



The New York Times

INTERNATIONAL EDITION | TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 2018

The threat of Orbanism in America



David Leonhardt

OPINION

BUDAPEST The technology conference held here last week could have taken place in almost any other big city in Europe or the United States. It featured executives from Google, Slack, LinkedIn, Airbnb and more. I came to talk about The New York Times's digital strategy, and I stayed for three days to explore Budapest and interview people here.

Like many other first-time visitors, I was charmed. The city is full of 19th-century architectural triumphs that loom over the Danube River and sparkle at night. In the old Jewish Quarter, bars and cafes bustle. There is a growing tech industry, with companies like Prezi, which makes a non-boring version of Power-Point.

Before the midterms, a trip to Hungary shows the dangers facing America.

By now, you've probably heard that Budapest is also home to one of the world's newly authoritarian governments, led by Viktor Orban and his far-right Hungarian nationalist party, Fidesz. These days, Hungary is often mentioned alongside Russia and China.

Which, as I reflected on my trip — and on the midterm campaign that I returned home to — left me deeply unnerved.

Orban is no Vladimir Putin or Xi Jinping. He doesn't put opponents in jail or brutalize them. "There aren't secret police listening to us," one Orban critic told me over dinner. Zselyke Csaky of Freedom House, the democracy watchdog, told me, "There is no violence, not any kind of political violence."

What Orban has done is to squash political competition. He has gerrymandered and changed election rules, so that he doesn't need a majority of votes to control the government. He has rushed bills through Parliament with little debate. He has relied on friendly media to echo his message and smear opponents. He has stacked the courts with allies. He has overseen rampant corruption. He has cozied up to Putin. To justify his rule, Orban has cited external threats — especially Muslim immigrants and George Soros, the Jewish Hungarian-born investor — LEONHARDT, PAGE 9

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



Democratic supporters cheering for Senator Claire McCaskill on Sunday in Florissant, Mo. Tuesday's elections have revealed deep strains in President Trump's political coalition. TOM BRENNER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

The Taliban's teenage assassin

KANDAHAR, AFGHANISTAN

In mere seconds, he killed a top general and rattled U.S.-Afghan relations

BY MUJIB MASHAL
AND THOMAS GIBBONS-NEFF

Minutes before killing one of the most important generals in Afghanistan, the infiltrator made a final call to the Taliban.

Though only a teenager, the assassin managed to get hired as an elite guard, slipping into government service with a fake ID and no background check.

It put him so close to the center of power in Afghanistan that he was just paces away from Gen. Austin S. Miller, the commander of United States and NATO forces, when he suddenly raised his Kalashnikov and started firing in bursts.

The attack was a nightmare scenario for American and Afghan security planners.

It was a Taliban operation months in the making that succeeded in breaching a high-level meeting, killing a powerful Afghan general and a provincial intelligence chief, wounding an Afghan governor and an American general — and



Gen. Abdul Raziq had waged brutal offensives against the Taliban as police chief of Kandahar Province. After he was killed, the Taliban went into a frenzy of celebration. BRYAN DENTON FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

barely missing General Miller and other officials standing nearby.

The infiltration and the chaotic American escape last month — detailed in interviews with more than a dozen people, including witnesses, family members and officials who have seen investigative reports — have deeply shaken the

relationship between Afghan and American forces.

After 17 years of war and the killings of dozens of coalition service members by men in Afghan uniforms, the assault underscored how susceptible the Americans and Afghans remain to the kind of infiltration and insider attacks that, at

their peak six years ago, almost derailed the NATO mission in Afghanistan.

The ambush last month also took the life of one of the nation's most important bulwarks against the Taliban: Gen. Abdul Raziq, the police chief of Kandahar Province.

In his rise from lowly border guard to larger-than-life security chief in a little over a decade, General Raziq built nothing less than an empire in southern Afghanistan.

His status as the most powerful man in the Taliban heartland was built on brutal offensives against the insurgents, an effectiveness that kept a lid on ethnic and tribal differences, and his reputation with the American military as an indispensable ally who had kept Kandahar Province secure for years.

On the afternoon of Oct. 18, all of that crumbled in a matter of seconds.

The scramble to get the Americans out of the governor's compound after General Raziq was killed led to a brief firefight between American and Afghan security forces, with the Americans crashing through a gate and shooting at least one Afghan officer dead as they left, American officials said.

Now, in the days that have followed, the Americans are being accused of General Raziq's death, rattling the relationship between the allies.

Across Afghanistan, a rumor has AFGHANISTAN, PAGE 4

Divided U.S. set to deliver its verdict on Trump

LOS LUNAS, N.M.

Republicans are bracing for loss of House, but they remain hopeful on Senate

BY ALEXANDER BURNS
AND JONATHAN MARTIN

The tumultuous 2018 midterm campaign, shaped by conflicts over race and identity and punctuated by tragedy, barreled through its final days, as voters prepared to deliver a verdict on the first half of President Trump's term.

Republicans braced for losses in the House and state capitols but were hopeful that they would prevail in Senate races in areas where Mr. Trump is popular.

The lead-up to the election, which is widely seen as a referendum on Mr. Trump's divisive persona and hard-line policy agenda, has revealed deep strains in the president's political coalition and left him confined to campaign in a narrow band of conservative communities. Republicans' intermittent focus on favorable economic news, such as the Friday report showing strong job growth, has been overwhelmed by Mr. Trump's message of racially incendiary nationalism.

While Mr. Trump retains a strong grip on many red states and working-class white voters, his jeremiads against immigrants and his penchant for ridicule have proved destabilizing, with the party losing affluent whites and moderates in metropolitan areas key to control of the House.

Republicans have grown increasingly pessimistic in recent days about holding the House, with some concerned that Democrats could take the chamber with a healthy majority. Polls show a number of incumbents lagging well below 50 percent and some facing unexpectedly close races in conservative-leaning districts.

In several diverse Sun Belt states where Republicans had shown resilience, such as Texas, Florida and Arizona, their candidates have seen their numbers dip in polling as Mr. Trump has given up the unifying role that American presidents have traditionally tried to play.

Democrats are also in contention to retain or capture governorships in rust belt states like Pennsylvania, Michigan and Wisconsin that were pivotal to Mr. Trump's victory and fertile ground for Republicans for much of the last decade.

Despite these worrisome signs, some Republican leaders saw reason for measured optimism. While Mr. Trump said Friday that Republicans' losing the House "could happen," Representative Steve Stivers of Ohio, who leads the Republican House campaign committee, has continued to predict that his party will narrowly hold its majority. REPUBLICAN ELECTION, PAGE 5



Jungle-to-table Indigenous Tacana hunters in Bolivia with caimans, among the exotic ingredients South American chefs are exploring for their menus. PAGE 3

Delving into the science behind Leonardo's art

FLORENCE, ITALY

Multimedia exhibition brings to life his insights on the way things work

BY ELISABETTA POVOLEDO

As fascinating as Leonardo da Vinci's musings on the nature of the world and what makes it tick are, the intellectual and visual denseness of his treatises — which embrace a wide array of his interests, including mechanics, botany, engineering, mathematics, architecture and more — don't always translate into captivating shows.

The exhibition "Water as Microscope of Nature: Leonardo da Vinci's Codex Leicester" at the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, Italy, on the other hand, offers the visitor the pleasure of losing oneself in

the mind of a genius. The show runs through Jan. 20.

It's one thing to pore over a page of Leonardo's experiments on the ratio of the volume of steam to water, quite another to see his reflections come to life in animated form. That is the case, here, of his ruminations on the flight of birds, the luminosity of the moon or the unbounded nature of water, which is the main object of Leonardo's scrutiny.

The "Codex Leicester," named after an 18th-century owner, Thomas Coke, earl of Leicester, is a compendium of ideas and investigations, and the expository panels are a refrain of firsts: an instrument that anticipated the modern odometer; observations on the speed of river flows and detailed descriptions of waves and their impact; and a device to stay underwater for a long time, which Leonardo did not describe in detail "because of the evil nature of men," who might use it to sink enemy ships and LEONARDO, PAGE 2

Issue Number
No. 42,191

HAPPY HEARTS COLLECTION

Chopard

THE ARTISAN OF EMOTIONS - SINCE 1860

PAGE TWO

He made Bruce Lee and Jackie Chan stars

RAYMOND CHOW
1927-2018

BY AUSTIN RAMZY

HONG KONG Raymond Chow, a Hong Kong film producer who thrust Bruce Lee and Jackie Chan into global stardom while helping to transform the action movie genre, died on Friday in Hong Kong. He was 91.

His death was confirmed in a statement by Carrie Lam, Hong Kong's chief executive. The statement did not list a cause of death.

A former journalist, Mr. Chow entered the film industry as a publicist in 1958, when he joined Shaw Brothers, a studio that had a pioneering role in kung fu movies and other popular low-budget films. But he quickly grew frustrated with the quality of the studio's output.

"It was hard to publicize a film that I do not believe in," he said in a 2011 interview. "There are only so many lies I can tell. I can't really exaggerate. Nobody will believe us."

So the studio founder, Run Run Shaw, invited him to contribute his ideas on scripts, and he soon became a producer. Mr. Chow longed for more freedom in his work, and in 1970 he left to co-found his own studio, Golden Harvest.

Golden Harvest's initial films did poorly against Shaw Brothers, which dominated the local market. But Mr. Chow then outbid his former employer to sign Bruce Lee, a young actor and martial arts expert who had appeared in the sidekick role of Kato on the American television series "The Green Hornet."

Mr. Chow had seen Mr. Lee break boards in displays of powerful kicks and punches on Hong Kong television and learned that Shaw Brothers had been unable to sign him to a film contract.

Golden Harvest offered him \$15,000 for two films, along with a share of the profits and greater say in the production. Mr. Lee agreed, and Mr. Chow quickly flew his new actor to Thailand, where, in rough rural conditions, he filmed "The Big Boss" in 1971.

Mr. Lee's intense aura and florid fight



STANLEY BIELECKI MOVIE COLLECTION/GETTY IMAGES

Raymond Chow, center, on the set of "Enter the Dragon" in 1973 with Bruce Lee, right and John Saxon. Mr. Chow's film company co-produced the movie with Warner Bros.

Designer who dressed royalty and commoners in Japan

JUN ASHIDA
1930-2018

Jun Ashida, a designer who dressed everyday women and members of the Japanese monarchy in practical, sophisticated silhouettes, died on Oct. 20 at his home in Tokyo. He was 88.

The death was announced by his daughter, Tae Ashida, in an Instagram post.

In designing his collections, Mr. Ashida sought to imbue Western styles with a traditional Japanese aesthetic. He fashioned brocade suits in the image of gakuran schoolboy uniforms. He cut gowns from white silk faille, a material sometimes used to make wedding kimonos. "I look for a Japanese classic in Western design," Mr. Ashida told The International Herald Tribune in 2002. "Now, you do not see many Japanese women wearing kimonos. But I want to put in the Japanese spirit by playing with sleeves and tie belts."

Mr. Ashida was born on Aug. 21, 1930, in Kyoto, the youngest of eight children. His interest in fashion began in his teenage years, when an older brother returned from a trip to the United States with garments unlike any the young Mr. Ashida had seen before.

After World War II and the United States occupation, Japan experienced rapid economic growth that prompted new consumer tastes. Shoppers were interested in buying American-style garments, and Japanese manufacturers rushed to meet their demands.

But Mr. Ashida was interested in handcrafting, not mass production. He studied with the artist and fashion designer Jun-ichi Nakahara, and in 1960 the department store Takashimaya hired him as a consulting designer. Three years later he introduced his first clothing brand.

Although his company bears his

name, Mr. Ashida tended to put himself second and the customer first in his work. His modest designs, and the shows at which he displayed them, focused on wearability over fanfare.

From 1966 to 1976, Mr. Ashida was the personal designer for Empress Michiko of the Imperial House of Japan, who was crown princess at the time. He also dressed Crown Princess Masako for her wedding in 1993.

In addition to his women's wear output, Mr. Ashida designed uniforms for companies, including All Nippon Air-



THE YOMIURI SHIMBUN, VIA AP IMAGES

The Japanese fashion designer Jun Ashida in 2013.

ways, and dressed the Japanese national team for the 1996 Summer Olympics in Atlanta. His contributions to Japanese culture won him the Purple Ribbon Medal, an award for creative achievement bestowed by the government.

His daughter, Ms. Ashida, is also a designer.

Complete information on survivors was not immediately available.

"I think it is part of my duty to keep that part of Japanese culture," Tae Ashida told Vogue.com in 2017. "We have technical people here who have been training themselves for a long time, perfecting each detail."

Although his company bears his

The science behind the art

LEONARDO, FROM PAGE 1

cause deaths, he wrote. One note Leonardo wrote to himself reads "Make eyeglasses to see the moon larger." The first known record of a telescope came around a century later.

As usual, Leonardo's musings were written backward, starting from the right side of the page and moving to the left, so that the words appeared normal only when seen with a mirror. Theories abound about why he did this: One simple explanation is that he was left-handed, and that writing this way didn't smudge.

The codex now belongs to the Microsoft co-founder and philanthropist Bill Gates, who bought it at auction at Christie's in 1994 for \$30.8 million. Until last year, when the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints bought the printer's manuscript of the Book of Mormon for \$35 million, it was believed to be the most expensive manuscript ever sold.

Next year is the 500th anniversary of Leonardo's death, as well as the 25th anniversary of Mr. Gates's ownership of the manuscript. "We felt the codex needed to be part of the picture," said Fred Schroeder, the curator of the "Codex Leicester" for Mr. Gates, and as homecomings go, Florence was the logical site for that celebration. "It's exciting for the codex to pay a visit to its birthplace," Mr. Schroeder said.

The exhibition uses technological tools to better explain the codex "and the extraordinary value of ideas it contains," said the Leonardo expert Paolo Galluzzi, who is the director of the Museo Galileo in Florence and the curator of the codex exhibition. The digital animations, which were developed by a team at the Museo Galileo, are a "way of exploding his ideas," he said.

The exhibition's "moral mission," Mr. Galluzzi added, is to "faithfully relate his work" and not to misinterpret or force the artist's vision "to make Leonardo the pioneer of everything."

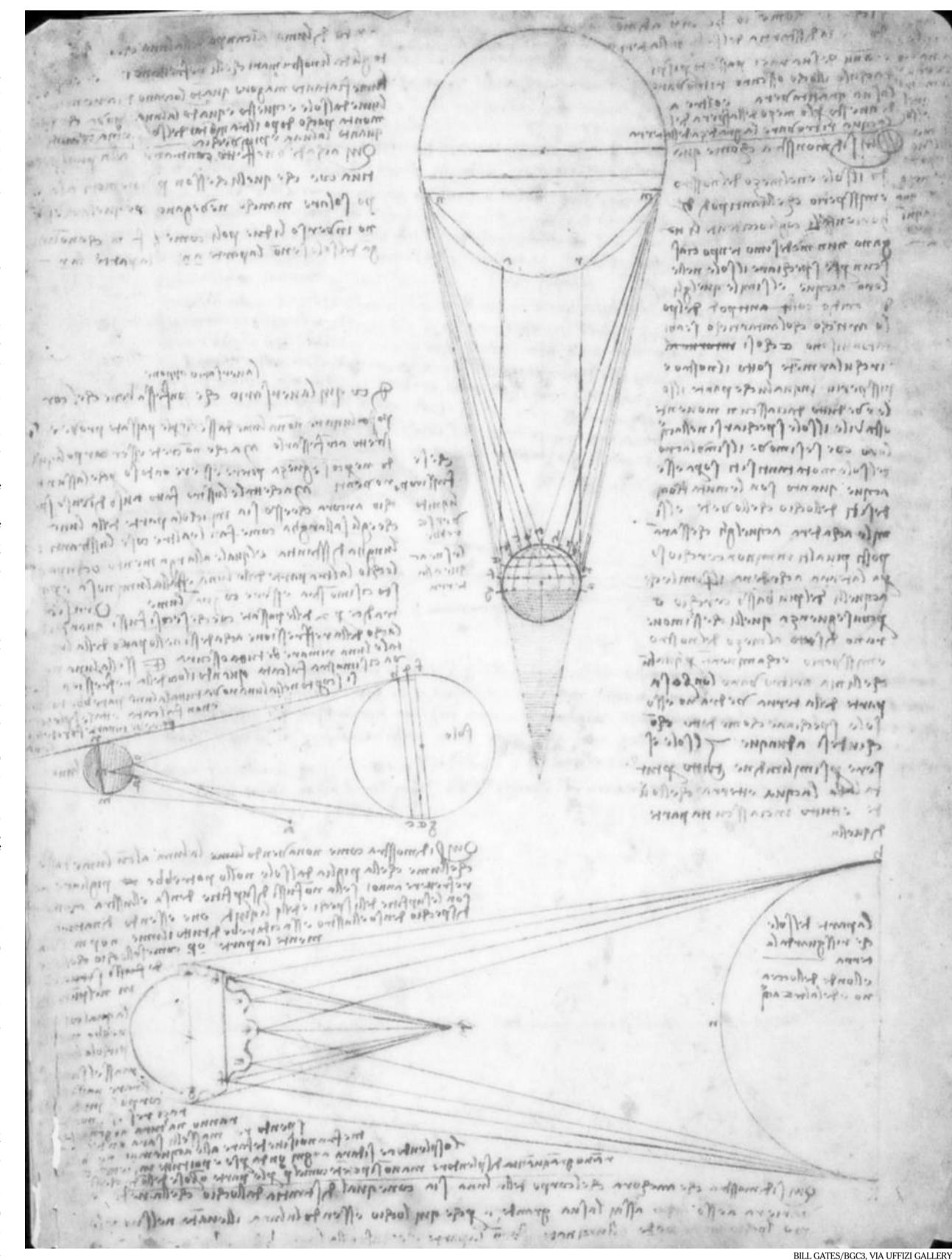
Though his notebooks contain countless inventions and intuitions that came to life only centuries later, the exhibition seeks to put them into context, "express his thought correctly."

"This doesn't mean diminishing his work," Mr. Galluzzi said, "it means enhancing it."

Leonardo wrote much of the codex from 1504 to 1508, when he was living in Florence. An interactive map at the Uffizi indicates where he spent time in the city, painstakingly measuring the Arno river, carrying out dissections at the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova and studying the works of others, primarily at the library of the Convent of San Marco, whose few remaining friars were recently evicted.

With its three paintings by Leonardo that amply illustrate his "scientific observations on water," the Uffizi was the "right place for the exhibition," the gallery's director, Eike Schmidt, said in an interview.

He described the "Baptism of Christ," a joint effort by Leonardo and his teacher Andrea del Verrocchio, where the ripples of water around the feet of Christ and John the Baptist "fully show Leonardo's scientific mind." Water in its various manifestations is also detailed in Leonardo's "Annunciation" and in the preparatory drawing for the "Adoration



BILL GATES/RGCS, VIA UFFIZI GALLERY

"Studies on the Ashen Glow of the Moon," from Leonardo Da Vinci's scientific treatise "Codex Leicester" at the Uffizi Gallery.

of the Magi," exhibited again this year after a five-year restoration.

All three Leonardo paintings were moved to a new room in the Uffizi this year, close to another refurbished room with works by Michelangelo and Raphael.

"Leonardo couldn't have painted as he did without his scientific observation of nature," Mr. Schmidt said. The presence here of the "Codex Leicester," which is exhibited with pages from other Leonardo treatises, like the "Codex Atlanticus," the "Codex Arundel" and the "Codex of the Flight of Birds," is an opportunity for visitors to see his

writings in conjunction with the three paintings," he said.

Sections of the Leicester manuscripts subvert the Christian worldview of the time, rooted in Genesis, the first book of the Bible, which held that God had created the world and humans just a few thousand years before.

Leonardo's observations of fossils begged to differ. "Part of the 'Codex Leicester' is dedicated to a not explicit but clear polemic with Genesis," said Mr. Galluzzi, in particular with the question "of the Great Flood." Leonardo's observations of fossils and geological stratification had convinced him that

the world was much, much older than the Bible suggested.

Had he published his considerations, he would undoubtedly have run afoul of the church. "Instead these were jottings he kept in his pocket," Mr. Galluzzi said.

Leonardo's gloomy predictions for the future of the planet appear more prophetic in the age of climate change.

He contemplated that water would eventually erode mountains, submerging the entire planet under water. "And this would be the end of all terrestrial creatures. Those are his words," Mr. Galluzzi said. "He thinks that as life began, so it could end."

Too much to see at the museum?

LONDON

Apartment residents say London viewing platform is an invasion of privacy

BY PALKO KARASZ

The 10th-floor terrace of the Tate Modern art gallery in London has a 360-degree view of the city, including some of its most famous landmarks.

But since the museum's 211-foot-tall wing, known as the Blavatnik Building, opened in 2016, another aspect of the view has become well known to visitors. Stroll around the enclosed walkway and, at one point, you'll be staring into the private lives of residents of luxury apartments in a neighboring glass-and-steel building that was completed in 2012.

The owners of four apartments in the building, part of a development called NEO Bankside, are less enamored of the view.

And so they sued in 2017 claiming a "relentless" invasion of privacy.

On Friday, a court began hearing their case against the gallery.

They are seeking an injunction that would require the gallery either to restrict access to parts of the terrace adjacent to their homes or to erect a screen.

Their claim is playing out as an old-fashioned bricks-and-mortar battle at a time when global concerns about digital privacy have taken center stage.

By operating its viewing terrace, Tate Modern is subjecting the apartments to an unusually intense visual scrutiny," Tom Weeks, a lawyer for the claimants, told the High Court.

