of asymmetry (60's, 12's)

NWC

N

978.6

M7683

Mont Dir of Public Affairs, 1864-1955; Ralph E. Owings

p. 3, chronology

--this is referred to on an Eng Crk "1939 day-by-day" source filecard; check at UW NWC to see if this provides a timeline for my folks' life in Montana?

the bone harp

Robinson Jeffers, "The Wind-Struck Music" , p. 586

I call that a good life; narrow, but vastly
better than most
Men's lives, and beyond comparison more beautiful;
the wind-struck music man's bones were moulded
to ~~the~~ be the harp for.

from Wendy Smith?

The great work done by outsiders: Shakespeare and Marlow, and
18th-19th c. women writers.

One-room schools (look as if it was a miracle anybody learned anything, all those grades mixed), but, done right, such a school actually was a miracle the opposite way: a teacher able to give entire attention to a handful of students. Tutorial.
--Thus the generational leaps, from my grandmother's 3rd grade education to my mother learning Latin.

Meeting Myself on the Long Road (21 Oct. '84)

--possible essay title, about finding that I have changes of attitude I swore, as a kid, that I'd never have: for ex, my askance view of this n'hood's 23-yr-olds who can slope through life without holding a real job. Lee Cochran fishes in Alaska some summers, otherwise seems to ride in dirt bike races; Blake Lankford, when I went over with their mail as I was rebuilding the mailbox situation, came blinking to the door, said when I asked him how things are: "Oh, I'm having a great summer!" I think it's in societal terms I resent this, the class system that's building in this country, rather than in personal; so far as I'm around them, Lee and Blake are both okay people. But I'm also personally astonished--the vague feeling, can they do that? isn't there a law against that?

Peasant Life in Suburbia

Until my beard brought out my resemblance to the Doig codgers who homesteaded into Montana from Scotland, I'd looked like my mother's, Wally's, side of the family. (The telltale nose.)

HE ideas

Somewhere in those years, I ~~likely~~ passed the midpoint of
my life

--the "nostalgia" of writing about an earlier time: maybe it's not nostalgia, but empathy--for the country as it was originally (biophilia); the kind of trace element still in us that makes the neck hackles of Welch and Bevis, and Lang, and Angell, all rise when they came upon ancient western places.

It is no longer clear to me how old I am. (i.e., whitening beard covering my face)

The coyotes of this suburb. At first, when we moved here, ghost-dogs on the hill opposite, where the park is now. In recent years, casual pedestrians of our backyard, passing 60 feet from us.

--possible link to pic of Dad's coyote haul at Stewart ranch; the 28 pelts in a single vertical flocking, as if leaping up the log wall in unison.

--the coyote as "song dog" and "God's dog"; romanticized now, probably even by me, but they were livestock killers.

--Dad's final job, in mid-60's: poisoning gophers which proliferated with decline of coyotes.

HE idea

My space for growing up was both constricted and wide: little room to myself living with the folks, the emotional narrowness of their tempers, yet the aloneness, self-reliance I was given by boarding out. Both pointed me the same direction, like separate but twin rails of track

debris

(my mind filled with the debris of reading)

~
... already filling...

WWII stories, comic books...

WB

The diary page is a kind of flow in which Swan rinses each day.

paddles

This forty-year river of words...

Dip in it, taste it. Right now, I ford it.

Otherwise naked as a shucked oyster, I clap on my bathing headdress, fat earphones corded to an MP3 player...

Unpocket a coin, and... drop it twice trying to get it into slot of
a newspaper box.

used in R Fair?

The leather belts of harness sectioned over the workhorses

The magic of what people say lingers (long), we know it as memory.

white wisping through the beard

green? tan?

round haybailes like billiard balls on green table

crossing eastern Wash'n, 6/27/88:

- big elevated pipe sprinkler systems in fields catch rainbows as we drive; pipes are at right angles to freeway, & as we approach,
- light from morning (7-8 a.m.) sun behind us moves - rainbow spectrum from major spray to major spray along pipeline-on-stilt.

western wear stores (Christensen & Glasgow) biggest & most
prosperous enterprises

Jack

memory as a chinook

- roaring

- change in atmosphere

- /flow over topography: similarly, over country of brain? ^{mind?} mtns of brain?

Jesus.

• past has a mind of its own? p. 158

Memory as dream?

check Moorhouse on aborigines' "in dreaming"

• geography of life; map of time: Is a life a map of time?

HE idea

1945--Hiroshima's year

~~This is a book of echoes~~

HE idea

~~prism~~

In that skip the generations sometimes make,
I look more like him.

(Wally?)

HE idea

the years run back through

HE idea

We had...

I come from the part of the American past that has no set place, no settled life. The rememberings from there are of motion

— refute later in bk: Mont. proved to be place.

HE idea

~~prim~~

memory a constant delirium

low-grade fever

Berneta seeking a cosmos instead of chaos (Storr, Solitude, p. 36)

The lightning's gleaming rod
Reach forth and write upon the sky
The awful autograph of God.

--Joaquin Miller, "The Ship in the Desert"; cited in Alberta Homestead,
by Sarah Ellen Roberts
UW F1078 R6 1971

possible use: essay on lightning and other Montana weather, titled "God's Autograph"

Sneak Day

- My 1st day at Valer (check enrollmt records); V had just won conference ftball ch'ship (check n' papers); Nov. '53?
- 4 of us new to school; Glenn Collins, Gerald Mallo, me, & —
- Ben Beaudry yelled "signal, whatever it is, & whole school(?) led; I must have ridden in Tom Chad's '38 Chev(?) to Rock City. Memory of kids sitting on car fenders, a few beers being drunk.
- Penally we several Saturdays of school(?); from then until Xmas? Belisle was principal; how did he work this, getting teachers to agree?
- amt of rebellion. Sneak Day rep'd
- Valer & me: I was an accidental local citizen, relentlessly bullied (some came farther - Bill Raffold driving from ranch to meet bus). Never really a part of town; but not of Dupuyer peer scene either, rowdies such as Larry Habets & Chas Trapalet. (A pay back @ Deep center'd: Teresa Habets, teased by Larry, Chas etc., insisting to her mother she had no memory of me.)
- Deep. bus route. longest? oldest bus - Roy Sabins' '39(?) Int'l'l?

OVER

- They made way for my mind.
- Sneak Day was mass caprice.
(Canetti, Crowds & Power :)
- Dad, who loved story & drama, was entertained rather than irate. (- family demilitarized young & grew up in)
- . situation of rural kids: I never went to a 1-room school, & I wonder if I'd been better off if I had.
- . Torturous bus ride, very nearly doubling back to Dup; & of course, - littlest & least defensible kid w. cause of loopback & thus most resented.
- school bus: Chas dangling his arm between Rita's legs, never touching but she never moving either.
- . price of some of this was life: Chas dying in car wreck, kids who had to get married.

Sources:

Antoinette (Widholm), 57
 Pat Eckhoff
 Bill Rappold
 Ben Beaudry
 Glen Belisle
 Valer school records
 " annuals
 Don at Madison H's & knew
 Belisles in Cascade: says
 Ken B. lived in Spokane,
 that he knew.

HE idea

Dad's shortness; my absolute mediumness, in size, temper ~~xxx~~ and
maybe ambition

HE idea presim

the chances I take are with words: as odd as my
slight father taking his with brancs

as it does

used?

Time rounds on itself, lays a coil, and we are caught deep.

the three of ^{them} us refugees

~~first snow~~

Endings

My trips to Montana were a web of past and future. All the remembered life crowded in while I tried to buy Dad a bit more time--and agonized whether more time was right for him. The present was only motion, a link between what had been and what would happen next.

From the Archives, Just for Theremaniacs

NYT 4/21/07

By DANIEL J. WAKIN

IN 1927 The New York Times reported from Berlin about an astounding recent invention: a box with a brass rod and ring that, when the inventor moved his hands around them, produced a violinlike sound of "extraordinary beauty and fullness of tone."

"He created music out of nothing but motions in the air," the article said.

The inventor was Leon Theremin (born Lev Termen), a young Russian scientist whose fascinating life would later include spying for Soviet intelligence, serving time in a Siberian labor camp and inventing a host of things, including electronic bugs, an early television and an electronic security system at the Sing Sing prison in Ossining, N.Y. But his legacy lives on principally in the device named after him: the theremin, which introduced the age of electronic music.

Though it bombed as an instrument for the masses, partly because it is so difficult to play, Hollywood embraced it. The theremin, with its otherworldly, sliding woo-woo sound, was prominent in science fiction movies like "The Day the Earth Stood Still" and in other films, notably Alfred Hitchcock's "Spellbound" and Billy Wilder's "Lost Weekend."

It captivated Robert Moog, who began building theremins before inventing his pioneering synthesizer in 1954. A well-received 1994 documentary, "Theremin: An Electronic Odyssey," revived interest, and the theremin has since had renewed popularity in pop and rock bands.

But early on, the theremin also had a life in concert halls, thanks mostly to the woman considered its greatest virtuoso, Clara Rockmore,

who died in 1998 at 88. Ms. Rockmore, a former violin prodigy, created a whole technique of playing. She performed with the Philadelphia Orchestra and the New York Philharmonic, played Town Hall, had works written for her, toured with Paul Robeson and gave recitals — many with her sister, the noted pianist and teacher Nadia Reisenberg.

Mr. Moog persuaded Ms. Rockmore to put her artistry on record. A recording session in 1975 led to her first album, "The Art of the Theremin," released on LP in 1977 and containing 12 numbers. Three decades later 13 previously unheard cuts from that session are available in a new release on the Bridge label, "Clara Rockmore's Lost Theremin Album."

The original theremin, first sold by the RCA Corporation, looks like a small wooden lectern with a vertical antenna on one side and a horizontal loop antenna on the left. Hand movements cause changes in the electromagnetic field around the antennae. The right hand moving near the vertical antenna controls pitch; the closer it moves, the higher the tone. The left hand, next to the horizontal loop, controls volume; the closer it moves, the softer the sound. (About half of the original 500 RCA theremins are believed to have survived, according to the Web site thereminworld.com, which has a registry of instruments and fascinating stories about their survival.)

With nothing but air to touch, there is no independent guide for where pitches lie. The body must remain still to avoid disrupting the tones. "You have to play with butterfly wings," Ms. Rockmore is quoted as saying in the booklet



Skippy Adelman

The theremin virtuoso Clara Rockmore in an undated photograph. A new CD contains 13 previously unreleased performances by her.

notes. "Playing the theremin is like being a trapeze artist without a net underneath."

The new CD will captivate theremaniacs (there are plenty out there) and anyone open to a cool musical sound. But it will also appeal to classical-music lovers. Ms. Rockmore's playing is deeply musical, and she performs with all the expressiveness of a violinist trained in the Romantic school of Mischa Elman and Jascha Heifetz, as she was.

Ms. Rockmore, admitted to the St. Petersburg Conservatory in Russia at 5, was a student of the great violin teacher Leopold Auer, who also taught those future virtuosos. Muscle and joint problems forced her to give up the violin in the mid-1920s. Around then she met Leon Theremin in the United States, studied with him and became his friend and dancing partner. Theremin even proposed, unsuccessfully. In the 1930s Theremin made a special extrasensitive instrument for her, which she plays here. The sound is less electronic than on other theremin recordings, and the human presence is clear.

In Bach's "Air on the G String," here called "Celebrated Air," the portamento, or carrying of tone, is lush but tasteful. At the end of the long first note Ms. Rockmore makes a caressing diminuendo. In Villa-Lobos's "Bachiana Brasileira" No. 5 the theremin takes the soprano part and sounds hauntingly human. (The eight cellos are overlaid in a remix.) In Dvorak's "Humoreske" you can almost hear the lilt of a bow. She begins Schubert's "Ave Maria" with great delicacy, and each note afterward is carefully placed.

The theremin has a number of soloists now, including Pamela Kurstin, Barbara Buchholz and Lydia Kavina, a relative of the inventor, who recently released a theremin album called "Music From the Ether" on Mode Records.

But Ms. Rockmore towers above them all.

"She converted her musicality, all of her strong Russian background as a musician, into this incredible technique on this new space-age instrument," Albert Glinsky, Theremin's biographer, said recently. "It also didn't hurt that the inventor was in love with her."

It's a gentle guitar waltz, and as it begins, the



Timothy A. Clary/Agence France-Presse

exander said. He had just gotten a cellphone; Ms. Jones's call was the first to come through.

The studio's big windows survey the Lower East Side; there are guitars in neat racks overhead and two elegant antique pianos — a baby grand and an upright — among the keyboards. The doorway into the studio is flanked by vintage concert posters for members of Ms. Jones's musical pantheon: Duke Ellington, Hank Williams, Ray Charles and Patsy Cline.

Jazz, country and soul were all folded into Ms. Jones's 2002 debut album, "Come Away With Me." In a pop universe full of whiz-bang electronic bombast and frantic vocal acrobatics, she arrived like an emissary from some subtler dimension. She sang modestly, with discreet jazz syncopations, accompanied by a few hand-played instruments.

"It's not that things are left out very carefully," she said. "It's just that we never thought about putting them in."

The songs, most of them written by her band members, were filled with wistful longing and, tucked behind it, the serene assurance that she'd never have to shout for attention. Or so it seemed. Actually, in three years singing on the New York club circuit, Ms. Jones had tried showier styles and decided she couldn't pull them off. "I sang in some bad blues band for a while, and I heard a recording of myself," she recalled. "I thought, 'God, I'm oversinging, and I don't sound like Aretha Franklin, so I shouldn't try.' And I think I scaled back a little bit more than maybe I meant to."

MS. JONES has a musical pedigree; her father is the sitar master Ravi Shankar. Norah's mother, Sue Jones, and Mr. Shankar broke up soon after Norah was born, and Norah was raised in Texas, in touch with Mr. Shankar but not close to him.

"I didn't really grow up with much of a relationship with him," she said. "Now that we're in a good place, I think: 'Wow, he's 86. I should ask him all these questions about music.' I was just interested in having a dad for a long time, and I was almost annoyed that he was a famous mu-

wears underwear.

because I only knew three chords, and it was easier, it just made my life simpler. And on the piano it took me a long time to realize I could play a triad" — an unembellished major or minor chord — "and it doesn't have to sound really simple. I finally learned how to do it."

