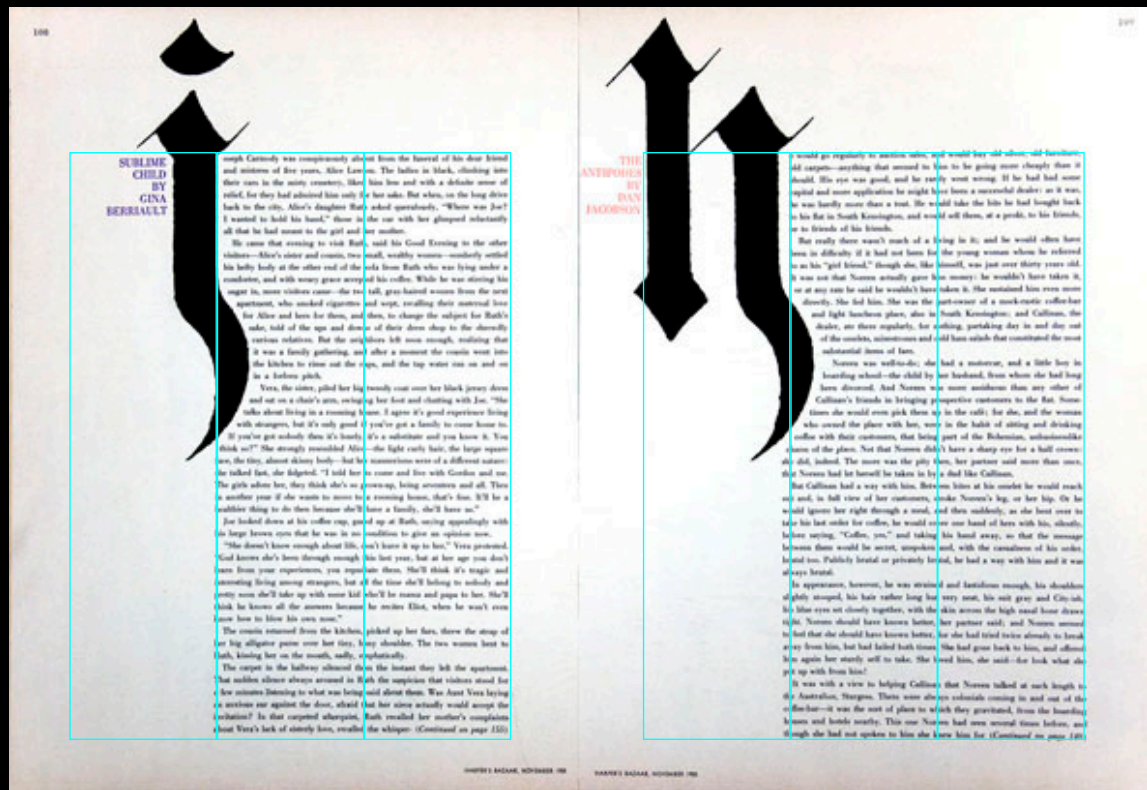
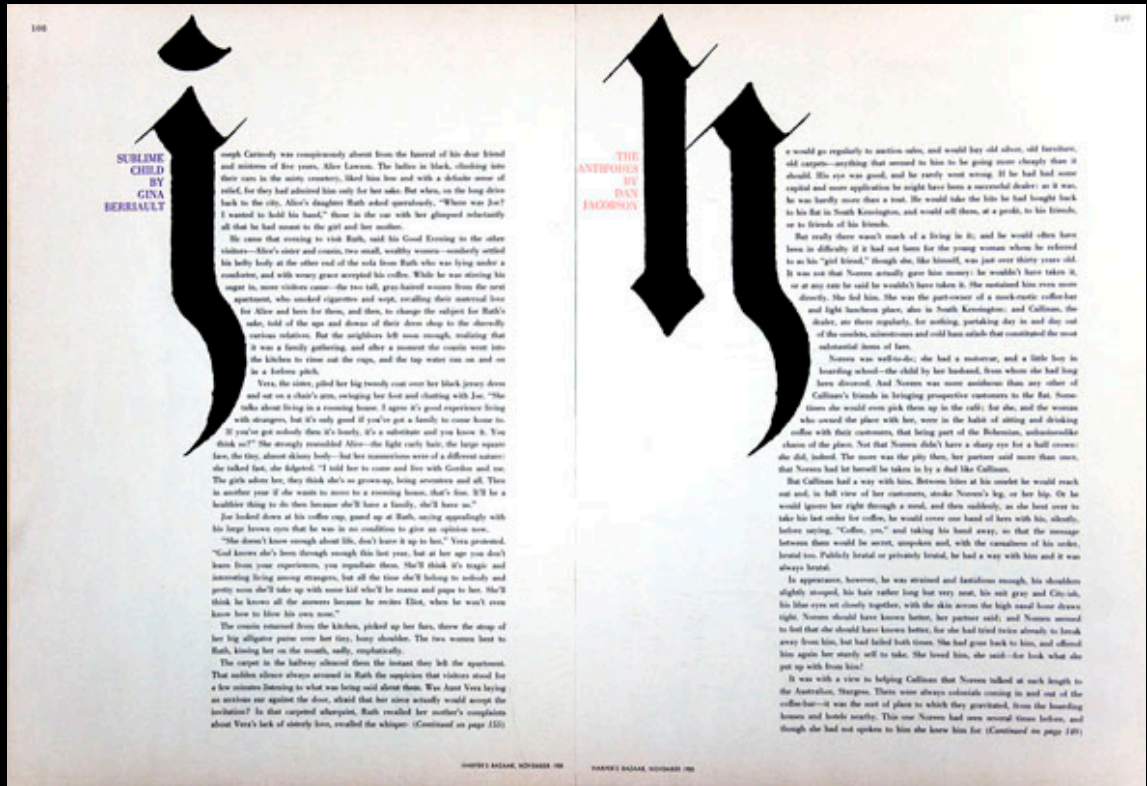


# GRIDS









tongue but without eyes, when I saw the sign demarcating the road of the devil. It was a joke, really.