Mr. Weeks said that one of the claimants once counted 84 people photographing his building over a 90-minute period, and "discovered that a photo of himself had been posted on In-



Residents of the NEO Bankside apartments, left, are suing the Tate Modern over its 10th-floor viewing platform, right.

stagram to 1,027 followers," according to local media reports. The viewing terrace is a rare spot in London to offer a free elevated look at the city, which explains its popularity with tourists. (A ticket to the London Eye, the giant Ferris wheel by the Thames, costs 25.20 pounds, or around \$30, and admission to St. Paul's Cathedral, formerly the tallest building in the city, is £16.)

Guy Fetherstonhaugh, a lawyer for the Tate board of trustees, told the court that visitors came for the view, rather than to gawk at the apartments.

He said the apartment owners were

unreasonably seeking to "deny to the public the right to use the viewing platform for its intended purpose merely to give the claimants an unencumbered right to enjoy their own view."

The gallery's leadership has argued since the opening of the terrace for a simple solution: Have the neighbors draw the blinds on their floor-to-ceiling windows or install curtains.

But the owners of luxury apartments with a river view, which typically go on the market for more than £2 million, have rejected that option.

People reacted to the lawsuit with lit-

tle sympathy for the apartment owners, with one person writing on Twitter, "So this is what people with too much money do with their time huh?"

This is not the first case in which neighbors' concerns have clashed in London's real estate market.

In 2014, Boris Johnson, who was mayor at the time, stepped in to broker a deal for an apartment block near the well-known nightclub Ministry of Sound.

The developer agreed to include noise protection in the building, and prospective residents signed away their right to complain about the noise.

World



Hunters weighing caimans they had killed the night before in the Bolivian Amazon.



Mixing a marinade with paiche, a freshwater fish that resembles a large carp.



The chefs Marcelo Saenz, right, and Christian Gutierrez, preparing paiche.

For chefs, jungle-to-table is next big story

BOLIVIA DISPATCH

CACHICHLA, BOLIVIA

They trek into the Amazon to find exotic ingredients for restaurants back home

BY NICHOLAS CASEY

The hunt began at nightfall under a crescent moon and with a chorus of frogs, which suddenly went silent when the rifles fired and the thrashing erupted. The bodies were dragged onto the deck of three boats: Six crocodilians were landed one night and 14 the next. Some were nearly eight feet long, head to tail.

As gastronomy leaps from one trend to the next, the search for the next new thing has become a quest without end for many chic restaurants. And the role of the chef is changing, too: The greatest cooks these days are also the greatest storytellers, not just serving up meals but also long yarns about the who, what and where of the origins of their ingredients.

Which is why I was with some of the finest chefs in the Andes at Lake Colorada in northwestern Bolivia, home of the spectacled caiman, a relative of the alligator.

Once every few years, a group of cooks and owners from acclaimed restaurants in Bolivia, Argentina and Peru hire a river boat to take them to places unlisted in the Michelin Guide and where no food critic has likely ever dared to tread.

Here, at the lake and along the Beni River in the Bolivian Amazon basin, the restaurateurs were hunting for something new to cook.

They said I could join them on this adventure, and on an October day I went ashore with the chefs at a village of the indigenous Tacana people, whose caiman-hunting season had just begun.

The Tacanas had sent a delegation ahead to greet their visitors: A notary who takes caiman measurements, the village mayor who cuts fillets and two sharpshooters chewing huge wads of coca leaf, which helps them stay awake at night as they spot the caiman's eyes with flashlights from a canoe.

The caiman hunt would not be the only tale for the chefs on this trip for exotic new foods.

Consider the big fish story to be told about the paiche, a freshwater monster that resembles a carp but is far larger and prehistoric-looking.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MEGHAN DHALIWAL FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Or the tale of cacao beans that are picked in the fall from trees that grow wild around the village of Carmen del Emero and that are composted in an undergrowth of strangler figs and jaguar droppings.

Or the story of tuyo tuyo, the larvae of a beetle that lives in an Amazonian palm tree, long a delicacy in these parts and more recently served as an appetizer at Gustu, a famed restaurant in Bolivia's capital, La Paz.

"We are seeing things hanging in your kitchens, foods you might not think people in cities would be interested in," Marsia Taha, the head chef at Gustu, said one night to the elders in the village.

"These are the things we are looking to buy."

The stories flow both ways, and sometimes it's the outsiders who teach the locals about what's edible in this jungle.

"Callampa," said Mauricio Barbón, the head chef at Amaz, a restaurant in Lima, Peru, that specializes in Amazonian ingredients. He was pointing to a fallen log with shelves of a flesh-colored fungus growing on it.

"We've never tried it before," said an intrigued Javier Duri Matias, a young Tacana leader who was showing us through the forest.

The fungus looked almost exactly like an ear. Mr. Barbón explained that his

recipe calls for blanching the fungus in water before it is served. He tore off a piece and we chewed away, savoring the spicy aftertaste while also hoping the chef was correct in the identification of his mushroom.

As for the caimans in the lake, they are as much an experiment for conservationists as the chefs. A management program sets strict limits on how many may be hunted, of what size and when during the year. The Tacanas have learned they can earn far more selling certified pelts for export than they made when the hunting was uncontrolled.

Now, the clan is also selling the flesh to these enterprising chefs.

"Meat was always, if you will, on the table as another resource that would allow them to get more out of every animal," said Rob Wallace, a director at the Wildlife Conservation Society in Bolivia, a nongovernmental group that helped the Tacanas develop the conservation plan for the caiman.

The hunt, which goes on for weeks in October, was a family affair. Mothers helped skin the meat as a baby swung in a hammock nearby. Others in the village played games with a large, luckless river turtle that lay on its backside, glum and unable to right itself.

In the village, caiman was not the only meat on the menu.

At one meal, the chefs discovered a giant tapir — a plant-eating mammal about the size of a pig with a short trunk — roasting on a grill and helped themselves to the ribs.

"I have never seen one dismembered this way," said Mr. Barbón, licking his fingers. "It is truly delicious."

Bernardo Resnikowski, a restaurant manager who wears luxurious sleeve tattoos and moonlights as a DJ, later arrived with two Tacana men carrying machetes and a bowl of red, slightly fermented fruit, called kecho, which he shared with Ms. Taha and Mr. Barbón.

"Not enough flesh to eat, but you might blend them in a cocktail" was Ms. Taha's verdict as she threw a handful into her mouth.

By the time the party next saw the firepit, there were no signs of the tapir. Instead, the giant river turtle had taken its place, doomed to the grill with its shell cracked open and stuffed with potatoes and chili peppers.

An old Tacana recipe book contains a litany of ways to make peta, their name for the creature, but the chefs seemed doubtful about the taste of the goopy innards, chewy skin and orphaned paws sitting atop rice.

"This kind of meat wouldn't be legal to sell anyway, though the Tacanas are allowed to serve it in their villages," Ms. Taha explained.

"Who said we would sell it to you if it were legal?" barked Eduardo Cartagena, one of the village leaders, evidently enjoying his share of the turtle.

As night settled, the Tacanas were back on Lake Colorada. I sat in the back of a leaky canoe as Rene Rubén Lurici Aguilera, a sharpshooter, stood at the bow, a flashlight wedged between his chin and his shoulder, his rifle scanning the surface of the water.

A pair of caiman eyes surfaced, glowing gold in the light of the torch. The hunter took aim. Not quick enough. The caiman submerged, submarine-like.

It was the lucky one.

By 1 a.m., our boat was heavy with the weight of the bodies of five large reptiles.

While Gustu has been selling the caiman meat for some time, Amaz, the restaurant in Lima, has had trouble getting a license to import the meat to Peru.

But over breakfast Mr. Barbón, the Amaz chef, couldn't help but daydream about how he might serve up caiman meat one day for his customers, who have included the celebrity chef Anthony Bourdain.

"We would try to fry it," he said.

An un-French sport helps migrants get settled in France

ST.-OMER, FRANCE

BY ELIAN PELTIER

The players erupted in joy, dancing and shouting in Pashto, celebrating their second victory in a regional cricket tournament. It might have been a familiar scene in parts of Afghanistan or Pakistan, but it was far less so here in northwestern France.

The St.-Omer Cricket Club Stars, known as Socc, had just won a tournament on their home turf, a new cricket field next to a cow pasture. For their captain, Javed Ahmadzai, however, the sweetest triumph lay elsewhere.

"The best victory is off the field," said Mr. Ahmadzai, 32, a stonemason who arrived in France from Afghanistan in 2005, "when we teach cricket to children in local schools and they won't let us leave, or tell their parents, 'You see, Mom, migrants aren't all mean.'"

Bringing cricket to life in St.-Omer is about far more than sports for Mr. Ahmadzai and his teammates. It is an opportunity to be part of the community, to be thought of as local champions rather than just as foreigners.

That hasn't always been easy. During the European migration crisis of 2015, refugees hoping to reach Britain gathered in squalid camps in northern France, living in treacherous conditions in places like the "Jungle" in Calais, less than 30 miles north of St.-Omer.

Marine Le Pen, the leader of the far-right, anti-immigrant party formerly known as the National Front, argued that the country had been hurt by "massive immigration," and often cited the



MAURICIO LIMA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

camps in her attacks. Her message was well received in the region, and in the first round of presidential voting last year, Ms. Le Pen received more votes in St.-Omer than any other candidate. (She won 39 percent of the town's vote in the second round compared with 33.9 percent nationally.)

Two years after the government cleared the Jungle, in October 2016, there are still frequent police raids on migrant camps, and the lives of many seem to be in limbo. The number of migrants in the Calais area has since dropped to 400 from 8,000. Many, including some who once lived in the Jungle and hoped to cross the English Channel,

have decided to stay in St.-Omer. They study, work or seek jobs and, in the case of some Socc players, hope that their sport will help them establish themselves in the town of 16,000 people. St.-Omer has sheltered more than 5,600 since 2015, most of them in a center for underage refugees.

"Whenever young Afghans arrive in St.-Omer, one of the first things they ask is where they can play cricket," said Jean-François Roger, the regional director of France Terre d'Asile, a state-funded organization that helps refugees. "Socc gives them a framework. It helps them move forward and build something here."

Cricket has helped the players gain priceless self-confidence and fight loneliness and isolation," said Mr. Rochas, the vice president of Socc, who watched the final in September with his two young children. "It's more than a club — we are now like a family."

For years, St.-Omer was the only town in the region with a France Terre d'Asile center for underage refugees, most of whom came from Eritrea and Afghani-

stan. In 2017, Afghanistan was the second most common country of origin for asylum seekers in France, with 6,000 of a total 100,000 requests. The organization accommodated 2,230 migrants in the town in 2017, up from 300 in 2013. Many of the young Socc players went through the center.

The Socc is among them. In summer 2016, Mr. Ahmadzai and other Afghans were playing cricket with a homemade ball in a public park in St.-Omer when a local businessman who was out running, Christophe Silvie, stopped to ask them about the game. A few months later, Mr. Silvie and Mr. Ahmadzai founded the club with another volunteer living nearby, Nicolas Rochas.

The team practiced in a gymnasium and won a first tournament. Then another.

Today, some 30 players from St.-Omer and surrounding areas, ages 15 to 33, have helped turn the town into a center of cricket excellence. (In reality, there was little suspense in the recent final: The club has two teams, and both beat their rivals in the regular league and the playoffs. So the club's first team played the second in that final match.)

"Cricket has helped the players gain priceless self-confidence and fight loneliness and isolation," said Mr. Rochas, the vice president of Socc, who watched the final in September with his two young children. "It's more than a club — we are now like a family."

For years, St.-Omer was the only town in the region with a France Terre d'Asile center for underage refugees, most of whom came from Eritrea and Afghani-

stan. Xenophobic messages popped up on social media when the town's mayor, François Decoster, said the club could build a cricket ground on an unused plot of land on the edge of the town. Some posts threatened to damage the site and others spread a rumor that a mosque would be built there.

Complaints about Socc seem to have tapered, but so far the team has not generated much local support. Only a few dozen people attended the final, many of them volunteers or acquaintances of the club's managers. Hours later, when the victorious players honked horns and waved French flags as they circled the town's central plaza, most stared at them, intrigued but unaware of what they were celebrating.

"We've got prizes, compliments and promises, but many players wonder why, after a second title, there isn't more local enthusiasm," said Mr. Rochas, the club's vice president.

In 2017, the club received a European Citizen's Prize, awarded each year by the European Parliament to citizens or organizations that promote cross-border cooperation and understanding. But it still lacks the resources and volunteers it would need to play in France's national cricket league, as its victories at the regional level qualify it to do.

Perhaps even more critical is the need to attract local players, some team members said. So far, a doctor living in St.-Omer is the only French-born player.

"We can't only play among foreigners. We need new French recruits," said Tazim Abbas, a 19-year-old player from Pakistan. "Otherwise, who will keep the club running when I have a job and a life here?"

WORLD

Teenage attacker disrupts U.S.-Afghan trust

AFGHANISTAN, FROM PAGE 1

spread that the United States must have been behind the killing of General Raziq.

That rumor began immediately at the scene of the attack and spread to social media pages, the streets and even among the country's top leaders.

In a private meeting, former President Hamid Karzai told the American ambassador, John Bass, that most of the country believed that the Americans assassinated Mr. Raziq at Pakistan's behest, according to American officials. Just two days after the attack, an Afghan soldier was reported to have opened fire on NATO forces after an argument over the killing of General Raziq.

Aside from airstrikes, American troops largely retreated into a defensive posture in the weeks after the attack. Joint operations were cut back, and interactions between officials were mostly relegated to phone calls and heavily guarded meetings as the American-led mission put in place new security protocols, American officials said.

The attack took place at the Kandahar governor's compound, where American and Afghan officials were meeting to discuss security for the nation's elections last month.

General Raziq had reduced his appearances at the compound in recent months and hunkered deeper into his own palace, partially because he barely escaped an attack last year by a Taliban bomber who killed and injured a room full of V.I.P.s.

He had also been busy with presidential politics and was likely using his contact network to help in efforts to establish peace talks with the Taliban.

He had flown to Kabul and Dubai and Europe for discussions. "My hat does security, I do politics," he had joked.

Ghorzang Afghan, a longtime assistant to General Raziq, said his boss, who was attending his first large meeting after several days of illness, had seemed worried the day of the attack. He had reports of threats, but he could not pin them down specifically.

"He asked us to pay special attention and get our guards up on all the towers," Mr. Afghan said.

During the meeting with provincial and American officials, a young Afghan guard sat at the entrance of the conference room.

American officials described him as more reserved than the rest of the guards. He carried two Kalashnikovs — one slung across his chest and one behind his back.

The other guards knew him as Guluddin. But his real name, American officials said, was Raz Mohammed, and about six months before the attack he had trained with the Taliban in Pakistan. After the attack, the insurgents put out a video of his training, including target shooting.

Sometime in August, he had arrived in Kandahar and enlisted as an elite guard of the provincial governor.

One of his cousins, Basir Ahmad, who



Above, Gen. Abdul Raziq, center right in Western clothes, moments before he was killed by a Taliban infiltrator. The attacker missed Gen. Austin S. Miller, front left, the commander of American and NATO forces in Afghanistan. General Raziq became an overnight national martyr, with posters of him at a store in the city of Kandahar, above right, and his photo on the arm of a police officer, below.



MUJIB MASHAL/THE NEW YORK TIMES

tended to the wounded, who included the Kandahar governor and Brig. Gen. Jeffrey Smiley, the commander of American forces in southern Afghanistan.

An Afghan guard was heard shouting that the Americans had fired at General Raziq, according to American officials. They say the guard may have been a second infiltrator trying to stoke anger and deflect blame.

After General Miller, other American commanders and some of the wounded departed on the helicopters, members of the American ground convoy tried to make their way out of the governor's palace to their base at Kandahar Airfield.

This Raziq martyred 2,800 people, without a court and justice, and buried them in the sands of Kandahar."

They clashed with Afghan forces at the palace gates and exchanged fire.

One of the Afghan guards was shot dead by an American gunner while the vehicles rammed through the gate, Afghan and American officials said. The convoy was attacked one more time at a traffic circle, according to American officials.

In Kandahar, the security of one of most critical provinces in Afghanistan was immediately cast into question with the death of General Raziq, who held together by force of personality a network that outstripped the capabilities of the central Afghan government anywhere outside Kabul, the capital.

When General Raziq was made police chief of Kandahar in 2011, while in his early 30s, the Taliban were at the city gates.

In fact, they would frequently grab government employees from the heart of the city and take them to a kangaroo court on the outskirts. Two of General



MUJIB MASHAL/THE NEW YORK TIMES

had been a guard of the governor for nearly a year, vouched for him, helping him to skip a background check.

"He was quiet — he would rarely say a word," said Mohammed Nasim, one of the governor's guards who shared the barracks with him. "But Basir Ahmad would always be on his phone." (Mr. Ahmad fled the compound 30 minutes before the shooting, officials said.)

Mr. Mohammed made a final call to Pakistan, either five or 15 minutes before the attack, according to two different accounts by officials, and he spoke for about two and a half minutes to a Taliban commander responsible for leading suicide attacks.

When the meeting was over, the dignitaries made their way behind the compound to a helicopter landing pad,

where General Miller's pair of Black Hawks would arrive to take him to Kabul.

Pomegranates had come into season in Kandahar, and the governor had cases of them as gifts for his guests. Many of the guards, including the gunman, were carrying cases of the fruit as the group made its way to the helipad.

Mr. Mohammed moved to the front of the group, put his case of pomegranates down and suddenly raised his weapon. He trained the assault rifle on General Raziq, who was about five feet from him, and fired a first burst of four shots. Then, he sprayed a second burst toward those next to General Raziq, including General Miller, before being shot by one of the Americans. As he went down, more bullets from every direction rained on him.

"The whole thing probably didn't last longer than 10 seconds," said Massoud Akhundzada, the custodian of a religious shrine in Kandahar, who was steps away.

One of General Raziq's armored vehicles sped to the scene, splashed red with blood and crushed pomegranates, to pick him up and rush him to the hospital.

Their weapons drawn, General Miller and the other Americans tried to find cover. They called for medevac helicopters as they tried to secure the area. Tracer rounds landed from several directions. When things got quieter, they

Raziq's predecessors as police chief were killed on the job.

General Raziq was ruthless in his pushback, personally leading operations that dealt heavy casualties to the Taliban. Human rights groups accused him of torture and extrajudicial killings, including of tribal rivals. But as he established his grip in recent years and turned to national politics, officials described him as more disciplined and cautious.

General Raziq's death sent the Taliban into a frenzy of celebration, captured on videos circulating on social media accounts. At the central prison in Kabul, dozens of Taliban inmates danced to an improvised group chant: "O, they killed Raziq! In Kandahar, they killed Raziq!" (Song and dance were forbidden when the Taliban controlled Afghanistan.)

"This Raziq martyred 2,800 people, without a court and justice, and buried them in the sands of Kandahar as their mothers still wait," a Taliban official, Mawlawi Abdul Ghafour, told a packed gathering of Taliban in Quetta, Pakistan, where the group's leaders are based. "The Talib who tore a hole in Raziq's chest — may God unite us with him in heaven. And may God unite Raziq with Scott Miller."

"One of our leaders was saying he wished Scott Miller was also gone. I said, 'Why are we so greedy?' I wouldn't have been as happy if 500 Americans were killed as I am that Raziq is killed."

General Raziq became an overnight national martyr of a battered nation. His picture is on billboards in roundabouts and on windows of bakeries. His grave, just outside the governor's compound where he was killed, has already become a shrine.

Mujib Mashal reported from Kandahar, and Thomas Gibbons-Neff from Washington. Taimoor Shah contributed reporting from Kandahar.

Called to serve, Utah town's mayor always answered

NORTH OGDEN, UTAH

Major in National Guard, on leave from office, killed by insider in Afghanistan

BY JULIE TURKEWITZ

The call had come again. Brent Taylor, the mayor of North Ogden and a major in the Utah National Guard, would be going to Afghanistan for his fourth deployment.

He told his constituents about it on Facebook in January, leaning into the camera to explain that he had been called to serve his country "whenever and however I can" and that he would be gone for a year, as part of a team helping to train an Afghan Army commando battalion. "Service is really what leadership is all about," he told them.

He said goodbye to his wife, Jennie, and their seven children, and turned over his municipal duties to his friend Brent Chugg. "You need to keep safe," Mr. Chugg told him. "I will," Major Taylor replied.

He did not make it home. Major Taylor, 39, was killed on Saturday in an insider attack, apparently by one of the people he was there to help.

The United States Defense Department did not say right away who had been killed in the incident. But the news that it was Brent Taylor was soon all over Utah, relayed in expressions of remorse by politicians and civic leaders.

In a nation already torn by a heated midterm election, a synagogue mass shooting and high-profile bomb scares, Major Taylor's death and the wounding of another service member in the same attack sent up a fresh wave of consternation. It was a brutal reminder of a 17-year-old war that has carved gaping holes in communities across the country, with no end in sight.

Major Taylor's death hit particularly hard in Utah, where a widely shared Mormon faith binds many of its three million residents in a way that is rare for the modern era. On Saturday, when Mr. Chugg arrived at the home of Jennie Taylor, they embraced and she began to



Maj. Brent Taylor, left, in a picture he shared on Facebook in April from the mountains of Afghanistan. Right, Major Taylor's sister-in-law spoke to reporters outside his home in North Ogden, Utah. "We are overwhelmed with heartache but not regret," she said. "In our view there is not a whole lot of room for anger."



KRISTIN MURPHY FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

"We are overwhelmed with heartache but not regret," Ms. Taylor's sister, Kristy Pack, said on Sunday. Even though Major Taylor died in a suspected insider attack, Ms. Pack said, "in our view there is not a whole lot of room for anger."

Ms. Taylor now faces the task of raising the couple's children: Megan, 13; Lincoln, 11; Alex, 9; Jacob 7; Ellie, 5; Jonathan, 2; and Caroline, 11 months.

