



The New York Times

INTERNATIONAL EDITION | FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 2017

Sanctimony meets sex in Congress



Gail Collins

OPINION

Our topic for today is hypocrisy. The scene is — where else? — Congress.

This week the House of Representatives voted 237 to 189 to make it a crime for a doctor to perform an abortion on a woman who has been pregnant more than 20 weeks. Victory for the anti-choice forces. One of whom was apparently very interested in maintaining all options when he thought his own girlfriend was expecting.

Meet Tim Murphy, a Republican congressman from the Pittsburgh suburbs who has a doctorate in psychology, and is the co-author of a couple of books with titles like “Overcoming Passive-Aggression.” He’s married but — prodded by information revealed at his lover’s divorce trial — he admits having strayed with another psychologist.

Murphy is a co-sponsor of the anti-abortion bill.

At about the same time it was passing, The Pittsburgh Post-Gazette published a note his mistress had texted in January, complaining about the way he kept putting anti-abortion messages on his Facebook page “when you had no issue asking me to abort our unborn child just last week. . . .”

Whoops. This is not actually a unique story. There’s a history of lawmakers who are eager to restrict abortions in every case not involving their own personal sex life.

Back in the ’90s Representative Bob Barr, a Georgia Republican, was targeted by his ex-wife, who claimed he had helped her get an abortion while they were married. It was a particularly embarrassing episode since Barr was so dedicated to the anti-choice movement he once said he’d stop his wife from having an abortion even if she had gotten pregnant via a rape. (This was a different ex-wife from the one who announced Barr had taken her to the abortionist. One of the things the various stars of this story have in common is a certain friskiness.)

More recently, Representative Scott DesJarlais, a Tennessee Republican who bragged about his “100 percent pro-life voting record,” was confronted with pesky divorce records that showed he’d encouraged women to

COLLINS, PAGE 17



Scavengers sifting through a garbage dump outside Ulan Bator, Mongolia. Hundreds of thousands of Mongolians have flocked to the city in search of a path to the middle class.

Life inside Mongolia’s slums

ULAN BATOR, MONGOLIA

Housing shortage pushes thousands of poor residents to the fringes of the capital

BY JAVIER C. HERNÁNDEZ

The land beneath Dolgor Dashnyam’s home is wet and gritty and smells of decay. Here, atop one of Ulan Bator’s largest landfills, Ms. Dashnyam lives under a roof made of soggy mattresses. She spends her days rummaging through piles of gin bottles and discarded animal bones, picking up pieces of scrap metal to sell in order to buy water and bread.

Ms. Dashnyam, 55, was once an ambitious college graduate who dreamed of owning a farm and getting rich. But a scarcity of affordable housing has pushed her and thousands of low-income residents to the fringes of Ulan Bator, Mongolia’s capital, where they struggle for basic necessities like food and clean water.

“Nobody cares about us,” said Ms. Dashnyam, who makes about \$3 a day and says she has been unable to obtain government-subsidized housing. She

was laid off from a farming job. “We don’t exist.”

Hundreds of thousands of people have flocked to Ulan Bator in recent years, drawn by the promise of high-paying jobs and a path to the middle class. Many are fleeing harsh conditions in the countryside brought on by climate change, with droughts and bitter winters devastating fields and livestock.

But city life has grown increasingly bleak. While luxury high-rises are plentiful along sleek downtown streets, affordable housing is scarce. Homelessness is rising, advocates for the poor say, as an economic slowdown hurts jobs and wages. Pollution is worsening, and access to public resources like electricity and sewers is strained.

Ulan Bator, nestled in a valley about 4,400 feet above sea level, was never designed to house more than a few hundred thousand residents. Now it is on course to expand indefinitely, raising fears that the government may not be able to keep up with the influx of newcomers.

City officials, citing concerns about a lack of space at schools and an overburdened welfare system, said this year that Ulan Bator would not accept any more people moving in from rural areas. The government has cautioned against



Affordable housing is scarce around Ulan Bator. City officials, worried about an overburdened welfare system, have said the city would not accept any more rural newcomers.

constructing homes in some places around the city because of the dangers of overcrowding.

Still, many Mongolians are defiant. On craggy hillsides and rocky plains, they are setting up makeshift shacks

and gers, or yurts, the traditional homes of Mongolian nomads.

On a secluded hill, Enkh-amgalan Tserendorj, 50, washed clothes outside the family yurt in northern Ulan Bator,

Gambler methodically played for high stakes

LAS VEGAS

Days before shooting, betting up to \$100 a hand on video poker machines

BY JOHN BRANCH,
SERGE F. KOVALESKI
AND SABRINA TAVERNISE

The video poker machines that Stephen Paddock liked were the ones that did not draw attention. They had few look-at-me flashing lights or listen-to-me bells.

He would sit in front of them for hours, often wagering more than \$100 a hand. The way he played — instinctually, decisively, calculatingly, silently, with little movement beyond his shifting eyes and nimble fingers — meant he could play several hundred hands an hour. Casino hosts knew him well.

“Not a lot of smiles and friendliness,” said John Weinreich, who was an executive casino host at the Atlantis Casino Resort Spa in Reno, Nev., where Mr. Paddock was once a regular and where he met his girlfriend. “There was not a lot of body movement except for his hands.”

His methodical style and his skill level allowed him to gamble, and occasionally win, tens of thousands of dollars in one sitting, collecting payouts and hotel perks in big bunches. Last week in Las Vegas, as a reward for his loyalty and gambling, Mr. Paddock stayed free of charge on the 32nd floor in one of the elite suites of the Mandalay Bay Resort and Casino, one of his favorite places to play.

On Sunday night, using an arsenal of rifles he secretly shuttled in and shooting through windows he broke, Mr. Paddock, 64, sprayed gunfire into a concert crowd across South Las Vegas Boulevard. When it was over, 58 people were dead, plus Mr. Paddock, who killed himself in the room as police teams moved in. About 500 were injured by bullets or in the panic to escape the barrage.

That the attack was launched from the glassy tower of one of Las Vegas’s most prestigious casinos was not a coincidence. A defining aspect of Mr. Paddock’s life involved gambling, and he hungered for the kinds of rewards that only the Las Vegas Strip could provide.

Just three days before he opened fire from the Mandalay Bay, he was seen playing video poker in its casino.

Mr. Paddock was not widely known among the city’s serious gamblers, operating at a level below the highest rollers. He was not a whale, the term used for the biggest gamblers. But placing bets of \$100 or more in video poker, “this guy

GAMBLER, PAGE 4

CASINO HOTELS’ SECURITY CHALLENGES
The hotels and the casinos tied to them are designed to welcome visitors, not to scrutinize their luggage. *PAGE 4*

London, Rome and now New York



The conductor Antonio Pappano in Rome. He will make his Carnegie Hall debut this month in New York with the Orchestra dell’Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia.

Carnegie Hall welcomes one of the world’s most sought-after conductors

BY HARVEY SACHS

If you were an aspiring singer in Bridgeport, Conn., in the 1970s, chances are you knew, or at least knew about, the voice teacher Pasquale Pappano and his teenage son, Tony, who assisted him after school.

“My father would do half an hour of technical work with a pupil,” Tony recalled recently, “then I would work on repertoire for another half-hour.”

Tony Pappano from Bridgeport has come a long way since then. Knighted Sir Antonio Pappano five years ago, he has been the music director of the Royal Opera at Covent Garden in London, one of the world’s most important companies, since 2002.

Since 2005, he has also been music director of the Orchestra dell’Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia of Rome,

which he will conduct in two concerts at Carnegie Hall in New York on Oct. 20 and 21 as part of the ensemble’s first American tour in 48 years. The concerts include works by Verdi, Respighi, Prokofiev, Mahler and Salvatore Sciarrino, and feature as soloists the pianist Martha Argerich and the soprano Barbara Hannigan.

Making a belated Carnegie debut with these performances and also a rare appearance with the New York Philharmonic in February, Mr. Pappano is, at 57, unflashy but experienced and energetic, his performances stylish and dramatic. He is one of the most sought-after conductors, and the music world is eagerly waiting to learn what course he will choose in 2020, when his Royal Opera contract expires.

He has said he wants to concentrate more on symphonic music, and has played down rumors that he may take another major opera position, like the one being vacated at the Bavarian State Opera in Munich.

“I’m not interested in another big

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The New York Times

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Issue Number
No. 41,855

PAGE TWO

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Bringing back a block’s Hendrix groove

Residents want to name part of Greenwich Village street for its singer-muse

BY COREY KILGANNON

The party was getting into groovy gear in the backyard of 50 West Eighth Street in Greenwich Village.

Inside a cottage apartment tucked behind the Manhattan residential building, revelers could almost kiss the sky through the solarium’s sunroof. The revelry in the garden had a psychedelic “Apocalypse Now” theme, with partygoers dancing to Jimi Hendrix’s “Voodoo Chile” among bamboo stalks and tiki torches illuminating a tall shrinelike stone from Bali.

Then the host, Rob Key, an internet entrepreneur who lives in the rental cottage, turned down the Hendrix and explained that the point of this party, on a recent weeknight, was to gather support to get the block of Eighth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues named after Hendrix, who is believed to have lived in the cottage toward the end of his life.

“Before he died, he built his studio on the other side of this wall,” said Mr. Key, referring to Electric Lady Studios next door, which Hendrix opened just before his death in 1970.

“You guys can feel it in the air, right? Music doesn’t just disappear — it sticks around for a while,” Mr. Key told the gathering of local residents, merchants and artists, urging them to sign a petition supporting the effort. He introduced Storm Ritter, an artist who cuts a striking figure on the block in her loud retro outfits, and who last year opened Storm Ritter Studio, which sells original clothing and artwork, including hand-painted items.

Mr. Key and Ms. Ritter both made the point that Hendrix embodies the rebellious and creative spirit that once made Eighth Street the hippest block in the Village. That spirit, they lamented, is sorely in need of bolstering today, as the block’s counterculture vibe has withered in the face of gentrification and rising rents.

Electric Lady Studios has survived, and there are still some scrappy independent stores like the longtime Uncle Sam Army/Navy. There is Ms. Ritter’s funky boutique, which optimistically displays a mock “Hendrix Way” street sign over the entrance.

But the block’s hodgepodge of businesses — upscale restaurants and fast-food places, massage and nail salons, coffee shops, not to mention the handful of vacant storefronts — lack a cohesive spirit that Hendrix espoused, Ms. Ritter said.

Richard Geist, who opened Uncle Sam’s in 1998, said there was little on the block to attract tourists.

“Gentrification is killing us,” he said. “Eighth Street has lost the magic, and we want to bring that magic back, and bring traffic back to help business.”

Renaming the block after Hendrix would honor the musician and might help rekindle some of the creativity and self-expression the block once had, Ms. Ritter said, adding that it could also have the commercial benefit of attracting visitors and shoppers whose numbers have declined greatly.

“We all want the street to be cooler,” she said. This stretch of Eighth Street was once part of the Village’s main



A sign for “Hendrix Way” hangs over the door of Storm Ritter Studio on West Eighth Street in Greenwich Village in New York, in a block where Jimi Hendrix may have once lived.



Electric Lady Studios, where Hendrix made some of his final recordings, is next door to a cottage where he is thought to have lived toward the end of his life.

crosstown commercial thoroughfare and an epicenter for counterculture and creativity.

In 1931, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney established the Whitney Museum of American Art on the block, and even before that, a Bohemian vibe was sewn by actors like Lillian Gish and John Barry-

more who lived in the Hotel Marlton, an affordable single-room-occupancy hotel that later housed many other prominent actors, as well as the comedian Lenny Bruce during his widely publicized six-month trial for obscenity in 1964.

By the 1950s, the block was lined with cabarets, including the Bon Soir, which



During a party at the cottage, Rob Key, the current occupant, wore a Hendrix T-shirt and was drumming up support for having the block named after the rock icon.

helped give Barbra Streisand her start. There was the Eighth Street Bookshop, a favorite of the Beat writers and poets, including Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg.

But the block’s counterculture character had begun to fade by the 1970s and gave way to crime in the ’80s. The Marl-

ton became a college dorm. In the 1990s, national retailers like Kmart and Genovese drugs arrived.

Today, even the crowds of young people who came for the shops selling marijuana paraphernalia, T-shirt emporiums and glam-trashy-fashion boutiques have waned. The Marlton is now a reno-

vated, modern hotel and is now known as the Marlton Hotel.

Hendrix lived a famously unsettled life as a constantly traveling musician and lived for short periods in numerous places in New York and other cities. John Storyk, a Manhattan architect who helped Hendrix design the recording studio and its acoustics, said he recalled Hendrix living in the cottage.

Obtaining a street co-naming — the honorary name is typically posted along with the original — requires a proposal to the advisory board for several Lower Manhattan neighborhoods, known as Community Board 2. If approved, a local City Council member — Councilman Corey Johnson and Councilwoman Margaret Chin represent parts of the block — would then have to propose the co-naming to the full City Council for a vote. The Council typically approves about 100 new street names each year.

“Before he died, he built his studio on the other side of this wall. You guys can feel it in the air, right?”

Bob Gormley, the district manager of Community Board 2, said the board’s guidelines ask applicants to explain in detail the nominee’s relationship and contributions to a block.

Mr. Key was confident that he could make the case for Hendrix, who was known for his outsized musical success in only a handful of years as a prominent musician. He left behind Electric Lady, a cultural landmark, and the reputation he bestowed on the block has inspired locals for decades. Mr. Key, who has no documentation to prove that Hendrix had actually lived in the cottage, said he and others had collected more than 1,000 signatures on the street-naming petition and would try to shore up more community support before starting the official submission process.

He walked through his cottage, whose walls are sufficiently insulated that he hears very little music from the studio — except once, when Kanye West was recording.

“The walls were shaking,” he recalled.

A small group from the party slipped out for a late-night tour of Electric Lady Studios, where the likes of the Rolling Stones, Stevie Wonder and David Bowie have recorded.

Lee Foster, the studio’s general manager, told the group that while many original features were preserved, including some instruments and hand-painted wall murals, the studio technology has been modernized since 1970 to audio engineering levels that have attracted the likes of Lady Gaga, Adele and U2. Mr. Foster wore a necklace adorned with two silver-plated cigarette butts from a memorable cigarette break with the Rolling Stones guitarist Keith Richards.

Mr. Foster walked through a spacious studio where Hendrix made some of his final recordings and where David Bowie and John Lennon came up with the song “Fame.”

Back at the party, Mr. Key said he hoped the Hendrix energy and music that still lingers along Eighth Street might help the block get its mojo back.

“I’m worried about the gentrification of the block,” he said. “The history of New York gets lost sometimes, and that’s what this is all about.”

London, Rome and now New York

CONDUCTOR, FROM PAGE 1 opera job,” he said in a telephone interview from London. “Instead of doing five operas a year, I might do two, which would give me room to breathe, to think and to have a life.”

Plácido Domingo, who has long worked with Mr. Pappano both as a tenor and in his more recent baritone roles, is among those who hold out hope that Mr. Pappano will choose not to leave the Royal Opera.

“It is natural that conductors eventually want to start to do more symphonic music, because it is less complicated than doing opera,” Mr. Domingo said in an interview. “But if Tony leaves Covent Garden, he will be very, very much missed there.”

Mr. Pappano often begins conversations about his career by talking about his parents, who came from a tiny village in southern Italy where there was little work in the years immediately after World War II. Pasquale Pappano moved to Milan and then to Mantua, where he studied singing with Ettore Campogalliani, whose pupils included the likes of Renata Tebaldi and Luciano Pavarotti, before moving to London.

Pasquale worked in restaurants and, in his spare time, taught singing; Maria, his wife, cleaned offices and took in sewing and ironing. Antonio, who was born in the nearby town of Epping in 1959, studied the piano — “reluctantly at first,” he said — and soon began to accompany his father’s pupils in everything from pop songs to arias.

When the Pappanos moved to Connecticut in the early 1970s, Tony kept on assisting his father. “I never went to a



The Orchestra dell’Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia in Rome, headed by Antonio Pappano. He has also been music director of the Royal Opera in London since 2002.

conservatory, but I studied piano and composition privately,” he said. “My goal, and my father’s goal for me, was to become the best accompanist the world had ever seen, and I thought that that would be my destiny.”

Things turned out a little differently, of course, but Mr. Pappano’s preparation was not unheard-of. In recent decades, prominent conductors have tended to emerge from specialized conducting courses and begin their careers working with symphony orchestras. But until the mid-20th century, most began as opera house “répétiteurs”: coaches

who teach singers their roles at the keyboard and play for rehearsals.

Those who learned to read orchestral scores were sometimes allowed to lead a performance if a regular conductor became ill, and, if they showed some talent on the podium, they were absorbed into the conducting staff. Occasionally, more exalted positions became available.

In Mr. Pappano’s case, some singers he had worked with “got me little gigs, even though I couldn’t conduct my way out of a paper bag,” he said, “and orchestras either felt pity for me or saw something in me, despite my inexperience.”

He went to Europe, where, accompanying a singer’s audition, he attracted the attention of the conductor Daniel Barenboim. Mr. Barenboim wasn’t convinced of the singer’s abilities, but he engaged the accompanist to become his assistant at the Bayreuth Festival in Germany. Mr. Pappano spent six years in that position and two years working under Michael Gielen at the Frankfurt Opera.

“Those were very important experiences for me,” he said. “I learned how to rehearse, how to use time efficiently, and I was exposed to German avant-garde theater, which shocked me at first but also opened my eyes to new ways of doing opera. So in 1987, when I got my first opportunity to rehearse a complete opera production, all the experiences of assisting and coaching exploded out of me, and I understood that this was what I was born to do.”

That opportunity, a production of “La Bohème,” came at the Norwegian National Opera in Oslo, where Mr. Pappano became principal conductor in 1990. “During my two years there I did my first productions of many operas,” he said. “Making all those debuts was treacherous, but I survived and thrived.”

He moved on to the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie in Brussels, where he spent a decade, a period during which he also made important debuts around the world. In 2002, as a 42-year-old maestro, he left Brussels for his native England, where he became music director of the Royal Opera.

“It took five years for me to gain the trust of the orchestra and the London

Antonio Pappano is “never satisfied with good or very good. He simply cannot stop pulling and inspiring.”

public,” he said, “to gain security, to become comfortable inside my own skin.”

This makes his first years there sound somewhat grim, but in fact Mr. Pappano was greeted with enthusiasm from the start. He “made the clearest possible statement that he intends to put Covent Garden at the pinnacle of international opera,” wrote the critic Andrew Clark in The Financial Times after the new music director’s first performance, Strauss’s “Ariadne auf Naxos.” “It felt not so much like the start of a new season, more the dawn of a glorious era.”

Avoiding being pigeonholed in Italian repertoire — a potential pitfall for conductors whose names end in vowels — Mr. Pappano’s choices have ranged widely in London, from the classics to world premieres by the contemporary British composers Harrison Birtwistle and Mark-Anthony Turnage.

The mezzo-soprano Joyce DiDonato worked with him on a French opera, Massenet’s “Werther” — the first time she was singing the central role of Charlotte, “which of course carried loads of nerves,” she said in an interview. At the single allotted orchestra rehearsal, they came to the aria “Va! laisse couler mes larmes” — or “Go! Let my tears flow.”

“During a very hushed passage, which we had already spoken about thoroughly in piano rehearsals,” she said, “Tony stopped the orchestra and

said in a very soothing, hushed, but utterly convincing tone: ‘Joyce, darling, I know you can make this more magical.’”

Mr. Pappano, she added, is “never satisfied with good or very good. He simply cannot stop pulling and inspiring.” (The soprano Malin Byström recalled him calling her after a performance to persuade her to choose a dress with a looser fit to help her breathing.)

Twelve years ago, Mr. Pappano returned to his Italian roots by becoming music director of the Santa Cecilia orchestra, part of the National Academy of the same name that was founded in the 16th century. The orchestra, born in 1908, was the first Italian ensemble to dedicate itself primarily to the symphonic repertoire instead of opera.

It had been playing well under Mr. Pappano’s immediate predecessors, but Michele Dall’Ongaro, the orchestra’s general manager, said in an email that “it needed a vital impulse, a qualitative leap.”

Italy has been an apt place to land for Tony Pappano. When he was growing up, his family spoke a mixture of southern Italian dialect and English, and his command of proper modern Italian had some gaps when he first took over the Santa Cecilia ensemble.

At one rehearsal, in asking the orchestra not to press the tempo, he accidentally created an Italianglish neologism: “non pushare.”

The musicians gave him a T-shirt with the phrase emblazoned on it.

Harvey Sachs is the author of “Toscanini: Musician of Conscience.”

World

Where Christians and Muslims share

JAKARTA JOURNAL
JAKARTA, INDONESIA

Neighboring congregations in Indonesian capital set an example of tolerance

BY JOE COCHRANE

On a tree-lined side street in the Indonesian capital sits a colonial-era Protestant church with rustic wooden pews and stained-glass windows, and an antique pipe organ built into a large wall behind the altar.

Across the street is a modern, 100,000-square-foot mosque with towering arches at its entrances and a cavernous prayer area laid wall-to-wall with red carpet.

Despite their different faiths, the two houses of worship are friendly, helpful neighbors — and an example of pluralism in the world's most populous Muslim-majority nation at a time of heightened fears over religious intolerance.

“We respect each other,” said Nur Alam, an imam at the Sunda Kelapa Grand Mosque, which opened in 1971. “If we never offend other people, then we will be respected.”

Across the street, Adriaan Pitoy is a pastor at St. Paul's Church, which was built in 1936 under the Dutch colonial administration. “Our relationship is just one of many steps we take,” he said of the neighbors at the mosque. “We also go to other mosques to promote dialogue. Our relationship with our friends next door is normal.”

For the two houses of worship, normal means sharing parking spaces during busier services: Friday Prayer for the mosque, Sunday service for the church. They also host interfaith dialogue sessions and volleyball tournaments. During Ramadan, the Muslim holy fasting month, the staff at St. Paul's, some of whom are Muslim, carry boxes of food to the mosque for worshippers there to break their fast.

This type of religious harmony among neighboring houses of worship is evident not just in Jakarta, but across the Indonesian archipelago. About 90 percent of Indonesia's 260 million people are identified as Muslim, but the country also has small but influential Christian, Hindu, Buddhist and Confucian populations.

Yet these friendly relations are regularly overshadowed by international news reports and social media posts about racial intolerance and fears of the “Islamization” of Indonesia.

In recent years, there have been hundreds of cases of hard-line Islamic groups harassing, attacking and in some cases even killing religious minorities including Christians, Shiite Muslims and members of the Ahmadiyah Islamic sect, and forcibly closing hundreds of churches and other houses of worship across the country.

Then there is Indonesia's domestic terrorism, dating back to 2000, including multiple bombings and attacks in Jakarta and the resort island of Bali by terrorist cells that pledged loyalty to Al Qaeda or the Islamic State.

“If you see the actions of these hard-line groups, and threats from ISIS, or Indonesian militants coming back from Syria, they are a threat to interfaith cooperation in Indonesia,” said Theophilus



The main gate of the Sunda Kelapa Grand Mosque in Jakarta. Religious harmony in Indonesia is regularly overshadowed by international news reports about rising intolerance.



A Muslim woman selling tissues outside the entrance of St. Paul's Church across the street from the mosque. Some of the church's staff members are Muslim.

Bela, former president of the Jakarta Christian Communication Forum, who has for years documented attacks on, and discriminatory actions against, churches in Indonesia.

A recent local challenge to religious harmony can be found cater-cornered from St. Paul's Church and the Sunda Kelapa Grand Mosque, where, across a boulevard and public park, lies the official residence of the governor of Jakarta.

Basuki Tjahaja Purnama was supposed to be living there. Instead, he is in prison, serving a two-year sentence for blaspheming Islam in a case that ignited violent street marches through Jakarta by hard-line Islamist groups. They demanded he be prosecuted or lynched outright for citing a verse of the Quran that warns Muslims against taking Christians and Jews as allies.

Mr. Basuki, a Christian, subsequently suffered a landslide loss in a runoff elec-

tion in April. A few weeks later, he was convicted by a Jakarta court and immediately transferred to a high-security prison, to the cheers and celebrations of hard-line Islamic groups gathered outside the courthouse. Mr. Basuki's prosecution and imprisonment shocked much of the country, in particular its religious minority communities.

Despite the case and its stoking of Muslim-Christian tensions, both Mr. Nur and Mr. Pitoy contend that the episode of Mr. Basuki was more political than religious, and they say they are not worried about the long-term durability of Indonesia's pluralistic tradition.

“The people of Indonesia know that there have been conflicts among religious groups, but actually it's not really just because of religious faith, but maybe it's political, economic and things like that,” Mr. Pitoy said. “Sometimes it's difficult to differentiate between politics and religion — especially in Indonesia.”

In August, Christian Solidarity Worldwide, a human rights organization founded in Britain, released a report saying that Indonesia's centuries-old tradition of religious pluralism was “under severe threat,” and that its reputation as a moderate, democratic Muslim-majority nation that protects freedom of religion was being undermined.

The report said some Christian communities particularly feared for their safety.

“There's almost a sense that they are second-class citizens in their own coun-

try,” said Benedict Rogers, the organization's East Asia team leader.

In response to the fall of Mr. Basuki, who used to attend St. Paul's, Indonesia's president, Joko Widodo, one of his key political allies, established a special task force to reinforce the country's state ideology, known as Pancasila, which enshrines pluralism.

Despite Mr. Basuki's case, violent attacks on religious minorities have decreased substantially in the past five years. The Setara Institute for Democracy and Peace, a nongovernmental organization in Jakarta, had recorded only 93 such attacks this year through August, compared with 264 in all of 2012.

“But the number of blasphemy cases because of social media, because people have comments on Facebook and groups report them to the police, that is growing now,” said Bonar Tigor Naipospos, vice chairman of the Setara Institute's executive board.

Mr. Nur and Mr. Pitoy both said Indonesia's core problem with religion is not intolerance, but a lack of education and understanding among its people. Less than half of all Indonesians have completed primary school, according to the government's statistical bureau.

“Indonesia is Muslim-majority — you have to accept it — but the lower class has a very simple knowledge” of Islam, Mr. Nur said. “That is why, if you want to know about the essence of Islam, which is peace and tolerance, study the Quran.”

Canadian political star may break more than one barrier

OTTAWA

BY IAN AUSTEN

While Canada has long promoted multiculturalism, it took until this week for a major Canadian political party to choose a leader — Jagmeet Singh — who was not a white man or woman.

But Mr. Singh's decisive win in the race to be the leader of the New Democratic Party, the furthest to the left of Canada's mainstream parties, is far more than a symbolic victory for minority groups in the country.

Mr. Singh, 38, whose parents immigrated from India, shares many of the personal traits that made Prime Minister Justin Trudeau such an appealing candidate and helped propel him to power in 2015. The New Democrats, who have only ever achieved power at the provincial level, are hoping that Mr. Singh's charisma, ethnic background and history as a social advocate may finally provide a formula that can lift the party to power at the federal level.

“Canadians deserve a government that understands the struggles that people are facing right now,” Mr. Singh said Sunday in Toronto, after the announcement of his victory. “It takes an act of love to realize we are all in this together, and an act of courage to demand better, to dream bigger and to fight for a more inclusive and just world.”

Mr. Singh's election underscores the already prominent role that Sikhs, who make up about 2 percent of Canada's population, play in Canadian politics.

Four members of Mr. Trudeau's cabinet, including his defense minister, are Sikhs. Other Sikhs are prominent in provincial offices. Mr. Singh himself, who

lives in the Toronto area, was the New Democrats' deputy leader in Ontario's legislature.

The New Democratic Party is the third-largest party in the federal Parliament. During the leadership race, Mr. Singh's campaign signed up 47,000 new members, according to party figures.

But he now faces several significant challenges, not least of which is to get elected to the Parliament, most likely through a special election to fill a vacant seat.

Most of the seats the New Democrats hold in Parliament are from Quebec, where Mr. Singh's wearing of symbols related to his faith, including a turban, are seen as an affront to a widely held belief that politics should be secular. Pierre Nantel, a New Democrat member of Parliament from Quebec, was particularly critical of Mr. Singh's religious practice during the leadership campaign.

Mr. Singh will also have to swiftly gain greater recognition outside of Ontario and communities with large Sikh populations, like Burnaby, British Columbia.

Canadians who know nothing about Mr. Singh's political views probably have a good sense of his personal panache through media attention he has attracted. He is an urban cycling fan with a large collection of bicycles. Most of all, he is associated with his meticulously tailored, fashionable suits.

In interviews, he has suggested that his wardrobe choices were something of an act of defiance.

“If people are going to stare at me anyways, I might as well give them something to look at,” he told GQ magazine earlier this year. “I saw it as a chance to transform an awkward situation into an opportunity to show people



Jagmeet Singh, whose parents immigrated from India, has the charisma to reach beyond ethnic issues and perhaps lead the New Democratic Party to national prominence.

who I really am. I wanted to show that I was confident and sure of myself — that I wasn't afraid of who I was.”

Self-confidence may be Mr. Singh's defining characteristic, say people who know him. He did not respond to requests to be interviewed for this article.

“He was always very optimistic, confident, able to stand up for himself, to not get bullied but respected,” said Harjinder Singh Kandola, the president of the Sikh Cultural Society in Windsor, Ontario, where Mr. Singh lived from the age of 7 until he went to college.

Mr. Singh, whose father was a psychiatrist in Windsor, has repeatedly said that he was bullied as a child. The situation became so severe that his family sent him across the international border

to Michigan to attend the elite Detroit Country Day School for his middle and high school education.

A degree in biology and then legal studies at the Osgoode Hall Law School in Toronto followed.

Mr. Singh's career was to become entwined with that of his older brother, Gurratan. The two were involved with the Sikh Activist Network, a youth group co-founded by Gurratan. While intended as a group to fight for social justice, it also became a meeting place for Sikh performing artists. By many accounts it was also the foundation of Jagmeet Singh's political career.

The brothers were not the family's first political advocates. Their grandfather, Sardar Sewa Singh Thikri-

wala, was the founder of a rebel movement against British rule in the Punjab region of India.

Peel Region, the Toronto suburb that Mr. Singh represented in Ontario's legislature, has a concentrated but not united South Asian population.

As an elected politician, Mr. Singh's agenda has been focused on domestic issues. Like most New Democrats, he speaks out about income inequality, housing disparities, the cost of education, the need for job opportunities and efforts to reconcile relations with indigenous people.

