

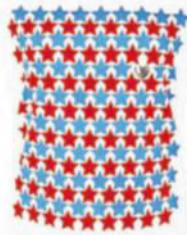


RICHNESS AWAITS
BENEATH THE GLITTER
OF SINGAPORE

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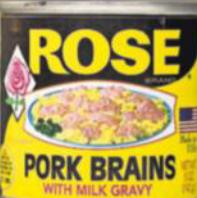
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WOULD
YOU EAT
THIS?
A MUSEUM
OF FOODS
THAT
DISGUST

PAGE TWO

The New York Times

INTERNATIONAL EDITION | SATURDAY-SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3-4, 2018

Blasphemy, Pakistan's new religion

Mohammed Hanif
Contributing Writer

OPINION

KARACHI, PAKISTAN After spending eight years on death row, Asia Bibi, a Christian, was acquitted by Pakistan's Supreme Court this week. For many here it seemed like a good day. The country's highest court had finally delivered justice and released a woman whose life has already been destroyed by years in solitary confinement. The court decision quoted Islamic scriptures, bits of letters by the Prophet Muhammad and a smattering of Shakespeare. A great wrong was righted.

And that's why Pakistan's new religious right, which has rebranded itself as the protector of the Prophet's honor, has threatened to bring the country to a halt.

Posters were put up with fatwas against the judges who had issued the Bibi decision. The judges' guards and cooks were urged to kill them before evening; anyone who did would earn great rewards in the afterlife. Pakistani conservatives, emboldened by gains in the general election this summer, goaded the generals into rebelling against the army chief, whom they accused of being an Ahmadi, a persecuted religious minority. They called Prime Minister Imran Khan a "Jew child."

Khan, in an impromptu address to the nation, seemed appalled at the language and the implication: He said his government had already done more than any other for Islam and warned protesters not to take on the state. But the mobs will settle for nothing short of Bibi's public hanging.

Bibi probably didn't even know what blasphemy was when she was accused of committing it. There are many versions of what led to the charges against her, but all revolve around a verbal altercation with Muslim neighbors in Punjab, an eastern province,

HANIF, PAGE II

The New York Times publishes opinion from a wide range of perspectives in hopes of promoting constructive debate about consequential questions.



The headquarters on the Finnish mainland of Airiston Helmi, a company that Pavel Melnikov, a Russian businessman who owns properties in western Finland, helped to set up.

Mystery island in Finland

SAKKILOUTO, FINLAND

Russian owner has dotted a tiny property with 9 piers and security cameras

BY ANDREW HIGGINS

Retired to a tiny island in an archipelago between Finland and Sweden, Leo Gastgivari awoke early one morning to visit the outhouse in his bathrobe, only to notice two black speedboats packed with Finnish commandos in camouflage fatigues waiting in the bay near his front door.

After an exchange of awkward greetings, Mr. Gastgivari went inside, collected a pair of binoculars and watched

aghast as the commandos raced off toward the island of his nearest neighbor, a mysterious Russian businessman he had never met or even seen.

"I thought: 'Wow! That is certainly unusual,'" Mr. Gastgivari recalled of the encounter. "Nobody ever visits that place."

The island, Sakkiluoto, belongs to Pavel Melnikov, a 54-year-old Russian from St. Petersburg, who has dotted the property with security cameras, motion detectors and no-trespassing signs emblazoned with the picture of a fearsome-looking guard in a black balaclava. The island also has nine piers, a helipad, a swimming pool draped in camouflage netting and enough housing — all of it equipped with satellite dishes — to accommodate a small army.

The whole thing is so strange that the Sept. 22 raid, one of 17 in the same area

on the same day, has stirred fevered speculation in Finland that the island's real owner could be the Russian military. Finnish officials have attributed the raid to a crackdown on money laundering and cheating on tax and pension payments.

But few are convinced. More than 400 Finnish police officers and military personnel swooped down on Sakkiluoto and 16 other properties in western Finland linked to Russia. Helicopters and a surveillance plane provided support. The air space over the region was closed to all craft not involved in the security operation.

When Prime Minister Dmitri A. Medvedev of Russia visited Helsinki, Finland's capital, a few days after the raid, he scoffed when asked at a news conference if Russia had been preparing landing zones for military helicopters on

Finnish islands. "I don't know in whose sick mind such a thought could be formulated," Mr. Medvedev said. "Such thinking is paranoid."

Yet the problem for Russia, and now also for Finland, is credibility. Moscow has denied so many strange and sinister things that have turned out to be true — or at least far more plausible than the Kremlin's often-risible counter stories — that even the most seemingly far-fetched speculation about Russian mischief tends to acquire traction.

One former member of the Finnish Parliament, who once served as a border guard officer, has claimed without evidence that Russia had plans to build docks to service its submarines. One theory popular on social media is that the raided islands — which lie near Finnish military installations and im-

ISLAND, PAGE 4

Saudi prince retains his grip, in spite of outrage

LONDON

U.S. backing is said to help him hold on after killing of dissident

BY DAVID D. KIRKPATRICK
AND BEN HUBBARD

A month after the killing of the Saudi dissident Jamal Khashoggi, the growing international consensus that Crown Prince Mohammed bin Salman was behind it has done almost nothing to weaken his grip on power over the kingdom.

The crown prince owes his apparent impunity partly to the nature of power in Saudi Arabia's absolute monarchy and to his own proven ruthlessness. But he also owes it to the Trump administration. It has decided to stand by him, according to three people familiar with the White House deliberations.

Barring a surprise intervention by his aging father, King Salman, there is every expectation that Prince Mohammed, 33, will succeed him and dominate Saudi Arabia for a half-century to come.

White House officials knew from an Oct. 9 phone call with Prince Mohammed that he considered Mr. Khashoggi, a Virginia resident and Washington Post contributor, a dangerous Islamist, two people familiar with the call said, so the officials knew he had a potential motive for the killing.



BANDAR ALGALOUD/SAUDI ROYAL PALACE
Crown Prince Mohammed bin Salman appears to have no serious rivals.

But having invested deeply in Prince Mohammed as the main driver of the administration's agenda for the region, and under pressure from allies who support him — notably the leaders of Israel and Egypt — the Trump administration has concluded that it cannot feasibly limit his power, the people familiar with SAUDI ARABIA, PAGE 5

A maestro whose career is one long ode to joy

FROM THE MAGAZINE

Gustavo Dudamel firmly believes music can bring the world together

BY BRIAN PHILLIPS

Late one afternoon in the difficult spring of this year, Gustavo Dudamel stood onstage at the Barbican Center in London, preparing to enter the realm of higher beauty. His baton was raised; 218 musicians, his chosen companions on the voyage, he was about to undertake, looked up at him.

Not so many people believe in higher beauty these days, but Dudamel, the conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, believes in it. He believes in truth too, and in joy — especially in joy — and in the fellowship of humankind and the

freedom of the human spirit. Everywhere he goes, he brings a dog-eared copy of Rousseau's "Confessions" and the battered "Also Sprach Zarathustra" that he has carried around since his youth in Venezuela. Now he and his orchestra, along with the chorus of the London Symphony, were about to tackle one of the purest expressions of the ideals he finds most stirring — the final movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the "Ode to Joy."

Dudamel has been the music director of the orchestra for almost a decade, since he was hired as a 28-year-old wunderkind out of Caracas. He has become one of the most famous conductors in the world, renowned for the energy he brings to a live performance; he has been called the savior of classical music so often that there's an entire grumpy subwing of classical-music criticism dedicated to proving he isn't. At 37 his famous hair, the weightless black curls

DUDAMEL, PAGE 20



Gustavo Dudamel rehearsing with the Los Angeles Philharmonic. He has been the music director for almost a decade, since he was hired as a 28-year-old wunderkind.

SHAUGHN JOHN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

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PAGE TWO

What is so disgusting?

MALMO, SWEDEN

Museum asks its visitors to explore why certain edibles turn them off

BY CHRISTINA ANDERSON

The idea that anything labeled "food" can be described as "disgusting" is a minefield, running up against cultural tastes and personal preferences, not to mention the shrinking ability of some countries to feed all their people.

But clearly, if every human had a nucopia of the world's edibles laid out on a table stretching from one end of the earth to the next, not everyone would dig enthusiastically into, say, a lamprey pie, a sliver of maggot-infested pecorino or a chunk of rotten shark meat.

A basic human reaction would surface at some point: disgust. And that emotion is the basis for an unusual and controversial exhibition here in Malmö, in the south of Sweden.

"I want people to question what they find disgusting," said Samuel West, the lead curator of the Disgusting Food Museum, a touring pop-up exhibition that opens on Wednesday.

Visitors will be invited to explore their notions of food through the lens of disgust, said Dr. West, an organizational psychologist, who hopes the museum will stimulate discussion and self-reflection.

"What's interesting is that disgust is hard-wired biologically," Dr. West said this week over a restaurant lunch of cabbage pudding. "But you still have to learn from your surroundings what you should find disgusting."

The idea for the exhibition was prompted, in part, by his concerns about the ecological impact of eating meat and his own environmental footprint. He said he hoped the exhibition would stimulate discussion about sustainable protein sources.

"We can't continue the way we are now," he said. "I was asking myself, why don't we eat insects, when they are so cheap and sustainable to produce? The obstacle is disgust."

When word of the exhibition broke, people in some countries were aghast that their favorite foods or treats were included.

"It's interesting to see how everyone comes to the defense of their own food," said Andreas Ahrens, the museum director. "People can't believe that we take their favorite foods and put them in the museum."

More than 80 items from 35 countries will be on display: Haggis, the Scottish delicacy made of offal and oatmeal, traditionally boiled in a bag made from a sheep's stomach; Vegemite, the thick, black yeasty spread from Australia; and Spam, the pink-hued canned cooked pork product that American troops introduced to the cuisine of the Pacific Islanders in the years following World War II, will be represented.

So will dishes such as fruit bat soup from Guam, a maggot-infested cheese from Sardinia and a glass vat of Chinese mouse wine.

Visitors can sample items like root beer, sauerkraut juice and salty licorice. But if you're not up for tasting tofu with a smell redolent of "stinky feet" and "baby poo," or durian fruit (banned on planes and in some hotels) or hákarl, an Icelandic shark dish once described by the chef Anthony Bourdain as "the sin-



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MATHIAS SVOLD FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Top, Samuel West, lead curator of the Disgusting Food Museum, with Japanese natto, fermented soy beans. "A crackling surface and soft dripping interior can often evoke disgust," he said. More than 80 items from 35 countries will be on display including, below from left, fruit bat soup; baby mice; and a boiled duck egg with a partly developed fetus.



gle worst, most disgusting and terrible tasting thing," you can get a sense of their taste by taking a whiff from a "smell jar."

Mr. Ahrens said that to make it into the museum, foods had to be real and considered disgusting by many people.

"It is inherently a somewhat subjective thing to figure out what is disgusting," he acknowledged.

He said a panel worked its way down a list of 250 foods based on four criteria: taste, smell, texture and background, the latter being how an animal is treated in the making of a dish, for example.

Pork scored low on taste, smell and texture on the "disgusting" scale, but very high for background. Japanese natto — fermented soy beans — scored high for its slimy texture.

The factors that go into a feeling of disgust vary.

A combination of textures, as with the sight of many insects on one surface, can make people feel ill at ease.

"A crackling surface and soft dripping interior can often evoke disgust," said Hakan Jonsson, a food anthropologist at Lund University in Sweden.

Seeing the way animals are treated in the preparation of food (displayed on video screens at the museum) can also

"I was asking myself, why don't we eat insects, when they are so cheap and sustainable to produce?"

inspire revulsion: geese being force-fed to make the French delicacy foie gras, fish served still flapping in Japan, or beating cobra hearts in Vietnam.

"Disgust is the result of a combination of biological and cultural factors," Dr. Jonsson said. "And when it comes to food, it is most often impossible to define what is biology and what is culture. You can say that something is disgusting —

but only from the individual's point of view."

While it is difficult to find something that is disgusting to everyone, there are foods that large groups of people uniformly find disgusting.

"Things that are particularly raw and also things that are really rotten — they are disgusting to most people," he said.

Disgust is also mutable.

"We can change what we find disgusting," said Rebecca Ribbing, a researcher working on the exhibition.

It has shifted in local cultures through the ages. She cited lobster as an illustration. "In the 1600s, it was considered inhumane to feed lobster to prisoners more than twice a week," Ms. Ribbing said (this is possibly because lobsters were so common at the time).

Fried tarantula became popular with Cambodians when food became scarce under the Khmer Rouge regime in the 1970s.

This isn't the first time Dr. West, 44,

has explored hot-button issues through a museum. An innovation researcher who advises companies on how to become more successful, he opened a Museum of Failure in 2017 to examine why some gadgets end up in the junkyard of product history.

Since news of the food museum was announced, there have been many complaints on social media, Mr. Ahrens said. Australians are angry that Vegemite is included. Americans are shocked that root beer made the exhibition.

"I had the same reaction when we were talking about my favorites like pork and beef," he said. "My initial reaction was that we can't put this in here. When we talked about it, it was obvious that we had to have it in the museum because of the factory farming and the environmental impact."

If any of the items in this exhibition makes visitors want to throw up, the curators have thought of this, too. The ticket doubles as a sickness bag.

She turned her pain into activism for the abducted

ANA GONZÁLEZ
1925-2018

BY PASCALE BONNEFOY

SANTIAGO, CHILE Ana González, a relentless Chilean human rights advocate whose husband, two sons and pregnant daughter-in-law disappeared during the Pinochet dictatorship, has died in Santiago. She was 93 and never learned the fate of her family members.

Her death on Oct. 26 was confirmed by her daughter, Patricia Recabarren.

In late April 1976, Ms. González's sons Manuel, 22, and Luis, 29, and Luis's wife, Navia Alvarado, 20, who was three months pregnant, were seized by security forces on their way home from the print shop where the brothers worked. The abductors left the couple's 2-year-old son on the street. Early the next morning, when Ms. González's husband left to look for his missing children, he too was kidnapped. She never saw or heard from any of them again.

They were among the 3,000 people who disappeared or died during the military dictatorship of Augusto Pinochet, who was installed in a coup in 1973 that overthrew Chile's democratically elected president, Salvador Allende.

The disappearances began almost immediately after the coup, with opponents of military rule snatched from the streets and taken to clandestine torture centers. Ms. González became one of the early members of the Association of Relatives of the Disappeared, vowing to turn her grief into political action and to refrain from crying until she knew the full truth of what had happened to her family.

She joined dozens of others in the group, mainly women, who took to the streets at a time of fierce political repression and widespread fear. They protested, went on hunger strikes, chained themselves to the gates of the outlawed National Congress and marched relentlessly with photographs of their missing loved ones pinned to their chests.

Ms. González's abiding optimism and sense of humor helped make her a high-profile campaigner for justice.

"They never thought that a woman, a housewife who didn't know anything, not even where the courts were located, would take up the battle cry," she said in an interview with The New York Times in 2010.

SANTIAGO LLANQUÍN/ASSOCIATED PRESS
Ana González spent decades trying to find her abducted family members in Chile.

Publicly defying the military authorities, Ms. González traveled to New York in 1977 to denounce human rights abuses in Chile before the United Nations. She was briefly barred from re-entering the country.

Once democracy was restored there in 1990, she continued to demand justice and the truth about the fate of her loved ones and the other Chileans who had disappeared.

Ana González was born on July 26, 1925, one of six children of a widowed mother, in Tocopilla, a city 800 miles north of Santiago, the capital.

She became involved with the Communist Party in her teens and in 1944 married Manuel Recabarren, who was also an active party member. Mr. Recabarren led a local food distribution committee under the socialist Allende administration, making him a target of the right-wing dictatorship. The couple's sons and daughter-in-law were also members of the Communist Party.

In addition to her daughter, Ms. González is survived by two sons, Ricardo and Vladimir, and numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Another daughter, Ana María, died of cancer in 2007.

In 2010, Ms. González figured prominently on posters and in television advertisements as part of a government campaign to collect DNA samples from the relatives of the disappeared so they could be matched with unidentified human remains in the morgue.

After her death, hundreds of people came to her home in spontaneous expressions of affection that reflected "what she represented, her principles, her values and her struggle," Congresswoman Maya Fernández, the granddaughter of Salvador Allende, said. "She kept on fighting, but with a strong love for life."

Judicial investigations eventually determined that Ms. González's husband had been taken to at least two torture centers before vanishing. But at her death, Ms. González had come no closer to knowing anything about the fate of the others, including her unborn grandchild, than she was in 1976.

Bringing Shakespeare's voice to the modern stage

CICELY BERRY

1926-2018

BY RICHARD SANDOMIR

Cicely Berry, whose unorthodox exercises released actors' minds to feel the sound and muscularity of Shakespeare's verse for nearly a half-century as the Royal Shakespeare Company's voice director, died on Oct. 15 in Cornwall, England. She was 92.

Her daughter, Sara Moore, confirmed her death and said Ms. Berry had recently had two small strokes.

Ms. Berry was not an acting teacher, but her passionate work as a voice director influenced the stage and screen performances of generations of British actors, including Sean Connery, Judi Dench, Emily Watson and Patrick Stewart.

Ms. Berry, who was known as Cis, used her understanding of Shakespeare to help actors absorb the rhythms of his words. It was not enough to grasp his literal meaning, she argued; one had to feel his vowels and consonants and to appreciate the beats of the iambic pentameter in which he wrote.

Only then, she said, would an actor's voice be capable of evoking Shakespeare's poetry and musicality.

"When we read a piece of text, our first impulse is to make sense of it," she said during a workshop with British and American actors in 1996 that was reproduced as a book and DVDs titled "Working Shakespeare" (2004). "The danger is that, having come to a conclusion about the meaning, we often miss out on the surprises within the language."



Cicely Berry in 2008. She used her understanding of Shakespeare to help actors absorb the rhythms of his language and the weight of his words.

In a soothing but commanding voice that she leavened with profanity, Ms. Berry took actors at the Royal Shakespeare Company, one of Britain's leading theater organizations, through movements designed to bring them a new understanding of Shakespeare's resonant language.

She would tell a group of actors to read, in unison, the prologue from "Romeo and Juliet," while appearing to walk aimlessly around a rehearsal room.

"Walking around, speaking it all together," she said in the 1996 workshop, as the actors meandered while seemingly muttering the words, "frees us and helps us understand the movement of language, and we become familiar with

the text without feeling the pressure to do it right."

She also directed actors to toss chairs and kick beer cans while reciting Hamlet's "To be or not to be" soliloquy. And she devised breathing exercises and other activities that included having actors bounce up and down on the floor while reading a "Macbeth" passage.

The exercises took away the fear and overconcentration that actors used to approach Shakespeare," Jeffrey Horowitz, founding artistic director of Theater for a New Audience in New York City, which is devoted to Shakespeare and other classics, said in a telephone interview. Ms. Berry held annual workshops with his troupe in New York.

Mr. Horowitz described one exercise in which several actors held the actress playing Ophelia in "Hamlet" and had her push against them while reciting the "O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown" speech.

"Cis wanted to show that the effort to overcome the physical resistance to the group is the same energy that was needed to reach the audience," Mr. Horowitz said. "She felt that physical responses to things like her exercises energized the text."

The actor Ian McKellen was another admiring pupil. "Her personal approach is almost that of a confidante, relaxing the mind and the body, or of a healer soothsinger, rooting emotions in reality," he said in an interview in 1976 with The Times Saturday Review of London. "She prepares the actor to be a tuned instrument, which may clearly, resonantly, play Shakespeare's subtlest and grandest notes."

Cicely Frances Berry was born on May 17, 1926, in Berkhamsted, England. Her father, Cecil, was a city clerk, and her mother, Frances (Batchelor) Berry, was a part-time dressmaker.

Cicely became enamored with poetry as a youngster, often escaping her boisterous older siblings by retreating to the bathroom to read aloud Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley and Auden, sometimes to Micky, her dog.

"Taught myself, read it aloud to myself," she said in a video interview in 2014 with Jane Boston, an instructor at Central School of Speech and Drama in London, which Ms. Berry attended in the 1940s. "I was absolutely obsessed."

After graduating, she was hired by the school as a voice instructor. Her reputation steadily grew and led Trevor

Nunn, the Royal Shakespeare's artistic director at the time, to hire her as the company's first voice director in 1969.

She said she was fortunate to work for three very different directors there: Mr. Nunn, John Barton and Terry Hands.

"It was a wonderful, enlightening time to work on Shakespeare," she told Ms. Boston. "I started working on voice, but it quickly worked out that actors would ask for advice or help on a speech, and I'd have to find ways of honoring what the director wanted but find ways to get the actors to get their own responses to the language."

Ms. Berry also taught at Nós do Morro, a theater company in the favelas of Rio de Janeiro, and in various British prisons. She also directed productions of "King Lear" in Stratford-upon-Avon and London, wrote several books, including "Voice and the Actor" (1973) and "The Actor and the Text" (1987), and was the dialogue coach for two Bernardo Bertolucci films, "The Last Emperor" (1987) and "Stealing Beauty" (1996).

In addition to her daughter, she is survived by her sons, Aaron and Simeon Moore; four grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren. Her husband, Harry Moore, an American-born actor who was later a producer for the BBC, died in 1978.

The cadence, flow and power of language that transformed Ms. Berry as a girl in poetry's thrall guided her into her 10th decade.

"We were working on Thomas Kyd's 'The Spanish Tragedy' a few years ago," she told The Guardian in 2011, "and the line kept coming out at me: 'Where words prevail, not violence prevails.' That's the bottom line of what I feel my work does."

Judicial investigations eventually determined that Ms. González's husband had been taken to at least two torture centers before vanishing. But at her death, Ms. González had come no closer to knowing anything about the fate of the others, including her unborn grandchild, than she was in 1976.

World



Chancellor Angela Merkel of Germany oversaw Europe's most powerful country during a severe financial crisis, then the European debt crisis and then a surge of immigrants.

Split views on Merkel's legacy

LONDON

Many economists assert austerity policies amplified downturn and euro crisis

BY PETER S. GOODMAN

In the political obituaries chronicling the departure of Chancellor Angela Merkel of Germany, the world is preparing to lose a rare source of sober-minded leadership at a time rife with dangerous tumult.

For the European Union, the loss appears grave. The bloc is contending with a nasty divorce with Britain, rising authoritarianism in Hungary and Poland and a showdown with a populist government in Italy. Ms. Merkel's pending retirement will remove a stalwart champion for the union's cohesion. So say countless pundits and editorialists.

But many economists take a less generous view of the German chancellor's place in modern European history. Far from a hero who anchored the bloc under profound challenges, she played a leading role in amplifying an economic crisis, allowing it to erupt into an existential threat to the European Union and its shared euro currency. The resulting distress has undermined faith in the European bloc while fueling anti-establishment grievances across the Continent.

Like many national leaders, Ms. Merkel, time and again, catered to domestic political interests at the expense of broader European concerns, dismissing calls that Germany's prodigious savings be put on the line to rescue debt-saturated members of the bloc. She impeded measures aimed at coordinating banking rules and public spending across national boundaries.

She adamantly opposed debt forgiveness to Greece, even as it teetered toward insolvency, and even as joblessness exceeded 27 percent — a special source of outrage given that German banks were primary lenders in Greece's catastrophic explosion of borrowing.

"She was at the heart of the design of the flawed Greek program, which not

only imposed austerity, but most importantly resisted restructuring the debt in order to save the German and French banks," said Joseph E. Stiglitz, a Nobel laureate economist at Columbia University in New York. "The rhetoric that she used suggested that the crisis was caused by irresponsible behavior by Greece, rather than irresponsibility on the part of the lender."

In place of public spending to soften the crisis, Ms. Merkel used Germany's power as the largest economy in Europe to force troubled governments to slash support for pensions, health care and education. In the process, the moves helped lengthen and deepen a devastating economic downturn.

"This is what history will remember, a complete mismanagement," said Amandine Crespy, a political scientist at the Institute for European Studies at the Free University of Brussels. "Austerity very clearly has deepened or even created this great gap, political fragmentation

dating to the hyperinflation after World War I, Germans were aghast at any arrangement in which their savings were on the hook for the recklessness of Greeks and Italians.

"She had to sell German voters on the idea that Germany would send resources to bail out European countries that were already engaged in irresponsible policies," said Nicola Borri, a finance professor at Luiss, a university in Rome. "That was the problem. Politically, it's really hard to criticize Merkel."

But other economists say Ms. Merkel squandered an opportunity to use the crisis as a teachable moment that could have altered German public opinion. She might have fostered a sense of responsibility in Germany to see the nation as a primary beneficiary of the European Union, with the responsibility to aid those in distress.

Instead, she catered to stereotypes of lazy Greeks, at one point suggesting they took too much vacation. She used their troubles to inaccurately depict the breadth of the crisis. Though Greece's government had been profligate, those in Ireland and Spain had enjoyed budget surpluses before they landed in crisis, falling into perilous debts only after bailing out banks.

Europe's economic troubles have often centered on a dearth of faith in the endurance of the euro, the currency shared by 19 members of the bloc. Since the euro's inception, critics have warned that it is structurally unsound — a currency union lacking political apparatus to coordinate policy and collective aid when trouble emerges.