At a news conference at the Utah National Guard headquarters outside Salt Lake City, Gov. Gary R. Herbert said he knew Major Taylor personally, calling him "the personification of love of God, family and country."

Governor Herbert said he knew that some friends had tried to persuade Major Taylor not to return to Afghanistan, arguing that he had done enough for his country.

But Major Taylor wanted to go, the governor said, and had his wife's support for the decision, because he loved the people of Afghanistan and thought he could do some good there.

Utah law permits elected officials who belong to the Reserves or the National Guard, like Major Taylor did, to retain their civilian posts while deployed

by temporarily ceding authority to a surrogate.

North Ogden is a middle-class suburb of about 19,000 people north of Salt Lake City at the foot of the Wasatch Range. On Sunday, residents rose at dawn to carry American flags on towering poles through the foggy streets, driving them into the cold ground along the road to City Hall.

Then they dispersed to the many Mormon chapels in the town, where they bowed their heads as their leaders called on "brothers and sisters" to pray for Brother Taylor and his family. It happened to be a Fast Sunday, when Mormons skip meals and donate food to the hungry. At one service, somber boys in crisp white shirts circled the pews with the sacrament.

"I just don't know of a finer man," said Clark Skeen, a resident of North Ogden.

Major Taylor, who grew up in Arizona, enlisted in the military after the terrorist attacks of Sept. 11, 2001. So did his five brothers. Before his last tour, he had served twice in Iraq and once in Afghanistan.

He joined the City Council in 2009, was chosen as mayor in 2013 and was re-elected in 2017, building a reputation as a

hands-on leader and careful listener, someone who would be seen in the streets before dawn to direct snowplows on stormy days.

Mr. Chugg said that as mayor, Major Taylor was dogged in his pursuit of city improvements, building an amphitheater, a public works building and new roads. If other city officials had been satisfied with the status quo, he said, "Not Mayor Taylor."

A small memorial began to form on Sunday outside City Hall, below a soggy American flag lowered to half-staff. One woman, Deborah Eddy, 63, dropped off a bright yellow lily in a flowerpot. Another, Judy Viskoe, 36, stood by, gripping a black umbrella.

"I cried all day yesterday," Ms. Viskoe said. "I don't politically align with him. He's a Republican. But I noticed in his running of this town that he treated everyone with respect, and he listened, and he didn't bring his politics into the mix. He's just unlike any other mayor I've ever experienced."

The number of American troops in Afghanistan has fallen to fewer than 14,000 in 2018, from about 100,000 in 2011, when American forces were still officially engaged in a combat mission there.

All but a few large bases have been closed, and the main role of the remaining American troops is to advise and train Afghan forces, not fight the Taliban themselves.

The change in mission has also changed the mix of troops who are in harm's way. The Americans who are training Afghan troops are often older, higher-ranking and more experienced than before.

And those are the troops who, being surrounded by armed Afghans, tend to face the biggest risk from insider attacks from soldiers or police in uniform, a persistent threat in the country. Nearly half of the American combat deaths in Afghanistan this year have come in suspected insider attacks.

Together, those trends have led to a steady climb in the average age and rank of American casualties.

Since the United States draft ended in 1973, it has also become increasingly common for siblings to serve in the military, like Major Taylor and his brothers. Researchers say that having a parent or sibling in the military increases the likelihood that someone will join up, and so does coming from a large family. This spring, quadruplets from Michigan all

enlisted, each in a different branch of the armed forces.

Major Taylor's body was scheduled to arrive at Dover Air Force Base in Delaware on Monday. Members of his family and Utah National Guard representatives were expected to be on hand.

"Utah weeps for them today," Lt. Gov. Spencer J. Cox wrote on Facebook after receiving word of the major's death. "This war has once again cost us the best blood of a generation."

When Major Taylor left North Ogden in January, hundreds of residents lined the street to see him off, and the local police gave him an escort.

"Right now there is a need for my experience and skills to serve in our nation's long-lasting war in Afghanistan," he wrote at the time, adding that his work would fulfill President Trump's order to expand the capabilities of the Afghan forces.

Rather than disappear into a war zone, Major Taylor kept up a steady stream of Facebook posts while he was deployed, connecting his community to a conflict that is off the radar of many Americans.

In what turned out to be his final public post, on Oct. 28, he tapped out a message about the recent Afghan election.

"It was beautiful to see over 4 million Afghan men and women brave threats and deadly attacks to vote in Afghanistan's first parliamentary elections in eight years," he wrote. "Many Americans, NATO allies, and Afghan troops have died to make moments like this possible."

Then he turned to his own country.

"As the USA gets ready to vote in our own election next week, I hope everyone back home exercises their precious right to vote," he wrote. "And whether the Republicans or the Democrats win, that we all remember that we have far more as Americans that unites us than divides us. 'United we stand, divided we fall.'"

He concluded: "God Bless America."

Contributing reporting were Fahim Abed and Mujib Mashal from Kabul, Afghanistan; Dave Philipps from Colorado Springs, Colo.; Thomas Gibbons-Neff from Washington; and Jennifer Dobner from Draper, Utah. Jack Begg contributed research.

Bill Clinton, from rock star to pariah

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

In an election shaped by women, allegations have tarnished his legacy

BY LISA LERER

When a Republican state legislator in Arkansas pushed last year to rename the Bill and Hillary Clinton National Airport in Little Rock, Clarke Tucker stood up for the former president.

"The argument was that the people of Arkansas don't support the Clintons," said Mr. Tucker, a Democratic member of the state House of Representatives. "My thought at the time was, well, the people of Arkansas voted for Clinton eight times."

But now, as the Democratic nominee in the tightest congressional race in this state, Mr. Tucker is happy for the former president and his wife to remain a plane ride away. Mr. Clinton, who was governor and attorney general of Arkansas, was once a near-ubiquitous presence helping Democrats in tough races back home, but the former president hasn't been asked to appear on the trail for Mr. Tucker.

There are no plans for him to do so. Nor, for that matter, to appear publicly with any Democrat running in the midterm elections.

"Every election is about the future," Mr. Tucker said, as he drove to a campaign fund-raiser in Little Rock.

As Democrats search for their identity in the Trump era, one aspect has become strikingly clear: Mr. Clinton is not part of it. In the final days before the midterm elections, Mr. Clinton found himself in a kind of political purgatory, unable to overcome past personal and policy choices now considered anathema within the rising liberal wing of his party.

The former president, once such a popular political draw that he was nicknamed his party's "explainer-in-chief," has only appeared at a handful of private fund-raisers to benefit midterm candidates, according to people close to him.

He added one more recently, headlining an evening fund-raiser in New York City to benefit the campaign of Mike Espy, Mr. Clinton's former agriculture secretary who is running for the Senate in Mississippi. Mr. Espy's campaign declined to comment on the event.

The absence of Mr. Clinton is a notable shift both for a man who has helped Democratic candidates in every election for the past half century and for a party long defined by the former first couple. Hillary Clinton has slowly become a more visible presence in the 2018 election, even seeming to crack open the door to another presidential bid in an interview a week ago, but she is also a frequent Republican target and a burden to Democrats in some parts of the country.

In an election shaped by the #MeToo movement, where female candidates



Clarke Tucker, center, a Democratic nominee for Congress from Arkansas, defended the Clintons in a political skirmish last year but is keeping the ex-president at arm's length.



Marion Baker, 93, from Conway, Ark., started a Hillary Clinton fan club in 1993 to show support for the former first lady.



Photos of Bill and Hillary Clinton hanging at the Clinton Presidential Library in Little Rock, Ark.

and voters are likely to drive any Democratic gains, Mr. Clinton finds his legacy tarnished by what some in the party see as his inability to reckon with his sexual indiscretions as president with a White House intern, Monica Lewinsky, as well as with past allegations of sexual assault. (Mr. Clinton has denied those allegations.) Younger and more liberal voters find little appeal in Mr. Clinton's reputation for ideological centrism on issues like financial regulation and crime.

"I'm not sure that with all the issues he has, he could really be that helpful to the candidates," said Tamika D. Mallory, an organizer of the Women's March, who's now promoting female candidates across the country. "It would do the Democratic Party well to have Bill Clinton focus on his humanitarian efforts."

Rebecca Kirsner Katz, a veteran Democratic strategist, says many Dem-

ocrats have reassessed the party's support for Clinton's behavior in light of changing views about women, power and sexual misconduct.

"It was an abuse of power that shouldn't have happened, and if the Clintons can't accept that fact 20 years later, it's hard to see how they can be part of the future of the Democratic Party," said Ms. Katz, who worked as a strategist on Cynthia Nixon's failed bid to unseat Gov. Andrew Cuomo of New York this year.

Mr. Clinton, 72, currently chairs the board of the Clinton Foundation, helping to promote and manage the philanthropic organization he founded after leaving the White House. Angel Ureña, a spokesman for Mr. Clinton, said the former president believes "this election should be about these times and these candidates."

"President Clinton is encouraged by the large number of impressive Democrats running for office who are personally telling their stories and laying out their vision for how to get America back on track," he said. "They are the people voters need to hear from."

The uneasiness around Mr. Clinton

may serve as a warning sign for others considering their political futures in the party. Joseph R. Biden Jr., the former vice president, has been struggling to address his role in leading the 1991 Clarence Thomas-Anita Hill hearings. Michael R. Bloomberg, the former New York City mayor, recently drew criticism for questioning the #MeToo movement.

Several party strategists who have been in discussions with Democrats weighing presidential bids suggested that reckoning with Mr. Clinton's legacy could become a litmus test in the 2020 primary race, with candidates being asked whether he should have resigned after the Lewinsky affair became public.

The Clintons recently announced a 13-city arena tour, produced by Live Nation, guaranteeing they'll continue to be in the spotlight into the spring. Some Democrats worry the tour will become a distraction just as the party attempts to shape a national message that could effectively challenge President Trump in the presidential election.

The couple still has pull, in part because of their decades-long personal re-

lationships with so many strategists, donors and activists. Few Democrats were eager to talk publicly about Mr. Clinton's future role in the party. Though they are reluctant to say it out loud, Mr. Clinton's political exile is an open secret in Democratic circles.

At a rare public appearance by Mrs. Clinton recently in South Florida to benefit Donna Shalala's House campaign, Ms. Shalala — a former Clinton administration cabinet secretary — lavished praise on the Democrats' 2016 presidential nominee, calling her "wonder woman" and "one of the great political leaders of our times." When asked whether she would invite Mr. Clinton to campaign for her, Ms. Shalala passed on the idea: "He has a great political mind. I actually haven't talked to him myself."

"I'm not sure that with all the issues he has, he could really be that helpful to the candidates."

Mr. Clinton's absence from the campaign trail is all the more striking given the number of candidates with close ties to the Clinton legacy. Beyond Mr. Espy, there's Ms. Shalala, also a former president of the Clinton Foundation, and Nancy Soderberg, a representative to the United Nations and a White House national security aide under Mr. Clinton. Ms. Soderberg is also running for a House seat in Florida.

A former Clinton speechwriter, Josh Gottheimer, is running for re-election to a House seat in New Jersey. J.B. Pritzker, the Democratic nominee for governor of Illinois, is a family friend and, like a number of other candidates across the country, supported Mrs. Clinton's presidential campaign.

While people close to Mr. Clinton say candidates have asked for his advice privately, at least a few rejected public help. Mr. Clinton's offers to campaign last year for Ralph Northam, the governor of Virginia, were rebuffed. Andrew Gillum, the Democratic nominee for governor of Florida, did not ask the president to campaign for him, after Mr. Clinton called with congratulations on his primary win. In August, the New Hampshire Democratic Party stripped Mr. Clinton's name from its annual fall dinner, changing it from the "Kennedy-Clinton Dinner" to the "Eleanor Roosevelt Dinner." The state party chairman, Raymond Buckley, said the new name highlighted the party's "commitment to electing Democratic women."

Even in his home state, some Democrats are struggling with how to reconcile Mr. Clinton's policy achievements with his personal behavior.

"I'm not a fan of what he's said recently about #MeToo," said Claire Brown, 37, a Little Rock real estate agent, as she mingled with other donors at a fund-raiser for Mr. Tucker's campaign. "But I don't think you understand the economic impact that man has had on the local economy and our state. The gratitude for that will be infinite."

A nation in turmoil ready to deliver its verdict on Trump

ELECTION, FROM PAGE 1

can strategists have argued that about two dozen races are within the margin of error in polling; should right-of-center voters swing back to them on Election Day, they say, Democrats could fall short of winning enough seats to take control of the House.

Republican officials were more confident about their prospects in the Senate, where they had an opportunity to enlarge their majority in an otherwise difficult year. Nearly all of the most important Senate races are being fought on solidly conservative terrain, including North Dakota, Missouri and Indiana, where Democratic incumbents are in close contests for re-election. Mr. Trump won all three states by landslide margins in 2016.

There was an unmistakable dissonance between the relative health of the economy and the dark mood of the country, as voters prepared to go to the polls just days after a wave of attempted mail bombings and a massacre at a Pittsburgh synagogue that left 11 dead.

"The nation is in political turmoil," said Representative Carlos Curbelo, a Florida Republican facing a difficult re-election, in part because of Mr. Trump's unpopularity. "The economy is roaring, but the mood is so sour. It's a very sad time in this country."

The mood that has imperiled lawmakers like Mr. Curbelo has buoyed Democrats across the country. A class of first-time candidates has been lifted by an enormous surge of activism and political energy on the left, as an array of constituencies offended by Mr. Trump — including women, young people and voters of color — has mobilized with a force unseen in recent midterm elections.

Early voting across the country reflected the intensity of the election: More than 28 million people had already cast ballots by the end of Friday, about 10 million more than at a comparable point in the 2014 midterm elections, according to the Democratic data firm Catalyst.

Voters have helped nominate a record number of female candidates for Congress and delivered Democrats a wide and unaccustomed financial advantage



A rally in Cleveland on Sunday encouraging people to vote. In early voting, more than 28 million people nationwide had already cast ballots by the end of Friday.



A get-out-the-vote rally on Sunday in Macon, Ga., in support of the Republican gubernatorial nominee, Brian Kemp. President Trump headlined the rally.

In a possible portent of how he might react to electoral defeat, Mr. Trump lashed out at House Speaker Paul D. Ryan on Twitter after Mr. Ryan criticized his dubious proposal to void the constitutional guarantee of citizenship to anyone born on American soil.

Mr. Trump's approach may resonate in several of the states with the closest Senate races, though it has the potential to backfire in several diverse states where Republican-held seats are at risk, including Nevada, Arizona and Texas.

"It turns off independent voters," said Senator Chris Van Hollen, a Maryland Democrat and head of the Democratic Senate campaign arm, arguing that such states offered his party "a narrow path" to a majority.

Christine Matthews, a Republican pollster, said the Democratic message, focused on health care, was "more relevant" to most voters than what Mr. Trump was offering them in his final argument.

Likening the election to a tug of war, Ms. Matthews said the president was trying to energize his predominantly white and male base even as moderate voters recoil from him.

"On one end, you've got white college-educated women pulling hard, pulling back from what we're seeing," Ms. Matthews said. "On the other side of the rope, you've got non-college-educated men pulling hard in the other direction."

At no point this fall has a majority of voters approved of Mr. Trump, and while some surveys have shown improvement in his standing recently, the Gallup poll found at the end of October that just 2 in 5 Americans rated his performance favorably.

If many of the most closely watched elections are at the federal level, governors' races around the country may be the most consequential elections, long term, for both parties. Democrats are hoping to elect a history-making set of candidates, including Stacey Abrams in Georgia and Andrew Gillum in Florida, who would be the first African-Americans to lead their states. And Republicans are struggling to defend their dominance across Midwestern state governments, from Michigan and Ohio to Wisconsin and Iowa.

toward the end of the campaign. If Mr. Trump has animated a powerful national campaign against him, Democratic candidates have largely avoided engaging the president personally in the closing days of the election, instead hewing close to a few favored issues, like health care.

At a Saturday morning rally, Representative Ben Ray Luján of New Mexico, the head of the Democrats' campaign committee in the House, drummed home the party's ethos of ignoring Mr. Trump while riding the backlash against him.

"We don't really have to even talk about this president — he's going to do all the talking about himself, for himself," Mr. Luján said, addressing volunteers in Los Lunas, where Democrats are making a push to pick up an open House seat. "I want you to concentrate on families here in New Mexico."

But Senator Martin Heinrich, appearing beside Mr. Luján and Xochitl Torres Small, a water-use lawyer who is the Democratic nominee for Congress, cast the election in dire terms familiar to worried Democrats across the country.

"This is a battle for who we are as a

nation," said Mr. Heinrich, who is expected to win re-election easily on Tuesday.

That mind-set on the left has given Democrats an upper hand in campaign fund-raising. Political spending in the election is expected to exceed \$5 billion, making it the most costly midterm contest in history, according to a report by the Center for Responsive Politics. The report found that Democratic candidates for the House had raised more money than their Republican competitors, by a margin of more than \$300 million.

Many Senate Democrats have also raised more money than their contenders, a sobering reminder to Republican officials about the rise of small-dollar and billionaire contributors on the left.

"If alarm bells aren't ringing across the Republican landscape as a result of the dollars Democrats have raised and the mechanism they raised them with, then we don't deserve the majority," said Senator Cory Gardner of Colorado, who oversees the Senate Republican campaign arm.

Mr. Gardner warned that the Democrats' newfound fund-raising prowess

could buffet his party even more in 2020, when a less-inviting list of seats is up for election — including his own. "We may be able to survive with this map in 2018, but we cannot survive that map in 2020," he said.

It is the House, though, where Republicans face greater peril.

Most critical to determining control of the chamber are likely to be prosperous, culturally dynamic suburbs — around cities like New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Miami, Chicago and Los Angeles — where Republicans are defending several dozen districts packed with voters in open revolt against Mr. Trump.

Democrats have won over many swing voters in these areas with a message focused on Republican health care and tax policies that are even less popular than the president himself.

"I don't think you can find a race in the country where health care hasn't been a dominant issue," the Democratic strategist Jesse Ferguson said.

The fate of Republican lawmakers in the East Coast suburbs could offer an early harbinger on election night of whether the party can maintain even a tenuous grip on the House.

Many of those communities could also tip powerful governorships into Democratic hands for the first time in a decade.

Former Gov. Ted Strickland of Ohio, the last Democrat to lead that state, said the election had effectively become a referendum on Mr. Trump, leaving Democrats "confident about the House and a little concerned about the Senate."

"He's on the ballot, regardless of whether his name is there or not," Mr. Strickland said of the president.

Mr. Trump has appeared to turn his attention in the last few days away from the effort to keep control of the House and toward shoring up Republicans in coveted Senate races. He has focused predominantly on electrifying the right, rather than soothing some of the swing voters who backed him over Hillary Clinton two years ago.

In the final weeks of campaigning, Mr. Trump has delivered slashing attacks on immigration, railing against birthright citizenship, linking immigration without evidence to violent crime and amplifying debunked conspiracy theories about a migrant caravan in Latin America.

TECH

Nannies who do double duty as phone police

SAN FRANCISCO

BY NELLIE BOWLES

Silicon Valley parents are increasingly obsessed with keeping their children away from screens. Even a little screen time can be so deeply addictive, some parents believe, that it's best if a child neither touches nor sees the glittering rectangles. These particular parents, after all, deeply understand their allure.

But it's very hard for a working adult in the 21st century to live at home without looking at a phone and enforce a screen-free environment. And so, as with many aspirations and ideals, it's easier to hire someone to do this.

Enter the Silicon Valley nanny, who each day returns to the time before screens.

"Usually a day consists of me being allowed to take them to the park, introduce them to card games," said Jordin Altmann, 24, a nanny in San Jose, Calif., of her charges. "Board games are huge."

"Almost every parent I work for is very strong about the child not having any technical experience at all," Ms. Altmann said. "In the last two years, it's become a very big deal."

From Cupertino to San Francisco, a growing consensus has emerged that screen time is bad for children. It follows that these parents are now asking nannies to keep phones, tablets, computers

and TVs off and hidden at all times. Some are even producing no-phone contracts, aimed at ensuring zero unauthorized screen exposure, for their nannies to sign.

The fear of screens has reached the level of panic in Silicon Valley. Vigilantes now post photos to parenting message boards of possible nannies using cellphones near children. Which is to say, the very people building these glowing hyper-stimulating portals have become increasingly terrified of them. And it has put their nannies in an awkward position.

"In the last year everything has changed," said Shannon Zimmerman, a nanny in San Jose who works for families that ban screen time. "Parents are now much more aware of the tech they're giving their kids. Now it's like, 'Oh no, reel it back, reel it back.' Now the parents will say 'No screen time at all!'"

Ms. Zimmerman likes these new rules, which she said harken back to a time when children behaved better and knew how to play outside.

Parents, though, find the rules harder to follow themselves, Ms. Zimmerman said. "Most parents come home, and they're still glued to their phones, and they're not listening to a word these kids are saying," she said.

NO-PHONE CONTRACTS

Parents are now asking nannies to sign stringent "no-phone use contracts," ac-



PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY TRACY MA/THE NEW YORK TIMES; GETTY IMAGES (WOMAN AND CHILD)

cording to nanny agencies across the region.

"The people who are closest to tech are the most strict about it at home," said Lynn Perkins, the chief executive of UrbanSitter, which she says has 500,000 sitters throughout the United States. "We see that trend with our nannies very clearly."

The phone contracts basically stipulate that a nanny must agree not to use any screen, for any purpose, in front of the child. Often there is a proviso that

the nanny may take calls from the parent. "We do a lot of these phone contracts now," Ms. Perkins said.

"We're writing work agreements up in a different way to cover screen and tech use," said Julie Swales, who runs the Elizabeth Rose Agency, a high-end company that provides nannies and house managers for families in Silicon Valley. "Typically now, the nanny is not allowed to use her phone for any private use."