In Ontario, he also took the lead on an issue for which he was perhaps uniquely qualified as a legislator: racial profiling by the police. Mr. Singh said he had been pulled over by the police 11 times since he was a teenager simply because of his appearance.

During his leadership campaign, he vowed to end the practice nationally.

Like any group, Sikhs in Canada are not monolithic in their political support. But at the federal level they have generally tended to back Liberals, which helps explain why they are well-represented in Mr. Trudeau's cabinet.

It is unclear whether that will change with Mr. Singh.

Rachna Singh, whom Mr. Singh made appearances for during her recent and successful campaign to become a New Democratic member of British Columbia's legislature, said that it was a mistake to view Mr. Singh as strictly an ethnic figure. Like many Sikhs, Ms. Singh noted that he has taken on issues that were deeply divisive among Sikhs, including his support for gay, transgender and lesbian rights.

“He values every community,” she said. “That's why he's leader today.”

Alarm raised as lawmaker is linked to China spies

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND

Politician was a member of Communist Party before settling in New Zealand

BY CHARLOTTE GRAHAM

Revelations that a New Zealand lawmaker had been a member of the Communist Party in China and taught English to spies there have raised alarms about Beijing's influence in New Zealand — and how well the political parties there vet their candidates.

Jian Yang, a lawmaker with the center-right National Party, did not declare his past Communist Party affiliation or his work teaching spies in China on his New Zealand citizenship application. He was returned to Parliament for a third term in an election last month.

Days before the election, as some New Zealanders were casting advance ballots, Mr. Yang's background was exposed in a joint investigation by The Financial Times and the New Zealand online media outlet Newsroom.

While New Zealand is a small country, it is a member of the “Five Eyes” intelligence-sharing partnership along with Australia, Britain, Canada and the United States. And so vulnerabilities in New Zealand's government could have wider import.

Mr. Yang admitted that in the 1980s and early '90s, before emigrating to Australia and then moving to New Zealand to teach at a university, he studied and taught at two Chinese educational institutions run by the People's Liberation Army.

He said he had not named the Chinese military institutions on his application for New Zealand citizenship and had instead listed “partner institutions” as his employers, because that was what the Chinese “system” had told him to do.

Mr. Yang conceded that he had taught English to spies, but said he had never been a spy himself, was no longer a member of the Communist Party and had been contracted and paid only as a so-called civilian officer.

Mr. Yang has not been officially investigated in New Zealand or charged with espionage.



DEAN PURCELL/NEW ZEALAND HERALD, VIA ASSOCIATED PRESS
Jian Yang, a National Party lawmaker in New Zealand, said he'd never been a spy.

But Nicholas Eftimiades, a former officer with the Central Intelligence Agency with extensive experience on China matters, said the title of civilian officer was a fluid one in China.

“Whether in uniform or not, these personnel are still actively engaged in espionage,” said Mr. Eftimiades, who also worked with the Defense Intelligence Agency and is now lecturer at Penn State Harrisburg in Pennsylvania.

The leadership of both major political parties in New Zealand (the other is the Labour Party) said they were not concerned by the revelations. Bill English, the prime minister, whose party Mr. Yang belongs to, said through a spokesman that he did not “see any obvious signs of anything inappropriate.”

Mr. English said the National Party had been aware of Mr. Yang's background, and that Mr. Yang had made no attempt to hide it.

The revelation comes as both the National and Labour parties have come under scrutiny in a report on China's influence on the New Zealand government by Anne-Marie Brady, a political science professor at University of Canterbury in Christchurch, New Zealand.

Ms. Brady said that since the ascension of President Xi Jinping, China's government has mounted an aggressive campaign of using soft power to influence New Zealand's politics.

Xiuzhong Xu contributed reporting from Sydney, Australia, and Chris Buckley from Beijing.

CORRECTION

• An article on Tuesday about the writer Ta-Nehisi Coates misidentified an audience member who asked him a question at an event in the Harlem neighborhood of New York. The question was from Adrian Hopkins, not from the filmmaker Barry Jenkins. (Mr. Hopkins works for The New York Times but was not reporting on the event.)

WORLD

Casinos confront a big vulnerability

LAS VEGAS

Warm welcome means guests are rarely asked what is in their luggage

BY KEN BELSON, JOHN ELIGON AND JENNIFER MEDINA

When Stephen Paddock pulled his car up to the wide circular driveway at the Mandalay Bay Resort and Casino, a half-dozen bellboys and valets were likely to be there to help. When he walked past the two giant stone lions and through the glass doors into the lobby, greeters would probably have ushered him the roughly 50 steps to the wooden doors with frosted glass where high rollers check into the hotel.

When he emerged and walked another 50 feet to the elevator bank, dozens if not hundreds of guests and employees may have passed him. Once on the 32nd floor, he would have walked down a long hallway to his suite, with its minibar, sofas and large bedroom. There, he would have started to unpack some of the 10 suitcases he brought to the hotel, containing the guns that he would use to commit mass murder.

Mr. Paddock appeared to have little trouble bringing nearly two dozen weapons and thousands of rounds of ammunition into his suite at the Mandalay Bay. The hotels and the casinos connected to them, not just in Las Vegas but around the country, are designed to welcome visitors and make it as easy as possible for them to relax and spend money.

Now, hotels, casinos and law enforcement agencies are confronting their security vulnerabilities and trying to figure out what more they can and should do to prevent attacks like the mass shooting in Las Vegas.

Short of installing metal detectors at all the many entrances, or individually searching arriving bags, though, it may be nearly impossible to prevent visitors from carrying weapons into facilities like the Mandalay Bay, security experts say. “Because of the open nature of casinos and hotels, it’s almost impossible to do the search you do at an airport,” said Ed Davis, who was the police commissioner in Boston during the Boston Marathon bombing and is now an adviser to the American Gaming Association, the casino industry group. “Unfortunately, Las Vegas is a big soft target,” Mr. Davis said, “and the fact that it hasn’t happened here before is a miracle.”

What seems clear is that Mr. Paddock succeeded in bringing that arsenal into his suite days before the shooting without attracting notice, despite the presence of hundreds of video and surveillance cameras in the casino and security officers and employees who are trained to look out for suspicious behavior. This has prompted questions about what else the hotel could have done.

Two spokeswoman for the Mandalay Bay declined to comment on the security at the hotel and casino.

Sheriff Joseph Lombardo of the Las



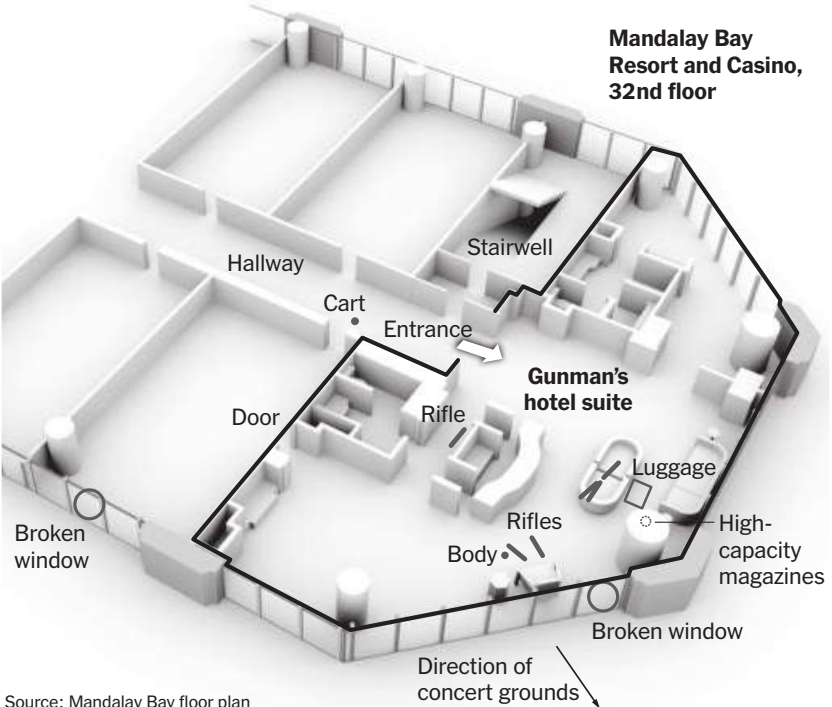
REVIEWING PROCEDURES Top, police officers at the Mandalay Bay Resort and Casino in Las Vegas. Above, South Las Vegas Boulevard, the renowned Las Vegas Strip. Hotels, casinos and law enforcement agencies are now trying to figure out what more they can and should do to prevent attacks.

Vegas Metropolitan Police Department pushed back at critics who said the security at the hotel was lax.

“The Mandalay Bay security was fantastic,” Sheriff Lombardo said on Tues-

day. “I don’t want anyone to think that it’s not safe to stay at one of our hotels.”

He then suggested that no amount of planning could have prevented the attack. “The world has changed,” he said.



Source: Mandalay Bay floor plan

“Who would have ever imagined this situation?”

Others suggested that more could be done. Last year, Steve Wynn, the chief executive of Wynn Resorts and owner of

some of the biggest casinos and hotels in the city, said Las Vegas was a “target city” because of the tens of millions of visitors who cram its streets, tourist attractions and hotels and casinos. In the

past year, he said, he has installed unseen metal detectors and hired former Navy SEALs, F.B.I. and C.I.A. agents to work undercover in his Las Vegas properties. “You know why we are a big target?” Mr. Wynn asked in an interview last year with KTNV, a Nevada television station. “This place is chock-full, in a relatively small place between Sahara and Tropicana, of all of those folks, and they regularly congregate at night in 10- and 20,000 bundles. This city is tempting for all of those reasons.”

Mr. Wynn did not mention that the Nevada Gaming Control Board, which licenses casinos in the state, does not regulate security at the hotels attached to casinos. A. G. Burnett, the chairman of the control board, said that a task force was formed several years ago so that his agency, law enforcement agencies and the casino operators could share best practices. The control board, he said, has not had to develop regulations to govern security at the hotels because the operators have done a good job on their own.

“They’ve been so good doing security outside the casino that we didn’t feel we had to go further than that,” he said, but “it will be something we will all look at as a state.”

A spokeswoman for MGM Resorts, Debra DeShong, said in a statement Wednesday that her company had stepped up security at its properties and that its safety procedures were “always improving and evolving.”

Some people who work at Mandalay Bay said they had their doubts that the resort was doing enough.

“It doesn’t seem like there’s a presence, or anything that would deter something,” said Jacque Holmes, who moved to Las Vegas from Farmington, Conn., and works in Paradiso, a women’s clothing shop that faces the casino in Mandalay Bay. “That’s why kids come here and party,” she said.

Ms. Holmes said the mentality in the hotel is that when a bag is left unattended, it does not raise the same alarm bells that it might in New York.

“There’s no deterrent,” she said, “There’s nothing.”

While the hotel does not allow people to bring guns or other weapons onto the property, a hotel employee said that they could only do so much to prevent people from sneaking them in.

“Technically, every bag could be considered a suspicious bag, because we don’t know what’s inside,” said the employee, who was not authorized to speak on the record. “We’re not allowed to ask guests what’s in their bags. So unless we hear ticking, we cannot query a guest on what’s in their luggage.”

When workers do see that someone is trying to bring in weapons, they alert security, the employee said.

T. J. Lopez, general manager of Starlight Tattoo, a shop that also faces the casino, said the mind-set in Las Vegas is not to worry too much about what people are doing.

“We don’t want to scare people, because it’s Las Vegas, and we’re so dependent on tourism,” he said. “It’s sad that we didn’t think about it until this happened.”

Rebecca Raney contributed reporting.

Gunman had methodically chased gambling’s highs

GAMBLER, FROM PAGE 1

was gambling high,” said Anthony Curtis, a former professional gambler and currently the owner and publisher of Las Vegas Advisor, a website covering the casino business.

Mr. Paddock once owned and managed an apartment complex near Dallas, and he has been described by some as a wealthy retiree. People who knew him were under the impression that he was a profitable gambler, or that he at least won often enough to make his casino lifestyle worthwhile.

According to a person who has reviewed Mr. Paddock’s gambling history and who requested anonymity because the information was part of an active police investigation, dozens of “currency transaction reports,” which casinos must send the federal government for transactions greater than \$10,000, were filed in Mr. Paddock’s name. Mr. Paddock had six-figure credit lines at casinos that afforded him the chance to make big sums in long sit-down sessions, and he was known as someone who always paid his accounts. His rooms were often comped, meaning given to him free, including this past weekend at Mandalay Bay, according to the person familiar with his history.

He was there to play, not to party. The night before the shooting, Mr. Paddock made two complaints to the hotel about noise coming from his downstairs neighbors: Albert Garzon, a restaurant owner visiting from San Diego, and his wife and friends. Mr. Garzon, who was staying in 31-135, directly beneath Mr. Paddock, said security guards knocked on his door around 1:30 a.m. on Sunday and asked him to turn down his music, country songs. When he asked where the complaint was coming from, pointing out that the nearest rooms on either side were far away, the security guard said, “It’s the guest above you.”

They turned the music down but had another visit from different security guards half an hour later. The man had called to complain again. Mr. Garzon turned the music off. It wasn’t until the

early hours of Monday that Mr. Garzon realized Mr. Paddock had been the complainer.

“I looked up and I could see his curtain flapping in the wind,” he said.

At the Atlantis in Reno, Mr. Paddock would often move to a machine when somebody using it got up to take a break. “That would annoy people, and he did not seem to care at all,” Mr. Weinreich said. “He acted like ‘these machines are for me.’”

Mr. Paddock was also a “starer,” Mr. Weinreich said.

“He loved to stare at other people playing,” he said. “It was not a good thing because it would make other VIPs in the high-limit area uncomfortable.”

“One of my guests once said to me, ‘He really gives me the creeps.’”

At Mandalay Bay, Mr. Paddock played the video poker machines located in a relatively quiet room labeled “High Limit Slots,” set aside from the jangly machines on the vast casino floor. The room has its own attendants, working behind a desk, and its own restrooms, to keep gamblers close.

The relative anonymity fit his personality in many ways — a solitary pursuit that exercised his calculating mind.

“He was a math guy,” Eric Paddock, his youngest brother, said. “He could tell you off the top of his head what the odds were down to a tenth of a percent on whatever machine he was playing. He studied it like it was a Ph.D. thing. It was not silly gambling. It was work.”

Video poker receives less attention than poker at the tables, which has garnered fame and riches for those who compete in tournaments such as the World Series of Poker. Video poker shares some of the same parameters — players looking for winning combinations of cards, from pairs and full houses to straights and flushes. But it is a vastly different game.

“Video poker is the crack cocaine of gambling,” Mr. Curtis said.

There are no opponents. There is no bluffing or worrying about competitors’ hands. Generally, five cards are drawn



Video poker machines in the Mandalay Bay Resort and Casino in Las Vegas. Casino hosts knew the gunman, Stephen Paddock, well.

from a refreshed 52-card virtual deck — instantly on the video screen — and players decide which ones to hold, or keep, and which ones to exchange for new cards. Players calculate the possibilities remaining in the 47 other cards.

A pair of jacks or better might earn the bet back, a “wash” for the player. A royal flush might pay 400 times the bet — perhaps a \$50,000 payout on a \$125 wager.

For experts like Mr. Paddock, who had played the game for 25 years, his brother said, each hand required only a few seconds of time. Ten hands could be played in a minute. The computer kept track of the financial tally.

It is a game of coldly calculated probabilities, played without hunches or emotion.

“Gut feel has nothing to do with it,” said Bob Dancer, a professional video poker player in Las Vegas who has written 10 books on the subject. “If I have a

feeling that says, ‘I’m going for another heart,’ then I will lie down until the feeling goes away.”

The top machines at Mandalay Bay pay out 99.17 percent, or \$99.17 for every \$100 wagered, according to Mr. Curtis. If Mr. Paddock did wind up a net loser, those losses could be offset, in part, by comps, or “kickback rewards,” essentially free money casinos give loyal customers to gamble with. The more that players play, the more they earn in comps. And casinos offer an ever-changing menu of promotions that can cut the expected losses a fraction further.

“If you get close to 100 percent — that’s where he gambled,” Eric Paddock said. “It’s not just the machine. It’s the comps, it’s the room. It’s the 50-year-old port that costs \$500 a glass. You add all that stuff together and his net is better than 100 percent.”

Those types of perks were one reason Mr. Paddock drove nearly 90 minutes from his home in Mesquite, Nev., to Las Vegas for high-stakes gambling. He also visited Mesquite’s more modest casinos but was not known for gambling big sums there.

“Paddock did not play at a level of significance with us,” Andre Carrier, chief operating officer of Eureka Casino Resort in Mesquite, said in an email. “From all of my discussion with my colleagues, it appears Paddock existed in our casino as he did in his neighborhood: as someone not well known by anyone.”

He was better known around a few high-limit rooms of the Las Vegas Strip, including at Mandalay Bay and the Wynn Las Vegas. In May, Mr. Paddock invited his brother Eric and his nephew, who is in his 20s, to a weekend at the Wynn, where he had achieved “Chairman’s Club” status, his brother said.

They feasted on expensive sushi and saw a show. Mr. Paddock said his brother had seen it so many times that he noticed that one of the performers was an alternate.

In 2012, Mr. Paddock sued the owner of The Cosmopolitan of Las Vegas, a resort and casino on the Strip, for negligence, saying that he “slipped and fell on an obstruction on the floor” while he was a customer there in 2011, resulting in \$30,600 in medical expenses.

The owner of The Cosmopolitan disputed many of Mr. Paddock’s allegations, and a judge dismissed the lawsuit in 2014, according to court records.

Mr. Paddock also had a home in Reno, where he played at the Atlantis. There he met Marilou Danley, his girlfriend, when she worked enlisting gamblers to sign up for frequent-customer cards, before she became a high-limit slot hostess, Mr. Weinreich said.

Mr. Weinreich noted that Mr. Paddock was generally hard to discern. “He was pretty statuesque in that he was stoic and stern,” he said.

Mr. Paddock gambled as he lived, his brother said — methodically, always weighing the odds. He was cautious and liked to plan ahead, Eric Paddock said, and didn’t like leaving things to chance. He always carried two cellphones, each with a different carrier, in case one network was down.

Mr. Paddock was in the high-limit room at Mandalay Bay last Thursday night, playing a machine that allowed him to bet \$100 with each deal of the virtual cards. Nearby, another customer hit a big hand and rose excitedly from his chair. He recalled how his enthusiasm caused Mr. Paddock to pause and turn.

“What’d you hit?” Mr. Paddock asked. “A royal flush,” the man said.

“Good job,” Mr. Paddock replied. And he went back to playing.

Reporting was contributed by Adam Goldman in New York, John Eligon and Mitch Smith in Las Vegas, and Julie Turkewitz and Thomas Fuller in Mesquite, Nev.

Life inside Mongolia’s swelling slums

MONGOLIA, FROM PAGE 1

where she and her husband have lived since last year. Ms. Tserendorj said she did not want to live so far from the city center but had no choice. Under Mongolian law, citizens are entitled to claim plots of land of about 7,500 square feet, leaving many people struggling to find attractive spaces.

“It’s unfair,” she said. “Every good piece of land is occupied.”

Ms. Tserendorj’s 26-year-old son has tuberculosis, and she said the family’s isolation had made it difficult to find proper medical care. She said she was also concerned by a lack of reliable electricity and the threat of natural disasters like landslides.

Ulan Bator’s government has vowed to invest billions in affordable housing by 2030 and to begin transforming several yurt districts into residential complexes. The government hopes to have 70 percent of its citizens living in apartments by 2030, compared with about 40 percent right now. The city’s population is estimated to increase to 1.6 million by 2020 and 2.1 million by 2030, from 1.4 million in 2015.

But advocates say the government’s housing plan falls short. And some worry that the city does not do enough to protect residents who are forced by the government to leave their homes to make way for new construction.

“Families are living in fear that they

will be left homeless,” said Nicholas Bequelin, the East Asia director for Amnesty International in Hong Kong. “The authorities are falling short in their responsibilities to protect residents’ rights.”

Climate change has intensified the pressure to resolve the housing crisis. Mongolia has been particularly hard hit, with a series of devastating droughts. Temperatures are also on the rise; this summer was the hottest in more than a half-century.

Gandavaa Mandakh, a former herder, moved to Ulan Bator three years ago from a town in southern Mongolia after losing dozens of cows, camels, goats and sheep during harsh winters.

Mr. Mandakh, 38, now works as a taxi driver; his wife works as a cook at a Korean restaurant. They have three children and earn about \$500 per month.

“Of course, we have many problems here,” he said, noting the city’s bad traffic and crowded schools. “But it’s still better than staying in the countryside.”

In a yurt a few miles away, Dolgorsuren Sosorbaram, 59, a retired business owner and a lifelong resident of Ulan Bator, said she had grown tired of rampant air pollution, which can reach hazardous levels in the winter. She said that life in the city was becoming too difficult and that the government should do more to encourage city residents to take up jobs in the countryside.



Gandavaa Mandakh, a former herder, moved to Ulan Bator three years ago and now drives a taxi while his wife works as a cook at a Korean restaurant. He said there were many problems, “but it’s still better than staying in the countryside.”

“There’s no more space here,” Ms. Sosorbaram said as she yanked stalks of flowering yellow wormwood from the ground outside her home. “It’s time for us to return to our roots in the countryside.”

While Ulan Bator once offered the promise of riches, a weaker economy has brought fresh anxiety. Mongolia’s economy, which depends heavily on mining, was once a darling of global investors, growing by 17.3 percent in 2011

as commodity prices surged. It has sputtered in recent years, expanding 1 percent last year and 5.3 percent in the first half of this year.

Some of Ulan Bator’s poorest residents say the weaker economy has hurt

their earnings and made homeownership a distant dream.

At the Ulaan Chuluut landfill in the northern part of the city, scavengers like Ms. Dashnyam have given up hopes of an ordinary life. They wake each morning to the sound of rumbling garbage trucks, chasing after each one with a metal rod in hand to sort through garbage and pick out the most lucrative items, like cans and pieces of metal.

In May, Ms. Dashnyam thought her problems might be solved. Officials who said they represented the General Intelligence Agency of Mongolia showed up at the landfill, saying they would pay several thousand dollars a head if Ms. Dashnyam and the other landfill dwellers could locate a stack of documents that had been mistakenly discarded.

After several days of searching, Ms. Dashnyam and her friends found the documents. But when the government workers took the files, they paid only a small portion of what they had promised, the scavengers said.

Ms. Dashnyam, who has lived at the landfill for several months, said she worried she would be stuck there in the winter in freezing temperatures.

“We have no other option,” she said. “I just hope I can survive.”

Munkhchimeg Davaasharav contributed reporting.

Whitewashing issues doom stage production

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

Hit musical canceled in Australia after claims that cast lacks diversity

BY DIANA OLIVA CAVE

Lin-Manuel Miranda’s musicals are now a global phenomenon, bringing hip-hop and the American immigrant experience to theatergoers worldwide. But when producers in Brisbane, Australia, recently announced plans to stage “In the Heights” — a homage to Mr. Miranda’s Latino neighborhood in New York — promotional posters announcing the cast caused an uproar.

The problem: Everyone appeared to be white.

“Calling the casting of this show ‘whitewashed’ is an understatement,” wrote Chris Peterson, founder and editor in chief of OnStage Blog, whose post led to a dramatic backlash that stretched across continents. “It might as well be a mass-bleaching of the show with how they cast these roles with white and non-Latinx performers.” (“Latinx” is a genderless version of the word Latino.)

And with that, Australia’s struggles with cultural sensitivity in media and the arts were thrust onto the world stage, shaming a small theater company into answering the complaints of Mr. Miranda’s outraged American fans, and intensifying this country’s own debate about identity and representation in the arts.

This week, Matt Ward Entertainment, which had planned to present the musical in November as part of a cultural festival at Brisbane Powerhouse, a popular arts venue, canceled the show.

“The difficult decision to cancel the production came after careful consideration and community consultation,” Matt Ward said in an email. “We were also motivated by a duty of care to our cast and crew, many of whom were personally targeted online.”

He added that he chose to produce the musical in part because it “tells an important story which, as a proud multicultural society, many Australians can also identify with.”

But casting proved to be a challenge. Brisbane is the third-largest city in Australia, with a population of 2.27 million, but 78 percent of Greater Brisbane’s population speaks only English at home and just 0.7 percent of the population speak Spanish.

Mr. Ward said he had expected that it would be hard to find a full Latino cast, and he noted that they were producing the show under a community licensing agreement.

“We were not bound by the specific casting conditions required of a professional production,” he said.

Mr. Ward said he and his team searched their local theater and community groups, contacted agents representing diverse actors and combed local hip-hop and salsa dance studios in search of cast members.

“While Brisbane has only a small Latinx community, and an even smaller community of Latinx musical theater performers,” Mr. Ward said, “we do have a rich and vast multicultural heritage, and this was proudly reflected in our casting of the work.”

But while one of the lead actresses, Stephanie Da Silva, who was cast to play Vanessa, is Uruguayan, most of the other actors cast in top roles were not Latino and looked white.

The producers initially defended their casting decisions, pointing out in a statement that “50 percent of the cast identified with an ancestry other than Australian” — including Mr. Bentley, who is part Samoan.

But as the response to the show spread online and beyond, the producers decided to pull the plug.

Ms. Da Silva, the cast member who was born and raised in Uruguay, said she was disappointed to see the show canceled.

“This was a lesson for many,” she said, noting that minorities and actors involved in the show all ended up feeling hurt.



He’s a fan.



Nobel goes to English novelist, explorer of time and memory

BY THE NEW YORK TIMES

The English author Kazuo Ishiguro was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature on Thursday for what the prize committee in Sweden said were works that uncovered “the abyss beneath our illusory sense of connection with the world.”

The committee said on Twitter that Mr. Ishiguro, 62, who moved to Britain from Japan when he was 5, was most associated with the themes of memory, time and self-delusion.

“If you mix Jane Austen and Franz Kafka then you have Kazuo Ishiguro in a nutshell, but you have to add a little bit of Marcel Proust into the mix,” said Sara Danius, permanent secretary of the Swedish Academy. “Then you stir, but not too much, then you have his writings.”

Perhaps his best-known work, “The Remains of the Day” (1989), was turned into a film starring Anthony Hopkins.

“Ishiguro’s writings are marked by a carefully restrained mode of expression, independent of whatever events are taking place,” the prize committee wrote in a statement after the announcement. “At the same time, his more recent fiction contains fantastic features.”

Citing the “dystopian work” of “Never

Let Me Go” (2005), the committee said Mr. Ishiguro introduced “a cold undercurrent of science fiction into his work.”

In assessing his latest novel, “The Buried Giant” (2015), the committee praised the way it explored, “in a moving manner, how memory relates to oblivion, history to the present, and fantasy to reality.”

With its choice of Mr. Ishiguro, the prize committee returned to a more conventional understanding of literature. Last year Bob Dylan, the poet laureate of the of the rock music era, was recognized with the award.

On Wednesday, Jacques Dubochet, Joachim Frank and Richard Henderson were awarded the 2017 Nobel Prize in Chemistry for developing a new way to construct precise 3-D images of biological molecules.

Rainer Weiss, Kip Thorne and Barry Barish received the Nobel Prize in Physics on Tuesday for the discovery of ripples in space-time known as gravitational waves.

And on Monday, Jeffrey C. Hall, Michael Rosbash and Michael W. Young were awarded the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine for discoveries about the molecular mechanisms controlling the body’s circadian rhythm.

WORLD

In warming seas, a less hospitable home

MOUNT DESERT ROCK, ME.

Worries rise over danger for North Atlantic right whales and humpbacks

BY KAREN WEINTRAUB

From the top of the six-story lighthouse, water stretches beyond the horizon in every direction. A foghorn bleats twice at 22-second intervals, interrupting the endless chatter of herring gulls.

At least twice a day, beginning shortly after dawn, researchers climb steps and ladders and crawl through a modest glass doorway to scan the surrounding sea, looking for the distinctive spout of a whale.

This chunk of rock, about 25 nautical miles from Bar Harbor, Me., is part of a global effort to track and learn more about one of the sea's most majestic and endangered creatures. So far this year, the small number of sightings here has underscored the growing perils along the East Coast to both humpback whales and North Atlantic right whales.

This past summer, the numbers of humpback whales identified from the rock were abysmal — the team saw only eight instead of the usual dozens. Fifty-three humpbacks have died in the last 19 months, many after colliding with boats or fishing gear.

Scientists worry that the humpbacks may have been forced elsewhere in a search for food as the seas have grown rapidly warmer and their feeding grounds have been disturbed.

“Food is becoming more patchy and less reliable, so animals are moving around more,” said Scott Kraus, vice president and chief scientist at the Anderson Cabot Center for Ocean Life at the New England Aquarium in Boston. “The more you move around, the higher the chance of entanglements.”

The North Atlantic right whales, which prefer colder waters, are also on a changed course — with even more dire consequences. Fifteen of the animals have died since mid-April in a population that has slipped to fewer than 450.

“We haven’t seen this level of mortality in right whales since we stopped whaling them” in coastal New England in the 1700s, said Dr. Kraus.

The aquarium maintains a catalog of images of North Atlantic right whales, in part to track their population levels. The pictures, spanning decades, are crucial to understanding these elusive leviathans.

‘UNUSUAL MORTALITY EVENT’

From the office computer in Mount Desert Rock’s only house, researchers use 36,000 images depicting some 9,500 animals to track whales. It was on this island in the 1970s that scientists first confirmed that each whale’s fluke pattern is unique. A humpback’s tail is an unchanging signature and as distinctive as a face — except if it’s been struck by a ship, bitten by a shark or slashed by a fisherman’s gear.

Digital algorithms make identifications a little easier, dividing the photos into categories of fluke patterns, mainly by determining how much of the tail is white or black. But researchers, including Lindsey Jones, a graduate student at the College of the Atlantic in Bar Harbor, which runs the station, must still look through several thousand images one by one to match by eye.