Sifting through history is a complex exercise open to divergent interpretations. One can never know how events might have transpired absent some variable. Anyone in Ms. Merkel's position would have found the going difficult. She oversaw Europe's most powerful country during the worst financial crisis since the Great Depression, then the European debt crisis, and then the surge of immigrants from some of the poorest, most troubled nations on earth.

Some argue that no German chancellor could have held on to the office while behaving much differently in the realm of economic policy. Given a deep cultural proclivity toward thrift, moral revulsion over debt and a fear of rising prices

lective action, Europe needed rules governing all of its banks along with insurance for depositors to lift confidence in the financial system. The worst-hit countries needed relief from European rules limiting deficit spending.

Ms. Merkel and Mr. Schäuble maintained a hard line aimed at protecting German taxpayers from having to pay for the supposed sins of profligate spenders in sunnier climes. In tones of moral admonishment, they prescribed structural adjustment — rules making it easier to fire workers — along with more cuts to public budgets.

"There is no crisis of the euro itself," Ms. Merkel declared in a 2012 speech delivered at the World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland. "There is a debt crisis. We have to ensure that stability and sound public finances are the order of the day. Indebtedness is the biggest danger and the greatest risk to prosperity on this continent."

Eventually, Europe forged a partial banking union that put in place bloc-wide rules, while allowing crisis-hit countries some flexibility from limits on deficit spending. The European Central Bank resorted to extraordinary measures, and a series of rescues kept Greece solvent, even as many doubt the country will be able to pay back its crushing debts.

"The euro crisis started getting better the moment Europe decided to go against what Merkel said the policies should be," said Christian Odendahl, chief economist at the Center for European Reform, a research institution.

Ultimately, Ms. Merkel fueled the notion that Europe's crisis was a morality play in which prudent nations in the north would school their reckless counterparts in the south on the virtues of living within their means.

Such depictions seem likely to outlast Ms. Merkel herself, making it difficult to imagine Europe's summoning the unity to bolster itself against the next crisis.

"She helped shape the mind-set of the Germans," said Mr. Stiglitz, the Nobel laureate economist. "She shifted it in a very ugly way, and that makes it very difficult to change the framework of the eurozone. She could have reframed it. That would have been leadership."

As the crisis mounted in the early part of this decade, reformists called for col-

"The euro crisis started getting better the moment Europe decided to go against what Merkel said."

tion between the north and the south, between the debtors and the creditor countries that is very, very difficult to fix, and has had dramatic political consequences in terms of fueling the populist forces."

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to be arrested. Others wondered whether today's children would know true happiness, given the intense pressure to perform well and land good jobs.

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Still, some defended the parents, saying they were trying to promote their child's best interests in a flawed system.

By Thursday evening, tens of thousands of people had weighed in, and a hashtag about the boy had been viewed more than 38 million times.

Yong Zhao, a professor of education at the University of Kansas, said the debate reflected widespread anxiety among Chinese parents about getting their children into top schools. In China's test-dominated system, exam scores determine where students go to college and what careers they can pursue.

"No matter how many good schools there are, people are always shooting for the best," he said. "Where their children go to school represents an achievement, an accomplishment for parents. But many don't know what a good edu-

cation is."

It is unclear who prepared the résumé, which was addressed to the Shanghai Starriver Bilingual School but whose claims could not be independently verified. As in urban school districts in the United States and elsewhere, it is common for parents in Chinese cities to hire coaches to help their children gain admission to selective schools.

A staff member at Shanghai Starriver declined to comment, except to say that the school did not accept résumés from parents as part of the admissions process. The boy's father also declined to comment, saying he did not want to draw attention to his son.

The competition for seats at top schools in China is notoriously cut-throat. In some cities, the wealthy and well connected pay large sums of money, sometimes described as "donations," to secure placements in top programs.

The boy's résumé reads like a PowerPoint presentation, complete with

Hunter displays kill, and Scotland is angry

LONDON

Officials to review laws after photo of goat carcass appears on social media

BY YONETTE JOSEPH

The Scottish government said it was reviewing its animal culling laws after a photograph of an American hunter posing with the carcass of a black-faced goat with magnificent horns during a hunting trip to Scotland set off a furor on social media in the past week.

The hunter, Larysa Switlyk, whose Twitter account says she is from Florida and is the host of a show called "Larysa Unleashed" on the Canadian channel Wild TV, posted the image of the dead goat on her Instagram account.

"Beautiful wild goat here on the Island of Islay in Scotland," wrote Ms. Switlyk, who describes herself on Twitter as "not your typical CPA, professional huntress and angler." "Such a fun hunt!"

Ms. Switlyk added: "Made a perfect 200 yard shot and dropped him with the gunwerks and nightforce-optics! (Good thing too because he could have ran off the cliff into the water.)"

She also posted on Twitter images of other dead animals shot during the hunt, including a ram and a red stag, and appeared to have enjoyed eating the stag, publishing an image of cuts of meat with vegetables with the caption "Nothing Better than enjoying what you hunt!! Fresh Red Stag from our hunt in the highlands of Scotland!!"

Outraged Scots took to social media to slam what they saw as a cruel, boastful display, though some justified the legal hunt as necessary to cull a wild animal classified as a nonnative invasive species in Scotland with no natural predators.

But Sarah Moyes, a spokeswoman for OneKind, an organization dedicated to ending cruelty to Scotland's animals, said in an email: "It's utterly shocking to see these images of Larysa Switlyk and other hunters posing for photos with the wild animals they killed on a recent trip to Scotland. Yet again, instead of celebrating Scotland's magnificent wildlife, we are seeing these beautiful animals exploited in the name of sport."

"This is not the kind of tourism we should be encouraging in Scotland, let alone allowing to happen in the 21st century."

A 2015 report shows that country sports tourism in Scotland brings in 155 million pounds, or almost \$200 million, to the economy every year, according to the Scottish Country Sports Tourism Group.

But hunting, or rather the display of animal trophies, has become a reviled activity in some corners of social media, as well-heeled individuals, including the older sons of President Trump, proudly display their trophies for the world to

see on Instagram, Facebook and Twitter.

The killing of Cecil the lion by an American dentist, Dr. Walter J. Palmer, in Zimbabwe in 2015 set off an international outcry and drew new scrutiny to the practice of paying to kill big game. Two years later, the lion's son Xanda was killed in a trophy hunt.

Since then, photographs of hunters posing triumphantly with the bodies of animals such as giraffes and a family of baboons have stirred global condemnation. In the latter case, the Idaho fish and game commissioner, who was seen grinning with an array of carcasses from an African hunting trip, resigned.

While many defenders of hunting see it as an honorable, skilled and bonding experience, others denounce it as unnecessary waste in the modern age and detrimental to the environment and to the animals who roam in the wild. But the issue is more complex than a clash of cultures.

Some countries like Zimbabwe encourage big-game hunting as a source of income, and others allow the activity to keep down herd populations through managed hunting trips and as a way to pay for the upkeep of game reserves.

Researchers warned recently in the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences that 90 percent of nearly 300 protected areas on the African continent faced funding shortfalls and that some could vanish.

Some studies have shown, however, that hunting can be devastating to endangered populations. A study published in 2010 by Craig Packer, director of the Lion Center at the University of Minnesota, found that sport hunting directly contributed to the decline of lions in most of Tanzania's hunting areas.

To many conservationists and animal lovers, there is simply no excuse for hunting.

Michael Russell, a member of the Scottish Parliament, said on Wednesday that he would raise the issue "as a matter of urgency" with the environment secretary, Roseanna Cunningham. "If this is actually happening on #Isle, and laid on by some sort of tour company, I would want to see it stopped immediately," he wrote on Twitter.

In response to the concerns, Ms. Cunningham vowed to look into clarifying or changing the law, writing on Twitter, "We fully understand why so many people find these images of hunted animals being held up as trophies so upsetting."

It's likely that Ms. Switlyk, who wrote that she had been in Scotland more than a month ago, was well aware of the outrage unfolding because of her photographs. In posts on social media, Ms. Switlyk wrote:

"I'm headed out on a bush plane for my next hunting adventure and will be out of service for 2 weeks. Nothing better than disconnecting from this social media driven world and connecting back with nature. Hopefully that will give enough time for all the ignorant people out there sending me death threats to get educated on hunting and conservation."



The island of Islay in Scotland, where the hunter and television show host Larysa Switlyk boasted about killing a "beautiful wild goat."

A 15-page plea for a place in the first grade

BEIJING

BY JAVIER C. HERNÁNDEZ

The young applicant is described as confident and courageous. His résumé, at 15 pages, is glittering, complete with performance reviews ("full of energy"), a map of his travels (trips to Tokyo and Bali) and a list of books he has read this year (408 in total).

But the applicant is not a seasoned job seeker. He is a 5-year-old boy from southern China applying for a spot in first grade at a Shanghai private school.

"I hope I can outperform my parents," the boy is quoted as saying, between photos showing him playing the piano, swimming and driving a toy car.

The résumé, which was leaked and shared widely online this week, has provoked a mix of fascination, indignation and debate about whether children in China's test-crazed education system are being raised as soulless strivers.

Some called for the parents of the boy

to be arrested. Others wondered whether today's children would know true happiness, given the intense pressure to perform well and land good jobs.

"Only 5 years old?" one user wrote on Weibo, a Twitter-like site. "So scary."

Still, some defended the parents, saying they were trying to promote their child's best interests in a flawed system.

By Thursday evening, tens of thousands of people had weighed in, and a hashtag about the boy had been viewed more than 38 million times.

Yong Zhao, a professor of education at the University of Kansas, said the debate reflected widespread anxiety among Chinese parents about getting their children into top schools. In China's test-dominated system, exam scores determine where students go to college and what careers they can pursue.

"No matter how many good schools there are, people are always shooting for the best," he said. "Where their children go to school represents an achievement, an accomplishment for parents. But many don't know what a good edu-

cation is."

It is unclear who prepared the résumé, which was addressed to the Shanghai Starriver Bilingual School but whose claims could not be independently verified. As in urban school districts in the United States and elsewhere, it is common for parents in Chinese cities to hire coaches to help their children gain admission to selective schools.

A staff member at Shanghai Starriver declined to comment, except to say that the school did not accept résumés from parents as part of the admissions process. The boy's father also declined to comment, saying he did not want to draw attention to his son.

The competition for seats at top schools in China is notoriously cut-throat. In some cities, the wealthy and well connected pay large sums of money, sometimes described as "donations," to secure placements in top programs.

The boy's résumé reads like a PowerPoint presentation, complete with

growth charts and stick-figure clip art. It includes discussion of his adversity quotient and his artistic talents. It also provides details of his schedule — time for memory training, English diary class, sports and piano — and samples of his artwork, including drawings of dogs and fish.

"I never cry when I get shots," the résumé says. "Starting when I was a year and a half old, I would get up by myself when I fell down. Everyone praised me as brave."

The résumé closes with a list of English books the boy has read, including "The Hungry Squirrel" and "Bubbles in the Sky." It shows a picture of him with his head resting on his hand, a pensive look on his face.

A caption alongside a photograph of the school's terra-cotta facade reads, "When will Shanghai Starriver open its gates to me?"

Albee Zhang contributed research from Beijing, and Carolyn Zhang from Shanghai.



A primary school in Shanghai. The 15-page résumé of a first-grade applicant has provoked debates about China's test-crazed education system.

ALY SONG/REUTERS

WORLD

Tourists take selfies as Venetians worry

VENICE, ITALY

Unusually high water threatens treasures in the vulnerable city

BY JASON HOROWITZ

Near the Accademia Bridge, a corridor of thin trees lay horizontal. Vaporetto tickets, pigeon feathers and candy wrappers floated in stagnant pools around St. Mark's Basilica. Saltwater seeped into private gardens and poined rose bushes behind stone walls.

And children sidestepped the spill-over from the canals as they trick-or-treated in Venetian masks and witches' hats under the Rialto Bridge.

On Wednesday, Venice's lagoon subsided and revealed the damage that a violent storm had wrought on the city earlier in the week, one of the worst episodes of flooding in decades. Wind-blown tides reaching 61 inches above sea level had submerged more than 70 percent of the city.

On Thursday, the water returned.

Some tourists frolicked in the filthy water and dined in restaurants as it lapped at the calves of their rubber boots. Locals instead worried that the saltwater was eating its way through the city's treasures.

"Here it's solid," said Pierpaolo Campontrini, a member of the board responsible for managing St. Mark's Basilica, as he knocked on the marble facade of the structure, as if listening for a secret passageway. "But here it's empty. We have a splitting here in the brick and the plaster. The water did this."

He explained that "unlike an earthquake, where you see the damage right away," the constant water infiltration, accentuated by dramatic events like this week's flood, would reveal its cost only over time.

The building's bricks sponged the water up, and as the water rose, the danger became more acute to the 8,450 square meters, or about 91,000 square feet, of fingernail-size mosaic tiles that give the basilica its stunning golden shimmer.

The water had already taken its toll on the marble columns, brought from Byzantium centuries ago. Mr. Campontrini pointed at one base, now a corroded green crumble. "It's not just global warming," he said. "But the episodes are more severe and long."

After about 1,000 years, Venice is imperiled by the sinking of its foundations and the rising of the water, as well as the hordes of tourists arriving on cruise ships and low-cost flights. They clog the narrow streets and have pushed out residents, filling Airbnb apartments.

Flooding, though, is the existential danger.

Earlier in the week, for only the fifth recorded time in St. Mark's nine-century history, the water reached the marble floor inside, submerging the area around the altar of the Madonna Nicopeia.

On Wednesday, the floor was dry but a yellow sign reading "Attention: Wet Pavement" stood ready by the entrance. Outside, though, the water still filled St. Mark's Square. As tourists climbed the steep steps to the basilica's balcony ("We saw a wedding proposal!" one woman shouted), the Roman Catholic



Above, San Marco Square, where visitors sat surrounded by high water on Thursday, some taking selfies. Below, brushing away floodwater outside the historic Caffe Florian on Tuesday.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREA MEROLA/ANSA, VIA ASSOCIATED PRESS

patriarch of Venice, Msgr. Francesco Moraglia, checked on his church.

Earlier in the week, he had rushed to visit when he heard the water had breached the door. "I said a prayer and gave a blessing," Monsignor Moraglia said, showing pictures of himself wearing galoshes. Now, he said, he was hoping for help from the multibillion-dollar

A mission to defend St. Mark's Basilica not just from rising tourism, but also from threats brought on by climate change.

Mose project, an unfinished system of floodgates that was initiated more than a decade again to block the rising waters and threats from global warming.

He said he and the city's leaders had a "mission to defend the basilica," not just from excessive tourism and the enormous cruise ships that brought them, but also from the threats brought on by climate change.

But the two make a formidable combination.



Outside the church, traffic and road rage were in full display on the raised wooden walkways. An American woman elbowed a group of Chinese tourists who sought to cut the line.

On Thursday, high tides brought the

water back all across the city, flooding the narrow streets up to people's ankles and shins. The thumping sound of rolling luggage was replaced by the scratching of the yellow, orange and blue plastic bags that tourists bought to

cover their shoes and ankles. Some of the tourists seemed to be having fun, picking up crabs that had washed onto the sides of the canals or laughing as they carried their luggage over their heads.

Mr. Campontrini, the St. Mark's board member who is working on new ways to keep the water out of the basilica, didn't see the appeal. "No one will miss it," he said of the high water.

On Wednesday night, when the streets around the square temporarily dried out, the tides seemed to have momentarily washed away the invading hordes.

An American influence lingered, though, in the local children wearing Halloween costumes and bidding "dolcetto scherzetto" — treat or trick — to shopkeepers as their parents sipped beers and Aperol spritzes in the quiet Sestiere Santa Croce square.

Toto Bergamo Rossi, a noted restorer and director of the Venetian Heritage Foundation, called the rising waters "a tragedy" for the monuments he had dedicated his life to protecting.

With ancestors that include some of

the most powerful figures in Venice's history, Mr. Rossi said he now felt "powerless" in the face of the rising waters. He mourned the damage done to his restored garden, one of the city's treasures and featured in Gabriele D'Annunzio's "The Flame of Life."

The city historically became rich from the salt trade, Mr. Rossi said, and now the salt had returned with a vengeance as "our big enemy."

His house guest this week was his friend James Ivory, the acclaimed director of "A Room With a View," and many other films, several of which were set in Italy. His love affair with Venice dated to his first film as a student in 1957, "Venice: Theme and Variations."

As Mr. Ivory crossed a footbridge to a local trattoria, he talked about the charms of a city he had been returning to for more than 50 years.

At age 90, he said he couldn't worry about everything, but the recent flooding was the worst he had seen. The fate of Venice was one of the things worth agonizing about.

"In a funny way," he said, "I can't live without it."

The mystery of a Russian's island off Finland

ISLAND, FROM PAGE 1

Important Baltic Sea shipping lanes — were part of an undercover operation by Russia's military intelligence service, the G.U., formerly known as the G.R.U.

Mr. Gastgivar, for one, has long thought something curious was going on at his Russian neighbor's island.

"I've been thinking for many years that they are doing something military over there," he said. "Building, building, building, but nobody knows what for."

Finland's intelligence service, according to recent reports in the Finnish news media, has long warned that property purchased in Finland by Russian nationals could be used for military purposes.

During a recent visit to the island, not a soul was in sight, only clusters of deserted clapboard villas joined by wooden pathways through the forest of birch and pine that covers the island. Despite the abundant security precautions, no alarms were tripped and nobody rushed out to confront the intruders.

Yet the seafront sauna, stacked with fresh towels, looked ready for use, as did the barbecue pits and other amenities on an island that seemed like the luxurious lair of Ernst Stavro Blofeld, the fictional villain of James Bond's creator, Ian Fleming.

Finland, anchored firmly in the West but wary of antagonizing Moscow, has a longstanding policy of not raising issues, at least in public, that might create friction with Russia, with which it shares an 830-mile border.

This approach, however, has come under strain from Russia's increasing assertiveness. Finland, though not a member of NATO, risked Russian ire in the past week by sending troops to Norway to join American forces taking part in Trident Juncture, the military alliance's largest military exercise since the end of the Cold War in 1991.

The September raids coincided with



Left, the island of Sakkiluoto has nine piers, a helipad, a swimming pool draped in camouflage netting and enough housing — all of it equipped with satellite dishes — to accommodate a small army. Right, Pavel Melnikov, the Russian businessman who owns the island.



cameras on an island with no people or crime. "Usually an island has two piers, but how do you explain nine? It makes no sense," Mr. Karlsson said. Mr. Melnikov, he added, "always made a good impression and seemed legitimate," but never seemed very interested in getting a return on his investment.

"No way is this all about money laundering or tax evasion," he said. "You

don't put so much effort into a money-laundering case."

Even local officials are skeptical.

Patrik Nygren, the mayor of Parainen, the archipelago's administrative center, said he received no advance notice and was out picking mushrooms with his family when the raids happened. The scale of the operation struck him as strange; Mr. Melnikov sometimes skirted building codes — like when he installed the helipad on Sakkiluoto — but was never threatening, the mayor said.

"Personally, I don't think this operation was just about money laundering. There has to be something else," he said.

Niklas Granholm, deputy director of studies at FOI, the Swedish Defense Research Agency, Division for Defense Analysis, did not rule out that the islands that were raided could have been part of a money-laundering scam. But he added that their helipads, multiple docks, barrackslike structures and location near Finnish military facilities suggested possible preparations for "some kind of hybrid warfare."

Airiston Helmi's seafront headquarters has a helipad and multiple surveillance cameras like Mr. Melnikov's is-

land, as well as a decommissioned military landing craft that has been converted into a sauna and three other vessels. Standing guard next to the main entrance of the company's office is a fashion mannequin dressed in military fatigues with a cracked plastic head.

Its basement, according to a recent report in Iltalehdi, a Finnish newspaper, contained a communications center with sophisticated equipment far beyond what an ordinary tourism or property company would need.

Thomas Willberg, a dairy farmer whose land abuts Airiston Helmi's headquarters on the mainland, said he was asked several times by the Russian and his associates whether he would be willing to sell his cow patch. He declined.

The farmer said he met Mr. Melnikov a few times and did occasional odd jobs for him like clearing snow, but could never figure out why Mr. Melnikov needed so much security equipment or what kind of business Airiston Helmi was really in.

"Finland is maybe sending a signal to our eastern neighbor that it is ready to take action if needed," Mr. Willberg said.

Mr. Karlsson, the former construction supervisor, refused to believe that Mr. Melnikov was setting up hideaways for Russian soldiers, noting that Mr. Melnikov always insisted on having large glass windows facing the sea — not a good feature to have if bullets are flying.

All the same, he conceded that he might have been naïve about Mr. Melnikov's intentions. "He said he had fallen in love with our archipelago and could feel safe here, unlike at home in Russia. I swallowed that explanation," Mr. Karlsson said.

"Pavel is clearly not what I thought he was," he said.

Steven Erlanger contributed reporting from London, Johanna Lemola from Helsinki and Oleg Matsnev from Moscow.

Saudi prince retains his grip, despite stigma

SAUDI ARABIA, FROM PAGE 1

its deliberations said.

Instead, the White House has joined governments around the region in weighing what effect the stigma of the Khashoggi killing may have on the crown prince's ability to rule — and what benefit can be extracted from his potential weakness.

"Everybody is milking this," said Maha Yahya, director of the Carnegie Middle East Center in Beirut, Lebanon. With the crown prince now in need of external assistance to rehabilitate himself, she said, "everybody is trying to turn this to their advantage and try to get what they can out of it."

For the Trump administration, the people familiar with its thinking said, that means pressing the crown prince for steps to resolve the Saudi-led blockade of Qatar and the Saudi-led bombing of Yemen. Secretary of Defense Jim Mattis and Secretary of State Mike Pompeo have both issued calls for a ceasefire in Yemen as part of that plan.

Officials in the Trump administration had discussed proposals like urging King Salman, the 82-year-old father of the crown prince, to appoint a strong prime minister or other senior official to help oversee day-to-day governance or foreign policy, according to the people familiar with the deliberations.

But such ideas were quickly discarded, partly because no one would risk taking such a job, or dare appear to counter Prince Mohammed while he controls the Saudi intelligence and security services and has the king's ear.

Scholars and diplomats say it is almost inconceivable for him to relinquish his authority in the way that an official in a Western government might accept a reduced role or shared responsibilities. Power in Saudi Arabia's absolute monarchy, they say, adheres to the individual, not the office.

"All power flows from the king," said Bernard Haykel, a scholar at Princeton University who studies the kingdom and has met with Prince Mohammed. "The king delegates power to a person, and it belongs to that person until the king takes it away."

If anything, the killing of Mr. Khashoggi has only strengthened the crown prince's capacity to intimidate others inside the kingdom, even in his own family, royals and other Saudis said.

Many royals already had lost money and influence because of Prince Mo-



A vigil for Jamal Khashoggi in Istanbul. Prince Mohammed was said to have considered Mr. Khashoggi a dangerous Islamist.

CHRIS MCGRATH/GTET IMAGES

hammed's swift rise over the past three years. The damage to their reputations since the Khashoggi killing has compounded their alarm.

Some whispered with intrigue at the return to Riyadh recently of an uncle, Prince Ahmed bin Abdulaziz, who had opposed Prince Mohammed's designation as heir to the throne and then appeared to criticize his rule.

"If M.B.S. is constrained, he will try to break out," said a Western diplomat who knows him. "And he will become a threat to those he thinks did it to him."

Prince Mohammed's effectiveness in regional politics, however, is a more open question, partly because the Khashoggi killing has caused many in the West to re-evaluate other episodes in his recent past.

His bombing campaign over Yemen, now in its fourth year, has produced only a military stalemate and a humanitarian catastrophe. His decision a year ago to order the arbitrary detention of about 200 of the kingdom's richest business-

men on vague allegations of corruption has driven away many investors.

Perhaps strangest, the crown prince briefly kidnapped the prime minister of Lebanon a year ago in a botched gambit to push back against Iran's Lebanese allies. At the investor conference, the crown prince himself made a joke of that misstep, laughingly assuring the Lebanese prime minister he could leave Riyadh freely.

A growing number of current and former Western officials are now asserting publicly that in light of the Khashoggi killing, those earlier episodes portray the young prince as dangerously aggressive, impulsive and destabilizing.

If he were damaged, it would be "because institutions and governments abroad no longer want to deal with him," said David H. Rundell, a former chief of mission at the United States Embassy in Riyadh who served 15 years in Saudi Arabia.

But the United States and other West-

ern governments have such extensive ties to Saudi Arabia that they are unlikely to walk away, Mr. Rundell said, predicting "a newfound caution and willingness to compromise" from the crown prince.

Andrew Miller, deputy director for policy at the Project on Middle Eastern Democracy and a former United States State Department official with experience in the region, argued that the lin-

If the crown prince "is constrained, he will try to break out. And he will become a threat to those he thinks did it to him."

gering stain on the crown prince would most likely hamper him as an advocate with Western governments, where he has mainly argued for a hard line against Iran.