This can be tricky. These same parents often want updates through the day.

She said that at least wealthy tech executives know what they want — no phones at all. The harder families to staff are those that are still unsure how to handle tech.

"It's almost safer to some degree in those houses because they know what they're dealing with," she said, "as opposed to other families who are still trying to muddle their way in tech."

"NANNY-OUTING"

Some parents in Silicon Valley are embracing a more aggressive approach. While their offices are churning out gadgets and apps, the nearby parks are full of phone spies. These hobbyists take it upon themselves to monitor and alert the flock.

There are nannies who may be pushing a swing with one hand and texting with the other, or inadvertently expos-

ing a toddler to a TV through a shop window.

"The nanny spotters, the nanny spies," said Ms. Perkins, the UrbanSitter chief executive. "They're self-appointed, but at least every day there's a post in one of the forums."

The posts follow a pattern: A parent will take a photo of a child accompanied by an adult who is perceived to be not paying enough attention, upload it to one of the private social networks, like San Francisco's Main Street Mamas, home to thousands of members, and ask: "Is this your nanny?"

She calls the practice "nanny-outing."

"What I see is, 'Did anyone have a daughter with a red bow in Dolores Park? Your nanny was on her phone not paying attention,'" Ms. Perkins said.

The forums, where parents post questions and buy and sell baby gear, are now reckoning with public shaming and privacy issues. Main Street Mamas has recently banned photos from being included in these 'nanny spotted' posts, Ms. Perkins said.

"We follow and are part of quite a large number of social media groups around the Bay Area, and we've had families scout out nannies at parks," said Syyna Latif, who runs Bay Area Sitters, which has about 200 nannies in rotation. "It'll be like, 'Is this your nanny? She's texting and the child is on the swing.'

Sometimes a parent will step in to de-

fend the nanny and declare that the phone use at that moment was allowed.

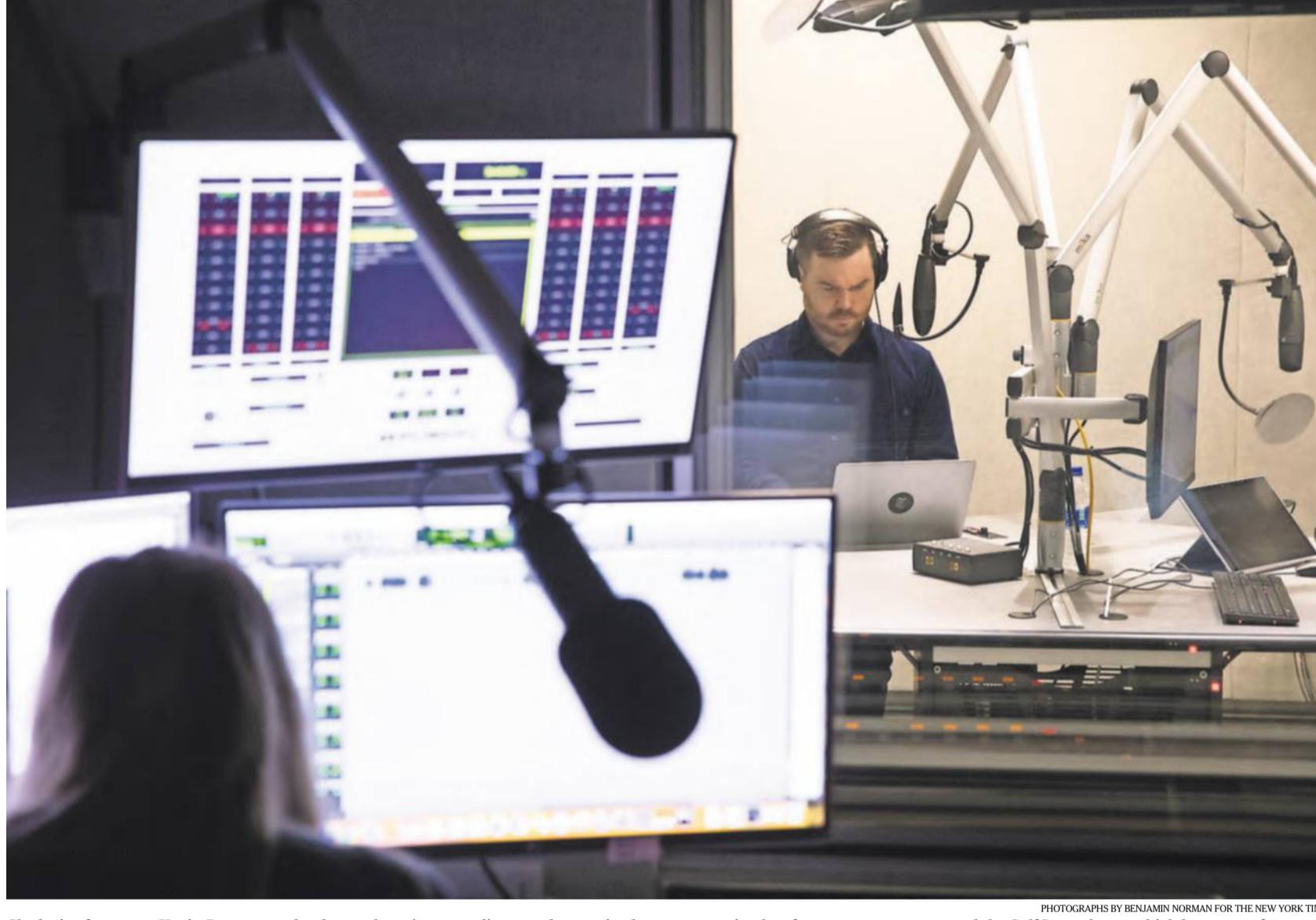
"They'll say, 'Actually it was my nanny, and she was texting me, but thank you for the heads up,'" Ms. Latif said. "Of course it's very, very offensive on a human rights level. You're being tracked and monitored and put on social media. But I do think it comes from a genuine concern."

Commenters will jump in to defend someone — or to point out that no one can be sure whether the perpetrator is a parent or a nanny. "There is this thought that the moms can be on their phones," Ms. Latif said. "They can be texting, because it's their child."

Others say it shouldn't make a difference. Anita Castro, 51, has been a nanny in Silicon Valley for 12 years. She says she knows she works in homes that have cameras set up to film her. She thinks the nanny-outing posts cross a line and feel like "an invasion."

"I use the forums to find jobs, but now just reading the titles: 'I saw your nanny ...'" Ms. Castro said. "Who are these people? Are they the neighbors? Are they friends?"

Another nanny told Ms. Castro about quitting after one snooping mother followed her around during visits to parks. "She'd pop up and say, 'Hey, you're not on your phone, are you? You're not letting him do that, are you?'" Ms. Castro recalled. "So she finally just said, 'You know, I don't think you need a nanny.'"



Clockwise from top: Kevin Roose, a technology columnist, recording a podcast episode; an encryption key for computer access; and the SelfControl app, which he uses to focus.

Keeping tabs on election disinformation

Tech We're Using

BY THE NEW YORK TIMES

How do New York Times journalists use technology in their jobs and in their personal lives? Kevin Roose, a technology columnist in New York who has been writing about disinformation online, discussed the tech he's using.

As a technology columnist, what are some of your favorite tech tools for work?

For work, I use a company-issued MacBook Pro. I hate, hate, hate the keyboard on it, so I sometimes use an external keyboard, which makes me look incredibly cool at the coffee shop. But my only other option is using my MacBook Air, which is about seven years old, runs out of hard drive space every time I use it and has a battery life of maybe 20 minutes.

A few years ago, I got hacked really badly. (It was my own fault — I was hosting a TV show about tech and volunteered to have a few professional hackers attack me, as an experiment.) As a result, I'm pretty paranoid. I use physical security keys, VPNs, an encrypted email provider, and half a dozen secure texting apps to communicate with sources and colleagues.

I know I should be using to-do apps and bullet journaling, but I'm still pretty old school about taking notes. I carry a little brown Field Notes notebook in my shirt pocket, and I write down everything that could possibly be of interest — story ideas, errands to run, people I need to call, words I want to look up — in my atrocious chicken-scratch handwriting, in no particular order. When I fill up a notebook, I add it to a big pile on my bookshelf. I'm excited to reread them all when I'm old and nostalgic, and see some indeci-



online disinformation in the run-up to the midterm elections. What is your advice for spotting disinformation? What tools do you use to do that?

A lot of spotting disinformation is hanging out in the right places. I spend a fair amount of time on Reddit and 4chan and in private Facebook groups where a lot of hoaxes and viral rumors tend to originate. I also rely on tips from our readers, who have been submitting hundreds of examples of disinformation from their own feeds. And Twitter (deep, heaving sigh) is useful, too.

Recently, I've also been spending a lot of time on Crowdtangle, a tool that allows you to see what's spreading rapidly across Facebook at any given moment. (Crowdtangle used to be an independent company, but Facebook bought it in 2016.) I have a series of dashboards set up that allow me to monitor thousands of Facebook pages on different topics and see which false claims are being shared by which people and pages.

What kind of election-related tech shenanigans have you seen recently? There have been a fair number of shenanigans on social media this cycle — things like coordinated influence campaigns, fake Facebook ads, and



hacking attempts on campaigns and think tanks. We've also seen new forms of disinformation, including the spreading of false claims over peer-to-peer texting apps.

What are you doing to combat those annoying robotexts?

I actually haven't gotten that many political robotexts. I do get frequent robotexts from a Caribbean restaurant in Queens, which I've never been to but whose promotional list I somehow got on. (I will make it to the Friday night fish fry soon, I promise.)

Outside of work, what tech product are you obsessed with?

I cook a lot, and I'm still pretty into my Instant Pot.

I've also been working on my sleep recently, which is very Arianna Huffington of me. Recently, I bought a \$15 noise machine on Amazon. You can fill your bedroom with jungle noises, or ocean waves, or crickets on a summer night. It's phenomenal.

On the recommendation of several friends, I also bought a gravity blanket, which is weighted down with heavy beads. It's meant for people with anxiety, but I just like the way it sits heavy on my body and prevents me from rolling over too much at night.

What are some of the trade-offs of using this tech?

I like taking physical notes because I retain information better when it's written on actual paper. The downside is that I spend a lot of time scrambling around my apartment looking for the notebook I left in a jacket pocket or under the sofa. There's also a definite trade-off between security and convenience. I probably spend 30 percent of my day typing in two-factor authentication codes. But I sleep better than I used to.

You've been covering the spread of

Answer to housing crisis may be in the backyard

BY TIM MCKEOUGH

In the San Francisco Bay Area, a region filled with technology companies interested in design, Yves Béhar is a designer interested in technology. Among other things, Mr. Béhar and his company, Fuseproject, have helped create August smart door locks, PayPal's brand identity, an app-connected height-adjusting desk for Herman Miller, the Snoo smart bassinet and Ori robotic furniture.

For his latest project, Mr. Béhar has turned his attention to housing. Working with LivingHomes and its manufacturing offshoot, Plant Prefab, which has attracted venture capital funding from Amazon's Alexa Fund and Obvious Ventures, he has designed the YB1: a modular, customizable dwelling unit (or A.D.U.) to serve as a stand-alone residence in just about any backyard.

A.D.U.s — secondary residences like in-law units associated with a larger home — are already popular in cities like Portland, Ore., Seattle and Vancouver, British Columbia, and have recently been getting a lot of attention in California. Over the past few years, the state and numerous counties and cities have introduced new laws and programs aimed at encouraging homeowners to build A.D.U.s in response to housing shortages.

Mr. Béhar, who is presenting his first YB1 at the Summit ideas festival in Los Angeles this weekend, spoke about the design ahead of its unveiling. (This interview has been edited and condensed.)

Why should people care about accessory dwelling units?

It's basically an extra building you can build in your backyard. This is now being recognized as a solution for adding housing, whether it's for aging parents, students or people who are just starting out.

It's a solution for housing stock in cities, and hopefully bringing costs down. And people can do it themselves rather than waiting for local government or developers.

Prefab houses haven't quite lived up to the hype of providing well-designed, mass-produced affordable homes for all. What did you think you could bring to the table?

It's been a very fascinating field that has had its ups and downs. The traction prefabs were having was much lower than anticipated for single-family homes.

What's really transformational for the field, I believe, are these new A.D.U. laws. Interest has really boomed. I'm anticipating that the A.D.U. market will grow substantially in the next decade or two.

For people who decide to build an A.D.U., what is the advantage of going prefab?

The reason prefabs make so much sense in the A.D.U. context is that the

added construction is easy on neighborhoods and neighbors. It can take two, three years to build something, with all the noise and visual pollution. And wasted materials that come with that.

But with the YB1, it takes about a month to build it in a factory and a day to install. It comes prewired with all your electrical, HVAC, appliances — everything is ready to go. Prefabs make it so much more accessible for people to add housing stock, and it's so much cleaner.

How is the YB1 different from other prefabs?

Designing a prefab to fit in someone's backyard is a different exercise than thinking about completely new construction on a virgin piece of land. It's a smaller space, and it has neighbors, fences and privacy and light issues. I realized that a one-size-fits-all approach wouldn't function well, and would really restrict adoption.

Our approach has been to think of it more as a system that allows maximum flexibility. It's built on a four-foot system: Every four feet, you can decide whether you have a full-height wall, a full-height window, a clerestory or a half-size window. You can decide how much light you have, and where the view comes from. You can maximize privacy and the program of the home to be really specific to your needs.

There are two different flat-roof heights — one with clerestory, one without — and a pitched roof, which gives you the option to have a loft space upstairs.

What are the key materials and features?

It's a steel structure with concrete panels or slatted wood panels in a natural or black finish. There's a shutter system that creates shadow with an overhead awning. We have a roof that is designed to capture rainwater.

The first YB1 is a 625-square-foot unit that costs about \$280,000, but you've said future units will be available for less than \$100,000. How will you get the price down?

This one has a lot of glass, almost all the way around, and is a full-featured one with really nice appliances and finishes. So it's toward the higher end of what we build.

Plant Prefab is investing in robotic construction and new assembly technology, which will help us to bring the cost down. We think of it a little like a Tesla Model S versus a Tesla Model 3, with a progression of products that will be priced differently.

How soon will that happen?

We're working on it right now and actually have a project for low-cost housing here in Northern California, where they're interested in a nice little number of them. Based on that particular project, I think we'll have an opportunity in the next year or so.



A rendering of the YB1, a prefabricated accessory dwelling unit designed by Yves Béhar, the founder of the design firm Fuseproject, which is based in San Francisco.

Opinion

Why do we destroy what makes us?

A historic part of Cairo is being razed. Its demolition means the loss of heritage buildings — and of characters and customs.



KHALED DESOUKI/AGENCE FRANCE PRESSE — GETTY IMAGES

Yasmine El Rashidi

Contributing Writer

CAIRO There is a district close to the center of downtown Cairo that extends from the banks of the Nile about one kilometer into one of the city's most significant historic thoroughfares. Known as Maspero Triangle, it's a wedge-shaped area of some 85 acres that has been home to 18,000 residents — until this year, when the government started forcibly evicting what residents it could by cutting off water and electricity, and then bulldozing buildings to the ground.

The district's first signs of development date back to the 1400s, with the Sultan Abu El Ela Mosque, which still stands at its northern tip. But its main structures were erected in the 19th century and passed down through generations after that. Over the years, vacant land in the center of the triangle was built up informally, by residents with no formal deeds, slowly becoming part of the architectural and cultural heritage of Cairo. Some of the buildings have — had — facades with elaborate stone corbels, internal marble staircases and palazzo-style apartments of room after room with four-meter-high stucco-detailed ceilings.

Today, when you drive into the city over the main bridge and look down as you approach Tahrir Square, Maspero Triangle is a mass of rubble and rising dust, reminiscent of photographs of many a city after war. Only a dozen or so buildings remain, some with their top floors destroyed by cranes — a government tactic to then declare the structures unsafe.

As the country's population swelled in the 1960s and people migrated from rural to urban areas, city housing fell in short supply. Cairo grew outward and inward at the same time, with

buildings taking over surrounding agricultural land and desert, and high-rises replacing villas or vacant lots in the city's center. Today, Greater Cairo's population is estimated at 23.5 million, and grew by approximately 500,000 people in 2017. Two-thirds of its residents live in informal settlements, according to government and NGO sources. Maspero Triangle encapsulates all that history — the country's history — and the richness, sociological and cultural, bred by adaptation to economic challenges.

In the late 1800s, the district was the property of a wealthy Ottoman nobleman, Sharkas Pasha, who let his servants build houses on the land in exchange for rent. When the Sharkas family left Egypt for Turkey in the 1940s, the land was placed in an endowment that guaranteed the servants' leases for the next two decades. It reverted to the government in 1968 and was sold to Kuwaiti and Saudi investors.

But those deals overlooked the fact that by then some of the area's residents had already sold their shares in plots. And they overlooked a 1941 rent-control law under which residents couldn't be evicted nor could their rents be raised.

President Anwar el-Sadat contended with this problem in the late 1970s by ordering a moratorium on renovations or improvements to buildings in the area — the intention being to let them fall into forced dereliction. In the late 1990s, under President Hosni Mubarak, a law was passed that gave the government the right to claim and demolish anything for "public utility."

Residents in Maspero Triangle

would exchange news and recipes across balconies, and passed on disappearing skills like clock repairing from one generation to the next. The neighborhood held on to age-old traditions: During Ramadan, *musaharati* walked the narrow streets at dawn hollering to observing Muslims to rise for their last meal before the fast. The oral history of these alleyways spans several political eras. When the residents of Maspero Triangle leave, all of this will disappear.

One can't deny that parts of the city are run down, or that haphazard add-ons on buildings can be unsafe. But the organic way in which such districts developed, mixing the historic and the makeshift, gives them a unique cultural value. The heritage they represent is tangible, in the form of buildings and trees, and intangible, by way of customs and characters.

Residents in Maspero Triangle would exchange news and recipes across balconies, and passed on disappearing skills like clock repairing from one generation to the next. The neighborhood held on to age-old traditions: During Ramadan, *musaharati* walked the narrow streets at dawn hollering to observing Muslims to rise for their last meal before the fast. The oral history of these alleyways spans several political eras. When the residents of Maspero Triangle leave, all of this will disappear.

Maspero residents were offered 60,000 Egyptian pounds (about \$3,350) per room, a relocation fee of 40,000 Egyptian pounds (about \$2,200) and either rent-subsidized housing in Asmarat, a low-income suburb in the desert, or the chance to return to Maspero once it is rebuilt — a possibility that few of them believe in.

In an interview in August a journalist asked Khaled Siddiq, who heads the government's Informal Settlements Development Fund, why the 290 stores in Asmarat were still closed, despite the relocations. Mr. Siddiq said, "We're working on unifying the styles of their facades, so they all look the same and conform to an image of the ideal society. We won't leave any room for randomness to come back to this area again."

Yet randomness is why in Cairo, as in, say, Rome, you might turn a corner or enter a crumbling alleyway and find an ancient ruin.

But even as rising water levels have threatened monuments, such as the Sphinx, cultural landmarks like the singer Umm Kulthum's home are left to be demolished and sold off to developers. Earlier this year, the government began destroying the Grand Continental hotel in downtown Cairo —



YASMINE EL RASHIDI

The government started evicting what residents it could by cutting off water and electricity, and then bulldozing to the ground what had been home to 18,000 residents.



AHMED EL BINDARI

Elaborate stone corbels and internal marble staircases defined many of the buildings.

a majestic building that was the site of Egypt's declaration of independence from the British in 1922 — to make way for a luxury hotel and shopping mall. The pyramids of Giza used to be a long drive of desert stretch away; now the city just about touches their edge.

It may be too late as well to save what remains of Maspero Triangle, but there are two dozen other informal neighborhoods in Cairo alone that are slated for a similar fate and might still

be spared. The government must stop looking outward to mimic other parts of the world. Instead it should focus inward — on its own population's needs and human dignity here, and on that piece of the world's heritage that resides in Egypt and that once lost can never be recovered.

YASMINE EL RASHIDI is the author of "The Battle for Egypt: Dispatches from the Revolution" and "Chronicle of a Last Summer: A Novel of Egypt."



YASMINE EL RASHIDI

Some of the buildings had palazzo-style apartments with four-meter-high stucco-detailed ceilings.

OPINION

The New York Times

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COMMON SENSE ON THE CARAVAN

A group of desperate migrants walking toward the Texas border is not a threat. We have laws to protect us — and them.

The caravan of people slowly making their way on blistered feet and thin hopes toward America's southern border sometimes seems like an election gift to President Trump, giving him fresh meat to throw to his base just before the fateful midterm elections.

The Central Americans, estimated at about 3,500 people, many of them women and children, have morphed in the president's immigrant-bashing demagogic into an "onslaught of illegal aliens" concealing "criminals and unknown Middle Easterners," all enabled by Democrats and, Mr. Trump "wouldn't be surprised," by George Soros, a favorite villain of far-right conspiracy-mongers.

Mr. Trump is not sitting back and letting the barbarians in. He has ordered the Army — which is barred by law from performing police functions within the United States — to bolster the frontier, saying he will authorize soldiers to shoot if the trekkers start throwing rocks "viciously and violently." "This is an invasion of our Country and our Military is waiting for you!" tweeted Mr. Trump last week.

Mr. Trump, perhaps counseled by someone who understands the military's longstanding rules of engagement, dialed back the threat a bit on Friday. "They won't have to fire," he told reporters. "What I don't want is I don't want these people throwing rocks."

Most of Mr. Trump's description of the migrants is untrue or unwarranted. But none of it is surprising. Demonizing immigrants is his go-to move, from his "big, beautiful wall" to his call to end birthright citizenship. Not to mention the race-baiting campaign ad he tweeted featuring a Mexican immigrant who was convicted of killing two police officers.