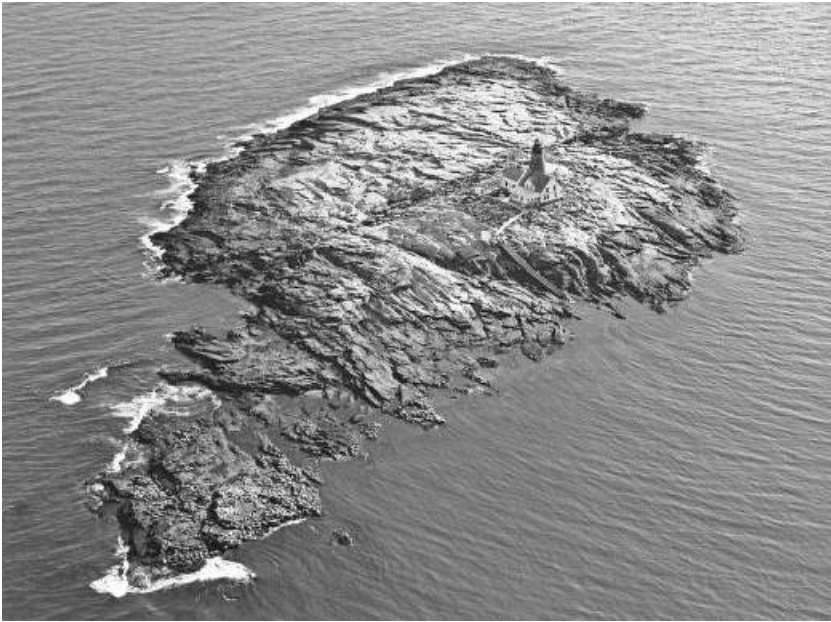
It should be possible to build a better algorithm, but no one in the small, dedicated field of whale research has the funding to pay for one.

Luckily, some matches are easy. Researchers on the island see many Gulf of Maine whales often enough that they recognize them on sight.



THOMAS FERNALD/NORTH ATLANTIC HUMPBAC WHALE CATALOG

Sightings of humpbacks have declined off the coast of Maine this year. Warming waters might be causing shifts along the food chain, forcing whales to hunt elsewhere.



NORTH ATLANTIC HUMPBAC WHALE CATALOG

The Mount Desert Rock station in Maine, where researchers use images to track whales. It was here that scientists confirmed that each whale’s fluke pattern is unique.

The high number of humpback deaths from January 2016 to Sept. 1 of this year led the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration to declare an “unusual mortality event.” No one knows exactly what’s going on, but the agency’s investigations attributed half of the deaths to ship strikes.

The Gulf of Maine is warming rapidly — at one of the fastest rates on earth — and the temperature change might be causing shifts along the food chain, said Dan DenDanto, station manager at Mount Desert Rock’s Edward McC. Blair Marine Research Station. As the whales follow food sources into new ar-

ees, they wander into the paths of ships and into fishing gear.

Mr. DenDanto and several investigators with Allied Whale, a group affiliated with the College of the Atlantic, plan to begin a research project next year, analyzing bits of skin from humpbacks, collected using biopsy darts, to determine what the animals are eating and how that affects their health.

UNDERSTANDING WHALE BEHAVIOR

Steven Katona, a co-founder of Allied Whale, was one of the first researchers to begin identifying whales here in the 1970s. Dr. Katona and his collaborators



NORTH ATLANTIC HUMPBAC WHALE CATALOG

A humpback’s tail is an unchanging signature and as distinctive as a face, unless it has been damaged by another object.

took pictures for the humpback whale catalog, which later confirmed their hunches that fluke patterns were consistent across a whale’s lifetime.

In 1975, they named one of the first North Atlantic humpbacks na00008, or Number 8. The whale has been spotted three times since: in Canada’s Gulf of St. Lawrence in the 1980s, off the coast of the Dominican Republic in 1993, and earlier this year off the coast of New Jersey.

“We have only a handful of sightings of this whale, yet these link together the efforts of collaborators spanning much of the North Atlantic,” Peter T. Stevick, a senior scientist with the North Atlantic Humpback Whale Catalog, said in an email.

The sightings occurred in four distinct humpback habitats, providing insights into where these giants feed, breed and migrate. Another sighting matched a whale in Brazil to one observed in Madagascar — a distance of about 6,500 miles — proving that an animal the length of a school bus can travel

a quarter of the way around the world.

The catalog has also allowed researchers to see that the whales breed at the edge of the Caribbean Sea, then fan out to traditional feeding areas, from the East Coast of the United States to Newfoundland, Labrador, Greenland and Iceland.

Understanding the whales’ behavior remains key to helping them survive in warming waters shared with fishing boats and ships, said Judy Allen, associate director of Allied Whale.

“These are animals that are difficult to study,” Ms. Allen said. “They spend most of their lives underwater. We see a brief glimpse when they lift their tails out of the water and somebody happens to be there with a camera.”

Right whales are generally seen in the Gulf of Maine, the coast of the Canadian Maritimes and the Gulf of St. Lawrence in the summer. In the winter, pregnant females and others migrate along the Eastern Seaboard to the Southeast.

They don’t have distinctive flukes; their bodies are wider, and they’re less graceful than their humpback cousins. So researchers identify them using the pattern of each animal’s “callosity” — the roughened skin patches on their heads. Because these formations can only be seen from the top, scientists must use planes and boats to track them.

Researchers based on Cape Cod begin flying in the winter months when right whales, which can grow as long as a five-story building, seek out food and social interaction in the waters off Massachusetts. The low-flying plane rides are so dangerous that scientists undergo “dunk training,” learning to survive if the plane drops into the frigid sea, miles from shore.

A CHANGING WAY OF LIFE

The North Atlantic Right Whale Catalog, managed by the New England Aquarium, includes images of 722 whales, chronicling the population since the early 1970s. The work has been particularly crucial this year, when there have been so many unexplained deaths.

Twelve carcasses have turned up so far this year in Canada and three more in American waters; only five calves were born, as far as researchers can tell. The latest estimates, released by the New England Aquarium, put the population of North Atlantic right whales at 458 — but that was before this year’s deaths, Dr. Kraus said.

Flying 750 to 1,000 feet over the animals also allows researchers to check on their health, making sure they are not dragging fishing ropes or bearing new scars, said Charles “Stormy” Mayo, director of the Right Whale Ecology Program at the Center for Coastal Studies in Provincetown, Mass.

“We haven’t seen this level of mortality in right whales since we stopped whaling them” in coastal New England in the 1700s.

Right whales are baleen whales, so they filter feed, supporting their 70-ton weight — nearly as much as the Space Shuttle — solely with microscopic animals called zooplankton. That search can push whales into shipping lanes, where the animals are sometimes struck, or into the gear of fishing boats.

Despite federal protection efforts, about 80 percent of right whales bear scars from past entanglements or ship strikes. “They are remarkably built for a life in an ocean, which unfortunately is changing,” Dr. Mayo said. He worries that “they’re not finding what they need where they ought to.”

“It’s a perilous place to live, that’s for sure,” he added.

Cape Cod Bay, one of the first places that right whales were hunted — eventually nearly to extinction — is now a favorite hangout. After routinely seeing up to 100 per winter field season, researchers have cataloged 200 to 300 most years since 2009, Dr. Mayo said.

Researchers at the Center for Coastal Studies are now trying to determine how plankton levels, temperature, currents and salinity might affect the whales’ movements.

It’s not even clear how right whales find their food. Christy Hudak, a research associate at the center, said she thinks the whales probably use a combination of senses.

Amateurs also participate in whale catalogs, both to help researchers and for their own pleasure.

Gale McCullough of Hancock, Me., has set up a Flickr page and one on Facebook where people can post sightings and share their love of whales.

“It’s important for people to see that [each whale] is an individual with a life history and a group of offspring, like us,” Ms. McCullough said.

Another participant, Ted Cheeseman, also maintains an online public catalog of humpback sightings, linking Allied Whale’s database with others around the country.

He lets people know when a whale they once photographed has been sighted again.

In the two years he’s been collecting images, 1,400 people have submitted more than 60,000 shots of more than 10,000 identifiable whales.

“The vision is that it becomes a regular thing that people understand these whales are out there, they are to be respected and valued and really appreciated,” said Dr. Cheeseman, a wildlife photographer and safari company operator.

Ice skating champion with a dreamy, balletic style

LUDMILA BELOUSOVA
1935-2017

BY FRANK LITSKY

Ludmila Belousova, a petite Russian figure skater who, with her husband, Oleg Protopopov, dominated pairs competition in the 1960s, winning two Olympic gold medals for the Soviet Union with a dreamy style that evoked the Bolshoi Ballet, has died. She was 81.

The Russian state news agency R-Sport said her death was confirmed Sept. 29 by the skating coaches Alexei Mishin and Tamara Moskvina. There was no information on the cause or where she died.

Ms. Belousova and Mr. Protopopov defected to Switzerland from the Soviet Union in 1979 and in recent years had lived in Grindelwald, Switzerland, while spending summers in Lake Placid, N.Y.

Few figure-skating pairs have commanded the world’s attention as Belousova and Protopopov did in their heyday, and few were as celebrated in their home countries. At the winter games in Innsbruck, Austria, in 1964, they became the first skaters from Russia or the Soviet Union at large to win the gold in Olympic pairs.

They repeated that feat in 1968, in Grenoble, France, becoming one of the oldest pairs to win the gold medal. (She was 32, he was 35.)

They also set a pattern for their coun-

trymen and women: From 1964 to 2006, Soviet or Russian skaters took the gold in pairs competition in 12 consecutive Olympics. (China won in 2010 in Vancouver, Canada, but Russia regained the gold in 2014 in Sochi, Russia.)

From 1962 through 1969, Belousova and Protopopov finished first, second or third in every world and European championship. That included four consecutive world and European titles from 1965 to 1968.

They gathered those laurels by ushering in a romantic, slow-moving, balletic style that has largely been supplanted today by demonstrations of power and athleticism.

“They belong at the peak of pairs skating,” the two-time Olympic skating champion and television analyst Dick Button said in an interview with The New York Times during those years. “They picked a style for themselves, a classical style, and they had an iconic devotion to it. The flat backs, the head and body stretched to the nth degree. They were not Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.”

At 5 feet 2 ½ inches and 90 pounds, Ms. Belousova was relatively easy for Mr. Protopopov (who was 5 feet 9) to lift. But the complex lifts and throws that later made pairs skating so athletic were hardly their style. In assessing modern pairs skaters for the Ice Network in 2013, Ms. Belousova said: “They don’t think about beauty. They think you just have to have the right position.”

Ludmila Yevgeniyevna Belousova was born on Nov. 22, 1935, in Ulyanovsk, more than 500 miles east of Moscow, and started skating at the relatively late age of 16.

She and Mr. Protopopov met in 1954 at a skating seminar in Moscow, started training together in 1956 and were married in 1957. (Although she kept her maiden name professionally, they were known as the Protopopovs.) They also became their own coaches and choreographers.

The couple placed ninth in the 1960 Winter Olympics in Squaw Valley, Calif., before winning Olympic gold medals at Innsbruck and Grenoble in 1968.

She and Mr. Protopopov were in their 30s and at their peak when Soviet officials dropped them from major competition, saying they were too old to represent their country and advising them to coach young skaters instead.

They had no choice, but in 1979, on a skating tour in Switzerland, they defected. They soon switched to performing in ice shows and in professional competitions, winning four world pro championships.

The couple became Swiss citizens in 1995 and, three years later, hoped to skate for Switzerland at the Olympics in Nagano, Japan — not to win (they were in their 60s) but to reintroduce their balletic style to the world. They failed to meet the Olympic qualifying requirements, however, and could not get a waiver.



ASSOCIATED PRESS

Ludmila Belousova and her husband, Oleg Protopopov, performing in 1968 at the Olympics in Grenoble, France, where they won the pairs figure skating title.

That did not keep them off the ice. In their 70s they trained three hours a day. When Mr. Protopopov had a stroke in 2009, he had a pacemaker implanted, and he and Ms. Belousova were back on the ice four weeks later. They continued to skate on most days and promised to skate until they were 100.

As Ms. Belousova told Reuters in 2014: “Skating is our life. The ice is a continuation of our life.”

Her husband survives her, but there was no immediate information on other survivors.

Ms. Belousova and Mr. Protopopov said they were too busy to have children,

but they enjoyed working with young skaters in the summers in Lake Placid, the site of the 1932 and 1980 Winter Olympics. “They give us young energy,” Ms. Belousova said.

Skating in Russia or even visiting it was not a priority for them. In 2003, Ms. Belousova told the Russian newspaper New Izvestia: “We cut off our past once and for all. We are very resolute people. Why would we go back there?”

She changed her mind later that year, when Viacheslav Fetisov, a former National Hockey League player who was appointed the Russian minister of sport, invited them to visit. “Such honor was not rendered to us for all of the 48 years of our sports life,” Ms. Belousova said. “We could not refuse.”

They returned to Russia then and several times afterward. In 2014, at the Sochi Winter Olympics, they were greeted enthusiastically by large crowds that came to watch their skating exhibitions. The couple were there, they said, to root on Russia’s efforts to regain the gold for Russian pairs skating — a feat that was accomplished.

But in their advanced years they were also living reminders of another era, when rigorous sport and classical dance seemed to meet on the ice. After interviewing them in Sochi, the Times sports-writer Jeré Longman reflected, “It was once said that the Protopopovs developed a style that was not quite skating and not quite ballet, but more in the realm of poetry.”

An inside attack on Washington pettiness

Secretary of state opens another front in the war on the capital’s reputation

BY MATT FLEGENHEIMER

Pettiness, such pettiness, in this noxious swamp of maybe-morons.

“I’m not going to deal with petty stuff like that,” Secretary of State Rex W. Tillerson told reporters on Wednesday, declining to refute an NBC report that he had privately called President Trump a “moron” this year. “This is what I don’t understand about Washington. Again, I’m not from this place. But the places I come from, we don’t deal with that kind of petty nonsense.”

There was no immediate estimate available for the collective pettiness of Texas, where Mr. Tillerson was raised, nor of the oil industry, where he spent his career until Mr. Trump summoned him to the pettiness hub along the Potomac.

But for a certain class of Washington denizen, Mr. Tillerson’s slight opened a new front in the nation’s forever-war against the reputation of its capital. The thrashing of Washington culture by voters, nonvoters, members of Congress — that much is a sacred rite.

A sitting secretary of state, at odds with his president and blaming the city’s trifling instincts for stoking tensions, is another matter.

“It’s profoundly paradoxical,” said Rick Tyler, a longtime Republican strategist who served as communications director for Senator Ted Cruz of Texas during last year’s Republican presidential primary race. “His boss is the most petty person ever to come to Washington.”

Barney Frank, the retired longtime Democratic congressman from Massachusetts, marveled at how wholly a sitting government in Washington had embraced a view of Washington villainy.

“You expect this from Congress,” not the executive, he said, noting that such open policy fissures within a White House were also something new. “It used to be considered wrong for the opposition party to differ with the president sharply on foreign policy. Now it’s not the opposition party that’s differing from the president on foreign policy, it’s the secretary of state.”

In his remarks, Mr. Tillerson was vig-



Secretary of State Rex W. Tillerson on Wednesday. When asked if he had called the president a “moron,” he bristled: “This is what I don’t understand about Washington.”

“It’s profoundly paradoxical. His boss is the most petty person ever to come to Washington.”

ilant in treating certain non-“moron” details with due care. He explicitly denied, for instance, that he has ever considered resigning his post, as NBC reported, much less that Vice President Mike

Pence had been compelled to persuade him to stay.

“One team with one mission,” he said of the Trump executive branch.

But few would contest that the relationship between a president and his top employees is a subject of nontrivial global significance. So too, for that matter, is the question of whether the president is a moron. (A State Department spokeswoman, Heather Nauert, later insisted that Mr. Tillerson had not used

that language.)

The noun at issue on Wednesday is also no novelty in the Trump administration.

Gary D. Cohn, the president’s top economic adviser, joked to a group of Senate Democrats this year that “only morons pay the estate tax,” according to people present at the meeting.

And Mr. Trump himself has let fly the m-word with considerable frequency. His Twitter account has referenced “mo-

ron” or some variation thereof more than 50 times since 2012, according to an archive of his handiwork.

Some are repurposed comments from little-known users. Some are Trump-branded fusillades at political foes like Karl Rove and George F. Will. Others are Trump-branded fusillades aimed at little-known users.

“Why do you follow me like a little puppy, moron?” the future president asked in 2013 of @ninetek, who had as-

sured Mr. Trump, profanely, that no intelligent people cared for his thoughts about sharks.

Four years later, the stakes have been elevated some. Mr. Trump has openly undercut his aides as a matter of course, with deliberations that often play out in public view.

Mr. Tillerson has appeared uniquely vulnerable to such indignities, eclipsed at times by Nikki R. Haley, the ambassador to the United Nations, and even by the president’s son-in-law, Jared Kushner, who was tasked with forging a peace deal in the Middle East.

Mr. Tillerson’s policy aims have also been contradicted repeatedly by Mr. Trump.

Most recently, when Mr. Tillerson said he was seeking to open lines of communication with North Korea, Mr. Trump told Mr. Tillerson (and some 40 million Twitter followers) that the secretary was “wasting his time trying to negotiate with Little Rocket Man,” Mr. Trump’s pejorative nickname for Kim Jong-un, the North Korean leader.

Mr. Tyler appraised Mr. Tillerson as “the most abused cabinet member that Trump has,” adding that the competition was considerable.

But Mr. Tillerson has exacted a measure of retribution against Mr. Trump, intentionally or not, during his tenure, distancing himself from the president’s equivocal statements about white supremacists after violent demonstrations in August in Charlottesville, Va. “The president speaks for himself,” Mr. Tillerson said then, declining to affirm that Mr. Trump’s words represented “American values.”

By the end of Wednesday, whether or not Mr. Tillerson tacitly admitted to calling Mr. Trump a moron, there was at least bipartisan consensus on this much: The stability of a relationship between the president and his secretary of state probably matters.

“It’s not helpful to the country to have this kind of thing going on,” said Thomas M. Davis III, a former Republican congressman from Virginia, who noted that while “there’s pettiness everywhere, in Washington, it’s a blood sport.”

“The secretary of state calling the president he or she works for a moron is not a petty point,” said Dan Pfeiffer, a former senior adviser to President Barack Obama. “It’s big news.”

Of course, they would say that. They have worked in Washington.

A glass of typhoid fever, please

Clinical trial of vaccine in England deliberately infected the subjects

BY DONALD G. MCNEIL JR.

“I was curious.” That’s how James M. Duggan, an Oxford University medical student, explains why he agreed to swallow a big dose of live typhoid bacteria.

“This may sound odd,” he continued, “but as a medical student, it’s quite interesting to go through the process of being very ill. It does help to create empathy for your patients.”

Mr. Duggan, 33, was not on a self-destructive sympathy bender. Like more than 100 other residents of Oxford, England, he was taking part in a trial of a new typhoid vaccine.

Typhoid fever, caused by the bacteria *Salmonella typhi* and spread in food and water, kills almost 200,000 victims a year — many of them young children — in Africa, Asia and Latin America. Survivors may suffer perforated intestines, heart problems and other complications.

The experimental vaccine was a big success. The trial’s results were published in *The Lancet* on Thursday: the vaccine turned out to be 87 percent effective.

It is the only effective vaccine that is also safe for infants, and already it is made cheaply and used widely in India. The Oxford Vaccine Group, which ran the trial, and the Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation, which paid for it, hope the World Health Organization will endorse the vaccine soon.

“These are great results,” said Dr. Anita Zaidi, the foundation’s director of diarrheal diseases. “And challenge tests are a great way to short-circuit the process of proving it works.

“If we’d done this in the field, we would have had to follow children for three or four years.”

So-called challenge tests involve giving subjects an experimental vaccine and then deliberately infecting them with the disease to see if it protects them.

These tests can only be done with illnesses — like cholera or malaria — that can be rapidly and completely cured, or with diseases — like seasonal flu — that normally do not damage healthy adults.

Still, there was a good chance that the participants in Oxford would be unpleasantly sick with typhoid fever for several days until their antibiotics kicked in.

So what would motivate dozens of well-educated Britons to swallow a vial full of the germs that made Typhoid Mary famous? In interviews, they gave various reasons.

Some, like Mr. Duggan, were curious. Some wanted to help poor people. And



Matthew Speight, a participant in a vaccine trial, preparing to drink a dose of bacteria.

some mostly wanted the cash.

Participants who followed all the steps, which included recording their temperatures online, making daily clinic visits and providing regular blood and stool samples, received about \$4,000.

They all said they understood the risks.

Typhoid got its fearsome reputation in the pre-antibiotic age, but these days it normally can be driven out of the body with common antibiotics, like ciprofloxacin or azithromycin.

All participants had to be healthy adults, ages 18 to 60, with ultrasound scans proving their gallbladders were stone-free.

(The bacteria can persist for decades by clinging to gallstones — which is probably how Typhoid Mary, working as a cook in grand houses and a maternity hospital, infected so many people between 1900 and 1915 without ever feeling ill herself.)

Different participants had very different experiences.

Mr. Duggan was sick for three days with flulike symptoms: “proper flu, where you don’t want to get out of bed,” he said. His temperature rose to 102 degrees Fahrenheit, and he had joint pains and a bad headache.

Once a blood culture proved he had typhoid, he got antibiotics right away; he was not released from treatment until three typhoid-free blood and stool samples proved he was out of danger.

He later was told that he had been in the trial’s placebo arm and had received a meningitis vaccine instead. (Modern ethics boards frown on useless “sugar pill” placebos.)

Nick J. Crang, 24, a graduate student in proteomics, also got the placebo.

But somehow he never got sick, even after two typhoid challenges a year apart.

“It turns out I’ve got innate immunity to typhoid,” he said.

So does he feel superhuman? “No, I’m the lab rat who’s screwing with the figures.”

He did give extra blood samples to researchers curious about his immune system.

The bacterial doses were offered by nurses wearing plastic aprons, gloves and face shields to prevent splashing. Participants also donned aprons and goggles, and were asked to first drink bicarbonate of soda to neutralize their stomach acid.

But there were no steaming beakers out of Vincent Price movies. “It was all quite underwhelming,” said Daina Sadurska, 26, a grad student in biology. “It was served in a typical laboratory tube. I expected it to taste more ‘typhoidy.’ Not like poop, that is — the things that make poop smell like poop are absolutely different bacterially.”

“But I expected something. A lot of cultures have a typical smell. It was clear, I think, and it tasted like nothing particular.”

Faye Francis, a 42-year-old psychiatric nurse, said she felt “happy to be doing something that could help millions of poor people who haven’t got antibiotics.”

“But I won’t lie,” she added. “The money was a big part of it.”

She used it to take her husband and three children on a vacation in Cornwall “and buy a few bits for the car and the house.”

Her mother was not happy. “She said, ‘That’s ridiculous — don’t think about the money, think about your health!’” Mrs. Francis said. “And people were telling me horror stories about things they’d seen on TV. So I didn’t go on about it to my parents after that.”

She got sick and “felt rotten for about a week” with a 101-degree fever, headache and nausea.

“But I still went to work,” she said. “I felt a bit guilty about not going when I had an illness I’d given myself.”

MONA BISMARCK
AMERICAN CENTER
PARIS

CONVERSATIONS
ON CULTURE

with
ANN TEMKIN

THE MARIE-JOSÉE and HENRY KRAVIS
CHIEF CURATOR OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE
The Museum of Modern Art, New York
and
ERIC DE CHASSEY
DIRECTEUR GÉNÉRAL DE L'INHA (Institut national d'histoire de l'art)

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WORLD

How fake news roiled an Idaho town

FROM THE MAGAZINE

Exaggerated media reports told of a juvenile sex crime by refugees in Twin Falls

BY CAITLIN DICKERSON

On a Tuesday morning in June 2016, Nathan Brown, a reporter for The Times-News, the local paper in Twin Falls, Idaho, strolled into the office and cleared off a spot for his coffee cup amid the documents and notebooks piled on his desk.

His first order of business was an article about a City Council meeting from the night before, which he hadn't attended. Brown pulled up a recording of the proceedings and began punching out notes for his weekly article. Because most governing in Twin Falls is done by a city manager, these meetings tend to deal with trivial subjects like lawn-watering and potholes, but Brown could tell immediately that this one was different.

"We have been made aware of a situation," said the first speaker, an older man with a scraggly white beard who had hobbled up to the lectern. "An alleged assault of a minor child, and we can't get any information on it. Apparently, it's been indicated that the perpetrators were foreign Muslim youth that conducted this — I guess it was a rape." Brown recognized the man as Terry Edwards. About a year earlier, after The Times-News reported that Syrian refugees would very likely be resettled in Twin Falls, Edwards joined a movement to shut the resettlement program down.

After he finished watching the video, Brown called the police chief, Craig Kingsbury, to get more information about the case. Kingsbury said that he couldn't discuss it and that the police reports were sealed because minors were involved. Brown made a couple phone calls: to the mayor and to his colleague at the paper who covers crime. He pieced together that 12 days earlier, three children had been discovered partly clothed inside a shared laundry room at the apartment complex where they lived. There were two boys, a 7-year-old and a 10-year-old, and a 5-year-old girl. The 7-year-old boy was accused of attempting some kind of sex act with the 5-year-old, and the 10-year-old had used a cellphone borrowed from his older brother to record it. The girl was American and, like most people in Twin Falls, white. The boys were refugees; Brown wasn't sure from where.

That weekend, Brown was on his way to see a movie when he received a Facebook message from Jim Dalos Jr., a 52-year-old known to Twin Falls journalists and the police as Scanner Man. He lives at the apartment complex, Fawnbrook, where the laundry-room incident occurred.

Dalos told Brown that he had seen the police around Fawnbrook and that the victim's mother told him that the boys had been arrested. He also pointed Brown to a couple of Facebook groups that were created in response to the crime. Brown scrolled through them on his cellphone and saw links flying back and forth with articles that said that the little girl had been gang-raped at knife point, that the perpetrators were Syrian refugees and that their fathers had celebrated with them afterward by giving them high fives. The stories also claimed that the City Council and the police department were conspiring to bury the crime.

Over the weekend, Brown plowed through his daily packs of cigarettes as he watched hundreds, then thousands, of people joining the groups.

The details of the Fawnbrook case, as it became known, were still unclear to Brown, but he was skeptical of what he was reading. For one thing, he knew from his own previous reporting that no Syrians had been resettled in Twin Falls after all. He woke up early on Monday to get a head start on clarifying things as much as possible in order to write a follow-up article. Before he got into the office, a friend texted him, telling him to check the Drudge Report. At the top, a headline screamed: "REPORT: Syrian 'Refugees' Rape Little Girl at Knife-point in Idaho."

As the only city of any size for 100 miles in any direction, Twin Falls serves as a modest hub within southern Idaho's vast agricultural sprawl. Its population of about 45,000 nearly doubles each day as people travel there to work, primarily in the thriving agribusinesses. The wealth of easy-to-find low-skilled jobs made Twin Falls attractive as a place for resettling refugees, and they began arriving in the 1980s, at that time mostly from Cambodia and the former Yugoslavia. Nearly 2,500 refugees have moved to the town over the years.

Most Twin Falls residents are church-going, and about half of those are Mormons. Over the past decade and a half, as conflict spread across North Africa and the Middle East, Twin Falls started to resettle larger numbers of refugees with darker skin who follow an unfamiliar religion — two things that make it difficult to blend into a town that is 80 percent white.

On a national scale, an ascendant network of anti-Muslim activists and provocateurs has exploited the fears brought on by these changes, finding a platform and a receptive audience online. The narrative they espouse — on blogs with names like Jihad Watch — is that America, currently 1 percent Mus-

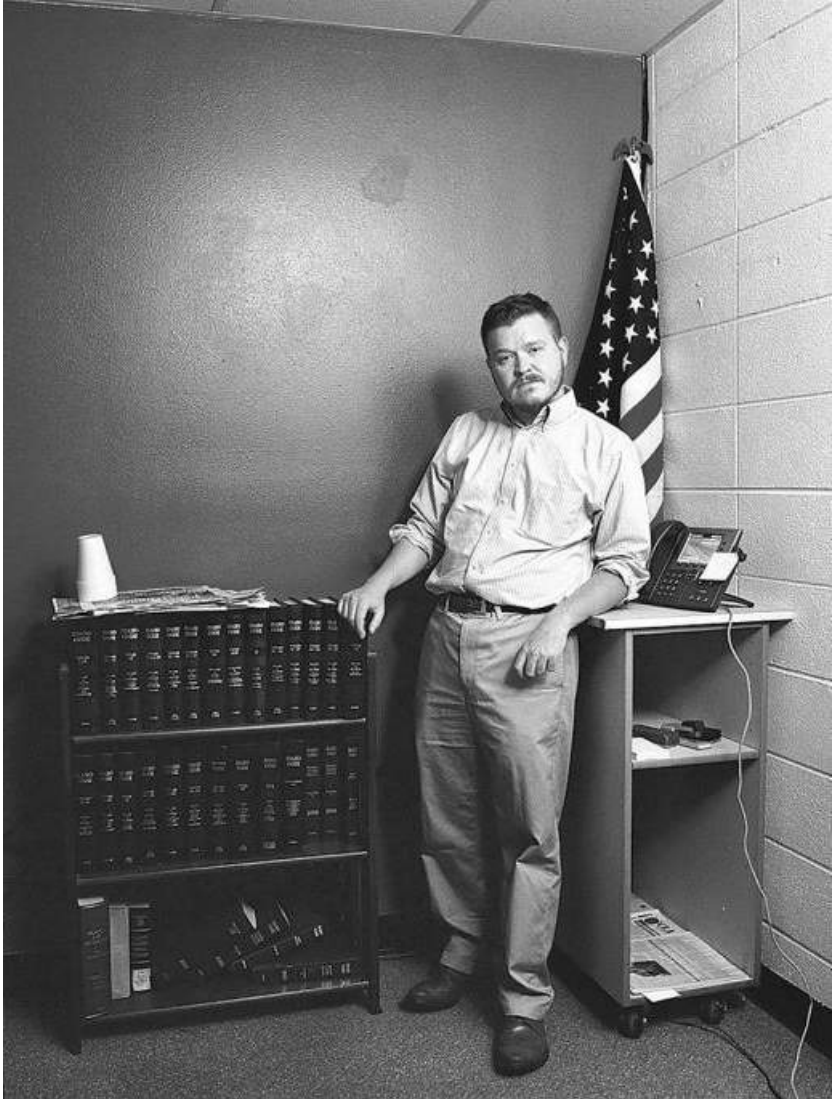


PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRIS MIZRAHI FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Main Avenue East in Twin Falls, Idaho. The town was turned upside down by exaggerated reports that Muslim refugee boys had gang-raped a girl in 2016.



Lee Stranahan, a former reporter for Breitbart News, said his editors sent him to report on the "Muslim takeover" of the town. He now works for a Russian news outlet.



