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 to Summer Palace, overtaking Meg Ryan, solo. Gave us a mystified look (desc us), Gabri laceratingly young and beautiful.
She and 00 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 elbow.

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 was 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 therefore a mystery.
The waiting room of Hell furnished with side effects.
The world of side effects
There are adjustments ample 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.
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 1886), 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 1978, 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 possibility. 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, ScienceTimes, Living, Home and Weekend, Mr. Silverstein envisioned and nurtured their look. Separate sections for metropolitan and business news were also created. "Every 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, magazine-like 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 modes. 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 America, a Russian-language magazine distributed in the Soviet Union. He joined The Times in the promotion department in 1953, 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 logo and dropped the period in 1967, removal saved the paper $45 a year in ink.

Mr. Silverstein was named art director of 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 ravages of 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 remote historically as the South Pacific island sculptures are geographically.

In 1978, 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, ScienceTimes on Tuesdays, Living on Wednesdays, Home on Thursdays, 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 1977, Mr. Silverstein promoted to assistant managing editor, a position no one from the art department had ever achieved. In 1986, The Times nominated him for a special innovation award, the Pulitzer Prize for his design of the feature sections; it was the first time an art director at the paper was so honored. In 1988, he joined 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 1984 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 10 years, Mr. Silverstein battled stubborn opposition to the tinnest changes to The Times. Traditionsists complained that the snappy new "soft news" sections devalued newspaper that might have been given over to "hard news." They felt 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 undisciplined 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.

“They’re the guy — we’re not going anywhere,” 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 had 50 goals in his first six N.H.L. seasons, has only one goal in the last 19 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 18.

Ovechkin 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 reverse 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 be a star here today 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 get 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 18-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 off-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 breakaways.

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.

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**COLLEGES**

**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 Chugach, 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 field,” said Cobb, 19, a 5-foot-9, 125-pound native of Anchorage, Alaska. She is now playing with the Blue Devils, along with her sister, Kiley, who has been at Duke since 2006. "We have to avoid running into a black bear, or a moose, or a grizzly bear," she said.

Cobb’s freshman season got off to a difficult start. Fair-skinned and unaccustomed to spending so many hours in direct sunlight, she developed a sunburn. She and Cobb, a center forward, have developed good chemistry on the field, combining for 20 goals and 14 assists. "She’s not going backward. She’s not going sideways. She’s always going to try to beat her defender. She is not scared of the responsibility of going to goal, and she’s not scared of missing.”

Cobb’s coach, Hubert Bell, has been open to get her to check back. "We’re moving off each other a lot. She’s incredible, a great need 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.
Balmy, 38
- humming appeared
- felt normal
- C to skin,大的 of salmon

3/16 glass
1/2 " aid 17
over 3/16
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 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.
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. (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 pitted for having 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 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 recognizable 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 different, 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 such 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 disfigured 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.
Remembrance of Beds Past

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 F.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 year, with some $50,000 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, but sales grew 6.2% in 2005 over 2004.

Earthbound


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. A 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
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 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 percent 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

Continued on Page 8
repair.

Because the heart—are damaged, it takes a
nerve cells performed more minimally
The no surprise that we pioneered
valve disorder, turn to the experts

Get an advance
look at
this Sunday’s
Real Estate
Section.

Upgrade

Upgrade to TimesSelect and get online
previews of select Sunday sections.
Go to nytimes.com/upgrade.

Great trips
start here.

nytimes.com/travel

Now with more than a thousand
destination guides, including
reviews from The Times,
Frommer’s and readers like you.
Travel insights and advice from
the experts. Even hotel and
flight booking powered by
Expedia. Go here first. Then go.

The New York Times
nytimes.com
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 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 toehold 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.
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."
driving:
balmy morning / clarity / unimpressed
11 or 12 too ambitious?
passengers @ 11 by 9 a.m.
march 7 - p.m.
Aria - Rebecca goes
storm starting @ Pulver
rain advancing across - 5 min; in 5 min, when
meant to a make a min, it makes
2 17 to walk (another 10 min.)
5:30 1/10 mill 
Twin slightly nervous. Help fell @ 10:45.
Sleep till 5:15.
1/3 Dr. Koto — pace myself (while feeling wired)
Dr. K - pace yourself

Deborah

Cancer Care Alliance Pharamist

Throat:
- rash is not in my chart
- if it spread to my ty of tuss
- periodicity continues
- rash usually day after
- twice a day loratadine
- beet
- loose stool back to once
- checking ultra sensitive to OTC
- allergic to ibprof / 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 suave, 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 sheepskin 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?"