I just wanted to see where Satan's highway would take me, to see whether the run-down stores with hand-painted signs would make some snide reference to it, play off of it, capitalize on souvenirs. An offshoot of the original Route 66, it is a short, two-laned road that runs north from Gallup, New Mexico, through Cortez (as in the Conquistador), Colorado, terminating in Monticello, Utah. It runs for what seems forever, straddling the lost and ancient civilizations that lived in Chaco Canyon and Mesa Verde, Canyon de Chelly and Natural Bridges. The northern terminus isn't far from where the Hole in the Wall Gang and Butch Cassidy hung, near the Biblical rock of Moab. You won't find any signs marked "Route 66" when you actually traverse it—photo ops are limited. Most are probably stolen, or maybe the locals take them down, like the old hippies who live in Bolinas. Or maybe they just take them down because they still believe in god there. They speak another language on Route 66, an idiom not much different from anywhere else in bumfuck USA. I know it well. I grew up learning to despise it, yearning for the values of an urban center that I'd only see on television. It doesn't surprise me that Oliver Stone chose Route 66 for Mick and Mallory. The landscape is emptied out of what you'd consider American towns and people and technology, as though

the great divide between an agrarian culture and an urban one finally stretched so thin that it snapped. A far more surreal reality than any on TV. Almost nothing but nature there, nothing to buy or watch or consume.

We thanked Sparky before we killed him, cut him up, and had him for steak one winter. It horrifies our more urban relatives that we would actually know and slaughter our own food. They find it shocking, repulsive, that it didn't come wrapped in plastic and Styrofoam, lying on what looks like the same absorbent material they use for menstrual pads. Mom pickled Sparky's tongue as a delicacy that Christmas, and finally didn't care that I photographed her in the kitchen, up to her arms in viscera. Disembodiment is a big deal in cyberspace. Meat (physical bodies) are nearly despised, or considered incidental. I don't really understand why the Cartesian mind/body split accelerates in CSpace, takes a firmer hold, if you will. It's as though these guys have never experienced the sensation of disembodiment in meditation or drugs or a really good fuck. It probably has to do with the physiognomies of the nerds, boys. I mean, even the acclimated heroes of the Brave New World adhere to the stereotype, but as older, balder, heavier versions, with bad haircuts and lack of discretion in clothing, spectacles, and grooming habits. It's no wonder they want to leave that behind, but why replace it with the ideal of a metal he-man? The studmules of the future, as depicted in television and film and cartoons, quite especially when associated with technology, are prime specimens of a laughable and dubious need for physical strength. When it all comes time for a showdown, it isn't between pimply-faced nerd-boys who can outprogram each other into oblivion; no, it is inevitably a physical struggle. Still, it is nearly disturbing to encounter the dissonance of a Fleshmeet once you've known someone for a long time in CSpace, and that's when

I start to wonder about Benjamin's aura.

## THEY EAT THEIR YOUNG. Walter Benjamin, sometime early hero of postmodern culture-vultures,

seems to have taken some of Plato's ideas of the cave allegory, and related it to technology of the Modern Era. There was a time, he said, before the technologies of the printing press, photography, and cinema could reproduce art. Art had an "aura" and wasn't a commodity fetish then: the "thing itself," not merely the representation of the thing, had a privileged relationship to society.

I often think the idea related to my grandpa's grandpa, spirit resides in his coffin. But, as Benjamin went on to explain rather elliptically, this aura was problematized by capitalism. Doyle said, photography is a material thing and can reproduce it infinitely. Benjamin said this aura, made it available to capitalistic ideology, a potentially redemptive and Jean Baudrillard to claim that the photograph no longer refers to something in an endless interplay of signs. I wonder about how this all relates to cyberspace is probably not so much a return to the cave as much as

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I'm often transfixed by to orange and red, burning hot white and blue. I can't get it out of my head that they bear an uncanny resemblance to Fallopian tubes. Reproductive envy, I think. It makes a lot more sense than ascribing ultimate power and authority to some droopy wad of flesh that bears little scale to any other human peripherals other than a tongue or a turd. The authority rhetoric of the Bachelor Machines in cyberspace pointedly and always revolves around the "thrust" of the argument, "penetrating" insights, and "dissemination" of information. If only they'd do it slower, for pleasure instead of control, they'd enjoy stickier, juicier responses, and more of them.

It's no surprise that these frontiersmen thrill in the metaphor of the colonist. The western world, like some prize in a TV game show, was created especially for them. Or so their well-bred sense of entitlement tells them. The rest of us in the "real" world, however, are increasingly intolerant of being denied privileges of this exclusive club world and contest it. The dry riverbed before them then, they have the greatest need to perpetuate themselves, to reproduce themselves in CSpace. And a perfect place it is. There, the Bachelor Machines have no need for meat or women to reproduce themselves, their world, their ideologies. Their dreams of "disembodiment" make sense there, because instead of needing to develop an understanding of sex or pleasure without the need for dominance and control, they can experience the sensation of disembodiment without also having to lose control to god, someone else, or to their own body. And power and control are everything, are de rigueur. Imagine: control freaks in an age of interactivity. They proclaim the advantages of democracy of information, of open-ended systems that encourage interactivity—so long as they are the ultimate creators, that is.



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THE

A view of Rome, a pristine computer screen, a photograph of Basquiat, an I.B.M. 196c typewriter, the ghost of another author. For these five writers — each of whom releases a new book this fall — all they need to inspire is within these walls.

WRITER'S ROOM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN LETHEM

106

T Q&A: The New York Times Style Magazine

JONATHAN LETHEM

The study at the author's summer house in Blue Hill, Me., where he is a co-owner of the used-book store Red Cup.

