

THE RELIABLE SOURCE

Roseanne Barr looks for a sympathetic ear as she defends her infamous tweet in a TV interview. **c2**



OPERA REVIEW

A strong trio delivers a fine performance of the “Ring” cycle’s greatest hits at Wolf Trap. **c2**



MUSIC REVIEW

Arctic Monkeys bring the lounge to the Anthem as they promote their latest, moon-themed album. **c5**

CAROLYN HAX

A mom-to-be worries about the consequences of her relatives learning a donor egg was used. **c8**



JACKIE MOLLOY FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Parker Posey celebrates the release of her memoir, “You’re On an Airplane,” with friends in New York.

Parker Posey is looking for a connection

In memoir, ’90s indie icon mulls over past, our place in the world

BY DAN ZAK

NEW YORK — Parker Posey is deep into turban territory. Turbanettes, really. Headscarves. She’ll say they’re for being witchy, but they also keep her head from exploding, or from floating away like a Thai lantern. Sometimes she feels as if that’s going to happen. It’s a side effect of swinging between exhilaration and despair, of feeling out of step, out of place, out of time.

She has a Sharpie in one hand and a cigarette in the other. Her book party has spilled from a small banquet room onto the fifth-floor terrace of a private literary club in Manhattan. The turbanette is red tonight, a silent siren against the noisy gray dusk and brown monoliths of Midtown. She’s hugging and posing and signing copies of her new memoir. Wineglasses shatter on the stone, to applause.

A couple of hours earlier, she taped the “Tonight Show” with her old pal Jimmy Fallon. “We used to go dancing at Don Hill’s,” he reminisced to Posey, who is now 23 years removed from “Party Girl,” the movie that made the post-grunge generation want to move to New York and rave till dawn.

PARKER CONTINUED ON C5

Fallout for top violinist after alleged harassment

BY ANNE MIDGETTE
AND PEGGY MCGLONE

The Cleveland Orchestra has suspended violinist William Preucil, its concertmaster of 23 years, “until further notice” while opening an investigation into allegations of sexual harassment leveled at him in an article in The Washington Post.

“The Cleveland Orchestra was not aware of the allegations reported by The Washington Post about William Preucil in their July 26, 2018 article,” said the statement from André Gremillet, the orchestra’s executive director, released to the media on Friday afternoon. “We take this matter very seriously and will promptly conduct an independent investigation. Mr. Preucil has been suspended until further notice.”

The Cleveland Institute of Music, where Preucil is a longtime faculty member, was less decisive Friday, when the school’s president and CEO, Paul W. Hogle, said in a statement that the school was “deeply troubled by The Washington Post story discussing issues of sexual harassment in classical music but will not comment on specific allegations made in the article.” On Saturday afternoon, however, Preucil resigned his teaching post, CIM spokeswoman Amy Brondyke confirmed.

In the article, violinist Zeneba Bowers said Preucil assaulted her in his hotel room after a lesson when she was a fellow at the New World Symphony, the country’s leading training orchestra for young professionals, in 1998. Other musicians confirmed Preucil’s reputation for inappropriate advances.

The story also mentioned an
CLEVELAND CONTINUED ON C2

A poignant byline for a potent scoop



Margaret Sullivan

On July 27, 1974, the House Judiciary Committee voted to adopt the first of three articles of impeachment against President Richard Nixon,

charging he had personally tried to obstruct justice in the Watergate case.

Nixon would resign in disgrace less than two weeks later.

As every history buff and journalism nerd knows, that very likely would not have happened without the dogged investigative reporting of a couple of young Washington Post reporters: Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein.

There is no more famous double byline in the history of the American press.

So it was both fitting and slightly surreal — precisely 44 years later — to see Bernstein on cable news, talking about a story that had been published the previous day, one that also carried his name.

The tripled-bylined CNN story said that President Trump, according to his former lawyer Michael Cohen, knew about the infamous July 2016 meeting in Trump Tower between Russian representatives and Trump’s associates, including his son Donald Trump Jr.

If there is a single throughline from the doomed Nixon presidency to the troubled Trump presidency, it may be Carl Bernstein.

I caught up with Bernstein, an author and CNN analyst,
SULLIVAN CONTINUED ON C3

MUSIC REVIEW

Beyoncé and Jay-Z make couples therapy feel like karaoke night

BY CHRIS RICHARDS

Ever look across a crowded room and see a beautiful couple gazing into one another’s eyes as they chant the refrain of C-Murder’s “Down for My N’s” and think, “Wow, those two must really be in love?”

That was the vibe on Friday night at Maryland’s FedEx Field, where Beyoncé and Jay-Z were plowing through the hits — including a duet of C-Murder’s vintage New Orleans rap anthem, delivered with gusto, as if pop’s mightiest power couple were recycling a Louisiana blood oath into the coolest marriage vows of all time.

It almost felt voyeuristic. But when it comes to the dynamics of star-worship, the punk maestro Kim Gordon probably said it best: “People pay money to see others believe in themselves.” On Friday, a big crowd had paid big money to see if two superstars still believe in their marriage. Beyoncé had famously blasted her husband for his infidelity on her 2016 masterstroke, “Lemonade,” and in 2017, Jay responded with an act of contrition titled “4:44.” Now they’re touring in the wake of “Everything is Love,” a new joint album penned under their family name, the Carters.

The album sets 25 months of successful couples therapy to



RAVEN VARONA/PARKWOOD/PICTUREGROUP

Beyoncé and Jay-Z perform at FedEx Field on Friday as part of their On the Run II tour. A big crowd paid big money to see whether music’s mightiest power couple still believe in their marriage.

rhythm and melody, but strangely, they performed only one song from it on Friday — a jouncing rendition of “Ape\$h-t” that closed the show. But you might not have noticed until the lights came up.

That’s because this concert was designed to dazzle more than dazzle, from the towering video screens, to the eruptive subwoofers, to the platoon of dancers and backing musicians who got busy on a multitiered stage that looked like the set from “Hollywood Squares” gone Incredible Hulk. Even the night’s sharpest political gestures — Beyoncé raising a fist, Jay-Z sporting Kevlar — felt subtle amid all the flash and boom.

Beyoncé’s voice, though? Somehow, it sounded bigger than ever, especially during “I Care,” a ballad that allowed her to ventilate her heart in a sonorous roar, then sing along to a shredding guitar solo in perfect falsetto curlicues. We live in exceedingly hyperbolic times, but in that astonishing moment, could anyone deny that she was the most powerful vocalist alive?

And while it took a few years, those superpowers seem to have finally knocked Jay-Z out of character — maybe for the better. He has always rapped as if he were standing on top of the planet, but during “Family Feud” and “’03 Bonnie & Clyde,” he was simply
ON THE RUN CONTINUED ON C3