"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 Wagoner 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.

Brenda K. Cooney
Summer, Rick Steves, New York 1's Valarie D'Elia, Peter "Joe" Rosendo of "Travelscope" on PBS and

cars

tics, Africa, South America, China, Korea, Puerto
adventure travel, philanthropic travel, top travel

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sa resorts

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ard entertainment, please visit

ces.com/TravelShow or call 1-888-NYT-1870.

PM

PM

ress card (mention code NYTSA3).
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 trailer house 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, Liberace. 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 GF 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 would include AIDS).

-- Our strange situation of being thralls to Snider. One of his exploits: he had a friend in Ft. Falls, p'haps met when the guy came out fishing, who would save his vacation time to come and work in lambing, enjoying the change of scene etc.; Snider meanwhile, ostensibly tending sheep camp or buying groceries, would scoot past the Dry Range, down the Smith River road, into Ft 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 l 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?
the isles of the Thoreauvian Archipelago:
the Thoreauvian Isles, that archipelago of musing and...
Centennial West (June '89) conferees notes in U. of Portland file until after speaking tour.
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 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
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)...
We live by seasons; if seasons were years... (clearer demarcation: the year the dogwood bloomed, etc.)
as long as we walk the 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' (Abbdy) 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"
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?)
a kind of absent-mindedness, as if only dreams fit in my head

mack at willapa?
In the Antler bar in Choteau, June 19 '89, Dick Brown moved from our table to the bar in order to hear the Mt. 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 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.
Covellin, 25 April '45

-@ 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 3 talked - I think playing a verbal poker game involving serial #s on paper, money, dancing woman sat tranced, moving her lips to lyrics, I can't tell what singer was doing - On Road Again, Help Me Make It Through Night, entirely unto 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. Yeah, indeed, dancer & dance.

Possible run: Rosaline or Montanans
1 July '89
Lewistown

--The hearts-and-flowers sagas we overhear at almost every supper on this trip.

Last night at the Bar 19 supper club, a guy about my age and a woman in her 20s were at the next table—from their environmentalist comments, unusual in this 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 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.
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: methyl-4-nitro-benzene minimers (showing every sag & bag of last)
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

p. 57 - head of Little Porcupine: "to reach an outlet near 7 hills - divide c'n Mont's 2 great rivers - ..."
(Missouri & Yellow?)

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

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

- Stanley traveled across it, on way to Custer NF?

- use c allempn 7 Mont
the wild helix (M writes "Coastwatch" column about it?)
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 headdress, fat earphones corded to an MP3 player...

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

wrecking the toaster by trying to warm a rice cake atop it.
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--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--tectery, 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. mines: gold mine, 6,.7 sides
4. conditioned by climate & geog.
5. isohyetal line of 20" rainfall
6. dry West one
7. Dew: "Get out & give us more money."
8. water rights: prior appropriation
9. Powell's recommendation
10. extractive industries
11. #1 Peak Brown water rights
12. Germans as DPs.
13. explanation of being footloose
14. space instead of place
15. adaptation
16. tours
17. engineer's v. adapting
32 - immorality of exceeding limits
33 - instead of listening to silence
36 - habitat for limited population
37 - 1902, fields begin reclamation
38 - win attitude to red presence
39 - "plunder removed from circulation"
42 - bureaus are imperfect protection but...
43 - geography of hope
    - [redacted]
44 - need for agency; but Reclamation
45 - Missouri R. a string of ponds
    - "manner 1. country makes refuge 1 life there"
48 - anthus'm for win dam building
49 - anti-dam lets
52 - irrigation as has limited life
    - salts (saline seep?)
55 - hydraulic society
60 - a hard living but a wonderful life
‘West’s mythic enlargement
entrepreneur as frontier individual
pioneer farmer in Midwestern, not West
“hard, aggressive, single-minded energy”
Rousseau: civilizing corruption
“When you call me that...’
space as preservative (me: shellac & clean air?) (shellac & scenery)
Say!
Tikeler & Montana pace
- seeing culture from inside
-Missoula & Corvallis as enduring places
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 **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
Gandhi - Time
155 - 4 kinds / picture time
168 - time's touch of asymmetry (60's, 70's)
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 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.)
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.
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 bits...
The diary page is a kind of flow in which Swan rinses each day.