"I think this makes it much more difficult for him to sustain his singular focus on Iran because the actions he is condemning there, he himself is perpetrating," Mr. Miller said.

One person familiar with the White House deliberations said the administration expected that bipartisan pressure from Congress will force the imposition of some sanctions.

But the White House intends to keep the sanctions limited enough to avoid a rupture with Prince Mohammed. For one thing, he remains central to the plans of the president's son-in-law and Middle East adviser, Jared Kushner, including hopes to build an Arab-Israeli alliance against Iran and to pressure the Palestinians into a peace agreement.

Two people close to the Saudi royal court said Mr. Kushner and Prince Mohammed communicate often, including by text message, and multiple times since Mr. Khashoggi's disappearance. A White House spokesman declined to comment about those communications.

Prince Mohammed first charged that Mr. Khashoggi was a dangerous Islamist in an Oct. 9 telephone call with Mr. Kushner and John R. Bolton, the national security adviser. That was seven days after Mr. Khashoggi disappeared and well over a week before the royal authorities admitted that Saudi agents had killed him.

Two people familiar with the call said the crown prince had described Mr. Khashoggi as a member of the Muslim Brotherhood — a reference that the

White House officials knew meant that the prince saw him as a dangerous radical. Saudi Arabia had long tolerated the Brotherhood, an 80-year-old Islamist movement, but the kingdom branded it a terrorist organization and outlawed it when the group advocated calls for elections after the Arab Spring revolts.

Mr. Khashoggi was not a formal member of the Muslim Brotherhood. But he had joined for a time in his youth, maintained friendships with several members, and wrote columns arguing that banning the Brotherhood was incompatible with democracy in the region.

To assuage Western fears raised by the Khashoggi killing, Prince Mohammed intends to formalize some of his decision making, and show the West he is taking steps to avoid similar episodes, according to two people familiar with the plans.

The crown prince's stature in Washington may be stabilizing, with at least a handful of American voices extolling the importance of the Saudi-American alliance.

"There is no change in any military relationship we have with Saudi Arabia," Gen. Joseph Votel, the top United States commander in the Middle East, told the military publication Defense One.

Major figures in finance signaled that they, too, intended to look past the killing. "I understand the emotion around the story," John Flint, the chief executive of HSBC, told Reuters, "but it is very difficult to think about disengaging from Saudi Arabia given its importance to global energy markets."

Jamie Dimon, the chief executive of JP Morgan Chase, said that he had accomplished "nothing" by dropping out of the prince's investment conference and that his bank expected to continue to pursue business with the kingdom. "Being engaged is not a bad thing; it does not mean you condone everything," Mr. Dimon said at a conference organized by the publication Axios.

Ms. Yahya, of the Carnegie Middle East Center, said such responses send a message to other Arab强men.

"You can be even more brutal than you already are," she said. "Just be smarter about it next time. Don't kill a well-known journalist inside a consulate."

David D. Kirkpatrick reported from London, and Ben Hubbard from Beirut, Lebanon.

MAGNIFICENT JEWELS

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The Pink Legacy

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Geneva, 13 November 2018

VIEWING

4 & 5 November 2018
20 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, NY 10020

9–13 November 2018
Quai des Bergues 33
1201 Geneva

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WORLD

Trump bases final appeal on fear of immigrants

WASHINGTON

As election approaches, he says Democrats will let America be overrun

BY MICHAEL D. SHEAR
AND JULIE HIRSCHFELD DAVIS

President Trump's closing argument is now clear: Build tent cities for migrants. End birthright citizenship. Fear the caravan. Send active-duty troops to the border. Refuse asylum.

Immigration has been the animating issue of the Trump presidency, and now — with the possibility that Republicans could face significant losses in the midterm elections on Tuesday — the president has fully embraced a dark, anti-immigrant message in the hope that stoking fear will motivate voters to reject Democrats.

In a rambling speech on Thursday afternoon that was riddled with falsehoods and vague promises to confront a "crisis" at the border, Mr. Trump used the official backdrop of the White House to step up his efforts to demonize a caravan of Central Americans that has been making its way through Mexico, assail Democrats, and promote a vision of a United States that would be better off with fewer immigrants.

The president said he had ordered troops to respond to any migrants in the caravan who throw rocks as if they were brandishing firearms, saying, "I told them: Consider it a rifle." He said his government had already begun to construct "massive cities of tents" to imprison legal and illegal immigrants who try to enter the United States.

"This is a defense of our country," Mr. Trump declared from a lectern in the Roosevelt Room before leaving the White House to attend a campaign rally in Missouri. "We have no choice. We will defend our borders. We will defend our country."

The president also played fast and loose with the truth. At one point, he said that 97 percent of immigrants apprehended at the border and released into the United States do not show up for their trials; the number is closer to 28 percent. He also said the government is no longer releasing immigrants while they await trial. Meanwhile, migrants are being caught and released at the border regularly, as has happened for decades.

He repeated his oft-stated, misleading description of the situation south of the border, saying that "large, organized caravans" are heading toward the United States, filled with "tough people, in many cases."

"A lot of young men, strong men," he continued, "and a lot of men we maybe don't want in our country."

"They have injured; they have attacked," he added.

In recent weeks, Mr. Trump has promised a number of actions to demonstrate a renewed crackdown on immigrants. While he has followed through on one of them — ordering an increase in military units on the border — there was no mention in the speech of the presidential proclamation on asylum and the new policy on family separation that he has promised.

Mostly what the president offered was a repeat of the angry rhetoric that has been a central theme of his campaign rallies and in Fox News inter-



Migrants, mostly Honduran, making their way north through Mexico. "A lot of young men, strong men," was President Trump's description of the caravan.



Members of the caravan receiving food and other help at a camp in Mexico. In Washington, Mr. Trump said, "We have no choice. We will defend our borders."

views for the past two weeks. A new proposal to give migrant families the choice to willingly separate from their children? "We are working" on it, Mr. Trump said. The presidential proclamation and regulation aides had promised to bring an end to asylum for illegal immigrants? They are "finalizing" them, he added. He promised an executive order soon, providing no details but saying it would be "quite comprehensive."

Raising fears about immigrants has been a central theme for Mr. Trump

since he first announced he was running for president. On Thursday night, in a chilly airplane hangar in Columbia, Mo., with Air Force One as his backdrop, Mr. Trump whipped thousands of supporters into a chorus of boos over the constitutional guarantee of birthright citizenship, dismissing a core tenet of the 14th Amendment as a "crazy, lunatic policy that we can end."

He warned that the Constitution's grant of citizenship to any person born on United States soil could benefit the

offspring of "an enemy of our country" or "a dictator with war on your mind."

"Democrats want to spend your money and give away your resources for the benefit of anyone but American citizens," he charged falsely, crystallizing his fear-mongering closing message: "If you don't want America to be overrun by masses of illegal immigrants and massive caravans, you better vote Republican."

In the past week, as a series of pipe bombs sent to prominent opponents of the president and then the killing of 11 people at a Pittsburgh synagogue dominated the news, the president's political team has urged him to put renewed emphasis on immigration and use his bully pulpit to ratchet up the nation's sense of alarm about the dangers of migrants heading for the border.

The president did not need much convincing. On Wednesday afternoon, he tweeted out a 53-second, expletive-filled video that features immigrants charged with violent crimes and images of a throng of brown-skinned men breaching a barrier and running forward. The president's message was clear: Immigrants will kill you, and the Democrats are to blame.

"It is outrageous what the Democrats are doing to our Country," Mr. Trump wrote in the tweet, part of a grim warning about the dangers of immigrants that has left some Republicans — including the House speaker, Paul D. Ryan — uneasy heading into Tuesday's voting.

Still, the president's dark rhetoric has clearly put some Democratic candidates on the defensive, especially in conserva-

tive states where Mr. Trump won by wide margins in 2016. In the last several days, Senator Claire McCaskill, Democrat of Missouri, has embraced some of the president's anti-immigrant messaging as she fights for re-election, telling Fox News that "I do not want our borders overrun, and I support the president's efforts to make sure they're not."

In his remarks on Thursday afternoon, Mr. Trump appeared to promise a lethal response from the military if migrants threw rocks at soldiers. At Northern Command, the military headquarters overseeing the newly announced deployments to the border, military officials were shocked upon hearing the president's comments.

A Defense Department official said the American military's rules of engagement allowed deadly force to be used if a service member was faced with an imminent threat of death or injury. But the official said the military units headed to the border with weapons, such as the military police, would keep them stored unless told otherwise. The official could not say if they would be issued ammunition, but did not expect them to be in a position to use their weapons.

In his speech at the White House, Mr. Trump made no mention of trying to end birthright citizenship with an executive order, despite opposition from within his own party and broad criticism from legal scholars.

But the president dismissed questions about whether all of his ideas would be legal under American law.

"Oh, this is totally legal," he said. "No. This is legal."

Others say that it would depend on the details of Mr. Trump's proposals, which have not been disclosed. If Mr. Trump moves to deny asylum to all undocumented immigrants, for example, that would be illegal, according to Stephen Legomsky, a Washington University School of Law professor and former chief counsel for U.S. Citizenship and Immigration Services.

"Such a policy would be in clear violation of the U.S. asylum laws and an equally clear violation of our international treaty obligations," he said. "Once a person enters our territory, there is no analogous law that permits a blanket denial of asylum."

But details aside, Mr. Trump is betting that a relentless focus on the threat he envisions from immigrants crossing the Mexican border, combined with his repeated assertion that Democrats are to blame for letting them into the country, will energize conservative supporters. And he is hoping that the dark imagery will not alienate suburban voters — especially women — who have already been abandoning Republicans in droves.

It is a risky bet. Last year, the Republican candidate for governor in Virginia lost after running dark ads warning of the dangers of marauding MS-13 gangs in the state.

And the president's determined effort to shift the conversation away from issues like low unemployment, tax cuts, conservative Supreme Court justices and reduced regulation has worried many Republicans.

At the beginning of the past week, Mr. Trump's campaign put out a 60-second television ad appealing to the message those Republicans have advocated. It featured a suburban woman who frets about the possibility that the economic recovery could be fleeting. But the president's comments about the dangers of the Central American caravan and his new ad about violent immigrants attracted far more attention.

The immigration video, which relies solely on news clips and stock footage, includes courtroom footage of Luis Bracamontes, a twice-deported Mexican immigrant sentenced to death this year for killing two California law enforcement officers.

Two people close to Mr. Trump declined to say whether it was made by the White House video unit or someone on the campaign. But one White House official, who was not authorized to speak publicly, said that it had been in the works for several days, and was released on Wednesday in an effort to change the focus of cable television from the pipe bombs and the Pittsburgh killings.

At his rally on Thursday, the president hinted that the effort to change the subject had worked.

Mr. Trump, who is in the middle of an 11-city sprint across the United States, lamented that the rash of pipe bombs targeting his political opponents and the synagogue massacre had diverted attention from his push to elect Republicans.

"For seven days, nobody talked about the election — it stopped the tremendous momentum," he said, adding that "now, the momentum is picking up."

Michael D. Shear reported from Washington, and Julie Hirschfeld Davis from Columbia, Mo. Maggie Haberman contributed reporting from New York, and Peter Baker and Thomas Gibbons-Neff from Washington.

After shooting, president finds his backing in Israel

WASHINGTON

BY MARK LANDLER

When President Trump arrived Tuesday at the Tree of Life synagogue in Pittsburgh to pay his respects to the 11 victims of a mass shooting three days earlier, the only public official standing there to greet him was Israel's ambassador to the United States, Ron Dermer.

The symbolism was stark, and it didn't end there. A few hours later, another prominent Israeli official, Naftali Bennett, took to Twitter to defend Mr. Trump from critics, including some in the American Jewish community, who said the president's divisive, inflammatory language sowed the seeds for the deadliest anti-Semitic attack in the United States in recent memory.

Israel's right-wing government has become Mr. Trump's prime validator in the anguished days since the massacre in Pittsburgh — reflecting its loyalty to a president who has backed its interests but also deepening a rift with American Jews, many of whom hold Mr. Trump at least partly responsible for the rise in anti-Jewish vitriol over the last two years. "Factually, the guy has been a huge friend to the Jewish state," said Mr. Bennett, who serves as Israel's minister for diaspora affairs, at the Council on Foreign Relations on Wednesday.

The slaughter in Pittsburgh had already laid bare fissures between Israel and American Jews after David Lau, Israel's Ashkenazi chief rabbi, refused to refer to the Tree of Life as a synagogue because it is Conservative, a non-Orthodox branch of Judaism not recognized by the religious authorities in Israel.

But the discord over a presidential visit — a time-honored ritual in the aftermath of such a tragedy — under-

scores how wide the gulf has become, at a time when the White House and the Israeli government are in lock step on every major issue, yet a majority of American Jews voted against the president.

Mr. Dermer, a one-time aide to Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu, played such a visible role in Pittsburgh largely because state and local officials shunned Mr. Trump. Jared Kushner, the president's son-in-law and senior adviser, who is close to Mr. Dermer, had invited him to attend, according to a person briefed on the matter.

The optics were awkward for the White House, but Mr. Trump was clearly grateful for Mr. Dermer's support.

Mr. Bennett, who leads a right-wing religious party, the Jewish Home, which is part of Mr. Netanyahu's coalition government, flew to Pittsburgh on his own initiative to mourn the victims. While there, he met Jason D. Greenblatt, who serves as Mr. Trump's Middle East envoy and was taking soundings for a visit by the president.

On Tuesday, Mr. Bennett posted a stream of Twitter messages defending the president, just as Mr. Trump was leaving the synagogue to the distant chants of protesters marching through the Squirrel Hill neighborhood, carrying signs that said "Words matter" and "President Hate is not welcome in our state."

The next day, in New York, Mr. Bennett continued his defense of Mr. Trump. The president, he said, supported Israel in its battle with Iran and recognized Jerusalem as the capital of Israel. His son-in-law, Mr. Kushner, is Jewish; his daughter Ivanka is a convert to Judaism; and his grandchildren are Jewish, as are many of his advisers. "What," he asked, "could be more pro-Jewish?"

Mr. Bennett also cast doubt on a study by the Anti-Defamation League, which



President Trump and Melania Trump with Rabbi Jeffrey Myers during a visit to the Tree of Life synagogue in Pittsburgh.

claims the number of anti-Semitic incidents in the United States rose 57 percent in 2017, the first year of Mr. Trump's presidency. "I'm not sure at all there is a surge in anti-Semitism in America," he said. "I'm not sure those are the facts."

Mr. Bennett clarified later that he was referring to the number of physical assaults against Jews, not all acts of anti-Semitism.

But he also emphasized that anti-Jewish invective comes from a variety of sources, citing Louis Farrakhan, the black Muslim leader who recently

posted a video in which he likened Jews to termites.

To many in the American Jewish community, Mr. Trump's responsibility is clear. Bend the Arc, a progressive Jewish group in Pittsburgh, sent the president an open letter urging him not to visit the city "until you fully denounce white nationalism."

"Our Jewish community is not the only group you have targeted," said the letter, which had more than 84,000 signatures. "You have also deliberately undermined the safety of people of color,

Muslims, LGBTQ people, and people with disabilities."

Some American Jewish leaders, particularly from Republican and right-leaning groups, condemned efforts to blame Mr. Trump, accusing his critics of exploiting a tragedy to score political points during an election season.

Mr. Greenblatt, the president's Middle East envoy, insisted that Mr. Trump spoke out powerfully against anti-Semitism.

"Those seeking their destruction, we will seek their destruction," Mr. Green-

blatt wrote in an essay for Fox News, quoting the president.

By drawing Israel close, some analysts said, Mr. Trump was simply finding another way to play to his political base.

"The more they wrap themselves in Mr. Dermer and Netanyahu and the Israeli flag, the more it seals the 20 to 25 percent of the American Jewish community they already have," said Jeremy Ben-Ami, the president of J Street, a left-of-center, pro-Israel advocacy group. "And it also seals the evangelical base."

Mr. Bennett conceded that his views were not popular among liberal American Jews, who have grown increasingly estranged from the policies of the Netanyahu government. But that does not seem to trouble him much. His job as an Israeli official, he said, is to defend the interests of the Jewish state. It is a perspective that puts Mr. Bennett closer to Mr. Trump's right-wing supporters than many American Jews.

"From the Israeli point of view, evangelicals are far more reliable than liberal Jews," said Martin S. Indyk, a senior fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations. "They support the best president for their right-wing agenda that they've ever had."

To hear an Israeli official defend Mr. Trump, however, underscores just how differently Israelis and American Jews view the world. "Their major issue is the safety and security of the Israeli people," said Abraham H. Foxman, the former national director of the Anti-Defamation League. But the president, he said, can be both a defender of Israel and an accelerant for anti-Semitic passions in the United States. "The fact that someone supports Israel doesn't vitiate the impact he has on other issues that touch upon Jews," Mr. Foxman said.

"Trump is not an anti-Semite," he said. "He's a demagogue."

Business

Start-ups are asking where the money's from

SAN FRANCISCO

Some are newly resistant to taking investments from countries like Saudi Arabia

BY ERIN GRIFFITH

When John Vrionis and Jyoti Bansal set out to raise money this year for their first venture capital fund, Unusual Ventures, industry peers advised them to go after the easy money — sovereign wealth funds like those managed by Saudi Arabia and Abu Dhabi, which have become major investors in Silicon Valley.

"People would say, 'It's really easy — they'll give you as much money as you want,'" Mr. Vrionis said.

But the pair said they didn't feel comfortable making investments on behalf of repressive governments. Instead, they sought investments from nonprofit groups, historically black universities and children's hospitals.

That move has helped them avoid difficult conversations in recent weeks, as gruesome details emerged about the murder in Istanbul of Jamal Khashoggi, a journalist who had been critical of the Saudi government. On Wednesday, the chief prosecutor of Istanbul said Mr. Khashoggi had been strangled almost as soon as he stepped into the Saudi Consulate in the city. Some of the agents who have been detained in connection

working start-up, said he had been telling bankers and fund-raising advisers that he wants to avoid money from certain groups, including "evil governments."

"All money is green, but there is plenty of it all around," he said. "If we can choose who we talk to, we will."

Fred Wilson, a partner at Union Square Ventures, a prominent firm in New York, wrote on his blog last week that a chief executive of a company in its portfolio had, for the first time, asked about the firm's financial ties. He said he expected more emails like that in the coming weeks.

Mr. Wilson wrote that he didn't have completely "clean hands," because his firm had once sold shares in a portfolio company to a "buyer who was fronting for gulf interests." But he said Union Square Ventures' funds had not raised money from repressive governments, and he called for venture capital firms and start-ups to find out whether they could be proud of their investors.

"Sadly, the answer for many will be no and it will not be easy to unwind those relationships," Mr. Wilson wrote.

Venture capital investors raise money from a variety of sources, including pension funds, college endowments, sovereign wealth funds, wealthy individuals and family fortunes. They then use the money to invest in start-ups with the potential for fast growth.

Since the venture capital funds are privately held, they are under little obligation to disclose information about their activities. Some executives at the firms say they keep the information private for competitive reasons. Others do so at the request of the people and organizations, known as limited partners, that invest.

Some top-tier firms, including Andreessen Horowitz and Kleiner Perkins, are so secretive that they do not accept investments from public pension funds, which publish the results of their investments. These disclosures allow the public to know how much — or little — money the firms earned for their investors.

The lack of required disclosures makes following the money difficult. When reached for this article, many of the top firms in Silicon Valley, including Sequoia Capital, Kleiner Perkins, Accel, Lightspeed, Andreessen Horowitz, Greylock, Benchmark and New Enterprise Associates, declined to publicly discuss their limited partners.

But Saudi Arabia has been a big investor in tech. The kingdom's Public Investment Fund has made investments directly in some start-ups, like Uber and Magic Leap, an augmented-reality headset company. Neither company has given any indication that it would return the money.

The kingdom has also invested in top venture firms. It sometimes strikes these deals through other entities, like the endowment fund of King Abdullah University of Science and Technology, a Saudi research university that bears the name of the former ruler who created it. Only the largest and most powerful start-up investor, SoftBank, which raised \$45 billion from Saudi Arabia for its Vision Fund, has made its association public.

After the news of Mr. Khashoggi's death, David Gutelius, a partner at the Data Guild, a boutique venture "studio" that incubates and invests in start-ups, began asking prospective investors about the sources of their money. Finding them out was more difficult than he expected, Mr. Gutelius said, because many investments into the venture funds came from shell companies and other entities. But he said he had found pervasive ties to governments with poor

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Amol Sarva, a founder of Knotel, a co-



President Trump has broken with decades of precedent in refusing to release his tax returns, saying that the American people are not that interested in his finances. DOUG MILLS/THE NEW YORK TIMES

Seeking Trump's tax filings

WASHINGTON

Democratic Party intends to request the president's returns if it wins control

BY ALAN RAPPEPORT

Democrats are preparing to use an obscure law to try to obtain a copy of President Trump's tax returns if they win control of the House or Senate — a scenario that could force one of the president's most trusted aides to reveal his most closely guarded secret.

Steven Mnuchin, the Treasury secretary, said in an interview that he would honor any legal requests from Congress to release the president's tax returns, which are stored in a vault at the Internal Revenue Service. But the demand would undoubtedly thrust Mr. Mnuchin into the fraught position of balancing his loyalty to Mr. Trump with a legal requirement to deliver the returns.

"The first issue is, they would have to win the House, which they haven't done yet," Mr. Mnuchin said during a recent interview in Jerusalem. "If they win the House and there is a request, we will shall furnish such committee with any return or return information specified in such request."

Mr. Mnuchin said his team would analyze any demands for the president's returns and fulfill them if required by law. Asked whether a request made for political purposes would be legal, Mr. Mnuchin demurred, saying he did not want to stake out any legal positions. His team has not yet studied the issue, he said.

An Internal Revenue Service provision stemming from the 1920s appears to give the Trump administration little legal room to ignore such a request. The law states that the leaders of the House and Senate tax-writing committees



Steven Mnuchin, the Treasury secretary, said in an interview that he would honor any legal requests from Congress to release the president's tax returns. JACQUELYN MARTIN/ASSOCIATED PRESS

have the power to request taxpayer information from the Internal Revenue Service and asserts that "the secretary shall furnish such committee with any return or return information specified in such request."

"On a plain reading of the statute, I think the baseline ought to be, they ask for taxpayer information, they're entitled to it," said Neal Wolin, who served as the Treasury Department's general counsel from 1999 to 2001.

House and Senate Democrats have made several unsuccessful attempts to obtain Mr. Trump's tax returns and say they intend to try again if they gain control of either chamber.

Mr. Trump was the first presidential candidate in decades to refuse to release his taxes.

After promising to do so, he cited a continuing I.R.S. audit as a reason he was being advised by his lawyers

against releasing them before ultimately settling on the argument that the American people are not that interested in his finances.

Portions of Mr. Trump's returns that have become public have shed light on the legal maneuvers he has used to reduce his tax liabilities. A more complete release of his filings could offer additional insight into his business ties, charitable giving and wealth.

Still, after withholding the documents for so long, Mr. Trump is unlikely to hand over his taxes without a fight. Rudolph W. Giuliani, Mr. Trump's personal lawyer, said this month that it would be a struggle for Democrats to prove that they have a legitimate oversight objective and that it would be a "heck of a good battle" for the president.

If Mr. Trump tries to deny a request, it would potentially lock two branches of government in a protracted legal clash.

Most tax experts agree that Congress has the authority to request taxpayer returns.

There is some legal debate about whether the motivations for such a request matter and under what circumstances the returns can be made public.

Andy Grewal, a professor at the University of Iowa College of Law, argued in the Yale Journal on Regulation last year that Mr. Trump could order the I.R.S. not to disclose his returns if he could make the case that the congressional request had been made out of "personal animus," rather than for legitimate legislative reasons.

Democratic congressional aides have said taxpayer returns can be released publicly if the chairman and ranking member of a tax-writing committee agree to do so or if the majority of the committee votes in favor of disclosure. In 2014, the Republican-led House Ways and Means Committee helped to establish that precedent by voting along party lines to release some taxpayer information related to an investigation into whether the I.R.S. was wrongfully targeting conservatives.

But other tax and legal experts argue that the committee violated the law in releasing that tax information and that doing so opened the door to use of oversight powers as a weapon against political enemies.

Ken Kies, a tax lobbyist and former chief of staff of the Congressional Joint Committee on Taxation, noted that the Internal Revenue Code also mandated strict penalties for unauthorized disclosures of tax information. Lawmakers, he said, could be putting themselves in legal jeopardy if they released the president's tax information to the public without Mr. Trump's permission. "I've seen all this stuff about how people are going to release it and I keep wondering what are they thinking," Mr. Kies said. "It sure isn't something I would want to take too cavalierly."

A comfortable place to sit for 38,000 hours

Wheels

BY TOM VOELK

Pull up a chair and ponder a part of the automobile that drivers may take for granted but that the manufacturers do not: seats. Buyers are seduced by a car's styling, performance and brand image. But you're going nowhere fast without a good place to park your behind.

A good seat helps improve safety, makes us better drivers and can even increase a car's fuel efficiency. And while the car's exterior can get a shopper to open the door, an eye-catching and comfortable chair can close the sale.