Her reticence became her gift. Although "Come Away With Me" wasn't what Top 20 radio stations defined as pop, it caught on almost by word of mouth and kept selling, eventually reaching 10 million copies in the United States alone, ratified by an armload of Grammy awards. Her slightly more upbeat 2004 sequel, "Feels Like Home," has sold four million copies in the United States, and last year Ms. Jones released an album with her casual, countryish side project, the Little Willies (named after another hero, Willie Nelson).

Popularity brought a backlash: from jazz aficionados grumbling that Ms. Jones's pop didn't belong on the hallowed Blue Note label, from rock and pop listeners who found her music too tame, and from people who grew tired of hearing her albums everywhere as, yes, background music.

"I have a real big fear of being overexposed," she said. "On the first record I was everywhere and it was like the worst time in my life."

She was grateful for success, she quickly noted. "I'm appreciative of everything. But it was the most unhappy time for me."

"I'm very much not like my records in person," she added. "They expect me to be very girly, very romantic, very melancholy, and I'm not any of those things. So it's funny. I don't know where this side of me came from, this ballad-loving, quiet, simplistic, all that stuff. That's very much from me, and I'm not sure where I got that or why I held onto it so tightly."

She knows her albums can be lullabies. "People always tell me how: 'Oh, my god, my son listens to your album every night to go to sleep. He went to summer camp last summer, and he couldn't sleep, so I had to give him his Norah Jones album.' I'm like: 'Oh, that's so

don't want to cause turmoil just for a good song, so we'll just have to get it from other people. I did have some good friends who were going through a pretty rough breakup at the time. And I definitely looked towards that for a lot of these songs. I finally started looking outside myself for ideas."

A sense of mortality flickers through the album's apolitical songs. In "The Sun Doesn't Like You," she sketches a love song in a stark prison landscape, complete with dogs and razor wire; "Someday we all have to die," she reflects. Amid eerie, Minimalistic plinking and an aura of guitar feedback, "Not My Friend" starts as a plaint and turns far more sinister: "When I back away," she sings, "I'm gonna keep the handle of your gun in sight." Even "Little Room," a droll, countryish bounce about a tiny apartment from her early days in New York City, notes that with the bars on the windows, "If there were a fire we'd burn up for sure."

The music on "Not Too Late" stays poised; its edge is turned inward. "I know that to some people it might sound the same: 'Oh, it's quiet, therefore it's the same,'" Ms. Jones said. "But I don't mind being misunderstood anymore, that's the thing. I realize that it doesn't matter if people don't understand me or what something means to me. If it doesn't translate then that's O.K., I don't care anymore."

"If people enjoy the music, great. And if they don't like it, and they think it's boring, fine. They don't get it. But it doesn't matter anymore if I'm completely understood. Because you're not going to be. And you're never going to please everybody, so you shouldn't try."

A few nights later Ms. Jones had a formal performance: a Webster Hall show for television cameras and an audience of friends, the news media and music-business contacts. At the sound check she was a working musician again, making last-minute adjustments to details: deciding, for instance, that one song needed the quiet rustle of a shaker instead of brushes on a snare drum. She started the concert not with a ballad, but with the sardonic barrelhouse strut of "Sinkin' Soon." After the applause she smiled knowingly. "I promise we'll play some quiet slow songs," she said. "Eventually."

SportsSunday

□□YT

Section 8

PS TODAY'S GAMES

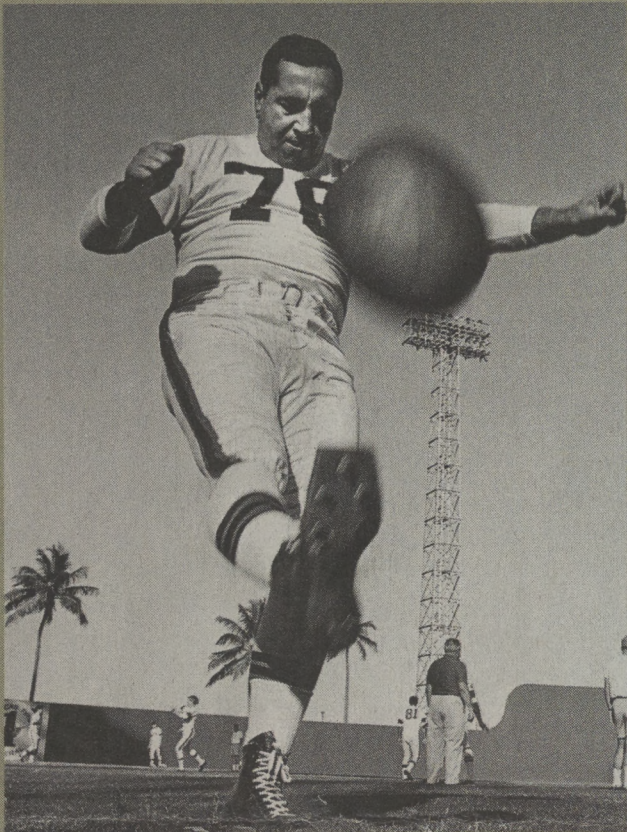
GO, 3 P.M., FOX



NEW ENGLAND AT INDIANAPOLIS, 6:30 P.M., CBS Times are Eastern

The Toe: Lou Groza

Groza, the Browns offensive tackle and kicker, who died in 2000, made 54.9 percent of his attempts in 21 seasons.



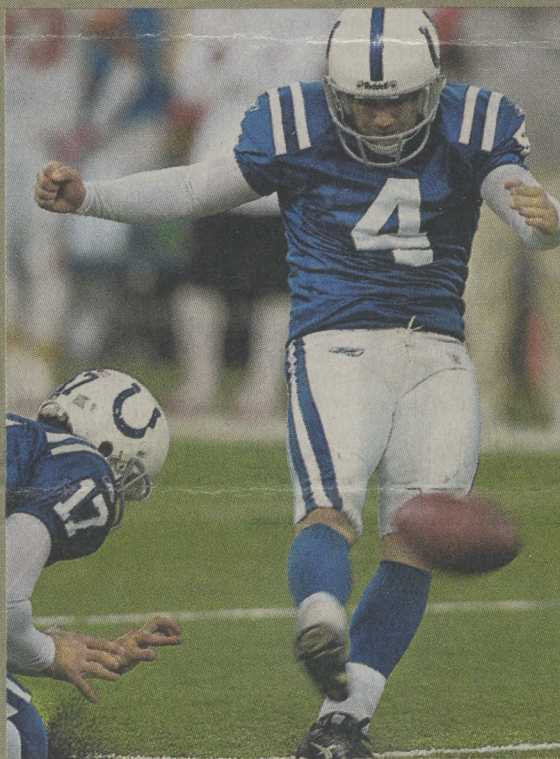
Soccer Style: Jan Stenerud

Stenerud, the only full-time kicker in the Pro Football Hall of Fame, made 66.8 percent of his attempts in 19 seasons.



Barefoot: Rich Karlis

Karlis, the last of the barefooted kickers from a generation ago, made 72 percent of his attempts from 1982 to 1990.



Mr. Clutch: Adam Vinatieri

The Patriots let Vinatieri, whose career accuracy is 82.5 percent, go to the Colts. He faces his old team today.

It's Up, It's Good, Maybe Too Good for N.F.L.

Rising Field-Goal Accuracy Leaves League With Question

By JOHN BRANCH

Place-kickers in the N.F.L. have never been this good, and they are becoming better every season.

In 2006, they made 81.4 percent of their regular-season field-goal attempts. That broke the record of 81 percent, set in 2005, which broke the mark of 80.8 percent, set in 2004.

The N.F.L.'s Age of the Kicker has extended into this season's playoffs; kickers have made 34 of 36 field-goal attempts — a 94.4 percent clip that is high-

er than the percentage of successful extra points 30 years ago.

Three of last weekend's four second-round playoff games were decided by 3 points — two requiring late kicks to be settled — and the fourth featured no touchdowns but a 7-for-7 field-goal performance by the kickers.

In an era of parity in the N.F.L., when it seems that more and more games are being decided by field goals, more and more kicks are sailing between the up-rights.

Each kick carries the National Football League toward a difficult question: Should anything be done about it?

"I imagine that it is something that will come up at our next session," said John Mara, the Giants' president and a member of the league's competition committee. "But I can't imagine enough sentiment to make any radical changes."

The N.F.L. has long had an uneasy re-

Continued on Page 6

On Big Stage, Safarova Ends Mauresmo's Repeat Bid

By CHRISTOPHER CLAREY

MELBOURNE, Australia, Sunday, Jan. 21 — The excellent news just kept coming for Lucie Safarova at the Australian Open. No sooner had she stunned herself and second-seeded Amélie Mauresmo by winning their fourth-round match, 6-4, 6-3, when she was informed that her boyfriend, Tomas Berdych, had also won his match.

"Wow! Great," she said. "We're going to have to celebrate."

Mauresmo was the one celebrating in Melbourne last year, after winning her first Grand Slam singles title 13 years after she turned professional. She later built on that victory, acquired in odd circumstances when Justine Henin-Hardenne stopped in the midst of the final because of stomach pain, by beating Henin-Hardenne to win Wimbledon.

But this season is off to a much less auspicious start for Mauresmo, thanks to Safarova, a 19-year-old left-hander from the Czech Republic who generates plenty of racket-head speed as she takes quick cuts at her groundstrokes and first serves.

Playing her first match at Rod Laver Arena, Safarova served quick notice that she was a threat by forcing Mauresmo to save two break points in her opening service game.

Mauresmo appeared to take the hint, stabilizing her game to take a 4-1 lead, but her lack of depth on her topspin groundstrokes soon became a problem for her. Safarova began finding the corners and pushing forward to the net with consistent success.

Safarova won 18 of the last 21 points in the set, and she soon took a 4-1 lead in the second. But Mauresmo did not go out meekly. She won Safarova's serve in the next game, then followed own after a successful challenge of a serve that had been called out. The momentum shifted, and it was now 4-3: often a cue for an experienced player on the verge of a match to begin overthinking and overhitting.

But Safarova held firm to hold on. She then held even firmer in the final game of the match, recovering from the disaster of failing to convert her first two serves to win Mauresmo's serve. The last 10 minutes of the match as Safarova took Mauresmo's backhand into Mauresmo's backhand, followed it into the net, getting it into the net for a reward.

"It's amazing; I still can't believe it," Safarova said. "Warming up, I was saying like, wow, this is a big match. I'm comfortable here."

Until this tournament, Safarova had never won a Grand Slam tournament.

Continued

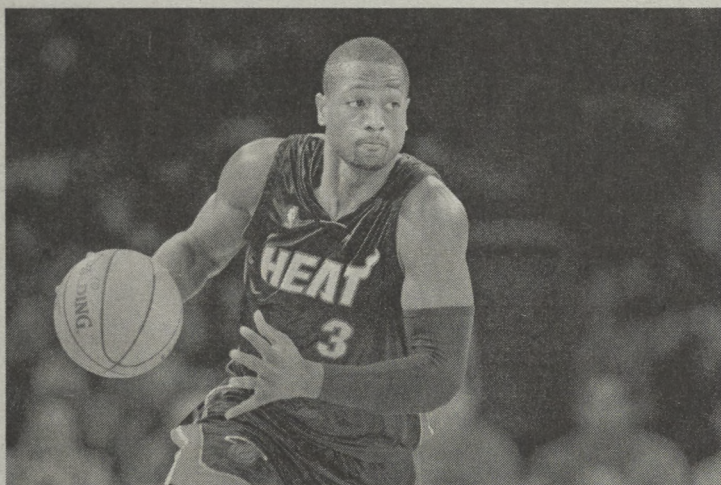
COLLEGE HIGHLIGHTS



Te

w

Spotlight N.B.A.



Lisa Blumenfeld/Getty Images

Dwyane Wade said it seemed "like forever ago" since the Heat defeated the Mavericks for the N.B.A. championship last June.

A Finals Rematch: Where's the Heat?

Miami Looks to Regain the Fire Dallas Has

By LIZ ROBBINS

Vivid scenes depicting the Miami Heat's N.B.A. championship run against the Dallas Mavericks last June line the redecorated tunnel to the American Airlines Arena floor, creating a triumphant cocoon.

It is only when the players step onto their home court that the spell is broken.

Dwyane Wade will look at those celebratory photographs for inspiration today in Miami on the way to meeting the Mavericks at the first time since being named the most valuable player of the finals. Forgive me if he does a double take. Neither team is the same.

"It seems like forever ago," said Wade, who last saw the Mavericks as he blew by them in the fourth quarter of Game 4.

These days, Dallas and Miami are as

Champion is hoping that center and its focus will be back soon.

conferences. The Heat (18-10) climbed to eighth place in the Eastern Conference after a gaping loss of its two games at Riley and Shaquille

(33-8) have won 19 of 20 games, storming into first in the Eastern Conference.

"We got the rest of this month, February, March, we got plenty of time," Mourning said with a scowl. "All we need is a play-off spot. That's it. I don't think any team wants to see us in the first round."

That's it, then. To the Heat, the 82-game season in the East is little more than a formality.

"That's not the attitude that you take on the court every night," Wade said. "You want to win. But at the end of the day, all that really matters is that when you get to the playoffs, it's another season."

"It's tough to beat the Miami Heat in a seven-game series, especially coming off a championship. We have pride."

Perhaps lately that pride has returned. But early was ugly. A 42-point defeat on opening night, when diamond-studded rings were awarded and the banner was raised, turned out to be the first of 13 blowout losses.

Before Riley left, he made an example of Walker and James Posey, deactivating them for failing to meet their prescribed conditioning goals (they missed their body-fat marks by 1 percent).

"This year, it's hard to put everything in a capsule and feel good about it," Pfund said. "I don't know if it's at a point where you say we have to win. Sometimes you realize it's

"Every time I've missed some games, I've won championships," O'Neal said Wednesday. "That's somebody's way of telling me to get some rest."

Last season, he missed 18 games in November and December, coinciding with the Heat's slide to 11-10, a downturn that caused Riley to take the coaching reins from Stan Van Gundy.

"I absolutely believe, and nothing against Stan Van Gundy, but I think Pat could push this team like nobody else could," Heat General Manager Randy Pfund said in a telephone interview. "I think it will be the same way this year — we all feel that having him back pulling the strings is important to our success."