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 a slot of a newspaper box.
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 Washington, 6/27/58:

big elevated pipe sprinkler systems in fields catch rainbows as we drive, pipes are at right angles to roadway, & as we approach, light from morning (7-8 a.m.) sun behind us moves - rainbow spectrum from major spray to major spray along pipe line on stilts.
western wear stores (e.g., Resistol & Stetson) among the most prosperous enterprises
pick
memory as a chinook
- rooiming
- change in atmosphere
- flow over topography: similarly, over country of brain?

Jesus.
- past has a mind of its own? p. 158
Memory as dream?
check Moosamen on aboriginal "in dreaming"
- geography of life; map of time: is a life a map of time?
1945--Hiroshima's year
This is a book of echoes
In that skip the generations sometimes make,
I look more like him. . .

(Wally?)
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.
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 Valier (check enrollment records); V had just won conference football on ship (check n' paper); Nov. '53?
- 4 of us new to school: Glenn Collins, Garold Hallo, me, S
- Ben Beauregard yelled 'regular' whatever it was, to write school (?) pact; I must have ridden in Tom Chad's '38 coup (?) to Rock City. Memory of kids sitting on car fenders, a few teens being drunk.
- Penalty was several Saturdays of school (?); from then until Xmas. Believe we principal; how did he work this, getting teachers to agree?
- am'l of rebellion. Sneak Day rapid
- Valier & me: I was an accidental road citizen, relentlessly bullied (some came after; Bill Rappold driving from ranch to meet bus). Never really a part of town; but not of Dynker's peer scene either, cowboys such as Harry Habets & Char Trapalde. (A payback @ Dynker cent'l: Teresa Habets, teased by Larry, Chas etc., insisting to her mother she had no memory of me.)

- Deep. bus route longest? oldest bus—Roy Selins '39 (?) in mind?
- They made way for my mind.
- Sneak Day was most capricious.
  (Canetti, Crowds x Power?)
- Dad, who loved story & drama, was entertained
  rather than irritated. (= family demilitarized
  zone I grew up in)
- Situation of rural kids: I never went to a
  1-2-3 school; if I wonder if I'd been better off
  if I had.
- Torturous bus ride, very nearly doubling back
  to Dup; or course, littlest & least dependable
  kid went cause of loopback & thus most resented.
- small bus: Chas dangling his arm between Rita's lap, never touching but
  she never moving either.
- price of some of this was kids: Chas dying in car wreck, kids who had
  to get married.
Dad's shortness; my absolute mediumness, in size, temper mm and maybe ambition
the chances I take are with words: as odd as my slight father taking his with brancs
Time rounds on itself, lays a coil, and we are caught deep.
the three of us refugees
first snow
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

By DANIEL J. WAKIN

N 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 it, produced an eerie, musical 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 spy work for the 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 1984 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 virtuosa, 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, and even 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 notes. "Playing the theremin is like being a trapeze artist without a net underneath."

The new CD will capivate 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, who had moved from the Soviet Union to the United States, studied with him and became his friend and dancing partner. Theremin even proposed, unsuccessfully. In the 1930s Theremin made a special extraexpressive instrument for her, which she played 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 speaks with a human voice. (The eight cellos are overlaid in a remix.) In Dvorak's "Humoreske" you can almost hear the lift 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 Kovina, 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 technical 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."
exander said. He had just gotten a cellphone; Mr. Jones’s was the first one to come with it.

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 fratical vocal acrobatics, she arrived like an emissary from some subtler dimension. She sang modestly, with discreet jazz syn- copations, 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 away, 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 showy 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-

because I only knew three chords, and it was easi- er, 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 sim- ple. I finally learned how to do it.”

Her reticence became her gift. Although “Come Away With Me” hit No. 1 on 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 its four million copies in the United States, and last year Ms. Jones re- leased 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, back- ground music.

“I have a real big fear of being overex- posed,” she said. “On the first record I was every- where and it was like the worst time in my life.”

Was she 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 per- son,” she added. “They expect me to be very girly, very romantic, very melancholy, and I’m not any of those things. I’m not 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 hold onto it so tightly.”

She knows her albums can be hallmarks. “People always say, ‘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

Timothy A. Clary/Associated Press

we 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 martyrdom filters through the al- bum’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. “I don’t think you’ll find me doing that,” she says. “I think it’s about letting things happen naturally.”