Nathan Brown, who covers politics for the local newspaper, The Times-News, was skeptical about the exaggerated reports and wrote stories to try to sort out the truth.

lim, is in the midst of an Islamic invasion. Central to the worldview of these bloggers is that Muslims have a propensity toward sexual violence.

What happened in Twin Falls was sadly somewhat commonplace but not in the way the activists believed. The local Police Department investigates sex crimes on a weekly basis, and in about half a dozen of those that proceed to court each year, the victims and the accused are both minors. "If it's younger kids, it's them being curious," J. R. Paredes, the lead investigator on the case, explained to me.

"Law enforcement takes these types of allegations very seriously. However, we can't act on them within an hour. It's not like a crime show."

Two weeks after the incident, the boys were charged with lewd and lascivious behavior against a minor. (The 14-year-old who lent his cellphone to the boys was initially charged with the same crime. He was not present in the laundry room, and his charge was eventually reduced to make him an accessory.) In Idaho, this statute applies to physical contact "done with the intent of arousing, appealing to, or gratifying the lust or passions or sexual desires of such person, such minor child, or third party." Paredes said that the cellphone video made clear what specifically had happened between the children, but that he couldn't show it to the reporters who asked him about it, because doing so would have constituted criminal distribution of child pornography. He called

most of the details that he read about the case on the internet "100 percent false, like not even close to being accurate." (The family of the accused declined to comment.)

As more time passed without a solid account of what happened inside the laundry room, lurid rumors continued to surface online and came to dominate conversations in grocery stores and at school events. And while the City Council members did not have control over the case, the bloggers who wrote about it placed much of the blame on them.

On the Monday when Twin Falls was the top story on Drudge, the City Council held another weekly meeting. Normally only a handful of people attend, and Brown is one of the few reporters among them. But that night, the auditorium filled until there was standing room only, and television news crews appeared from Boise and other nearby cities. When it came time for public comments, one man got up and praised the city's handling of the case, followed by more than a dozen others who laid into the council members. Terry Edwards handed each of them a small copy of the Constitution and told them to do their jobs. A woman named Vicky Davis, her hair in a satiny white bob, stood up and proclaimed that Islam had declared jihad on America.

"They are not compatible with our culture," she said. "They hate us. They don't want to be Americans. They don't want to assimilate. What do you need to see? What more proof do you need?"

Kingsbury, the police chief, read from a statement while fumbling with a thicket of microphones piled onto the lectern by visiting reporters. In between exasperated breaths, he explained why he could not disclose the details of the

incident but said that he could address some of the misinformation that was spreading online. There was no evidence of a knife, he said, or of any celebration afterward or of a cover-up, and no Syrians were involved: The boys were from Sudan and Iraq. "I'm a kid who grew up in Idaho," he said. "Law enforcement takes these types of allegations very seriously. However, we can't act on them within an hour. It's not like a crime show." He told the audience that the boys had been arrested, to applause.

But online, Kingsbury's words only inflamed the activists more. Just after midnight, someone posted his work email address on Jihad Watch, along with those of the council members and the mayor. A commenter on another website called The Muslim Issue posted the phone numbers and email addresses for the town's government officials, the head of the refugee-resettlement center and some administrators at the local college, which runs the refugee resettlement program. From there, the information spread to more blogs and to the comments sections of far-right news outlets with massive audiences.

The Twins Falls story aligned perfectly with the ideology that Stephen Bannon, then the head of Breitbart News, had been developing for years, about the havoc brought on by unchecked immigration and Islamism, all of it backed by big-business interests and establishment politicians. Bannon latched onto the Fawnbrook case and used his influence to expand its reach. During the weeks leading up to his appointment in August 2016 to lead Donald J. Trump's campaign for president, Twin Falls was a daily topic of discussion on Bannon's national radio show, where he called it "the beating heart" of all that

the coming presidential election was about. He sent his lead investigative reporter, Lee Stranahan, to the town to investigate the case, boasting to his audience that Stranahan was a "pit bull" of a reporter. "We're going to let him off the chain," he said.

Stranahan, then 50, arrived in Idaho in August, after covering the national party conventions. The sealed nature of the case prevented any journalist from an exhaustive examination, and the accused and the victim's families refused to speak to the mainstream media. But Stranahan thrived in the void of facts. He was granted one of the few interviews with the victim's family, but his account of the crime offered little more information than others' had — and far more inaccuracies, according to the police and the county prosecutor. He described what took place as a "horrific gang rape" and wrote graphic details about the incident, which the Twin Falls Police say are untrue. On Breitbart radio, Stranahan openly wondered whether Shawn Barigar, the mayor, was "a big, you know, Shariah supporter."

Stranahan says his Breitbart editors sent him to Twin Falls to report on the "Muslim takeover" of the town. (Breitbart denies this and says it's "absurd.") But he soon became enamored of a grander theory about what was happening in southern Idaho: globalism. He wrote that local businesses received government kickbacks for employing foreigners instead of Americans. (Stranahan did not cite any evidence of this, and it is untrue, according to the state Department of Labor.) And he often referred to a Syrian refugee crisis, though no Syrians were ever resettled there. Then, to bring the story full circle, he claimed these Muslim refugees were

being used to replace American workers and that the government, big business and law enforcement were either conspiring to conceal the sexual-assault case or intentionally looking the other way, in order to keep the machine turning.

Later, it turned out that fake Facebook accounts linked to the Russian government helped to spread stories about Twin Falls and even organized one of the rallies there. The event was poorly attended, but it is the first known Russian attempt to spark a demonstration on American soil.

Stranahan eventually quit his job at Breitbart, which he said was being mismanaged in Bannon's absence. He is now based in Washington and hosts a drive-time FM radio show with Spnutnik, a state-run Russian news outlet.

During our handful of conversations over the past year, each one lasting several hours, he expressed no contrition about the reporting he did in Twin Falls, though many of the conclusions that he drew on the radio and online have been debunked. Many of the outlets that covered the Fawnbrook case, including Breitbart, made only minor tweaks to their stories or did nothing at all. The falsehoods that he and other reporters wrote still rise to the top of a Google search for the city.

In our discussions, Stranahan struck me as passionate about his stories; not about their veracity, but about the freedom that he and the critics of refugee resettlement should have to speculate, as they wanted, without being belittled by the fact-mongering mainstream. When I reached him by phone this June, he told me he was planning to travel back to Idaho for more reporting on Fawnbrook, now that he was no longer constrained by his editors at Breitbart.

I started to ask why anyone should be allowed to publish false information for the express purpose of angering their audience and pushing them further away from those with whom they disagree, but Stranahan cut me off. "Hey, I'm walking into the White House right now," he said. He had just arrived for a press briefing with the president's spokesman. "Let me call you back."

This April, the boys accused in the Fawnbrook case admitted guilt — the juvenile court equivalent to pleading guilty — and were sentenced in June. The judge prohibited city officials from

Even after conclusions were debunked, many outlets, including Breitbart, at best made only minor tweaks to their stories.

commenting on the outcome of the trial, but juvenile-justice experts told me that the boys would most likely be placed on probation and required to attend mandatory therapy to correct their behavior. Their sentencing, which leaked to the public through the same blogs that initially covered the case, sparked another barrage of attacks against city officials, a year after the initial onslaught.

Part of the reason a fear of Islam has persisted in Twin Falls is that the local leadership refused to defuse it, according to Matt Christensen, 36, the editor of The Times-News. While Brown wrote articles that sorted out the truth about the Fawnbrook case, Christensen was publishing commentary that castigated the people who were spreading falsehoods. He told me that he had closed-door meetings with city officials, in which he asked them to write guest editorials doing the same, but none of them did. Christensen suspected that they were afraid of one of the most reliable political dangers in the region, the same force that leads would-be Democrats there to register as Republicans: being outflanked on the right is the quickest way to lose your job.

"Behind closed doors, they would all tell you they were pro-refugee, and we wanted them to step forward and make that declaration in a public arena, and it just never really happened," he told me. "That was frustrating to us especially at the beginning because it really felt like the newspaper was out there all alone." He continued: "There were days where we felt like, Godammit, what are we doing here? We write a story and it's going to reach 50,000 people. Breitbart writes a story and it's going to reach 2, 3, 4, 5, 10 million people. What kind of a voice do we have in this debate?"

The refugee resettlement center received a dramatic increase in donations from local residents during the last year. But those in the town who support the program have often been drowned out by the relatively smaller, but louder, group of activists who oppose it. Brown said he expected to see an anti-Shariah bill introduced in the State Legislature when the next session starts in 2018. Bills like this, which try to bar Islamic law from being used in American courts, have been introduced in the past two years in Idaho but never passed. He speculated that the momentum of the past year could force a different outcome. "There are a lot of people who feel like society is changing too quickly, like the community is changing too quickly," he told me. "And who view other people not like them or who don't speak their language as a threat or a sign that their culture is going to be weakened. And they want to do what they can to stop that."

Adapted from an article that originally appeared in The New York Times Magazine.

WELL

Vending machines for morning-after pill

BY CHRISTINA CARON

It has been four years since the federal government lifted the age limit for the morning-after pill, but college students across the United States say gaining access to it remains fraught with confusion and difficulty.

Now some colleges think they have found a solution: vending machines stocked with the morning-after pill.

Stanford University unveiled one last month, following in the footsteps of several other colleges, including the University of California, Santa Barbara and the University of California, Davis, which made headlines after it installed a “wellness” machine this year that sells the generic version of Plan B, as well as pregnancy tests, feminine hygiene products, Advil, Claritin and other items.

Parteek Singh, a recent graduate who had urged U.C. Davis to install the machine, said he had heard from people at more than 30 schools who were interested in learning how to do the same thing on their campuses.

“This will be big,” Mr. Singh said. “It’s just the beginning.”

Since the vending machine was installed at U.C. Davis in April, he said, 50 boxes of the emergency contraception pill have been sold.

The morning-after pill, a higher dose of the synthetic hormone found in birth control pills, primarily works by delaying the release of an egg from the ovary.

It is sometimes confused with mifepristone, which induces miscarriage and is commonly called the “abortion pill.” Unlike mifepristone, if an egg has already implanted in the uterus, Plan B cannot end the pregnancy.

It is most effective if taken within 24 hours of unprotected sex.

Plan B and its generics are supposed to be over-the-counter medications, but experts say drugstores don’t always keep them out in the open, because they are expensive.

And many university health centers have abbreviated or nonexistent hours on weekends, when Plan B is often needed the most.

In response, students have pushed for ways to buy the drug more easily.

Stanford kicked off its current quarter with the installation of a vending machine that sells My Way (a generic version of Plan B) for \$25, as well as condoms.

Rachel Samuels, a recent graduate, worked for nearly three years to bring the machine to Stanford’s campus, inspired by her brother’s success installing a similar machine at Pomona College in Southern California.

Stanford’s health center pharmacy dispenses Plan B, but it isn’t open on weekends, according to its website. So Ms. Samuels and a group of other students sent out a survey in early 2015 asking whether students favored expanding access to emergency contraception.

Some of the students said that they

“Anything we can do to make it easier to use emergency contraception is a good thing.”

found it stressful and embarrassing to visit a drugstore or the health center and that the health center’s hours of operation were problematic, Ms. Samuels said.

A friend of Ms. Samuels said she had to check a CVS, a Walgreens and a Target before finally finding emergency contraception.

In 2016, Ms. Samuels used her platform as an officer in the student government to make the vending machine a priority.

The student government and the university reached an agreement: Each would pay half the cost of the machine. This year, it was finally unveiled.

In 2012, Shippensburg University in Pennsylvania became one of the first colleges in the country to offer Plan B in a vending machine.

At the time, only women 17 or older could buy it without a prescription, but the following year, the Food and Drug Administration ended that restriction.

Even so, there is still “a lot of confusion about this product,” said Kelly C. Cleland, a Princeton University researcher and the executive director of the American Society for Emergency Contraception, which has been surveying pharmacies about the morning-after

pill since May.

Their preliminary data show that of the 133 pharmacies visited in 22 states, 41 percent did not have Plan B or a generic version on the shelf.

“There wasn’t even a space for it,” Ms. Cleland said.

One-third of the individuals canvassing the pharmacies were told that identification would be required to purchase the medication, and 22 percent were told that there was an age restriction. Neither is true.

In another study, published in the journal Pediatrics in June, researchers called more than 900 pharmacies and found that while 83 percent of them indicated that the morning-after pill was available, about 8 percent said it was impossible to obtain under any circumstances.

Sally Rafie, one of the study’s authors, runs a clinic inside an independent pharmacy in San Diego.

She said she supported the vending machines. “Anything we can do to make it easier to use emergency contraception is a good thing,” she said.

Although there are “missed opportunities” for counseling when a patient is no longer in a health care setting, she said, sometimes people aren’t looking to speak with anyone.

A desire for anonymity is part of what drew Haydn Bryan, 19, a Boise State University student, to ask his school administrators for a vending machine that carries emergency contraception.



PARTEEK SINGH

Parteek Singh led the effort at U.C. Davis to install a “wellness” vending machine.

“It’s more private because you don’t have to speak to an actual person,” he said. “It’s also cheaper than going to a Walgreens or Walmart because the university doesn’t mark up the prices.”

At a drugstore, the average price of Plan B is about \$50 and the generic version runs about \$40 on average. Some schools offer the drugs for less.

Mr. Bryan says the proposal has been well received by school administrators.

Sienna George, Boise State’s student body president, said it was easy for students to feel apprehensive about seeking emergency contraception because they often feel judged, or worry about running into someone they know.

When it comes to the morning-after pill, she said, “nobody knows what you’re going through — they don’t know your reasons for needing to access services like that.”



NINA WESTERVELT FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Self-control is one of those concepts that we recognize but do not necessarily practice. It requires forgoing things that we often really like, which, let’s face it, is never easy.

How exercise may aid self-control

Fitness

GRETCHEN REYNOLDS

For most of us, temptations are everywhere, from the dessert buffet to the online shoe boutique. But a new study suggests that exercise might be a simple if unexpected way to increase our willpower and perhaps help us to avoid making impulsive choices that we will later regret.

Self-control is one of those concepts that we all recognize and applaud but do not necessarily practice. It requires forgoing things that entice us, which, let’s face it, is not fun. On the other hand, lack of self-control can be consequential for health and well-being, often contributing to problems like weight gain, depression or money troubles.

Given these effects, scientists and therapists have been interested in finding ways to increase people’s self-restraint. Various types of behavioral therapies and counseling have shown promise. But such techniques typically require professional assistance and have for the most part been used to treat people with abnormally high levels of impulsiveness.

There have been few scientifically validated options available to help those of us who might want to be just a little better at resisting our more devilish urges.

So for the new study, which was published recently in Behavior Modification, a group of researchers at the

University of Kansas in Lawrence began wondering about exercise.

Exercise is known to have considerable psychological effects. It can raise moods, for example, and expand people’s sense of what they are capable of doing. So perhaps, the researchers speculated, exercise might alter how well people can control their impulses.

To find out, the scientists decided first to mount a tiny pilot study, involving only four men and women.

These volunteers, who had been sedentary and overweight, were told that they would be taking part in an exercise program to get them ready to complete a 5K race and that the study would examine some of the effects of the training, including psychological effects.

The volunteers began by completing a number of questionnaires, including one that quantified their “delay discounting,” a measure that psychologists use to assess someone’s ability to put off pleasures now for greater enjoyments in the future. It tests, for instance, whether a person would choose to accept \$5 today or \$15 a week from now.

The delay-discounting questionnaire is generally accepted in research circles as a valid measure of someone’s self-control.

The volunteers then undertook a two-month walking and jogging regimen, meeting three times a week for 45 minutes with the researchers, who coached them through the sessions, urging them to maintain a pace that felt difficult but sustainable. Each week the men and women also repeated the questionnaires.

Finally, a month after the formal

training had ended, the volunteers returned to the university for one more round of testing. (Later, two of them also ran 5K races.)

The results were intriguing, the researchers felt. Three of the four participants had developed significantly greater self-control, according to their delay-discounting answers, and maintained those gains a month after the formal training had ended. But one volunteer, who had missed

Exercise has considerable psychological effects. It can raise moods and expand people’s sense of what they are capable of doing.

multiple sessions, showed no changes in impulsivity. A four-person study is too small to be meaningful, though, so the researchers next repeated the experiment with 12 women of varying ages, weights and fitness levels.

The results were almost identical to those in the pilot study. Most of the women gained a notable degree of self-control, based on their questionnaires, after completing the walking and jogging program. (In this experiment, they were told they were training for better fitness.)

But the increases were proportional; the more sessions a woman attended or the more her average jogging pace increased, the greater the improvement in her delay-discounting score.

These gains lingered a month after the training had ended, although most of the women had tapered off their exercise routines by then.

The upshot of these results would seem to be that exercise could be a simple way to help people shore up their self-restraint, says Michael Sofis, a doctoral candidate in applied behavioral science at the University of Kansas who led the study.

These two experiments cannot tell us, though, how exercise helps us to ignore a cupcake’s allure.

But Mr. Sofis says that many past studies have concluded that regular exercise alters the workings of portions of the brain involved in higher-level thinking and decision-making, which, in turn, play important roles in impulse control.

Exercise also may have more abstract psychological effects on our sense of self-control, he says. It is, for many of us, a concentrated form of delayed gratification. Exerting ourselves during a workout is not always immediately pleasurable. But it can feel marvelous afterward to know that we managed to keep going, a sensation that could spill over into later decision-making.

Of course, with a total of only 16 participants, these experiments remained small-scale and limited, relying on a fundamentally artificial, mathematical measure of self-control. The scientists did not, for example, track whether the volunteers became less impulsive in their actual daily lives. Mr. Sofis and his colleagues hope to conduct follow-up studies that will look at the real-world impacts of exercise on self-control.

But for now, he says, these results suggest that normal people “can change and improve their self-control with regular physical activity.”

Working a 9-to-5 job with mental illness

Essay

ERICA CROMPTON

I’ve been fired more times than I care to admit. I have even more resignation letters to my name.

Work and paranoid schizophrenia aren’t exactly a recipe for success.

At one job I had, on the ground floor of a city office, there were bars on the windows. The bars were no doubt put in for security reasons, as on all the other shops and offices on the street. But I grew increasingly convinced that they were placed there just for me as part of a grand conspiracy. I have always felt that people are setting me up for heinous crimes or that I’ve committed one that I can’t remember and that the police are spying on me to gather evidence. With the windows I felt they’d been fitted by a stranger who knew of me, sometime before I started work, to send me the message that I would soon “be behind bars.”

Seeing a policeman on the street outside the office or hearing a helicopter fly by would set my heart racing. I was convinced they’d finally come for me. I didn’t last long in that office.

The sedative effects of my medications also mean I often oversleep and get into the office late. Really late. Sometimes 90 minutes late.

The head of my department at another job I had didn’t seem to mind, as I always made the time up in the evening. But colleagues did mind, others in the office told me, including the girl who sat next to me. Back then, I wasn’t open about having schizophrenia. I didn’t want to stigmatize myself by giving reasons for my tardiness. I assume people just thought I was lazy.

Far too often, I would regard an off-the-cuff remark by a work colleague, a roll of the eyes when I offered an idea at a meeting, or a sigh when I arrived late, as aggressive and threatening, an insult directed toward me.

At another office where I was working as a commercial copywriter it still pains me to recall the time someone asked what I was listening to on my headphones. When I replied “Coldplay,” my colleagues all laughed. Maybe they found me as depressing as the artists I listened to.

To this day I am unsure if I was a victim of bullying in the office or just overly sensitive to others.

And a 9-to-5 office role is relentless. It doesn’t allow me the flexibility to see a therapist on a regular schedule. I also often forgot general medical checkups, and many times forgot to

reorder my medication at the pharmacy, which would send me into a panic attack.

Luckily, every office has its own underdog or “pecked hen.” They usually gravitated to me as a kindred spirit, taking me aside to calm me down or nip out for a cigarette.

I remember on one occasion catching the girl who sat next to me glancing at my computer screen to see what I was working on. But she held the glance for about 10 seconds, which seemed like a really long time, more like an intrusive stare. I got very upset and sent a strongly worded email to the company manager, with a few line managers cc’d for good measure. The email was so strongly worded that my colleague had tears in her eyes when she was called in about it and was granted permission to leave work for the day. She even brought some chocolate to say sorry to me and mentioned more than once that she was Christian.

Once I left that job she unfriended me on Facebook, on my birthday. Even though by that point she knew I had mental health problems.

When I got my dream job as a fashion writer in London, at a very decent salary, the “flights of ideas” that are part of my illness, compounded by the restlessness brought on by my medications, sabotaged my success.

My boss was very understanding, and I did last in that job for 18 months but ended up resigning to be closer to my mother, who was having health problems. My office goodbye card was memorable: Even though I hadn’t told many people about my condition, all the notes went along the lines of “I’ll miss the madness.”

An important lesson I have learned by overcoming adversity in the workplace and learning to live with mental illness is that we can build castles with the stones that life throws at us. I now work from home as a freelance writer, at hours to suit, which allows me the flexibility to get the therapy sessions and medical checkups that I need.

I mostly write about mental illness. I am also writing my first book, “A Beginner’s Guide to Sanity,” with a highly regarded professor of psychiatry.

My psychiatric diagnosis has changed from paranoid schizophrenia to schizoaffective disorder. People with schizoaffective disorder are considered more social than those with a schizophrenia diagnosis but have occasional “mood swings.”

My new work life, along with therapy, has also taught me that qualities such as confidence as well as work-based skills can be learned and built on.

Perhaps most important, I’ve come to accept that I am a work in progress.



NUTAN MODHA

Erica Crompton in Glasgow, Scotland, in 2012.

CENTER STAGE

PARIS NATIONAL OPERA

SOURCES: Storytelling is one of humanity’s fundamental needs. And through the operatic art, stories old and new are lent heightened drama and vitality, brought to life through the immediacy of body and voice

VERDI AND PARIS, LONG INTERTWINED

THE COMING SEASON PRESENTS FIVE OPERAS BY THE ITALIAN COMPOSER



Stéphane Lissner, the director of the Paris Opera.

ELISA HABERER / OPERA NATIONAL DE PARIS

The first new production of the current season at the Paris National Opera, Giuseppe Verdi’s “Don Carlos,” comes 150 years after its debut in the Salle Le Peletier, the home for the Paris Opera from 1821 to 1873. “For me, ‘Don Carlos’ is Verdi’s masterpiece,” says Stéphane Lissner, director of the Paris Opera. “It was a commission by the Paris Opera at the time of French grand operas in five acts with ballet, so Verdi composed it with a libretto in French. Thus we have the occasion to honor not only this work, but also the history of the Paris Opera.” That history is reflected in many of the four other operas by Verdi in the current Paris season.

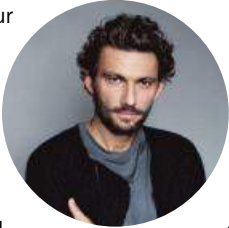
Verdi had already enjoyed successes in Paris. His first commission from the opera was in 1847 to adapt an earlier work in Italian, “I Lombardi alla Prima Crociata,” into a grand opera in the French style — the resulting “Jérusalem” premiered there later that year. He stayed until 1849, living with his eventual second wife, Giuseppina Strepponi, the Italian soprano who had sung the first Abigail in his 1842 work “Nabucco.”

Verdi and Strepponi returned Paris in the winter of 1851-52, and he and the opera house agreed on a commission for a new grand opera, with a libretto adapted by Eugène Scribe and Charles Duveyrier from one they had written for Gaetano Donizetti but that had been dropped. “Les Vêpres siciliennes” debuted at the Salle Le Peletier in 1855 and is today better known in its later Italian version.

During their later winter stay in Paris, in February 1952, Verdi and Strepponi saw a performance of Alexander Dumas, fils’s play, “The Lady of the Camellias,” based on the worldly and educated Parisian courtesan Marie Duplessis, who was the writer’s mistress. Highly impressed, Verdi began planning to create his own version of this character, who would become Violetta of “La Traviata.”

The Paris Opera is presenting its repertory version in February 2018, three performances of which will star Anna Netrebko, with Plácido Domingo as Giorgio Germont, on Feb. 21, 25 and 28. Lissner points out that Netrebko has not sung the role in Paris before.

Another Verdi opera from the repertory this season with historical Paris links is “Il Trovatore” (June 20 to July 14), with Sondra Radvanovsky and Elena Stikhina alternating as Leonora; Anita Rachvelishvili and Ekaterina Semenchuk as Azucena; Marcelo Alvarez, Roberto Alagna and Yusif Eyvazov as Manrico; and Željko Lučić and Gabriele Viviani as the Count of Luna. The production is the original Italian version, which premiered in Venice in 1853 and played in Paris in 1856 at the Théâtre-Italien, but the Paris Opera asked Verdi to rework it into a French grand opera version with a ballet.



Jonas Kaufmann.

JULIAN HARGREAVES / SONY CLASSICAL

“Un Ballo in maschera” has Paris links in that the libretto is based on Eugène Scribe’s “Gustave III, ou le Bal masqué.” The censors in Naples, where it was commissioned by the city’s Teatro San Carlo, insisted on a series of changes, as did those in Rome, where it finally premiered, and the setting went from Sweden to Pomerania to colonial Boston. The Paris Opera’s repertory production runs Jan. 16 to Feb. 10 and features Anja Harteros and Sondra Radvanovsky sharing the role of Amelia, and Marcelo Alvarez and Piero Pretti as Riccardo.

The new production of “Don Carlos” is of the original French version that premiered at the Salle Le Peletier in 1867. Says Lissner: “Along with ‘Otello,’ it’s the greatest of Verdi’s works, and Joseph Méry’s libretto based on the play by Friedrich von Schiller is magnificently theatrical.”

“For ‘Don Carlos,’ we wanted to have exceptional cast — which of course we do as a general rule, but perhaps even more so with this opera,” Lissner adds, “which in fact we do have, with Jonas Kaufmann, Ildar Abdrazakov, Ludovic Tézier, of course Sonya Yoncheva as Elisabeth de Valois, and

also Elīna Garanča and Ekaterina Gubanova. We have brought together really exceptional singers, under the musical direction of Philippe Jordan.”

Jonas Kaufmann, who sings the title role, notes: “It’s the first time that I will sing the French version, and having sung the Italian version quite often — in London, Munich and Salzburg — it’s quite something to learn it! I’d say it takes more time than preparing an entirely new role; you have always to take the utmost care not to follow the familiar path that you’ve got in your system. Some passages are similar, some sound similar to the Italian version but they are not, and quite a lot is completely different.”

Another major male star in a title Verdi role will be Bryn Terfel as Falstaff, Oct. 26 to Nov. 16, a role he will repeat at the Royal Opera House in London, July 7-21, 2018.

“This opera has the most important role I have ever encountered,” says Terfel. “Straight off the bat, I felt incredibly honored to be taking on the role that was made famous by none other than Sir Geraint Evans — a truly magnificent Falstaff in his day and sung with the most amazing of conductors and directors. Therefore I took up that score with a sense of pride and an element of pressure to try to elevate myself to his glowing standards.”

“Falstaff” was Verdi’s last opera, and overseeing its Paris debut in 1894 — in a French translation by the librettist Arrigo Boito — was the occasion for his last visit to the city with Giuseppina Strepponi. She died at their home in Sant’Agata, Italy, in 1897, and Verdi died in his apartment in the Grand Hotel et de Milan in 1901.

BENJAMIN BERNHEIM MAKES HIS MARK

A YOUNG TENOR’S EXTRAORDINARY DREAM



Benjamin Bernheim as Flamand in “Capriccio.”

VINCENT PONTET / OPERA NATIONAL DE PARIS

A magic childhood moment let the tenor Benjamin Bernheim know he wanted to be part of the opera world. He was well prepared for it by his family. “I was born in Paris,” he says, “and lived in Geneva for part of my childhood. My parents always played music, and I was very close to my grandparents, who loved the opera. They went to all the houses, to Bayreuth and Salzburg every summer, so I followed opera thanks to them.”

The key moment came when he was an 11-year-old member of the children’s choir performing in an opera at the Grand Théâtre de Genève, waiting backstage for the show to begin.

“That’s when I learned to love the extraordinary moment when the orchestra tunes up,” he says. “For two or three minutes before the musicians take their places, there is a great silence, then someone — the first violin or the oboe — sounds a note and all the orchestra begins to tune together. That moment is thrilling — that’s where it all starts, and there’s no turning back.”

“It was my first stage experience as part of the choir, in ‘Cavalleria rusticana’ and ‘Pagliacci’ by Pietro Mascagni and Ruggero Leoncavallo. It was a very beautiful production, magical, in the old style. It opened



The 2016 production of “Capriccio.”

VINCENT PONTET / OPERA NATIONAL DE PARIS

my eyes to the other side of the curtain — what it takes to put together a production and to tell a story.”

Some two decades later, he is making his debut on the Bastille stage of the Paris Opera (he sang Flamand in “Capriccio” at Palais Garnier in 2016) and at the Royal Opera House in London, singing Rodolfo in “La Bohème” at both houses. “They are among the greatest houses in the world, so it’s an extraordinary dream to have the opportunity of singing Rodolfo, which is the role for a young tenor — romantic, lyric. It’s the role in which I’ve been able to express my vocal color most fully and show the most facets of my musical personality. For now, it’s the role that I prefer to develop.”

In addition to these engagements of the season, he will also debut at the Vienna State Opera as Nemorino in “L’Elisir d’amore,” at the Deutsche Oper Berlin as Alfredo in “La Traviata” and at the Lyric Opera of Chicago as Faust. “I made my role debut as Faust at the Latvian National Opera this summer, in preparation for Chicago,” he says, “and I’ll sing it again the following year, in the 2018-19 season, in the United States.”

His artistic objective for the near future is to consolidate, deepen and expand his repertoire, particularly in French. “I’m beginning to feel my responsibility as a tenor of my generation,” he says. “And above all — because it’s here where I express myself best — to sing as much as possible and as many roles as possible from the French repertoire. More and more, I feel ready to bring these great houses my vision of the French repertoire.”

“So I want to continue in the romantic lyric repertoire — Rodolfo, Alfredo, Nemorino — and in the French: Faust, Romeo, Des Grieux in Massenet’s ‘Manon’ and many others. Eventually, in a few years, I’ll sing my first Hoffmann, which I’m preparing for.”