The Democrats have come back with a resounding response. Resounding silence, that is, apart from a few potshots at deploying the Army, which Barack Obama, stumping in Florida, assailed as a "political stunt." More typical was the retort of Nancy Pelosi, the House Democratic leader, when confronted by Mr. Trump's talk of revoking birthright citizenship. "Clearly, Republicans will do absolutely anything to divert attention away from their votes to take away Americans' health care," she said.

Clearly, Representative Pelosi was doing some diverting herself. No doubt health care is a more comfortable campaign issue for Democrats than the minefield of immigration policy, but the caravan is not simply a political sideshow concocted by Mr. Trump. Anyone who wants to defeat his bigoted politicking needs to do better than to try to change the subject.

The right way to deal with the caravan crisis is to make clear that it is no crisis. The marchers pose no threat. The United States has clear laws governing refugees and well-funded agencies to enforce those laws, and it's an embarrassing waste of money to send troops to the border. In fact, illegal border crossings have significantly declined in recent years. The country must and will continue to enforce the laws that control its borders, as Mr. Obama himself did as president during an earlier, actual surge of Central American migrants, when he took the difficult step of dispatching National Guard troops to the border and detaining many mothers and children.

Longer-term questions about how to put the country's approach to immigration back on a rational, moral foundation are more difficult. Republican hard-liners defeated bipartisan attempts at comprehensive immigration reform in 2007 and 2014. In the Trump era, Democrats have found the issue of immigration even more confusing; a couple of Democratic senatorial candidates have even lined up behind Mr. Trump.

Mr. Trump's cruel treatment of immigrants and race-baiting about nonexistent threats do not amount to a solution. Managing the entry of refugees and other immigrants, and creating a fair system to deal with the millions of undocumented immigrants within the borders, are serious matters in need of common sense and elemental humanity.

The country needs to streamline the asylum system and establish generous quotas of immigrants and refugees from around the world. To be effective, any immigration plan has to include serious development aid to Central America's troubled states. Cutting off what little aid they get, as Mr. Trump has threatened to do, will only create more caravans.

People seeking to partake of the American dream have always been central to America's identity and strength. How the country treats them goes straight to its core values. The Democrats cannot sit this one out, especially when the Republican leader is so blind to the true sources of America's greatness.

American Jews know this story

Dara Horn

"There are no words."

This was what I heard most often in the last 10 days or so from those who were stunned by the news: 11 people were murdered at the Tree of Life synagogue in Pittsburgh — believed to be the largest massacre of Jews on American soil. But there are words for this, entire books full of words: the books the murdered people were reading at the hour of their deaths.

News reports described these victims as praying, but Jewish prayer is not primarily personal or spontaneous. It is communal reading. Public recitations of ancient words, scripts compiled centuries ago and nearly identical in every synagogue in the world. A lot of those words are about exactly this.

When I told my children what had happened, they didn't ask why; they knew. "Because some people hate Jews," they said. How did these American children know that? They shrugged. "It's like the Passover story," my 9-year-old told me. "And the Hanukkah story. And the Purim story. And the Babylonians, and the Romans." My children are descendants of

Holocaust survivors, but they didn't go that far forward in history. The words were already there.

The people murdered in Pittsburgh were mostly old, because the old are the pillars of Jewish life, full of days and memories. They are the ones who come to synagogue first, the ones who know the words by heart. The oldest victim was Rose Mallinger, 97.

The year Ms. Mallinger was born was the tail end of the mass migration of more than two million Eastern European

Jews to America between 1881 and 1924. Many brought with them memories of pogroms, of men invading synagogues with weapons, of blood on holy books.

This wasn't shocking, because it was already described in those books. On Yom Kippur in synagogue, these Jews read the stories of rabbis murdered by the Romans, including Rabbi Hanina ben Tradyon, who was wrapped in a Torah scroll set aflame. Before dying, he told his students, "The parchment is burning, but the letters are flying free!"

My synagogue's old prayer book hints at what these stories meant to American Jews Ms. Mallinger's age. Its 1939 English preface to those

stories of murdered rabbis asks: "Who can forget, even after decades, the sight of his father huddled in the great prayer shawl and trying in vain to conceal the tears which flowed down his cheeks during the recital of this poem?"

By the time I was a kid reciting those poetic stories, no one was crying. Instead my siblings and I smirked at the excessive gory details, the violence unfamiliar enough to be absurd. But Rabbi Hanina must have been right, because we still were reading from that same scroll, the same words Jews first taught the world: *Do not oppress the stranger. Love your neighbor as yourself.*

People Ms. Mallinger's age were in their 20s when word spread about mass murders of Jews in Europe. In synagogue on Rosh Hashana, they read the old words begging God for compassion, "for the sake of those killed for your holy name," and "for the sake of those slaughtered for your uniqueness." My husband's grandparents came here after those massacres, their previous spouses and children slaughtered like the people in the prayer. They kept reciting the prayer, and for their new American family it reverted to metaphor.

In the decades that followed, Jews from other places joined American

synagogues, many bringing memories that American Jews had forgotten.

Those memories were waiting for them in the synagogue's books. On the holiday of Purim, they recited the Book of Esther, about an ancient Persian leader's failed attempt at a Jewish genocide. It's a time for costumes and levity, for shaking noisemakers to blot out the evildoer's name. One year my brother dressed as the ayatollah, and the Persians in our congregation laughed. Another year someone dressed as Gorbachev; the Russians loved it. The evildoers seemed defeated.

In 2000, when Ms. Mallinger was 79, a Jewish senator was his party's nominee for vice president. A year later the White House hosted its first official Hanukkah party.

About a decade later I attended one myself. In the White House we recited ancient words thanking God for rescuing us from hatred. To older Jews, this felt miraculous: My parents and grandfather gawked at my photos, awe-struck. But at the party I met younger Jewish leaders who often attended these events. To them, this was normal. The ancient hatred was a memory, words on a page.

Or maybe it wasn't. In 2001, after terrorists attacked American cities,

HORN, PAGE 9



The final resting place for Rose Mallinger, one of 11 killed in the shooting at the Tree of Life Synagogue.

The luck of the Democrats



Ross Douthat

One of the interesting features of this election cycle has been the gulf, often vast, between the hysteria of liberals who write about politics for a living and the relative calm of Democrats who practice it.

In the leftward reaches of my Twitter feed the hour is late, the end of democracy nigh, the Senate and the Supreme Court illegitimate, and every Trump provocation a potential Reichstag fire. But on the campaign trail, with some exceptions and variations, Democrats are being upbeat and talking about health care and taxes and various ambitious policy ideas, as though this is still America and not Weimar, a normal time and not a terrifying one.

One way to look at this gulf is to argue the pundits are saying what the politicians can't — that alarmed liberals grasp the truth of things but swing voters don't, so Democratic politicians have no choice but to carry on as normal even if inside they're screaming too.

Another way to look at it, though, is that the politicians grasp an essential fact about the Trump era, which is that while they were obviously unlucky in their disastrous 2016 defeat, in most

respects liberalism and the Democratic Party have been very lucky since. So their optimism isn't just a gritted-teeth pose; it's an appropriate reaction to a landscape that's more favorable than it easily might have been.

In this scenario it's hard to imagine that Trump's approval ratings wouldn't have floated up into the high 40s; they float up into the mid-40s as it is whenever he manages to shut up. Even with their threadbare and unpopular policy agenda, Republicans would be favored to keep the House and maintain their state-legislature advantages. All the structural impediments to a Democratic recovery would loom much larger,

Trump's re-election would be more likely than not, and his opposition would be stuck waiting for a recession to have any chance of coming back.

Then consider a second counterfactual. Imagine that instead of just containing himself and behaving like a generic Republican, Trump had actually followed through on the populism that he promised in 2016, dragging his party toward the economic center and ditching the G.O.P.'s most unpopular ideas. Imagine that he followed through on Steve Bannon's boasts about a big infrastructure bill instead of trying for Obamacare repeal; imagine that he listened to Marco Rubio and his daughter and tilted his tax cut more toward middle-class families; imagine that he spent more time bully-

ing Silicon Valley into inshoring factory jobs than whining about Fake News; imagine that he made lower Medicare drug prices a signature issue rather than a last-minute pre-election gambit.

This strategy could have easily cut the knees out from under the Democrats' strongest appeal, their more middle-class-friendly economic agenda, and highlighted their biggest liability, which is the way the party's base is pulling liberalism way off the middle on issues of race and culture and identity. It would have given Trump a chance to expand his support among minorities while holding working-class whites, and to claim the kind of decisive power that many nationalist leaders around the world enjoy. It would have threatened liberalism not

just with more years out of power, but outright irrelevance under long-term right-of-center rule.

But instead all the Trumpy things that keep the commentariat in a lather and liberals in despair — the Twitter authoritarianism and white-identity appeals, the chaos and lying and Hannity-and-friends paranoid style — have also kept the Democrats completely in the game.

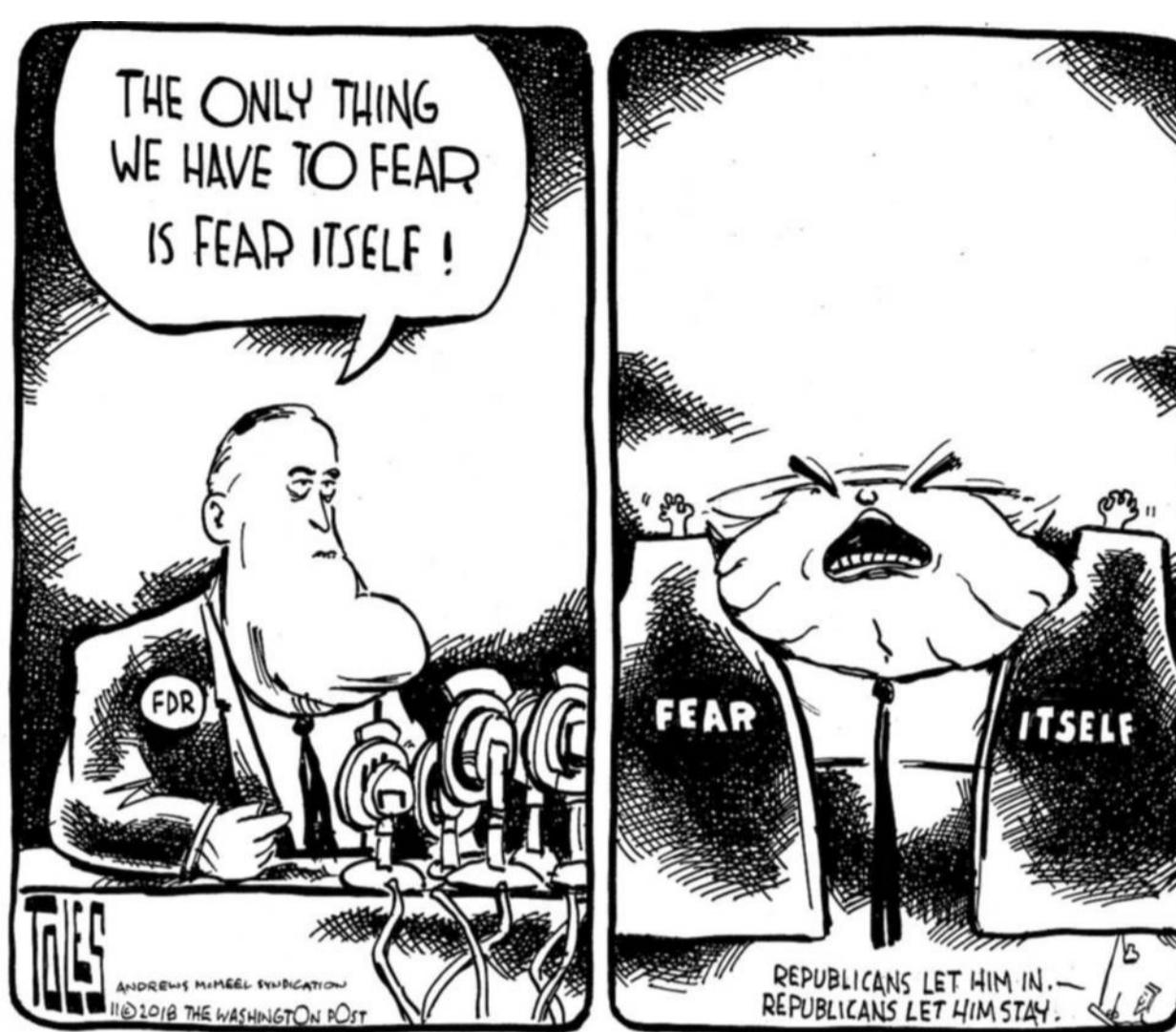
Indeed there is an odd symbiosis between the liberal analysts who muster 16 regression analyses to prove that Midwesterners who voted twice for the first black president and then voted for Trump were white supremacists all along, and Trump's own instinctive return to race-baiting in the final weeks of this campaign. Both ascribe more power than is merited to purely-racialized appeals, and both are in denial about something that seems pretty obvious — that a real center-right majority could be built on economic populism and an approach to national identity that rejects both wokeness and white nationalism.

But it's the president's denial that's more politically costly for his party. If left-wing Twitter were running Democratic strategy while Donald Trump talked about infrastructure and drug prices, 2018 might seal a conservative-populist realignment.

Instead, the Democrats who are talking about health care while the president closes with fearmongering may know the secret of this election cycle: The same environment that's making liberals feel desperate is, for Democrats, one of the more fortunate of possible worlds.



An effigy of Donald Trump in front of the New York Stock Exchange last December.



The threat of Orbanism in America

LEONHARDT, FROM PAGE 1
and said that his party is the only one that represents the real people.

Does any of this sound familiar?

I cannot imagine the United States or a Western European country turning into Russia or China. But I can see how a major democracy could slide toward Hungarian autocracy. Orban clearly has such ambitions, and the far right across much of Europe views him as its model. Steve Bannon has praised him as the world's most significant politician.

Most alarming, the Republican Party has shown multiple signs of early Orbanism. No, the party is not as bad as Fidesz, and, yes, American democracy remains much healthier than the Hungarian version. But the parallels are there for anyone willing to see them: Like Orban, Republican leaders have repeatedly been willing to change the rules and customs of democracy for the sake of raw power.

The list includes: rushing unpopular bills through Congress with little debate; telling bald lies about those bills; stealing a Supreme Court seat to maintain a Republican majority; trying to keep American citizens from voting; gerrymandering; campaigning on racism and xenophobia; refusing to investigate President Trump's corruption and Russian ties.

Usually, Trump is not even the main force behind these tactics. Other Republicans are. In North Carolina, after Republicans lost the governorship in 2016, they went so far as to strip the office of some of its authority. Of course it's true that Democrats sometimes play rough too, but there is no list remotely like the one above for them.

That's why the midterms are so important. The Republicans will almost certainly lose the nationwide popular vote in the House elections. Yet if they still hold on to their majority — thanks to partly to voter suppression — party leaders will take it as an endorsement of their strategy. They will have paid no political price for their power grab. They will be tempted to go further — to suppress more votes, use more racism, cover up more scandals and violate more democratic rules and customs.

The United States won't suddenly become Hungary. We start from a much stronger place. But our democracy will suffer. And democracies can deteriorate more quickly than people often realize.

Not so long ago, Hungary was a shining example of post-Soviet success. Power alternated between the center-right and center-left. Orban — a pro-democracy activist during the end of Soviet rule in Hungary, who co-founded Fidesz as a center-right party — originally became prime minister in 1998. After only one term, and to his shock, he lost the job.

He responded with a plan to recapture power for "15 to 20 years," as he said at the time. "We have only to win once, but then properly," he explained. Fidesz did win in 2010, with help from a bungling socialist government and widespread income stagnation. Orban went to work.

Just like Fox News, the Hungarian media ignores inconvenient stories, like anti-Orban protests. His strategy has had three main pillars. One, he sought to control the media. Two, he launched a Christian-themed culture war that discredits his opponents. Three, he changed the rules of democracy. In each of these ways — just as Bannon understands — Fidesz is a turbocharged version of the Republican Party.

Orban has made sure his allies run most major media companies. If you imagine that Rupert Murdoch, Sinclair Broadcasting Group and conservative talk radio controlled most of American media, you'd have a good sense for today's Hungarian media. (And many Americans indeed get much of their information from Murdoch, Sinclair or talk radio.)

Just like Fox News, the Hungarian

media ignores inconvenient stories, like anti-Orban protests. Instead, it pumps conspiracies, especially anti-immigrant, anti-Roma and anti-Semitic ones, as the writer Paul Lendvai has noted. During my stay, newspapers ran Soros-related stories for little apparent reason, and there was talk of "the Soros caravan" — the same made-up story making the rounds on the American right.

I found it chilling to return home to a Republican closing message in the midterms that echoed Orban's so closely. In both, fictitious invading hordes — and those who supposedly support them — are the enemy of the people.

Orban's culture war also involves a lot of machismo. He has tried to eliminate gender studies from Hungary's universities. In the senior leadership of Fidesz, not a single minister is a woman. The role of women, the speaker of the National Assembly has said, is "to give birth to as many grandchildren as possible for us."

As I kept seeing photos of male politicians in Hungary, I was reminded of the all-male group of Republicans who tried to rewrite health care law in the United States. Or the all-male group of Republicans who designed Trump's tax cut. Or the all-male group of Republicans who handle Supreme Court nominations on the Senate Judiciary Committee.

But no parallel is stronger or more worrisome than the subverting of public opinion, through changes to election laws and other steps. István Bibó, a 20th-century Hungarian politician and writer, once wrote that democracy was threatened when the cause of the nation became separated from the cause of liberty. That has already happened in Hungary, and there are alarming signs — signs that I never expected to see — in the United States.

Conservative parties, wherever they are, should by all means push for the political changes they favor, be it less immigration, more public religion, lower taxes on the rich or almost anything else. But win or lose, those conservative parties also need to accept the basic rules of democracy.

When they instead subvert those rules, I hope that citizens — including conservatives — have the courage to resist. In Hungary, it is no longer easy to do so. In the United States, this week will help determine the health of our democracy.



ALEX NABAUM

American Jews know this story

HORN, FROM PAGE 8

concrete barriers sprouted in front of my family's synagogue, police cruisers parked in the lot. This felt practical in a nation on edge; we assumed it affected everyone. As my children were born and grew, the barriers and guards became their normal. When I took my children to an interfaith Thanksgiving service at a church down the street from our synagogue, one of them asked me why no one was guarding the door.

In the years that followed, the internet suddenly allowed anyone to say whatever he wanted, rewarding the most outrageous from every political stripe. Soon, comments sections became an open sewer, flowing with centuries-old garbage — and as social media exploded, those comments scaled up to the open vitriol of the past few years. To young Jews this felt confusing. To old Jews it must have felt familiar, a memory passed down and

repeated in the holy books.

When Ms. Mallinger was 97, she and 10 other Jews were murdered in their synagogue. There are words for this too, a Hebrew phrase for 2,500 years' worth of people murdered for being Jews: *kiddush hashem*, death in sanctification of God's name.

My children were right: This story is old, with far too many words. Yet they were wrong about one thing. In the old stories, those outside the community rarely helped or cared; our ancestors' consolation came only from one another and from God. But in this horrific week, perhaps our old words might mean something new.

When they return to synagogue, mourners will be greeted with more ancient words: "May God comfort you among the mourners of Zion and Jerusalem." In that verse, the word used for *hamakom* — literally, "the place." *May the place comfort you.*

May the people in this place comfort

you: the first responders who rushed to your rescue, the neighbors who overwhelmed evil with kindness, the Americans of every background who inspire more optimism than Jewish history allows. May this country comfort you, with its infinite promise.

As George Washington vowed in his 1790 letter to a Rhode Island synagogue, America shall be a place where "every one shall sit in safety under his own vine and fig tree, and there shall be none to make him afraid." Those words aren't his. They're from the Hebrew prophet Micah, on the shelves of every synagogue in the world.

This week in synagogue as always, we read from the scroll we call the Tree of Life, and the place will comfort us. As we put the book away, we repeat the words from Lamentations: "Renew our days as of old."

DARA HORN is the author of five novels, most recently "Eternal Life."

Seven cold-weather casseroles

Sarah Hutto

SKILLET MAC AND CHEESE. Ahh, an old standby. Leave it to familiar things, like the scent of pine, a gentle rain or the lack of a constant feeling of dread to bring you back to childhood. There's nothing like a home-style dish to deliver the quaint sensation of being filled with melted cheese and carbohydrates while falling asleep on a couch and not thinking about the next world war.

CHICKEN ALFREDO BAKED PENNE. This easy dish has only five ingredients. Five would also be an acceptable number of years to travel back in time, if you could, but the closest you'll ever get to time travel is voting in the midterms, which could land you and everyone else much further in the past than five years. This casserole calls for dairy and gluten, so make sure you have two bathrooms if serving to friends whom natural selection somehow skipped over.

LOADED BAKED POTATO CASSEROLE. With the word "loaded" in its name, you might hope that it contains a little something extra like, say, batters, to power something useful like, say, a time machine, but it doesn't. Nope! This casserole mostly contains just potatoes, which are unfortunately useless in the attempt to time travel, except, of course, when used to defend oneself from baffled torch-wielding serfs in 15th-century France. This recipe also calls for six tablespoons of unsalted butter — great for lubricating time-machine skids, but you won't have to worry about that because this casserole will not allow you to travel through time. Sorry!

SHEPHERD'S PIE. What's worse than calling oneself a pie, despite being filled with beef? Why, not having access to a time machine, of course! Shepherds herd sheep, which must be why they were cool with turning cows into deceptively named non-dessert items. Surprisingly, the mutton-filled "cowherd's pie" never quite caught on, almost giving the impression that society had room in its heart for only one crust-covered baked meat dish pretending to be pie.