“Somewhere we all have to die,” she reflects. Amid eerie, Minimalistic plinking and an aura of gui- tar 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, countrified 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 go- ing to be. And you’re never going to please every- body, 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, mak- ing last-minute adjustments to details: deciding, for instance, that one song needed the quiet rus- tle 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 “Sin- kin’ Soon.” After the applause she smiled know- ingly. “I promise we’ll play some quiet slow songs,” she said. “Eventually.”
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 Sternerud
Sternerud, 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
Karlins, the last of the barefoot kickers from a generation ago, made 72 percent of his attempts from 1982 to 1990.

Mr. Clutch: Adam Vinatieri
The Patriots' all-time leading scorer, 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 2000, 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 higher 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 uprights. 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 season," 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 relationship with its fans, who are demanding more and more of the same kind of spectacle. And if the teams are going to keep scoring exactly the same number of touchdowns each season, the league is going to have to come up with a way to make some of those points count.

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 Amelie 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 tripped 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 game service.

Mauresmo appeared to take the hint, stabilizing her game to take a 6-1 lead, but her lack of depth on her topspin groundstrokes soon became a problem for her. Safarova began finding corners and pushing forward to the net with stunning success.

Safarova won 18 of the last 21 points set, and she soon took a 6-1 lead in the But Mauresmo did not go out meekly. She scored her serve in the next game, then won after a successful challenge of a call had been called out. The momentum was now 6-2, often a case of a surprised player on the verge of a major begin overthinking and overthinking.

But Safarova held firm to be then held even firmer in the final match, recovering from the disappointment of converting her first two Mauresmo's serve. The last straw came when the march as Safarova forced Mauresmo's hands followed it into the net, putting the net for a reward.

"It's amazing: I still favor the court. "Learning that saying, like, wow, this is a lot more comfortable here."

Until this tournament, Grand Slam tournaments

Continued on Page 6
Spotlight

N.B.A.

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 front of the way to meeting the Mavericks the first time since being named the most valuable player of the finals. Forget if he does a double take. Neither team is the same.

"It seems like forever ago," said Wade, who saw the Mavericks as he blew by them days, Dallas and Miami are as

es tradition is hoping that center and its focus

on soon.

referees. The Heat(18-4-8) have won 19 of their last 21 games against both Riley and Shaquille O'Neal(18-4-8) have won 19 of their last 21 games against both Riley and Shaquille O'Neal(18-4-8) have won 19 of their last 21 games against both Riley and Shaquille O'Neal(18-4-8) have won 19 of their last 21 games against both Riley and Shaquille

"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 healthy."

Last season, he missed 18 games in November and December, coinciding with the Heat's slide to 11-9, 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 return, play since re-turning 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 fleeing for a team below .500.

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

That's it. To the Heat, the 83-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 teach the Miami Heat in a seven-game series, especially coming off a championship. We have pride."

Perhaps the pride that has returned. But early was ugly. A 43-point deficit on opening night, when diamond-studded rings were awarded and the banner was raised, turned out to be the first of 13 Heat losses.

Before Riley left, he made an example of Walker and Rasheed Wallace, deactivating them for failing to meet their prescribed conditioning plan. They missed their body-fat percentages 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 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 charm threatened to swallow the Heat around the new year when Wade sprained his wrist. Riley took the 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 Palyes came back, he was ready to contribute from the bench. Jason Kapono 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, we open 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 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 cake walk. It wouldn't surprise me if he walked in here 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 steady 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 48 points. Miami remembers how much that mattered.

Shaquille O'Neal has missed the past 33 games after having surgery on his left knee. O'Neal, 34, said he wanted to feel "7,000 percent" before returning.
15 Jan. '07: hummingbird feeder, which I've been zealously bringing 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 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.
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 Kepivance for severe mucositis, mouth sores that are a side effect of cancer treatment, and Axcan Scandipharm Inc.'s Photofrin, an agent used in treating pre-cancerous 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.

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...
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 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, and 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 SogolInvest

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 Tjornebo, 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.

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Patients Get a Say in Drug Approvals

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 as 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 Bruen, 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 be quite important for making clinical changes."

The trial also demonstrated some of the challenges of using patient information: 10% of the 845 patients died or were too ill to fill out questionnaires after three months of therapy. Even the patients who were able to provide the data of the 845 participants, 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 at 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 on clinical expertise, 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 fatigue, sleep, 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 Epping, 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. Epping, 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. Epping.

Health

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

Rethinking Ultra-Chic Boutiques

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.

Continued from page D1

sumptuous, not minimalist, with a mammoth, hand-blown Venetian chandelier and plush, velvety 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, professors 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 bored 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 old news,” he said.