ROLEX CULTURE PARTNERS: PARIS NATIONAL OPERA



Musica offers the latest from the world of classical music: artists, musicians, opera and more. A century and a half after its debut in Paris, Verdi’s masterpiece “Don Carlos” will be performed by the Paris National Opera at the Bastille from Oct. 10 to Nov. 11, with Jonas Kaufmann in the title role, conducted by Philippe Jordan. “Don Carlos” will be featured in Musica on Euronews in November.



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EXCLUSIVE TIMEPIECE OF THE OPÉRA NATIONAL DE PARIS

ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT



Rehearsals for “Don Carlos,” starring Jonas Kaufmann and Sonya Yoncheva.

E. BAUER / OPERA NATIONAL DE PARIS

A ‘BOHÈME’ FOR THE 21ST CENTURY

A UNIQUE NEW PRODUCTION IN AN UNSETTLING FUTURE

The new production of Giacomo Puccini’s “La Bohème” at the Paris National Opera, Dec. 1-31, promises to be unique. The only description that the Paris Opera gives of the new production by the director Claus Guth is that he “sets the drama in a future devoid of hope in which love and art become the sole means of transcendence,” accompanied by a photo of what looks to be a spaceship landed in a snowy forest.

The German director — known for heady, metaphorical stagings but also, says Stéphane Lissner, as “a great director of actors and very musical” — has been both booed and cheered by public and critics.

Lissner, the director of the Paris Opera, has had a long working relationship with Guth, which started when he was musical director of the Wiener Festwochen. He engaged Guth in his first year there, 2005, for a production of Mozart’s “Lucio Silla.”

“Then, when I was named director at La Scala,” he says, “I engaged him for several productions, including some exceptional ones. Two, particularly, were great successes: ‘Lohengrin’ with Jonas Kaufmann, which was a Dec. 7 season opener, and a magnificent ‘Die Frau ohne Schatten’ by Strauss. When I came to the Paris Opera, he was one of the first directors I asked to come each year to create a production with me. I wanted to open the repertoire to him — not just Wagner or Strauss, but also French and Italian works, and others. So I asked him for several titles, and we will think about more works. It will be interesting to discover his point of view on this opera, where usually the only interesting staging question is whether to put the stove stage left or stage right, because the sets are always the same. I was looking for someone who could stage ‘La Bohème’ for today.”

Lissner calls the opera, based on Henry Murger’s 1845 collection of stories, “Scènes de la Vie de Bohème,” a “grand story of memory,” and Guth focuses on that sense of nostalgia. “While working on ‘La

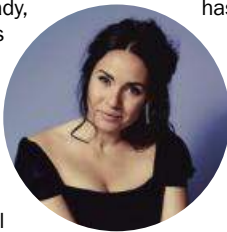
Bohème,” says the director, “I was asking myself about the nature of the myth around Bohemia. And what fascinated me in the first place is this central aspect of remembrance, the protagonists’ point of view, recalling their own lives with melancholy. At the very end of Henri Murger’s novel the protagonists — in a kind of epilogue — look back on their former vibrant and exciting lives and loves. They have changed, and everything that was characteristic about those days

has gone, too. It is irretrievably lost. So the life of ‘La Bohème’ is everything but a rich and fulfilled present, it is a past long faded.

For me, this perspective constitutes the center of the opera.” Singing Mimi in the first two weeks of the run is Sonya Yoncheva, who will be followed by Nicole Car. Yoncheva sang the role at La Scala this summer in the classic Franco Zeffirelli production. Asked what she thought about the differences, she said: “I don’t see much difference in the difficulty of a modern or a traditional production. Each of them has inconveniences. For instance, I like that in modern productions,

we wear very light clothes, so we don’t have these heavy costumes like in traditional productions. At the same time, the traditional ones can be so charming that they give additional value to what we do. The new productions are more of a mirror of what we are today, or society and its problems.”

For Benjamin Bernheim, who’s singing Rodolfo in the last half of the run, preceded by Atalla Ayan, the other singers are more important than the setting. “Each new team brings new colors to my Rodolfo,” he says. “That’s the richness of doing different productions. It’s only when we start rehearsals that I say, with this Mimi I’ll be able to sing differently than another, or with a different Marcello, because the Marcello’s very important for Rodolfo — we have to feel comfortable with each other and know each other well onstage, because we have to show that they are best friends. So it takes a bit of time to see how our voices mix, how we will do this ‘Bohème’ together.”



Sonya Yoncheva will sing Mimi.

SONYA YONCHEVA



Director of “La Bohème,” Claus Guth.

OPERA NATIONAL DE PARIS

AND NOW, THE FILM: ‘THE PARIS OPERA’

Jean-Stéphane Bron, a Swiss documentary filmmaker, followed the life of the Paris National Opera — administrators, singers, dancers, musicians, craftspeople and children in its educational programs — from January 2015 to July 2016 for his film, “L’Opera” (“The Paris Opera” is the English-language title).

Characters range from the directors of opera and dance, Stéphane Lissner and Benjamin Millepied (whose announcement of resignation came during the filming), to a new entrant to the opera’s academy befriended by the star bass-baritone Bryn Terfel and a 1.5-ton Charolais bull called Easy Rider that appears in Schönberg’s

“Moses und Aron.” The film also reflects the life of Paris during the time — particularly the terrorist attacks of Nov. 13, 2015 and what impact they had on the people at the opera.

Bron came to the project without knowing much about opera. “I was literally raised in a rock club called La Dolce Vita in Lausanne, where the beer flowed copiously, a world very different from that of the opera,” he says. “It is exactly that that made me want to make the film. A documentary filmmaker must always go toward what he does not know. To know more, out of curiosity.” At the Paris Opera, he says, “everything is about time and space,

and about rhythm — exactly the same as for a movie. And a lot of sweat. In terms of organization, you can compare running an opera house with a Hollywood studio in the ‘50s. The director has 20 productions in his head that are being prepared at the same time. And each studio is competing to get the stars.”

Having been released in France in April, the film is opening in New York City on Oct. 18 at the Film Society of Lincoln Center and Quad Cinema, and will be distributed by Film Movement in the United States. The film will be released in about 15 countries, including Japan, Germany, South Korea, China, Italy and Brazil.

‘ALL THE ARTS SHARE THE STAGE’

DANCE AND OPERA: THE SEASON’S HIGHLIGHTS

Explaining his approach to programming for the Paris National Opera, Stéphane Lissner, its director, cites Plotinus, a neo-Platonic philosopher of the third century A.D.: To find beauty, one must subtract all other considerations.

“For example, let’s say you’re at home listening to Beethoven’s First Piano Concerto, and it’s your favorite work,” he says. “Make an effort to listen to it, and subtract all forms of emotion you may have for it, and listen to the music simply for the pleasure of listening — only that, to take pleasure in the sound, the orchestra, the piano alone, without any kind of nostalgia, sadness or joy, this or that information. If you listen to a Nocturne composed by Chopin just after his woman left him, please, forget everything you know about that! Just focus on the pleasure of listening to the music and finding beauty in it. When I program a season, I follow this idea. I try to subtract all considerations outside of the works in and of themselves.”

Asked if there was a thematic intention behind the inclusion of five operas by Giuseppe Verdi in the current season, led by the new production by Krzysztof Warlikowski of “Don Carlos,” he insists: “Each opera has its own story.” For “Don Carlos” (Oct. 10 to Nov. 11), he explains that he wanted to present the original French version in five acts. “This masterpiece had to belong to the repertoire of the Paris National Opera,” he says.

There are, however, lines of continuity that stretch over years, not just one season. “Since my first season, I’ve proposed works in which ballet and opera come together,” says Lissner. “I think it’s important each year to present to the public a piece where dance and opera are combined. It’s not done very much anymore, which I think is regrettable. With our orchestra and dancers, we have an exceptional artistic strength and capacity, and bringing them together offers the public something different.”

He gives the example of a work presented as part of the ballet program at the Palais Garnier earlier this year. Anne Teresa De Keersmaeker’s staging for the opera “Così fan tutte” has the six singers doubled by six dancers. It runs until Oct. 21. He also cites another “absolute masterwork” in the repertoire that will be presented March 24 to April 6, Pina Bausch’s “dance opera” version of “Orpheus and Eurydice.”

Aurélié Dupont, the director of dance, agrees with this approach and mentions Sasha Waltz’s production of Berlioz’s symphonie dramatique “Roméo et Juliette” (April 6 to May 4). It brings together three singers with the company’s dancers, chorus and orchestra. “I think it’s very important that dancers, singers, actors and

musicians work together; it’s the future of dance and theater,” she says. “All the arts should live together and share the stage.”

A mix of very different artists will be presented May 19 to June 8 with a program that includes works by James Thierrée, who comes from the world of circus and theater; Hofesh Shechter, a contemporary Israeli choreographer based in London; Iván Pérez, who is making his debut at the Paris Opera with a piece for 10 male dancers; and Crystal Pite, who brings back last year’s “Season’s Canon,” her first work for the Paris Opera.

In a new production and a debut at the Palais Garnier, Alexander Ekman will work with the Paris Opera Ballet dancers for the first time. The young Swedish choreographer’s piece, “Play” (Dec. 6-31), will be “a bit ballet, a bit musical comedy and theater, and a bit classical dance,” says Dupont. “He’s where I’d like to bring my dancers. He doesn’t fit in a box, and he’s an excellent dancer himself.”

Another of Lissner’s projects for the Paris Opera is to present a world premiere or a recent work each year. This year’s is “Only the Sound Remains” (Jan. 23 to Feb. 7) by Kaija Saariaho, a Finnish composer based in Paris. The 2015 work, which also incorporates dance, is based on two Japanese No plays, “Always Strong” and “Feather Mantle,” as translated by Ezra Pound and Ernest Fenollosa.

The ongoing Berlioz and Wagner opera cycles have new productions, too. “For the first time in France for many years is ‘Benvenuto Cellini,’” says Lissner. Running March 20 to April 14, “it will be a crazy evening, since it’s directed by Terry Gilliam. You can imagine, when you’re a creator of Monty Python, that rests with you!” Richard Jones is staging a new “Parsifal” (April 27 to May 23).

To pay homage to Patrice Chéreau, the French director who had a long working relationship with Lissner, the opera will present “From the House of the Dead,” the last opera written by Leoš Janáček. The production is one created in 2007, when Lissner was the musical director at the Wiener Festwochen. “I convinced Patrice Chéreau and Pierre Boulez to work together again,” he explains, “which they hadn’t done since the historic tetralogy they did together at Bayreuth,” the centenary production of Wagner’s “Ring” cycle in 1976.

“I’ve also organized an exhibition about his work in the opera, which opens Nov. 18 at the Palais Garnier, concurrent with the opera at the Bastille,” says Lissner. The opera runs until Dec. 2, and the exhibition, “Patrice Chéreau: Staging Opera,” runs until March 3.



Aurélié Dupont, director of dance.

SOPHIE DELAPORTE / OPERA NATIONAL DE PARIS



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Business



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIKA P. RODRIGUEZ FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Fallen electric cables after the hurricane at the Puerto Rico factory of Mylan. A drug that treats childhood leukemia and that was already in short supply is made at the plant, below.

Drug supplies imperiled

Puerto Rico hurricane damaged factories that make island’s top export

BY KATIE THOMAS AND SHEILA KAPLAN

Government officials and major drug-makers are scrambling to prevent shortages in the United States of critical drugs for treating cancer, diabetes and heart disease, as well as medical devices and supplies, that are manufactured at 80 plants in hurricane-ravaged Puerto Rico.

Pharmaceuticals and medical devices are the island’s leading exports, and Puerto Rico has become one of the world’s biggest centers for pharmaceutical manufacturing. Its factories make 13 of the world’s top-selling brand-name drugs, including Humira, the rheumatoid arthritis treatment, and Xarelto, a blood thinner used to prevent stroke, according to a report released last year.

With business of nearly \$15 billion a year at stake in Puerto Rico, drug companies and device makers are confronting a range of obstacles on the island: locating enough diesel fuel for generators to run their factories; helping their employees get to work from areas where roads are damaged and blocked, where electricity is down and where phones don’t work. Companies have taken out radio ads pleading with workers to check in. The pharmaceutical and device industries contribute to the employment of nearly 100,000 people on the island, according to trade groups.

“Some of these products are critical to Americans,” Scott Gottlieb, the commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration, told a congressional panel this week. “A loss of access could have significant public health consequences.”

Dr. Gottlieb, who visited F.D.A. staff in Puerto Rico last week, told the House Energy and Commerce Committee’s subcommittee on Health: “We have a list of about 40 drugs that we’re very concerned about. It reflects maybe about 10 firms.”

Thirteen of the drugs, Dr. Gottlieb said, are “sole-source,” meaning the product is only made by one company. Those include H.I.V. medications, injectable drugs and sophisticated medical devices, although he did not name the products. The biggest problem, he said, was not damage to the factories, but the instability of the electric supply. Manufacturers are worried that a long-term lack of connection to a major power grid could jeopardize their products, and are also wary of relying on the more limited electrical grids that the territory is likely to activate as a first step to restoring power.

One of the drugs F.D.A. officials said they were concerned about was methotrexate, which treats childhood leukemia and other diseases. It has been



scarce, off and on, for several years. Mylan makes the product in Puerto Rico, and all five manufacturers of the injectable form of the drug have reported shortages of the product, according to a list maintained by the American Society of Health-System Pharmacists.

In a statement, Mylan did not address the methotrexate shortage but said it was “working closely with F.D.A. to help address drug shortage concerns.” Its plant has sources of water, electricity and communication, and the company said it is “working on ways to make them sustainable for manufacturing purposes.” Like other companies, it said it was focusing on helping employees and other residents of the island with basic needs, including chartering a cargo plane carrying essential goods to deliver to them.

Several pharmaceutical and medical device companies said their factories were coming back on line with the assistance of generators and that they did not anticipate supply shortfalls. But others said the situation was precarious. Drug companies depend on consistent refrigeration to avoid shortages. And device makers are wondering when the power grid would be back up, which some officials have predicted could take months.

“Everybody is struggling to get diesel fuel — that’s just widespread,” said Antonio Medina, an independent consultant who until last year was executive director of the Puerto Rico Industrial Development Company, a government-run group that promotes manufacturing.

Puerto Rico has become one of the world’s biggest centers for pharmaceutical manufacturing.

Wilberto Maldonado, a pharmaceutical consultant in Puerto Rico, said drug and device makers are navigating a logistical “nightmare,” especially when trying to get access to fuel for their generators.

With phone lines down, “many employers have people still unaccounted for,” Mr. Maldonado said in a message through LinkedIn. “This may not improve, as telecom service providers are also depending on backup generators.”

Industry officials have sought to strike a delicate balance in making their case for help without appearing to divert precious resources from hospital and other emergency services. Returning the drug and device industry to its feet, however, is crucial for ensuring the island’s economic recovery as well as safeguarding the supply of medicines and devices to the rest of the United States.

If the manufacturing plants are slow to fully recover, some companies could shift their production elsewhere, said Deepak Lamba-Nieves, research director at the Center for a New Economy, a nonpartisan economic think tank in Puerto Rico. “That may have medium and long-term consequences for an island that is going to be hugely and se-

verely impacted by this hurricane for many years to come,” he said.

Lobbyists and executives from health care companies met Tuesday with the Department of Health and Human Services and the Federal Emergency Management Agency to make their pitch for assistance.

AdvaMed, the trade group for the device makers, said its requests included priority access as the electricity grid is restored.

“Even if companies are fine now with diesel fuel, we want to make sure we’re in the queue in terms of priority,” said Greg Crist, a spokesman for AdvaMed. “Because if there is an electricity shortage well into November, for example, how can we as an industry make sure we are in line for those priorities, once you’ve taken care of hospitals and essential needs?”

While AdvaMed has outlined its members’ challenges, its pharmaceutical counterpart — the Pharmaceutical Research and Manufacturers of America — provided fewer specifics and referred questions to Healthcare Ready, an industry group that is coordinating the recovery operations in Puerto Rico.

Several drug companies said that while their plants lost power and were forced to shut down, they were not expecting a disruption in supply. “We have a strong local team working through incredible logistical challenges, and we’re seeing progress each day,” said Ernie Knewitz, a spokesman for Johnson & Johnson. Tylenol and Prezista, an H.I.V. drug, are among the products that the

company manufactures in Puerto Rico. “We are also closely monitoring our product inventory levels and will work to ensure all critical needs are met.”

The industry’s rosy outlook, presumably offered in part to assure nervous shareholders, contrasted with the concern expressed by Dr. Gottlieb.

“We know that the grid is going to be unstable for a long period of time,” Dr. Gottlieb said. “The generators were never meant to operate for months and months on end.”

Erin Fox, a drug shortage expert at the University of Utah, said she and other hospital pharmacists were monitoring the situation, and are worried that the storm’s impact could exacerbate the United States’ drug-shortage problem.

Ms. Fox said companies typically do not disclose where they manufacture their drugs because it is considered a trade secret. Several companies declined to list which products they made in Puerto Rico.

“Because we have no transparency around that,” she said, “it’s actually hard to know the true impact of this.”

Baxter, a medical-supply company, has said that it is limiting shipments of products made in Puerto Rico to conserve its supply, including small bags of dextrose and saline, which are used by hospitals to prepare medication. Hospitals will be limited to their typical monthly shipment to prevent some institutions from stockpiling the products.

Ms. Fox said hospitals rely on these small bags of saline solution to mix medicines for patients, and “an allocation doesn’t guarantee that you will get some,” she said.

A few years ago, Baxter was at the center of a shortage of large saline bags that led to state and federal investigations into its business practices.

Baxter said its three manufacturing sites in Puerto Rico sustained “some damage,” and said that “limited production activities” had resumed.

Puerto Rico has been a hub of drug manufacturing for decades — companies were lured to the island because of tax breaks and its access to the U.S. market, along with skilled employees who worked for lower wages.

About a decade ago, expiring tax incentives led to a wave of factory closings, stoking fears that the industry was in jeopardy.

Pharmaceutical and medical manufacturing accounted for nearly three-quarters of Puerto Rico’s exports in 2016, of \$14.5 billion, according to the federal Bureau of Labor Statistics.

“These are some of the best jobs,” Mr. Medina said.

Dr. Gottlieb hopes the companies stay there.

“A highly skilled, highly dedicated and highly productive Puerto Rican work force enables the success of the industry,” Dr. Gottlieb said. “If they decide to relocate after this disaster, it would jeopardize the island’s economic future.”

Top product at Monsanto under fire on 2 continents

Environmentalists oppose use of product and weeds are growing resistant to it

BY DANNY HAKIM

Monsanto’s flagship weed killer, Roundup, has had a tough year. And it could get worse.

With Roundup at the center of a federal case in the United States over claims that it causes cancer, European Union officials were to meet in Brussels on Thursday to weigh whether to allow the continued use of products that contain Roundup’s active ingredient, glyphosate, in its 28 nations.

Because Europe makes such decisions the way Americans vote for president — with a weighted vote among its member states — predicting the outcome is tricky.

A final decision, already long delayed, is not expected until later this year. France and Italy have indicated they will oppose the reauthorization, while Germany’s position remains unclear. A range of outcomes are possible, including phasing out Roundup and similar products entirely or limiting the length of their reapproval.

While Roundup still enjoys broad support among farmers and a number of European governments, sentiment against its maker is at a low point in Europe, with a petition campaign against glyphosate reportedly surpassing one million signatures. Last week, the European Parliament also made Monsanto the first company barred from lobbying the chamber after its executives refused to take part in a hearing over glyphosate. Monsanto viewed the hearing as a political sideshow.

“We are ready and willing to engage the European Parliament and policy makers in Europe,” said Scott Partridge, Monsanto’s vice president of global strategy, in an email. But, he added, “this particular forum was not set up for substantive discussion related to the regulation and use of glyphosate.”

Monsanto, which is in the process of being acquired by Bayer, also faces litigation in the United States from farmers, members of their families and others who claim that Roundup is connected to non-Hodgkin’s lymphoma. The litigation has led to embarrassing questions about whether the company had engaged in ghostwriting of news articles and academic papers.

Roundup still enjoys broad support among farmers, but sentiment against its maker is at a low point in Europe.

The rise of Roundup has reshaped agriculture. Two decades ago, Monsanto introduced its line of Roundup Ready seeds, which were genetically engineered to be resistant to glyphosate. That meant that farmers could spray Roundup after crops emerged from the ground, killing weeds later in the growing season. Its use soared in the United States, Brazil, Australia and elsewhere around the globe in key crops like corn, cotton and soybeans.

Glyphosate has become so ubiquitous that weeds are becoming more resistant to it, leading Monsanto and other companies to develop alternatives. That process, too, has been challenging. New versions of an old herbicide, dicamba, developed by Monsanto and BASF as an alternative to glyphosate, have divided farmers and led to litigation that it is damaging some crops.

It is no surprise that Monsanto, which has been the most outspoken corporate proponent of using genetically modified crops to make it easier to spray pesticides, has few fans among environmentalists. And even though Europe has almost entirely shunned genetically modified crops, glyphosate is still the most popular weed killer on the Continent.

“Our planet is being poisoned by Monsanto,” said Teri McCall, a California avocado farmer whose husband, Jack, used Roundup for years and died in 2015 after suffering from non-Hodgkin’s lymphoma. Ms. McCall, a plaintiff in the lawsuit against Monsanto, was in Brussels to meet with European lawmakers, accompanied by her lawyers from Baum Hedlund, a Los Angeles firm.

Monsanto vigorously rebuts the cancer claims and has lamented the popular opposition in Europe, which is at odds with the opinions of regulators. Two agencies, the European Food Safety Authority and the European Chemicals Agency, have signed off on the safety of glyphosate.

And the European Commission, the executive branch of the European Union, has recommended reauthorizing glyphosate, though the decision falls to the member states.

“The conclusions of E.F.S.A. and E.C.H.A. that glyphosate should not be classified as carcinogenic is in line with the conclusions of many other regulatory bodies,” said a spokesman for the European Commission. **ROUNDUP, PAGE 13**

Driverless cars braking for golf carts

SAN JOSE, CALIF.

Community for retirees proves ideal test ground for self-driving taxi service

BY DAISUKE WAKABAYASHI

Molly Jackson, an 82-year-old retired nurse, was sitting in the back seat of a self-driving taxi when the vehicle jerked to a halt at a crossing as its computer vision spotted an approaching golf cart.

When the vehicle, a modified Ford Fusion developed by a start-up named Voyage, started to inch forward, it abruptly stopped again as the golfers pressed ahead and cut in front of the car.

Ms. Jackson seemed unfazed by the bumpy ride. As a longtime resident of the Villages Golf and Country Club, a retirement community in San Jose, Calif., she knew all about aggressive golf cart drivers.

“I like that; we made a good stop there,” Ms. Jackson said. “I stop for them. They say we don’t have to, but I do.”

Voyage is starting to expand its driverless taxi service beyond a small test in the Villages, a gated community of about 4,000 residents where the average age is 76. Retirement communities, with their tightly controlled roads, can be an ideal proving ground for autonomous vehicles.

In the Villages, there are 15 miles of roads where autonomous vehicles can learn how to navigate other cars, pedestrians, golf carts, animals, roundabouts and many other obstacles.

The speed limit, just 25 miles an hour, helps reduce the risk if something goes wrong. And because it is private property, the company does not have to share ride information with regulators and it can try new ideas without as much red tape.

Cars that can drive themselves could be a great benefit to older people. Residents at the Villages say that once people stop driving, they often pull back from activities and interacting with friends.

Ms. Jackson, who has lived here for three decades, was one of Voyage’s first test passengers. For now, the company is limiting rides in two driverless cars (with a third arriving in two weeks) to a busy, two-mile loop. A person stays in the driver’s seat in case something goes awry. And the plan is for any Village resident to be able to summon one of Voyage’s cars through a smartphone app for free door-to-door service.

Voyage’s introduction to the Villages comes as self-driving vehicles interact more and more with regular cars. Waymo, the driverless car unit of Google’s parent company, Alphabet, started a trial ride-hailing program in Phoenix this year with several hundred cars. The ride-hailing service Uber is also testing the technology in more than 200 cars with real passengers in Arizona and Pittsburgh.

Voyage was formed this year after spinning out of the online education start-up Udacity. How an online education start-up ended up operating an autonomous taxi service in a retirement community is an “only in Silicon Valley” story.

It started with a drive from nearby Mountain View to San Francisco. When



A resident of the Villages Golf and Country Club reaching her destination with the help of a Voyage driverless car.

CHRISTIE HEMM KLOK FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Udacity started to offer a self-driving car curriculum, a team of employees created a challenge for themselves: Make a 32-mile drive on busy El Camino Real during rush hour and without human intervention.

After five months of failure, the team finally completed the route. Sensing an opportunity, Udacity executives spun out the self-driving car project into a new company. Voyage raised \$5.6 million from investors.

The company had a major selling point: Udacity’s chairman, Sebastian Thrun, the founder of Google’s driverless car project and a pioneer in autonomous vehicle research, was joining Voyage as chairman. He pushed the idea of starting in a retirement community.

It was a good match. Last year, the Villages had conducted a survey about what amenities residents wanted to see over the next 15 years. Among the top answers: autonomous cars and a shuttle service.

Four years ago, the Villages considered a shuttle, but decided it was too costly to have a full-time driver. There is a service called the Villages Medical Auxiliary to take people to the doctor’s office or the supermarket, but there is a shortage of volunteer drivers and people need to make appointments two days in advance. It pushes residents to keep driving when they shouldn’t.

Almost anyone at the Villages can tell you about an accident: the driver who

There are 15 miles of roads where vehicles can learn how to avoid other cars, pedestrians, golf carts and many other obstacles.

drove into a pond or the person who hit the accelerator instead of the brake and took out the tennis court fence.

“The driverless car would be far less risky than the drivers that we currently have,” said Bill Devincenzi, a former board president of the Villages whose term expired in June.

Another issue that could be solved by driverless cars is a shortage of parking spots. Like many of the Villages’ residents, Nancy Green, 88, is active. She swims three times a week, regularly attends wine-tasting dinners and participates in a weekly bridge game. But after three back operations, she struggles to walk long distances.

For popular events, she sometimes arrives an hour early to secure one of the few handicap spots. If none are available, she turns around and goes home. She said she did not like eating dinner at the clubhouse at 5:30 p.m., but the chances of finding a parking spot at her preferred time of 7 p.m. were “slim and none.”

“From that perspective, I think the self-driving car would be great,” she said.

But what seemed like a done deal hit a roadblock this year. The agreement to offer self-driving car rides in the retirement community almost fell apart when negotiations hit an impasse over insurance. California requires autonomous vehicles to have \$5 million of coverage, but the Villages insisted on 50 percent more coverage because it is a private community with more liability risk.

“We’d call the Geicos and Progressives of the world and asked them, ‘Do you do self-driving car insurance?’” said Oliver Cameron, Voyage’s 29-year-old chief executive. “The answer was no.”

Working with an insurance broker, Voyage delved into “exotic insurance” policies and had to pay twice as much per car for its insurance policy versus the standard \$5 million coverage.

The insurer, Munich Re, also had an unusual request. It wanted data — any data — produced by the cars. Because this is a new field, even insurers wanted to understand the potential risks of self-driving cars.

Voyage agreed to hand over nonidentifiable, sensor data.

Another issue arose when Mr. Thrun had to leave the company because of a conflict of interest. He was also the chief executive of Kitty Hawk, a flying car start-up backed by Larry Page, chief executive of Alphabet, which owns Waymo.

Coupled with the fact that Voyage and

not Udacity would be operating in the Villages, some in the community were concerned that they had fallen for a bait and switch.

To sweeten the deal for the Villages, Voyage offered them an equity stake — the equivalent of what it would grant a new hire.

For the last few months, Voyage has been testing at the Villages. The cars — nicknamed Homer and Marge after the characters on “The Simpsons” — have often prompted questions from curious onlookers in the Villages.

Are you from Google? (No.) What’s that spinning top on the roof? (It’s a sensor that helps the car see the world around it.)

How do I invest? (Flattering, but we’re not taking new investors now.)

Then, there were the skeptics who questioned whether driverless cars were safer. Mr. Cameron said the residents’ concerns were a welcome reality check from the hype of Silicon Valley. “It’s preparing us for the sorts of questions many millions have on their mind when it comes to the technology,” he said.

Ms. Jackson, who still drives regularly and shuttles friends to church, activities and other community events, said she could not distinguish between human driver and machine during her ride.

“I thought it was great,” she said. “I wasn’t fearful.”

As debt fear fades, economic risks remain

NEWS ANALYSIS
WASHINGTON

Experts debate hazards of a deficit much higher than once thought safe

BY BINYAMIN APPELBAUM

The United States government learned over the last half-century that it could run up a much larger debt than experts had previously considered prudent or even possible.

Now, as Republicans push a tax plan that would propel the federal debt to new heights, experts are debating the lessons of that history. Some see evidence that the downside of deficits is greatly overstated; others say the country just hasn’t reached the precipice.

Every dollar of federal borrowing clearly imposes real economic costs, starting with the basic obligation to make regular interest payments, including those to foreign investors.

But the extent of additional costs is an unresolved question. If deficits are relatively benign, that would strengthen the case for near-term borrowing to increase growth.

Federal borrowing has increased sharply. From the mid-1950s until the global financial crisis in 2008, the debt never exceeded half of the nation’s annual economic output. As of June, it stood at around 75 percent of that output. And even without new tax cuts or spending increases, the Congressional Budget Office projects that the debt will reach 106 percent of output over the next two decades, setting a record as an aging population strains federal retirement and health care programs.

The amount owed to investors is \$14.4 trillion. That’s already a record, but

economists prefer to measure the debt in relation to the economy. The United States can afford a larger debt as the economy grows, just as millionaires can afford larger mortgages.

As the federal debt rose in the 1980s, and again in the early 2000s, so did the chorus of dire warnings: Inflation and interest rates would rise, economic growth would falter — and, at some point, the markets might simply refuse to finance the federal government over concerns it would be unable to pay its bills.

This time around, even those who regard the debt as a real and present danger have become more cautious about the presentation of those arguments. They say policy makers simply can’t know when markets might begin to demand higher rates.

“We don’t have a measure of how much fiscal space we have, but a good political metric is to see how far we are from a record-high level of debt,” said Marc Goldwein of the Committee for a Responsible Federal Budget, a nonpartisan group whose name describes its views.

He noted that the debt was on a pace to exceed the high point reached after World War II. “I don’t want to be in the business of testing how far we can go,” he said.

The problem confronting those who want the government to reduce annual deficits is that the short-term consequences of profligacy have proved to be very modest, while the political benefits are substantial.