When will he be back? Riley, who has not been to the arena since his hip surgery, was unavailable for comment. When Pfund asked Riley how he felt the other day, Pfund said Riley responded, "Just fine!" End of discussion.

But Riley's team, which lost to lowly Philadelphia in overtime Friday, is not fine.

Despite Wade's inspired play since returning from his sprained right wrist — he has averaged 30.3 points in the last seven games and Miami has gone 5-2 — there are still questions about how a veteran (read: aging) team can become motivated after achieving its elusive goal.

Alonzo Mourning has been taxed while filling in for O'Neal, having to log more minutes than he has in the three seasons since his kidney transplant. Yet, typically, Mourning swatted away the suggestion that time is fleeting for a team below .500.

"We got the rest of this month, February, March, we got plenty of time," Mourning said with a scowl. "All we need is a play-off spot. That's it. I don't think any team wants to see us in the first round."

That's it, then. To the Heat, the 82-game season in the East is little more than a formality.

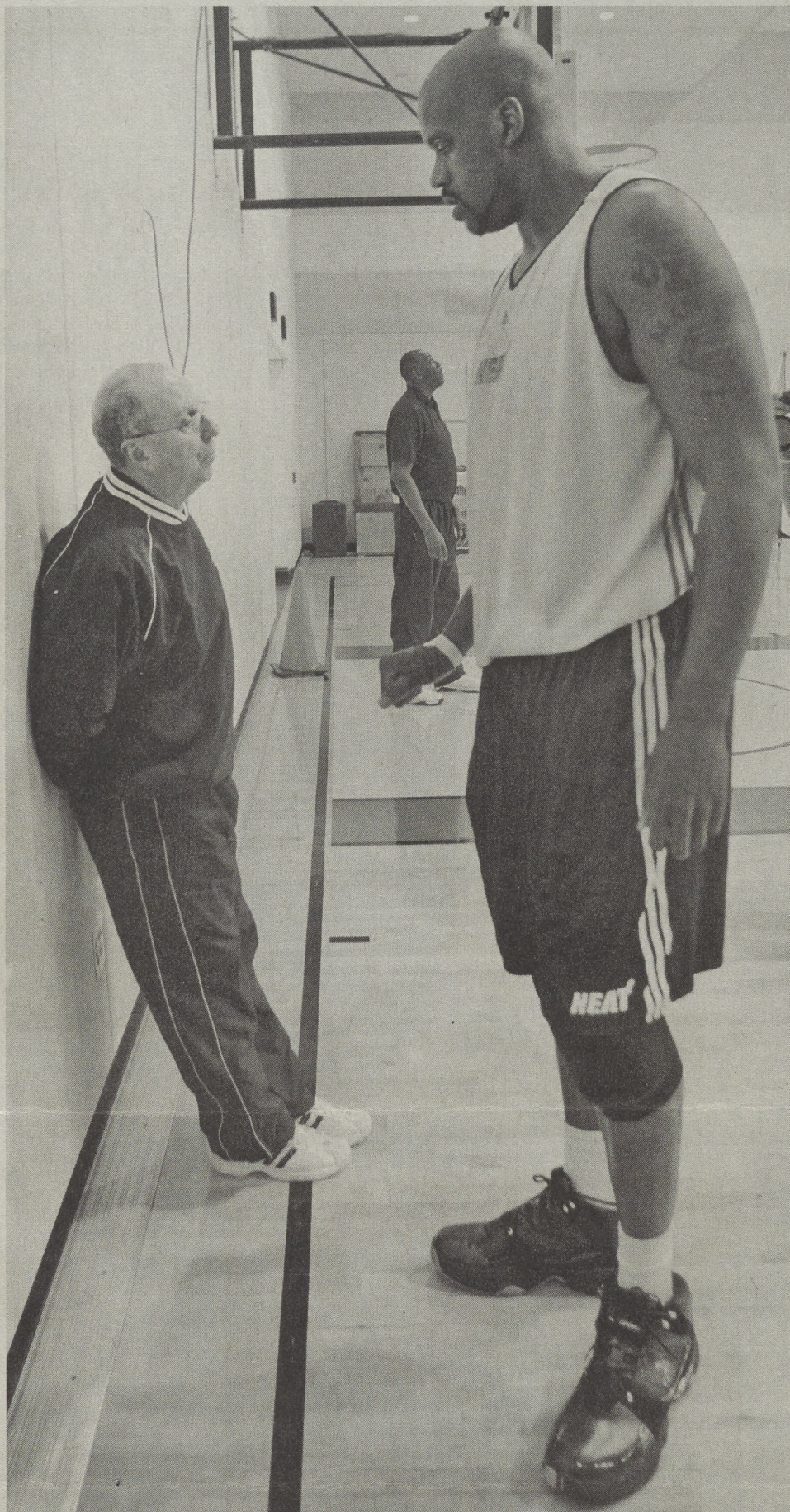
"That's not the attitude that you take on the court every night," Wade said. "You want to win. But at the end of the day, all that really matters is that when you get to the playoffs, it's another season."

"It's tough to beat the Miami Heat in a seven-game series, especially coming off a championship. We have pride."

Perhaps lately that pride has returned. But early was ugly. A 42-point defeat on opening night, when diamond-studded rings were awarded and the banner was raised, turned out to be the first of 13 blowout losses.

Before Riley left, he made an example of Walker and James Posey, deactivating them for failing to meet their prescribed conditioning goals (they missed their body-fat marks by 1 percent).

"This year, it's hard to put everything in a capsule and feel good about it," Pfund said. "I don't know if it's at a point where you say we have to win. Sometimes you realize it's



Lynne Sladky/Associated Press

Shaquille O'Neal has missed the past 33 games after having surgery on his left knee. O'Neal, 34, said he wanted to feel "1,000 percent" before returning.

too late and there's no push that gets you there. You can always come out of a little bit of a hole. But you don't want the hole to get too large."

The chasm threatened to swallow the Heat around the new year when Wade sprained his wrist, Riley took his leave and the team lost four in a row. Wade, feeling the season slipping on a western road swing, said this week, "I came back a little earlier than I wanted to."

When he did, the Heat won four consecutive games, Wade was named the Eastern Conference player of the week and the team started to find some rhythm.

Walker used his "timeout" to get used to the leather ball again. When Posey came back, he was ready to contribute from the bench. Jason Kapon turned into a bona fide 3-point threat. Point guard Jason Williams's knees seemed healthy again; he is swiftly directing traffic and making shots. The conditions seem ripe for O'Neal's return.

"When Shaq is in, it's a whole different team, he opens it up for everybody else," Washington guard Gilbert Arenas said after the Wizards won in Orlando on Friday to go five games ahead of Miami in the Southeast Division.

"Everyone — us and Orlando — we're trying to get some distance before the Diesel

gets back in town," Arenas said. "Once he gets back, they're going to go on a roll. They're still the reigning champs."

The champions returned the same core from last season. Will Riley's loyalty to a slowing veteran like Gary Payton hurt the team in the spring? Again, will Riley be there?

"I don't have any idea," Pfund said. "Pat is a hard-working guy. He's not a guy that's looking for a cakewalk. It wouldn't surprise me if he walked in here a week from now — or maybe he'd have a natural break after the All-Star Game."

O'Neal says he spoke to Riley every day — in his mind. "I get mental e-mails," he said.

Mourning is more literal. "Behind the scenes, Pat is orchestrating a lot of what's going on," he said. "He hasn't distanced himself from what we're trying to get done. He's going to be back. Trust me."

The Heat's steely confidence may change after today's game.

"It's the best time for us to meet up," Wade said. "Now we get an opportunity to see how good we are."

Then again, the Heat lost both regular-season games to the Mavericks last season by a combined 49 points. Miami remembers how much that mattered.

OFF THE GLASS

A Light on the History of Black Athletes

...with books

15 Jan. '07: hummingbird feeder, which I've been zealously bring^g_x in at night to keep from freezing. No sign of the hummingbirds today.

9 Jan '07: dead battery in the CRV; a deceased anything gets wary attention.

--storm moving in: the rain starting across the Sound at my friend the Pulitzer-winning reporter. Beyond him, it is already OOing my friend the MacArthur-OO poet. They are out there, genies in the woods...

I would go to blow my nose and find there was not a handkerchief within 50' of me.
Pill bottle caps leapt for the floor. My ordinary thought process resembles a
when loaded w/
homesteader digging out a stump, and on dex I plodded right past nuances of life
in temporary fixations on getting to my desk and writing things down. Which,
amazingly, produced pages of a novel faster than when I wasn't taking the stuff.
Dex gave me a mental pop, off-the-chart energy upstairs while it played games with
the rest of me. ~~And~~ Writing proved to be therapy for the therapy.

The salt shaker existed for the purpose of tipping over.

JOURNAL.

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REET JOURNAL.

Tuesday, February 13, 2007 **D1**

Behind the Scenes
Nixon in China
KS **D5**

Scientists find brain trigger linking weight gain to antipsychotic drugs — HEALTH **D4**

Another big bank offers stock-trading perks to boost balances — PERSONAL FINANCE **D2**

Cancer Patients Gain Say in Drug Approvals

FDA and Drug Makers Add Reports From Trial Participants To Traditional Measures Such as Survival, Tumor Shrinkage

By AMY DOCKSER MARCUS

A CANCER drug's effectiveness has long been measured in two important ways: whether it shrinks a tumor and whether it extends patients' lives. But researchers and regulators are paying increasing attention to another criterion: how a patient feels while taking the medicine.

In an important change, cancer patients' own assessments of how a drug is working, called patient-reported outcomes or PROs, are increasingly part of the drug-approval process at the Food and Drug Administration. The agency says PROs have been integral for the approval of a number of cancer drugs in recent years, including Amgen Inc.'s Kevance for severe mucositis, mouth sores that are a side effect of cancer treatment, and Axcan Scandipharma Inc.'s Photofrin, an agent used in treating precancerous lesions in Barrett's esophagus.

There have been calls by researchers to add PROs to reports of drug toxicity that are used during clinical trials, something traditionally reported only by clinicians. There is even emerging evidence that, for patients with advanced cancer, a patient's self-report about how he is feeling is a better predictor of how long a patient will live than other standard clinical data.

From the Trenches

How patient reports have helped in assessing a drug's usefulness:

- **With Amgen's Kevance** for mouth sores, patients reported the pain of the condition before doctors even saw the sores, demonstrating a need.
- **In one recent study**, patients reported numbness in the hands or feet, a side effect of some cancer drugs, months before clinician reports did.
- **Eli Lilly says patient** reports showed that its cancer drug Alimta had fewer patient-reported side effects than the existing treatment.

Traditionally, patients' quality of life or well-being while on a drug has been a secondary consideration, rated and reported by researchers. But one recent study demonstrated that clinicians tend to underestimate subtle signs of problems that patients can pick up on earlier; patients reporting numbness in the hands or feet, a symptom caused by some anticancer drugs, were able to detect the problem months before the clinician reports did.

The shift toward PROs is important for cancer patients, whose opinions now play a much more significant role in determining the success of a drug. It is driven in part by the growing influence of the patient-advocacy

movement. But it can also be valuable for drug companies, which often invest huge sums of money in drugs that fail because they can't demonstrate that the drugs extend a patient's life. With the emerging role of PROs, drugs that don't necessarily extend life but make the patient feel and function better have a better chance of winning approval.

PROs have long been an integral part of trials testing new drugs to treat conditions such as arthritis, where patients are the most accurate source on whether a product relieves pain. In cancer trials, though, whether a patient lives longer

Please turn to page D4

Wells Fargo Elevates Online Pr

Offer of Free Trades Aims to Lift Appeal As One-Stop Shop

By JANE J. KIM

In a move that heightens competition between banks and brokerage houses for stock-trading customers, **Wells Fargo & Co.** plans to announce today that it will offer as many as 100 free online trades a year to customers with at least \$25,000 in balances at the firm.

The offer, effective immediately across the U.S., comes on the heels of **Bank of America Corp.**'s announcement last fall to offer free online stock trades to customers willing to park \$25,000 in deposit accounts. In addition to deposit accounts, Wells Fargo customers will be able to count loan balances and money in brokerage accounts at the bank toward the required minimum. No-load mutual funds

Trading Online Gets Cheaper

Here's how fees for online stock trades compare at various firms:

FIRM	FEES	WHO PAYS WHAT
Bank of America	Free ¹	Customers with \$25,000 or more in deposits trade free up to 30 times a month.
Charles Schwab	\$9.95 to \$12.95	Rates are lowest for households with \$1 million or more in balances, or who made at least 120 trades over the prior 12 months.
E*Trade Financial	\$6.99 to \$12.99	Rates are lowest for customers who make 1,500 or more trades per quarter.
Fidelity Investments	\$8 to \$19.95	Rates lowest for households with assets of \$1 million or more, or those with at least \$25,000 in assets that make 120 or more trades per year.
TD Ameritrade	\$9.99	Flat rate for all customers.
Wells Fargo	Free	Customers with \$25,000 or more in brokerage accounts, credit balances, loans ² , savings and checking accounts, and IRAs trade free up to 100 times per year.

¹Currently available in 47 states. ²Including up to 10% of mortgages.

Source: the companies

and exchange-traded funds also qualify for the free trades.

The move is likely to put more pressure on other brokerages, such as **Charles Schwab Corp.**, **Fidelity Investments**,

E*Trade Financial Corp. and **TD Ameritrade Holding Corp.**, to cut trading costs. Startup companies such as **Zecco Holdings Inc.**'s Zecco.com, **Genesis Securities LLC**'s SogoInvest

SMARTMONEY FUND SCREEN | *Balanced Funds*

Most investors flock to **James Investment Research**, a firm outside Dayton, Ohio, for its small-cap fund. It's a quirky but well-regarded offering that has posted an average annual return of 19.5% over the past five years, six percentage points ahead of the benchmark Russell 2000 index.

But the company isn't a one-trick pony: For the past decade, its \$320 million balanced fund, called **Golden Rainbow**, has been in the top 17% of its peer group.

Balanced funds like **Golden Rainbow**, though, are typically overshadowed by whatever investors think is the hot category of the moment. That's because this group uses a conservative mix of stocks, bonds and

cash to generate steady returns. That combination protects an investment during market slumps, but it also prevents it from enjoying the supersize returns that many funds experience during rallies.