I'VE WRITTEN PORTIONS of six or seven books in this study, but it doesn't really belong to me. The above is which the desk is set, the field and tree line through the windows, the surrounding acre, all of these are borrowed from another writer, named Esther Wood, whose grandfather built this farmhouse. She lived and wrote in this house for many years, and then for a long time after she's lost her eyesight she went on living here, until she, at age 87, died in the bedroom upstairs, so had her father and grandfather, in all likelihood. Her books have titles like "Deep Root: A Maine Legacy" and "Saltwater Season." For decades a columnist for The Ellsworth American, Wood was a descendant of this town's 19th-century founder, and the local historian, really, a living emblem of the town's relationship to its own history, which remains here. In our neighborhood Wood is a more famous writer than I could ever possibly be. I've long since learned that if I want a plumber or electrician to visit the place, or simply in explaining where I live to someone local, it's best to cut to the chase and say "Esther Wood's house."

We've altered the house as little as possible. I commissioned the built-in bookshelves, which were carpentered to keep to the look of the building; the room seemed to have been waiting for them. While sitting here writing my mostly urban books I've watched deer, fox and bobcats cross our field, which must be some sort of forest preserve. I always figure the creatures are auditioning for a cameo in Esther Wood's latest book or column. They've got the wrong writer.

Lethem's "Disident Gardens" (Doubleday) tells the epic family saga of three generations of radical lefties in New York City.

September/October 2013

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107









## THE CONSENSUS OF OPINION

YOUR SKIRT will be thirteen or fourteen inches off the ground, your hips slim, your skirt generally straight and often pleated. If it's a Viennet, the jacket will be fastened once at the waist. If a Chanel, it will be a loose box-coat stopping square at the hip. If a Schiaparelli, then a finger-tip jacket hanging free from a nice neat yoke. If a Molyneux, a short new jacket over a pleated skirt. Five to one it will be dark blue. And it won't be a loud tuxed unless it's British, or a wild checked plaid jacket topping a plain skirt by Schiaparelli. Your coat will be full length, very likely collarless or made with a plain raincoat collar. It won't lap over and it won't have any fur. Know a Viennet by the tricky wide folded cut of its shoulders and by its elbow sleeves. Mark the Chanel when you see a coat cut square as a monk and loose as a boy's Barbers. If it's slim and straight and collarless or square-shouldered and fastened high on the chest with three leather birds with real little eyes, it's surely a Schiaparelli. UNDER THE COAT you'll wear a blouse or vest of glistening white pipai or silk or neat white rayon. There may be suspenders holding up your skirt (Chanel). There may be a sack swathed low about your hips under a short belted jacket (Molyneux). Or you may have a blue wool dress with a circular ballet skirt with a candy-striped taffeta petticoat kicking out in the swirls (Mainbocher). Your dress may be pleated. Often printed. Sometimes printed and pleated. The prints will be dots and circles, not flowers, and you may have to pull your cape or hood over your collarless coat (Viennet). Your neck will be shallow. It may blouse with color at the top. It may be a chiffon pill-box or a straw, bound with multi-colored chiffons (Suzi). It might be a bowler with a coarse mesh veil (Schiaparelli). Or a stitched black taffeta skull cap with a huge cluster of flowers on the forehead. Or a fruit-trimmed toque (Reboux). Or a square felt beret. Or a shallow black grosgrain sailor with a shaded pink veil. YOUR EYES, EARS will be white or white and black, bluish purple or splashed with multi-colored flowers in all the sun-shot colors of modern art. You'll wear plain sheer fabrics. You'll wear diaphanous nets and meshes and silk and rayon jerseys and an enormous amount of crepe satin, especially in white. You'll have one shoulder to suit Viennet. Run almost everything to please Alex. Try beaded dresses and prints à la Mainbocher. Lift your waistline and switch your petticoats for Schiaparelli. Drop your waistline for Molyneux. Spike your hair with girlie-girl ornaments for Lanvin. You'll wear satin evening coats, made like Napoleon's dressing-gown—and transparent evening coats that show the dress beneath. You'll go right on wearing evening jackets to night clubs. And at home, neat tailored pyjamas, not the trailing tea-gown.

Left: Mainbocher's triumph in black net with long tight sleeves that stand up on the shoulders and button tight at the wrist. The skirt is unpleated to drift away behind. The fan is stiffened net and satin. And the robe, a narrow grosgrain moire ribbon runs round the bodice and steps high, capped by a climax of red grosgrains. At Bendel and L. Vagins, California.



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## Ocean Engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

MIT's Department of Ocean Engineering is devoted to advancing research in the design and construction of offshore structures and systems. The Department is a leader in the study of the interaction of structures and the ocean environment.

Major research areas include:

- Structural analysis and design
- Hydrodynamic analysis
- Offshore systems
- Offshore operations and maintenance
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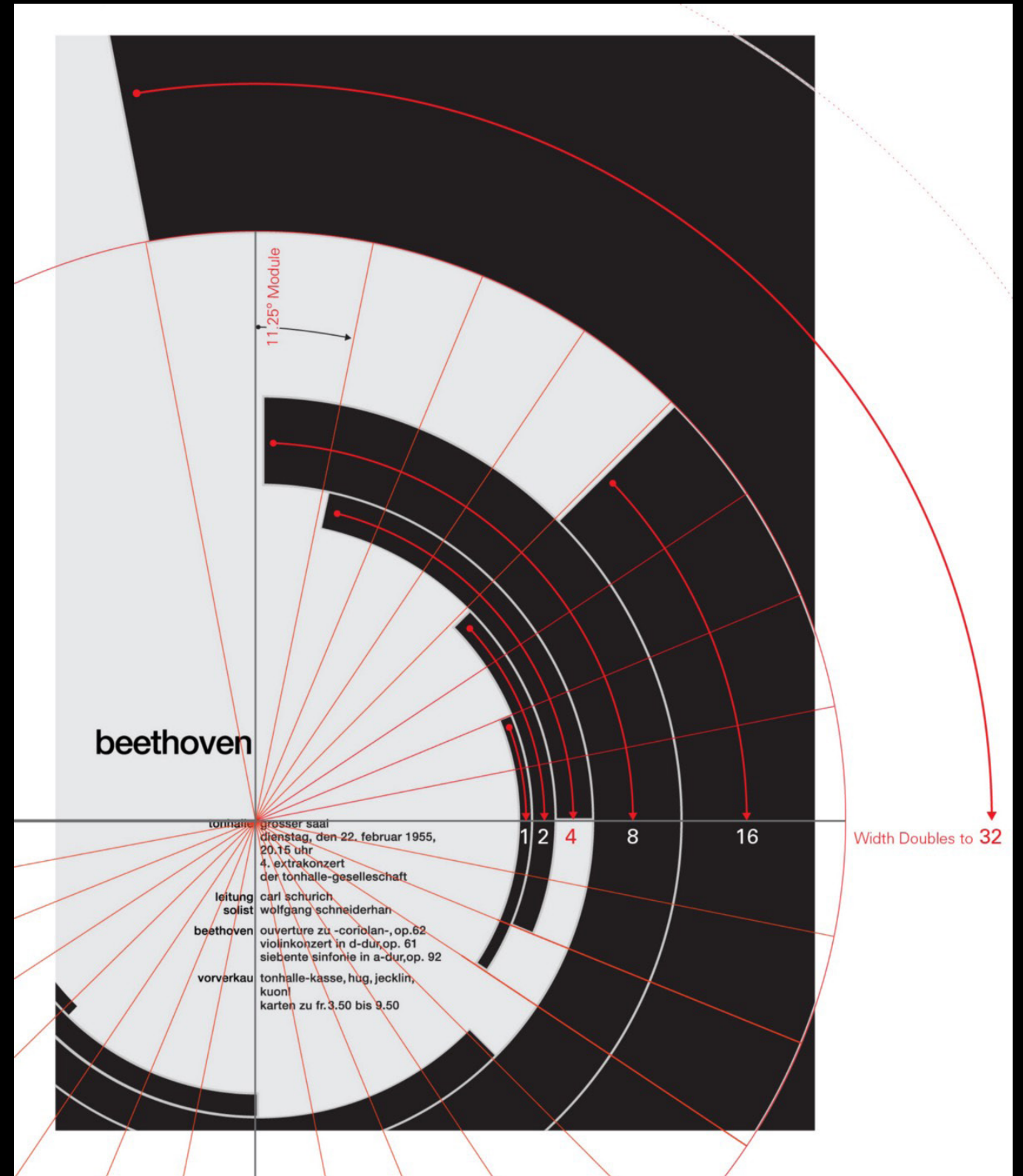
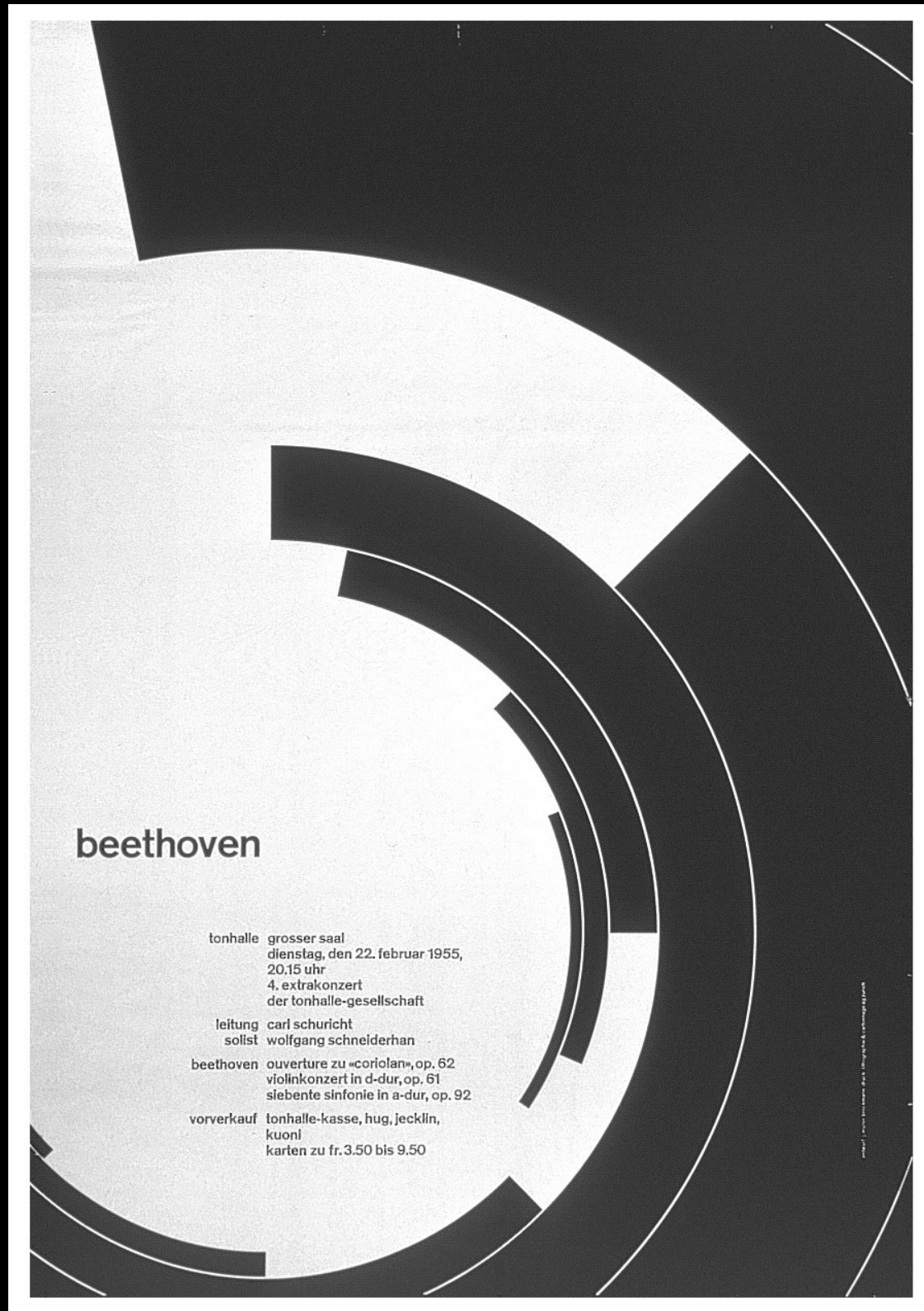
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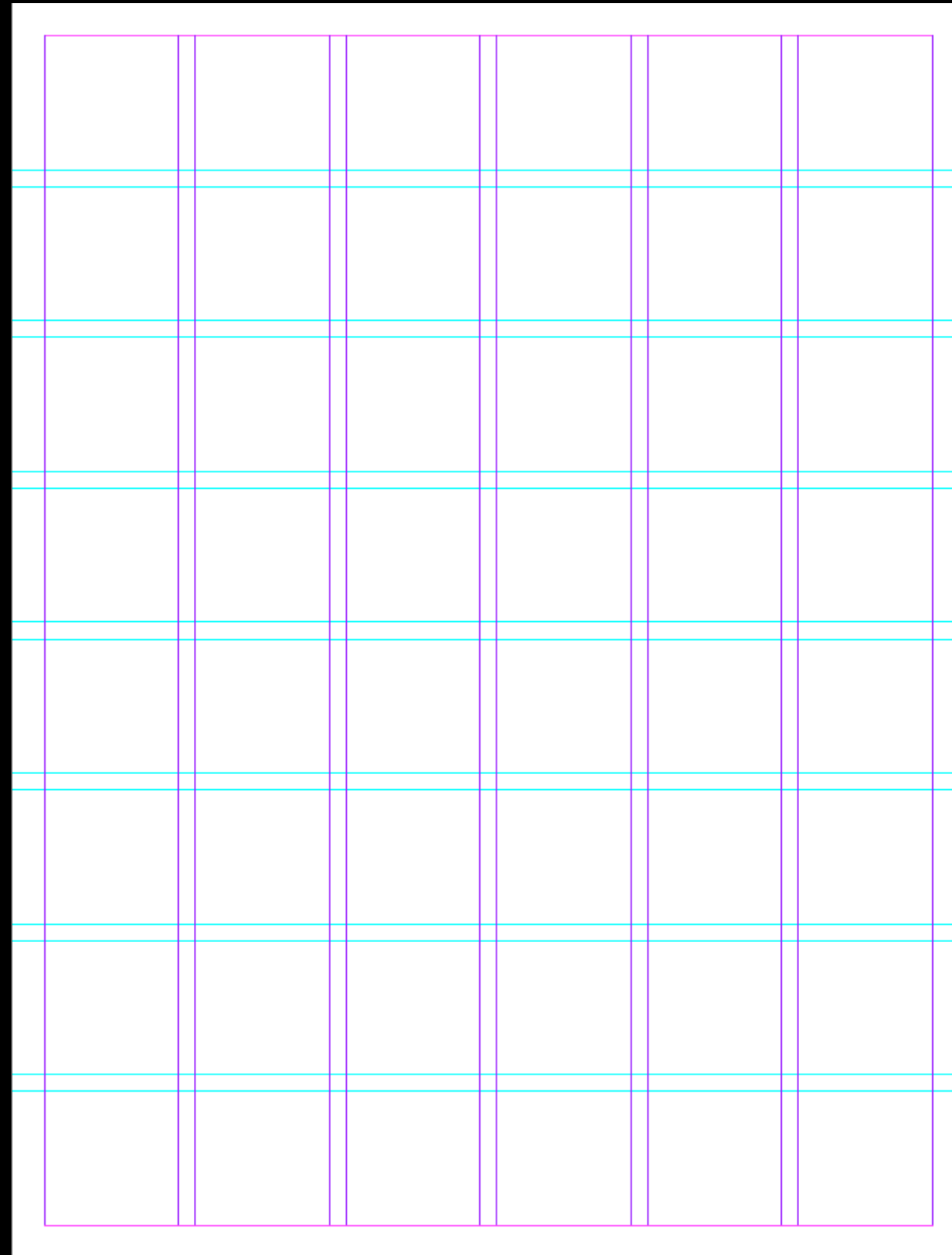