MEDITERRANEAN TUNA NOODLE CASSEROLE. Though this dish boasts a sensory transport to the Mediterranean,



JEREMY SORESE

the very cradle of tuna noodles, you will unfortunately remain firmly planted in the present day, where everything is still happening right now. The recipe also includes the option of adding dill, which, time-chronologically, will change nothing. Unless, of course, you're a survivor of an herb-related trauma and suffer dill-induced flashbacks, which is supposedly the least desirable form of time travel.

ANCIENT GRAIN AND VEGETABLE CASSEROLE. Bet you thought this one would be a time machine for sure. Nope! Though ancient grains do not actually transport you back to ancient times, they are haunted, providing you a nifty portal for communicating with the netherworld.

"Amaranth, what was it like riding a horse and buggy everywhere?"

"Time is cyclical, and your daughter used to be a stinkbug you stepped on in another life."

"Quinoa, was Julius Caesar hot?"

"The dream about the Russian sailor was actually a memory, and the Maysans were off just by 10 years."

ROASTED VEGETABLE LASAGNA. This cozy dish layers savory roasted vegetables with wide flat noodles, much the way time is layered with your egregious mistakes and carelessness. Maybe you haven't yet figured out how to traverse the past while riding an 11-pound starch-and-broth-filled Pyrex sled to repair all the damage you've incurred in your short life.

But slow cookers will go on sale soon, and with free shipping and some jumper cables, you just might be able to rectify those childhood grievances between the midterms and Thanksgiving.

SARAH HUTTO is a writer whose work has appeared in *The New Yorker*, *The Washington Post* and *McSweeney's*.

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Business

Farmers hope for trade deal before crops rot

ARTHUR, N.D.

China's retaliatory tariffs on U.S. soybeans hit a once-thriving industry

BY BINYAMIN APPELBAUM

This is harvest season in the rich farmlands of the eastern Dakotas, the time of year Kevin Karel checks his computer first thing in the morning to see how many of his soybeans Chinese companies have purchased while he was sleeping.

Farmers here in Cass County, N.D., have prospered over the last two decades by growing more soybeans than any other county in the United States and by shipping most of those beans across the Pacific Ocean to feed Chinese pigs and chickens.

But this year, the Chinese have all but stopped buying. The largest market for one of America's largest exports has shut its doors. The Chinese government imposed a tariff on American soybeans in response to the Trump administration's tariffs on Chinese goods. The latest federal data, through mid-October, shows American soybean sales to China have declined by 94 percent from last year's harvest.

Mr. Karel, the general manager of the Arthur Companies, which operates six grain elevators in eastern North Dakota, has started to pile one million bushels of soybeans on a clear patch of ground behind some of his grain silos. The big mound of yellowish-white beans, already one of the taller hills in this flat part of the world, will then be covered with tarps.

The hope is that prices will rise before the beans rot.

"We're sitting on the edge of our seat," Mr. Karel said.

President Trump sees tariffs as a tool to force changes in America's economic relationships with China and other major trading partners. His tough approach, he says, will revive American industries like steel and auto manufacturing that have lost ground to foreign rivals. But that is coming at a steep cost for some industries, like farming, that have thrived in the era of globalization by exporting goods to foreign markets.

China and other trading partners hit with the tariffs, including the European Union, have sought to maximize the political impact of their reprisals. The European Union imposed tariffs on bourbon, produced in Kentucky, the home state of the Senate majority leader, Mitch McConnell, and on Harley-Davidson motorcycles, from Wisconsin, the home state of House Speaker Paul Ryan. China's decision to impose tariffs on soybeans squeezes some of Mr. Trump's staunchest supporters across the Midwestern farm belt.

Like most successful American exports, soybeans are produced at high efficiency by a small number of workers using cutting-edge technologies, like tractors connected to satellites so the optimal mix of fertilizers can be spread on each square foot of farmland. The United States exported \$26 billion in soybeans last year, and more than half went to China.

Some farmers in North Dakota say



Above left, a hill of soybeans being stored in Casselton, N.D., where exporters wait for a price increase. Right, the Arthur Companies' grain facility in Pillsbury, N.D. Below, from left: Soybeans being delivered to a grain elevator; a board showing the status of bins in the grain elevators; and harvesting soybeans near a wind farm.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN KOECK FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES



they trust Mr. Trump to negotiate in the nation's interest. Mr. Karel said many of his customers wear red "Make America Great Again" caps and insist that the pain of lost business and lower profits is worthwhile. They say they'll suffer now so their children benefit later — echoing the argument Mr. Trump has made.

Others are less enthusiastic. Greg Gebeke, who farms 5,000 acres outside Arthur with two of his brothers, said he struggled to understand the administration's goals.

"I'm trying to follow and figure out who the winners are in this tariff war," Mr. Gebeke said. "I know who one of the losers are, and that's us. And that's painful."

North Dakota's soybean industry was created by Chinese demand for the beans, which are crushed to make feed for animals and oil for human consumption.

China is by far the world's largest importer of soybeans. The country consumed 110 million tons of soybeans in 2017, and 87 percent of those beans were imported — the vast majority from either Brazil or the United States. While soybeans are grown throughout the Midwest, the soybean fields of North Dakota are the part of soybean country that is closest to the Pacific Ocean, and so its beans are mostly sent to China.

In the mid-1990s, there were 450,000 acres of soybeans in the state. Last year, there were 6.4 million. As the state's production of soybeans increased, companies spent millions of dollars on larger grain elevators, on the 110-car trains that carry the soybeans west to the Pacific Coast, on bigger terminals at the ports. A few years ago, Mr. Gebeke traded his grain drill, used to plant wheat, for a second machine to plant soybeans.

The Arthur Companies in 2016 opened a drying, storage and loading facility that can hold 2.7 million bushels of beans waiting for the next train.

Soybean farmers also spent millions of dollars cultivating the Chinese market. Farmers in North Dakota and other states contribute a fixed percentage of revenue to a federal fund called the "soybean checkoff" that pays for marketing programs like trade missions to China and research intended to convince Chinese farmers that pigs raised on American soybeans grow faster and fatter. In 2015, North Dakota soybean farmers footed the bill for an event in Shanghai honoring the 10 "most loyal" buyers of American soybeans.

The soybean industry's sales pitch emphasized the reliability of American infrastructure and the political stability of the United States. The message was that the Chinese could be confident that American farmers would deliver high quality soybeans.

"I've been to China 25 times in the last decade talking about the dependability of U.S. soybeans," said Kirk Leeds, the chief executive of the Iowa Soybean Association.

The industry continues to seek new markets. Jim Sutter, chief executive of the U.S. Soybean Export Council, said he was focused on persuading Indians to eat more chicken.

The Trump administration said in August that it would distribute \$3.6 billion to soybean farmers to offset the decline in market prices. The subsidy rate of 82.5 cents per bushel, however, covers less than half of the losses facing North Dakota farmers at current market prices.

Brandon Hokama, whose family farms 3,500 acres near Ellendale, N.D., estimates that they need a price of \$8.75 per bushel of soybeans to break even. Last year at this time, soybeans could be sold for almost \$10 per bushel. Now, local elevators are offering prices below \$7.

New legal tangles for Bitcoin's 'first felon'

SAN FRANCISCO

Charlie Shrem served time for a drug venture; now ex-associates are suing

BY NATHANIEL POPPER

Over the last year, Charlie Shrem, a 28-year-old Bitcoin investor, has bought two Maseratis, two powerboats — one of them 32 feet long — and a \$2 million house in Florida, along with smaller pieces of real estate.

In the world of cryptocurrencies, where millions can be made and lost in a day, that might not make Mr. Shrem stand out. But unlike most Bitcoin entrepreneurs, in 2016 Mr. Shrem got out of prison, where he had spent a year after pleading guilty to illegally helping people turn dollars into Bitcoin to buy drugs online.

Mr. Shrem, who was the chief executive of Bitinstant, one of the first prominent Bitcoin businesses in the United States, has said in recent interviews that he went to prison with almost no money.

So where did the money for the expensive toys come from? That's what two former business partners want to know.

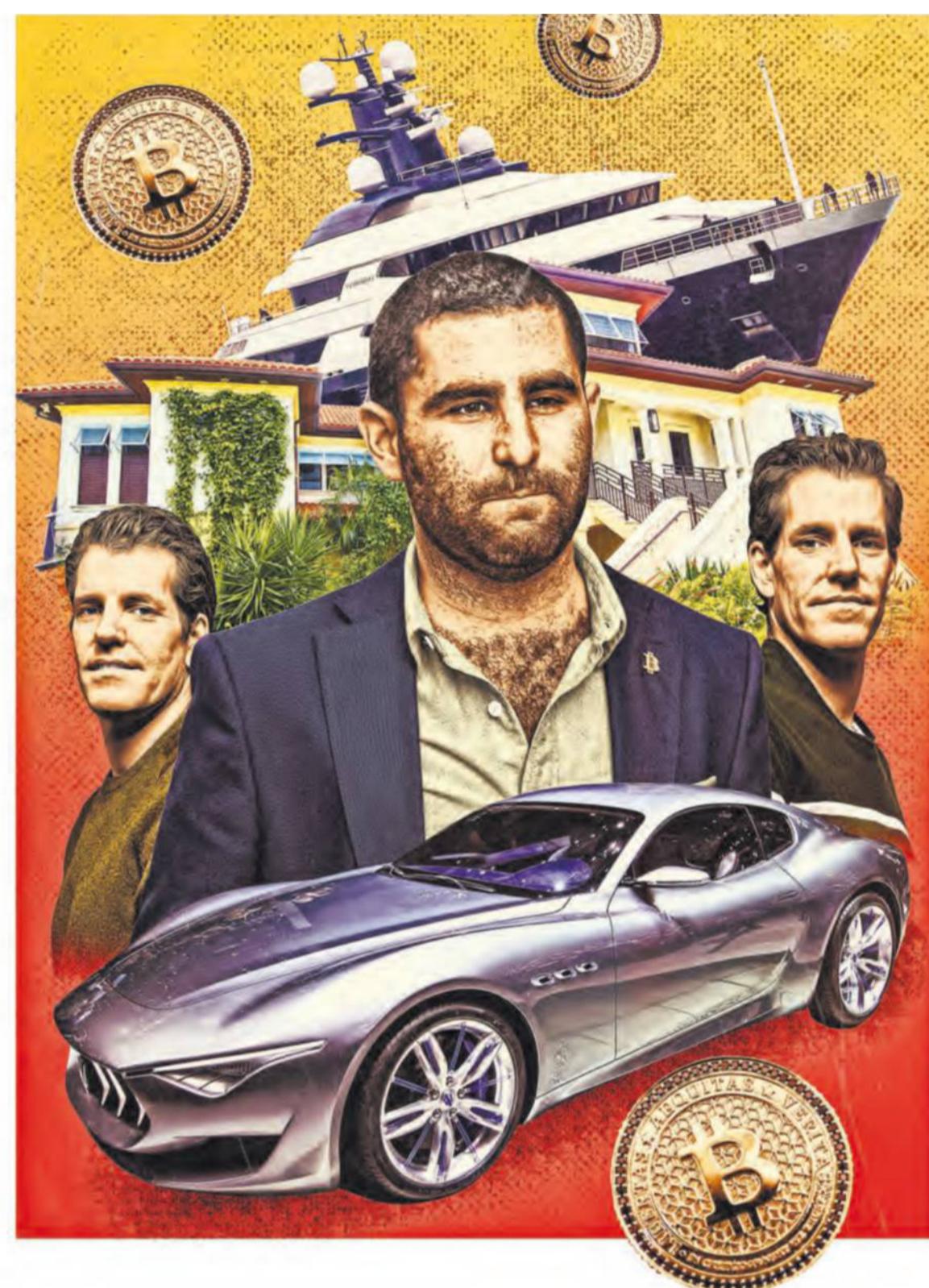
Cameron and Tyler Winklevoss, the twins who turned money from a settlement with Facebook's Mark Zuckerberg into a Bitcoin fortune, said they suspected Mr. Shrem had actually been spending Bitcoin that he owed them since 2012, according to a lawsuit unsealed in federal court last Thursday. The Bitcoin would be worth around \$32 million at current prices.

"Either Shrem has been incredibly lucky and successful since leaving prison, or — more likely — he 'acquired' his six properties, two Maseratis, two powerboats and other holdings with the appreciated value of the 5,000 Bitcoin he stole from" the Winklevoss twins in 2012, the lawsuit says.

The judge who oversaw Mr. Shrem's earlier trial has already agreed to freeze some of Mr. Shrem's financial assets, according to court documents.

The lawsuit could blossom into an ever bigger problem for Mr. Shrem because an affidavit filed in court suggests that Mr. Shrem has also not paid the government \$950,000 in restitution that he agreed to as part of his 2014 guilty plea.

Mr. Shrem's lawyer, Brian Klein, said



GLUEKIT FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

in a statement that the claims by the Winklevoss brothers were baseless. "The lawsuit erroneously alleges that about six years ago Charlie essentially misappropriated thousands of Bitcoins," he said. "Nothing could be further from the truth. Charlie plans to vigorously defend himself and quickly clear his name."

The lawsuit from the twins threatens another reversal of fortune for Mr. Shrem, who went from being one of the earliest Bitcoin millionaires to being called Bitcoin's "first felon."

When he was arrested in 2014, Mr. Shrem was accused by federal authorities of using his company, Bitinstant, to knowingly sell Bitcoin to people who wanted it to buy drugs from the online black market, Silk Road.

Since his release in 2016, Mr. Shrem has said in numerous interviews that he recognized his past mistakes and wanted to cut a new and legal path. On the podcast "Death, Sex and Money," Mr. Shrem said that in the first months out of prison, he worked as a dishwasher and didn't look at his email.

Over the last year, though, Mr. Shrem has gotten involved with a number of troubled projects.

He was among the leaders of two efforts — one a cryptocurrency credit card and the other an initial coin offering — that had to give money back to investors after various partnerships that Mr. Shrem had promised fell through.

But those are likely to be mere headaches compared with what he could face in a confrontation with the Winklevoss twins. Mr. Shrem helped get the brothers interested in Bitcoin in 2012 and became their first adviser in the industry.

The twins asked Mr. Shrem to help them amass the beginnings of what would become an enormous stockpile of cryptocurrencies, giving him \$750,000 to buy Bitcoin from other deep-pocketed investors.

A few months into this partnership, the twins said, they realized that Mr. Shrem had not given them all the Bitcoin they were due. The brothers gave Mr. Shrem \$250,000 in September 2012, but the lawsuit says that a month later, he delivered only around \$189,000 worth of Bitcoin at the going price, which was around \$12.50.

The 5,000 or so missing Bitcoins became a point of tension between the twins and Mr. Shrem. They asked him numerous times for an accounting of the currency he had purchased and eventually

brought in an accountant who documented the missing funds, according to court documents.

"I have been patient, and at this point it's getting a bit absurd," Cameron Winklevoss wrote to Mr. Shrem in 2013 in an email quoted in the lawsuit. "I don't take this lightly."

The missing currency, which was worth 98 percent less at the time, appeared to have been forgotten in a broader battle between the brothers and Mr. Shrem over an investment in Bitinstant.

In 2013, Bitinstant fell apart, and the twins blocked Mr. Shrem's efforts to revive the company with new investors because of their concerns about his management style.

The Winklevoss twins' problems with Mr. Shrem have not held them back. Each of them were briefly cryptocurrency billionaires last year, and they have built one of the leading cryptocurrency exchanges, Gemini. Despite this year's big drop in cryptocurrency prices, their holdings are still worth nearly a billion dollars.

Cameron Winklevoss said that he and his brother decided to pursue the missing currency again after they saw Mr. Shrem's recent spending patterns.

"When he purchased \$4 million in real estate, two Maseratis and two powerboats, we decided it was time to get to the bottom of it," Mr. Winklevoss told The New York Times.

The brothers hired an investigator, who found that 5,000 Bitcoins were transferred in 2013 through addresses associated with Mr. Shrem and onto the Bitcoin wallet services Xapo and Coinbase, according to the complaint.

Jed S. Rakoff, a judge in the Federal District Court for the Southern District of New York, approved an application the twins made in September to freeze any funds that Mr. Shrem holds with those companies.

The court fight could cause problems for Mr. Shrem's latest venture, CryptoIQ. The company, which promises market intelligence to Bitcoin traders, is holding a conference for customers in Las Vegas this month promising "unparalleled insights from a roster of experts at the very epicenter of the crypto universe."

The market value of conservation

Economic View

BY AUSTAN GOOLSBEE

The Trump administration views conservation and the environment primarily through the lens of conflict — of business versus government.

In this view, regulating pollution or setting aside public land means the private sector must be losing — and the administration says that must stop. So the administration favors looser rules on pollutants like mercury and pesticides. It has revoked the status of prominent national monuments to allow mining and drilling on the lands, and has tried to upend the Land and Water Conservation Act.

For 53 years, the bipartisan conservation act supported more than 40,000 conservation projects, including expanding national parks, wildlife refuges and migration corridors, historic battlefields and the like, funded by a small fee on offshore oil drillers. The administration first called for a 90 percent cut to its budget and in October, Republicans in Congress effectively killed it (or, more accurately, chose not to renew it).

The problem with this kind of "zero-sum" thinking about business and the environment is that it is sometimes deeply incorrect. Sometimes, in fact, making rules more favorable to business can lead markets to fail and destroy private sector value, while cleaning up pollution or protecting public spaces can unlock value in the private sector and allow it to grow.

A rather sparkly example of this

comes from a building with the president's name on it in my hometown — the Trump Hotel and Tower on the banks of the Chicago River. The tower is among the tallest buildings in America. On sunny days, the giant chrome T-R-U-M-P letters shine down on the bustling riverfront crowds below.

It's an extraordinary location where city and nature and public spaces all come together. On the water, architecture cruises, party boats and kayak tours weave around one another. On its banks, the River Walk has drawn millions of visitors and hatched a series of restaurants and shops, including the Apple Michigan Avenue store, and multiple high-end condo buildings. The Trump building includes condominiums listed for as much as \$2.7 million (though these days many sellers prefer to label

their listings as simply 401 N. Wabash).

Yet for much of the 20th century, most people didn't want to live anywhere near the river. Companies dumped all manner of unpleasant things in the water. It stank up the city and poisoned its residents.

Environmental regulation and investment turned around the river. The cleanup was instrumental in making the neighborhood blossom and the economy boom.

If Chicago had not been forced by the federal government to clean up the water beginning in the 1970s and continuing today — and had it not reserved open space and built the walk

around it — the river would have remained an eyesore. There would be fewer tourists there, no Apple store, and certainly no luxury Trump Hotel and Tower. Billions of dollars of economic value would never have existed.

Here, the public sector corrected a market failure. The individual companies dumping into the river were collectively ruining the neighborhood. When the government regulated their behavior, it ended up unlocking loads of private sector value.

Though there are many examples of government regulations run amok, or of pointless public investments — and we should eliminate them — let us not forget the important situations where government can prevent market failures and unlock value.

A recent study by David Albouy, Peter Christensen, and Ignacio Sarmiento-Barbieri, economists at the University of Illinois, was revealing.

The researchers estimated the value of public parks to homeowners living near them using data on 600,000 homes sold in New York City, Philadelphia and Chicago. The study, "Unlocking Amenities: Estimating Public-Good Complementarity," found that when the crime rate in a city neighborhood declined, the value of private real estate near parks soared. Investing in public safety paid dividends in the private market.

Similarly, reduced pollution and more national parks can be immensely valuable, too. Closing a national monument to allow oil drilling — or terminating the Land and Water Conservation Fund — might help a company make more profit in the short run. But a vast array of benefits will also be destroyed. In a direct effect, hunters, kayakers, backpackers and visitors will simply stop going, and the Interior Department says these people spent \$50 billion on recreation in federal lands last year.

But think about the broader harm done by this zero-sum mentality. Accessible public lands and vibrant wild life bring people to small towns and rural areas. They attract tourists and give residents a reason to stay, and give an enormous boost to the private sector in the very places the administration is trying to help.

A shortsighted approach to public assets and the environment threatens to repeat at a national level the mistakes cities made when they industrialized waterfronts and spoiled what could have been the crown jewels of their landscapes. You would think that someone whose name is on a billion-dollar building on the banks of the Chicago River would understand that.

A shortsighted approach to public assets and the environment threatens to repeat at a national level the mistakes cities made when they industrialized waterfronts and spoiled what could have been the crown jewels of their landscapes. You would think that someone whose name is on a billion-dollar building on the banks of the Chicago River would understand that.

Austan Goolsbee, a professor of economics at the University of Chicago's Booth School of Business, was an adviser to President Barack Obama.



The Trump Hotel and Tower, at right, on the banks of the Chicago River, which has been cleaned up from its days as a polluted eyesore.

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Sports

A role model for winning off the bench

On Pro Basketball

BY MARC STEIN

It is the go-to comparison in N.B.A. circles whenever the subject turns to the much-debated Carmelo Anthony experiment in Houston. For years, Anthony's critics have wondered: How much longer will it take for him to embrace off-the-bench duty, as Bob McAdoo did at 30?

No less an authority than Rockets Coach Mike D'Antoni drew that precise parallel on opening night, volunteering to reporters that he hoped Anthony would ultimately accept it, in the same reputation-changing manner that McAdoo did with the Los Angeles Lakers in the 1980s.

"I know it's tough," D'Antoni said of the role Houston has asked Anthony to adopt at 34. But D'Antoni quickly added that McAdoo's having become a two-time champion as a Lakers reserve "kind of softens it up a bit."

But does it? For certain? Are we maybe underestimating the size of the challenge involved when a former scoring-machine first option, like Melo or Doo, is asked to change his mentality so drastically?