"These funds aren't designed to blow the lid off performance ratings," says Jeff Tjornehoj, a senior analyst at Lipper. "But they will provide steady income and modest growth."

This week we went looking for the best no-load balanced funds with an expense ratio of 1.5% or less. These funds had to be in the top 30% of their peer group over the trailing three- and five-year periods. They also had to be open to investors and have minimum initial investments of less than \$5,000. —Rob Wherry

Balancing Act

These five balanced funds have impressive results and relatively low expenses.

Fund (Ticker)	3-Year Average Annual Return	5-Year Average Annual Return	Expense Ratio
Buffalo Balanced (BUFBX)	11.3%	9.1%	1.03%
Fidelity Balanced (FBALX)	11.2	7.6	0.64
James Balanced: Golden Rainbow (GLRBX)	10.0	9.5	1.21
Mairs & Power Balanced (MAPOX)	9.1	8.9	0.84
T. Rowe Price Balanced (RPBAX)	9.7	8.8	0.69

Note: Data as of Feb. 8, 2007

HEALTH

Patients Get a Say in Drug Approvals

Continued from page D1

has long been the central measure by which a drug is judged. However, in recent years, the reality began to sink in that there weren't many new cancer drugs that dramatically extended people's lives. The FDA increasingly began to acknowledge that giving someone a higher quality of life offered clinical benefits that could lead to an approval.

What drug companies and FDA both realized is that "changes in tumor size do not always conform with improvement as perceived by the patient," says Laurie Burke, director of study endpoints and label development in the Office of New Drugs at FDA.

Eli Lilly & Co. has used PROs in the regulatory process for its drug Gemzar, approved for pancreatic cancer in 1996 and ovarian cancer in 2006. In the 2004 approval of its Alimta drug for lung cancer, PRO data were critical in showing that the new drug not only shrank tumors as effectively as the existing treatment, but had fewer patient-reported side effects. "PROs are now a standard part of our Phase III cancer drug trials," says Astra Lipa, senior health outcomes scientist at Lilly.

Patient-reported data are also becoming more important in determin-

Patient self-reports of quality of life were a more accurate predictor of survival.

ing which approved drugs oncologists will prescribe—especially important given the high price of cancer drugs. At a meeting of American Society of Clinical Oncology in Atlanta last year, Bayer Pharmaceuticals Corp. and Onyx Pharmaceuticals Inc. made a point of presenting patient-reported data on their new kidney-cancer drug Nexavar, demonstrating the drug improved the way patients perceived their own health-related quality of life. (In the case of Nexavar, the PROs weren't submitted for the FDA approval process because the trial had early success and there wasn't time to evaluate those data. The drug, the first new kidney-cancer treatment approved in a decade, was shown to double the time before the disease got worse, compared with a placebo.)

Last year, the FDA issued a set of guidelines as to how the agency will evaluate PROs during drug approval; the final version is expected to be issued in the coming months. The guidelines emphasize that patient responses should be relevant measures of whatever is being tested, and raised concerns about the credibility of the PROs in cases when patients know they are getting an active drug, because patient responses are subjective.

Differing Views

In creating a questionnaire to measure how kidney cancer patients felt during treatment, patients and clinicians listed the issues they saw as most important.

Patients

- I am able to enjoy my life.
- I worry that my condition will get worse.
- I feel fatigued.
- I have a lack of energy (fatigue).
- I am able to work (includes work at home).
- I have pain.

Providers

- I am losing weight.
- I have a lack of energy (fatigue).
- I am bothered by side effects of treatment.
- I have pain.
- I am bothered by fevers.
- I have a good appetite.

Source: Cella et. al, Journal of Supportive Oncology, April 2006

In a 2005 paper published in the Journal of the National Cancer Institute, a group of researchers associated with the Radiation Oncology Therapy Group studied whether short-term radiation therapy was as effective in alleviating pain in patients with cancer that had spread to their bones as the standard course, which was longer and involved higher doses. By asking patients to rate how much pain they felt and how much pain medicine they needed, doctors concluded that shorter and lower doses of radiation were just as effective. Deborah Watkins Bruner, one of the authors of the study and a professor of nursing at the University of Pennsylvania, says the trial was a case study in the way PROs "can provide evidence for important clinical changes."

The trial also demonstrated some of the challenges of using patient information: 160 of the 845 patients died or were too ill to fill out questionnaires after three months of therapy. Even of the patients who were able to provide the data, only 84% participated.

Ms. Burke at the FDA, says the problem of "missing PRO data can't be ignored," and is especially challenging in a disease like cancer where many of the patients on a trial are likely to die. She said the agency was asking companies to start working with FDA on finding ways to deal with this issue as early as Phase I of drug trials, when companies are still only testing a drug in small numbers of patients for safety issues.

Patricia Ganz, the director of the division of cancer prevention and control in UCLA's cancer center, says that all measures of how patients are faring have problems. Blood-pressure readings can be different depending on who is taking them. X-ray results may be interpreted differently by various radiologists. It isn't always easy to calculate exactly how much a tumor has grown using CT scans. In her own research and clinical experience, she says, "physicians are very poor at predicting how long someone will live" using standard clinical information. In a study she and her colleagues conducted of patients with advanced lung

cancer, she said that patient self-reports of their quality of life were a more accurate predictor of survival outcome than physician or laboratory assessments of prognosis.

David Cella, executive director of the Center on Outcomes, Research and Education at Evanston Northwestern Healthcare in Evanston, Ill., says drug companies aren't going to be able to stray too far from the issue of whether a drug has an impact on a tumor. But Dr. Cella, who helped develop the questionnaire used by Bayer and Onyx in the Nexavar trials, says he noticed that patients and physicians often had different priorities in assessing a drug.

Known as the Functional Assessment of Cancer Therapy-Kidney Symptom Index, the questionnaire included questions chosen by both patients and clinicians. In the final list of questions, the top eight chosen by patients included whether they were able to work and whether they lacked energy. Questionnaire items chosen by clinicians—and not ranked highly by patients—included treatment side effects, bone pain, shortness of breath and coughs. Dr. Cella's group has created 10 other patient questionnaires targeted to specific cancers.

At Bayer, which supplied a grant to help develop the new index, Kathleen Gondek, the head of Global Health Economics and Outcomes Research at the company, says that "traditional measures" are necessary in evaluating drug efficacy. But, she adds, "what we have embraced is the understanding that how a patient feels and functions may be equally important."

The experience of Robert Eppinger, 72, demonstrates how important quality of life can be to patients. He enrolled in the Nexavar trial in 2005 for advanced kidney cancer. On the drug, his tumors have either shrunk or held stable, and although Mr. Eppinger, a retired office-furniture developer in Stamford, Conn., said he would prefer a "cure," he still feels well enough to continue activities such as going to the theater. "To find out that I could maintain a relatively normal life began to make me feel a lot better," says Mr. Eppinger.

TRAVEL

Rethinking Ultra-Chic Boutique



◀ **The Gramercy Park Hotel** features plush furniture and a chandelier.

▶ **The Court**, a W Hotels property in New York, is scheduled for a renovation of the lobby and all guest rooms.

▼ **The Royalton Hotel** in midtown Manhattan, redone in 1988, was one of the first high-style boutiques.



Photos, from left: Splash N

Continued from page D1

sumptuous, not minimalist, with a mammoth, hand-blown Venetian chandelier and plush, velvet furniture. It also "has much larger guest rooms," said John Fox, senior vice president at PKF Consulting in New York. "The trend with old boutiques was you had small rooms because you didn't want your customers in the rooms; you wanted them in the bars and the restaurants." Mr. Schrager, through his spokespeople, declined repeated requests for comment.

Many boutiques charge room rates well above those of business-class hotels. Rooms at 60 Thompson in New York over the March 9-11 weekend start at \$490. The Hotel Palomar in Dallas that same weekend starts at \$229. By contrast, **Marriott International Inc.'s** Renaissance Dallas Hotel runs \$119. The Westin New York at Times Square starts at \$349.

While hotel room rates overall have risen recently, boutiques have been able to up their prices even more: The category's average daily rate grew 10% to \$215.12 last year, the third straight year of growth, according to Smith Travel Research. But occupancy growth has slowed, echoing a similar trend in the overall hotel industry: Occupancy at boutiques was up only 0.8% last year, compared with 3.3% in 2005 and 4.3% in 2004. The boutique segment represents just 1% of the overall hotel market.

Some boutiques are toning down their trendiness—and even reining in their raucous bars. The Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel, home to two of the trendiest clubs in Los Angeles, professes to have a much happier clientele since its widely publicized removal of Amanda Demme as manager of Teddy's and Tropicana Bar last March. The nightspots had become celebrity hotspots under her direction, but hotel guests were getting barred

look so chic on the hotels' Web sites can end up looking scuffed and worn. Alan Anderson, a Phoenix resident said he has stayed at the W's Court and Tuscany hotels in New York repeatedly over the years, and he said the furnishings have grown old and the rooms beat-up. "They look like old news," he said.

Some hotels are sprucing up their rooms. W Hotels Worldwide said that both the Court and the Tuscany are scheduled for a renovation in the next year. Kimpton says its longstanding policy is to freshen its hotels' interiors every five to seven

With major metropolitan areas like New York and Los Angeles becoming saturated, the genre is branching out to areas that don't scream hip.

years. Some hotels are toning down some of their more über-hip—but impractical—designs. The age of the "oversized red lampshade," as Mr. Brandman of Thompson Hotels calls it, is past. "I think the design that tries too hard is finished," said designer Marni Leis, who along with Oren Bronstein has designed several Joie de Vivre properties. Ms. Leis said designers now feel freer to employ richer and more varied touches, such as the Oriental rugs and Moroccan tables she and Mr. Bronstein used in the Hotel Carlton in San Francisco.

With major metropolitan areas like New York and Los Angeles becoming saturated with bou-

tiques, they don't seem to be a new trend. A new **Gramercy Park Hotel** in New York, Va., by California's **Royalton Hotel** in New York, Va., opened a

Also, new low for a vibrant new selection in hotels and style room, but by contrast sort of des Place, and cafe registrat 120 hotel Atlanta-guest room concrete wall have amers with but room April at

And drian in tique to themed and an a measure

7 Jan '07:

--less woozy today, though still a bit muddy in the head. A constant awareness comes w/ the drugs, a feeling of had one too many drinks thought you can't bring back having done it.

--makes you tote up the deaths: Paul Bacon; Lee Goerner; writer friends...

I am now in remission, that terra ingonita but better than being off the map.^{ss}
(oblivion)

--I have not come out of this as any cheerleader for Nietzsche: there are ~~others~~ ^{countless preferable} ways
to strengthen in life ^{w/o} ~~than~~ ^{ing} to have something trying to kill you.

--meanwhile the president of my country, mired in
bottling himself into a OO of religion~~x~~
for self-help, did not give a damn about regenerative possibilities for the rest of us.

possible title:

World of My Own

--opening scene, carry "drama" of Robin Wms' situation to $\frac{1}{2}$ p. before transition,
the mention of cancer.

--Thalidomide: London and the Thal children, all those years ago (draw on our '72-3 diary)

Life & Death of Joe Egg

It went by ^{an alias} ~~another name~~ when it first showed up. Monoclonal

Gammopathy of Unknown Significance... The Mayo Clinic had taken 0000

patients, whiter than 00 bread,

The longest I had spent in a hospital in my 00 years was a couple of groggy afternoons after arthroscopic repair of each knee, home by night. I was not going to be home from this for a while.

What is a person supposed to do? Read Chekhov? (coughing his lungs out)
Endure Susan Sontag's underlying premise that she had the only case ever? How about Deuteronomy:

Imagine (analogy for M protein cells). 00 is the 00.

In the medical literature I was soon ~~pore~~ poring over like a graduate student at gunpoint,

Robin Williams had to take a leak. In the worst way. But there was no
way, worst or any other, to ^{achieve this} ~~do so~~ on the ^{speeding} ~~unstoppable~~ bus at the head of the caravan

of half the talent of America...

--draw on diary; Moyers "long march," Tom Stoppard jinking through
traffic, Halberstam like Lincoln beardlessly incognito, Martha Stewart; the
starlets...Watching Robin at the fireworks.

I watch. (instead of shmoozing)

Behave as if we belong there. Mischief: pass by George Lucas without
stopping and leave him baffled with "Hi, George, haven't seen you since Alaska."

--not like Tolstoy at the ball, but like his kulak?

It was the second such trip, like winning a lottery you didn't even knew you
held a ticket for and then, whoopee, winning it again.

The Allen family did not seem to mind. (Standing on a chair taking notes in
Alaska.) It was rich territory for a writer to be in...

...and other territory as well.

Six months earlier, I had learned cancer was invading my blood.

Helsinki: ...who in God's name could these pampered superguests be?

--Carrie Fisher complaining abt clothing, but Jeff Goldblum was loping around perfectly dandy in (color of his suit)

--Dan Dennett the trenchant philosopher

--actresses, sans entourage, seemed worst off (except for Robin Wms)

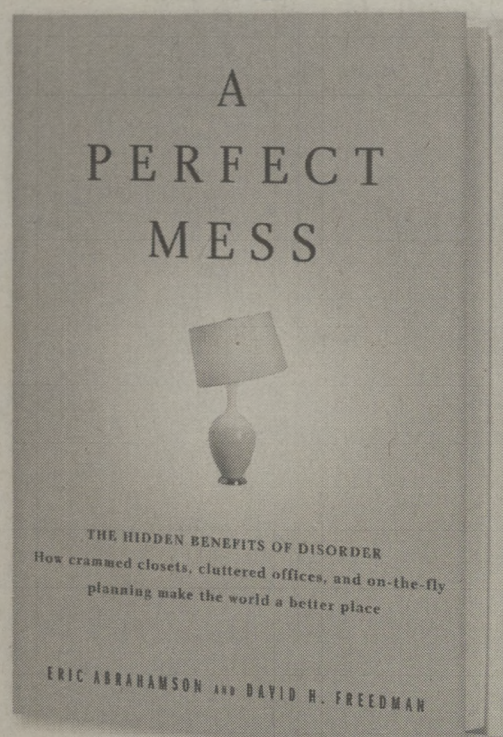
--It was rare mischief to be able to walk past George Lucas w/o stopping and leave him baffled w/ "Hi, George, haven't seen you since Alaska."