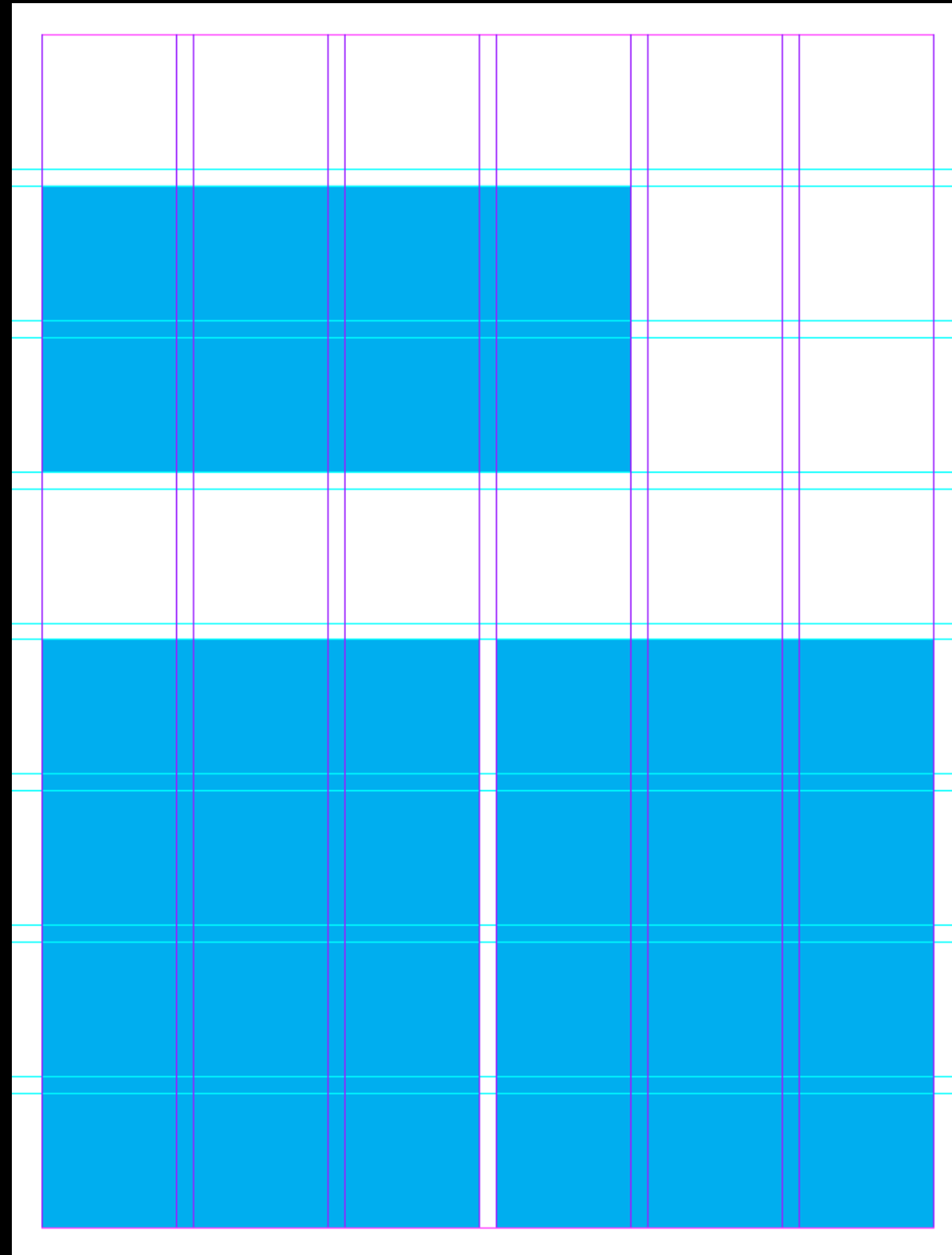


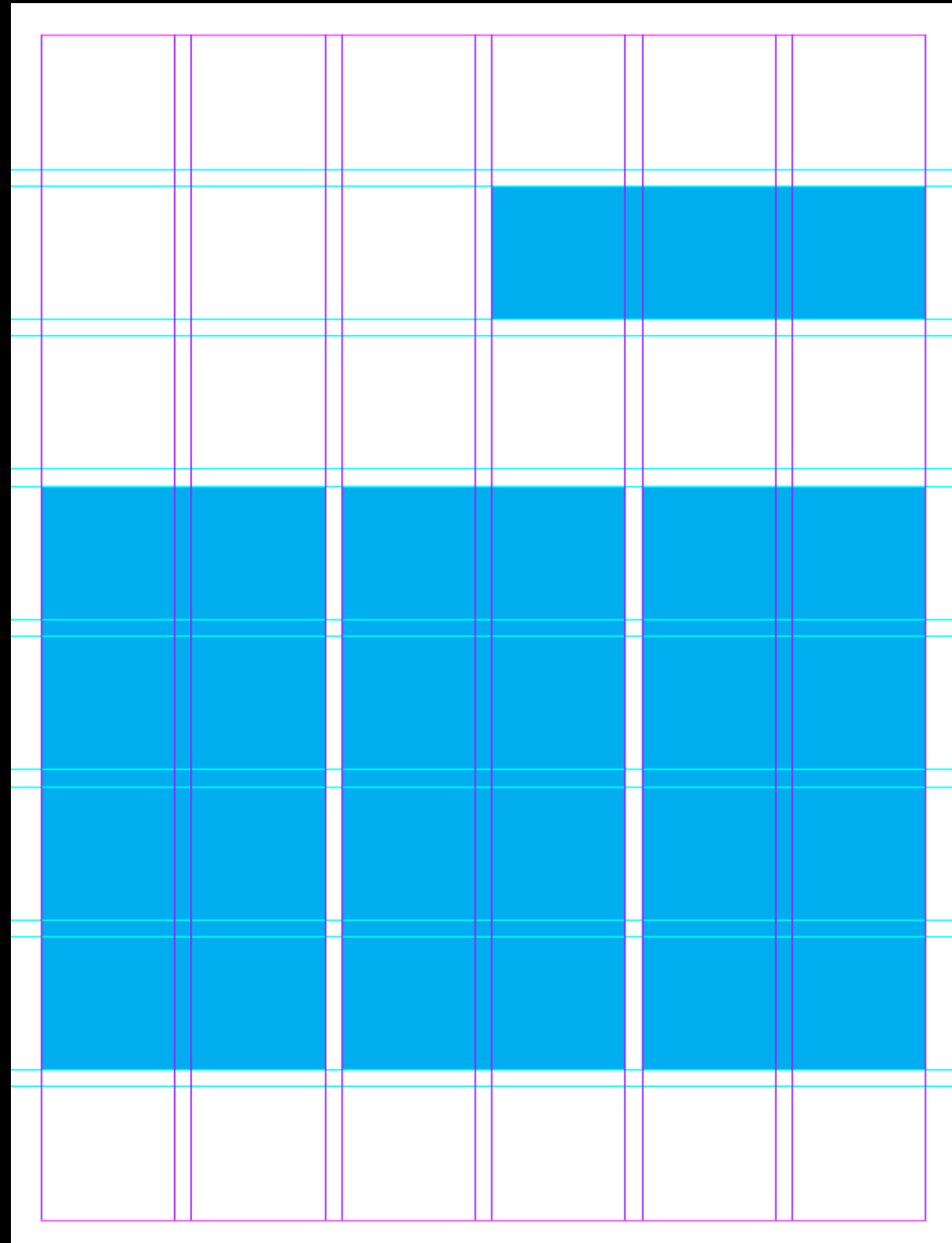


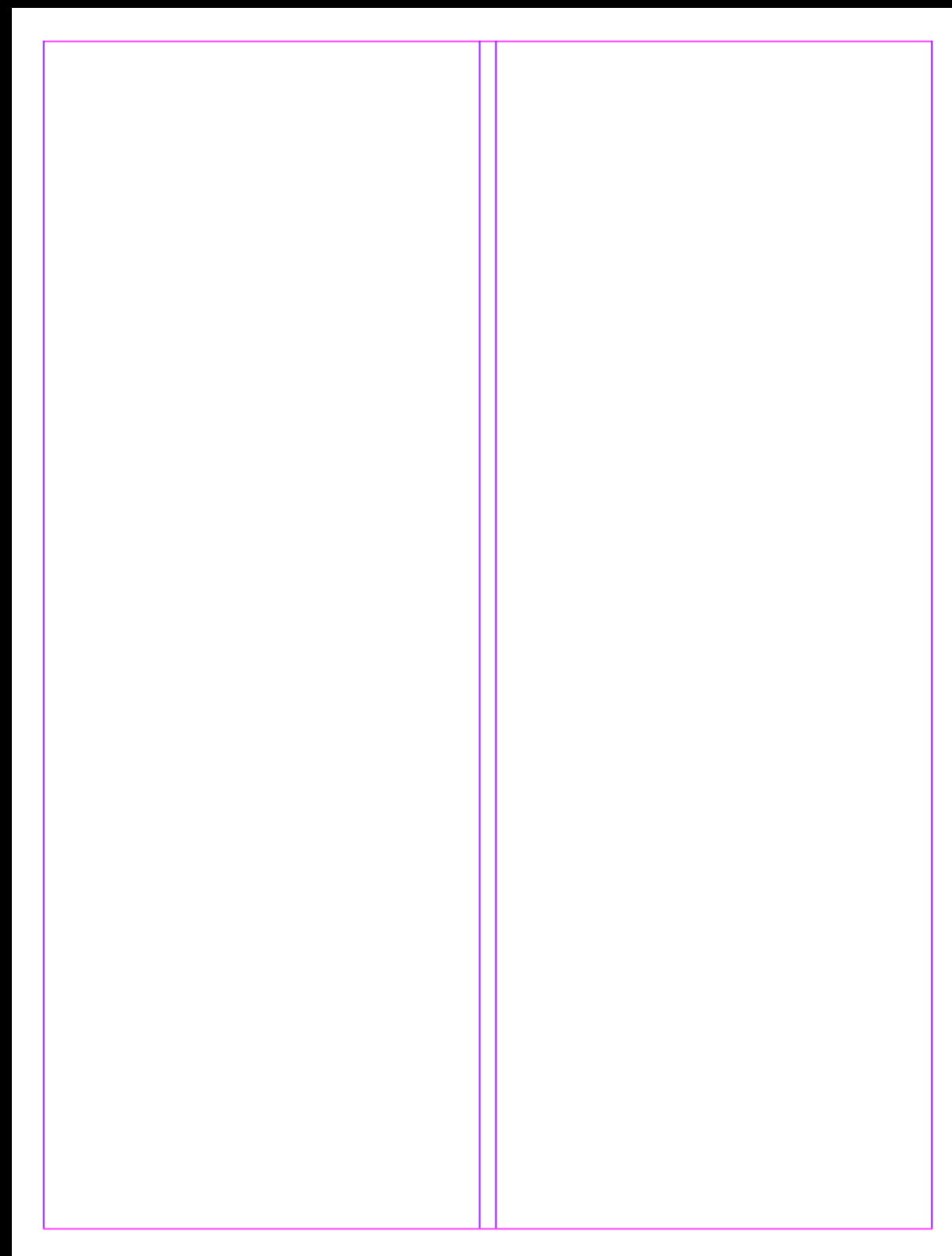