The obvious answer: Seek out McAdoo and ask him.

I have always been upfront about my Buffalo Braves fandom, having lived in Western New York for nearly all of the Braves' existence, so I naturally enjoy speaking to McAdoo whenever the opportunity presents itself. Yet this conversation was not about paying homage to the greatest Brave of them all. To get a sense of the adjustment Anthony is facing with the struggling Rockets, there is perhaps no more qualified expert in the field to talk to than McAdoo.

He's still a scout with the Miami Heat at 67, after many years on the Heat bench as an assistant under Pat Riley, Stan Van Gundy and Erik Spoelstra. So he is precluded by league rules from discussing Anthony or his situation directly. But McAdoo didn't hesitate to tell me, nearly 40 years since he joined the Lakers on Christmas Eve in



MARY ALTAFFER/ASSOCIATED PRESS

A bench role in Houston may take Carmelo Anthony, right, closer to a championship than starting in New York and Oklahoma City ever could. Bob McAdoo could give him advice.

1981, that he had had no advance warning that he would not be a starter in Los Angeles — and that his three-plus seasons with the Lakers' second unit were harder than he had ever let on.

"It was a great opportunity for me to play with Kareem and Magic," McAdoo said. "For the first time in my career, I had a chance to win a championship."

"But I had no thoughts at all in my

mind about coming off the bench. It just happened. To me, it was a wrap I would start. They didn't have anyone who could stick with me at that position."

Yet Riley, then coaching the Lakers, repeatedly found a forward to start ahead of McAdoo, who had established a league record by winning three scoring titles in Buffalo before he turned 25

— but who had also found himself increasingly painted with the "selfish" label as injuries and ringless seasons piled up. The famed Boston Celtics patriarch Red Auerbach once told The New York Times: "Bob was more concerned with personal achievements than team achievements."

Checkered stints with the Celtics, the

Detroit Pistons and the New Jersey Nets led McAdoo to the Lakers — only for Jim Brewer, Mark Landsberger and ultimately Kurt Rambis to get turns starting ahead of the league's 1975 most valuable player.

"But I dealt with it," McAdoo said, "because I had never been on a championship team. And I've never been one to cause disruption or anything like that. I wasn't happy about it. But

what could I do? I was frustrated for four years, but I dealt with it. I never said anything. But I was frustrated with the whole deal."

Olympic Melo has won plaudits for his role in helping U.S.A. Basketball secure gold medals in 2008, 2012 and 2016, but he'll have to be a positive force on an N.B.A. title team like Eighties McAdoo if he hopes to really change his on-court legacy.

Pinning the Rockets' 3-5 start on Anthony would be unfair. For starters, there have been no indications that he's putting up any resistance to what D'Antoni has asked him to do. Furthermore, Chris Paul missed two games because of a suspension, while James Harden missed three because of a hamstring strain as the most notable of multiple Houston injuries. In the wake of losing the savvy wing defense provided by Trevor Ariza, as well as guidance from the freshly retired defensive coordinator Jeff Bzdelik, Houston was ranked a feeble 21st in the league defensively through Sunday.

The fact that the Rockets are allowing nearly 17 points more per 100 possessions with Anthony on the floor only fuels the perception that Melo is the one dragging them down. Ditto for the fact that Anthony's best offensive game — 24 points in a home loss to the Los Angeles Clippers on Oct. 26 — came after he filled in for the ailing Harden in the starting lineup.

Talking to McAdoo, though, made me wonder if we know-it-alls on the outside underestimate the scale of the experiment. It's something to think about, at the very least, if the player routinely credited for giving Melo his blueprint makes that case.

"It was worth it," McAdoo said. "But still, looking back, I think we would have been even better with me starting. You say all kinds of things like that in your mind."

As for sharing such thoughts with McAdoo, though, made me wonder if we know-it-alls on the outside underestimate the scale of the experiment. It's something to think about, at the very least, if the player routinely credited for giving Melo his blueprint makes that case.

"He knows," McAdoo said with a chuckle. "We've talked about it. He knows I didn't like coming off the bench behind Kurt."

NON SEQUITUR



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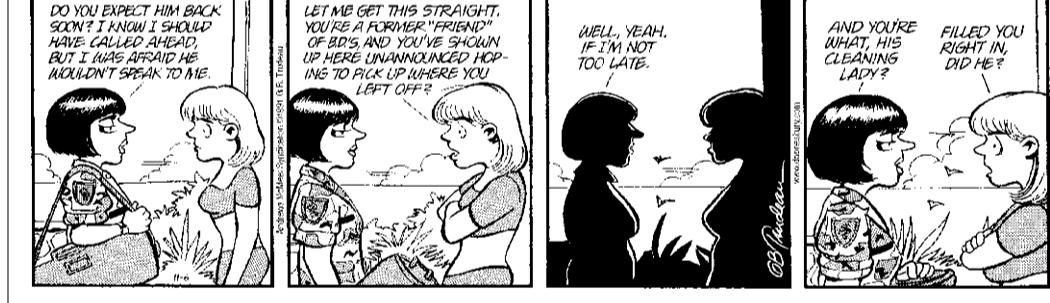
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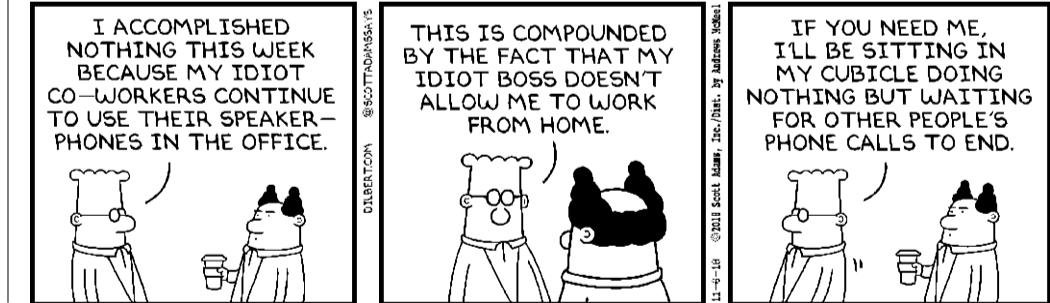
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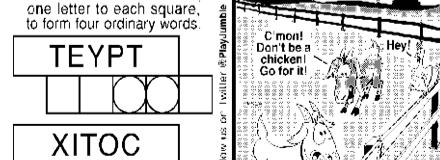
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Fill the grid so that every row, column 3x3 box and shaded 3x3 box contains each of the numbers 1 to 9 exactly once.

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JUMBLE THAT SCRABLED WORD GAME BY DAVID L. HOYT AND JEFF KRUREK



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

TEYPT

XITOC

IENDIO

GARJAU

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HIM

Now arrange the circled letters to form the surprise answer, as suggested by the above cartoon.

(Answers tomorrow)

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(Answers tomorrow)

CROSSWORD | Edited by Will Shortz

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Culture

Nazi loot still at large

One family has recovered a great deal, but not, so far, an 1890 portrait by Degas

BY CATHERINE HICKLEY

The family of Paul Rosenberg, a renowned Paris art dealer whose gallery had exclusive arrangements with Braque, Matisse and Picasso, has worked tirelessly, with tremendous success, to recover the 400 works the Nazis looted from him.

That Mr. Rosenberg kept meticulous records and purchased museum-quality art helped the family to reclaim all but 60 pieces. The works recovered in recent years include Matisse's "Woman Seated in an Armchair," discovered in the Munich apartment of the reclusive Cornelius Gurlitt. Another Matisse, "Woman in a Blue Dress in Front of a Fireplace" was returned by the Henie Onstad Art Center in Norway in 2014.

But one pastel portrait by Edgar Degas, an image of particular importance to Paul Rosenberg, has proved to be maddeningly elusive.

For decades, the family has been tracking the pastel, "Portrait of Mlle. Gabrielle Diot," created in 1890. Yet efforts to recover it have been repeatedly thwarted, even though the family knows the identity of a German dealer who has tried several times to sell it.

International law doesn't govern such situations. The rights to possession recognized under German law might make litigation difficult, experts say, and the intervention of German officials on the Rosenbergs' behalf has gone nowhere.

"It has been completely frustrating," said Marianne Rosenberg, Paul's granddaughter and an art dealer with a gallery in New York. "Something appears, then it disappears again, and you lose it for another 20 years."

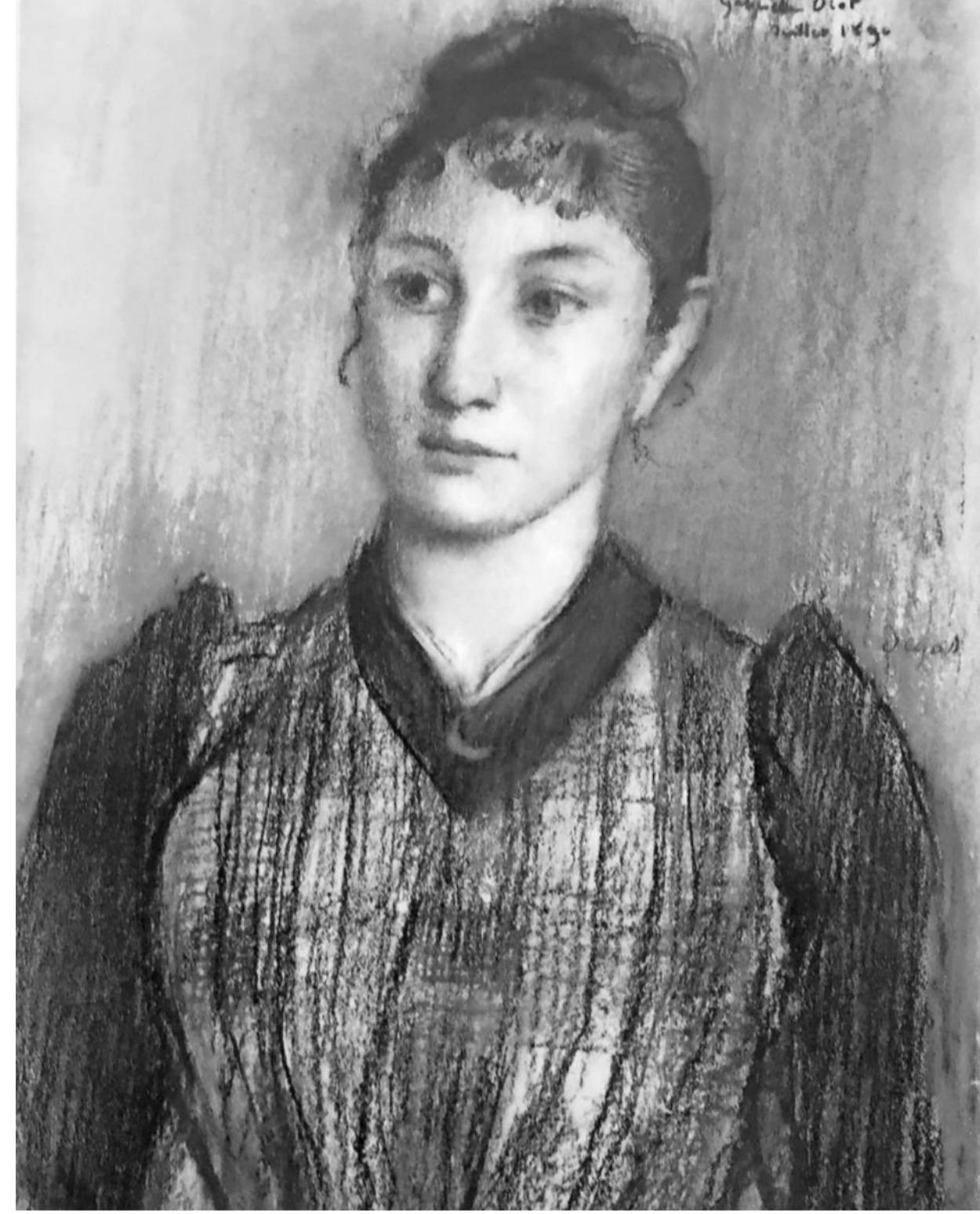
Few families can match the Rosenbergs' track record for getting back art lost in the war. Though Paul Rosenberg's records were helpful, so were the patience and perseverance of three generations of family members whose efforts stretch back to the waning days of the German occupation of Paris. In August 1944, Lt. Alexandre Rosenberg of the Free French forces stopped a train outside the city, only to find that it contained many of the works that the Nazis had looted from his father.

Not among them was the portrait of Ms. Diot, a young woman with limpid blue eyes and chestnut curls piled atop her head. It had once hung in Paul Rosenberg's study in Floirac, near Bordeaux. The dealer rented the house as a refuge from the Nazis in 1940. After the Rosenbergs fled France, the German ambassador had the portrait seized, along with other items, and it wound up in the Jeu de Paume, the Paris museum the Nazis converted into a warehouse for pictures plundered from Jews.

The family did not know the portrait's whereabouts until 1987, when it turned up in the catalog of a Hamburg art dealer, Mathias Hans. Marianne's mother, Elaine Rosenberg, spoke to Mr. Hans on the phone, but the conversation did not go well, said Christopher A. Marinello, the founder of Art Recovery International, based in London, which is working with the family.

Mr. Hans wanted the Rosenbergs to buy back the pastel. Ms. Rosenberg refused, Mr. Marinello said, and when she did, he said, Mr. Hans told her the portrait would be returned to the consignor and she would never get it back.

Mr. Hans declined to be interviewed for this article. But his colleague, Anne Auber, said in an email that Ms. Rosenberg had insulted Mr. Hans during the call.



Clockwise from above, "Portrait of Mlle. Gabrielle Diot," a Degas portrait taken from the Parisian art dealer Paul Rosenberg by the Nazis; "Woman in a Blue Dress in Front of a Fireplace" by Matisse, among the works recovered by the Rosenberg family; and Mr. Rosenberg next to another Matisse.

Ms. Auber declined to identify the current holder of the work, except to say that the portrait is now in Switzerland. But she gave a brief history of the work, tracing it back to a Swiss family, who lived in Ascona, a town on Lake Maggiore near Italy. She said the family had bought the portrait in Paris in 1942.

Mr. Hans has said he later helped them broker its sale in 1974 to the current holder. No subsequent sale seems to have occurred, despite the catalog listing in 1987.

But Mr. Marinello said he learned by chance that the dealer had tried to sell the portrait again in 2003. A German businessman, Christian von Bentheim, told Mr. Marinello that he had been approached by Mr. Hans and asked if he could help facilitate a discreet private sale of "Portrait of Mlle. Gabrielle Diot" for a price of about 3 million euros, or about \$4.6 million today.

Mr. von Bentheim, who had no experience in art dealing, said in an interview that he had asked Robert Morgan, an artist friend of his, to look into the pastel.

Mr. Morgan said he contacted a curator friend who quickly established that the work had been stolen from Paul Rosen-

berg. "I told Christian it was looted and advised him to have nothing to do with it," Mr. Morgan said by telephone.

Angry with Mr. Hans, Mr. von Bentheim said he returned a full-size color reproduction the dealer had given him. "I really didn't want to have anything to do with it," he said by telephone. "Hans used me to try to get rid of this pastel."

Selling the portrait is difficult because it is listed on several international databases of looted art.

Mr. Marinello said he reached out to Mr. Hans again in 2016, asking him to reveal the name of the holder of the portrait, but Mr. Hans again declined. So Mr. Marinello tried a new tack, writing to the German Culture Ministry asking the government to intervene to recover the portrait. A ministry official contacted Mr. Hans requesting that he reveal the name, or contact details, of the consignor, Mr. Marinello said.

Mr. Hans said his client wanted the Rosenbergs to refund the 3.5 million Swiss francs (\$3.5 million) that the client had paid for the work in 1974.

Jewish heirs of looted art have agreed in other cases to partially compensate good-faith buyers, or to auction dis-

puted works and divide the proceeds. Even the Rosenbergs have compromised in the past: In 1970, Alexandre Rosenberg accepted a below-market value compensation payment for a looted Degas painting that had surfaced in Cologne, Germany.

Marianne Rosenberg said it makes no sense to pay for the return of a looted work, especially when the holder has tried to sell it, knowing it was stolen.

"I cannot understand on any level why a family that has been looted by the Nazis should have to pay to get its property back," Ms. Rosenberg said. "Are we supposed to buy back what we own? We want our looted work back. Full stop. There is no excuse for this behavior and this unwillingness to return this work, which they know is looted."

But the family has no plans at this time to file a lawsuit in an effort to recover the work because of the difficulties involved.

"German law is not restitution-friendly," Mara Wantuch-Thole, a Berlin-based attorney who specializes in such cases, said.

While German law says even a good-faith purchaser cannot pass good title to



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a stolen work, it also stipulates that theft claims should be made within 30 years. And, after 10 years, the law recognizes the possession rights of the current holders unless it can be shown they knew the work had been stolen when it was purchased.

German law would apply, lawyers said, because the dealer, whose gallery is in Hamburg, is the only person currently identified with the work.

The Rosenbergs had hoped pressure from the German government would

persuade the dealer to cooperate, to at least provide a name of the current holder so that they could engage in direct negotiations. But Mr. Marinello said the German official told him the government could do no more.

"Ultimately, we would like to be rid of the conflicted Mathias Hans and prefer to deal with the possessor or the possessor's appointed legal representative," Mr. Marinello said. "We remain hopeful that he or she will come forward in the near future."

The machinery of corruption

TELEVISION REVIEW

Julia Roberts portrays a compromised therapist in a 10-episode series

BY JAMES PONIEWOZIK

Sam Esmail's "Mr. Robot" is one of the most audacious, inventive TV dramas of this decade. It is also, well, a lot. It's narratively and creatively maximalist, full of subplots, conspiracies, directorial triple backflips and twist upon baffling twist.

Esmail directs all 10 episodes of "Homecoming," a cerebral thriller new on Amazon, but he didn't write it; it's the creation of Eli Horowitz and Micah Bloomberg. Visually and thematically, it plays like a lean, focused distillation of Esmail's other series.

It has the cool tone, the paranoia, the visual flourishes, the mind-bending revelations. But these effects are concentrated on a single, intricate story, laid out in 10 swift and magnetic episodes.

In this case, less is very much more.

The plot, of which it is best to say little, involves the corporatization of government, a favorite subject of "Mr.



JESSICA BROOKS/AMAZON PRIME VIDEO

terrorizing than any jump scare.

The most striking visual choice is the screen itself. The Homecoming scenes, set in 2018, are presented in typical wide-screen format. A second story, four years in the future, is set off by black bars that squeeze the frame claustrophobically.

In this future, Heidi is living with her mother (Sissy Spacek) and waiting tables at a dump of a restaurant. A

customer, Thomas Carrasco (Shea Whigham) identifies himself as an auditor from the Department of Defense, investigating a complaint about Homecoming. Sorry, Heidi tells him; she has no memory of ever working there.

In an age of streaming-TV bloat, "Homecoming" is five efficient hours, about 30 minutes per episode. It manages to be deliberative and propulsive

at the same time. It builds momentum even as the first few episodes may seem to meander, and it comes together in a suspenseful thriller with an emotional punch.

The series is adapted from a podcast by Horowitz and Bloomberg, which presented its story in a telegraphic, found-audio format: phone conversations, taped counseling sessions, voice messages. This version finds a TV correlative for that approach, constructing itself largely as a series of conversations.

Its heart is the sessions between Cruz and Heidi, who develop a warm, work-spouse relationship. Roberts harks back here to her crusader-whistleblower roles ("Erin Brockovich," "The Pelican Brief"), but with a reserved, layered performance. Heidi needs to work and wants to do good, and she realizes, with slowly dawning horror, that those aims are in conflict.

Cannavale breathes pushy life into Colin, who's introduced as a stressed-out voice in split-screen phone conversations. Even when he interacts with other principals in the flesh, he's basically a human Bluetooth headset, a mouthy, Mametian bulldozer spewing coach-speak: "Heidi, you are killing it! Fist bump!"

James and Whigham are also impressive in more understated roles.

James brings an easy charisma to a character who's designed to be a puzzle. And Whigham (the blustery Eli in "Boardwalk Empire"), as an introvert more at home digging through file folders than confronting suspects, makes a terrific hero-nerd.