A typical driver will spend nearly 38,000 hours behind the wheel in a lifetime, covering some 800,000 miles, according to a study by Harvard Health Watch.

While the budget for seating can be second only to the engine, the automakers do not manufacture the seats — that's the job of suppliers like Adient, Faurecia and Lear. They employ designers, chemists, ergonomic specialists, metallurgists and artisans,



Lear's ConfigurE-Plus technology, which allows for custom arrangements and a selection of personal amenities, is aimed at autonomous vehicles.

plus biomedical and software engineers to provide solutions for the automakers.

"We recently helped a customer reduce the mass of the pickup truck seating by replacing metal components with new materials," said Ray Scott, the chief executive of Lear. "It helped the company achieve their weight-reduction targets."

A lighter vehicle is more efficient. Comfort is deeply personal for con-

sumers. My wife is so uninterested in cars that she hardly knows a Buick from a Jaguar, but until recently, she knew one brand with her eyes shut.

"It's Honda, isn't it?" she'd say with a scowl when settling into an Accord or a Civic. The cushion contours simply didn't work for her.

Honda has revised its seats, so she has lost her superpower.

The car companies know an uncomfortable perch can mean a lost sale, no matter how exceptional the car is.

Rarely offered in sizes, the same seat that supports a 5-foot frame must please a 6-foot-4 rugby player.

When Nissan got serious about improving its seats, it looked at data collected by NASA on the shape of the human spine in space.

In theory, cradling the back in this neutral posture reduces the fatigue of sitting.

The Zero Gravity seats that debuted in the 2013 Altima scored much better with consumers than the departing units.

"Zero Gravity isn't just a buzzword," said Chris Reed, the vice president for platform and technology engineering at Nissan. "People actually noticed.

Our testers driving the developmental cars for 5,000 miles at a stretch told us

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Opinion

'I like your photographs because they are beautiful'

Remembering Ara Guler, the great photographer, who lovingly captured Istanbul and its people.

Orhan Pamuk

Ara Guler, who died on Oct. 17, was the greatest photographer of modern Istanbul. He was born in 1928 in an Armenian family in Istanbul. Ara began taking photographs of the city in 1950, images that captured the lives of individuals alongside the city's monumental Ottoman architecture, its majestic mosques and magnificent fountains. I was born two years later, in 1952, and lived in the same neighborhoods he lived in. Ara Guler's Istanbul is my Istanbul.

I first heard of Ara in the 1960s when I saw his photographs in *Hayat*, a widely read weekly news and gossip magazine with a strong emphasis on photography. One of my uncles edited it. Ara published portraits of writers and artists such as Picasso and Dali, and the celebrated literary and cultural figures of an older generation in Turkey such as the novelist Ahmet Hamdi Tanpinar. When Ara photographed me for the first time after the success of my novel "The Black Book," I realized happily that I had arrived as a writer.

Ara devotedly photographed Istanbul for over half a century, continuing

into the 2000s. I eagerly studied his photographs, to see in them the development and transformation of the city itself. My friendship with Ara began in 2003, when I was consulting his archive of 900,000 photographs to research my book "Istanbul." He had turned the large three-story home he inherited from his father, a pharmacist

from the Galatasaray neighborhood in the Beyoglu district of the city, into a workshop, office and archive.

The photographs I wanted for my book were not those famous Ara Guler shots everyone knew but images more attuned to the melancholy Istanbul I was describing, the grayscale atmosphere of my childhood. Ara had many more of such photographs than I expected. He detested images of a sterile, sanitized, touristic Istanbul. Having discovered where my interests lay, he gave me access to his archives undisturbed.

It was through Ara's urban reportage photography, which appeared in newspapers in the early 1950s, his portraits of the poor, the unemployed and the new arrivals from the countryside, that I first saw the "unknown" Istanbul.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARA GULER/MAGNUM PHOTOS

photograph is the emotional correlation he draws between cityscapes and individuals.

His photographs also made me discover how much more fragile and poor the people of Istanbul appeared when captured alongside the city's monumental Ottoman architecture, its majestic mosques and magnificent fountains.

"You only like my photographs because they remind you of the Istanbul of your childhood," he would at times say to me, sounding oddly irritated. "No!" I would protest. "I like your photographs because they are beautiful."

But are beauty and memory separate things? Are things not beautiful because they are slightly familiar and resemble our memories? I enjoyed discussing such questions with him.

While working in his archive of Istanbul photographs, I often wondered what it was about them that so profoundly appealed to me. Would the same images appeal to others? There is something dizzying about looking at the images of the neglected and yet still lively details of the city I have spent my life in — the cars and the hawkers on its streets, the traffic policemen, the workers, the women in head scarves crossing bridges enveloped in fog, the old bus stops, the shadows of its trees, the graffiti on its walls.

For those who, like me, have spent 65 years in the same city — sometimes without leaving it for years — the landscapes of the city eventually turn into a kind of index for our emotional life. A street might remind us of the sting of getting fired from a job; the sight of a particular bridge might bring back the loneliness of our youth. A city square might recall the bliss of a love affair; a dark alleyway might be a reminder of our political fears; an old coffeehouse might evoke the memory of our friends who have been jailed. And a sycamore tree might remind how we used to be poor.

In the early days of our friendship, we never spoke about Ara's Armenian heritage and the suppressed, painful history of the destruction of the Ottoman Armenians — a subject that remains a veritable taboo in Turkey. I sensed that it would be difficult to speak about this harrowing subject with him, that it would put a strain on our relationship. He knew that speaking about it would make it harder for him to survive in Turkey.

Over the years, he trusted me a little and occasionally brought up political subjects he wouldn't raise with others. One day he told me that in 1942, to avoid the exorbitant "Wealth Tax" the Turkish government was imposing specifically on its non-Muslim citizens, and to evade deportation to a forced labor camp on failing to pay the tax, his pharmacist father had left his home in Galatasaray and hidden for months in a different house, never once venturing outside.

He spoke to me about the night of Sept. 6, 1955, when in a moment of political tension between Turkey and Greece caused by events in Cyprus, gangs mobilized by the Turkish government roamed the city looting shops owned by Greeks, Armenians and Jews, desecrating churches and syna-



The enduring charm of the Turkish baths, 1965.

Above, nightfall in the Istanbul district of Zeyrek, 1960.

gogues, and turned Istiklal Street, the central avenue that runs through Beyoglu, past Ara's home, into a war zone.

Armenian and Greek families ran most of the stores on Istiklal Avenue. In the 1950s I would visit their shops with my mother. They spoke Turkish with an accent. When my mother and I would return home, I used to imitate their accented Turkish. After the ethnic cleansing of 1955, the purpose of which was to intimidate and exile the city's non-Muslim minorities, most of them left Istiklal Avenue and their homes in Istanbul. By the mid-1960s, barely anyone was left.

Ara and I were comfortable talking in some detail about how he went about photographing these and other similar events. Yet we still did not touch upon the destruction of the Ottoman Armenians, Ara's grandfathers and grandmothers.

In 2005, I gave an interview where I complained that there was no freedom of thought in Turkey and we still couldn't talk about the terrible things that were done to the Ottoman Armenians 90 years ago. The nationalist press exaggerated my comments. I was taken to court in Istanbul for insulting Turkishness, a charge that can lead to a three-year prison sentence.

Two years later, my friend the Armenian journalist Hrant Dink was shot and killed in Istanbul, in the middle of the street, for using the words "Armenian genocide." Certain newspapers began to hint that I might be next. Because of the death threats I was receiving, the charges that had been brought against me and the vicious campaign in the nationalist press, I started spending more time abroad, in New York. I would return to my office in Istanbul for brief stays, without telling anyone I was back.

On one of those brief visits home from New York, during some of the darkest days after Hrant Dink's assassination, I walked into my office and the phone immediately started ringing. In those days I never picked up my office phone. The ringing would pause occasionally, but then it would start again, on and on. Uneasy, I eventually picked up. Straight away, I recognized Ara's voice. "Oh, you're back! I am coming over now," he said, and hung up without waiting for my response.

His tears weren't slowing down. The more he cried, the more I was gripped by a strange sense of guilt and felt paralyzed. After crying for a very long time, Ara finally calmed down, and then, as if this had been the whole purpose of his visit to my office, he drank a glass of water and left.

Sometime after that we met again. I resumed my quiet work in his archives as if nothing had happened. I no longer felt the urge to ask him about his grandfathers and grandmothers. The great photographer had already told me everything through his tears.

Ara had hoped for a democracy where individuals could speak freely of their murdered ancestors, or at least freely weep for them. Turkey never became that democracy. The success of the past 15 years, a period of economic growth built on borrowed money, has been used not to broaden the reach of democracy but to restrict freedom of thought even further. And after all this growth and all this construction, Ara Guler's old Istanbul has become — to use the title of one of his books — a "Lost Istanbul."



In the Tophane quarter, 1986.

ORHAN PAMUK, who won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 2006, is the author, most recently, of the novel "The Red-Haired Woman." Ekin Oklap translated this essay from Turkish.



Waiting for bazaar customers, 1959.

Ara's attentiveness to the inhabitants of Istanbul's back streets — the fishermen sitting in coffee shops and mending their nets, the unemployed men getting inebriated in taverns, the children patching up car tires in the shadow of the city's crumbling ancient walls, the construction crews, the railway workers, the boatmen pulling at their oars to ferry city folk from one shore of the Golden Horn to the other, the fruit sellers pushing their hand-carts, the people milling about at dawn waiting for the Galata Bridge to open, the early-morning minibus drivers — is evidence of how he always expressed his attachment to the city through the people who live in it.

It is as if Ara's photographs were telling us, "Yes, there is no end to beautiful cityscapes in Istanbul, but first, the individuals!" The crucial, defining characteristic of an Ara Guler

OPINION

The New York Times

INTERNATIONAL EDITION

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TRUMP'S FRIGHTENING CLOSING ARGUMENT

The president returns to campaign combat mode.

A flurry of pipe bombs targeting political figures and the media. A black man and woman gunned down in a grocery store, allegedly by a white man who had, moments before, tried to storm a black church. A mass shooting at a synagogue. The past two weeks have been ones of heartbreak and fear for many Americans. Even for those not directly touched by the horror, it is hard to escape the feeling that something has gone very wrong.

In the face of such tragedy, a president is expected to serve as the consoler in chief, setting aside the petty elements of politics to comfort a scared and grieving nation. Historically, the role has been pretty straightforward, as the presidential historian Michael Beschloss noted this week: "They heal. They unite. They inspire. It's not exactly rocket science."

But with this president, observed Mr. Beschloss, things don't work that way: "It's not in Donald Trump's software to do this. He's a one-trick pony. His single political m.o. is to try to divide and conquer, to pit groups against one another and benefit from it politically."

The violence of late has driven home just how reluctant President Trump is to focus on matters beyond the purely political. He knows, or at least is told, what he is supposed to say or do in such situations. But he has a devil of a time staying on that message for more than a few hours — especially with a high-stakes election just days away. The president's carefully scripted calls for national unity are brief and ephemeral, abandoned for more visceral ones of political warfare. It has been painfully easy to distinguish which are coming from the heart.

With both the bomb plot and the massacre in Pittsburgh, Mr. Trump issued reassuring statements, condemning the acts of evil and expressing the need for Americans to come together — then promptly chased those sentiments with overheated partisan talk, political scaremongering, and attacks on the media, which he repeatedly has blamed for the ugly mood of the nation.

For Mr. Trump, a mass assassination plot was little more than a distraction from what truly mattered: his team's political fortunes. Mr. Trump managed to make it through his visit to Pittsburgh on Tuesday without incident, avoiding public remarks altogether. Nonetheless, several residents, most notably Pittsburgh's mayor, Bill Peduto, had publicly requested that a presidential visit be delayed until after the community was done "burying the dead." The immediate focus, they explained gently, should be on the grieving families. But a White House official told CNN that a trip later in the week would have been complicated by Mr. Trump's tightly packed campaign schedule. Once again the president made his priorities clear.

Mr. Trump is hardly the only president to wade into politics during times of crisis. After the 1995 Oklahoma City bombing, President Bill Clinton called out the militant antigovernment sentiment coming from conservative corners of the political world, denouncing the "purveyors of hatred and division, the promoters of paranoia."

More pointed still, in the aftermath of more than one mass shooting — some 17 of which he had to address during his tenure — President Barack Obama pleaded for stricter gun laws. In response to the 2015 blood bath at a community college in Oregon, Mr. Obama went so far as to assert that gun violence is "something we should politicize."

But Mr. Trump has not been seeking to find a broader political lesson in recent tragedies so much as he has been eager to blow past the events and return to campaign combat and the adulation of his followers.

Last month, as Hurricane Michael ripped across the panhandle of Florida, Mr. Trump stuck to his stump schedule, appearing at a rally in Pennsylvania. "I cannot disappoint the thousands of people that are there — and the thousands that are going," he tweeted in justification.

A heartbeat after Mr. Trump's Pittsburgh visit, he was back in full brawler mode, ratcheting up the fear-mongering and immigrant-bashing that he is counting on to drive his base to the polls. He touted his proposal to end birthright citizenship and talked of tripling the number of troops being dispatched to combat the migrant "invasion." The online ad released on Mr. Trump's Twitter feed Wednesday, which pairs footage from the migrant caravan with that of an undocumented immigrant convicted of killing two California police officers and binds it all together with claims that Democrats want to let criminals flood the country, was xenophobic demagogic in its purest form.

At this point, it is perhaps unrealistic to expect anything different from this president. Like the snake in his favorite parable, Mr. Trump cannot rise above his fundamental nature. And even in the face of national tragedy, his perspective remains fixed: The presidency is all about the politics, and politics is all about him.

The last gasp of Northern Ireland

Richard Seymour

LONDON The Democratic Unionist Party, the hard-line Northern Irish Protestant party that essentially has both Prime Minister Theresa May and the Brexit process in a death grip, is not merely stupid or fanatical. The party understands that its fortunes depend on an increasingly threatened British nationalism.

Unionism is dying in Northern Ireland. During the 30-year war, the Protestant majority was mostly loyal, even though Northern Ireland was one of the poorest parts of the United Kingdom. With a dwindling industrial base, it was subsidized by war, infused with money for an occupying army and giant, garrisoned stations full of police officers.

When I was growing up in the 1980s, in a small Protestant town in the east of the six counties, Protestants could believe that those men of violence were there for us, that the Union was ours. Electoral gerrymandering shored up Unionist power. There were jobs for the "Prods," as Protestants were known. Protestants occupied most of the skilled work and the few professional and managerial jobs available.

The south of Ireland was poor, and everyday chauvinism said Catholics were poor because they were backward and dirty, and brought it on themselves. "That's a Protestant-looking house," mothers would chirp after tidying up.

The annual Twelfth of July bonfires and parades, celebrating the history of Ulster Loyalism, saw effigies of wicked Papists burned for public edification and the delight of inebriated Loyalists. This was "our culture." These festivities helped create a lynch mob atmosphere, leading to the murder of Catholics. Every year, the stories were the same:

Bonfire night was a night for petty terror and brickbusting Catholic windows. Parades day was a day for blood. I recall that one year during my childhood, members of a local Loyalist flute band stabbed a Catholic bus driver repeatedly; a woman tried to stanch the bleeding by wrapping him in towels, but when the ambulance arrived, he was dead. We heard this story on the radio, on the way back from watching a parade. Many paid with blood for Protestant loyalty to Britain.

What, today, is the point of Northern Ireland? Built for perpetual war to keep the British in Ireland, it has lost its war, and with it the enormous, animating reservoirs of feeling and meaning that kept the "Prods" loyal. The barracks are gone, the stations empty hulks. Peace brought multinationals and chain stores, and the town centers grew deadly quiet. The bunting, flags and murals still appear in some Protestant heartlands, if local councils don't dare to remove them. But they cut a faded figure in just another north British region struggling to lure investors with lower corporate taxes.

Parades draw diminishing, aging crowds. Young, working-class Protestants once waved banners celebrating Ulster plantation lords, as though their lives were connected to such vicious men. Now they want out. Every year, more than a third of students flee Northern Ireland. More would if they could: A Belfast Telegraph survey of young people found that two-thirds want to leave. Ironically, the communal institutions bequeathed by Good Friday prolong sectarian allegiances, running Stormont, the Northern Irish assembly, on the principle of communal power-sharing.

Hence the Democratic Unionist Party's ability to stalemate the government.

Prime Minister May formed a coalition with the D.U.P. after losing her parliamentary majority in last year's snap election. In exchange for keeping her in office, she gave the hard-line Unionists veto power over Brexit negotiations. The D.U.P., which has a history of ties to gunrunning and paramilitarism, has never been easy to deal with. Its leadership is based in the Free Presbyterian Church, the fundamentalist sect founded in 1951 by the former D.U.P. leader Ian Paisley. It has been described by the journalist Owen Jones as "the political wing of the 17th century."

During the 1980s, campaigning against Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's negotiated settlement with the Irish Republic, its slogan blared from every lamppost in Northern Ireland: "Ulster Says No."

Ulster is saying no again. Mrs. May, to satisfy her party, has to get Britain out of the European customs union, restoring a customs border between the United Kingdom and the European Union. The D.U.P. welcomes that. But the Good Friday agreement presupposes a "soft" border between the north and south of Ireland. Mrs. May, to preserve the agreement, proposes keeping Northern Ireland in the customs union. That means a customs border between Northern Ireland and the rest of Britain. There, the D.U.P. draws a "blood red" line. That, it says, mortally threatens the Union.

The panic has a basis in reality. In the Northern Ireland Assembly elections of 2017, Unionism lost its majority. Sinn Féin came close to beating the D.U.P. as the biggest single party. In the 2016 referendum, most people in Northern

Ireland voted against the D.U.P.'s pro-Brexit position. Census figures show a long-term decline in the share of Protestants, who tend to be Unionist voters, with a Catholic majority possible by 2021. An ironic turn for a statelet built to preserve a loyal Protestant majority.

For the theocrats at the core of the D.U.P. leadership, this is a threat to the political self-defense of Protestants against, as Ian Paisley used to put it, the Papal Antichrist. Hence, the D.U.P. obstructs gay marriage, abortion rights and Irish language rights. The party and its Loyalist base are waging a cultural war to defend "Britishness." They'll spoil a deal with the European Union, even if the Good Friday Agreement must be rewritten or collapsed.

In mainland Britain, the Brexit right laps this up. These politicians, representing the right wing of the Conservative Party and those who have broken from it over Europe since the 1990s, have seen the crisis coming, too. The Union, forged by empire, looks purposeless; Britishness forlorn. The institutions of government are losing legitimacy. The Conservative Party has been in a state of decline, particularly since the 1990s. Scotland almost seceded in 2014. A resurgent left under the Labour Party leader Jeremy Corbyn poses its own solution to the pervading sense of collapse.

The Brexit right blames all of this on a liberal establishment allied to Europe. It claims that European rules have held back business, weakened the pound and eroded national self-determination. By quitting the European Union, the Brexiteers hope to break that establishment and empower the Conservative Party's small-business base.

The D.U.P. and the Brexit right don't have identical priorities. Brexiteers want a low-wage, low-tax economy to compete with the European Union. The D.U.P., with a more working-class base, often votes with Labour on issues like public spending. But they share the vocabulary of "Britishness," and the D.U.P. would go along with "free market" reforms as long as Northern Ireland received generous funding.

If they succeed in forcing a "hard" Brexit and in imposing their post-Brexit settlement, they would further weaken the Union. They would exacerbate the regionalized class inequalities that brought Scotland to the brink of departure.

In Ireland, north and south, Sinn Féin is a growing power. It is heading to a plurality in the Assembly. A crisis for the Good Friday Agreement, already stretched by D.U.P. obstructionism, is leading Sinn Féin to put a united Ireland back on the agenda. Though unlikely in the short-term, it seems more plausible than Brexit did just five years ago.

Loyalists, faced with a threat to the Union, would put up a fight. The paramilitaries still exist. But in the pebbledash, gray concrete, rained-on estates of Northern Ireland, Unionism is slowly dying. And with it, an idea of Britain.

RICHARD SEYMOUR is an editor at *Salvage* magazine and the author, most recently, of "*Corbyn: The Strange Rebirth of Radical Politics*."



Bullet holes marked a sign post at the border of Ireland and Northern Ireland last July.

CHARLES MCQUILLAN/GETTY IMAGES

There's no going back for the G.O.P.

Daniel McCarthy

Donald Trump's conservative critics have one last hope: defeat. If Republicans suffer humiliating defeats in the midterm elections, they suggest, President Trump will get the blame. Influential donors and grass-roots Republicans will turn on him, and the party will get back to normal. Not so long ago this was the party of Paul Ryan and free trade. This was the party of George W. Bush and compassionate conservatism. This was a party whose self-performed autopsy after the 2012 election called for more minority outreach. After Mr. Trump, why can't the G.O.P. be that party again?

The ranks of anti-Trump Republicans grow thinner by the day. They're retiring from Congress. They're writing memoirs blasting their former friends. But they hold out hope for the future. If the Republican Party could undergo such a profound change in personality and policy thanks to just one man in a mere three years, who's to say it can't change back? The Trump coalition seems so impermanent, after all, a motley mix of Southern evangelicals, businessmen who think like the Chamber of Commerce and disaffected white voters from the Rust Belt. Throw in foreign-policy hawks and anti-interventionist America Firsters, and Trump's Republican Party looks like an impossible contradiction. It can't last. Can it?

Yes, it can. In fact, the party that President Trump has remade in his image is arguably less divided and in a better position to keep winning the White House than it has been at any

time since the 1980s. What Mr. Trump has done is to rediscover the formula that made the landslide Republican Electoral College victories of the Nixon and Reagan years possible. Mr. Trump's signature themes of economic nationalism and immigration restriction are only 21st-century updates to the issues that brought the Republican Party triumph in all but one of the six presidential elections between 1968 and 1988.

Some of the parallels are obvious. President Trump talks about crime and left-wing agitation in much the same way that Richard Nixon once did — and Ronald Reagan, too, especially during his time as governor of California. Mr. Trump's combination of force with an aversion to large-scale military interventions and nation-building also bears a resemblance to the policies of Republican presidents past. Dwight Eisenhower and Mr. Reagan also preferred to build up military strength without engaging in the kinds of prolonged wars for which Lyndon Johnson and George W. Bush are remembered. And while Mr. Nixon was mired in Vietnam, he ran as a candidate eager to find an exit.

Mr. Trump's willingness to deal with even as repellent a dictator as Kim Jong-un has a precedent in the creative diplomacy pursued by Mr. Nixon with Mao Zedong. If Mr. Trump is mocked for saying that he fell in love with Mr. Kim after an exchange of letters, Mr. Reagan was once mocked, too, and by conservatives at that, for his love affair with Mikhail Gorbachev.

But the most important ways in which Mr. Trump recapitulates the winning themes of earlier Republicans are less direct. Throughout the Cold War, Republicans presented themselves as the

party of greater nationalism in the struggle against a global threat. If the United States was to survive in a world that seemed increasingly subjugated by international Communism, the country would have to embrace the party that was most anti-Communist.

The Soviet Union is long gone, but our national distinctiveness — the American way of life — is perceived to be under threat by new global forces, this time in the form of competition from China and international economic and regulatory bodies that compromise national sovereignty. Many voters see immigration as part of this story. They want America to control its borders by political choice, not to admit more immigrants because a global labor market insists that more must come for the good of all.

Even in the area where Mr. Trump seems most different from Republicans past, on trade, he has really returned to an older style of politics. Mr. Reagan was an economic nationalist, too, not just because he protected a company like Harley-Davidson against competition from Japan but more important because his pro-growth policies of deregulation and tax cuts were themselves the appropriate forms of economic nationalism for the 1980s. In the decades before the rise of China as an industrial superpower, economic nationalism was chiefly a matter of keeping the American economy entrepreneurial — defending it against red tape and busi-

ness-unfriendly policies at home rather than the predatory economic strategies of foreign governments.

By the early 1990s, the Reagan economic strategy — a mix of entrepreneurship, tough bargaining and limited protection — had succeeded against stiff competition from Japan. That victory was squandered, however, by Republicans and Democrats starting later in that decade who pursued economic policy not in terms of national industry but as an exercise in global ideological consumerism.

The business side of President Trump's coalition still puts its bottom line ahead of its theoretical commitments: Mr. Trump has produced a very good environment for business, no matter what the businesspeople think about his tariffs. They want to win elections so that they can continue to prosper, and if that means electing more protectionists after Mr. Trump, that is a price they are readily willing to pay.

Grass-roots evangelical Christians and Rust Belt workers, meanwhile, both find something to like in an America that reaffirms its economic exceptionalism and sovereignty. That, no less than Mr. Trump's loyalty to Christian conservatives on abortion and other issues, is why evangelical voters have not abandoned him.

Few Republicans running this year seem to understand what gave Mr. Trump his edge in 2016 — it was not that he was simply combative and rhetorically right-wing. It was that he had a vision of what it meant to make America great again, by making the Republicans a party for the nation again.