--busses carrying half of America's talent, and just about as much wealth

--C & me, 41 yrs of love well-flavored w/ lust
(ynger women; As if.)

--2006; 30-06; 100 years of rifle (which I did not know)

Do things differently this year.



- **Don't be more organized—**
When you're super-organized, you have less flexibility to accommodate spur-of-the-moment opportunities.

- **Don't keep a neater house—**
A moderately messy home feels warmer, and more comfortable and nurturing.

- **Do more procrastinating—**
After all, procrastinating is a form of prioritizing!

"Forget what everyone from your first boss to your mother taught you...."

A PERFECT MESS is a guilty pleasure that will absolve you for that unkempt office and spark further thinking."
—FAST COMPANY

"An engaging polemic against the neat-police....A hymn of praise to mess."
—THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

Little, Brown and Company
Hachette Book Group USA

www.hbgusa.com
Also available from Hachette Audio and as an eBook

Doctor Confronts the Human Drama's Inevitable Finale

When it comes to confronting death, doctors are as much at a loss as the rest of us. They are in the business of saving lives, not ending them. By instinct and by training, they

WILLIAM GRIMES

BOOKS OF THE TIMES

avoid what Pauline W. Chen calls "the final exam," the emotional challenges posed by terminally ill patients. Death represents failure. It asks unanswerable questions. Perhaps most vexingly, it threatens to crack the hard professional shell of detachment that medical training puts in place. In modern American medicine, death is everywhere and nowhere at the same time.

Dr. Chen, a surgeon specializing in liver transplants, is her own patient in "Final Exam," a series of thoughtful, moving essays on the troubled relationship between modern medical practice and the emotional events surrounding death. She recalls episodes from her own medical training, and cases in which she was involved, to dramatize her misgivings about the "lessons in denial and depersonalization" that help doctors achieve a high level of technical competence but can also prevent them from expressing empathy or confronting their own fears about death.

In the current system, she writes, "few of us ever adequately learn how to care for patients at the end of life." Among other things, "Final Exam" is a crash course in the specifics of human mortality. Dr. Chen begins with her first dead body, the dissecting-room cadaver that she disassembles over a period of many weeks, sometimes sawing and flaying, at other times gently separating minute muscle fibers and veins, as she learns to itemize every muscle and bone. It is a strangely intimate ritual.



Joanne Chan

Final Exam

A Surgeon's Reflections on Mortality

By Pauline W. Chen

268 pages. Alfred A. Knopf, \$23.95.

"My partners and I would know our cadaver's body better than any patient we would ever take care of," she writes. Later she learns how to poke and prod a dead body before drawing up a death certificate, witnesses a failed attempt to resuscitate a patient in cardiac arrest and experiences the first death of a patient under her care. Through endless repetition and constant attendance on the sick and dying, she struggles to find a professional middle ground between inappropriate attachment and cold indifference.

The middle ground proves to be elusive. As a student, Dr. Chen found it difficult to regard death as "a clinical event." Instead, she writes, "seeing patients die bothered me." Her own family background only compounded her sense of confusion. The daughter of immigrants from Taiwan, she grew up regarding death as a matter of fate. On the day of her

birth, her parents engaged an old man in Taiwan to tell her fortune. Much more than she could admit to her fellow students or teachers, her feelings about death were shaped by her culture.

"That great passing of life was too sacred; it was nearly magical," she writes. "Death was an immutable moment in time, locked up as much in our particular destiny as in the time and date of our birth."

Dr. Chen vividly conveys the fears and anxieties of medical training, as well as its pleasures. There is joy in mastering difficult skills and a strange tactile pleasure in feeling a pulsating heart or velvety liver. She dwells, with a sort of grim amusement, on the awful diet and the funny rituals that define the lives of medical interns. It is amusing to find out that clever nurses, to help surgeons finish up a long operation, put "closing music" on the sound system in the operating room: pulsating dance music intended to keep exhaustion at bay.

She also laments the lack of training in talking to patients, especially about death. Doctors, like everyone else, avoid the topic. Institutionally, discussions of death are limited to formal inquiries known as morbidity and mortality conferences, in which surgeons analyze recent deaths on the operating table in the hope of learning from them.

Outside the conferences, death is the unwelcome, awkward visitor who stops conversation. Dr. Chen cites a survey showing that one-quarter of oncologists failed to tell their patients that they were suffering from an incurable disease. Nearly half of the doctors in another study rated themselves as "poor" or "fair" in breaking bad news to their patients. Often, with several specialists and

sub-specialists assigned to a dying patient, each doctor waits for the other to provide unwelcome information.

Dr. Chen experiences an epiphany when she witnesses a break with tradition. Normally, in a patient's final hours, doctors close the curtain around the bed and disappear, leaving family members alone with their dying relative. But one doctor, trying to console an elderly woman whose husband is dying, stays with her by the side of the bed. As she holds her

Death is one part of life neglected in a surgeon's training.

husband's hand, he tells her what the strange sights and sounds on the monitors are saying, and what her husband is experiencing as life ebbs away. That scene of compassion and communication, in the midst of high-tech beeping and buzzings, shows what doctors can do when nothing can be done.

Dr. Chen cites a few experimental programs and recent changes in medical training to suggest that future doctors may be better equipped to take a more realistic, humane approach to mortality, but she is uncharacteristically vague about this. Old ways die hard, and technology-driven medicine, in a strange way, impels doctors to deny death as they apply heroic means to defeat it. Her most hopeful argument is herself: a doctor open to confronting her own fears and doubts, and willing to prepare her patients for the final exam.

New Serial Dramas: Now You See Them, Now You Don't

Continued From First Arts Page

vow that more serials are on the way.

"All the top new shows that are working are serialized," said Jeffrey D. Bader, an executive vice president of ABC Entertainment. As proof, he cited "Brothers & Sisters" on ABC, "Heroes" on NBC and "Jericho" on CBS this season.

"People do seem to be gravitating to these in large numbers," Mr. Bader said. "You can't say they're not working because, really, they are the only thing that is working."

Advertisers have generally responded well to serial dramas since the successful ones — like "24," "Lost" and Fox's "Prison Break" — attract fanatical viewers, many of whom are willing to spend hours chatting online about characters, plotlines and enduring mysteries behind the scenes.

But Brad Adgate, a senior vice president for research at Horizon Media, which helps clients choose where to advertise and when, said he believed that networks had erred in another way with serial dramas: by overestimating the reach of digital video recorders, which let viewers record shows for later playback.

Those devices are important to a show's fans because networks usually do not repeat episodes. Missing one week, therefore, can leave a viewer bewildered about what happened to which character and when.

And though most networks now

If a show fails to gain a big audience, it is likely to be canceled, even on the Web.

post the episodes on their own Web sites after they have been broadcast, only a small part of a show's potential audience uses that medium to watch it.

"These shows are difficult for viewers who are not accustomed to looking at a show they missed on another platform," like a network's Internet site, Mr. Adgate said. He estimated that fewer than 15 percent of television viewers use TiVo or another form of digital video recorder.

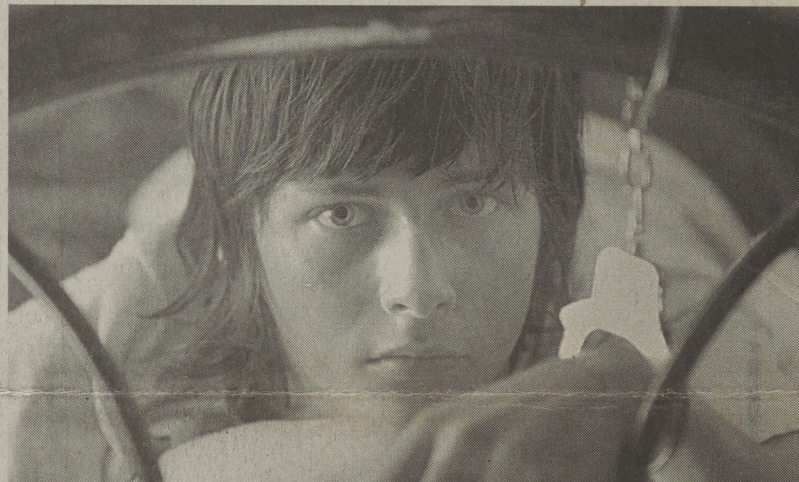
One television executive admitted that, as a group, the networks might have overreached this year with serial dramas. "Clearly, the audience can only make a commitment to so many of these things," said Craig Erwich, executive vice president for programming at Fox.

And the viewers' commitment is the key. One problem with kidnapping and bank-robbery dramas, Mr. Erwich said, was in "trying to locate the personal stakes." That is, if an unknown character is kidnapped in the first episode of a new series, why should the audience care, or even know what to think?

That said, Fox has several new serials in development. "We're not out of the business, but we will be measured in how we go into it," Mr. Erwich said. "If there is a good one, people will still watch it. But you have to have no hesitation in asking for their attention."

Serials also suffer from the fact that networks are unlikely to repeat episodes, partly because they must be shown in sequence and a season lacks enough weeks to accommodate further showings. When ABC mixed repeats of "Lost" with new episodes last season, it angered viewers who complained about the interruptions in the storyline. As a result, this season ABC showed six episodes in October and November, then took a nearly three-month break, planning to return with new episodes from February through May.

Quotation of the Day,
Page 2, every day,
in the News Summary.
The New York Times.



Eric Liebowitz/NBC

NBC's Web site has only clips of "Kidnapped," featuring Will Denton.



Cliff Lipson/CBS

CBS dropped "Smith," starring Ray Liotta, from TV and Web site alike.

Ratings also play a part in those decisions, Mr. Adgate said. With the ratings race unusually close this year, networks are loath to spend valuable air time rerunning a serial drama when, historically, those shows have not done well. "You can look back to 'Dallas' or 'Dynasty,' and those shows bombed during their repeat cycles," he said.

So far, the evidence suggests that if a drama does not find an audience on broadcast television, it is unlikely to grow into an Internet hit. Many that migrated to the Web after cancellation can now be found, if at all, only on YouTube or some fan sites.

Highlights of a few episodes of NBC's "Kidnapped" are present on the network's Web site, NBC.com, but no full episodes. CBS, which pulled "Smith" from its broadcast schedule after three episodes, made the remaining four episodes avail-

able on its Web site, CBS.com, for a few weeks but dropped them before the end of December. (The complete seven-episode season remains available on iTunes.)

Fox, meanwhile, has kept all 13 episodes of "Vanished" online, including four that never were broadcast on television. They can be found on a secondary Fox Web site, www.myspace.com/fox.

Few if any of the canceled series are likely to be released on DVD sets, given the relatively small number of people that tuned in to the shows the first time and the attendant lack of positive buzz around them. The television studios that produced the series, rather than the networks that broadcast them, have the rights to produce the DVD sets, and studio executives say that those decisions, yet to be made, will depend on online viewership and iTunes sales.

Crossword

Edited by Will Shortz

ACROSS

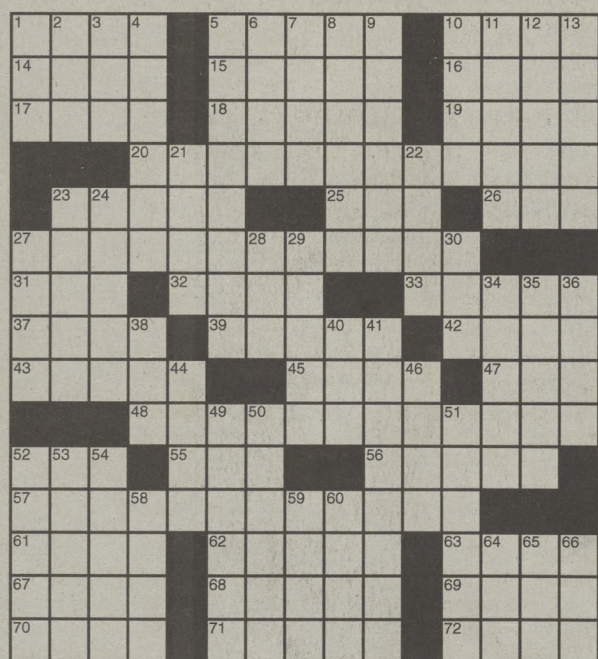
- Plotting
- Some hospital procedures
- 1993 standoff site
- Gung-ho feeling
- Pull on
- Skater Michelle
- Product with earbuds
- Put down
- Hindu royal
- Speaker of the quip starting at 27-Across
- Choreographer Twyla
- Suffix with meth-
- Tee follower?
- Quip, part 1
- Parisian pal
- Mount Rushmore's state: Abbr.

- Beer blast garb, maybe
- Quip, part 2
- "The Fog of War" director — Morris
- Quip, part 3
- Grain bane
- Speaking freely
- Versatile wheels, for short
- Quip, part 4
- Metric wts.
- Writer Santha Rama
- Hustler's game
- End of the quip
- Common spread
- Shroud locale
- It has a warp
- Some palmtops, for short
- Circular seal
- Reason for an all-nighter

- Like a flea-market Gucci, probably
- Barcelona babes
- Largest lake in Australia

DOWN

- AK-47 relative
- Zip
- "Way," literally
- Behind the times
- Run wild
- Die, for example
- Food thickener
- West Indies capital
- Bud holders?
- Sitcom station
- Inundated
- Vacationer's rental
- Cat-_-tails
- Sun, moon, etc.
- Hook up
- Surgeon's target
- When doubled, a former National Zoo panda
- Green stone
- Compact, e.g.
- Home of the Rubber Bowl
- Summer Games org.
- Ill-fed
- "The Sopranos" restaurateur
- Appear to be
- Director Browning
- Not req.



Puzzle by Curtis Yee

1/10/07 (No. 0110)

- Symbols of crowd psychology
- Famous Amos
- Noble element
- Home of Lafayette College
- Put in stitches
- "Sense and Sensibility" director
- Random House imprint
- Ingrid Bergman's last film "A Woman Called —"
- The turf in "surf and turf"
- Get checkmated
- One of the Waltons
- A round of golf, informally
- Acne treatment brand
- Charon's tool
- Tussaud's title: Abbr.