“It doesn’t take a political scientist to understand that taking stuff away is a lot less popular than giving stuff out,” Mr. Goldwein said.

Low interest rates have greatly reduced the government’s borrowing costs. Measured as a share of the national economy, the federal debt is about



PETE MAROVICH FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Both parties have embraced proposals that would increase short-term deficits.

three times as large as in the 1960s, but by the same measure, the interest payments are about the same.

Interest payments are still projected to total \$6 trillion over the next decade. And one thing that has changed: 40 percent of the debt is now held by foreign investors.

The impact of federal borrowing on the rest of the economy is harder to assess.

Economists warned for decades that deficits caused inflation and reduced the amount of money available to the private sector, ultimately reducing growth and prosperity.

The years under President Ronald Reagan suggested that those theories needed some work. As federal deficits ballooned, inflation declined — and all the while the economy grew.

“Reagan proved that deficits don’t matter,” Vice President Dick Cheney said in 2002, as the George W. Bush ad-

ministration pursued a similar fiscal policy with roughly the same results.

The International Monetary Fund in 2003 published a study of 107 countries over four decades that found little connection between deficits and inflation in developed nations.

The economist Robert Mundell had predicted all of this in the early 1970s, offering an alternative to the standard theory that came to be known as supply-side economics.

He argued that the government should cut taxes to stimulate the economy, then raise interest rates to attract foreign investment, offsetting the increased federal borrowing.

“Suppose it does mean a budget deficit in the United States,” he declared at the 1971 conference where he first presented the proposal. “Who cares?”

When he was asked in the 1970s, Mr. Mundell predicted the money would come from the Saudis. In the 1980s, it

came from the Japanese. In the 2000s, it came from the Chinese. The one constant has been a sufficient supply.

Other economists still see evidence that government borrowing weighs on the economy by reducing the money available for investment. This “crowding out” reduces the progress of productivity, which in turn suppresses the growth of incomes — a fairly straight line from more federal debt to less money in the average American wallet.

As the fear of debt has faded, both parties in recent years have embraced proposals to stimulate the economy at the cost of larger short-term deficits. Democrats have backed increased investment in infrastructure, education and research. Republicans argue that the government should simply leave more money in private hands.

Douglas Elmendorf, who led the Congressional Budget Office from 2009 to 2015, repeatedly predicted then that increased federal borrowing would pinch the economy. He said the failure of those predictions suggested there was room to borrow.

He said the government in the long term still faced a difficult choice of some combination of raising taxes and reducing entitlements. It would be easiest to start soon so those changes can be made gradually.

Daniel Shaviro, a law professor at New York University, wrote a book called “Do Deficits Matter?” in the mid-1990s, back when most people thought the answer was yes. Today, he said, he worries that people are becoming too confident the answer is no.

He said the larger risks were real. If the debt continues to rise, “there’s a pretty good chance that something bad is going to happen at some point,” Mr. Shaviro said. “And you’d rather turn the wheel slowly and gradually rather than stopping abruptly.”

Roundup, Monsanto’s top product, under fire

ROUNDUP, FROM PAGE 12

tory bodies, both inside and outside the E.U.,” said Anca Paduraru, a spokeswoman for the European Commission. “We would welcome a country that intends to vote against to explain the scientific reasons.”

Little in the world of pesticides comes without bitter dispute, with companies and their critics both attacking the positions of public agencies.

The cancer claims against Roundup spring from an assessment by the International Agency for Research on Cancer, a branch of the World Health Organization, which categorized glyphosate as a probable carcinogen in 2015. Monsanto and its allies have assailed the finding as an outlier.

Likewise, environmental activists have attacked European regulators, saying they rely too heavily on the word of industry giants when making safety decisions. The European Food Safety Authority was harshly criticized after The Guardian reported that its assessment had partly been copied from Monsanto.

“They quoted long bits and pieces,” said Sven Giegold, a German member of the European Parliament from the Green Party. “You would be committing fraud if you did this for your Ph.D.”

The food safety agency has said that consulting with companies whose products are being considered is the normal course of doing business, and that nothing in its review was out of the ordinary. Bernhard Url, the executive director of the agency, has called the criticism “the latest in a series of efforts to discredit the scientific process behind the E.U. assessment of glyphosate.”

Monsanto and its competitors, many of which also sell glyphosate products after Monsanto’s patent expired years ago, now see the process as divorced from rational discourse.

“We have observed with increasing alarm the politicization of the E.U. procedure on the renewal of glyphosate — a procedure which should be strictly scientific but which in many respects has been hijacked by populism,” Monsanto wrote in a recent letter to the European Parliament.

When the reauthorization vote comes, Germany could be pivotal. The country’s position has been complicated by its recent national election; Chancellor Angela Merkel is still trying to put together a government, one that is expected to include the Green Party, which takes a dim view of glyphosate.

Joachim Rukwied, president of the German Farmers’ Association, said Ms. Merkel had assured farmers at a meeting this year that she supported glyphosate.

“She is for prolongation of glyphosate for the next 10 years,” he said. “I hope this will be the position of Germany.”

The Green Party has its own ideas, but neither politicians nor executives were inclined to predict the outcome.

“The use of pesticides is a big concern,” Mr. Giegold said, adding that he opposed prolonging glyphosate’s approval in Europe. “I think France and Italy, if they sustain their position, it will depend very much on Germany.”

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Opinion

You can't 'empower' women with chickens

'Enterpriser baskets' and sewing machines won't give women equal rights.

Rafia Zakaria

For only \$100, you can empower a woman in India. This manageable amount, according to the website of the organization India Partners, will provide a woman with her own sewing machine, allowing her to take the very first step on the march to empowerment.

Or you can send a chicken. Poultry farming, according to Melinda Gates, empowers women in developing countries by allowing them to "express their dignity and seize control."

If chickens are not your empowerment tool of choice, Heifer International will, for \$390, deliver an "enterpriser basket" to a woman in Africa. It includes rabbits, juvenile fish and silkworms.

The assumption behind all of these donations is the same: Women's empowerment is an economic issue, one that can be separated from politics. It follows, then, that it can be resolved by a benevolent Western donor who provides sewing machines or chickens, and thus delivers the women of India (or

Sometimes development organizations actually render women invisible in the service of their narratives.

Kenya or Mozambique or wherever in what's known as the "global south") from their lives of disempowered want.

Empowerment did not always stand for entrepreneurship starter kits. As Nimmi

Gowrinathan, Kate Cronin-Furman and I wrote in a recent report, the term was introduced into the development lexicon in the mid-1980s by feminists from the Global South. Those women understood "empowerment" as the task of "transforming gender subordination" and the breakdown of "other oppressive structures" and collective "political mobilization." They got some of what they wanted when the Fourth World Conference on Women in 1995 adopted "an agenda for women's empowerment."

In the 22 years since that conference, though, "empowerment" has become a buzzword among Western development professionals, but the crucial part about "political mobilization" has been excised. In its place is a narrow, constricted definition expressed through technical programming seeking to improve education or health with little heed to wider struggles for gender equality. This depoliticized "empowerment" serves everyone except the women it is supposed to help.

In handing out chickens or sewing machines, Western feminists and development organizations can point to the non-Western women they have "empowered." The non-Western subjects of their efforts can be shown off at conferences and featured on websites. Development professionals can point to training sessions, workshops and spreadsheets laden with "deliverables" as evidence of another successful empowerment project.

In this system there is little room for the complexities of the recipients. Non-Western women are reduced to mute,

passive subjects awaiting rescue.

Take, for instance, the Gates Foundation's poultry farming projects. Bill Gates has insisted that because chickens are small animals kept close to the home, they are particularly suited to "empowering" women. But researchers haven't found that giving out chickens leads to any long-term economic gains — much less emancipation or equality for half the population.

To keep the money coming, the development industry has learned to create metrics that suggest improvements and success. U.S.A.I.D. statistics on Afghanistan, for instance, usually focus on the number of girls "enrolled" in schools, even if they rarely attend class or graduate. The groups promoting chicken farming measure the short-term impact of the chickens and the momentary increase in household income, not the long-term, substantive changes to women's lives.

In such cases, there is a skirting of the truth that without political change, the structures that discriminate against women can't be dismantled and any advances they do make will be unsustainable. Numbers never lie, but they do omit.

Sometimes development organizations actually render women invisible in the service of their narratives. One of my co-authors heard from a worker with an anti-human trafficking group in Cambodia about a Western donor organization filming a fund-raising video. When a woman was produced she was rejected because she didn't fit the image of a young, helpless survivor that donors wanted.

When non-Western women already have strong political identities, their removal is sometimes required even if it involves pushing them back into the very roles from which empowerment was meant to deliver them. In Sri Lanka, a former soldier for the Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam told one of my co-authors that she and other ex-fighters were offered classes in cake decorating, hairstyling and sewing. A government official confessed that despite years of training programs, she had never seen any of the women earn a living from these skills.

It's time for a change to the "empowerment" conversation. Development organizations' programs must be evaluated on the basis of whether they enable women to increase their potential for political mobilization, such that they can create sustainable gender equality.

On the global stage, a return to this original model of empowerment requires a moratorium on reducing non-Western women to the circumstances of their victimhood — the rape survivor, the war widow, the child bride. The idea that development goals and agendas should be apolitical must be discarded.

The concept of women's empowerment needs an immediate and urgent rescue from the clutches of the would-be saviors in the development industry. At the heart of women's empowerment lies the demand for a more robust global sisterhood, one in which no women are relegated to passivity and silence, their choices limited to sewing machines and chickens.

RAFIA ZAKARIA is a columnist for the Pakistani newspaper Dawn and the author of *"The Upstairs Wife: An Intimate History of Pakistan."*



CRISTINA SPANO

The lure of gory jihadist propaganda videos

For all the disgust and fear that Islamic State propaganda evokes, something makes us — or many of us, at least — want to look.

Simon Cottee

What does prolonged exposure to jihadist online propaganda do to us?

One popular answer, especially among politicians, is that it radicalizes our thoughts and transforms us into terrorists.

A more nuanced answer, put forward by terrorism scholars, is that while sustained exposure to extremist online material is not in itself a sufficient cause of radicalization, it can reinforce existing assumptions and beliefs that are already tending toward the extreme.

Yet in even the most robust scholarship on online radicalization, there is a conspicuous lack of data on how the most important variable in online radicalization — namely, the audience for extremist material — understands and engages with that material.

For the past 18 months, I have been conducting research on how young adults in the West perceive and react to Islamic State propaganda videos. I myself have watched hundreds of hours of these videos, including scenes of horrifying violence and cruelty. Without a doubt, this has been detrimental to my spiritual well-being; I've had night terrors. Yet none of this was imposed on me. I willingly — sometimes excitedly — exposed myself to this material, including and especially the very worst of it. This has given my research a personal dimension: Why

do I want to watch? What is it about the Islamic State that so captivates me?

Last September, the criminologist Jack Cunliffe and I started an online survey to test audience responses to official English-language Islamic State videos. The idea behind the survey was simple: Ask ordinary young adults to watch these videos — which we edited to exclude scenes of graphic violence — and then get them to tell us about that viewing experience.

Despite the ethical and legal challenges in doing this research (Britain's 2006 Terrorism Act makes it a criminal offense to disseminate terrorist propaganda), our survey went ahead. We collected more than 3,000 responses and will be presenting our findings at the Terrorism, Crime, Culture conference in Copenhagen this week.

Around 1,300 survey respondents were from North America and about 1,000 were from Britain. The remainder came from all over the world. Their mean age was 30, with a big clump — around 1,800 — between 18 and 26. Most (67 percent) were male. Thirty-six percent identified as having no religion, 17 percent identified as Christian, and 4 percent identified as Muslim.

A vast majority — 93 percent — reported a negative attitude toward the Islamic State, and just 1 percent said they had a positive view of the group. Six percent reported that they were neutral. Of the 34 people who reported a positive attitude toward the Islamic State, five were Muslims.

It did not surprise us that a vast majority of respondents expressed a negative attitude toward the Islamic State or that those who held a positive view of the group said almost uniformly positive things about the videos embedded in the survey. Nor was it surprising that most respondents were impressed by the technical quality of the Islamic State videos. They are undeniably sophisticated and movie-like in style.

What did surprise us was that a significant number of those who held a negative attitude toward the Islamic State were still receptive to its utopian message, while still larger numbers exhibited a curiosity about watching the kind of "slick" and horrifying

atrocities for which the group has become notorious.

We were furthermore surprised by respondents' reported exposure to the Islamic State's videos. Fifty-seven percent said they had watched an Islamic State video before, beyond clips shown on TV and in online news material. Of this number, an even more remarkable 46 percent said they had seen more than 10 Islamic State videos. This may well say more about the selection biases of our sample than about young adults' exposure to the Islamic State — or it may not. A recent Policy Exchange report showed that the ease with which Islamic State videos can still be viewed on the internet, despite the pushback from social

media companies, is quite remarkable.

Responding to a clip from an Islamic State video in which a handsome, strong-looking fighter hands out toys to young children dressed in colorful clothes, around a third of respondents expressed positive judgments about the physical strength and moral character of the fighter. And a not insignificant number — 28 percent — said the video gave them a "warm feeling," and this percentage drops to only 26 percent when restricted to those who proclaim to feel negatively about the Islamic State.

This was in marked contrast to respondents' reaction to a clip from a mass-beheading video in which a group of Islamic State fighters marches Syrian Army captives to their execution. Just 3 percent of our respondents said the video overall made them "feel good." A vast majority reported feelings of discomfort, disgust and fear.

Still, only 11 percent of our survey respondents said that the video bored them, suggesting that for the majority, while staged mass beheadings may be unpleasant to watch, they nevertheless make for compelling viewing. Indeed, when asked if they wanted to view the video to its grisly completion, 33 percent said yes. Less than half — 44 percent — said definitively that they didn't want to see the video to the end.

Given the nature and size of the sample, our survey is not representative and does not warrant firm generalizations about young people's encottee, page 17



VIA AGENCE FRANCE-PRESSE — GETTY IMAGES

An image taken from an Islamic State propaganda video.

OPINION

The New York Times

INTERNATIONAL EDITION

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MR. TRUMP’S FOREIGN POLICY CIRCUS

It would be no surprise if world leaders doubt what the secretary of state says, when the president is always ready to contradict him.

Another day, another embarrassing foreign policy circus in the nation’s capital that can only further erode trust in American leadership at home and abroad. At its center is Rex Tillerson, who traded his job as top dog at the oil giant ExxonMobil to become secretary of state, only to find himself substantively and personally undercut by President Trump as recently as Sunday on the issue of Korea, where Mr. Tillerson wanted negotiations as Mr. Trump threatened war.

On Wednesday, after NBC News reported that Mr. Tillerson was on the verge of resigning last summer, the secretary quickly called a news conference in which he asserted that he never considered doing so, though he did not personally deny a report that he had grown so disenchanted with the man in the Oval Office that he once called him a “moron” at a Pentagon meeting with the national security team and cabinet officials. Mr. Tillerson was said to be particularly upset by Mr. Trump’s highly politicized speech to the Boy Scouts of America, an organization the secretary once led. Various other Trump officials reportedly urged him to stay on at least until the end of the year, and Vice President Mike Pence counseled him on ways to ease tensions with the president.

The conflicts are numerous and mounting. Last week, in Beijing, Mr. Tillerson described efforts to explore contacts with North Korea over the nuclear issue, only to have Mr. Trump scorn the initiative as a waste of time, leaving the impression that he was focused mainly on military options. In June, Mr. Tillerson called on Saudi Arabia and other gulf states to ease their blockade of Qatar, only to have Mr. Trump endorse the crackdown. The Trump administration has twice certified that Iran is complying with the terms of the nuclear deal that was one of former President Barack Obama’s major diplomatic achievements. Mr. Trump has left little doubt about his contempt for the deal.

To say the least, all of this has made matters difficult for Mr. Tillerson, while confusing American foreign policy. Secretaries of state must be seen as having the president’s personal trust and the clout to represent him authoritatively all over the world. Mr. Trump’s behavior has only served to undermine Mr. Tillerson and raise doubts among world leaders about whether he represents the president’s true intentions. Inexplicably, Mr. Tillerson seems to be ready to hang in.

Mr. Tillerson certainly has his weaknesses. He has often seemed detached and remote and has advocated severe budget cuts that are decimating the State Department and threatening its operations abroad. But those weaknesses are nothing compared to those of an inexperienced, self-absorbed, bombastic and impulsive president.

CUBA AND THE SONIC WEAPON MYSTERY

It’s not clear what’s harming American officials in Havana, but expelling Cuban diplomats without clear cause undermines a historic détente.

Not since the Cold War has there been a diplomatic mystery as intriguing as the “sonic weapon” purportedly used against American and Canadian officials in Havana. The Trump administration has yet to identify a culprit or a device that would explain the rash of symptoms among officials first noted months ago and acknowledged in August, but these are real and deeply worrisome: hearing loss, dizziness, headaches and cognitive issues.

Every country keeps tabs on potentially hostile diplomats and spies, and the Cold War spy vs. spy games were rich in gimmickry and trickery. But deploying a tool that causes serious health problems would be a serious violation of accepted international behavior.

Cuba’s repressive government must be the prime suspect. It would certainly want to keep watch over a large batch of newly arrived American diplomats and intelligence operatives. If Cuba is found to have used some new surveillance machine, the United States would have the obligation to respond angrily.

But until there is concrete evidence about the source of the attacks, the Trump administration is wrong to expel Cuban diplomats from Washington, as it did on Tuesday. Secretary of State Rex Tillerson’s explanation that Cuba should be punished for failing to protect American diplomats presumes that Cuba was at least aware of the attacks, which the United States has neither demonstrated nor claimed.

So far, the Cuban government has strongly denied any awareness of a sonic weapon and has actively assisted American investigators. Other parties, most notably Russia, must also figure as suspects: President Vladimir Putin would probably welcome a setback to U.S.-Cuban relations.

Until something more is known, punishing Havana serves only to further undermine the sensible opening to Cuba begun under Barack Obama. President Trump has made no secret of his disdain for the détente — in June his government ordered restrictions on contacts with Cuba that have slowed the flow of visitors to the island, and last week the State Department warned Americans not to travel there, though there is no evidence that tourists are in danger. The sonic attacks on Americans are too serious to be used for cynical political ends.

The N.R.A.’s lessons for gun control

Hahrie Han

Is helpless outrage the only choice gun-control advocates have after Las Vegas? As the horrific news unfolded, share prices of major gun manufacturers rose. Market investors were trading on the ugly reality we all knew: Gun regulations would not change, but fear of them would drive sales.

Understanding the choices gun-control advocates have begins with understanding where the outsize power of the National Rifle Association originates.

Most people assume its power comes from money. The truth is that gun-control advocates have lots of money, too. Billionaires like Michael Bloomberg have pledged fortunes to supporting gun control. After mass shootings, support for sensible gun laws grows.

The N.R.A.’s power is not just about its money or number of supporters or a favorable political map. It has also built something that gun-control advocates lack: an organized base of grass-roots power.

I grew up in Texas and now live in California. I study grass-roots organizations. I am a gun-control advocate with childhood friends who are ardent gun-rights supporters. I have seen the different ways in which the gun-rights and gun-control movements have built their bases.

First, gun-control groups summon action among people who agree, while gun-rights groups engage people who do not necessarily agree in association with one another. Most people assume that people who join groups like the N.R.A. are people who support gun rights — but that is not always the case.

Consider the anti-abortion movement. The sociologist Ziad Munson has found that almost half of the activists on the front lines of the anti-abortion movement — those who protest outside abortion clinics — were not anti-abortion when they attended their first event. They attended because a friend asked them, they had just joined a new church, or they retired and had more free time. They stayed, however, because at these events, they found things we all want: friends, responsibility, a sense that what they are doing matters. By finding fellowship and responsibility, these people changed not only their views on abortion but also their commitment to act.

An organized base of grass-roots power is key to the N.R.A.’s success — and getting gun reform.

Local gun clubs and gun shops provide a similar structure for the gun-rights movement. There are more gun clubs and gun shops in the United States than there are McDonald’s. (The proportion of gun clubs affiliated with the N.R.A. is notoriously hard to track.)

My friends who support the N.R.A. did not join a club because of politics. They joined because they wanted somewhere to shoot their guns.

The base of the gun-control movement is defined not by clubs but by ideology: people who come to the movement and share a view on gun control and can be sent into action. The organizations then add up those actions to claim a base. We take it for granted that gun-control groups have to define their base by moral outrage. The truth is, it’s a choice that movement leaders

make. They can decide to work through structures or not.

Second, gun-control groups focus on persuasion, while gun-rights groups focus on identity. In many ways, my friends and I who disagree on guns are similar. But their views evolved after joining these gun groups. So did their identities. The gun-rights groups were not just persuading them to support gun rights; they were also helping my friends rearticulate their own lives in terms of a broader vision of the future. They were no longer just hunters. They were protectors of a way of life. That is why the N.R.A.’s version of gun rights is so intimately tied to questions of race and identity.

When I joined gun-control groups, I got messages about narrowly defined issues like background checks and safety locks. These messages were a pollster’s dream, tested down to the comma to maximize the likelihood that I would donate or take action. But they never challenged me to rethink who I was or what my relationship to my community was.

Third, for gun-rights groups, the work of engaging with identity and getting people to associate rests on a choice leaders made to invest in building the capacity of ordinary people to participate — and lead — in politics. When I studied groups that were most effective at building a grass-roots base, I found that the key factor to success was the nature of the relationships they created. The most effective groups used relationships as a vehicle for bringing people off the sidelines of public life and teaching them to speak truth to power. You can’t convince someone to rethink who they are or what responsibility they want to take for their community through a mailer.

I have two young children. After Sandy Hook, I joined several gun-

control organizations in a desperate effort to do something. These organizations asked me for money and sent me links for places to send emails or make phone calls. But none introduced me to anyone else in the organization or invited me to strategize about what I could do. Instead, I felt like a prop in a game under their control. I eventually asked to be taken off their lists.

Many groups, like Everytown for Gun Safety, are doing vital work to build a movement in the face of the entrenched power of the N.R.A. Reform will take more than raising money or shifting public opinion. The currency that matters in grass-roots power is commitment.

Elected officials can recognize the difference between organizations that can activate only people who are in agreement and those that can transform people who are not. The N.R.A. got over 80,000 people from all over the country to attend its annual meeting in 2017. What gun-control organization can claim the same?

Building a movement will require organizations to invest in the leadership of ordinary people by equipping them with the motivations, skills and autonomy they need to act. Most organizations never give people that opportunity.

Since the 2016 election, we have seen people engaged and hungry for the opportunity to take meaningful action. The question is, will one of the deadliest shootings of Americans in United States history prompt gun-control leaders to give people that chance?

HAHRIE HAN is a professor of political science at the University of California, Santa Barbara, and the author of “How Organizations Develop Activists: Civic Associations and Leadership in the 21st Century.”



Gun control advocates protesting outside the National Rifle Association’s headquarters in Fairfax, Va., in 2015.

Country musicians should speak out

Rosanne Cash

I’ve been a gun-control activist for 20 years. Every time I speak out on the need for stricter gun laws, I get a new profusion of threats. There’s always plenty of the garden-variety “your dad would be ashamed of you” sexist nonsense, along with the much more menacing threats to my family and personal safety.

Last year, I performed at the Concert Across America to End Gun Violence with Jackson Browne, Eddie Vedder, Marc Cohn and the Harlem Gospel Choir, and we got death threats. People wanted to kill us because we wanted to end gun violence. That’s where we are: America, 2017.

For the past few decades, the National Rifle Association has increasingly nurtured an alliance with country music artists and their fans. You can see it in “N.R.A. Country,” which promotes the artists who support the philosophical, and perhaps economic, thrall of the N.R.A., with the pernicious tag line “Celebrate the Lifestyle.”

That wholesome public relations veneer masks something deeply sinister and profoundly destructive. There is no other way to say this: The N.R.A. funds domestic terrorism.

A shadow government exists in the world of gun sales, and the people who write gun regulations are the very people who profit from gun sales. The N.R.A. would like to keep it that way.

The laws we have in place to prevent the procurement of military-style weapons by mentally ill citizens are

laughable by the standards of any civilized society. But even those pathetic restrictions would be eased if the N.R.A. had its way. Just this week, the House of Representatives was scheduled to vote on a measure that would loosen restrictions on gun silencers and armor-piercing bullets (the vote was indefinitely postponed after the Las Vegas massacre). It’s not hard to learn about how millions of N.R.A. dollars have spread throughout Congress to influence that vote.

If the proposed law had passed before the mass shooting in Las Vegas on Sunday, and the rifles in the assailant’s hotel room had been fitted with silencers, one could safely assume that the death toll would be much, much

higher. Those who ran from the concert and survived did so because they heard the gunfire. None of that matters to the N.R.A.

I encourage more artists in country and American roots music to end your silence. It is no longer enough to separate yourself quietly. The laws the N.R.A. would pass are a threat to you, your fans, and to the concerts and festivals we enjoy.

The stakes are too high to not disavow collusion with the N.R.A. Pull apart the threads of patriotism and lax gun laws that it has so subtly and

maliciously intertwined. They are not the same.

I know you’ll be bullied for speaking out. This is how they operate. Not everyone will like you for taking a stand. Let it roll off your back. Some people may burn your records or ask for refunds for tickets to your concerts. Whatever. Find the strength of moral conviction, even if it comes with a price tag, which it will. Don’t let them bully you into silence. That’s where their power lies — in the silence of rational voices and in the apathy of those who can speak truth to power.

This is a moment in American history that can’t be met with silence. According to PolitiFact, from 2005 to 2015, some 300,000 people were killed by gun violence. That’s roughly the population of Pittsburgh. The grief that extends through the affected families is endless.

Those of us who make our living in “the tower of song,” as Leonard Cohen so eloquently put it, must let our voices ring out. The N.R.A. will stick to its post-shooting playbook. It will say that we shouldn’t “politicize” the Las Vegas carnage by talking about gun control at this time, and that this isn’t about guns, it’s about people, and that even more of us should be armed to protect ourselves. Enough.

Patriotism and a belief in strong gun control are not antithetical. We need common-sense gun laws, and I hope my fellow occupants of the tower of song will join me in saying so. In unity, we can drown out the bullies.

ROSANNE CASH is a singer and songwriter whose most recent album is “The River and the Thread.”



RICK DIAMOND/GETTY IMAGES

The musicians Vince Gill and Amy Grant pray during a candlelight vigil in Nashville this week for the victims of the shooting in Las Vegas that killed 59 and injured hundreds.



Preventing more mass shootings



Nicholas Kristof

After the horrific shooting in Las Vegas, the impulse of politicians is to lower flags, offer moments of silence, and lead somber tributes. But what we need most of all isn't mourning, but action to lower the toll of guns in America.

We needn't simply acquiesce in this kind of slaughter. When Australia suffered a mass shooting in 1996, the country united behind tougher laws on firearms. The result is that the gun homicide rate was almost halved, and the gun suicide rate dropped by half, according to The Journal of Public Health Policy. America's gun homicide rate is now about 20 times Australia's.

Skeptics will say that there are no magic wands, and they're right. But it is unconscionable for politicians to continue to empower killers at this scale.

Since 1970, more Americans have died from guns (including suicides, murders and accidents) than the sum total of all the Americans who died in all the wars in American history, back to the American Revolution.

Every day, some 92 Americans die from guns, and American kids are 14 times as likely to die from guns as children in other developed countries, according to David Hemenway of Harvard.

We're not helpless. Here are modest steps we could take that would, collectively, make a difference:

1. Impose universal background checks before buying a gun. More than four out of five Americans support this measure, to prevent criminals or terrorists from obtaining guns. Harvard

research suggests that because of loopholes, 22 percent of guns are acquired without a background check.

2. Ban bump stocks, which allow semiautomatic rifles to fire more like automatics. In Las Vegas, a single gunman was able to shoot hundreds of people because he had converted guns to bump-stock firing.

3. Impose an age limit of 21 on gun purchases. This is already the law for handgun purchases in many states, and it mirrors the law on buying alcohol.

4. Enforce a ban on possession of guns by anyone subject to a domestic violence protection order. This is a moment when people are upset and prone to violence.

5. Limit gun purchases by any one person to no more than, say, two a month, and tighten rules on straw

What we need most of all isn't mourning, but action to lower the toll of guns in America.

which is useful for solving gun crimes.

7. Invest in "smart gun" purchases by police departments or the U.S. military, to promote their use. Such guns incorporate technology to restrict their operation, such as not firing without a PIN, a fingerprint or a device in proximity, like a special bracelet, so that children cannot misuse them and they are less vulnerable to theft.

8. Require safe storage, to reduce theft, suicide and accidents by children.

9. Invest in research to see what interventions will be more effective in reducing gun deaths, so we can base our policies on robust evidence.

These are all modest steps that shouldn't be controversial, and I can't claim that they would have an overwhelming effect. But public health

experts think it's plausible that well-crafted safety measures could over time reduce gun deaths by one-third — or more than 10,000 a year.

It might be that nothing could have prevented the slaughter in Las Vegas, but mass shootings are anomalies: Most gun deaths occur in ones or twos, usually with handguns (which kill far more people than assault rifles), and suicides outnumber murders. And we can chip away at gun violence as a whole.

When Connecticut tightened handgun laws, gun homicides there fell by 40 percent. Conversely, Missouri loosened handgun laws, and firearm homicides there rose by 25 percent.

In every other sphere of life, we use safety regulations to try — however imperfectly — to reduce death and injury. For example, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration has seven pages of rules about ladders, which kill 300 people a year. Yet the federal government doesn't make a serious effort to reduce gun deaths, with a toll more than 100 times as high.

Gun advocates invariably respond: Cars kill as many people as firearms, but we don't ban cars. No, but automobiles are an excellent example of intelligent regulation that makes lethal products safer.

By my calculations, we've reduced the auto fatality rate per 100 million miles driven by more than 95 percent since 1921. This was accomplished through seatbelts, airbags, padded dashboards, better bumpers, lighted roads, highway guardrails, graduated licenses for young people, crackdowns on drunken driving, and so on. We haven't eliminated auto deaths, but we have reduced the toll — and we should do the same with guns.

The gun lobby says that this isn't a time for politics. But if we can't learn lessons from tragedies, we're doomed to repeat them. Massive gun violence is a particularly American horror and is completely unnecessary.

So let's mourn. But even more important, let's act.