DANIEL MCCARTHY is editor of *Modern Age: A Conservative Quarterly*.

SCIENCE LAB



BELEAGUERED BEHEMOTH

Diminutive foragers nibble away at a 6,500-ton giant in Utah

On 106 acres in Fishlake National Forest in Richfield, Utah, a 13-million-pound giant has loomed for thousands of years. But few people have ever heard of him. This is “the Trembling Giant,” or Pando, from the Latin for “spread.” A single clone, and genetically male, he is Earth’s most massive organism, a forest of one, a grove of some 47,000 aspen trees connected by a single root system, all with the same DNA.

But a new study suggests that Pando is fighting a losing battle against human encroachment and herds of hungry animals. The study, consisting of recent ground surveys



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANCE ODITT, STUDIO 4760 NORTH

Clockwise from top: a forest of one; a fence that is supposed to keep deer away; dying trees at the edges that often are not replaced by new shoots, according to researchers.

GUT CHECK

They don't just end up as trash; plastics may get to your stomach

In the next 60 seconds, people around the world will purchase one million plastic bottles and two million plastic bags.

Though it will take more than 1,000 years for most of these items to degrade, many will soon break apart into tiny shards known as microplastics, trillions of which have been showing up in seawater (at right) tap water and even table salt. Now, add one more repository to the list: the human gut.

In a pilot study with a small sample size, researchers looked for microplastics in stool samples from eight people from Finland, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, Poland, Russia, Britain and

Austria. Every sample tested positive.

“The results were astonishing,” said Dr. Philipp Schwabl, the study’s lead author.

There are no certain health implications yet, and the researchers plan a broader study. DOUGLAS QUENQUA



ERIC GAILLARD/REUTERS

TWO MILES DOWN

‘Headless chicken’ in a rare portrait

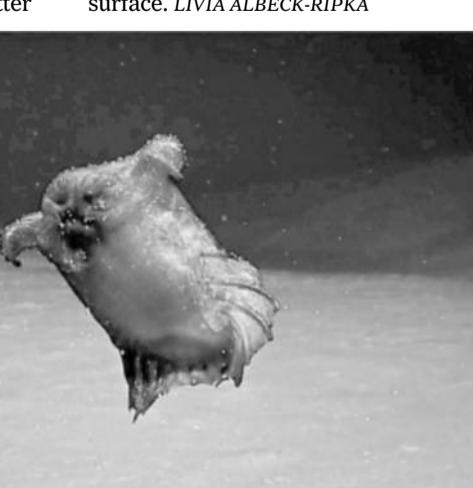
What lives a mile under the sea, has tentacles and fins and looks like a decapitated chicken ready for roasting? The headless chicken monster, of course.

That is actually the name of a rare creature caught on film by researchers working in the Southern Ocean, nearly 2,500 miles off the southwest corner of Australia. The “monster” — actually a sea cucumber that helps to filter organic matter

on the ocean floor — has been caught on film only once before, last year in the Gulf of Mexico. Floored by its unusual physique, scientists call it the headless chicken monster.

“It looks a bit like a chicken just before you put it in oven,” said Dirk Welsford, with the Australian Antarctic Division.

As part of a project exploring fishing’s impact on marine ecosystems, Dr. Welsford’s team attached cameras to fishing lines that were dropped nearly two miles below the surface. LIVIA ALBECK-RIPKA



THE NATIONAL OCEANIC AND ATMOSPHERIC ADMINISTRATION

Researchers learn that lavender has the power to bring relief from anxiety

Lavender is said to have the power to reduce stress and anxiety. But are these effects more than just folk medicine?

Yes, said Hideki Kashiwadani, a physiologist and neuroscientist at Kagoshima University in Japan — at least in mice.

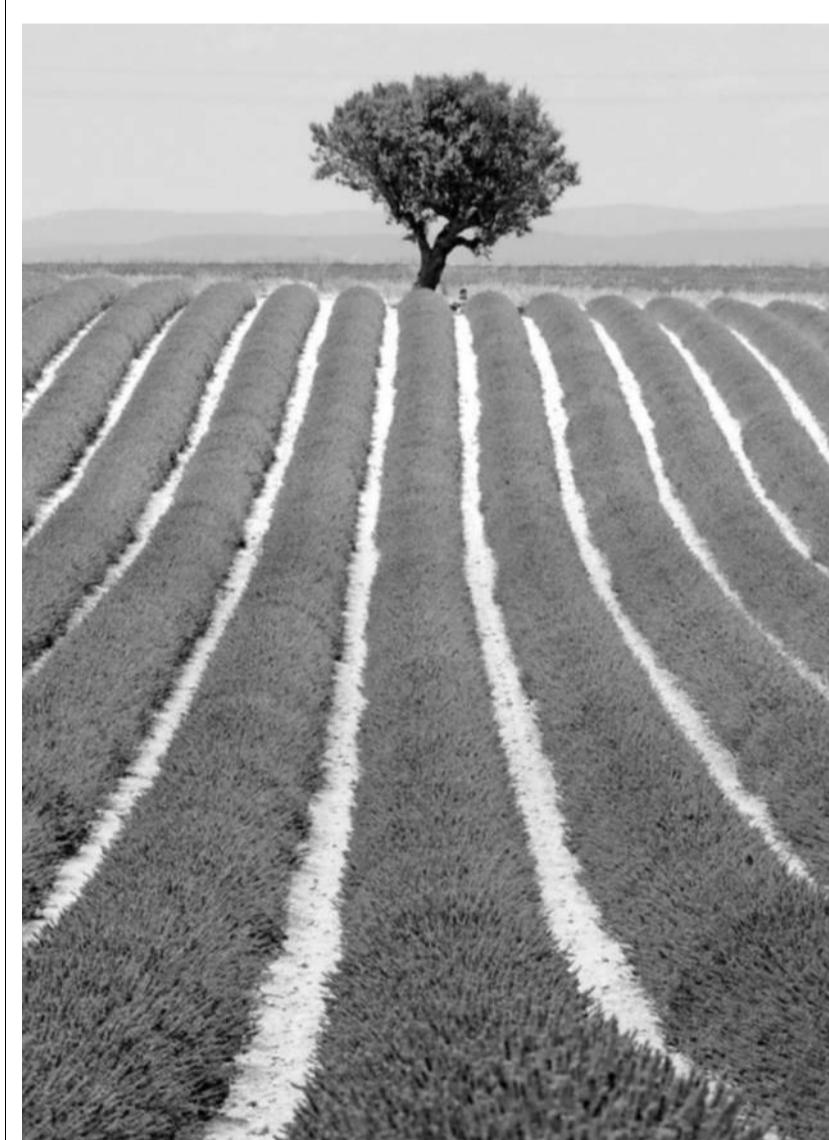
“Many people take the effects of ‘odor’ with a grain of salt,” he said in an email. “But among the stories, some are true based on science.”

In a new study, Dr. Kashiwadani and

his colleagues found that sniffing linalool, an alcohol component of lavender’s odor, worked on the same parts of a mouse’s brain as drugs like Valium, but without dizzying side effects. And it didn’t reach parts of the brain directly from the bloodstream, as had been thought.

Relief from anxiety could be triggered just by inhaling through a healthy nose.

Their findings add to a growing body of research demonstrating anxiety-reducing qualities of lavender odors and suggest a new mechanism for how they work in the body. Dr. Kashiwadani believes this new insight is a key step in developing lavender-derived compounds like linalool for clinical use in humans. JOANNA KLEIN



ERIC GAILLARD/REUTERS

“The U.S.A. is one of the most active countries in the world, when it comes to volcanic activity.”

Janine Krippner, a Concord University volcano expert, on a U.S. Geological Survey report that classified 18 American volcanoes as “very high threat.”

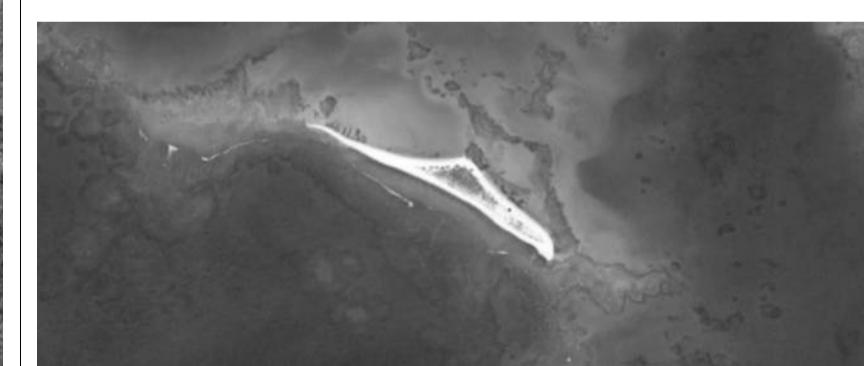
FRAGILE ISLAND

It was just a sliver of sand in the Pacific, and it couldn’t withstand the force of a hurricane

First, the island was there. Then, it was mostly gone.

Before Hurricane Walaka swept through the central Pacific a month ago, East Island was captured in images as an 11-acre sliver of sand that stood out starkly from the turquoise ocean.

After the storm, officials confirmed



PHOTOGRAPHS BY U.S. FISH AND WILDLIFE SERVICE

East Island before Hurricane Walaka, above, and afterward.



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Sports

Worry-free Warriors are having fun

On Pro Basketball

BY SCOTT CACCIOLA

OAKLAND, CALIF. Steve Kerr, the coach of the Golden State Warriors, decided at the start of last season to emphasize to his players just how much they would need to grind to reach a fourth straight N.B.A. finals. He painted a fairly bleak picture of the road ahead, drawing on his own experiences as a player with the Chicago Bulls to illustrate the challenges.

His intentions were good. He wanted to guard against complacency. He wanted his team to be mentally prepared. But in hindsight, he said, it was probably a big mistake.

"This year, we haven't talked about that at all," Kerr said. "We're just talking more about enjoying the process, enjoying every day, every game."

The Warriors definitely appear to be having more fun this season. Stephen Curry had fun scoring 51 points in a win against the Washington Wizards on Oct. 24. Kevin Durant had fun erupting for 41 in a win against the Knicks two days later. And Klay Thompson had fun setting an N.B.A. record with 14 3-pointers in a 52-point performance during a win against the Bulls on Monday.

"Couldn't have asked for a better start," Thompson said.

Here is the unfortunate reality for the rest of the league: If the Warriors were slightly miserable last season, they still went on to win a second straight championship, their third in four years. So what can we expect from them now that they are actually enjoying themselves?

"We're just trying to give our fans a show, man," Thompson said.

The Warriors have shown flashes of unprecedented brilliance already this season, running their record to 8-1 with a 131-121 win against the New Orleans Pelicans on Wednesday night. Entering Friday, the Warriors led the league in scoring, assists, field-goal percentage, 3-point shooting, high-fives and highlights. They could be better than



KYLE TERADA/USA TODAY SPORTS, VIA REUTERS

This year's Warriors, including Draymond Green, left, and Stephen Curry, may be the best yet. They have an 8-1 record and lead the N.B.A. in several offensive categories.

ever, as preposterous as that sounds. The players, for their part, seemed aware of the possibilities even before the start of training camp. Andre Iguodala, in an interview over the summer, made a bold prediction.

"This year is going to be better than last year," he said. "Last year was rough."

These are first-world problems, but rough for the Warriors meant dealing

with the constant and often self-imposed pressure of repeating as champions. Rough meant a long trip to China for preseason games, which wore them out. ("I know a couple guys told us Game 1 felt like Game 41," Kerr said.) Rough meant coping with injuries to stars like Curry and Durant, and seldom feeling quite complete. Rough meant closing the regular season with a thud, losing 10 of their final 17 games.

"We went into the season with the wrong mind-set," Draymond Green said, adding: "Every team is going through an 82-game grind. But as opposed to embracing it, we were kind of like: 'Oh, here we are. Let's get through it and get to the playoffs.' And it felt that way."

The process of the regular season, Green said, should have been the fun part. Instead, he said, the Warriors

tried to skip past it and then "flip the switch" in the playoffs, which, to be fair, they did. But still, as Green put it, "That's not fun."

There were other obstacles, too, which Iguodala described as "family business." He did not elaborate.

"But last year was tough," he said. "Mentally tough. People don't know how hard it is to repeat. But now we understand the grind of going through

it, and I think we learned from it."

The team, Kerr said, has also been energized this season by young players like Damian Jones, Alfonzo McKinzie and Jacob Evans.

"The gym just tends to have more energy when you've got a bunch of guys who are all hungry and working on their game," Kerr said.

Before Wednesday's game against the Pelicans, Kerr anticipated hiccups. The Warriors were facing a tough opponent, he said, and they were also coming off a three-game road trip. He thought they would need to re-acclimate themselves to Oracle Arena. Kerr, of course, is a master of pregame diplomacy: Every opponent poses a threat, and

every game is a test.

"Anthony Davis is spectacular," he said, referring to the Pelicans' All-Star center.

Sure enough, the Warriors did not play the most pristine basketball of their lives, committing 17 turnovers. But for every mistake, they produced four or five dazzling feats — a pull-up 3-pointer from a yet-to-be-discovered planet, a no-look pass for a fast-break layup, a baseline dunk.

Golden State also played with great effort, and that might be one of the most endearing traits of this team.

On most nights, the Warriors could simply try to outscore opponents — listen, we all know their roster is absurd — but they are determined to play a little defense, too, from the starters on down.

So there was Curry, in the first half, diving for a loose ball and bouncing to his feet to spark a fast break. There was the newcomer Jonas Jerebko, making a bad pass but compensating for it by blocking a shot at the other end. And there was Green, waving his arms to the crowd after forcing a shot-clock violation.

Green said a personal point of emphasis for him this season was to stop arguing with the officials so much. He wants to channel his energies in more positive ways.

"I think our guys," Kerr said, "are in a good place."

NON SEQUITUR



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SUDOKU

No. 0311

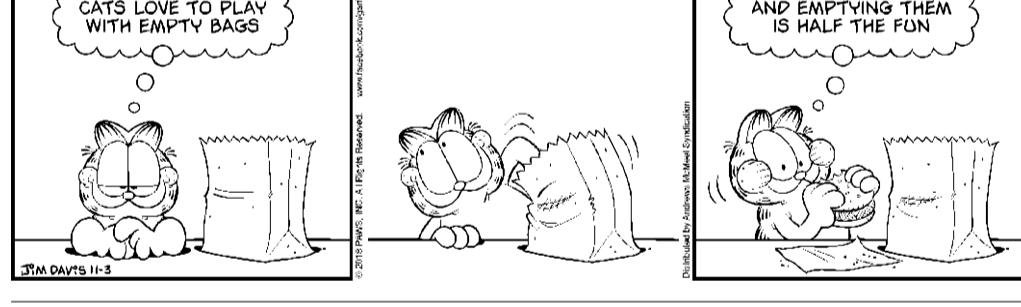


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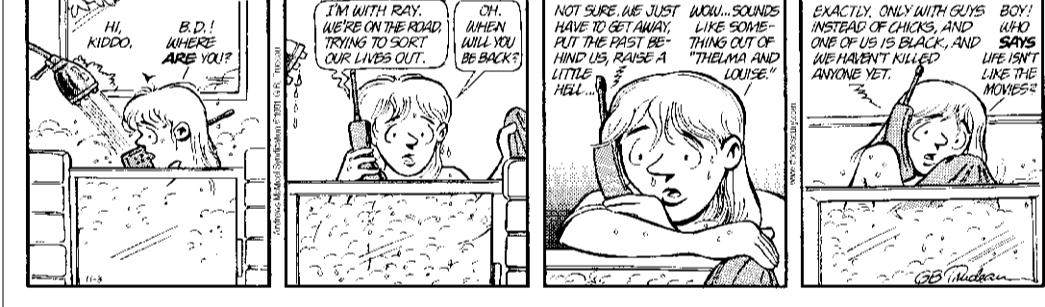
PEANUTS



GARFIELD



DOONESBURY CLASSIC 1991



CALVIN AND HOBBES

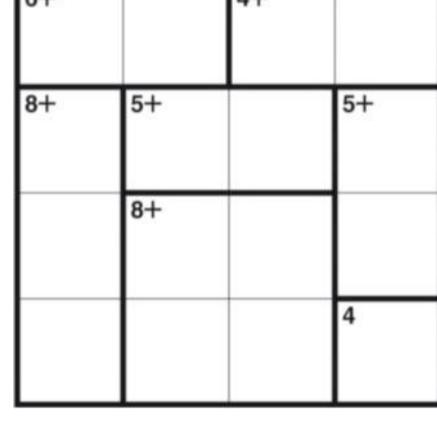


DILBERT



WIZARD OF ID

KENKEN



Fill the grids with digits so as not to repeat a digit in any row or column, and so that the digits within each heavily outlined box will produce the target number shown, by using addition, subtraction, multiplication or division, as indicated in the box. A 4x4 grid will use the digits 1-4. A 6x6 grid will use 1-6.

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THE SATURDAY CROSSWORD | Edited by Will Shortz

Across

28	Rapper with the 5x platinum album "... And Then There Was X"	12		13
54	Light crimson	14		15
55	"Fiddler on the Roof" Oscar nominee	16		17
56	Showed signs of congestion, maybe	20		21
		24		22
		26		23
			27	
			28	
29		30	31	32
41		33	34	
43				44
45			46	47
49		50	51	52
53			54	
55			56	

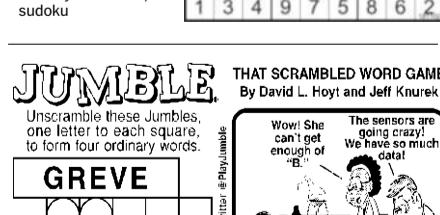
Down

- 1 First name of two Wimbledon winners in the 1980s and '90s
- 2 Political organization
- 3 Shepherds, in the Bible
- 4 Le Pen pal?
- 5 International treaty subject
- 6 Ones not calling the shots?
- 7 Chest part, informally
- 8 Lovingly, in scores
- 9 Classic blues song with the line "I'd rather be dead than to stay here and be your dog"
- 10 When to start on a course
- 11 Less stressed
- 12 Singer in Jewish services
- 13 Jaguar's coat, e.g.
- 14 Apple ___
- 15 Classified
- 16 Little put-down
- 17 Exorcism, e.g.
- 18 "Crime and Punishment" setting
- 19 "American Dad!"
- 20 Capital of the U.S. from 1785 to 1790, in brief
- 21 Addictive pain reliever
- 22 Baby during its first four weeks
- 23 "Do something funny!"
- 24 Members of families
- 25 Tried to follow
- 26 Nick name
- 27 "Told Shim Shass" (Hebrew)
- 28 "Shed Askup" (Hebrew)
- 29 "Resists change"
- 30 Go along with
- 31 "Hobble" (verb)
- 32 "Ordinary joe"
- 33 "Full Frontal With Samantha Bee" network
- 34 Word with game or building
- 35 One letting you know before going for a bite?
- 36 Some malicious programs
- 37 Intolerant
- 38 One-footed creature
- 39 South Pole discoverer Amundsen
- 40 Millennials, by another name
- 41 "Seriously?"
- 50 Part of R.S.V.P.
- 52 Morale-boosting grp.

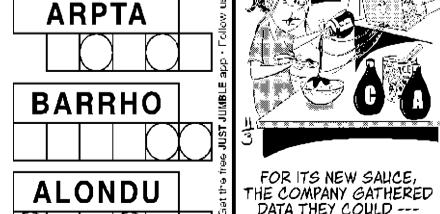
JUMBLE

Unscramble these Jumbles, one letter to each square, to form four ordinary words.

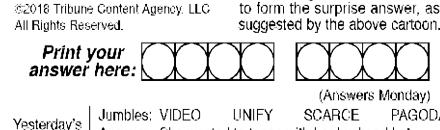
GREVE



ARPTA



BARRHO



ALONDU

Print your answer here: (Answers Monday)

Yesterday's Jumbles: VIDEO UNIFY SCARCE PAGODA

Answer: She wanted to tango with her husband but couldn't get past his — "AVOID-DANCE"

Weekend



CHRIS STEIN

Show us your Warhol!

The Pop artist's portraits of the rich and famous are his biggest body of work. So what was it like facing his camera?

BY BRETT SOKOL

By the mid-1970s, the era of bohemian debauchery that once defined Andy Warhol's Factory — the artist's downtown Manhattan studio and offices — was over. It was now time to pay the ballooning bills — for film and video projects; for his magazine, Interview; for real estate purchases — even as sales of his own artwork were drying up.

The solution? A burgeoning sideline in commissioned portraits, with Warhol's business manager, Frederick Hughes, spearheading efforts to entice wealthy patrons and their spouses, celebrities, and fellow artists (with whom Warhol often traded works). "Commissioned portraits were very important in financing everything, including paying a staff of 10 people," explained Bob Colacello, then Interview's editor in chief and, alongside Hughes, Warhol's right hand during this period.

Eighty-six of these portraits from the '60s, '70s and '80s will be featured in the comprehensive retrospective "Andy Warhol — From A to B and Back Again," opening Nov. 12 at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York. The effect is to place these for-hire canvases on the same hallowed aesthetic footing as his iconic early '60s soup can paintings, silk-screened depictions of Elvis Presley, and narrative-free filmed screen tests. That's no accident.

"Warhol was a social observer from the very beginning, and it's important to see the portraits in that context," said the show's curator, Donna De Salvo, a deputy director at the Whitney. "Some of them have a quality where you really feel like he knew the person, they're almost tender. And some of them are very formulaic."

But combined they create a pre-digital Facebook, she added, "mapping subcultures" from socialites to rock stars. "It's their desire to be painted by Warhol, to receive his imprimatur, that brings it all together," she said. "I don't think that's quite different than having your portrait done by any of the great 19th-century painters."

The portraits certainly weren't seen that way at the time of their making. In November 1979, when the Whitney staged a show including 112 commissioned portraits, the media reception was largely brutal. "Warhol's admirers," Robert Hughes of Time magazine wrote, "are given to claiming that Warhol has 'revived' the social portrait

as a form. It would be nearer the truth to say he has zipped its corpse into a Halston, painted its eyelids and propped it in the back of a limo, where it moves but cannot speak."

Yet despite the critical eye-rolling, Mr. Colacello called these portraits "the bread and butter" for Warhol's empire. During the '70s, shows of new work like the Skulls series in Europe — where Warhol still had a loyal base of collectors — generated about \$800,000 each (\$2.3 million in today's dollars), hardly enough to cover the growing overhead. The \$25,000 commissioned portraits, with an extra \$15,000 typically charged for every additional panel, made up the difference. "We'd have people for lunch at the Factory a lot, and we'd conveniently have Marella Agnelli's or Mick Jagger's portrait leaning against the wall," Mr. Colacello said. "People would say 'Those are so great! How much are they? I should have my wife done!'"

First came a photography session. A Polaroid shot of the subject was then blown up into a 40-by-40-inch image and silk-screened onto canvas, but only after Warhol had meticulously cut away any less-than-flattering wrinkles and double chins. Upon delivery of the finished portrait, the salesmanship began anew. "If someone ordered two panels, he would paint four, hoping they would then take them all. Sometimes when people saw how great four looked side by side, they would open their checkbooks a little more," Mr. Colacello recalled. By the early '80s, new commissions had soared. Warhol was painting about 50 a year, grossing nearly \$5 million annually when adjusted for inflation.

For generations who have come of age long after Warhol's death in 1987, grids of these portraits are often viewed as his signature work — their eye-popping colors and scattershot brushwork atop a repeating washed-out image serving as shorthand for not only the artist's overall style, but the very aura of fame itself. Even the art world establishment has come around: Museums worldwide now embrace them as essential examples of modern-day portraiture.

So what was it like facing Warhol's camera? Here, his subjects discuss that process and living with their portraits in the decades since. These are edited excerpts from the conversations.

DEBBIE HARRY, COMMISSIONED IN 1980

Singer-songwriter

You were surprised by Andy's technology?

Andy used these funny [Big Shot] cameras by Polaroid. When [her band



2018 THE ANDY WARHOL FOUNDATION FOR THE VISUAL ARTS, INC./LICENSED BY ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY (ARS), NEW YORK; VIA DOUGLAS S. CRAMER

From top, Debbie Harry facing Warhol's Big Shot Polaroid in 1980; Douglas S. Cramer with two 1985 Warhol portraits at the Cincinnati Art Museum; and Berkeley Reinhold with her Warhol at her New York apartment in 1981.



2018 THE ANDY WARHOL FOUNDATION FOR THE VISUAL ARTS, INC./LICENSED BY ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY (ARS), NEW YORK; VIA REINHOLD FAMILY

Blondie] toured the country we used to go around to the junk shops and buy them for like a quarter! They were ridiculous. They looked like shoeboxes and were quite hard to use. To focus you had to move closer or back off. You really had to have a great eye. It shows you what a genius he was to use this silly camera for these incredible portraits.

What was your initial reaction to the finished portrait?

There were four and it was hard to choose. Seeing them together in those different colors, I wanted all of them.

Did you haggle over a bulk price?

[Laughing] They didn't even try and offer me a discount. They knew I didn't have that kind of money!