For answers, call 1-900-289-CLUE (289-2583), \$1.20 a minute; or, with a credit card, 1-800-814-5550. Annual subscriptions are available for the best of Sunday crossword puzzles from the last 50 years: 1-888-7-ACROSS. Online subscriptions: Today's puzzle and more than 2,000 past puzzles, nytimes.com/crosswords (\$34.95 a year). Share tips: nytimes.com/puzzleforum. Crosswords for young solvers: nytimes.com/learning/crosswords.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

PAAR LECAR SWAB
AXLE IRANI OONA
SMALLTIMECROOKS
TAI ECCE HANDLE
ANNIEHALL KEYES
TWE EVER
SHULA TREE COE
HOLLYWOODENDING
YET ATMS ERATO
SERE TVA
DECOY MANHATTAN
EXHORT TOED ELO
SCENESFROMAMALL
EERY ALINE FRET
XLII ROAST RYNE

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Entertainment Events

Music

METROPOLITAN OPERA, Verdi's "Traviata," Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center, 8.
CHOIR OF CHRIST CHURCH ST. LAURENCE, Church of the Transfiguration, 1 East 29th Street, Manhattan, 7:30.
"MOSTLY OPERETTA: 20TH-CENTURY VIENNESE OPERETTA ON BROADWAY," Austrian Cultural Forum, 11 East 52nd Street, Manhattan, 8. Free; reservations required.
STEPHEN THARP, organist, Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Avenue at 84th Street, 7:30.

Dance

NEW YORK CITY BALLET, "The Sleeping Beauty," New York State Theater, Lincoln Center, 7:30.
COMPLEXIONS CONTEMPORARY BALLET, Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Avenue, at 19th Street, Chelsea, 7:30.

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Herman, Coraggio in *The Dream*. Photo by Fabrizio Ferri.

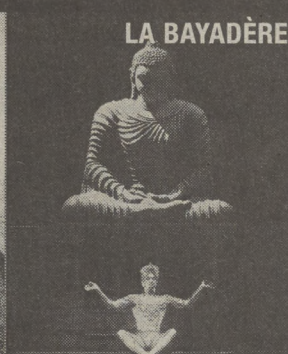
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Amid the sweeping vistas and grand temples of mystical India, this classic is a glorious epic of eternal love and godly revenge. The ballet features the famed vision of the 'Kingdom of the Shades,' showcasing the corps de ballet in perfect unison, sublime as angels arriving from heaven.



MANON

From the ornate salons of Paris to the mysterious bayous of Louisiana, Sir Kenneth MacMillan's dramatic masterwork of romance, intrigue and treachery soars to theatrical heights as the courtesan Manon chooses between the temptations of wealth and true love.



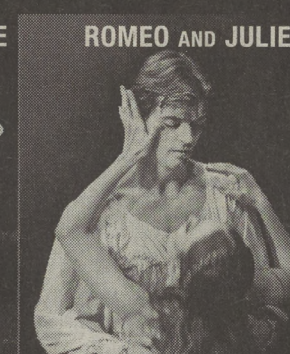
CINDERELLA

The world's favorite fairy tale is celebrated with a delicious combination of humor and romance, dazzling Art Deco sets and costumes, and, above all, the brilliant coupling of James Kudelka's insightful choreography and Prokofiev's remarkable score.



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SERIES 11 (4 eves at 8 pm)

May 28 SYMPHONIE CONCERTANTE/
THE DREAM
June 11 MANON
June 25 SWAN LAKE

SERIES 12 (4 eves at 8 pm)

May 21 LA BAYADÈRE
June 4 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
June 18 ROMEO AND JULIET
July 2 CINDERELLA

THURSDAY EVENINGS

SERIES 41 (4 eves at 8 pm)

May 24 OTHELLO
June 7 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
June 21 ROMEO AND JULIET
July 5 CINDERELLA

SERIES 42 (4 eves at 8 pm)

May 17 LA BAYADÈRE
May 31 SYMPHONIE CONCERTANTE/
THE DREAM
June 14 MANON
June 28 SWAN LAKE

TUESDAY EVENINGS

SERIES 21 (4 eves at 8 pm)

May 22 OTHELLO
June 5 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
June 19 ROMEO AND JULIET
July 3 CINDERELLA

SERIES 22 (4 eves at 8 pm)

May 15 LA BAYADÈRE
May 29 SYMPHONIE CONCERTANTE/
THE DREAM
June 12 MANON
June 26 SWAN LAKE

FRIDAY EVENINGS

SERIES 51 (4 eves at 8 pm)

May 18 LA BAYADÈRE
May 25 SYMPHONIE CONCERTANTE/
THE DREAM
June 8 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
June 29 SWAN LAKE

SERIES 52 (4 eves at 8 pm)

June 1 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
June 15 MANON
June 22 ROMEO AND JULIET
July 6 CINDERELLA

WEDNESDAY MATINEES

SERIES 33 (4 mats at 2 pm)

May 16 LA BAYADÈRE
May 30 SYMPHONIE CONCERTANTE/
THE DREAM
June 13 MANON
July 4 CINDERELLA

SERIES 34 (4 mats at 2 pm)

May 23 OTHELLO
June 6 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
June 20 ROMEO AND JULIET
June 27 SWAN LAKE

SATURDAY MATINEES

SERIES 61 (4 mats at 2 pm)

May 19 LA BAYADÈRE
May 26 SYMPHONIE CONCERTANTE/
THE DREAM
June 9 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
June 30 SWAN LAKE

SERIES 62 (4 mats at 2 pm)

June 2 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
June 16 MANON
June 23 ROMEO AND JULIET
July 7 CINDERELLA

WEDNESDAY EVENINGS

SERIES 31 (4 eves at 8 pm)

May 16 LA BAYADÈRE
May 30 SYMPHONIE CONCERTANTE/
THE DREAM
June 13 MANON
June 20 ROMEO AND JULIET

SERIES 32 (3 eves at 8 pm)

May 23 OTHELLO
June 2 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
June 27 SWAN LAKE

SATURDAY EVENINGS

SERIES 71 (4 eves at 8 pm)

May 19 LA BAYADÈRE
June 2 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
June 16 MANON
June 23 ROMEO AND JULIET

SERIES 72 (4 eves at 8 pm)

May 26 SYMPHONIE CONCERTANTE/
THE DREAM
June 9 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
June 30 SWAN LAKE
July 7 CINDERELLA

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MONDAY EVENINGS

SERIES 101

May 28 SYMPHONIE CONCERTANTE/
THE DREAM
June 4 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
June 25 SWAN LAKE

SERIES 102

May 21 LA BAYADÈRE
June 18 ROMEO AND JULIET
July 2 CINDERELLA

THURSDAY EVENINGS

SERIES 107

May 17 LA BAYADÈRE
May 31 SYMPHONIE CONCERTANTE/
THE DREAM
June 21 ROMEO AND JULIET

SERIES 108

June 7 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
June 28 SWAN LAKE
July 5 CINDERELLA

FRIDAY EVENINGS

SERIES 109

May 25 SYMPHONIE CONCERTANTE/
THE DREAM
June 8 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
June 29 SWAN LAKE

SERIES 110

June 1 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
June 22 ROMEO AND JULIET
July 6 CINDERELLA

TUESDAY EVENINGS

SERIES 103

May 15 LA BAYADÈRE
May 29 SYMPHONIE CONCERTANTE/
THE DREAM
June 26 SWAN LAKE

SERIES 104

June 5 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
June 19 ROMEO AND JULIET
July 3 CINDERELLA

SATURDAY MATINEES

SERIES 111

May 26 SYMPHONIE CONCERTANTE/
THE DREAM
June 9 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
June 30 SWAN LAKE

SERIES 112

June 2 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
June 23 ROMEO AND JULIET
July 7 CINDERELLA

WEDNESDAY EVENINGS

SERIES 105

May 16 LA BAYADÈRE
May 30 SYMPHONIE CONCERTANTE/
THE DREAM
June 6 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

SERIES 106

June 6 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
June 20 ROMEO AND JULIET
June 27 SWAN LAKE

SATURDAY EVENINGS

SERIES 113

May 26 SYMPHONIE CONCERTANTE/
THE DREAM
June 9 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
June 30 SWAN LAKE

SERIES 114

May 19 LA BAYADÈRE
June 2 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
July 7 CINDERELLA

Subscription Series Prices

DAYS/ SERIES #	MON-FRI EVE				SAT MAT	SAT EVE
	MON, WED 11, 32	TUE, THU, FRI 12, 21, 22, 31, 41, 42, 51, 52	WED MAT 33, 34	THU, FRI 61, 62	71, 72	
NO. OF PERFORMANCES	3	4	4	4	4	
Prime Orchestra	\$273	\$364	\$304	\$384	\$392	
Orchestra Balance	213	284	248	304	312	
Rear Orchestra	162	216	216	236	244	
Center Parterre	504	672	512	672	672	
Grand Tier	288	384	324	404	412	
Dress Circle	177	236	216	256	264	
Balcony	102	136	136	144	152	
Family Circle	72	96	96	108	108	

Family Series Prices

DAYS/ SERIES #	MON-FRI EVE		SAT MAT		SAT EVE	
	ADULT	CHILD	ADULT	CHILD	ADULT	CHILD
Prime Orchestra	\$273	\$136. ⁵⁰	\$288	\$144	\$294	\$147
Orchestra Balance	213	106. ⁵⁰	228	114	234	117
Rear Orchestra	162	81	177	88. ⁵⁰	183	91. ⁵⁰
Center Parterre	504	252	504	252	504	252
Grand Tier	288	144	303	151. ⁵⁰	309	154. ⁵⁰
Dress Circle	177	88. ⁵⁰	192	96	198	99
Balcony	102	51	108	54	114	57
Family Circle	72	36	81	40. ⁵⁰	81	40. ⁵⁰

St. Petersburg
trip

- trenchant phil'er
(Dennett)

It was rare mischief to
be able to walk past
8 buses w/o stopping &
have him baffled w/ "Hi,
G, have you seen you since
A/K."

pass entourage
Jeff G. blm was looking
around perfectly dandy in...

no way to achieve that in
'spending bus... over

$\frac{1}{2}$ of America's talent
to just 0 as much of its
wealth

1/2 of Am's talent, &
just as much wealth,

love well - / lust
w/ lust

again

as if

100 yrs 30.06

let I can go - daddies
properties & let are to
some extent manip lble,
if mind us a to be
manipulated...

Barrel/Civic

P me a re, Oh I
P a n all day long.
in decades of barrel
slicing ... tort with
C tort over.
serving ...

stumped

By either mystic/yg act,
it meant a thing like
latent cancer.

craftily

Holiday on Ice

With a Shot of Vodka on the Side

Continued From First Travel Page

light snow has dusted the vast St. Isaac's Square, which surrounds the church. On the far side of the cathedral is Decembrists Square, named for an 1825 revolt that was suppressed by Czar Nicholas I, whose bronze equestrian statue survived the more successful revolution 32 years later that cost his heir and namesake Nicholas II his throne and his life.

It is still dark when I leave the hotel at 9 and walk west toward the Neva River, passing the Bronze Horseman. That is the name Aleksandr Pushkin gave to the famous statue of Peter the Great, the nearly seven-foot-tall Europhile who built the city as Russia's window to the West on a mosaic of small islands in the marshy, sparsely inhabited Neva delta, the easternmost reaches of the Baltic Sea. Though by the end of the month, St. Petersburg will be plunged into the coldest winter since 1941-42, when hundreds of homeless people were found frozen in the street each day, it is now warm enough that I can leave my long underwear, woolen hat and bulky sweater in my suitcase.

This morning, throngs of schoolchildren and tourists are gathered on Palace Square awaiting the opening of the Hermitage, the gilded Versailles containing the art collection amassed by Catherine the Great in the 18th century, and the adjacent czars' residence, the Winter Palace. Cobblestones sparkle and glisten from winking Christmas lights strung from lampposts, and the illuminated facades of the surrounding palaces and government buildings — one is adorned by an enormous painted canvas of Father Christmas — cast the enormous square in a warm light.

The peaceful holiday scene makes it difficult to comprehend the carnage that occurred on Jan. 9, 1905, when Nicholas II's royal guards opened fire on peaceful citizens who had gathered here to respectfully ask the czar for democratic reform. The blood bath plunged Russia into a spiral of increasingly brutal suppression and violent rebellion that ended with the death of the czar and his family. The 101st anniversary of Bloody Sunday, as the massacre is remembered, will be observed three days after my visit.

Overcast skies dull the 10 a.m. dawn as I leave Palace Square and walk east down Nevsky Prospekt, St. Petersburg's central thoroughfare. Nevsky is a broad boulevard lined with department stores, boutiques, cafes, restaurants, office buildings and palaces. The roadway is crowded with compact automobiles so covered in grime it's obvious that workaday Russians have yet to attain the capitalist pleasures of big, shiny and new. When they do, some savvy entrepreneur will no doubt make a killing with a car wash.

Crossing the Moyka, the first of the concentric rings of small rivers and canals that Nevsky Prospekt intersects, I pass the Baroque Stroganoff Palace, where a nameless palace chef invented the famous beef dish. Continuing east on Nevsky Prospekt, I look for faded remnants of signs stenciled on building facades during the 900-day Siege of Leningrad (the city's name was changed when the Bolsheviks moved the capital to Moscow) warning passers-by that they were more likely to be killed by artillery shells on the north side of the street.

My stroll down the Nevsky is a walk through time and Russian culture. At the winding Griboyedov Canal, which snakes south through the heart of the old Haymarket District made famous by Dostoyevsky, is the Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan. The city's holiest shrine, the church was mockingly called the Museum of Atheism during the Soviet era.

Standing in front of the cathedral is a far-larger-than-life-size statue of General Mikhail Kutuzov, the Russian commander who defeated Napoleon. Depicted in "War and Peace" as a sleepy, sly, one-eyed old fox underestimated by friends and foe, here Kutuzov looks like a Roman emperor in heroic pose, his head wreathed in laurels and his unwavering gaze fixed on eternal glory.