Sanctimony meets sex

COLLINS, FROM PAGE 1
have abortions, including his ex-wife and a patient with whom he was having an affair. DesJarlais, a physician, is still in Congress and this week he was right there voting again against other people's abortion rights.

In the case of Tim Murphy, the girlfriend's pregnancy was a false alarm. But The Post-Gazette texts showed him apologizing to her about the anti-abortion Facebook posts. He then denied having written them and blamed everything on "staff."

Murphy's district is so safe he could be re-elected if he eloped with a gerbil. But the House Republicans were reported to be talking about getting him to resign, and he announced he'd leave at the end of his term.

Murphy is not one of those genial lawmakers whose affable demeanor makes him popular with his peers. Or even with his own office. The Post-Gazette also came up with a memo, apparently written by his chief of staff, complaining about constant turnover due to his "hostile, erratic, unstable, angry, aggressive and abusive behavior."

There was also a reference to an evening in which Murphy drove some of his staff members to an event in the pouring rain. His "dangerous and erratic" performance behind the wheel was possibly due to the fact that, according to the memo, he was also reading his iPad, playing YouTube videos and texting.

Have I mentioned that Murphy is also the only practicing psychologist in Congress? And co-chairman of the Mental Health Caucus? True fact.

We've gotten a long way in this story without mentioning Donald Trump. So let's get back to the anti-abortion bill

that Murphy was so shamelessly supporting. Late abortions aren't popular with anybody. The sparse information available suggests that women who choose to have them often delay making a decision because they're young, short on money and short on education.

If so, the most effective way to fight against late-term abortions would obviously be programs like teen pregnancy prevention. And making it easy for low-income women to afford contraceptives. And providing easy access to clinics like Planned Parenthood that offer both health services and counseling on effective birth control.

We hardly need to point out that these are all things the Trump administration is trying to defund. When former Health and Human Services Secretary Tom Price wasn't busy flying around in private planes, he was waging war on federal services that are targeted at stopping unwanted pregnancies. The underlings who are still running the show appear to be gearing up for an abstinence-only approach to sex education, possibly the single most effective way to guarantee a surge of demand for abortion in the future.

And the Republican majority seems keen on cutting back spending on health care for poor children.

"I don't know anything else to call that but pure hypocrisy: We love it until it is born, and then it is somebody else's problem," said Representative Louise Slaughter of New York, who was leading the Democratic opposition to the anti-abortion bill.

So that's our story. The moral is to beware of aggrieved, texting girlfriends. And politicians who want to be called pro-life without having to pay for it.

Gory videos by jihadists

COTTEE, FROM PAGE 15
gagement with Islamic State videos. But it does yield some suggestive findings, not least of which concerns the dark power of this propaganda.

In "The Anatomy of Disgust," the legal scholar William Ian Miller observes that "something makes us look at the bloody auto accident, thrill to movies of horror, gore, and violence; something makes porn big business and still draws people to circus side-shows." It isn't clear what that something is, but it can be certain that the Islamic State understands the basic dynamic, because for all the disgust, discomfort and fear that its beheading videos evoke, something makes us — or many of us, at least — want to look.

Perhaps more important, our survey suggests that even among those who hold a negative view of the Islamic State, the softer image of the group cultivated in so much of its propaganda seems to resonate positively among a significant number of people.

The broader question of how exposure to the Islamic State's online content features in the radicalization of jihadists is not answered in our research. It may, in fact, be unanswerable, given how difficult it is to disentangle the myriad causal threads in the complex process by which someone becomes radicalized. But there is still much that can be learned about the role and affective impact of jihadist propaganda.

SIMON COTTEE is a senior lecturer in criminology at the University of Kent and a contributing writer to The Atlantic.

Blood pact with the N.R.A.



Charles M. Blow

We are once again in the throes of a worn and increasingly fruitless post-massacre protocol that ritualizes our stages of grief and anesthetizes our expectations of action.

On Sunday night, 64-year-old Stephen Paddock, taking a sniper's position on the 32nd floor of a hotel, rained bullets down on a country music concert, killing 59 at latest count and injuring over 500 others.

We have had our initial shock and outrage. We have had our sending of prayers, our thoughts-are-with-yous, moments of silence and mournful vigils. We have had our recognizing of heroes, honoring of emergency medical workers and praising of community spirit. We have had — and continue to have — our partisan thirst to understand the motive, but just as important, to see if we can hang the murders like an albatross around the neck of political opponents.

And we have had the ridiculous debate about when the right time is to talk about the American gun fetish and how to help prevent future attacks.

I call this part ridiculous because there is not another word for it. What does it mean to say "Don't politicize the shooting"? Politics is why there has been no substantial federal movement on gun control in recent decades. Politics is why the National Rifle Association greases palms and raps knuckles. Politics is why we are here. Everything in America is political. Also, anytime an American uses a gun to kill another American, that is precisely the right time to talk about how to prevent that from happening again.

Indeed, as The New York Times pointed out this week, in the 477 days from June 1, 2016, to Oct. 1, 2017, there were 521 mass shootings. Finding a long enough lull to discuss this issue is almost impossible. There will always soon be another shooting.

Whether we talk about it now or later, there is little to no hope for federal action on gun control. The modern gun debate, as it has been argued for decades, is dead.

ades, is dead.

When we learned, to our great horror, that Adam Lanza had slaughtered 20 6- and 7-year-olds in their school in Newtown, Conn., along with teachers, teachers' aides, a school psychologist and the principal — and Congress did nothing — the modern gun debate moved irreversibly toward its death.

When we learned, to our great horror, that Dylann Roof, after strolling into a South Carolina Bible study and being welcomed by strangers, waited for them to close their eyes for the benediction before unloading his Glock .45-caliber until nine of the worshipers were dead — and Congress did nothing — the modern gun debate moved further toward its death.

When we learned, to our great horror, that Omar Mateen had walked into a crowded gay nightclub in Orlando and massacred 49 people (wounding 53 others) — and we did nothing — the modern gun debate finally died.

The modern gun debate, as it has been argued for decades, is dead.

America and used their instruments of death to lay waste to other Americans.

And yet somehow, the people with the power to do something about this have made the decision to do nothing. They have calculated that the blood running through our streets is an acceptable level of collateral damage to secure and maintain an increasingly unfettered right to bear arms.

For better — or probably worse — politicians who maintain a do-nothing position on gun control assume a military silence in the wake of these tragedies. But the Republican Party's propagandists become afflicted with logorrhea. The increasingly incoherent televangelist Pat Robertson went so far as to blame the Las Vegas shooting on a culture of disrespect, including "profound disrespect of our president" and "disrespect, now, for our national anthem."

So, let me get this straight: Because Americans refuse to respect a bigoted, white supremacist, misogynist, transphobic bully with fascist leanings and Colin Kaepernick took a knee during the anthem to quietly protest racial injustice and police violence, Paddock shot up a country music festival? Ummm, yeah, right. But in a way, the gun-control

debate had been dying all along.

It died a little bit when much of America simply accepted that we have at least as many guns as people. It died a little when Americans accepted that over 30,000 people a year die of gun injuries in this country. It died a little bit when every American didn't see as an untenable perversion the fact that in the wake of mass shootings, gun sales and gun stocks rise instead of fall. It died a little when Americans began to accept as normal something that is absolutely not normal.

America is an anomaly. We stand alone. When it comes to this particular kind and scale of gun violence, America is exceptional. And yet, the fact here is that the N.R.A., the gun lobby and their congressional co-conspirators have, unfortunately, won this round. They have proved that the fear of infringement is thicker than the blood of children. That is why we have to construct a postmodern gun debate, one that recognizes that America is sodden with weaponry, much of it military grade, and that those weapons already in circulation will have a long shelf life even if the sale of new ones is banned.

We have to develop language for having a conversation that centers on the deconstruction of fear and the elevation of public health and safety, rather than solely on the right to purchase and possess particular kinds of weapons.

Many people who buy guns are simply racked with an irrational fear, one of several concocted and promoted by the N.R.A.: fear of crime or fear of government. Either way, the logical conclusion of these fears is apocalyptic. Crime is simply not as pervasive as people think; weapons are harder to get and properly use in response to crime than people think, and the government is neither nearing tyranny and totalitarianism (although I sometimes think it would be if this administration had its druthers) nor plotting confiscations.

It took us some time to get to this place, and it will take us some time to walk back from it, but we have to start somewhere, even somewhere small, to get over the fear, to wind people down from the anxiety they have been trained to nurse.

Republicans made a blood pact with the N.R.A., and that has prevented us from making any progress. Individual Americans are going to have to awaken to the reality that our gun hoarding has become a hysteria and we are actually safer as a country with fewer weapons, rather than with more of them.

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Culture

‘Blade Runner 2049’: Out of original’s shadow

MOVIE REVIEW

BLADE RUNNER 2049
Rated R. Androids dream of some pretty sexy business. Running time: 2 hours 43 minutes.

BY A. O. SCOTT

A lot of the movies released in the late 1970s and early ’80s have spawned franchises, merchandising empires and what we are now invited to call “cinematic universes.” “Blade Runner,” Ridley Scott’s initially underrated 1982 adaptation of a novel by Philip K. Dick, accomplished something more unusual. It sent tendrils of influence — pictorial, conceptual and spiritual — into every corner of the culture and inspired a mystery cult.

Like other sacred texts, the film invites doctrinal arguments and esoteric inquiries. One of my fondest memories as a father and a film critic is of an impromptu post-screening seminar with two 11-year-olds about occult meanings and hidden clues in the director’s cut. How do we know (if indeed we do know) that Harrison Ford is a replicant? What is the significance of the origami horse? Are Sean Young’s shoulder pads for real?

Alongside these basic interpretive questions, an academic subfield has blossomed, isolating “Blade Runner” as one of the original symptoms of postmodernism, a terminal and interminable disease of the mind. The film’s blend of curatorial nostalgia and dystopian prophecy captured a mood of self-conscious melancholy in its moment and set a tone of melancholy self-consciousness that has endured ever since. Maybe the real world never quite achieved the smoky neon-noir glow of Mr. Scott’s Los Angeles, but the map of our collective dream world was permanently redrawn.

The precise future “Blade Runner” projected is now less than two years away, and the next chapter, once something to be dreaded, seems, if anything, overdue. “Blade Runner 2049,” directed by Denis Villeneuve from a script by Hampton Fancher and Michael Green, tries both to honor the original and to slip free of its considerable shadow. That’s no easy feat, and it’s worth noting right away that, in narrow movie terms, Mr. Villeneuve, who also directed “Arrival,” mostly succeeds. From the opening aerial shots of a thoroughly denatured agricultural landscape and the lethal confrontation that follows, we know we are in the presence of a masterly visual tactician and a shrewd storyteller.

We are also in territory that is both familiar and disorienting. A brief note explains what has and hasn’t changed in the 30 years since the events in the first “Blade Runner.” Three-wheeled spinners still zoom through the California skies, and the building-size video advertisements have evolved into seductive, R-rated holograms. The titular profession — hunting down and “retiring” renegade members of the almost-human, genetically engineered android species known as replicants — is practiced with the same brutal doggedness as in the old days.

A new, more obedient type of replicant has been developed by a corporation led by a tech visionary played by Jared Leto. (His lieutenant Luv is played by Sylvia Hoeks, a far more vivid and persuasively terrifying presence than the mannered Mr. Leto.) One



PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN VAUGHAN/ALCON ENTERTAINMENT; WARNER BROS. PICTURES

Ryan Gosling, who plays Officer K in “Blade Runner 2049,” is something close to what Harrison Ford was 35 years ago: the embodiment of Hollywood’s ideal of masculine cool.



of these models is our hero, an L.A.P.D. employee known as K. (It’s an abbreviation of his serial number and also, maybe, an allusion to Franz Kafka’s avatar of modern alienation. That poor fellow’s full name was Josef K; when this K acquires a human pseudonym, it’s Joe.)

Speaking of avatars of alienation, K moves through his days with the unhurried shuffle and downcast baby blues of Ryan Gosling. This is impeccable casting. Mr. Gosling’s ability to elicit sympathy while seeming too

distracted to want it — his knack for making boredom look like passion and vice versa — makes him a perfect warm-blooded robot for our time. He is also, in 2017, something close to what Harrison Ford was 35 years ago: the contemporary embodiment of Hollywood’s venerable ideal of masculine cool, a guy whose toughness will turn out to be the protective shell encasing a tender soul.

At first, of course, we must take that sensitivity on faith. K does his grim job thoroughly and without complaint,

showing the weary, cynical patience of an old-time shamus. His commander (Robin Wright) is a human who believes that everything depends on policing the border between her kind and K’s. The whole point of “Blade Runner,” though, is that such boundaries are always blurred and porous. K comes home each night from work to the company of Joi (Ana de Armas), his devoted girlfriend, who happens to be a commercially produced artificial intelligence application.

We are prepared to acknowledge the



Jared Leto, above, plays a tech visionary whose corporation has developed a new, more obedient type of replicant. Left, Mr. Gosling with Sylvia Hoeks in the film.

pathos and the paradox of her condition, which is a version of K’s own. The idea that synthetic humans harbor feelings, desires and dreams — that they are mirrors of us, that we are replicas of them — has long been a staple of speculative cinema. “Blade Runner 2049” does not wander as deep into this ontological thicket as, say, Steven Spielberg’s “A.I.” or Spike Jonze’s “Her,” but like those movies it uses the conceit of the suffering cyborg as ethical and emotional ballast, a spur to the audience’s curiosity as well as

our compassion. A political theme also asserts itself: These replicants are an enslaved labor force; their exploitation is the fuel on which this civilization runs.

There is a something to think about here, a fair amount to feel and even more to see. Mr. Villeneuve has conspired with the cinematographer, Roger A. Deakins; the production designer, Dennis Gassner; and the special effects team to create zones of strangeness that occasionally rise to the level of sublimity. The movies Mr. Villeneuve has directed — his recent English-language features include “Sicario,” “Prisoners” and “Arrival” — are full of violence and psychological intensity, but what distinguishes them from other high-end genre spectacles is an unnerving calm, as if he were exploring and trying to synthesize the human and mechanical sides of his own sensibility.

Movies are by their nature hybrids of technology and sentiment, machines for the delivery of human emotion. The first “Blade Runner” approached this as a philosophical problem and an artistic challenge. Mr. Scott used imagery borrowed from old Hollywood, German Expressionism and the nascent art of music video to create a dazzlingly artificial environment where authenticity was out of the question. Except, of course, that it was the question: How do we know what is real, ourselves included?

“I know what’s real,” says the hero of that movie when — at long last! — he shows up in this one. K finds Deckard, the original Blade Runner (Mr. Ford, as if I needed to tell you), in an abandoned Las Vegas casino, surrounded by shimmering bottles of whiskey and primitive 3-D projections of Elvis and Frank Sinatra. Mr. Gosling, suddenly overmatched in the masculine cool department, acquires himself well enough, and Mr. Ford does exactly what you expect him to do.

Which is not something I’m going to explain, at least as far as it relates to the story. The studio has been unusually insistent in its pleas to critics not to reveal plot points. That’s fair enough, but it’s also evidence of how imaginatively impoverished big-budget movies have become. Like any great movie, Mr. Scott’s “Blade Runner” cannot be spoiled. It repays repeated viewing because its mysteries are too deep to be solved and don’t depend on the sequence of events. Mr. Villeneuve’s film, by contrast, is a carefully engineered narrative puzzle, and its power dissipates as the pieces snap into place. As sumptuous and surprising as it is from one scene to the next, it lacks the creative excess and the intriguing opacity of its predecessor.

As such, “Blade Runner 2049” stands in relation to “Blade Runner” almost exactly as K stands in relation to Deckard before the two meet: as a more docile, less rebellious “improvement,” tweaked and retrofitted to meet consumer demand. And the customers are likely to be satisfied. But now and then — when K and Deckard are knocking around the old gambling palace; when K visits an enigmatic mind-technician played by Mackenzie Davis — you get an inkling that something else might have been possible. Something freer, more romantic, less determined by the corporate program.

Then again: Who knows at this point if that sense of loss, of lost possibility, is even real? It might be nothing more than an artificially implanted memory.

Augmenting the reality of China’s terra cotta warriors

PHILADELPHIA

Exhibit lets visitors use an app on their phones to arm the ancient figures

BY JON HURDLE

Imagine pointing your phone at China’s ancient terra cotta warriors to arm them with spears and bows, weapons that disintegrated long ago.

For many people, the Franklin Institute’s new exhibition, “Terracotta Warriors of the First Emperor,” will be the only chance to see a small subset of the approximately 8,000 clay soldiers and other figures that were discovered beneath a Chinese persimmon orchard in 1974. Some 2,200 years ago, they were produced by the emperor Qin Shihuangdi in a huge public works project that lasted about 30 years.

While some of these 10 warriors have been exhibited elsewhere, the institute is enhancing the experience with augmented reality technology to digitally recreate weapons and other objects that were originally held by the statues. The original artifacts crumbled and vanished as earthen walls and roof timbers collapsed during the warriors’ long occupancy of three underground pits.

Three-dimensional images of the objects and the statues have been developed using photogrammetry, a process based on taking thousands of photo-

graphs. Technology experts worked with curators to digitally recreate objects like swords and spears that were held by the warriors.

They did the same with the two non-military figures in the show — a civil official and a musician — to represent objects that they would have held or stood next to.

The technology is available to museumgoers through an app that they can download to their smartphones when they book tickets or arrive at the museum. Visitors can activate the digital images of the warriors’ weapons by holding their phones in front of a two-dimensional “target” that’s fixed to the interpretive display with each statue.

Once a “missing” object like a spear appears on the viewer’s phone, it can be manipulated to allow the user to see features such as shape and color.

Technologists ensured the historical accuracy of the images by drawing on the expertise of the museum staff.

“The curators worked with the developers on what type of metal this would be, what type of wood this would have been, so it really takes you back in time to see the weapons as they would have been originally made,” said Susan Poulton, the institute’s chief digital officer. “When you see the pits, you really don’t see them really holding all their weaponry, and this gives you a chance to see how they would have stood in the original pit.”

In coming weeks, the Institute will upgrade the technology so that visitors can activate the augmented reality simply



DAVID HOGSHOLT FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Some of the terra cotta warriors, left, in their original setting in central China. At right, capturing images for the augmented reality exhibit in Philadelphia.

by pointing their phones at the statues themselves.

Ms. Poulton said the adoption of technology recognizes that many museumgoers, especially millennials and their children, want to be able to use their phones to enhance the museum experience.

“It’s not that they think it’s a distraction,” she said. “They expect to be able to experience this exhibit through their phone. And that’s only going to grow, as millennials have kids. How do we meet the visitors where they are technologically, instead of trying to bring them to where we want them to be?”

The process of discovery using technology mirrors the recreation of the warriors themselves, all of which were in pieces when they were found, reduced to fragments in their underground home over two millennia.

The exhibition, which also includes hundreds of associated artifacts from museums around China, aims to tell the story not only of how the emperor created his enormous retinue for the afterlife but how the figures were rebuilt despite the absence of any guide or template.

“They needed to sort the pieces of the armored officer from the pieces of the archer that might have been standing



FRANKLIN INSTITUTE

beside him, and they were all mixed together,” said Karen Elinich, the exhibition’s co-curator. “This is a monumental feat of archaeology and conservation.” Even though objects such as spears and swords had disappeared from the warriors’ grasp long before they were unearthed, scholars have been able to infer what the figures would have been carrying by drawing conclusions based on rank and function, and by examining the position of the figures’ hands, Ms. Elinich said.

Archers, for example, would have held crossbows, while cavalymen would have been made with one hand

holding a horse’s reins, leaving the other free to hold a spear. In each case, scholarship has been used to inform the creation of the digital images.

It’s the first time the museum has used augmented reality, to engage more visitors. The technology is part of a process that will eventually include artificial intelligence, said Larry Dubinski, the institute’s president.

“Our goal is not only to show what this technology can do, but also what visitors can learn from it,” he said.

The exhibit, “Terracotta Warriors of the First Emperor,” opens Saturday and runs until March 4, 2018.

‘Lear’ reimagined: Sad end isn’t optional

In a modern adaptation, Edward St. Aubyn writes of an aging media mogul

BY ALEXANDRA ALTER

“We’re off our meds,” Henry Dunbar, the protagonist of Edward St. Aubyn’s modern retelling of Shakespeare’s “King Lear,” whispers in the novel’s arresting opening sentence.

“We’re off our meds/ we’re off our heads,” Peter Walker — a stand-in for Lear’s fool — sings back giddily in response.

In “Dunbar,” Mr. St. Aubyn’s reimagining of the tragedy, Lear is an 80-year-old Canadian corporate titan whose global media empire and legacy are under threat from his rapacious daughters, Megan and Abigail. The pair have him drugged and committed to a sanitarium in rural England as they plot to take over his empire. Meanwhile, Dunbar, blinded by pride, greed and paranoia, has alienated those most loyal to him, including Florence, his third daughter, who attempts to rescue him and foil her sisters’s plot. After he flees the asylum, with the help of his fellow patient, the unhinged alcoholic comedian Walker, he starts to grasp the depth of his daughters’ treachery and the magnitude of his own ignorance and arrogance.

“Dunbar” is the latest entry in the Hogarth Shakespeare project, which pairs contemporary novelists with Shakespeare’s timeless dramas and has attracted a parade of prominent writers, including Margaret Atwood, Gillian Flynn, Howard Jacobson, Jo Nesbo and Anne Tyler.

Plenty of towering literary figures — among them Balzac, Turgenev, and the Pulitzer Prize winning novelist Jane Smiley — have taken inspiration from King Lear. But few writers are as well equipped as Mr. St. Aubyn to tackle the tragedy, a dark, twisted and violent family drama about a megalomaniacal monarch’s dysfunctional relationship with his heirs. He’s covered similar emotional and psychological territory in his Patrick Melrose series, which chronicle the violence and sexual abuse he suffered as a child, his descent into alcoholism and heroin addiction and his struggles as a husband and parent.

He’s so familiar with Lear — he studied the text intensely as a young man — that in conversation, he effortlessly recites from the play verbatim.

“Shakespeare just gets into your blood after a while,” he said. “He’s inevitably a gigantic influence on anyone writing in English.” Mr. St. Aubyn spoke with Alexandra Alter about reimagining Lear, and why the play resonates more than 400 years after it was written.

How did you come to the Hogarth Shakespeare project, and what made you choose ‘King Lear’?

I heard about it and I discussed it with my agent, who talked to the head of Hogarth Shakespeare, and they were very enthusiastic about me participating. I was between novels. And then I was given a choice of plays that hadn’t



ANDREW TESTA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Edward St. Aubyn has produced the latest entry in the Hogarth Shakespeare project, which pairs contemporary novelists with Shakespeare’s timeless dramas.

already been reimagined. Looking at the list, I thought I was better suited to “King Lear,” rather than “Romeo and Juliet.” Love is not my specialty, relative to unhappy families and failing fathers and the misuse of power.

I like Lear for being very familial and political, as well as metaphysical. Lear’s got everything, which is why it was the greatest challenge. In fact, I thought it was too big a challenge at one point.

Why was that?

I thought, I won’t reread the play straight away, I’ll get a film. I got Peter Brook’s film. It was so bleak that I staggered to the phone and called my agent and said, ‘Let me write a chapter before I sign.’ Then when I reread the play, I got another wave of anxiety, a sort of, don’t mess with the Bard anxiety. The towering rhetoric of the play. So I felt I needed to hurry away from the original like someone leaving a burning building, and sort of make it my own and not go back to the lan-

guage again, so I never looked again at Lear.

I didn’t want to get into too many verbal reverberations, unless they arose naturally, or too many pedantic parallels.

It must have been nerve-racking, taking on one of Shakespeare’s most widely known and beloved works.

That was just anxiety, and the anxiety took that form, why wouldn’t it? Once I started writing, I was writing a novel by me. There wasn’t any competition, it’s just a cascade of influence, which is there throughout literature. Balzac wrote a Lear novel. Turgenev wrote a Lear novel. No one complains about “Paradise Lost” being based on the Bible.

And Shakespeare stole from everyone.

Shakespeare was the ultimate adapter. He really lost the plot when he wasn’t taking it from someone else. Originality, pure originality, is overrated.

Some of the enduring themes of Lear — power and violence, and particularly how those are deployed in parent-child relationships, and the subversion of the natural order when it comes to parent-child bonds — also come up in your Patrick Melrose novels. Do you think writing about your traumatic family history prepared you in some ways to recast Lear?

I think it was rather the other way around, in that it was a great relief to be writing about someone else’s unhappiness. “Dunbar” was more of a holiday — oh, someone else’s unhappy family, what a relief not to be so burningly personal. But of course, in another sense, preparation is the right word, in that I knew about what drew me to Lear. I’ve already written about the misuse of power and unhappy families and tyrannical fathers. So yes, I do think that’s completely legitimate. And oddly enough, I never reread my books, but I had to reread “Mother’s Milk” the other day for BBC Radio 4

Bookclub. The format is that a lot of people read the book and they ask you questions. They’re immersed in the book, and I had only a hazy recollection of it, so I reread it, and it’s riddled with references to Lear.

Your version of Lear is a ruthless Canadian media mogul. Why did a media titan seem like a fitting parallel for a monarch?

I wanted to keep the political dimension of it, so I needed to have someone who was powerful, and a king obviously doesn’t make the grade in the 21st century. I felt elected politicians were these brief summers of electoral democracy, and I wanted to deal with the permafrost of power, the people who are always there. Administrations come and go and prime ministers come and go. I think that [a media titan] is the modern analog to a king.

The themes of the play — power, hubris, blindness — certainly resonate now, and perhaps they res-

onate in every era. In what ways do you think Lear speaks to this moment in history?

It was important to me to keep the political dimension or public dimension, because right at the heart of Lear is that wonderful moment where he goes into the shelter during the storm and he sees all the poor wretches and says, “I’ve taken too little care of this. Take physic, pomp. Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel, that thou mayst shake the superflux to them, and show the heavens more just.” Not that I put that in directly, but you couldn’t have that sort of dimension unless Lear was a powerful man in my version. And I do think that little manifesto about wealth distribution is an interesting thing to put in the middle of a tragedy. Especially now.

Based on the description of the novel, there’s been early speculation that Dunbar is a Rupert Murdoch-like figure. Were you aiming to evoke him?

No, absolutely not. I was just thinking of King Lear and bringing him into the 21st century. I was trying to write about this universal and famous figure, but I clothed him as a media mogul. But I wasn’t naïvely unaware that when the communication landed, that some people might think of a real figure. Someone in California said, this is obviously Sumner Redstone, but I had never heard of Sumner Redstone, so in a sense they can’t be right. Someone thought it was Trump, but I finished it before Trump became president. This is the miracle of reading, it’s a collaborative enterprise. The text merges with the imagination and experience of the reader and becomes something slightly different in every mind.

The final scene of Lear is almost hopelessly grim. In your version, the ending is bleak but also allows for some ambiguity. Did you always have that ending in mind, or did it emerge as you were writing, and how faithful did you feel you had to be to the original?

I had nothing in mind. I really am one of those writers who makes it up as I go along. I was so upset by the last scene I actually cried. I kept hoping that nothing would go wrong, but I knew that something ought to go wrong. I wasn’t going to be Nahum Tate. Do you know about Nahum Tate?

I don’t.

In 1681, he wrote a new version of Lear. He was like the Hollywood executive who was like, we need a happy ending! Cordelia and Lear go off happily, and the baddies get punished, and they all live happily ever after. And that was the only version of Lear that was performed between 1681 and 1838, so for 150 years, there was no real Lear except as a text. People could read it, but it was never performed, because it was considered too morally harrowing. I didn’t know what I was going to do when I set out writing this novel, but I knew that I didn’t want to be Nahum Tate Two. I knew that it had to be a tragedy.

This interview has been condensed and edited.

A hard look at race, identity and Trump

BOOK REVIEW

WE WERE EIGHT YEARS IN POWER: AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

By Ta-Nehisi Coates. 367 pp. One World. \$28.

BY JENNIFER SENIOR

Ta-Nehisi Coates’s “We Were Eight Years in Power” had yet to come out, but it had already generated a storm of discussion. The Atlantic ran an excerpt; conservatives went on the attack; George Packer, a highly-regarded and left-leaning journalist who got caught in Coates’s cross hairs, issued a rebuttal. A new book from Coates is not merely a literary event. It’s a launch from Cape Canaveral. There’s a lot of awe, heat, resistance.

The simplest way to describe “We Were Eight Years in Power” is as a selection of Coates’s most influential pieces from The Atlantic, organized chronologically. The book is actually far more than that, but for now let’s stick with those pieces, which have established Coates as the pre-eminent black public intellectual of his generation.

It’s not an accident that these reported essays span the years of Barack Obama’s presidency. “Obama’s presence opened a new field for writers,” Coates writes, “and what began as curiosity about the man himself eventually expanded into curiosity about the community he had so consciously made his home and all the old, fitfully slumbering questions he’d awakened about American identity.”

Coates was one of the first to show up to discuss all three of these themes: The man, the community, our national

identity. He critiqued respectability politics. He wrote about mass incarceration. He wrote about Michelle Obama and Chicago’s South Side. He wrote about how Barack Obama was exceptional, in many senses, and about the paradoxical limits of the first black president’s power to address race and racism. He wrote about the qualitative difference between white economic prospects and black economic prospects, thanks to discriminatory policies promulgated by the government, even during progressive times, and about how, in his view, reparations would be the only way to redress the problem.

Coates often discussed matters of race in a way that many African-Americans wished Obama could have.

One of the book’s most persistent, recurrent themes, a shuttle that flies through the loom, is that black progress is always met with a violent backlash — the modern apotheosis of which was the election of Donald J. Trump. Most of these pieces force a reckoning with ideas that people, mainly whites, avoid contemplating or reject or insist (sometimes rightly) are more complicated: That American democracy was predicated on an enslaved class of Africans; that most white Americans still can’t tolerate the idea of equality; that acknowledging the many legacies of slavery is too much to ask of most whites, because it would disrupt our conception of our country and ourselves.

Coates provokes and invites argument. He’s had a rich life as a blogger, and one of the ways he’s learned — he’s not shy about noting he’s an autodidact — has been through his many followers. It’s as if he’s still carrying on the conversation in his magazine



COLE WILSON FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Ta-Nehisi Coates sees violent backlash.

stories.

As indispensable as his voice is, he might well have been crowned “America’s best writer on race,” as one newspaper put it, prematurely. Simply reading and name-checking him came to feel sufficient for some white readers, preventing them from consuming other African-American voices with different points of view and different readings of history.