When you look at the single portrait you bought, what runs through your mind now?

Gosh, I was cute! [Laughing]

DOUGLAS S. CRAMER, 1985

Television producer

Your commission was a bit more complex than most.

I had a television series called "The Love Boat" and I thought Andy would

be fabulous as a guest star. The deal we finally made was complicated: I gave Andy a list of 20 names of possible guest stars and he had the right to pick 10 of the 20. If I delivered any of those 10 as our 1,000th guest star, he was committed to be on the show. And he would also do a portrait of that 1,000th guest star. And a double portrait of me, and a double portrait of my partner Aaron Spelling. But Candy [Aaron's wife] decided she wanted a portrait, too. So he did that as well.

Who was Andy's No. 1 pick to paint?

Elizabeth Taylor. Sophia Loren was second. They both said no. Third was Lana Turner, who was still a great Hollywood star with a mystique. He took Polaroids of her, she selected one, he did it. We took it to her and she didn't like the look of herself today. She pulled out a still from "Johnny Eager," an old [1941] movie. He used that as the basis of her second portrait, which I believe now hangs in her daughter's real estate office.

Did the actual making of Warhol's "Love Boat" episode in 1985 go any smoother?

We went through version after version of the script to get him happy. Most of what he said when we finally got him

on camera had very little to do with the scripted version. But everybody loved working with him. We had a big party afterward with 600 guest stars [from the nine seasons] and he was in the middle of it all, taking pictures and having the time of his life. It was high glamour for him.

BERKELEY REINHOLD, 1979
Elementary school student (then); entertainment lawyer (now)

You were just 10 years old when Warhol painted you. Even though he was a close friend of your father, that must have been a bit odd.

He used to call every day for my dad: "Hey kiddo, is your pops home?" My dad gave me the address of the Factory and some money, and I got in a taxi and went downtown. Thinking back, it's very strange to let a 10-year-old go downtown from the Upper West Side by herself. But my parents [John and Susan] were very young when they had me, so they were kids, too.

How did the session go?

I remember being taken into this tiny bathroom by an assistant. She pulled out this big, black makeup case with hundreds of brushes, sparkly eye shadow and blush. This was a dream! I'd never worn makeup before. I felt so glamorous! She caked all of this white base foundation on me and put on this incredibly rich, red lipstick. So here I am thinking, I'm going to look like a gorgeous model. And I look in the mirror and I look like a cartoon character!

Did you complain?

I was too shy to have said anything. Now I would! I've grown into those lips. They're the same color he used on his Marilyn Monroe and Liz Taylor portraits. We had those prints in our home when I was a kid. To put those lips on me — those lips which exemplify such power and strength and sophistication — it was extraordinary. Looking at them made me feel like I was becoming a woman.

CORICE ARMAN, 1977 AND 1986
Business manager for her late husband, the artist Arman

Your husband traded artwork with Warhol. Did you broach the notion of a Warhol portrait?

Something you have to know about my wonderful husband: He didn't ask me my opinion. [Laughing] Arman liked to have me, as I say, hanging around. He had portraits of me by several artists. So one day he just told me I was meeting Andy — I certainly wasn't going to say no to that! But you can see in my portrait that I'm a little intimidated.

Your first Warhol portrait is one of the few where the subject is topless. Was that your idea?

You can't imagine it was my idea! [Laughing] It was Andy's idea, he posed me. I was brought up Catholic, my generation was very prudish. My husband helped me to get out of that a little bit. We hung the portrait in our living room right away, and now I've come to think of it as a work of art, not WARHOL, PAGE 21

WEEKEND

STYLE



Why voting is in fashion



Vanessa Friedman

UNBUTTONED

In August, Dahna Goldstein, a 44-year-old entrepreneur and mother of one, was feeling frustrated. She was glued to the coming midterm elections, following myriad candidates and the rising tide of disruptors around the country, and she wanted to take what had become a focus of her personal life and include it in her professional life.

She wanted a message T-shirt — or something like it, anyway — that she could wear in a boardroom. She didn't want to leave her wardrobe politics to the weekends. "There was this huge disconnect between what I was feeling going on around me in the country and what was going on in my work life," Ms. Goldstein said.

She complained to her friend Alexandra Posen, an artist who is the sister of the designer Zac Posen and who was the creative director of his company until 2010.

They came up with an idea: a silk scarf, the kind you may wear with a suit jacket, etched with fine line drawings of every Democratic female political candidate on the Nov. 6 ballot. They thought other women might be interested. A new company, Resistance by Design, was born.

This election cycle, getting out the vote is not just a talking, or lobbying, point. It's a product category.

First, in November 2016, there was #Pantsuitnation and women heading to the polls in white to declare their allegiance with suffragists — and potentially the first female president.

Then, in January 2017, there was the Women's March and the pussy hat.

And now, as the midterm elections loom, there are bamboo cotton T-shirts and cashmere sweaters and leather totes with exhortations to "Vote" or "Don't Block the Box"; there are garments heralding "Power to the Polls." There is a special trunk show devoted to "Vote" tees on Moda Operandi and a page on elle.com for "Vote" merch.

Is it just a marketing moment? Carpetbagging on a hot-button issue to sell stuff? It's possible. That's the easy accusation. But there is real money, critical mass and some risk involved. And that tends to suggest something more is going on.

This isn't the slogan engineering D.I.Y. uniforms of yore, the stuff of protests past (though there is some of that; see Zazzle, Etsy and CafePress). This isn't just companies urging consumers to vote or modeling civic behavior by giving employees time off to vote, like Levi Strauss and Patagonia.

This is a rejection of the premise that political fashion is for marching on the barricades on your own time. This is a proposition for a new one: clothes as an overt expression of values to be worn all the time, anywhere.

Take that to the ballot box and check it.

This is Prabal Gurung and Tory Burch and Wes Gordon of Carolina Herrera and Diane von Furstenberg and Rag & Bone putting words and symbols to cloth. This is a quilted leather tote scrawled with "Give a Damn," a collaboration by MZ Wallace (whose bags Hillary Clinton carried at the Benghazi hearings) and Lingua Franca (whose cashmere sweater scrawled with "poverty is sexist" was worn by Connie Britton to the Golden Globes in January).

This is a canvas bag for Swing Left, an organization dedicated to canvassing in swing districts, by the New York Fashion Week indie darlings Eckhaus Latta. It features line drawings and the words: "Is this what you wanted? Lady Liberty in a foam crown/ Twirling the sign/ Everything must go/ At some point?"

"We were really feeling emotional about the political situation, and women having a voice and the importance of getting out there to vote, because that's the way to make things change," said Monica Zwirner, a founder of MZ Wallace. "It seemed like time for a call to action, and it was almost our duty to create that possibility."

According to Valerie Steele, the curator of the Museum at the Fashion Institute of Technology, which in 2009 staged an exhibition titled "Fashion and Politics" that looked at more than 200 years of statement-making clothes, political fashion has been around for decades. Most often, however, it was pins and generic T-shirts.

Even the paper dresses from the late

1960s that were practically wearable posters for Richard Nixon and Hubert Humphrey were off-label. But while activists have been wearing their issues on their sleeves for as long as slogans have existed, the involvement of the fashion industry on many levels is fairly new.

Conventional wisdom long dictated that brands should never show their party affiliations, lest they alienate a host of potential consumers. If you wanted to find out what designers believed, you had to go to their tax records and see where their donations went. Now you go to the stores. As corporate America has woken up and started speaking up, so, too, has the fashion industry. It's not just Starbucks (or Disney or Apple) anymore.

"We are living in a different time, and we can't do something," Ms. Posen said. "And the thing you can do as a designer is uniquely leverage your skills."

Part of this has to do with social media: As visual imagery has become a means of mass communication, what you wear becomes an even more important signal of identity and values.

It's one of the reasons the MAGA hat has become shorthand for the current administration and why increasingly it makes sense to offer a physical alternative to the cap. Like, for example, the multicolored "Vote" bamboo-cotton tee designed by Mr. Gurung to represent not only the action, but also the idea of the rainbow nation. As opposed to the angry red one.

Ms. Steele traces the rise of this

more formal political fashion to the Obama administration, arguably the first truly digital White House, as well as to the related fund-raising efforts of Anna Wintour, the editor of American Vogue, via her Runway to Win.

The synergies picked up steam

during the Hillary Clinton campaign,

with brands such as Supreme endorsing Mrs. Clinton and offering related products.

(Ms. Wintour famously wore a sequined Hillary T-shirt during New York Fashion Week in 2016.)

And when Mrs. Clinton didn't win, the resulting

disenchantment could be seen on

multiple runways, including those of

Public School and Christian Siriano.

Still, it's notable that as fashion has gotten more involved, it still claims to be relatively nonpartisan. Though it is a traditionally liberal community that has come out against President Trump and many of his initiatives, Ms.

Zwirner was careful to say that voting "is a way for everyone to be involved," no matter how they vote.

Likewise, Ms. Burch, who went from writing an op-ed essay in The Wall Street Journal in 2016 urging companies to give their employees Election Day off to creating a "Vote" tee (the kind she models with brightly striped A-line skirt in various social media posts), prefers not to categorize what she does as "political." She calls it "humanist."

That may be. But for most people buying the clothes, they function as a clarion call for change. And while in theory that change could simply mean reversing voter apathy, the clear impe-

tus is to upend the status quo. That's political, whether anyone wants to admit it or not.

And though no one really expects one person wearing a T-shirt (or scarf or bag) to get other people to alter their behavior, there is something about constantly seeing an issue that makes it percolate through the consciousness.

Especially because, unlike such efforts in the past, which often reeked of marketing as opposed to commitment, all of the profits, if not all of the proceeds, from many of these products go to nonprofits. Since the beginning of October the MZ Wallace x Lingua Franca bag has raised more than \$100,000 for She Should Run, an organization that supports women running for office.

The sales of Ms. Burch's tee go to Yara Shahidi's Eighteen x 18, which is focused on the next generation of voters. On Moda Operandi's Vote 2018 trunk show, where a variety of the tees priced from \$50 (for an Edie Parker style with trompe l'oeil pins) to \$195 (for Brandon Maxwell's design with a red "vote" over the left breast and a cowboy hat in place of the "o"), all proceeds go to Rock the Vote. Four of the 13 styles are sold out.

"When people say 'stick to fashion,' and I get a lot of that on social media, it irritates me to no end," Ms. Burch said. "I'm going to make it the title of my next book. Because I think people will continue to weigh in on this, and that's a good thing."

Mr. Gurung agreed. "As designers, clothing is our language, our medium for communication, so for myself and many others, a statement T-shirt, sweater, sweatshirt or entire collection is our way to show the world what we stand for," he said. "To spread our message by joining with the people who can take our message from the runway or the racks to the streets."

Or the polls. On Tuesday, we will see what kind of trend this really is.




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FILM

WEEKEND

Taking it not so easy with J. Lo Inc.

LOS ANGELES

The performer, producer and businesswoman puts her downtime to good use

BY MELENA RYZIK

It was supposed to be Jennifer Lopez's day off. Cue visions of her lounging by her infinity pool in Bel-Air. Instead, Lopez, the multihyphenate performer, producer and branding maven, held a half-dozen business meetings in her home here, on ambitious ventures ranging from real estate to fitness.

A studio head was there, some developer types, marketing people, her TV and film producing partner, her manager, and Alex Rodriguez, her boyfriend. The couple were hoping to have dinner together, but "you see what goes on around here," she said, unapologetically.

A gracious Bel-Air mansion — complete with mini-waterfalls (yes, plural), fireplaces blazing in even empty rooms, and two bunnies that belong to Lopez's 10-year-old twins — might seem an unlikely spot to transform into a C-suite. But when Lopez moved in two years ago, she designed an office like a boardroom. It just happens to be next to the couture-filled space where she gets her hair and makeup done. And so she whisked in, half dolled-up, to present her opinions and outsize ideas, and she sells them: J. Lo Inc. in action.

And now, at the end of this non-day off, she strode over on four-inch glossy Louboutins, with the posture of an equestrian and a C.E.O.'s firm handshake, to crisply discuss how her latest movie, "Second Act," fits into her new entrepreneurial strategy.

Here's what Lopez, 49, has recently come to realize: that J. Lo — the artist, the brand, the astonishingly dewy face and buffed physique — is even more valuable than the entertainment industry has given her credit for. Which is not to say she is after a bigger paycheck, exactly. But like a lot of people in her world who have experienced Hollywood inequity, what she is demanding, vocally all of a sudden, is her fair share. "I want what I deserve," she said.

To hear her tell it, that stance has been hard won. Over the last few years, as a divorced parent, she took painstaking stock of her trajectory, and decided she could level up.

"Understanding my own worth and value as a person made me understand it differently in my work as well," she said. It "has been a long journey for me. And so I'm very proud to stand in the shoes of, yes, I think I do deserve more. All artists do deserve more. We are the scarce asset. They can't do anything without us. They have no product."

"I'm very proud to stand in the shoes of, yes, I think I do deserve more. All artists do deserve more."



BARRY WETCHER/STX FILMS

Lopez, right, with Leah Remini in the movie "Second Act," which will be released in December.

That Lopez now openly mentions private equity as breezily as other actresses discuss character development may be thanks to Rodriguez, 43. The New York Yankee turned sports commentator is a longtime investor with a sizable real estate portfolio spread across 14 states — A-Rod Inc. He had organized several of her meetings that day, and some for himself.

Their partnership — they've been blissfully dating for a year and a half, and are the furthest thing from shy about proclaiming it — has given Lopez's already bustling empire a new momentum, she and her partners agreed. "He just opened up our vision to other ways of doing" business, she said, "that were not only more lucrative but gave us more freedom, gave us more control over our own image and our own ideas, instead of giving them away."

She was in a sitting area near her breakfast nook, propped up by a fleet of white throw pillows stitched with inspirational sayings — "Life is short, live your dream and share your passion," "Start each day with a grateful heart," etc., etc. More of the same messaging adorned the walls and tables. "You can't touch music, but music can touch you," read the ceramic dish in front of me.

These are not just totems of cozying décor. Lopez, a devotee of the motivational author Louise Hay, believes deeply in the power of daily affirmations and speaking the success you want into the world.

Due Dec. 21, "Second Act," the movie Lopez stars in and produced with her company, Nuyorican Productions, is built on a similar self-help-y maxim: "The only thing stopping you is you." Lopez plays Maya de la Vargas, a 40-year-old assistant manager at a big-box store in the New York City borough of Queens whose life hasn't unfolded as she imagined and who now dreams of better opportunities — opportunities usually not afforded to 40-plus women of color. The story dovetailed with Lopez's worldview, that your status early on doesn't necessarily determine your future, but your attitude does. No one bet that the Bronx dancer who started as a Fly Girl on "In Living Color" in 1991 would go on to become a powerhouse Hollywood entertainer and retail mogul.

To anyone who has crossed paths with Lopez since, her determination is unmissable. "She is the master of shattering the word 'no,'" Rodriguez said. "I've never seen anything like it." He reeled off her career transitions — dancer to actor, actor to singer, to producer, to businesswoman, opposition at each step. "She keeps breaking through," he said, sounding awed. "She's one of the most powerful brands on the planet."

He's a stats guy, so he had the math to back it up: Over the last few decades, he said, she's sold several billion dollars in consumer goods, with nearly \$2 billion grossed in fragrances alone; her best-selling "Glow" line jump-started the contemporary market for celebrity scents. "She has over 150 million followers on social media, and over 75 percent of those are millennials," Rodriguez continued. "She's able to see around corners and connect with the masses at a level that I've never seen anyone connect with. She innately has that DNA that understands how to land her points. That's just maybe being a great communicator."

The movie, which co-stars Lopez's real-life BFF Leah Remini as her on-screen BFF, and Milo Ventimiglia as her (ahem) itching-to-get-hitched baseball manager boyfriend, puts Lopez back in the sights of the kind of broad fare that cemented her stardom: romantic comedies about hypercompetent strivers from the wrong side of the tracks who move (or rather, marry) up. It was developed and co-written by Elaine Goldsmith-Thomas, Lopez's producing partner, who conceived it before the two even began working together. She was also a producer of "Maid in Manhattan," Lopez's 2002 blockbuster.

"Second Act" is more of a workplace comedy, with a dramatic family subplot; for once, the relationship is secondary to the character's evolution, which Lopez loved. "The thing is *her*," she said. "She realizes that she hasn't been treating herself well, and that the little mistakes she thought made her not worthy were actually the things that led her to her purpose."

It sounds like a description lifted from her 2014 memoir, "True Love," in which she chronicled the tumultuous year after she announced her divorce from the singer Marc Anthony, father of her daughter, Emme, and son, Max, and did her first international concert tour. At Remini's urging, she went to therapy, too. "I discovered I had low self-esteem, which I had never really pictured myself as having," she wrote.

And she realized that she didn't prioritize her own needs enough, compared with those of the men in her life; growing up, she'd internalized some Cinderella fantasies. When Emme suggested not long ago that she might not get married, Lopez took it as a parental victory: "I've always been trying to tell her, love yourself. You don't need anybody to complete you." She added: "She don't need no fairy tale."

That could be a message of "Second Act," too. But it also glosses over the institutional and social hurdles that a character like Maya might face. To Lopez, that is another instance where mind-over-matter determination should prevail. She was a Puerto Rican from the middle-class New York borough of the Bronx with aspirations far beyond that, and a tenacity that made it happen. "There is racism. There is sexism. There is ageism. There is all of this and you know what, that's still not going to stop me," she said. "I believe that 100 percent, to the bottom of my soul."

The hustle instilled in her, as one of three daughters of a computer technician and a kindergarten teacher, has served her well professionally. Nuyorican, the production company she founded nearly two decades ago, has lately been on an upswing, with TV series ("Shades of Blue," the NBC cop drama that she starred in for three seasons, until it ended in August; "Good Trouble," a spinoff of her Freeform family show "The Fosters"; and the popular reality series "World of Dance," on which Lopez is a judge) and many movie projects in the works.

Meanwhile, Lopez is so radiant, she looks as if she's been Instagram-filtered. As I sat across from her, surrounded by tall orchids and bright roses, those aphrodisiac pillows started to seem really credible, especially with a phalanx of uniformed staff to clean and fluff them. She was willfully positive (happiness is "the choice I make every day") but also bristled, in a relatable way, at how women have been forever discounted. In the Time's Up era, "I really feel like we're changing," she said.

Lopez has invested her own money in her projects, she said, and her longtime manager and business partner, Benny Medina, described her spending hours fine-tuning a new music video with an editor. She plans to direct a video — her first time behind the camera — for "Limitless," the anthem Sia wrote and Lopez recorded for "Second Act."

In Hollywood, said Goldsmith-Thomas, who has been in the business for decades as an agent and studio head, "survival is about your ability to pivot."

For Lopez, a turning point came in 2011, when she signed on as a judge for the then top-rated "American Idol." She considered it a career rejuvenation, and a way to reintroduce herself to a public that had cooled on her supposed diva reputation. With "Idol," "people were saying they liked me, which made me realize how many years I'd spent thinking they didn't, and that affected how I felt about myself," Lopez wrote in her book. Her five-season tenure on "Idol" "was the first time in a long time that I felt good about just being me," she wrote.

Between therapy and reality TV were the epiphanies that brought her to a new awareness of her cultural clout; to her recently concluded Las Vegas concert residency, when she earned a record \$1.43 million in ticket sales on one night, and danced her famous butt off for three years; to her energized business mindset; to A-Rod.

Medina, who has known Lopez for more than 20 years, said that with this romance, "the personal confidence and comfort level has risen to a high that I've never seen before."

The couple post first-blush-of-love messages about the other constantly, and one up their workouts. Both have been burned by the public lens on their relationships before, but view this era of social media differently: "We're just solid," Lopez said, and sharing that feels natural. Rodriguez described it as "a chance to have a direct-to-consumer control of your narrative."

His guidance on her work, she said, started with discussions of his investments, mostly owned, versus her licensing deals, which always "felt imbalanced to me," she said. "How did I help these people make a billion dollars and I came home with this very small fraction of that? Should I not have participated in that since it was my name, my idea, my product?" Rodriguez, who took business classes at Columbia University and counts Warren Buffett as a mentor and friend, has counseled Lopez to go "nar-



NATALIA MANTINI FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

row and deep" with her projects — to do less, but own more.

Both are mindful of the example they're setting for their children. She's teaching her daughters, age 10 and 13, "how to sing, how to dance, how to stand as a strong woman, and it's incredibly powerful and beautiful for me to see," Rodriguez said.

Lopez said she hoped to leave a mark on "the world I want my daughter to live in and my son, who's going to be a man

who respects women and understands women and gives them their worth."

As a professional who carved out a path where there was none, "I'm only with people who understand that we're in the history-making business," she added. "We're in the trailblazing business, we're in the break-down-the-walls, kick-the-glass-ceiling business. That's the business that we're in. If you're not on board for that, then we can't work together."

Jennifer Lopez, who at 49 is demanding, vocally all of a sudden, what she terms her fair share.

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THEATER

WEEKEND

Saluting the Bard in Germany

MUNICH

New productions pay sometimes peculiar homage to a national hero

BY A.J. GOLDMANN

As befits the world's most famous playwright, William Shakespeare has had his work translated into over 100 languages, including Klingon. But long before he was the international superstar we know today, he was adored by the Germans with a fervor that led August Wilhelm Schlegel, the poet and critic who masterfully translated his complete works in the early 19th century, to claim him as "ganz unser" — "entirely ours."

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, this country's most revered writer, compared his experience of discovering Shakespeare at age 22 to "a blind man given the gift of sight by some miraculous healing touch." Roughly a century later, in 1864, the world's first Shakespeare Society was founded in the city of Weimar. It survived the Cold War divide and is still going strong, with roughly 2,000 members. In 2010, Shakespeare's Globe in London held a season of events to acknowledge Germany's special relationship with the playwright. (He is performed more frequently here than in his native land, the theater said.)

So far this season, the highest-profile Shakespeare production here has been a new "King Lear" that reopened the Deutsches Schauspielhaus in Hamburg in October, after the theater underwent a major renovation.

Karin Beier, the company's artistic director since 2013, set the action inside a huge white cube that is tilted toward the

audience. Working from a new modern-language translation by Rainer Ivensen, she also streamlined some of the action and whittled down the large cast of players to 10 speaking roles.

Her most radical idea, however, was to invert the genders of the three most unsavory characters, with Lear's daughters Goneril and Regan played by men and Gloucester's illegitimate son, Edmund, played by a woman, as if to make the point that evil is not binary.

The actors Carlo Ljubek (Goneril), Samuel Weiss (Regan) and Sandra Gerling (Edmund) are all wonderfully invested in their villainy, but the cross-dressing daughters lend the production a campy edge. When they compete in flattery for Lear's affection, it's difficult to understand why Ms. Beier chose this particular register.

Alongside her flamboyantly fawning sisters, Lina Beckmann's Cordelia is not merely subdued but strangely colorless and stolid. The cast's only woman apart from Ms. Gerling, she also appears as the Fool, a role that allows her to show more dramatic range, although — mumbly through the role comically wide-eyed, with her squeezebox in tow — she is more dope than jester.

The Lear is Edgar Selge, whom Ms. Beier also directed in a one-man adaptation of the controversial Michel Houellebecq novel "Submission" that has toured Germany and was adapted for television. Mr. Selge, who is not so very far from the king's age of "fourscore and upward," moves across the stage with a sort of hulking but sunken grandeur.

Physically, it's a no-holds-barred performance, featuring ample nudity, a hosing-down and several eggs cracked against the septuagenarian's skull. Psychologically, however, the portrayal is less convincing, as Mr. Selge doesn't quite find a way out of the king's madness after his reunion with Cordelia. To be fair, the blame seems to also lie with Ms. Beier, whose insistence on highlighting the play's chaos, arbitrary cruelty and nihilism makes for an intense production that often feels scattershot.

Ms. Beier's most significant addition is an epilogue spoken by Edgar (the limber Jan-Peter Kampwirth, who spends much of the evening naked and coated in white paint), addressed to the children of tomorrow. When "Lear" was performed in the 18th and 19th centuries, a degree of moralizing was required to convince audiences of the virtues of such a dark play. But it's difficult to understand why Ms. Beier felt the need to



MATTHIAS HORN



GIANMARCO BRESADOLA

Goethe likened his discovery of Shakespeare to "a blind man given the gift of sight."

provide some up-to-date moralizing of her own at the end of three long hours.

About 400 miles away in Munich, an angst-ridden prince dithers and equivocates over the course of five acts. As he mopes around the palace, he burns with murderous rage against the king and is tormented by lust for his mother. Sound familiar? This is the plot of Friedrich Schiller's youthful play "Don Karlos": In terms of Shakespeare worship, Schiller rivaled his friend Goethe. Even though he took his subject matter from a 17th-century French historical novel, Schiller turned to "Hamlet" for structure and psychology.

At the Residenztheater, Martin Kusej

has staged Schiller's historical tragedy virtually uncut. Dark as night and running late into it, the minimally furnished, starkly lit production provides its many theatrical jolts thanks to a large and committed cast.