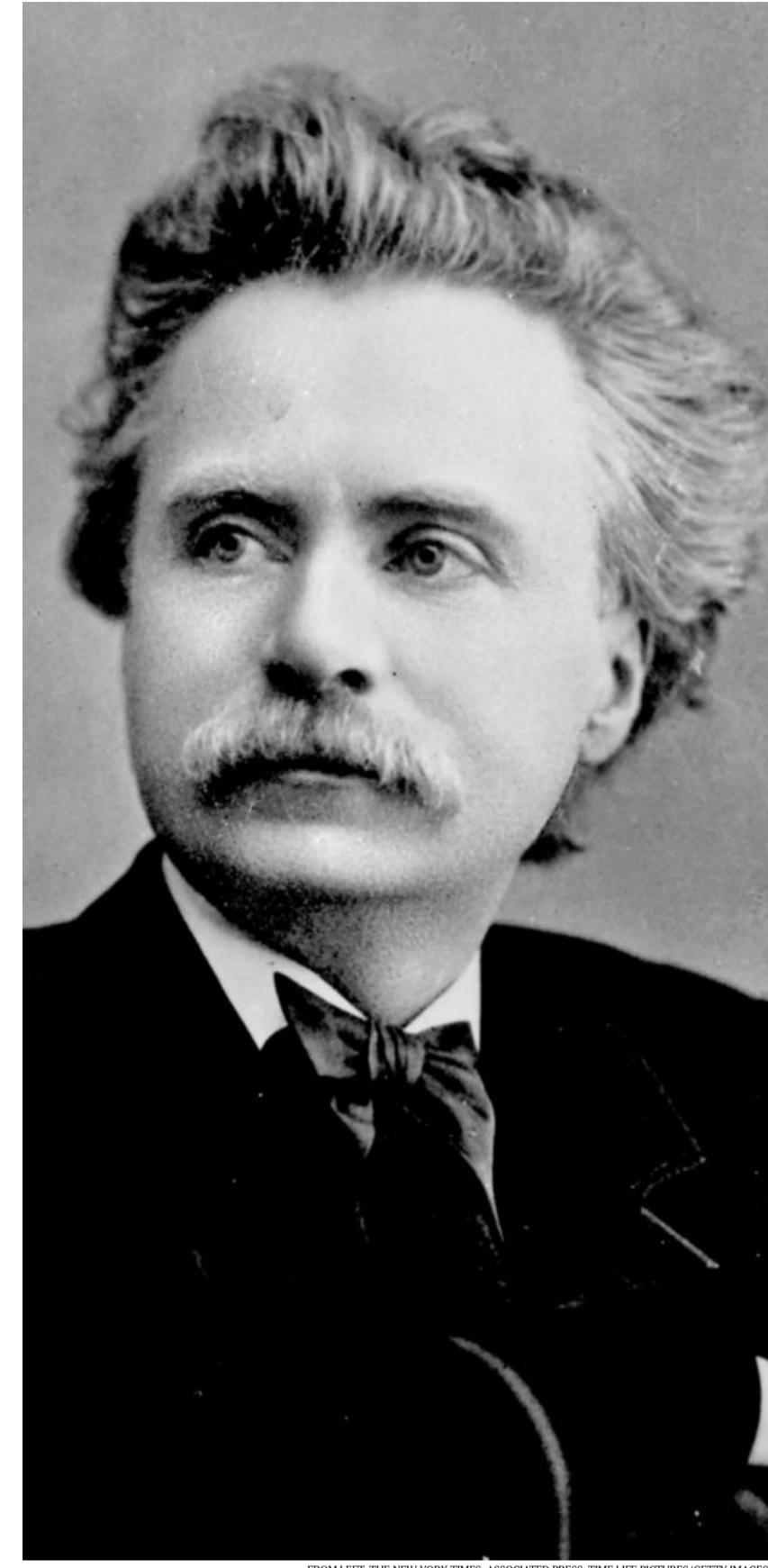
It takes a bureaucrat, after all, to uncover a crime of bureaucracy, if that's what's afoot here. Like the tech-focused "Mr. Robot," "Homecoming" is about the relation of individuals to corrupted systems. It may only take one villain to conceive an ill deed, but when it's legitimized through the machinery of government and business, it becomes the work of many hands, like Heidi's.

Often those people do what the soldiers treated at Homecoming do: They repress; they deflect; they crate up their feelings in a box. They tell themselves what Heidi's mother tells her: "People make compromises. You did what you had to do. You took a job."

Part of what "Homecoming" asks is: How responsible do you have to be for a thing before you're morally responsible for it? How high up in an organization?

In "Homecoming," business is war by other means. And beyond its slickness and deft puzzle-story twists, this series is a perceptive study of the collateral damage.

CULTURE



From left, Gustav Mahler, ranked by many people among the greatest composers; Ludwig van Beethoven, often put at or near the top of classical lists; and Edvard Grieg, who was the author's favorite when he was a child.

Swept up in a search for greatness

A Times critic explains why he compares the most incomparable composers

BY ANTHONY TOMMASINI

As a child, I was essentially alone in my passion for music. No one in my extended family, as far as I knew, had sung in a chorus, played the guitar, anything. So the basement den of our house on Long Island, outside New York City, was my private musical refuge, where I practiced the piano — a boxy old upright — and listened to classical records.

I must have been about 13 when I first heard a recording of Bach's Mass in B Minor. About a year earlier, I had begun studying with a new piano teacher, Gladys Gehrig, an awesome woman in her late 60s. A Bach devotee, Mrs. Gehrig had me learning several of his two-part inventions and my first prelude and fugue. One day she urged me to get to know Bach's Mass, which she called the greatest masterpiece of all time. Her words made me eager to hear the piece, but also a little wary. It sounded intimidating. And the recording I found — Herbert von Karajan's full-orchestra version from 1952, on three LPs — certainly looked daunting.

I don't remember the exact moment I put on Side One, but I remember vividly how the chorus's three opening pleas of "Kyrie eleison," each more intense in its

desperation for attention, affected me. Today, after decades of experience with the piece, I still find the beginning of the "Kyrie" overwhelming. Whenever I hear Bach's Mass, or his other incomparable works, I usually come away thinking that, for his matchless combination of technical mastery, ingenious musical engineering, profound expressivity and unabashed boldness, Bach was the greatest composer in history.

Classical music has justifiably been criticized for its obsession with greatness, with certifying a repertory of canonical masterpieces that get played again and again. I, for one, go back and forth about how much this quality should matter, let alone how we should determine it.

Take Beethoven's Third Symphony, the "Eroica." This music is colossal, yet also audacious and unpredictable. On the surface, the symphony's four movements seem to come from different realms: a brisk, purposeful Allegro with a searching development section that climaxes midway in a gnashing burst of dissonant chords; a grimly imposing Funeral March; a breathless Scherzo at once godly and giddy; a romping, mischievous finale that is somehow the ultimate statement of the heroic in music. But the movements are linked, almost subliminally, by short musical motifs that run through almost every moment of this 50-minute score, lending it inexorable sweep and structural cohesion. Talk about greatness.

And yet when I was a child, my first favorite composer was the Norwegian Edvard Grieg, who would not make many people's top 10 lists. I had a recording I adored, "Rubinstein Plays Grieg." The main work on the album was Grieg's Ballade for Piano (Op. 24), a 17-minute score in the form of variations on a bittersweet folk song. Some of the variations become quite tumultuous; the piece both hooked and baffled me.

I especially loved the short works Rubinstein played, from Grieg's 10 volumes of Lyric Pieces: sprightly dances, songs without words that evoked wistful

be a sad child, too, especially when, alone, I listened to recordings like this one and felt the music so deeply.

The case for denying Grieg greatness is easy. He was certainly no Beethoven when it came to ambitious musical forms. At 20, urged by a mentor, he wrote a symphony but soon withdrew it and never completed another. He came under pressure to compose a stirring Norwegian national opera and tried to do it, but got no further than some choral scenes and sketches. He wrote the wonderful, if modest, Lyric Pieces, some chamber works, a few volumes of elegant songs. His incidental music for Ibsen's play "Peer Gynt" was fashioned into two popular orchestra suites. And there is, of course, his justly beloved Piano Concerto.

A great? No.

Should that matter? Absolutely not. Yet I've come to accept that I and other lovers of music, like lovers of any art form, can't help being swept up in the search for, and identification of, greatness. Your first time hearing some exhilarating or mystifying work by a composer of the past — Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, Beethoven's searching Fourth Piano Concerto, Wagner's trance-inducing "Tristan und Isolde," Stravinsky's shattering "Rite of Spring," take your pick — can be as formative a moment as anything in your life. These works, and the composers who wrote them, become living presences; it's natural to acknowledge the place they hold

for us, and to seek reassurance that the things we love are important to others, too.

My most brazen venture into grappling with greatness came in 2011, with my Top 10 Composers project, a two-week series of articles I wrote. Of course, the whole project was an intellectual game, though one played seriously by me and the more than 1,500 readers whose comments were posted during the two weeks.

Some of the most interesting reactions came from music lovers who actually found the game harmful. Others, while dismissing it as absurd, sent in their own top 10 lists, often with injunctions like "Don't you dare leave out Mahler!" For me, the game was also a genuine exercise in trying to be precise about what makes a composer's music great. The final list, as I emphasized, was not the point. The analysis involved in determining it was.

(Here's the completed list of top composers, in order: Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Debussy, Stravinsky, Brahms, Verdi, Wagner and Bartok.)

As a ground rule, I omitted living composers from consideration, arguing that we are just too close to these creators to have enough perspective. One of the most rewarding things about taking in music by living composers, as with new work in any artistic field, is that questions of the greatness of a piece, and predictions of its longevity, are irrelevant. If an exciting new novel comes along, liter-

ary-minded people want to read it, talk about it, maybe argue over it. But the question of whether the novelist is another Dickens or Proust is absurd. The same goes for new plays, new films, new pop groups, new television dramas.

In the end, I think of my job as bifurcated. I will always be unapologetically hooked by the reality that there is greatness in music. In my reviews and other stories, I try to explain, for example, why Schubert was absolutely great; why Debussy; why Wagner.

And yet it is just as much my duty to take in the music of our own time, and to help address the inequalities of the classical canon, which was historically reserved for white men only. Some of these imbalances are finally being righted. These days, easily half the composition majors in colleges and conservatories are women. Since 2010, four of the nine winners of the Pulitzer Prize in Music have been women; last year's prize went to the rapper Kendrick Lamar, for his album "DAMN." Arbitrary divisions between classical contemporary music and myriad pop and jazz styles are falling away.

Where the composers of today will place in the pantheon seems irrelevant right now. We are too close to and too immersed in the exciting newness of their music to care.

Adapted from "The Indispensable Composers: A Personal Guide," available this week from Penguin Press.

Bloody and beating

BOOK REVIEW

Heart: A History
By Sandeep Jauhar. Illustrated. 269 pp.
Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$27.

BY RANDI HUTTER EPSTEIN

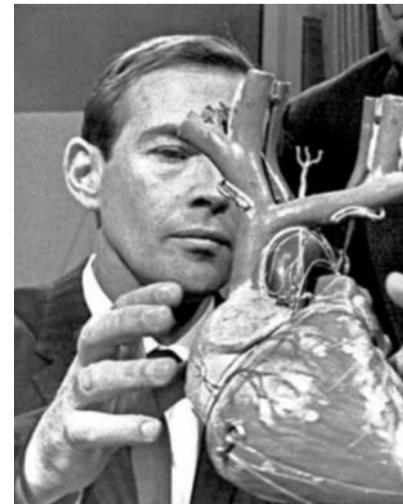
In Richard Selzer's fictional story "Whither Thou Goest," a widow searches for the man who received her late husband's heart. The liver, kidney and corneas were in other people, but she needed to be with the heart. When she and the stranger ultimately connect, it's as if she's recovered lost love.

I, on the other hand, always considered the heart a pump, much the way a doctor explained it to Sandeep Jauhar during his cardiology fellowship. "In the end," the doctor said, "cardiology is mostly a problem of plumbing."

Jauhar quickly learned otherwise.

His gripping new book, "Heart: A History," had me nearly as enthralled with this pulsating body part as he seems to be. The tone — a physician excited about his specialty — takes a sharp turn from his first two memoirs. The first, "Intern," was filled with uncertainty; the second, "Doctored," with disillusionment.

Jauhar hooks the reader of "Heart" in the first few pages by describing his own health scare — an exam showed obstruction in the main artery feeding his heart. We don't hear more about his condition again until the final chapter, when a further assessment reveals premature ventricular contractions, "a mostly benign condition in which my heart flutters or does a sort of flip-flop when an extra, unexpected beat comes in." Sandwiched between his own heart tests is his journey to understand this organ that has mystified and frightened him ever since he was a child and heard about his grandfather's sudden



Christiaan Barnard, credited with performing the first human heart transplant.

Fun facts are sprinkled throughout. The heart beats about three billion times between birth and death.

death from a heart attack.

Most chapters launch with a riveting scene: a patient in the thick of getting a heart transplant, say, or having open-heart surgery. You feel as if you're watching an episode of a medical television drama. Before we find out what happens, Jauhar takes us back in time to explain the discoveries that made all of these advances possible.

That's where the stories get particularly strange and captivating.

We read about Werner Forssmann, who attempted one of the first cardiac catheterizations in 1929. He did it on himself. Forssmann threaded a thin tube through his arm until it pierced his right atrium. Colleagues called him

a quack. Almost 30 years later, he won the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine.

We go into an operating room where a young girl is having open-heart surgery, tethered to a heart-lung machine. Then we learn that the concept for this machine began with one doctor's brazen idea of connecting a patient to another person's blood supply. He was inspired by the way a fetus feeds off its mother. Six of seven cases ended with a death.

Eventually, the heart-lung machine replaced the volunteers. The machine got off to a rough start, too: Seventeen of the first 18 patients died. As one of the mid-20th-century researchers remarked, "You don't venture into the wilderness expecting to find a paved road."

Fun facts are sprinkled throughout. The heart beats about three billion times between birth and death; the amount of blood that passes through

an adult heart every week is enough to fill a swimming pool.

Jauhar is at his best when writing about the heart. At times, he veers off topic. I command him for voicing at ground zero after the 9/11 attacks, but I would have preferred hearing more about the woman who suffered from stress-related heart ailments than the work he did identifying bodies.

Jauhar visited the wellness center of Dean Ornish, the doctor who promoted a Mediterranean diet. I wanted to know Jauhar's expert opinion on how this regime compares with others.

Despite these quibbles, "Heart" is chock-full of absorbing tales that infuse fresh air into a topic that is often relegated to textbooks or metaphors about pumps, plumbing or love.

Randi Hutter Epstein is the author of "Aroused: The History of Hormones and How They Control Just About Everything."

TRAVEL

Colorado high: Grinding it out on a bike trail

New 155-mile route
is linked by a network
of backcountry huts

BY ALEX SCHECHTER

The granite cliffs of Unaweep Canyon, in the western area of Colorado, just south of Grand Junction and about 265 miles from Denver, are said to be some of the oldest exposed rocks in the state — roughly 1.5 billion years old, or a third of the earth's existence.

This sparse, unaltered landscape has long been a source of fascination for geologists, mainly because of its shape. Rather than charting a one-way course (as with most canyons), Unaweep, which bisects a portion of the sprawling Uncompahgre Plateau, flows out in two directions, with an elevated hump in the middle, like a hose with two openings.

This makes it ideal for road bikers, who see the bare, winding roads of Unaweep, and nearby Grand Junction, as an irresistible challenge. Since the 1970s, bike enthusiasts have latched onto Mesa County for its rich supply of trails. Just outside town, the Colorado National Monument makes for one of the most spectacular, high-altitude rides in America. (The 1985 Kevin Costner film "American Flyers" was filmed here.)

With the recent opening of the Grand Junction-Moab route, a 155-mile ride linked by a network of backcountry huts, regular travelers can finally get a taste of what backcountry bikers have known about for years.

It is the latest project by the founders of the San Juan Hut System, which began in 1987 with a set of five huts on the north face of the Sneffels Range in Colorado. Originally meant as an easy-to-navigate route for intrepid skiers, the huts with their do-it-yourself appeal soon were used by bikers, who take over those same trails in the summer months. Today, the system commands a total of 16 huts, spread over hundreds of square miles inside Uncompahgre National Forest.

In May, just after this new trail officially opened, I was one of the first bikers to attempt this challenging route, accompanied by my friend Joe, who left halfway through the first day. (More on that later.)

Ahead of this trip, I had spoken with Kelly Ryan, a former ski patrol member and the daughter of Joe Ryan, who founded the San Juan Huts System in 1987. According to Ms. Ryan, the Grand Junction-Moab route, though challenging, is "beginner friendly." While this tour involves long days, the terrain itself is nothing a newbie — even someone who's never been on an overnight cycling trip — can't handle, she said. Plus, the relative absence of cars on this route makes things more manageable. Typically, busy highways represent a hazard for road biking. "You're more likely to get hurt mountain biking, but you're more likely to die road biking," Ms. Ryan said.

This didn't exactly inspire confidence, but then again, this wasn't a road biking trip, per se. The route is split between old paved highways and sections of dirt, and because of that, the route is technically classified as a gravel grinder tour.

While mountain biking is often seen as too dangerous, and road biking has a reputation for being a little dull, gravel grinders offer a middle way. Their tires are thick, but more pressurized than mountain bikes, and they are more stable in their frames. On a route like this, which involves long distances and rolling landscape on some unpaved roads, a gravel grinder can really shine.



Overlooking the town of Gateway, Colo., along a recently opened bicycle trail linking Grand Junction, Colo., with Moab, Utah. The route is split between old paved highways and sections of dirt.

I opted to rent a Moots Routt 45 from a Grand Junction vendor.

We were set to go.

THE UNPREDICTABLE BACKCOUNTRY

On the first morning, we left our motel in Grand Junction a little after 8, stopping briefly at a Wal-Mart to buy the helmets neither of us had remembered to bring. Dressed in biking shorts and long-sleeve tops, we climbed on our bikes, planning on covering roughly 55 miles over seven hours.

Well, that was the plan. On our ride into the backcountry, which was a steep haul, Joe started to feel the effects of the high altitude almost immediately: the blazing sun and arduous uphill climb

The stars were as crisp as the lights on a pinball machine.

had spooked him. So we decided on a new plan: He would go back to the Toyota 4Runner rental we'd left in Grand Junction, and shadow me as we made our way to our first overnight stop, as much of the route is accessible to both bikers and drivers. (Though not an expert biker myself, I ride every day in Los Angeles.)

As I continued on, the weather was becoming uncooperative. Huffing my way up through the eastern entrance of Unaweep Canyon, the sun was bright. By the time I got into the canyon's pine- and juniper-crested main thoroughfare, clouds were darkening.

Nearing Unaweep Divide, the top-most point of the canyon (elevation 7,048 feet), I passed a rambling farmhouse with a burned-out tractor in the yard. Dogs barked at me periodically through the cottonwood trees. The road was smooth and relatively flat. At one point, I stopped near a pond where a

family of horses stood statuesque in the knee-high grass. As I munched an apple admiring the scene, a raindrop fell on my knee; then I felt another on the back of my neck.

The sky was getting ready to open, and I still had another 30 miles to go. The canyon was completely exposed, with no chance of shelter, or an escape route. Joe caught up with me near the horse pond, but I coolly waved him on, either out of bravado or stupidity.

As the rain touched the earth, it unleashed a strange canopy of smells: sweet sage, cinnamon, tree sap, wet rock and an herbal, hay-like scent. Pickling up speed, I yelled freestyle at the trees. Every part of me was soaked. In the tumult of the half-storm, I found myself totally opened up and alive.

ON THE MENU: FUSILLI WITH TUNA

Pulling off Highway 141 that first afternoon, we rode down a driveway of red dirt that led to a lush green meadow. There, in the flickering shade of cottonwood trees, was the hut. It was about the size of two garden sheds and painted pink. There was no shower, but the outhouse (also pink) had an interesting setup. Built at the top of a staircase, and enclosed by large screened windows, the open-air toilet almost had the feel of a treehouse.

The meadow surrounding the hut ran to the base of a thousand-foot-tall red rock pyramid — Colorado's version of a skyscraper — which dominated the landscape. There was a rushing creek, too. Before dinner (fusilli pasta with red sauce and some black olives and tuna), Joe and I wandered over and stared at the swirling green-brown eddy.

In the Bikers Bible, a 28-page document emailed to travelers after the booking is made (in it, there are instructions on everything from what clothes to pack to how to use the propane tank), smartphones are discouraged, out of respect for other "hut mates" who might be seeking an escape. We didn't encounter another soul during our stay, but in such an awe-inspiring place, the thought of checking my email or texts never crossed my mind.

When I woke up in the middle of the night, responding to the call of nature, I strapped on my headlamp, stumbled outside, and then promptly switched it off. Above me, the stars were as crisp and detailed as the lights on a pinball machine. I stood there in a trance before recalling the real reason I'd come out.

The next morning, after departing the tiny town of Gateway, the road opened up into a vast avenue of towering sandstone cliffs and scorching red earth — "road runner country," as the locals call it.

Parts of the route follow the Dolores River, a tributary of the Colorado. The water, which was recently melted snow, was absolutely frigid. Still, that didn't stop Joe and me from tearing off our clothes when we came to a suitable pull-off, and wading in for a refreshing, icy dip. A few trucks roared by on the highway beside us, but mostly the traffic was nonexistent.

The next part got tricky, however. Having planned to reconvene with Joe at an overlook 15 miles ahead, I was left on my own to begin the arduous climb up from the river.

By that point it was the middle of the afternoon — and it was hot. With the sun beating down, each new bend in the road made a fresh demand on my poor quadriceps and knees. I felt like I was barely keeping up.

Eventually, I emerged at the edge of an arid wasteland, spat out the other end of the wrinkled, sky-reaching mesas. I needed a refreshment, and luckily, 10 miles ahead, there was the Bedrock

store, where Joe was waiting, reading a paperback copy of Steinbeck's "The Pastures of Heaven." Like a time capsule from the 1910s, this roadside depot had creaky floorboards and soda in glass bottles. (The storefront was used as a filming location for "Thelma & Louise.") My friend and I sat on the porch and devoured a bag of chips while a Bichon Frise named Ziggy curled up in my lap.

SUDDENLY, THE END OF THE ROAD

What's impossible to control, especially

in a high-altitude place like Colorado, is the weather. On Day 3, after successfully climbing 1,000 feet out of Paradox Valley, I hurtled down Highway 90, euphoric to finally arrive at the Colorado-Utah state line. We posed by the "Welcome to Colorado" sign and snacked on peanut butter and jelly sandwiches we'd made that morning.

Then, I got back on my bike, headed up Highway 46, and had a sense of foreboding as soon as I hit the saddle. The temperature was quickly dropping, the sky was leaden, and ahead of me was a

nine-mile ascent, in the cold, with the likelihood of a storm breaking right over me.

Joe pulled up 50 yards ahead, and when I rode up, he lowered the window and stuck his head out. "Well?" he asked halfheartedly, nodding toward the back seat. Begudgingly, I packed up my bike and got in the car.

It's a bittersweet feeling to give up when you know your goal is unattainable. With a little more training, or some sunshine, I felt I could have tackled this final haul into Utah.

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The Bedrock General Store, which made an appearance in "Thelma and Louise."



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