A few blocks away is the Yusupov Palace, where Prince Felix Yusupov, heir to the greatest fortune in Russia, nearly botched the 1916 murder of Rasputin, who though

poisoned with cyanide, shot five times and clubbed, somehow survived the onslaught only to die by drowning after the prince and his fellow conspirators dumped what they thought was his dead body in the Neva.

Back on Nevsky Prospekt, I pass the Grand Hotel Europe and, facing it, the Philharmonic Hall, where Dmitri Shostakovich, the great composer who remained in the city throughout the German blockade, conducted his new Symphony No. 7 (the "Leningrad") to a packed house as the shells were still falling.

Passing the Russian National Library and the Aleksandrinsky Gardens with their sculpture of Catherine the Great and the Pushkin Theater, where the local playwright Anton Chekhov's "Seagull" bombed at its 1896 premiere, I stop on the Anichkov Bridge. Below, the icy surface of the wide Fontanka River is littered with Champagne and beer bottles and the charred tubes of discarded Roman candle tubes left by last weekend's New Year's Eve revelers.

On the river's west bank is the enormous Anichkov Palace, once home to the czar's heir and successor. I try to pick out the palace balcony where the future Czar Nicholas II habitually enjoyed an evening smoke while watching the promenading crowds pass below.

Wandering north of the Nevsky, I quickly get lost in a maze of side streets marked by signs written in Cyrillic characters, rendering my map, which uses Roman letters, useless. English seems limited to the occasional Pizza Hut, Subway, KFC or CitiBank logo; signs for a handful of cafes catering to

A stroll down bustling Nevsky Prospekt is a walk through time and Russian culture.

foreigners (the Republic of Coffee, Fashion Dolls) and a spa offering "erotic massage procedures"; and a bit of anti-globalization graffiti ("Destroy Capital") scrawled below a drawing of a bomb festooned with a burning fuse and sprouting American eagle wings).

Thanks to the familiar faces on the jacket of a DVD sold by a street vendor, I'm able to add the words "tyok" and "tyne" to my Russian vocabulary — "Dumb and Dumber."

Tour Petersburg's outlying districts, I enlist the help of a couple I've met through friends back in my hometown, Rochester, N.Y., where Anna Maslennikova, a St. Petersburg State University languages professor, teaches a semester each year at the University of Rochester. She and her husband, Nikita, a St. Petersburg architect, pick me up at the Astoria for an afternoon tour of their city.

Last night's dusting of snow has melted, but the city is still deep in the city's parks, and most side streets are slick with packed snow and ice, making driving an adventure. But Nikita wheels his Volvo with aplomb as he navigates the winding embankment along the canal.

The money lender was murdered there," he says, pointing to a flatiron building. "It takes a moment to realize he's talking, not about an actual homicide but one of the most famous in literature — the killing of the pawnbroker in Dostoyevsky's "Crime and Punishment."

A few blocks away, we stop in front of an otherwise nondescript building that was used by Dostoyevsky as the boardinghouse where his protagonist, the murderer Raskolnikov, lived. At the corner of the building, just above street level, is a relief sculpture of the author depicted not as himself, but as his creation, in a long coat, skulking up a flight of stairs.

"Dostoyevsky was a precise and meticulous geographer," Nikita says. "Even though he never spells out the place names, he details everything so accurately, anyone who lives in St. Petersburg knows exactly the street or river or building he describes."

Continuing along the Griboyedov embankment road, we cross Nevsky and stop at the eye-popping Church on the Spilled Blood. Constructed as it was named, atop the cobblestones where Czar Alexander II, the lib-

erator of the serfs, was assassinated by revolutionists in 1881, the church is a dizzying phantasmagoria of candy-colored mosaics and towers topped by onion domes that spiral like Carvel frozen custard cones.

A few blocks east is the Mikhailovsky Palace, site of another act of czaricide, this in 1801, when Paul I, a son of Catherine the Great, was murdered in his bedroom.

"Paul was notoriously paranoid," Nikita says as we drive past the Summer Gardens, a snowy enclave of fir and birch landscaped in the reign of Peter the Great and lyrically framed by a narrow moat and a tall, graceful wrought-iron fence. "And quite reasonably so, as it turned out."

Throughout the city, the slender and bare black branches of linden trees weave graceful, chalice-like patterns against the gray sky. In front of the Bolshoi Dom (Big House), a long building near the eastern end of the Neva Embankment, however, the lindens are stunted, their black branches gnarled and twisted as if in pain.

The Bolshoi Dom was built on the site of a czarist court where revolutionaries, including Lenin's brother, were tried before being executed for an unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Alexander II. It was later the headquarters of the Soviet secret police and the operational center of the bloody purges by Stalin that killed millions in the 1930s that are remembered now simply as the Terror.

A chilling memorial to the victims of the purges — two sphinxes that look ordinary until you notice that their human faces have been gouged to reveal the empty eye sockets of their skulls — stands nearby on the banks of the Neva, where the embankment roadway has been appropriately renamed for Robespierre, architect of an earlier reign of terror elsewhere.

The sphinxes' eerie gaze is fixed on the far bank of the Neva where Nikita and Anna, somewhat reluctantly, take me to visit the Finland Station. There, in April, 1917, Lenin arrived from exile in Switzerland aboard a sealed train provided by Russia's World War I enemy, the Germans, whose invading armies had by then accounted for the deaths of millions of Lenin's countrymen.

"It was his first act of betrayal against the Russian people," Nikita says quietly as we stand in a park across the street from the bleak railway station — the original was replaced by a utilitarian boxlike structure in the 1950s. "He was the willing pawn in the kaiser's strategy to undermine the government and get Russia out of the war."

A statue of Lenin, the first of countless like it erected in the Soviet Union after his death in 1924, is the centerpiece of the treeless and charmless park.

"He is portrayed as the great leader of the people," Nikita says. "But he and Stalin, too, were terribly afraid of the masses they said they represented. The base of revolutionary power was the people, but they were deathly afraid of the crowd. The Stalinists followed the same psychology and methods of the czar. They took power and used it to suppress the people."

We leave Finland Station and drive past a gray steel warship anchored in the Neva.

"There are two places in Russia that I will never go," says Anna, whose family suffered in the purge years. "One is Lenin's tomb in Moscow. The other is the cruiser Aurora."

Preserved as a museum for its role in the revolution, the ship fired the shot that signaled the storming of the Winter Palace in the October 1917 push that toppled the nine-month-old revolutionary provisional government and put the Bolsheviks in power.

"It was a blank shot," Anna says, "but it caused 80 years of suffering. That was the end of democracy in Russia."

Its rebirth on its vibrant display at the annual Manege Christmas Exhibition, a rollicking, utterly uncensored art show held in the Parthenon-like Royal Horse Guards building near Isaac Square. Where the czar's elite equestrian troops once trained, the 200-year-old Manege, which has enjoyed later incarnations as a concert hall (Johann Strauss once conducted there) and a trade show center, is the scene of what has become a popular Christmas Eve tradition and a highlight of the winter holiday season, as hundreds of local artists and throngs of supporters turn out for what amounts to an enormous cocktail party.

"This exhibit is one of the good things that lasts from Socialism," says a friend of Anna's who introduces himself simply as Dima. He's a 56-year-old sculptor who freely offers a drink from the bottle of cognac he carries "American style," he says — in a

plastic deli bag. "It's open to all artists — and it's free for everyone."

Dima shows me the installation he has created for the exhibition, an authentic peasant's outhouse built from ancient planks, thick, rough-hewn and severely weathered. Inside the shelter, a carved human figure sits Rodin-like, in contemplative pose. "The Russian outhouse," Dima says, "is the place for meditation."

A more reverent but once equally suppressed form of expression is on display in the candlelight-and-choir Orthodox Christmas Eve service I attend that night in the magnificent St. Nicholas Cathedral, a Baroque beauty with soaring golden onion domes and a Siberian blue stucco exterior. A handful of elderly babushkas at the entrance offer blessings of thanksgiving to a long line of arriving worshippers who drop sackcloth holds before her.

Three flights up, in the main sanctuary, there are no pews or seating of any kind. Everyone stands, some joining long lines to buy votive candles or to commune with and kiss one of the church's ancient icons or to receive blessings from bearded monks in gold- en robes who paint invisible crosses on the foreheads of supplicants with brushes dipped in holy water.

Others simply stand and soak in an atmosphere magically charged by golden candlelight, chanted prayers and the smell of incense. Black aromatic clouds billow from a silver censer that a monk swings at the end of a tether, a metronome in synch with the soaring voices of a choir out of sight on the balconies above, like angels hidden from view of the mortals below.

After midnight, I attend a second Christmas Eve service, this one at the Kazan, where I meet up with Jim Karpac, the Ohio orthodontist, and his girlfriend, Olga Anatolyevna, a vivacious Russian emigrée now living in Ohio who has returned to her hometown to visit her family in Archangel, a remote city near the Arctic Circle.

Jim, who insists on referring to the former imperial capital of czarist Russia as "Pete," says he has slept little since we met the day before, having spent most of his time eating and drinking, and he gives this city high praise as a vacation destination.

"Pete," he says, "rocks."

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Alessandro Diganato/Polaris

WHEN THE WINTER NIGHTS ARE LONG, THERE'S MORE TIME FOR NIGHT LIFE

GETTING THERE

Visas, required of foreign visitors, are available through the Russian National Group (224 West 30th Street, Suite 701, New York, 877-221-7120; www.russia-travel.com); visas are \$150 and take about two weeks to process. They are also available through travel agencies or directly from the Russian Embassy in Washington. (www.russianembassy.org).

Most visitors from the United States fly to London, Paris or Frankfurt for a three-hour connecting flight to St. Petersburg; in the case of Aeroflot, the connection is in Moscow. A Web search for mid-January turned up flights from \$629 round trip.

GETTING AROUND

Knowledgeable and friendly tour guides are plentiful in St. Petersburg, where the maze of streets off the main thoroughfares can be bewildering. The Russian Union of Travel Industry, (812-4) 325-1144; www.rata.spb.ru, arranges tours and provides information for tourists.

Taxis are scarce, not equipped with meters and — for foreigners — expensive. While a local would have bartered a better price, I paid the equivalent of \$20 for a four-block ride. Locals and experienced visitors flag one of the many ordinary citizens who use their own cars to make extra money and agree on a price before getting in. The locals also advise: speak Russian or be with someone who does, sit in the back and never get in unless the driver is alone.

WHERE TO STAY

Hotel Astoria, Bolshaya Morskaya Ulitsa 39; (7-812) 313-5757; www.astoria.spb.ru. Lovely, with all the amenities of an Old World luxury hotel and, with free Internet access, cable TV and DVD players, most modern. Opened in the waning days of the czars, the Astoria brought out the bourgeois in American (John Reed, Louise Bryant, Emma Goldman) and Russian (Lenin) guests alike. Doubles, stated in dollars, from \$300.

Grand Hotel Europe, Mikhailovskaya Ulitsa 1/7; (7-812) 329-6000; www.grandhotелеurope.com. Perhaps the most

sumptuous in St. Petersburg (in winter, doubles start at 11,400 rubles, \$422 at 27 rubles to the dollar). The hotel's gorgeous Art Nouveau lobby bar is great for people-watching and its cathedral-like L'Europe Restaurant, serving French cuisine, is a tourist attraction in itself.

Alexander House, Embankment Kryukova Kanala 27; (7-812) 259-6877; www.a-house.ru. This warm and friendly 14-room hotel (doubles from 130 euros, \$169 at \$1.24 to the euro) is in an early 19th-century canal-front mansion, beautifully renovated and offering satellite TV and high-speed Internet access.

Avoiding the high prices of the city's elegant hotel dining rooms, I could nonetheless boast back home that I lived on caviar (red caviar, that is) throughout my stay: thin blini pancakes, spread with sour cream and a forkful or two of the caviar, then folded into a bite-size envelope, were delicious, affordable and ubiquitous.

Aktyor, Voznesensky Prospekt 4; (7-812) 315-0675. This cozy, familial candlelit restaurant off Nevsky Prospekt near the Astoria was my introduction to borscht. My bowl was piping hot, the beet-red broth as spicy as Chinese sweet-and-sour soup, with plentiful strips of lean, slow-cooked beef (170 rubles).

Kilikia, Gorokhovaya Ulitsa 26/40; (7-812) 327-2208. A local favorite, this Caucasian-Mediterranean restaurant, warmed by brick ovens, serves such delicious dishes as khachma, a potato dish; and spicy tava stew. Dinner for four costs about 800 rubles.

Na Zdrovye!, Bolshoi Prospekt 13/4; (7-812) 232-4039. Featuring "Russian and Soviet Cuisine," this popular restaurant has décor to match: a bust of Lenin and an album of 78-r.p.m. records embossed with Stalin's profile, as well as heroic paintings of peasant life. The fare, including tortellini-size dumplings — half stuffed with beef, half with pork; and a New Year's tradition — was delicious. Dinner, with drinks, for two cost about 1,000 rubles.

Idiot, Molka Embankment 80; (7-812) 315-1675. Visitors are often told that Dostoyevsky used to hang out here. Looking around the dimly lit grotto, with its dark furnishings and fireplaces and men playing

chess and talking conspiratorially at rough-hewn wooden tables, you can imagine him brooding in a corner. But those aren't anarchists in the dining room; they're vegetarians, downing complimentary mini-shots of vodka and feasting on the herring, red caviar (190 rubles) and other meatless fare.

NIGHT LIFE

Lenin's Matting Call, Pereulok Grivitsova 7; (7-812) 571-8641. Nothing subtle about the Bolshevik-bashing here, where Lenin, dressed in biker garb, leers from a framed painting and visitors duck under an iron curtain that hangs overhead like a guillotine blade. The bartender and cocktail waitresses are dressed in low-cut Communist Party Pioneer uniforms with miniskirts, red high heels, red fishnets and hammer-and-sickle garters that surely have Lenin and Stalin turning in their tombs.

Purga, Fontanka Embankment 11; (7-812) 313-4123. Cover, 100 rubles. The name means snowstorm, but surreal is more like it in this wildly raucous basement club on the Fontanka River where every evening at midnight, "New Year's Eve" is celebrated with ringing bells, sparklers, free drinks (sweet Champagne) for all, and everyone joins in a raucous drinking song that I was surprised to learn is the Russian national anthem. While the shirtless bartender serves drinks and party hosts dressed in floppy-eared bunny costumes pass out Father Frost Santa hats, revelers form a conga line and do the bunny hop through the club's two catacomblike rooms.