On an empty, rotating stage, the splendor of a 17th-century Spanish court is suggested by a sleek crystal chandelier, while the brutality of the Inquisition is hinted at by a hole in the floor through which characters periodically disappear. Away from courtly protocol and beyond the Inquisition's reach lie intrigue-filled chambers that Annette Murschetz, the designer, represents as a soundproof recording studio outfitted

with blue pyramids of acoustic foam.

Despite "Hamlet's" length and complexity, Shakespeare ensured that the melancholy Dane remained the play's central figure. Schiller tipped the balance away from his title character in favor of the Marquis von Posa, the Spanish Infante's boon companion. Franz Pätzold, a brilliant young actor with a strikingly textured voice, is spellbinding as the idealistic Posa, a character who trumpets Schiller's Enlightenment ideals.

With Mr. Pätzold in the role, our attention is never less than riveted. So much so that Mr. Kusej's production quickly loses steam in the final half-hour, after Posa's murder. Among the other cast members, the royal couple of Thomas Loibl's venomous and haunted Philipp II and Lilith Hässle's nobly suffering Elisabeth von Valois are the best. Nils Strunk is a serviceable Karlos, although his dramatic range here is pretty much limited to desperation and wild anger.

Schiller considered Shakespeare a kindred spirit who wrote more perceptively than almost anyone else about what it meant to be human. Four centuries after the Englishman's death — and 200 years after Schiller's — how is he still relevant?

That question is the starting point of "Shakespeare's Last Play," a witty and irreverent version of "The Tempest." Staged at the Berlin Schaubühne by the directors of the Dublin-based theater company Dead Centre, it attempts to make sense of the Bard's last completed play, a fantastical comedy so far removed from the noble and tragic themes embodied by "Hamlet" and "Lear" that it has vexed scholars for generations.

At the start of this brisk, 100-minute-long evening, the disembodied voice of Shakespeare guides five of the Schaubühne's actors through the enchanted island (with help from GPS). The directors Bush Moukarzel and Ben Kidd have eliminated the play's three most interesting characters — Prospero, Caliban and Ariel — and concentrate instead on the supporting cast that Shakespeare moves around like pawns on a chessboard.

In the unexpected second half, these minor characters get their revenge on their maker as they exhume Shakespeare's rotting body from beneath the waters and set about eating him in a splatter-filled, cannibalistic orgy.

"I love Shakespeare," one actor opines, tearing the flesh off a decomposing arm. "He tastes like chicken."



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WEEKEND

MUSIC



SHAUGHN AND JOHN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Maestro's career is an ode to joy

DUDAMEL, FROM PAGE 1

that have thrashed magnetically on posters and billboards all over the world, is noticeably beginning to silver, but he was dressed boyishly, in a dark T-shirt, Levis and black Chuck Taylor sneakers. This was only a rehearsal, so all the musicians were in everyday clothes — the starched shirts and black dresses wouldn't come out until evening.

The tip of Dudamel's baton dipped. BOOM! BADADA-DOOM! The timpani thundered in the empty auditorium. Then came the slashing string and wind lines, like rain blowing sideways, with which Beethoven conjures maximum chaos and desperation before the bass soloist suddenly breaks through, singing

*O Freunde! Nicht diese Töne!
Sonst lässt uns angenehmere
anstimmen, und
freudenvollere.
O friends! Not these sounds!
Let us instead strike up more pleasing
and more joyful ones!*

When Dudamel conducts an orchestra these days, he feels a ghost at his shoulder. The ghost belongs to his mentor, the Venezuelan conductor and educator José Antonio Abreu, who gave him both his musical training and his philosophy of life, and who had died just a few weeks earlier, in March, at age 78.

So even though these musicians had played the Ninth countless times, and Dudamel was merely fine-tuning, he remembered what Abreu had taught him: Each opportunity to make music is a chance to bring about a better world, and each encounter with beauty is something to be taken seriously. And so, again and again, he signaled the orchestra to stop. "We have to get out of the routine of the music," he said, "and bring the feeling back. We have to believe in the text. *Freude, Freude!*" he sang — Joy, joy! "We have to end by embracing each other!"

When everything comes together like this, when hundreds of people work as one to create something so special, he knows he is right to believe what Maestro Abreu taught him. What can sound naive and superficial in hard times is actually fundamental. Music can unite the world. The hope of human freedom lives in art. The world will change — he believes this sincerely — if people only listen.

GUSTAVO DUDAMEL, FAMOUS, handsome and rich, lives as if he wants to disprove Rousseau's famous maxim on happiness. What was it Rousseau said? Ah, yes: He said we lose our happiness as soon as we gain it. We feel happy, he said, when we pursue the things we desire. But getting them leaves us unsatisfied. Thus we are *heureux qu'avant d'être heureux*, happy only before being happy.

In Los Angeles, Dudamel conducts one of the best-paid, most critically acclaimed and most financially stable orchestras in America. The base pay there for a musician is more than \$150,000, with the top principal making \$500,000 or more; Dudamel himself earns just over \$3 million a year. The orchestra reported \$141 million in revenue in its 2016 tax filings and \$170 million the year before that. Dudamel works in one of the world's great palaces of music, the Walt Disney Concert Hall, a shining silver confetti-burst designed by his close friend Frank Gehry. At times there's something almost comical about the ease with which the orchestra's success has toppled conventional wisdom.

Many conductors see their roles as explicitly political. Daniel Barenboim campaigns for the rights of Palestinians; Leonard Bernstein was ridiculed by Tom Wolfe, in his essay "Radical Chic," for hosting a Black Panthers fundraiser at his apartment. Dudamel's approach is more circumspect. A central part of his message is that music is not ideological. It is a way of "building bridges," he thinks, a language "that talks to everybody." The danger of thinking ideologically, he feels, is that "you get stuck in one or the other side, and we don't want that. I don't believe in that. I don't believe in one or the other. I believe in the people that I see."

There are critics, especially in Venezuela, who say that his optimism is callow. Dudamel's home country is suffering from a horrific social and economic crisis. Dudamel's emphasis on unity over ideology, his critics charge, is irresponsible in the face of such a disaster, a way to justify living the high life in California while failing to offer meaningful resistance to the increasingly authoritarian regime of Nicolás Maduro. "I simply do not buy the PR. froth and fundraiser clichés of 'hope' and 'dreams' and 'empowerment,'" the Venezuelan pianist Gabriel Montero wrote on her Facebook page in 2016, after Dudamel gave a sunnily apolitical speech at the White House, "when those three luxurious abstracts are so far from reach for the majority of Venezuelans."

Dudamel is aware of what some people say about him. He tries to tune it out. "People will always criticize," he says. "People will always create stories. If you get inside of that, then you don't live, you don't have a life."

THE FIRST TIME Dudamel stepped onto the conductor's podium, at just 11 or 12, he meant it as a joke. His parents were both musicians. His father, Oscar, played trombone in salsa band, and his mother, Solange (she went by Sol), gave singing lessons. As a little boy, he would arrange his Fisher-Price figurines in the shape of an orchestra, then put classical LPs on the record player and conduct them.

That first day, though, he was only clowning around. This was in Bar-



DAMIAN DOVARGANES/ASSOCIATED PRESS

Top, conducting is a kind of strange, proactive dance. You move your body, not in response to music, but in anticipation of it. Above, Gustavo Dudamel with the Youth Orchestra Los Angeles.

quisimeto, Dudamel's hometown, the capital of the northwestern Venezuelan state of Lara. The teacher didn't show up for his orchestra class, so Dudamel got up from his seat in the violin section and pretended to lead the rehearsal. His friends laughed. But then something happened that no one could explain. The mood in the room changed. He asked the class to play a passage, and he found that being up there, directing the music, felt perfectly natural to him.

This class took place in a *núcleo*, a community music center, run by a government-sponsored initiative that offered free training in classical music to children after school. This initiative, which still exists, is known formally as the National System of Youth and Children's Orchestras of Venezuela, but no one calls it that. Across Venezuela, and in the hundreds of places around the world where it has inspired similar programs, is known simply as "the system" — *El Sistema*.

El Sistema is legendary in Venezuela. There is no way to talk about Gustavo Dudamel, its most famous product, without reckoning with the ways in which *El Sistema* influenced him or with the ways in which he was molded by its director, José Antonio Abreu.

Today, even in the midst of social collapse, *El Sistema* reaches more than 500,000 students, in hundreds of *núcleos* all over the country. It's the most important institution within Venezuelan classical music, if not Venezuelan culture. It has given rise to countless imitators — there are nearly 200 *Sistema*-inspired programs in the United States alone, including the Philharmonic's YOLA — as well as books, documentaries and academic studies.

The genius of the program was how easy it was to spread. Everything was voluntary. Anyone could join. There's a persistent misconception in English-language journalism that *El Sistema* is aimed exclusively at the poor. In fact no young person is turned away. Show up, get an instrument, participate. Anyone who wanted to come to class could come, and anyone who came could eventually teach, and almost anyone who taught could start a *núcleo*. Students who had been in the program for a while would be put to work with younger stu-

dents. Then when they moved from Caracas to new towns or cities, they might think, This could work here, too. It replicated itself.

What Abreu's message consisted of — what sort of social change *El Sistema* was meant to promulgate — was not always precisely clear. His statements tended toward the gnomic: The orchestra is an ideal image of society; music strengthens the spiritual development of the country; students who play in an orchestra develop a different set of values. He was also a canny politician who knew how to frame *El Sistema*'s message to suit the priorities of whatever government happened to be in power.

WHAT MAKES A great conductor? When people saw Dudamel as a young man and gasped — as Deborah Borda, the orchestra president who eventually heard about his talent and brought him to Los Angeles, did — what were they seeing?

There's the physical element, of course: the ability to communicate the rhythm, flow, texture and shifting moods of a piece of music through a set of traditional (yet freely elaborated) gestures. Conducting is a kind of strange, proactive dance. You move your body not in response to music but in anticipation of it. You need a perfect sense of tempo — you can have the most fluid wrists in the world, but that won't matter if you can't keep good time.

You also need a keen analytic intelligence to decode the structure of a piece, to ascertain how its parts fit together. This means you have to be able to hear the music before a single note has been played. In some irreducibly mysterious way, your philosophy and your technique have to turn the dots on the page into an interpretation that will say something to listeners. You have to imagine the music meaningfully.

More mysterious is the gift of communication. How do you put across your understanding of a musical work to the group of musicians whose performance of it will usher it into existence? Musicians who work with Dudamel tend to say that what sets him apart from other conductors isn't anything grand or obvious; it's an accumulation of small moments. How he speaks to them. How he listens to them.

And then comes the most mysterious attribute of all: the hold over an audience. The power to move. Not everyone gets that, among those to whom the rest is given.

HE DOES NOT like to think about getting older or about the ways in which he has changed. You could say that he has spent his whole career as a kind of accelerated child — he was a prodigy, then a wunderkind, a pupil, a good son, a golden boy — and that life has now taken him to a place where he will have to decide what his adulthood will look like.

Dudamel does not see it that way, however. From his perspective, life is a series of invisibly overlapping moments, and he has lived each one as sincerely as he could. "My path," he says, "this path has been so natural." All his experiences have led him here, to this place where he feels so happy. Why would he draw lines? Every day is new.

He was sitting in his office, an hour or so before the season's final concert. Martin, his 7-year-old son, was encamped behind his desk, playing Minecraft on the iMac. Outside the door, Dudamel's assistant, Ebner Sobalvarro, a young man with a shaved head and rimless glasses, sat at his own desk, greeting the musicians going past with their instrument cases. An oboist was warming up down the hall. A soprano sang scales.

How to deal for such a long time with this amount of beauty? When so much of the world is not, cannot be, beautiful? It made him sad, he said, so sad, to see the suffering in the world, the hunger, the misery in Venezuela. "Very complex and very bad," Dudamel told me. In 2014, amid falling oil prices and violence in the streets, Dudamel and Abreu appeared on television with Maduro, to look at the blueprints for a new concert hall in Barquisimeto. It would be designed by Frank Gehry and named after Dudamel.

El Sistema views music as a source of social change, but depends on the good will of an authoritarian government for its survival; hence perhaps Dudamel's reluctance to speak explicitly about politics. The more political he becomes, the more he puts his social movement at risk.

He is sure, though, that he is right to believe in optimism over ideology. If only people could hear one another. He thinks that unrest — the unrest in Venezuela, the unrest in the United States — can be an opportunity for new understandings to take shape. The essential thing, he thinks, is not for one side or the other to win, but for people to come together. Let us strike up more pleasing and more joyful sounds!

But, I asked, what if avoiding ideology only plays into the hands of the people abusing their power? Is there a line beyond which the only possible response is resistance?

"I believe in people," he said gently. "It makes me sad sometimes. It makes me desperate. But at the same time, I take all of that to, to, I don't know, to the muscle, or to this part of the soul that is optimistic, and I see things can be better."

Adapted from an article that originally appeared in The New York Times Magazine. Brian Phillips is the author of "Impossible Owls: Essays." This is his first feature article for the magazine.

ARTS

WEEKEND

Celebrities recall posing for Warhol

WARHOL, FROM PAGE 15
just 'me.' But my children's friends, especially their male friends, would turn their eyes away: [gasping] "Oh, Mrs. Arman's naked!"

JAMIE WYETH, 1976
Artist

Who proposed to whom?

It started with me asking him to pose. He suggested we do an exhibition of portraits of each other. Of course, his doing a portrait is about five minutes in front of the Big Shot Polaroid camera [laughing], I need about six months. I ended up moving into the Factory for a year or so.

So Warhol got to watch you in progress.

His big complaint was, "Oh, you're using too much pimple paint!" He got very upset by that.

Pimple paint?

He put heavy makeup on every morning. It must've taken him two hours to get out of the house after covering up all his pimples and bad skin. He thought I was putting the pimples back in. Which of course I was! Whereas his portrait of me was completely glamorized and airbrushed. There is some legitimacy to that, though. He told me once that his favorite toys as a child were paper dolls. Well, if you look at those portraits of his, they're all paper dolls with cutout mouths and eyes. That's the way he saw things.

PIA ZADORA, 1983
Actress and singer

What was the experience of being photographed by Warhol like?

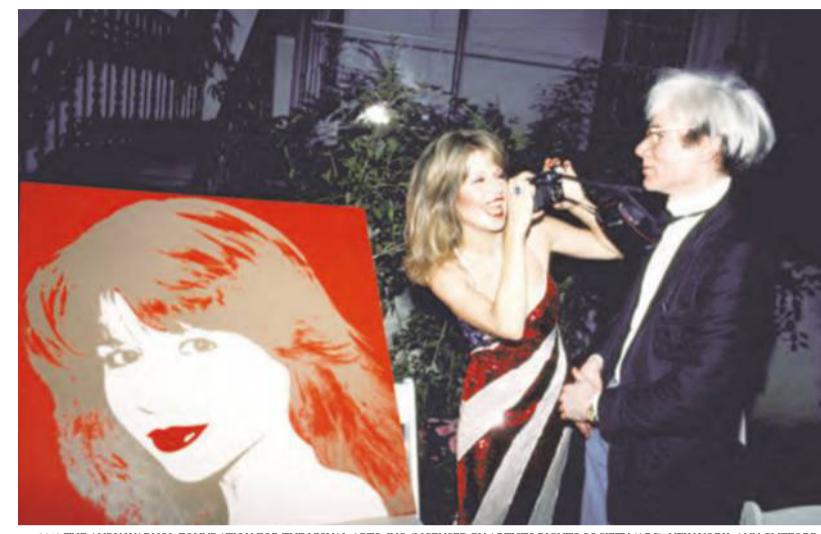
I was used to posing for photographers. But he said, "Sit in the corner and be yourself." Well, who am I? Tell me first so I do this right. It took like 10 minutes. But it worked!

Did you see yourself in the final portrait?

At the time, it looked too sophisticated to be me. I was a shy kid from Queens, my mother put me in the American Academy of Arts, next thing I know I'm on Broadway at 8 years old. I looked too serene in the portrait, and I didn't feel that way at the time. I've grown into it. Now I love it!

Do you recall discussing with Warhol how many portraits you were going to buy: two, four, six?

I never paid the bills back then. But I can tell you how much an exact copy of my portrait costs now: \$1,000.



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together at the Factory.

Andy is taking Polaroids of us, and Jean-Michel [Basquiat] is there, too. I'm trying to be my most relaxed and cool. Meanwhile, Jean-Michel didn't like it if Andy gave me too much attention — he was very protective and very jealous. I just remember him glaring at me from right behind Andy's shoulder. Jean-Michel was good at intimidating you with a look.

Your portrait has you in one panel with your baby, and your wife in the other panel, also with your baby.

Yeah, Andy said he always did married couples in diptychs because they always get divorced. This way they don't have to fight over who gets the painting with the child in it. He was so matter-of-fact about it. I thought it was funny at the time.

Where is the portrait now?

The painting hung in our living room until we split up in 2001. We each took a painting with our child. Who got the family portrait was one less thing to fight over. [Chuckling] Andy was so brilliant.

Above, Pia Zadora with Warhol and her portrait in 1983. Right, Debbie Harry with her Warhol in 1988. Below left, Corinne Arman with her Warhols and portraits of her late husband, the artist Arman.



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Excuse me?

I wanted to hang my portrait in Pia's Place, my cabaret here in Vegas. But the insurance cost is ridiculous! So I had Sotheby's make me an exact replica. Side by side, I can't tell the difference.

KENNY SCHARF, 1984
Artist

You studied Warhol in college. Was it strange to later find yourself trading your own artwork with him?

I remember sitting in art history class back in Santa Barbara, hearing about the Factory. I just felt there's something like that waiting for me — I need to get out of California and go be in New York!

And just a few years later you, your wife, Tereza, and your infant daughter, Zena, are all being photographed

WEEKEND

Very nearly a disaster as a bride

My eyes were too swollen for me to walk down the aisle, and it wasn't from crying

Modern Love

BY IBBY CAPUTO

The morning of my wedding, I woke up looking grotesque.

I could hardly open my eyes because my eyelids were so swollen. In despair, I called out to Damian, my soon-to-be-husband. Then we called my doctor, who said, "Looks like your bone marrow transplant came to your wedding."

I had received a bone-marrow transplant several years earlier, which vanquished the leukemia in my blood and saved my life. But my new immune system sometimes went haywire. Submerging myself in the hotel bathtub the night before with a moist, fragrant washcloth over my eyes had probably been a bad idea; it likely vexed my sensitive system.

Or maybe this was stress? It hurt to look at myself. Why did my body have to go rogue today of all days?

Just two and a half years before, I didn't think this day would happen. At lunch with my mother, I said, "Mom, I'm probably not going to find a partner" I was 30 then and full-body irradiation had made me infertile. "I'm not what guys are looking for."

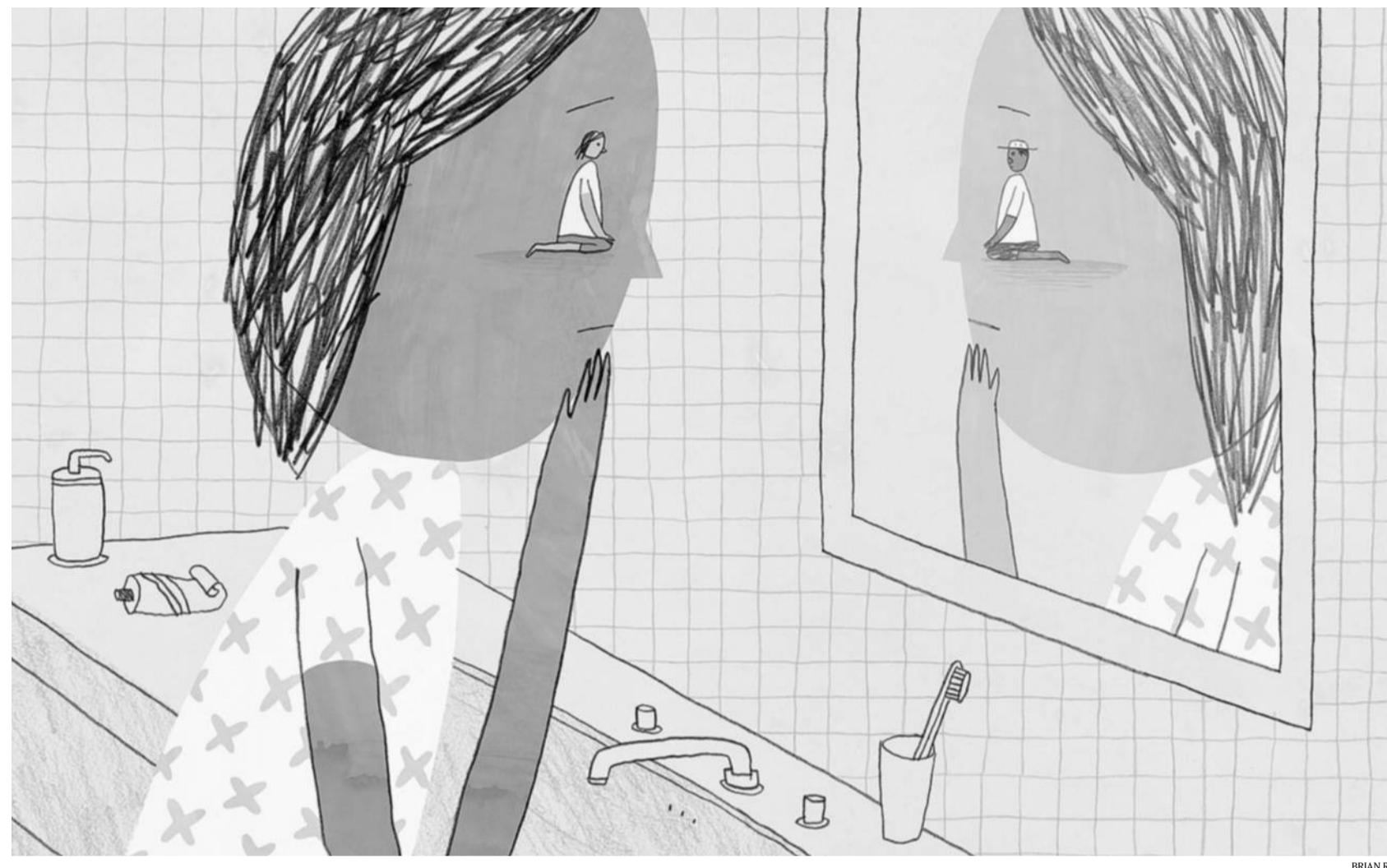
I wasn't sad about this. On the contrary, I felt relieved. Finally free from hope and longing. But my mother couldn't stop crying.

"I'm going to be O.K." I said.

The next day, I boarded a plane for Arkansas and a Buddhist retreat center in the Ozark Mountains I had been to before. When I was ill, my parents worried I wasn't turning to Jesus, but Buddhism seemed to make more sense. My life had become an education in impermanence and suffering.

After releasing the pressure of needing to partner, after making my mother cry, I arrived at the retreat center. And there was Damian, wearing tan cargo pants, a beige button-down shirt and a Tilley hat. He looked Australian, but I knew he was British.

I knew because I had heard about him during a visit when I met his then-wife, Angela. Damian's green card had expired and he was stuck in England, unaware that Angela was lustful after a new guy. I actually advised her to ditch the new guy and stay with her husband, because he sounded so aw-



BRIAN REA

some. I even emailed her afterward to encourage her again, and I was sad when I learned they had divorced.

"So, you're the Damian I've heard so much about," I said.

With a new green card, he was there for the same retreat and was helping build cabins for the center. I knew from Angela that he was in his late 40s, but he looked closer to my age.

Damian would later say that after he met me, he kept thinking, "Where's Iby?" I did get the sense he was always finding me around the center, but not in a creepy way — more how a Labrador greets you at the door, tail wagging, ready to receive you.

I wanted to prove to myself I could handle rugged conditions, so I chose to camp the first night, but I didn't know how to set up my borrowed tent, so Damian set it up with me.

As I organized my things, Damian lay half in the tent staring at the stars. He later told me he kept thinking he should leave, but he felt remarkably comfortable. I kept thinking he should stay, because I was afraid to camp alone. But I decided that sharing a tent with a stranger wasn't the best way to start a meditation retreat.

And this was a silent retreat, or meant to be. The first day, I was eating lunch on the ledge of a cabin. With no room next to me, Damian plopped on the grass directly in front, grinning. I found the obviousness of his interest refreshing, but I couldn't say anything, so I stood up and moved next to him on the grass and we ate our lunch quietly, staring at a cabin wall.

The second day, eating lunch under a tree, we watched a cricket jump onto

We called my doctor, who said, "Looks like your bone marrow transplant came to your wedding."

another cricket and they started mating. Talk about an awkward silence!

We went for a walk to a swimming hole, where we skipped rocks. Then I broke the silence. I had been sick, I told him, and I didn't want to waste my time or his, so I asked him everything I could think of. Do you like your mother? What about children? Would you get married again? Do you mind that my ovaries don't work?

All those questions, and not one red flag.

Damian wasn't fazed by my cancer-survivor status, either. I was healthy by then, with a negligible chance of relapse, but my immune system could be wonky. I have already been through menopause, and I can no longer make tears — all side effects of the treatment that gave me more time on earth.