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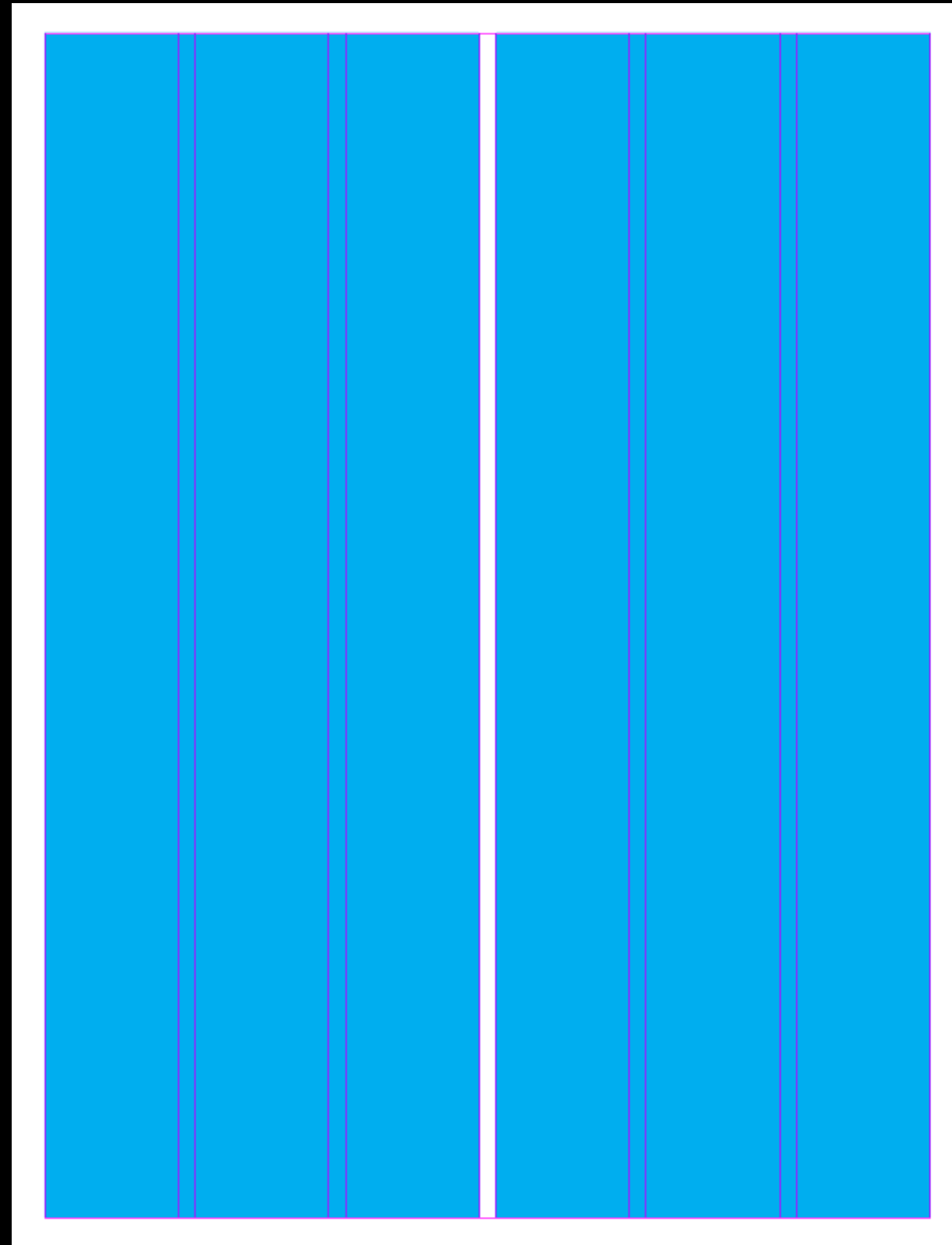