Liverpool, Mayakovskogo Ulitsa 16; (7-812) 579-2054, no cover. The Beatles-themed pub features mighty Fab Four cover bands like the Sunflowers, who wear bowl haircuts and play spot-on versions of early Beatles tunes; the accents even sound Liverpoolian. The band started playing on St. Petersburg street corners five years ago, the guitarist told me, and "one day we were playing a Beatles song and I looked up and there was Paul McCartney. He said we were getting it right. We've been playing Beatles ever since."

Marinsky Theater, Teatralnaya Ploshad 7; (7-812) 314-8893. More wealthy than the royal Romanovs, the Yusupov family lived in equal splendor in this colonnaded palace on the banks of the Moyka River. After you've toured the 180-seat rococo private theater and the tiled Moorish Room, visit the cellars where the scene of Rasputin's murder is preserved and art museums in period dress are posed in a re-enactment.

Pavlovsk Park, (7-812) 470-2216. For the ultimate Russian winter experience, head about 12 miles south of the city to Tsarkoe Selo, and take a troika (sleigh) ride through the 1,250-acre English garden commissioned by Catherine the Great. Tucked into a wool blanket at the back of a colorfully painted three-bench sleigh drawn by a big white horse and driven by an ageless babushka wearing a gypsy shawl and whipping a long green stick, I felt I'd died and gone to Tolstoy heaven (50 rubles for two).

1; (7-812) 326-4141; www.marinsky.ru. Performances of the theater's world-class opera company attract crowds of young people who act as if they're at an American rock show, talking excitedly about the performance during intermission and thronging around concession kiosks buying and photos of their favorite opera and ballet stars. Orchestra seats, individual cushioned wooden armchairs with legroom galore, are 200 euros.

Russian Ethnographic Museum, Inzhenernaya Ulitsa 4/1; (7-812) 313-4320. The museum's Siberian exhibit is a must-see: tableaux depicting indigenous people in far eastern Russia who live in teepees, wear beaded buckskin clothing, hunt with bows and arrows, ply rivers in canoes and ride reindeer rather than horses.

State Hermitage Museum, Dvortsovaya Ploshad 2; (7-812) 710-9625. I know it's one of the world's greatest art museums, but I skipped the staggering trove of paintings and sculptures collected by Catherine the Great and instead toured the adjacent Winter Palace (1,500 rubles for a one-hour individual tour; 350 rubles admission).

Yusupov Palace, Molka Embankment 94; (7-812) 314-8893. More wealthy than the royal Romanovs, the Yusupov family lived in equal splendor in this colonnaded palace on the banks of the Moyka River. After you've toured the 180-seat rococo private theater and the tiled Moorish Room, visit the cellars where the scene of Rasputin's murder is preserved and art museums in period dress are posed in a re-enactment.

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STEVE DOUGHERTY



TOP The Hermitage. ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT Lenin's Mating Call restaurant; statue of Peter the Great, which Pushkin called the Bronze Horseman; Orthodox Christmas at Ethnographic Museum.

PRACTICAL TRAVELER) BUDGET HOTELS IN EUROPE

A Little Style, a Little Room and a Little Price

By MICHELLE HIGGINS

FEW years ago, Americans looking for affordable lodging in Europe essentially had two choices: book with a familiar American hotel chain or stay at one of the many independently run hotels and bed-and-breakfasts in Britain and on the continent.

Neither solution was perfect. Bed-and-breakfasts could be hit or miss. And though American hotels provided a certain level of quality assurance, finding one outside a major city was difficult.

But thanks to a new wave of European hotel chains designed with price-sensitive travelers in mind, vacationers have affordable new options. For the budget-minded, there has been strong growth in the economy market. For the style-conscious traveler looking for reasonably priced hotels with a cool bar scene and trendy rooms, boutique hotels are multiplying and forming minichains.

Sir Stelios Haji-Ioannou, the serial entrepreneur who founded the British budget airline easyJet, introduced a new budget concept to Europe in 2005 when he opened the first easyHotels (www.easyhotel.com) in London and Basel, Switzerland. For as little as £30 a night (\$60 dollars at \$2 to the pound), guests get a tiny hotel room, as small as 65 square feet, with a flat-screen television, a private bathroom with a shower and one towel each. Daily housekeeping services and extra towels are available for a fee. The idea is that customers will accept less space and service in return for a better price. EasyHotels have no restaurants or bars, so guests must go elsewhere for meals.

The rooms are "purely a function of sleep," said Sir Stelios, who also pointed out the hotels are aimed at travelers on short stays. The main design criteria for the concept were simple, he said: "You have to be able to stand up and have a bathroom."

Two more easyHotels, in the Earls Court and Victoria neighborhoods of London, will begin taking reservations as soon as February. Over the next five years, three more are planned in London, one in Budapest and another in Switzerland.

For travelers who want a larger room and a restaurant, there is Premier Travel Inn, Britain's biggest hotel chain, created in July 2004 when Whitbread P.L.C., owner of the Travel Inn chain, acquired Premier Lodge. Now, the company has more than 475 locations including roughly 30 hotels in London, more than 30 in Scotland, 8 in and around Cardiff and more than 40 in Greater Manchester. It has plans to open eight new hotels next year from Belfast, Ireland, to Bracknell, England.

Each Premier Travel Inn (www.premiertravelinn.com) has a restaurant



Ron Barrett

and bar, either as part of the hotel or adjacent to it. Rooms, most of which have king-sized beds, full bathrooms, and tea and coffee makers, start at £47 a night.

Working with Hypnos, the British bed-maker that designs Queen Elizabeth's beds, Premier Travel Inns overhauled its beds over the summer to offer new mattresses, a choice of pillows and white bed linens with purple throws. The chain promises to refund the cost of the room if a guest doesn't get a good night's sleep. An independent audit of each hotel is conducted at least twice a year to check for consistency and involves a "mystery sleeper" who tests for cleanliness, friendliness and comfort.

Don't expect these options to bring you any closer to the local culture. Rooms are typically cookie-cutter affairs. But as Tom

Meyers, editor of Eurocheapo.com says, "Sometimes you just want a nice, clean, air-conditioned, reasonably priced room."

Eurocheapo recommends Ibis hotels (www.ibishotel.com), in several cities including Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Berlin, Munich and London. Ibis, one of the economy brands of Accor, the giant French hotel company, has 651 hotels in Europe, most of them in France and Germany. Rooms typically cost around 100 euros, \$134, at \$1.34 to the euro, a night, or less and are no-frills affairs. But the chain promises to solve any problem with a room in 15 minutes or let the customer stay free.

For the style-conscious traveler willing to pay a bit more for a hotel with a cool bar scene and trendy rooms, two chains worth considering are Malmaison (www

.malmaison.co.uk) and Hotel du Vin (www.hotelduvin.com), which are both owned and operated by Marylebone Warwick Balfour Group P.L.C.

The chains were created separately in the 1990s from landmark buildings like churches and warehouses that were gutted and given new, stylish interiors behind the original facades. With average prices of £100 to £145, they offer high style at a reasonable cost.

Malmaison, named after the Empress Josephine's chateau on the outskirts of Paris, is now found in nine British cities. Its newest hotel, opening in Liverpool on Jan. 29, will have 128 rooms with high-speed Internet access and two suites with teak bathtubs, large flat-screen televisions and table-top soccer. Opening rate: £99 a night.

Hotel du Vin puts more emphasis on the sybaritic. Food is cooked with local ingredients, and extensive wine lists include bottles at reasonable prices. Each of the chain's eight hotels has suites with "party showers" that can fit up to 12 people. There is also bathside waiter service and walk-in humi-

D AKOTA (www.dakotahotels.co.uk) is a two-year old boutique hotel chain created by Ken McCulloch, the Scottish hotelier who also started Malmaison and is often credited with setting off the boutique hotel craze in Britain. The hub of a Dakota hotel is its restaurant, called the Bar & Grill, and these dining spots usually fill up so quickly with locals on weekends that guests are advised to make reservations well in advance.

"Essentially, Dakota is a Bar & Grill with bedrooms, not a 92-bedroom hotel with a Bar & Grill," said Kevin Farey, a spokesman.

Rates range from £86 pounds a night at the Dakota Nottingham to £249 pounds for the top rooms at the Dakota in Farnborough, England. There are no discounts. The rate you see is the rate you get.

The growth in affordable options is particularly welcome relief for American travelers who have watched the value of their money plunge against European currencies. In mid-December, the dollar reached a 14-month low against the euro and was at a 20-year low against the pound.

"I was in London just last week, and I paid £213 to convert to pounds," said Jeff Max, chief executive of an e-commerce company, who travels there frequently. "It's not unusual to go out and have a mediocre Indian or Chinese meal in London now and spend \$120. It's shocking, shocking."

Lately, he has taken to staying at Malmaison because it offers "the quality and the style of a much more expensive line and brand at something more affordable." ■



Nate Rauch

20 minutes, and from L'Hospitalet, two hours 40 minutes.

HRG Worldwide, a corporate travel agency, suggests that the best option might be to fly from New York or Newark to Barcelona, with Iberia, Continental or Delta, and take a bus operated by Alsina Graells (www.alsinagraells.es), a trip of about four hours, and costing 21 euros (\$27, at \$1.34 to the euro), which should give you plenty of time to enjoy the spectacular mountain scenery.

An alternative would be to fly from New York to Toulouse, via Paris (Air France/Delta), or via London (British Airways).

ROGER COLLIS

Questions for this column may be sent to travelmail@nytimes.com. They will be answered only through the column. Please indicate a daytime phone number and a home town.

BITES

PARIS:
L'AS DU FALLAFEL

A good falafel sandwich is enough to make you a vegetarian, at least for one meal. That's my feeling, anyway, and at L'As du Fallafel — on Rue des Rosiers, in the heart of what was once Paris's most vibrant Jewish neighborhood — that feeling is compounded, because the falafel is so good that this is the one culinary destination in town I never skip.

The sandwich contains the requisite super-crisp, garlicky chickpea fritters, with creamy hummus, lightly pickled red cabbage (something between slaw and kraut), salted cucumbers, fried eggplant and just-hot-enough harissa. This is all piled into a pita in such quantities that eating it is an adventure in napkin management.

You can make for a slightly neater experience by eating in, but aside from the cramped tables and the brusque though not unfriendly service, there is something about this sandwich that begs for it to be eaten outdoors. So I eat my falafel standing, ducked into a doorway down the street; and as I look around, it's clear that I'm not alone in this.

Therefore: You chomp on your pita,



Richard Harbus for The New York Times

harissa and hummus dripping down your cheek — tilting your head to get a good bite, as there's no attacking this gargantuan sandwich head-on — and juggle as many napkins as you can grab, and marvel at the neighborhood.

Although the Marais has been highly gentrified in the course of the last generation — the building of the Pompidou guaranteed that — the Rue des Rosiers and its offshoot streets remain central to a lively district, with its kosher butchers and boulangeries, bookshops and synagogues. From a food perspective, it's unusual in that it features the Jewish food of Eastern Europe alongside that of North Africa and the Middle East. It is the latter, of course, on which L'As du Fallafel bases its cuisine, and although you may find it done better in the southern or eastern Mediterranean (I haven't yet), this is the falafel destination in Paris, indeed in Europe.

One thing you should know: You have to order from and pay the cashier on the right (a falafel is 4 euros, about \$5.35 at \$1.34 to the euro) before offering your receipt to the guys on the left, who produce your sandwich — a process that is fun to witness.

You could pretend to be a European teenager and get fries on top, but then you would definitely need extra hummus and harissa, and the mess is further compounded. You might also think about a shawarma — a similar sandwich with lamb (6 euros) — but this is your chance to go meat-free and love it, so why not?

L'As du Fallafel, 34, rue des Rosiers (Métro: St. Paul); (33-1) 48-87-43-60. Closed Saturday. MARK BITTMAN

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P.S. It's the woman who's fluent in Japanese.

CLOCKWISE

FROM TOP LEFT

On the Neva River,
with the Peter and
Paul Fortress in
background; the
Hermitage and
Winter Palace;
holiday revels
happen year round
at Purge; statue atop
St. Isaac's

Cathedral; Nevsky
Prospekt, the main
thoroughfare.

CENTER Detail of
Catherine Palace.

The winter in historic St. Petersburg can be cold, dark and forbidding. Perfect for a party.

BY STEVE DOUGHERTY

IT made wimps of earlier invaders, but the dread Russian winter—which defeated both Napoleon and Hitler—does not intimidate Jim Karpac, a Columbus, Ohio, orthodontist. Thanks to Thinsulate and an unexpected January thaw, he is heading toward the former Imperial capital of St. Petersburg with just a carry-on bag, a thermal jacket and no hat. We meet aboard a Paris-to-St. Petersburg flight crowded with passengers heading home to celebrate the Russian Orthodox Christmas, which is Jan. 7, and who—as they pass bottles of brandy among them—have turned this three-hour flight into a rollicking, airborne B.Y.O.B. party.

“My friends think I’m nuts for going to Russia in the middle of winter,” says Jim, who was traveling to see a Russian-born friend. “They’d rather have their teeth drilled.”

But hardy souls who visit during the Russian holiday season discover a city aglow, its broad boulevards, graceful bridges, glittering palaces, winding canals

and beautiful, snow-blanketed parks illuminated throughout the long, dark nights.

St. Petersburg boasts cultural treasures that rival those of Paris, Vienna, London and Rome, but perhaps its greatest attraction in any season is its history. Vibrant and ever present, St. Petersburg’s bloody, tumultuous past is as inescapable as the mists that rise from the ice-glazed streets with the winter sun at midmorning.

“History here is a living thing,” Alexander Zukov, 45, a former war correspondent who now owns a wonderful small hotel, the Alexander House, tells me. “Everything that has happened here, the revolutions, the terror, the war, it is all alive to us.”

I can behold a great swath of the city’s history just by opening my window in the Hotel Astoria overlooking St. Isaac’s Cathedral, the Russian Orthodox church whose gold dome is one of the skyline’s most familiar landmarks. It’s 7 a.m., three hours before dawn. The sky is dark as midnight but clear and sprinkled with silvery stars. A

Continued on Page 6

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