Some hotels are spray-painting 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 refreshen 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 boutiques, it doesn’t seem right.

Photos, from left: Splash News & Associates; The Gramercy Park Hotel; Hotel Palomar; W Hotel, New York.
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 ingomnita but better than being off the map. ss
(oblivion)

---I have not come out of this as any cheerleader for Nietzsche: there are other ways
w/o wng
to strengthen in life than to have something trying to kill you.

---meanwhile the president of my country, wired in
bottling himself into a 00 of religions

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 ½ p. before transition, the mention of cancer.

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

Life V Death of 42 Egg
It went by 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 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 do so on the 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 beardlessy 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)
Doctor Confronts the Human Drama's Inevitable Finale

When a string of murders stirs, death, doctors are as much at a loss as the public. In the early 1920s, some of the most advanced and skilled medical minds of their day worked feverishly to solve the mystery. Dr. Philip J. Charn and Dr. William Gomes are two of those who were hired to solve the mystery. They worked at the clinic, trying to find a way to keep the disease from spreading. But as Dr. Gomes worked, he began to realize that there was more to the story than meets the eye. He began to suspect that the disease was not natural, but was somehow connected to the patients' mental state.

Dr. Charn, a surgeon specializing in mental illness, was the first to suggest that the disease was mental in origin. His theory was based on the fact that most of the patients who showed symptoms of the disease were also suffering from mental disorders. He proposed that the disease was a manifestation of mental illness, and that it could be treated by treating the mental illness.

Dr. Gomes, on the other hand, believed that the disease was physical in origin. He argued that the symptoms were caused by a physical ailment, and that the only way to cure the disease was by curing the physical ailment.

As the two doctors were working on the case, they began to notice that the patients who were suffering from the disease were all members of the same social class. They also noticed that the patients who were suffering from the disease were all members of the same social class. They also noticed that the patients who were suffering from the disease were all members of the same social class.

"It's not just the patients who are affected," Dr. Charn said. "It's the families, too. The disease is tearing apart the fabric of their lives."

Dr. Gomes disagreed. "We have to focus on the patients," he said. "If we don't, we'll never solve the mystery."

As the two doctors continued to work on the case, they began to realize that the disease was not just a medical mystery, but a social one. They began to see that the disease was a reflection of the social issues of the time, and that the only way to solve the mystery was to address those issues.

Eventually, the two doctors were able to solve the mystery. They discovered that the disease was caused by a combination of physical and mental factors, and that the only way to cure it was to address both factors. They also discovered that the disease was not just a medical mystery, but a social one.

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May 15
THE DREAM
May 16
OTHELLO

THURSDAY EVENINGS
SERIES 127
May 9
CINDERELLA
May 10
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
May 11
MANON
May 12
SWAN LAKE
May 13
ROMEO AND JULIET
May 14
CINDERELLA

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SERIES 116
May 23
SYMPHONY CONCERTO
May 24
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
May 25
CINDERELLA

SERIES 117
May 30
SYMPHONY CONCERTO
May 31
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
June 2
CINDERELLA

SERIES 118
June 8
SYMPHONY CONCERTO
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THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
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CINDERELLA

SERIES 119
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SYMPHONY CONCERTO
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THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
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St. Petersburg trip

transplant philosophy

Dennett

dwars never missed/ to be able to walk past

auses w/o stopping & for him baffled w/ Hi,

so... seen you since

A/K

Tells everyone... tell 6 him not appear arrogant perfectly friendly in

no way to account that in

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1/2 of America's talent is just 0 as much of its wealth.
'1/2 of am's talent & just as much wealth
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manipulated...
Parnell Civic

P me a n, on 1
P a n all day long.

in decades I leaped
slicing... tortu

C tooth over

slicing...

stumped

By either mystery or

it meant staying with

latent cancer.
Holiday on Ice
With a Shot of Vodka on the Side

Tara Traeger writes of the glories of the St. Petersburg ice show, which is on tour through March 31.

Tara Traeger writes of the glories of the St. Petersburg ice show, which is on tour through March 31.
A Little Style, a Little Room and a Little Price

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Q&A: Traveling to Andorra from the United States (You Can Go There)

Q&A: What do you do from New York if you love to dance?

Can you spot the guest who’s toasting her free room?
The winter in historic St. Petersburg can be cold, dark and forbidding. Perfect for a party.

BY STEVE DOUGHERTY

I 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