But taking in Coates’s essays from start to finish is still a bracing thing, like drinking a triple scotch, neat.

Perhaps an even more compelling reason to read “We Were Eight Years in Power” is for the new material Coates has written. He introduces each magazine story with an essay that serves not just as connective tissue, binding one work to the next, but as meta-commentary, reminiscent of Mary McCarthy’s italicized re-reflec-

tions in “Memories of a Catholic Girlhood.” He calls each one “a kind of extended blog post,” offering a glimpse into what he was thinking and feeling when he wrote the article that follows it. You see in these mini-essays the same mixture of feelings that saturated his two previous works, “The Beautiful Struggle” and “Between the World and Me”: pessimism and vulnerability, mistrust and melancholy, anger and resignation. You realize they must inform, to some degree, his outlook and his journalism. “I had no expectations of white people at all,” he writes at one point.

His disposition also informs his reaction to the experience of sudden celebrity. Coates was dogged by feelings of failure and inadequacy, even after he published his first story for The Atlantic, which landed with a splash and a whorl. (“My chief identity, to my mind, was not *writer* but *college dropout*.”) As his fame grew, he started getting invited to the White House, and he would leave those visits in a fug of self-doubt. The first time, he thought he had “failed” to get his points across to Obama; the second, he feared he had argued with the president too theatrically. “I was trying to prove to myself that I would not be cowed or seduced by power,” he writes. “It was ridiculous.”

More confusingly to him, white liberals started to bathe him in praise. Throughout his career, Coates had strained against writing anodyne pieces that would soothe the white conscience. What was “The Case for Reparations” if not an argument that sorely tested the imaginations of whites, arguing for “ideas roundly dismissed as crazy”? Yet still he was anointed. It’s a position he finds un-

comfortable, which may explain the weariness one periodically sees in Coates’s appearances before largely white audiences, when they come seeking assurance and he responds with all the encouragement of a slamming door. “What if there was no hope at all?” he asks. “Sometimes, I said as much and was often met with a kind of polite and stunned disappointment.”

This is where Coates obviously parts company with Obama, who campaigned on the very notion of hope and the perfectibility of America. Obama still seems to believe that the arc of the moral universe bends toward justice. With Obama’s election, Coates briefly allowed himself to entertain the same belief. He was quickly disenchanted. It’s clear he now believes this arc, at best, reaches an asymptote — that dastardly dotted line it can never quite touch. And even that’s probably too optimistic a reading.

One can understand this point of view and deeply sympathize with it. But there are times when Coates seems to unwittingly complicate it. When he writes that he realized, after living in France, that he was lucky not to have been born there — “It is, I think, the very chaos of America that allowed me to prosper” — one wishes he would reckon with this idea for more than a paragraph.

In the election of Trump, Coates sees an affirmation of his bleak worldview. “To Trump whiteness is neither notional nor symbolic but is the very core of his power,” he writes in the final essay here, recently published to much attention in The Atlantic. “Every Trump voter is most certainly not a white supremacist,” Coates writes. “But every Trump voter felt it acceptable to hand the fate of the country

over to one.”

In their quest for affirmation, it’s true that human beings have a depressing capacity for selective listening. Some white voters without a college education, Trump’s most overwhelmingly enthusiastic constituency, took his racism far less seriously than they should have, or just overlooked it — and those are the best-case scenarios. Others privileged their anti-abortion beliefs above all else, or their fealty to the Republican Party, or (in a different vein entirely) their hatred of Washington, hoping to shake the Elch A Sketch and start anew. Or they thought Hillary Clinton was a criminal and moral degenerate.

But I would add that many of us can listen selectively — including Coates. In the first piece in this collection, he recalls the exhilaration of attending the Million Man March organized by Louis Farrakhan. “For us, Farrakhan’s opinions on the Jews mostly seemed beside the point,” he writes. “What stuck was the chance to assert our humanity and our manhood by marching on the Mall, and not acting like we were all fresh out of San Quentin.”

He had to hold contradictions in his head in order to allow himself to get swept up in a moment led by an inflammatory figure. Some Trump voters may have done the same.

It is to Coates’s credit, though, that by the time you’re done reading “We Were Eight Years in Power,” you also see what he does — namely, that far too many whites are overlooking what is so plainly staring them in the face, and that America couldn’t have a black president without boomeranging back to its ugliest self.

Hence Coates’s subtitle: An American tragedy.

TRAVEL

Vancouver Island, through an artist’s eyes

FOOTSTEPS

Emily Carr’s concerns about the environment still find resonance today

BY SUZANNE MACNEILLE

A light rain was falling in Victoria, but it wasn’t keeping anyone inside on a Saturday afternoon. The horse-drawn carriages and pedicabs were out in force, a ska band was tuning up by the harbor, and all along Wharf Street, people strolled, most of them without umbrellas. This was British Columbia, after all, and no one was going to let a little rain get in the way.

Fresh off the ferry, a friend and I joined the other sodden tourists heading to the Inner Harbour, where some of the city’s most splendid buildings are gathered: the British Columbia Parliament complex, with its arched doorways, domes and oceanic lawn; and the Fairmont Empress, a grande dame of a hotel, with its own set of weathered domes and turn-of-the-last-century details; a place where afternoon tea, with all the attendant rigmarole, is a ritual kept alive and well by those seeking to immerse themselves in a city that Emily Carr once called “the most English-tasting bit of all Canada.”

And who, you might ask, is Emily Carr?

She is the unexpected element in this scene: an aging woman from another era, with a monkey on her shoulder, a dog at her feet and a pad of paper on her lap. She sits — or rather a bronze sculpture of her sits — in the center of everything: on the grounds of the Empress, a place where she had experienced both intense joy (in the former conservatory) and acute boredom (in the tearoom).

Painter, writer, admirer of forests and totem poles, dubious observer of human nature, environmentalist before the word was popular, and, above all, an ardently independent woman at a time when women weren’t necessarily applauded for striking out on their own: Carr, born here in 1871, is an unlikely symbol, not just of Victoria and Vancouver Island, but, some would say, the whole of British Columbia. How she attained that status is a tale of devotion — her own devotion — to her crafts, certainly, but also to the nature and culture of the region.

On a recent visit, I relied on some of these paintings as guideposts to southern Vancouver Island (her oeuvre depicting First Nations artifacts could be the focus of an entirely different trip), along with her journal and memoirs, an excellent West Shore Arts Council map and a biography by Maria Tippett. This wouldn’t be the strictest of Emily Carr tours — I was intent on driving the Pacific Marine Circle Route, which didn’t always follow her path. Ultimately, my aim was to get a sense of the land through her eyes.

The next morning dawned gray, but dry, so we paid a visit to James Bay, a pretty neighborhood of old houses and tidy gardens. In 1863, Emily’s father, Richard Carr, arrived here with his wife and two oldest daughters. He purchased a sizable plot of land, erected an Italianate-style house and turned his land into English gardens, cow pastures and fields.

It was a magical place for Emily. In a memoir of her childhood, she writes about the flowers (“our wild Canadian lilies . . . white with bent necks and brown eyes looking back into the earth”), her older sisters, her gentle, unwell mother and her visits to her father’s import business on Wharf Street; from there she could observe with great interest the Songhees First Nations reserve across the harbor.

Carr would eventually travel to places like San Francisco and Europe, where she studied art; to eastern Canada, where she was featured in exhibitions, and was befriended by the landscape artist Lawren Harris; to Vancouver, where she taught art; and to New York, where she met Georgia O’Keeffe. She also took arduous journeys to remote areas of British Columbia and Alaska to sketch indigenous artifacts.

But most of her life was spent in James Bay, where she lived, worked and, in a priory that is now an inn, died, in 1945.

Painting didn’t pay the bills, and so she ran a boardinghouse where her tenants ranged from “inanimate, mincing ninnies” to “door slammers.” The house, which is on Simcoe Street, is around the corner from the Emily Carr House, with its small rooms crammed with books, prints, old china, furniture and, in high season, Emily Carr fans.

In cooler months, the house is closed, but do walk by; in the yard, you might glimpse the “Elephant,” the trailer-like caravan that Carr acquired in 1933 for sketching trips.

But inspiration was also nearer at hand: Beacon Hill Park, the subject of many Carr paintings. Western red cedars, Douglas firs, ponds, peacocks, frothy fountains and stone bridges (one is named for Carr): It is an enchanting park, and, occasionally, a place of high drama. As we strolled, a terrible screeching arose. It was nesting season, and dozens of great blue herons burst from the mid-reaches of some tall trees. The reason for their frenzy: a bald eagle circling overhead patiently, menacingly. It was a drama that showed no signs of



ROBERT LEON FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

abating by the time we left.

When Emily was a teenager, her mother died, and she became mysteriously distant from her father. Though she would remain close to her older sisters and had a few friends, loneliness remained a constant theme in her journals; marriage and a life of afternoon tea at the Empress seemed unlikely and undesirable. She once compared herself to “a lone old tree.”

But she also took pleasure in solitude, writing stories deep into the night, and sketching during the day. Though her work received praise, she trusted none of it. Success for her was a complex, spiritual matter; the business of melding art and godliness was an unending quest.

And, of course, she had her animals for company: a Javanese monkey who got into all sorts of trouble, multiple dogs and a white rat.

And then there was the forest. “I sought my companionship out in the woods and trees rather than persons,” she wrote.

With the aid of the Elephant, she began producing some of her best work as she entered her 60s. “Nothing ever, ever stands still,” she wrote, “and we never, never catch up.”

It doesn’t take long to find wilderness on Vancouver Island. On another overcast afternoon, we pulled into a parking lot about 10 miles outside Victoria, and walked down a wide trail. This was Goldstream Provincial Park, more than 900 acres of Douglas fir, cedar, hemlock and other trees; through it all runs a river where salmon spawn each fall.

In 1933, Emily had the Elephant towed to the Goldstream River flats, and there she settled down for a lengthy visit. It wasn’t her first. A few years earlier she had been there, producing sketches in

She began producing some of her best work as she entered her 60s. “Nothing ever, ever stands still, and we never, never catch up.”

which, say, a cedar branch was not a static thing, but a moving wave of foliage. (One of her most famous works, “Red Cedar,” illustrates this effect.)

No doubt she expected to experience the same productivity two years later, but a parade of parkgoers wasn’t helping. “They started early this morning — the Public,” she wrote. “The air is riled up with motor snorts, dog parks and children’s screechings.”

There were few people in the park. We arrived at the visitor’s center, which smelled of damp, fragrant wood. Outside, a deck overlooked the river; in the distance, three eagles soared above the trees.

Our goal was to reach the artsy resort town of Sooke before night fell, but we decided to backtrack in hopes of finding Esquimalt Lagoon. On the way, we stumbled upon the Royal Roads Forest, a hauntingly beautiful woodland where some of the largest Douglas firs on the island are found. We wandered in the cool, dark forest, forgetting about our

schedule.

The lagoon itself is a fragile place, a bird sanctuary protected by a wisp of land. Carr, seduced by the “wide sweeps of sea and sky,” arrived here on a beautiful spring day in 1934. A few years later she would return to this area off the coast, and find inspiration in something that was basically ugly: gravel pits. Paintings called “Above the Gravel Pit,” show scenes of denuded land and tree stumps, all beneath a brilliant, rippled sky. There would be more paintings of bare landscapes, some with spindly second- or third-growth trees struggling upward beneath a blue sky.

Michelle Jacques, the chief curator at the Art Gallery of Greater Victoria, said that the environmentally themed exhibition, “Picturing the Giants: The Changing Landscapes of Emily Carr” — which includes Carr’s two gravel pit paintings — is based on “the hypothesis that Carr was thinking about logging and environmental issues in a real way.” In British Columbia, Ms. Jacques noted, there are currently many concerns: debates over an oil pipeline and increased shipping, salmon farming, land and resource rights for indigenous groups and, of course, protection of forests.

“There’s a torn and splintered ridge across the stumps I call the ‘screamers,’” Carr wrote. “These are the unsawn last bits, the cry of the tree’s heart, wrenching and tearing apart just before she gives that sway and the dreadful groan of falling, that dreadful pause while her executioners step back with their saws and axes resting and watch.” Later on our trip, those words would resonate.

We arrived in Sooke an hour before sunset, too late to explore Sooke Hills, which Emily had visited. We stayed at a rambling hotel on the wedding circuit with wide porches overlooking the water. On a Monday, it was nearly empty. By the water four harbor seals bobbed and rolled between moored boats. The clouds had dispersed, revealing the glimmer of stars. Here, in an area where the weather is notoriously moody, the clear skies that had evaded us in the supposedly milder Victoria area, would, with luck, greet us in the morning.

We stopped for breakfast the next morning at the Sooke Harbour House, a beautiful inn with handcrafted details, a lauded restaurant and an Emily Carr guest room. Below it, Whiffen Spit, knitted with beach grass, juts out between the calm Sooke Basin and the wide open Strait of Juan de Fuca. Our map indicated that Carr may have been here.

Later we passed a road that led to a place called Malahat Farm, where, the Carr map said, the artist had signed the register in 1920. The farther west we went, the more nebulous the recordings of her presence became, yet the more we felt immersed in what we saw in paintings like her “Wood Interior” series, and in journal entries where she wrote about “the awful solemnity of age-old trees,” or the forests’ “helter-skelter magnificence.”

We found both magnificence and solemnity on trails along the way, places where the trees closed around us, and



ART GALLERY OF GREATER VICTORIA

Clockwise from left: the tide pools at Botanical Beach on the western coast of Vancouver Island; “Above the Gravel Pit” by Emily Carr; and the artist with her pets in 1930.



NAN CHENEY/THE VANCOUVER ART GALLERY ARCHIVES

the forest floor was laced with ferns. Some led to desolate beaches like Sombrio Beach, strewn with driftwood and coffee-colored ribbons of kelp, as shiny as glass in the sun. Farther west, in Port Renfrew, was Botanical Beach, where tide pools were filled with limpets, mussels and sea anemones.

No doubt, Carr would have loved Avatar Grove, situated off a steep and deeply potholed road. Here the nonprof-

it Ancient Forest Alliance has recently completed a boardwalk and stairs that lead to ancient Douglas firs and red cedars. Solemnity, magnificence: Carr’s words certainly applied here.

We drove on, past valleys, sunlit meadows, streams, grazing elk.

And then, abruptly, the landscape changed. Felled trees, like matchsticks, tumbled messily down steep slopes. It looked like a massacre, limbs strewn carelessly, gnawed bones after a meal. Shadows of clouds rippled across the bare hills in the late afternoon. So this was what clear-cutting looks like. We were speechless.

“They are their own tombstones and their own mourners,” Carr wrote of the remnants of trees that had been cut down.

We remained silent as we drove through the more populated wine-growing country of the Cowichan Valley. And then, all at once, we were on the last stretch, lined with gas stations and motels, back to Victoria.

We would be busy there in our remaining hours. We still needed to find Emily’s grave site, walk along her beloved Dallas Road, and, if time allowed, return to Beacon Hill to check on the herons. To the south, clouds were rolling in off the water, but we weren’t going to let a little rain stop us.

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Men'sStyle



Kinder and gentler Robert Raley, an inmate at the Northern Nevada Correctional Center, and Hijack on a ranch that is part of the medium-security prison in Carson City, Nev.

Wild horses, calming inmates

Men and mustangs help one another on a ranch in the high desert of Nevada

BY STEVEN KURUTZ

There's a term in the horse world known as "gentling." It refers to working with a wild horse until it becomes responsive to a trainer's commands, meaning that it no longer wants to kick you in the face. If handled properly, it even bonds with its trainer.

Gentling happens every day at the Silver State Industries ranch in Carson City, Nev., a 1,100-acre property east of the Carson Range in the vast, harsh high desert south of Reno. Up to 2,000 wild horses are corralled there at any time; a good number are trained for adoption.

The ranch is part of the Northern Nevada Correctional Center, a medium-security prison that also houses minimum-

security inmates. Twelve to 15 inmates, most of whom have little or no experience with horses, work under the instruction of a cowboy named Hank Curry. It is the inmates who do the gentling.

John Harris, an inmate who is taking part in the program, grew up on a family farm in Northern Iowa, so he wasn't a stranger to livestock. A mustang is not a barn horse, however. Often they are terrified, skittish and incredibly strong-willed from having survived in the wild.

"One time I fought with a horse for two hours to get him to walk three feet to a post," Mr. Harris, 38, said, "I was worked up. The horse was worked up."

When he started in the Wild Horse Program at the prison two years ago, "I

was a lot more aggressive with my training," Mr. Harris said. "I wanted something done now. That don't work. You have to take your time." He credited Mr. Curry for his softer approach: "Hank had to kind of gentle me."

Mr. Curry, who is 67, no longer sees his job as strictly horse trainer, as he once did. Instead, he said, "I'm a counselor, a teacher, a horse trainer. You establish pride in the guy and pride in his job, he's going to be a lot more successful when he gets out of here."

Most of the inmates he works with are nonviolent offenders, with sentences of two years or less, and they signed up for the job.

"I'm fortunate," Mr. Curry said. "I

HORSES, PAGE S4



Pulse

This month's must-haves.
By Alex Tudela



BEN SELLON

BREWING COFFEE COUTURE

“What better way to start the day than in a delectably comfortable garment brewed with velvety coffee,” said Bobby Bonaparte, 30, a partner in the clothing company Olderbrother. It may sound strange (how many times have you ruined a morning outfit with spilled coffee?), but that’s the concept behind Olderbrother’s latest collection, mocha-and-espresso-hued clothing made from natural coffee dyes. Designed by Mr. Bonaparte and Max Kingery, 29, who together founded Olderbrother, the caffeinated collection is built around basics: button-down shirts, sports coats, T-shirts and

trousers. “With the panache of a virtuoso barista, we utilize a specialized pour-over method to stain the garment,” Mr. Bonaparte said. The clothing is made from organic materials that could be, according to Mr. Bonaparte, composted in a garden. “There is no place for heavy metals or toxins in our lives so, true to that, they don’t touch our clothes,” he said. “Like a seasoned hiker, we work to leave no footprint behind.” Olderbrother’s fall collection, \$95 to \$495, available at olderbrother.us.

CLASSICS CHINOS REDUX

If humble chinos become the height of fashion next spring, credit must be given to Maurizio Donadi, the creative director of Atelier & Repairs, a Los Angeles brand known for its upcycled collection. Mr. Donadi has collaborated with the German brand Closed to reinterpret its classic chinos. “The well-constructed Closed chino has acted as a white canvas for this experiment,” Mr. Donadi said. The resulting four styles include a cropped-and-tapered version and a wide-legged version. And all feature a hand-mended look, with patches and distress marks unique to each pair. “In the fashion cycle, the chino may have come in and out of style, but for most people, the chino has remained a staple in their wardrobe for the past 70 years,” Mr. Donadi said. “We are offering our own interpretation.”

\$355, available at closed.com and at American Rag.



FOUR QUESTIONS STYLISH LIKE A FOX, AND BACK IN THE CITY

“People would ask us: ‘Are you trying to do the French Ivy League or something?’” said Masaya Kuroki, half of Maison Kitsuné, the Parisian fashion and electronic music record label, which opened its third New York store in August at 248 Lafayette Street in SoHo. (The first two have closed.) Founded in 2002 by Mr. Kuroki, far right, and Gildas Loaëc, near right, the brand is known for its oxford shirts, tennis sweaters and polos, all adorned with a tricolor fox logo. For this season, the collection has been supplemented with the American stars and stripes, in a nod to the brand’s global reach. Maison Kitsuné has nine other boutiques in Paris, Hong Kong and Tokyo. “New York is always on the go,” Mr. Kuroki said. “We don’t want to be the hype or the trend. We want to be ourselves. Maybe that’s naïve.” JOHN ORTVED

I like that the store feels like a store. There’s a trend of making boutiques into something else — calling a store a gallery, for instance. Why did you stay away from that? We love music. We love fashion. We love coffee. That’s what we do. Why are we doing it? For the customer. Sometimes when you are pure, 100 percent creator, artist, you can go too far. And then the people don’t get it. Our goal is to please our customers, from Hong Kong to Tokyo to Paris to New York.

Why the fox? There’s already a crocodile. There’s already a famous horse. Why not the fox? For this collection, we did a play on the fox with an American flag. Maybe one day we’ll have a Mexican, Italian, Chinese flag. It’s a Parisian brand, but at the end of the day it’s multicolored.

What’s something you love from the new collection for winter? The camouflage coach’s jacket. We’re



RAFAEL ROOS FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

not a technical sports brand, but we do love sports. They’re daily clothes. Every brand should make some camo somehow. We have this somewhat iconic logo of the fox, so we tried to remix it with the camo. It’s like sometimes we sign an artist and we put out a remix version of their song.

Street wear is what’s selling. Are you tempted to create pieces that are more in line with that aesthetic? What is street wear? I think it’s the sizing and how you wear it. What’s the point of street wear? It’s to have the very aggressive visual, I think. You don’t have to wear Nike or Off-White. You could wear Converse and Kitsuné. We have a hoodie. We have a stadium jacket. I’m not saying we’re hip-hop, but when I see Future or Jay-Z wearing Kitsuné, it’s street wear, we’re part of it already.

WALK, DON’T RUN FANCY KICKS

The upscaling of the humble sneaker continues. Prada’s latest entry is inspired by hiking shoes and features a flexible rubber sole with contoured lugs intended for maximum grip for scaling steep trails. Whether you’ll want to scuff these costly sneakers, priced maybe 10 times higher than the typical trainer, is up to you. Louis Vuitton, meanwhile, has debuted its first technical sneaker, the Vuitton New Runner. The full-knit fabrication provides seamless, socklike comfort with leather heel details and a hand-painted gradient sole.



Prada sneakers, \$695, at prada.com. Louis Vuitton VNR sneaker, \$1,120, at louisvuitton.com.

IN BRIEF TIME FOR NEW UNDIES

When Raf Simons was named the chief creative officer of Calvin Klein, it was only a matter of time before the brand’s undergarments would get a reboot. For his debut collection, in stores now, the brand’s tighty whities were updated with its garment district address, “205W39NYC,” emblazoned across the elastic band. Other classics have been reinterpreted. The denim jacket has a leather patch that features a silhouette of its ad campaign from the 1980s featuring Brooke Shields.

Calvin Klein Underwear 205W39NYC logo brief, \$30, and Calvin Klein 205W39NYC denim trucker jacket, \$795, at 654 Madison Avenue and calvinklein.com.



ON TIME • ALEX WILLIAMS

Is a dive watch prime scuba gear?

The look is Bond: Dive-testing the world’s most illustrious timepieces

Ask yourself, how many buddies do you have with dive watches? Now ask yourself, how many of them dive with one? Didn’t think so. One man who has made a living doing so is Jason Heaton, a Minnesota-based journalist, who is known to watch geeks as a test pilot for the world’s most illustrious undersea timepieces. As a contributor to magazines like Men’s Journal and Outside, and sites like Hodinkee and Gear Patrol, Mr. Heaton, 47, has scuba-tested many dive watches, ranging in price from a few hundred dollars for a Scurfa to a \$145,000 Richard Mille over the course of more than 400 dives around the world. Fresh off a dive off Sri Lanka, where, wearing a Rolex Submariner, he explored the wreck of the H.M.S. Hermes, an aircraft carrier sunk during World War II, Mr. Heaton discussed the continuing allure of dive watches in an era when many scuba enthusiasts consider them obsolete.

First off, does any diver really need a dive watch? Short answer, no. The electronic dive computer came into regular use in the late 1980s. You get on a dive boat now, nobody’s wearing a watch — well, maybe 10 percent are. There’s this secret fraternity out there. But it’s a dying breed.

So why are dive watches so dominant in the marketplace? James Bond is the obvious hook. Sean Connery wore a Rolex Submariner in the early Bond films, and that watch represented this concept of no-nonsense ruggedness. Men these days yearn for a time when you actually had to do things — split your own wood, hunt for your dinner. We’re getting so removed from that that we hold on to these talismans of derring-do.

Does that mean a mechanical dive watch is nothing but a retro affectation? I always wear a dive watch on the wrist opposite a computer. First off, should the battery in the computer fail, you have a backup. Secondly, there are things an analog watch does better than a digital dive computer, such as helping time swim distances for navigation. At worst, it’s ornamental. When you’re back at work, you can always look down on your wrist and smile and think, “I just took this down to the wreck of the Hermes two weeks ago.” That does not stop watch brands from pushing the engineering frontier. Several high-end dive watches, for example, come with a “helium escape valve.” Sounds cool, but what is it? Saturation divers — like guys welding



GISHANI RATNAYAKE

oil pipelines in the North Sea — live in a habitat pressurized to the same depth as the seawater in which they’re working, and the gas they’re breathing is high in helium content, which seeps into watches. The valve helps the gas escape. But those valves are utterly worthless to 99.9 percent of the people who buy them.

What about all the watches with crazy depth ratings? Citizen just came out with an Eco-Drive Professional Diver 1000M rated to go an insane 1,000 meters. Who needs that?

The fact is, most recreational divers don’t go deeper than 50 or 60 feet. A high-water resistance is a badge of honor, like a 200-mile-per-hour sports car.

What is a good example of a forward-looking dive watch done right? The Tudor Pelagos. They really thought it through with the ceramic bezel, the titanium case and bracelet, and the spring-loaded clasp on the bracelet that compensates for the compression of a wet-suit sleeve. It’s very sleek, very modern — sort of the analog dive watch for the 21st century.

In the end, is a dive watch just a fantasy object for most guys, like an aviator watch? Pilot watches feel even more aspirational to me. You put on this big Breitling Navitimer, and no one even knows how to use the slide-rule function. I’m sort of an aviation geek as well, but if it’s one or the other, I’m reaching for a dive watch nine out of 10 times. Water resistance just trumps all other functions. You never know when you’ll have to jump in a pool to save a drunken party guest.

This interview has been edited and condensed.

Water World Jason Heaton, a journalist from Minnesota, has scuba-tested watches on over 400 dives.



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THINGS.”

Ralph Lauren

COVER STORY

Wild horses, calming inmates

HORSES, FROM PAGE S1
don't have to deal with big-time punks.” Everyone involved in the program recognizes the symbolism: the way the horses and the inmates are both penned up and how through the training process they rehabilitate one another. It was this aspect that appealed to Ryan Shorosky, a photographer who spent a week this spring documenting what he called “the beautiful parallel between the inmates and the horses, using each other to get to that next point.”

Wearing dusty Levi's, work boots and hand-me-down chaps, the inmates clean stalls and repair gear. They water and feed the horses and undertake the slow process of earning a wild animal's trust. It's dirty, bruising work in blazing heat. The men enjoy the sense of freedom, the fresh air and the camaraderie that develops among them and with the mustangs. “To take this horse that don't want nothing to do with you and you get to a point where you can walk up, touch it, pet it, put a halter on it — it's a pretty good feeling,” Mr. Harris said.

The Wild Horse Program at the prison isn't unique. There are programs like it in Arizona, Colorado, California, Kansas and Wyoming. It's one of the ways the Bureau of Land Management is dealing with a population of mustangs and wild burros in the Western states that, after the 2017 foal crop, could be as high as 86,000.

That is more than three times what the bureau deems a sustainable level, said Jenny Lesieutre, who, as the Wild Horse and Burro Public Affairs Specialist for the Bureau of Land Management in Nevada, oversees the program at the ranch.

The inmates' work culminates every four months with an adoption day for the public. The inmates put on a big rodeo intro, waving flags and riding around a roofed arena, showing off to the bidders in the bleachers their horses and, by extension, their equestrian skills. They have a competition as to whose horse will fetch the most money (\$15,000 is the record).

“There's a lot of guys, they wish they could adopt out a horse themselves, because they've got that bond with them,” said Mr. Harris, who, when we spoke by phone, was 17 days away from release.

He takes a different view. “Me, personally, I just like seeing them getting adopted out,” he said. “I look at them like us: I helped the horse become a better person so he can make parole.”



Mutually beneficial Top, John Harris, an inmate, beside his bunk at the prison camp. Above, Mr. Raley aboard his friend Hijack.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RYAN SHOROSKY FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES



Training days
Above, Robert Raley showing the trust of his horse at the Stewart Conservation Camp ranch; near left, Jenny Lesieutre, who oversees the program at the ranch, with her horse Leo at their home in Washoe Valley, Nev.; middle left, Trampus Turner working with a wild horse.

LIST OF FIVE CUSTOM FASHIONS FOR AN N.B.A. BIG MAN



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIKE BELLEME FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

This month Dwight Howard, who started his professional basketball career at the age of 19, will suit up as a member of the Charlotte Hornets for his 14th season in the National Basketball Association. Since he joined the league, the 6-foot-11 center has figured out something about how to dress well, which can be summed up in two words: custom tailoring. *BEE SHAPIRO*

1 Shirt I am a T-shirt type of guy. I'm looking for something that shows off my physique and also something that has a graphic or something meaningful on it. If not that, then I prefer something super-clean. Being tall, I cannot find anything off the rack, so I have to look for custom. There's this guy, Daniel Patrick. He makes some good clothes and he customizes especially for the taller guys in the N.B.A.

2 Pants When I first came into the league, a lot of the guys were wearing joggers off the rack — stuff that was really big on them. Once I got into fitted, custom-made clothes, that was a moment. There's a small designer out of Charlotte called Lvish Styles. They have a pair of jogger jeans I like that fit.

3 Suit I love wearing suits. Growing up, in school, we had to wear uniforms. We always had to dress up every day. Our headmistress, she wanted to get us used to wearing a suit and a tie, like you were going to work. That's where everything came from. Now, I don't mind going for the crazy colors. I don't mind going for the crazy styles. This season, I'm going to turn a lot of heads. I have a stylist, J. Bolin, and he works with a manufacturer called Don Morphy. We sit down




and go over the styles. I choose the lining, the material, the colors. It's like a day's worth of working on these suits before the season starts.

4 Shoes Since I do have big feet, it's tough to find shoes. I like the different boot cuts they have now. Chelsea boots are really cool. You can dress them up easily if you need to or you can just wear them with jeans. Daniel Patrick makes a great one.


5 Accessories I'm not really a jewelry or watch person per se. I like to keep it clean and simple and let the suit speak for itself. The Apple Watch is fine with me. For me, it's a simple watch or no watch.

Center of Attention
Above, Dwight Howard at his home in Charlotte, N.C. Left, one of his suits. “I don't mind going for the crazy styles,” he said.



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