Illness changes you in nonphysical ways, too, aging your spirit. It can make you wiser but also more aware and scared of life's potential for pain.

"Well," Damian said, "you seem fearless to me."

On the third day, he kissed me. Then he told me he loved me.

"No, it's too soon!" I said. Then I remembered the meditation instructor told us to "be spacious." Maybe that meant, don't freak out?

What I wanted was a man I could admire and a love that was abundantly clear. Damian was unafraid, attentive, generous and compassionate. It seemed as soon as I had let go of my hope and longing, he appeared.

By the end of the retreat, I knew that while there had been life before Damian, now there could only be life with him.

My parents, however, were not happy when I told them about him and us, concerned about our age difference and Damian's previous marriage.

My father, an attorney, said, "When one of my clients wants to marry a divorced man, I tell her to talk to the ex-wife first."

"But Dad, I did that."

He also worried that Damian, who designs, builds and remodels homes, wasn't a college graduate. I had an answer for this, too.

The year Damian was sorting out his green card, the BBC interviewed him about the benefits of meditation. Because he had meditated for more than 10,000 hours, neurologists figured his brain activity might look different from the brain of an average person, so they put him into an M.R.I. machine.

"Meet Damian, a man who can seemingly turn happiness on," the reporter, David Sillito, said, adding that the neurologist who read Damian's M.R.I. had called his brain "beautiful."

I sent the link to my father.

"No one's ever said that about my brain," he replied.

But the morning of our wedding, not even Damian could turn on my happiness. I had become Buddhist, found the retreat center and met the man I love because I once had cancer. Still, if ever there was a day that I didn't want to be reminded of this, it was today, and it was staring me in the face.

My doctor prescribed antibiotics, Benadryl and steroids. Damian and I sat on the edge of the bed and meditated for an hour, which was our practice at the time. Then he went off with his best man and I tried to pull myself

together. At the salon, as my hair was being twisted into a bun, my mother begged me to stop being so upset, saying it would only make my eyes worse.

Damian says that my family, which is prone to stress-induced squabbles, didn't have a chance to fight that day because my eyelids elicited such sympathy. That's a very Buddhist interpretation. All I can say is I wish my eyelids had asked permission before sacrificing themselves to keep the peace.

But later, as my mother and sister and sister-in-law helped me into my wedding gown, I looked in the mirror and thought, "Wow, I actually look pretty." One — or all three — of the drugs had worked. The swelling had in its wake a burnt orange color that looked like makeup on my eyelids.

Still, I didn't really arrive to my own wedding day until the doors to the chapel opened and I saw my niece dropping petals on the path I was about to walk. Everyone I love was there, staring at me, smiling. Some were crying. I just kept walking.

We had a Tibetan Buddhist ceremony in a glass and wooden chapel in the woods of Eureka Springs, Ark. We included a Bible reading about love, since our families are Catholic, but most of the ceremony was in Tibetan: chants sung by a monk, accompanied by the ringing of a bell. Damian and I sat together silently, soaking it all in, as I experienced firsthand how suffering can transform into something beautiful.

Ibby Caputo is a journalist, essayist, audio producer and editor.

What are my obligations to my disabled parents?

The Ethicist

BY KWAME ANTHONY APPIAH

A little over two years ago, my family was involved in a catastrophic car accident overseas. My younger sibling was killed, and my parents survived but are severely disabled. My father is quadriplegic, while my mother has a traumatic brain injury resulting in severe cognitive impairment.

My spouse and I were overseas for several months with my parents before they were evacuated back to the United States. Then, over the next year (we don't live in the same city), we traveled to their city often to help manage transitions from the hospital to rehab, to where they are now (both live with 24-hour care). My extended family lives entirely abroad and, for the most part, does not speak English. Therefore, I also help (and plan to help for the rest of my parents' lives) to manage all of their financial and administrative matters, including trusts that I helped set up, applying for benefits, taxes, etc.

My father's parents have reacted to his disability with the attitude that it is my duty to do everything he is unwilling to do (or ensure that someone else does it), and they believe it is appropriate for me to move to his city to manage his day-to-day affairs and for me to caretake emotionally for him to spare him further pain (e.g., for me to arrange all matters relating to my sibling). They have not expressed gratitude for my actions over the past two years except to praise my paperwork and administrative skills.

My feeling is that I have put on hold my own grief and emotional needs (not to mention the money and time spent

and career opportunities lost) to manage this situation and also try to arrange for my father the best quality of life possible. Yet he refuses to come to terms with his disability, including refusing to use assistive devices and skills he learned in rehab.

My question is: What duty do I owe my father and grandparents? My father and I were not close before the accident, and while it is true that he has sacrificed a lot, as an immigrant, to ensure that my sibling and I had opportunities, he has always resented us for having a much easier life than he did. Given a lack of emotional closeness in our relationship (and my difficult childhood as a result), I don't feel inclined to sacrifice my current life more than I already have. My grandparents (and, I suspect, my father) feel differently. To make my question down: Assuming a parent-child (or grandparent-child) relationship that lacks genuine warmth (which I think would create more genuine desire to help), what framework should I use to think about what duties I nonetheless owe? Name Withheld

THE CULTURAL DIVIDE you describe is more common than it used to be. Most of your family lives in a place with one conception of family responsibility; you live in a place with a very different one. Let me add that, even if your grandparents think everything you have done is a matter of filial duty, they owe you gratitude for it. (I don't know your family's culture of origin, but this is quite likely to be true over there as well.) In the end, however, you must live by the conception of duty that you yourself subscribe to. As John Stuart Mill put it, "If a person possesses any tolerable amount of common sense and experience, his own mode of laying out his existence is the best, not because it is the best in itself, but that is beside the



point; I am obliged to grant them. My question regards what to do when students who have benefited from such accommodations ask me for letters of recommendation, as many of them eventually do. Academic performance on exam-based assessments typically constitutes the heart of my recommendation letters; however, for students with academic accommodations, it should be important to convey a caveat about extended time, as this will affect performance and efficiency in jobs or graduate school. Is it ethical (or legal) to mention academic accommodations in recommendation letters? Name Withheld

THE FACT THAT a student has a disability is shared with the professor on a confidential basis, and you shouldn't disclose confidential information about students without their permission. On the other hand, you're not under an obligation to write undergraduate recommendations for everyone who asks. So if you're convinced that the conditions of test-taking are relevant to interpreting a student's grades, I suppose you could say that you'll write a letter of recommendation only if you're permitted to mention the academic accommodation.

If that's your position, though, you should alert students at the start. You would do well to confer with a lawyer at the start, too. Bear in mind that federal law generally forbids prospective employers to ask about mental disabilities, and similar restrictions apply to educational programs. (Exceptions are made when applicants request accommodations.) You may be entering a legal gray zone here.

And an ethical one. The point of accommodations is that, as the saying goes, tests should measure abilities, not disabilities. In many realms, processing speed is hardly relevant (there's no great advantage to the speedy sonneteer); in other realms, it's obviously critical (a truck driver can't ask for extra time in deciding whether to brake). And in your field? Your view is that developed talent may involve being able to work at a certain rate, not

just getting the right answer in the end. Someone who solves a lot of problems in an hour is, in one obvious respect, better at problem-solving than someone who takes much longer. In many jobs, I'll grant, intellectual productivity matters; and productivity is a matter not just of what you do but how soon you get it done.

Inevitably, there are debates over whether accommodations make things fairer or less fair. Since the major testing companies announced, at the beginning of this century, that they would no longer flag test scores obtained with special accommodations, the number of students receiving those accommodations increased significantly. Accommodations are, of course, easier to get if you're well-off and can afford to find and pay a psychologist who will diagnose a condition that entitles you to special treatment. (A College Board study suggests that nearly all students, not just disabled ones, do better on their SATs with extended time, especially in math.) In a California study from 2013, researchers concluded, "Higher rates of A.D.H.D. observed in affluent, white families likely represent an effort by these highly educated parents to seek help for their children who may not be fulfilling their expectations for school-work." In short, the system can be exploited.

But these concerns must take their place among others. As an ethical matter, we ought to treat everyone with such a diagnosis as if it's real. Anything less would be unfair to all of those with genuine disabilities. And let's remember the upside of the new regime as well. Thousands and thousands of young people who would have failed in college or been denied places altogether are now getting educations that allow them to contribute more to the economy and to make more meaningful lives as well.

Kwame Anthony Appiah teaches philosophy at N.Y.U. His books include "Cosmopolitanism," "The Honor Code" and "The Lies That Bind: Rethinking Identity."

REAL ESTATE

WEEKEND

A lighthouse all to yourself

House Hunting In . . .*The Bahamas***BRITISH COLONIAL-STYLE ESTATE OVERLOOKING ISLANDS AND SEA****\$3.5 MILLION**

Solomon's Lighthouse, a waterfront estate to the east of Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, takes its name from a private lighthouse on the property that offers panoramic views of Montagu Bay, the island of New Providence and the Atlantic Ocean. The estate also includes a 7,000-square-foot, or 650-square-meter, British Colonial-style house, a swimming pool and a recently renovated

Three bedrooms are upstairs, including one that is en suite and two that share a full bath.

The east wing, built in the 1990s, contains a formal living room, kitchen, dining room and the master bedroom. The living room has floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the rear patio and the ocean. The kitchen has wood cabinets, granite countertops, a wine refrigerator, a breakfast nook and glass doors leading to the pool area. Upstairs, a lofted sitting room has ocean views, glass doors that open to the balcony, a vaulted ceiling and double doors leading to the master suite.

The property, which sits on almost



The quirky feature was built in the 1950s by an "eccentric" owner.

The five-story lighthouse was built in the 1950s by a previous owner of the property, said John Christie, the managing broker of H.G. Christie, the local affiliate of Christie's International Real Estate, which has the listing. He described that owner as "an eccentric. It was just a toy for him."

An elevator in the lighthouse provides access to two en suite bedrooms, a kitchen, a glass-walled "eagle's nest" and an exterior terrace with 360-degree views.

The lighthouse was originally on a separate lot. The current owner bought it about six years ago, combined the lots and began renovating both the lighthouse and the main house, adding a stone bridge to connect the two. The merger of the two waterfront lots into one eight-bedroom estate was overseen by Alireza Sagharchi, a British architect, who added a waterfront terrace with Italian travertine tile, a wooden deck with access to the shore and a terraced garden under the bridge.

The six-bedroom, four-bathroom main house has two levels, with a shingled roof and a wooden balcony running along the waterfront side. The front door opens into an entrance hall that bisects the home's two wings.

The west wing, built in the 1950s, has a large family room and a separate two-bedroom staff apartment downstairs.

half an acre in a residential neighborhood, has 200 feet of water frontage, as well as shaded parking for five cars, an electric gate, a large generator and an electronic security system.

Nassau occupies the entire island of New Providence, with a population of about 270,000.

The downtown area, which has several markets and museums, is a 15-minute drive from the house, Mr. Christie said, and Lynden Pindling International Airport is 30 to 45 minutes by car, depending on traffic.

MARKET OVERVIEW

The real estate market in the Bahamas is still recovering from the global financial crisis of 2008, agents said.

"It's not on fire and it's not in the doldrums," said George Damianos, the president and managing broker of Damianos Sotheby's International Realty, an agency in the Bahamas. Prices have been mostly stable for about three years, he said, with supply and demand balanced.

But in the past couple of years, luxury prices in the strongest markets have increased by an average of \$200 a square foot, said Mr. Christie, who attributed the growth to foreign investors who see the country as a safe investment.

Christine Wallace-Whitfield, a senior broker at Island Living Real Estate and the president of the Bahamas Real Es-



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MORIS MORENO FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

tate Association, said the market is on a slight upswing, reflected in increased sales volume in the past two years but not an overall increase in prices.

Luxury homes in the Bahamas start at about \$1 million, agents said, with prices per square foot typically ranging from \$750 to \$2,000.

By comparison, the price per square foot in the general market is \$250 to \$400, they said.

Most luxury homes are \$2 million to \$3 million, Mr. Damianos said, although Mrs. Wallace-Whitfield noted that \$750,000 could get something approaching balance.

In areas popular with luxury buyers — Lyford Cay and Old Fort Bay, long-established gated communities on the western side of Nassau, and Albany, a newer residential resort spread over 600 acres on the southern coast — prices can go as high as \$45 million.

But "you can definitely stretch out

your dollar more in the outer islands," Mrs. Wallace-Whitfield said, with Bimini, the westernmost island, becoming a hot spot.

WHO BUYS IN THE BAHAMAS

Most buyers of high-end property in the Bahamas are foreigners, agents said.

In the past 12 months, Mr. Damianos said, nearly all of the luxury buyers he has seen have come from other countries: about 60 percent from the United States and the rest from Argentina, Brazil, Britain, Canada, France, Mexico, Peru and Switzerland.

Mrs. Wallace-Whitfield said about 85 percent of her buyers in the past year were foreign, from countries including Italy, Germany and the United States. Mr. Christie said his luxury buyers in the past year were primarily from Brazil, Britain, Canada, China and France, with a few from Germany, Russia, Spain and Switzerland.

Buyers and sellers typically split the transfer tax, Mr. O'Brien said. On properties priced over \$100,000, the tax is 10 percent; below that threshold, it is 2.5 percent.

BUYING BASICS

Noncitizens must obtain permission from the Bahamas Investment Authority before buying property, said Andrew G.S. O'Brien, a founding partner of Clinton Sweeting O'Brien, a Nassau law firm. The process usually takes 45 to 60 days and costs \$250 to \$500, depending on the size and use of the property.

Buyers of properties that cost \$750,000 or more can apply for economic permanent residency, which does not include the right to work, Mr. O'Brien said.

Buyers and sellers both retain lawyers; fees typically start at 2.5 percent of the sale price and are reduced on a sliding scale as the price of the property goes up.

"This is significantly higher than it is in the States," Mr. O'Brien said. "There's a lot more that the attorneys have to do to get your property processed with the government and documented."

The legal service — on which buyers are charged a 12 percent value-added tax — includes the Bahamian equivalent of title insurance, which is backed by the attorney's professional indemnity policy, he said.

Buyers and sellers typically split the transfer tax, Mr. O'Brien said. On properties priced over \$100,000, the tax is 10 percent; below that threshold, it is 2.5 percent.

LANGUAGES AND CURRENCY

English; Bahamian dollar (1 Bahamian dollar = \$1)

TAXES AND FEES

Annual property taxes for this house are \$16,000, Mr. Christie said.

CONTACT

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Clockwise from above: The lighthouse, which has two bedrooms and a kitchen; the interior of the main house; a sitting room with ocean views.

Tower with a woman's finesse

French architect gave the building a classic New York setback form

BY JANE MARGOLIES

Despite all the construction cranes that can be spotted around New York, it is still the rare woman who gets to design a major building there.

Annabelle Selldorf and the late Zaha Hadid realized various high-profile New York projects. Now, as the lead architect for Greenwich West, a 30-story condominium rising in Hudson Square, Françoise Raynaud joins the select group.

Mrs. Raynaud, 59, is based in Paris and relatively unknown in the United States, but she has made a name for herself at home with public and private projects, including libraries, cinemas, corporate headquarters and housing. She founded her own firm in 2005, after nearly two decades working for the architect Jean Nouvel, much of it heading up his projects in Asia.

"I was the specialist of towers in the office," she said in an interview in Greenwich West's sales gallery.

The new building will indeed loom over its neighbors in the tiny, fast-changing Hudson Square, on the western edge of Manhattan between Greenwich Village, SoHo and TriBeCa. Once a manufacturing district known for its printing plants, the area has lately attracted media, technology and advertising companies. Disney is relocating its New York headquarters there, and a 2013 rezoning intended to encourage residential development has created a wave of luxury projects.

Greenwich West's developers — Strategic Capital, Cape Advisors and Forum



RENDERING BY FAMILIAR CONTROL

Absolute Capital Partners — sought as large a footprint as possible for their building, which fronts on both Charlton and Greenwich Streets. When attempts to purchase low- and midrise structures on either side of the L-shaped site were unsuccessful, they bought up air rights on the block so they could maximize the size of their building.

The entrance will be on Charlton opposite the Children's Museum of the Arts. Retail space will occupy the ground level on Greenwich, facing the multi-block UPS building, whose low-rise profile is one reason half of the 170 apartments in Greenwich West will have Hudson River views.

Height aside, Mrs. Raynaud — whose firm is named Loci Anima, Latin for "the soul of place," reflecting her interest in designing buildings that relate to their surroundings — sought to make Green-

wich West feel like a part of its neighborhood. Its classic New York setback form will be faced in brick and have a regular grid of oversize windows.

The bricks will be light gray, extra-long and assembled in geometric patterns that the architect calls "a kind of scarification." Darker, metallic-looking glazed bricks will frame the window openings. The building has rounded corners for a softer effect and, perhaps, a whiff of Art Deco — which, after all, originated in France.

Rounded motifs will continue inside the building, where another French architect, Sébastien Segers, has overseen the interior design. Baseboard moldings, kitchen counters and even electrical switch plates will all have curved edges and corners.

The apartments, which range from 500 to just over 2,200 square feet, are mostly one- and two-bedroom units. They start at \$965,000 and currently max out at \$5.5 million — prices the developers call affordable, at least when compared with those of some other luxury buildings nearby.

Greenwich West is expected to top out before the end of the year and be ready for occupancy in early 2020, according to the developers.

And Mrs. Raynaud isn't the only woman working to make it happen. Plaza Construction, the general contractor for Greenwich West, said that 25 percent of its employees are female — which exceeds the proportion of women working in construction nationally (9.1 percent) and locally (around 7 percent).

Plaza recently reworked the standard construction sign to be more inclusive. Instead of "Men at Work," Plaza's diamond-shaped orange and black sign, affixed to the construction shed at Greenwich West, proclaims, "Men and Women at Work."

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WEEKEND

A rich heritage beneath the shine

Futuristic malls and skyscrapers dazzle, but it's easy to dig deep into an abundance of temples, street food and homegrown art

36 Hours in Singapore

BY CHANEY KWAK

Singapore's main island is sometimes described as diamond-shaped — fitting, perhaps, since the sparkling city, which had a starring role in the movie "Crazy Rich Asians," is known for its materialistic pursuits. But look past Singapore's shiny veneer and you'll find a compression of Chinese, Indian, Malay and other heritages reaching back far beyond the city state's half-century history as an independent nation. And thanks to the superb street food and efficient public transit, you don't have to be crazy rich to enjoy this cinematic city.

Friday

In good faith 5 p.m.

Begin your visit with a snapshot of Singapore's past and present on Telok Ayer Street, where Chinese immigrants once arrived on boats. Though land reclamation projects have since filled in the waterfront and gleaming skyscrapers have sprouted around this narrow street, shrines and temples of many creeds have persevered in the faithfully preserved neighborhood. Linger for a few quiet minutes inside Thian Hock Keng, a carefully restored 19th-century temple built by Hokkien immigrants to give thanks for a safe passage across the sea. Past the minarets and arches of the nearby Nagore Dargah Indian Muslim Heritage Centre, walk deeper into Chinatown, where Sri Mariamman, the nation's oldest Hindu temple, invites visitors to admire the ornate gopuram (gatehouse tower) and colorful shrines.

Forget Singaporean noodles 7 p.m.

Hawker centers, or food courts, are a quick introduction to Singapore's pan-Asian palate, allowing diners to sample



even ants. The hyperlocal approach informs every detail, from its soundtrack of local bands to the coasters of dried lotus leaves and banana stalks (cocktails around 20 Singapore dollars).

Saturday

East coast style 11 a.m.

Avocado toast and single-origin coffee may rule brunches in gentrified Tiong Bahru and up-and-coming Jalan Besar. But when you begin your morning in the laid-back Katong district, full of Easter egg-colored 19th-century villas, go for the traditional bite of kaya toast, buns or white bread slathered with coconut jam and slabs of butter, served with soft-boiled eggs. Hungry diners (and Instagrammers) line up at the nearly century-old Chin Mee Chin Confectionery, a local institution where charcoal-grilled buns (1 Singapore dollar each) and heaping servings of nostalgia make up for the brusque service. For a heartier meal, sample the district's interpretation of laksa, a spice-packed coconut curry noodle soup, at various spots such as 328 Katong Laksa (from 5.35 Singapore dollars) and Marine Parade Laksa (50 East Coast Road, No. 01-64; from 4.50 Singapore dollars).

Glam life 12:30 p.m.

Serving as the cultural heart of Singapore's Muslim community, the palm-lined neighborhood of Kampong Glam remains popular with travelers and shoppers alike. Orient yourself around the landmark Sultan Mosque, now 90 years old, yet looking fresher than ever, thanks to the 2016 face-lift that put an extra shine on its golden domes while preserving the original timber door. To go deeper than browsing the near-identical accessory stores, rug shops and hip cafes with vaguely European names on Arab Street and Haji Lane, download the Singapore Heritage Trails app, a free platform with crowdsourced itineraries that uncover stories behind the colorful facades all around Singapore.

Cure for hunger 8 p.m.

No longer a notorious red light district, Keong Saik Road on the edge of Chinatown has seen globally oriented restaurants and bars taking up its Art Deco edifices and narrow shophouse. Among the cevicherias and Australian steakhouses, three-year-old Cure stands out with its smart prix fixe menus (five courses on weekends, 120 Singapore dollars; three courses on weekdays, 95 Singapore dollars). The Irish-born chef-owner Andrew Walsh serves no-holds-barred dishes like a custard of dashi in an onion broth, Wagyu paired with piquant harissa, and snapper steamed tender with fennel. A popular option among locals is Kok Sen Restaurant (30 Keong Saik Road), with diners lining up on the sidewalk for its tze char, or home-cooked Hokkien Chinese cuisine, with dishes like spicy jumbo prawn soup (16 Singapore dollars).

Look and touch 2 p.m.

Rest your legs at Looksee Looksee, a 25-seat reading room stocked with an eclectic collection of books on design, art and food. The interior designer John Lim and the architect Yong Sy Lyng created this space using whimsical furniture, tropical prints and quirky fabrics. The pay-what-you-want beverage service features brews by the local tea company A.muse Projects. If this puts you in the mood for souvenir shopping, Supermama next door has porcelain sets featuring the city's unmistakable skyline, designed in Singapore and made in the island of Kyushu in Japan.

Artful living 3:30 p.m.

The former City Hall and Supreme Court buildings were reborn as the ambitious, light-filled National Gallery Sin-



Top, Native dazzling with cocktails made with local ingredients, including mangoes, jasmine blossoms and ants. Above, Supermama sells porcelain sets featuring the city's skyline.

dishes like crab fried in chili sauce, chicken poached with ginger, and roti served with a fiery curry sauce. Locals debate which hawker center serves the best rendition of a particular dish. Lau Pa Sat distinguishes itself with its soaring cast-iron frame and national monument designation. At night, vendors grilling meat on skewers take over the adjacent Boon Tat Street, erasing the boundary between this lively hawker center and the rest of the city. If you want a more down-home atmosphere, Amoy Street Food Centre (7 Maxwell Road) is popular among locals and Michelin Bib Gourmand critics alike. Expect to pay 3 to 6 Singapore dollars, or about \$2.25 to \$4.50, for a filling entree.

Beyond the Singapore Sling 9 p.m. The candy-colored shophouses on Amoy Street now house CrossFit gyms, hipster barbershops, Korean barbecue joints and other businesses reflecting Singapore's trends. Native, which opened less than two years ago, dazzles with cocktails made with local ingredients that include fresh mangoes, salt-baked tapioca, jasmine blossoms and



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAURYN ISHAK FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Midnight gardens of good 11:30 p.m.

Few things would encapsulate Singapore better than Gardens by the Bay, a nature park that is both lush and futuristic. The 250-acre grounds encompass themed conservatories, winding trails and Supertrees, or vertical gardens rising up to 16 stories and threaded together by suspended walkways. While the air-conditioned indoor parks and the 72-foot-tall Skyway close at 9 p.m., the free outdoor gardens remain open until 2 a.m., giving you ample time to admire the wildly lit grounds — with thinner crowds and naturally cooler temperatures.

Sunday

Not that Coney Island 9 a.m.

Those who can't commit a whole day to the time capsule of Pulau Ubin, a rustic

island of tin-roof shacks and mangrove-lined lakes, can indulge in an easier getaway with a trip to Coney Island Park. Over 80 bird species, including collared kingfisher and spotted wood owls, call this 123-acre nature reserve home. Rent a bike from one of several vendors at the nearby Punggol Point Park and breeze through the coastal forestry, or join a guided nature walk (free; registration required at nparks.gov.sg) to discover its diminutive beaches.

It's a small island after all 2 p.m. Steps from Pulau Ubin dock, the lively 270-seat Little Island Brewing Company serves up S.P.A. (a Singaporean take on I.P.A.) and other unpasteurized and unfiltered beers. Grab tamarind-marinated wings (8 Singaporean dollars) and kick back to live music. Jumbo jets taking off from the adjacent Changi Airport are bound for faraway places.

Haji Lane, a shopping street in the Kampong Glam neighborhood, the cultural heart of the Muslim community in Singapore.

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