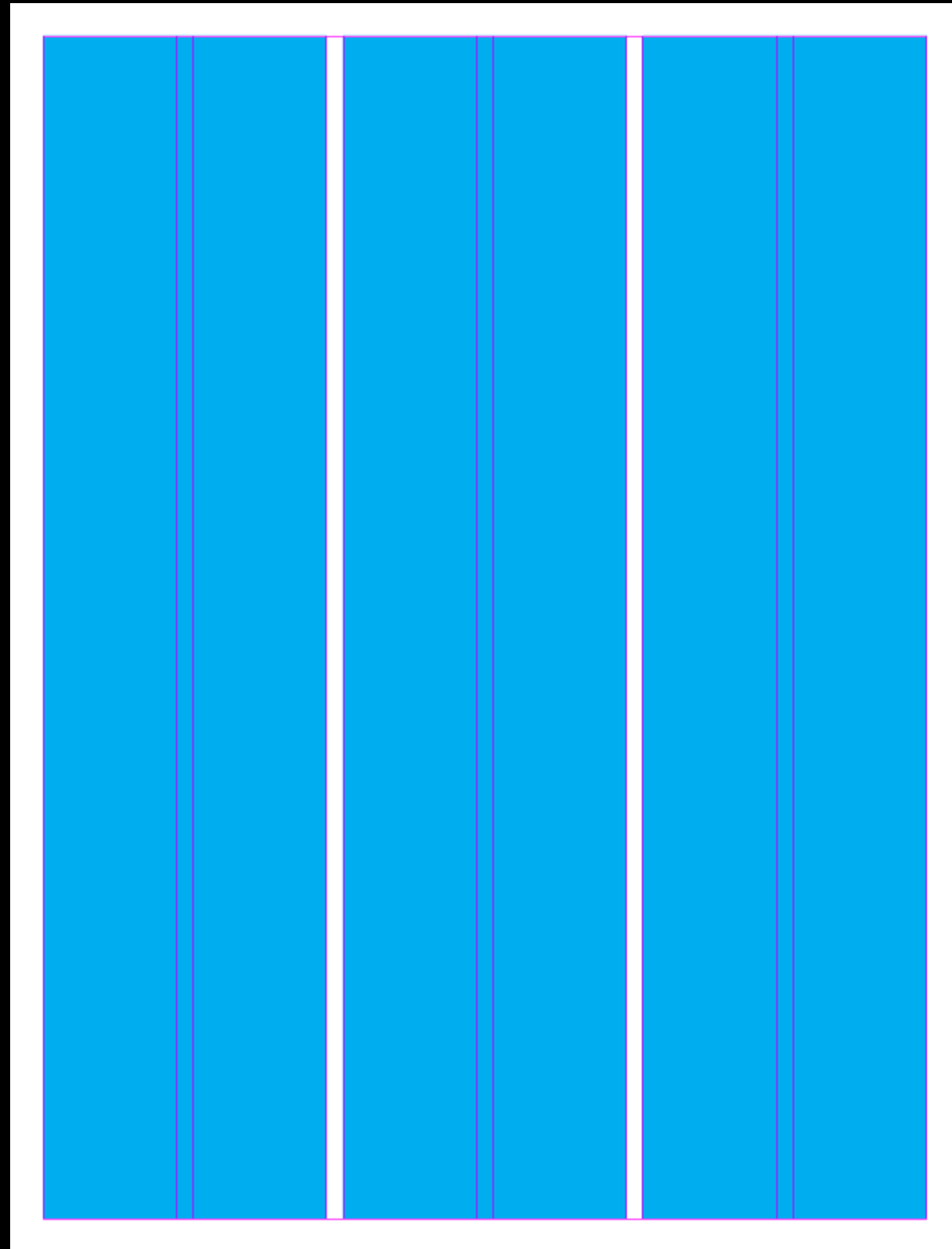




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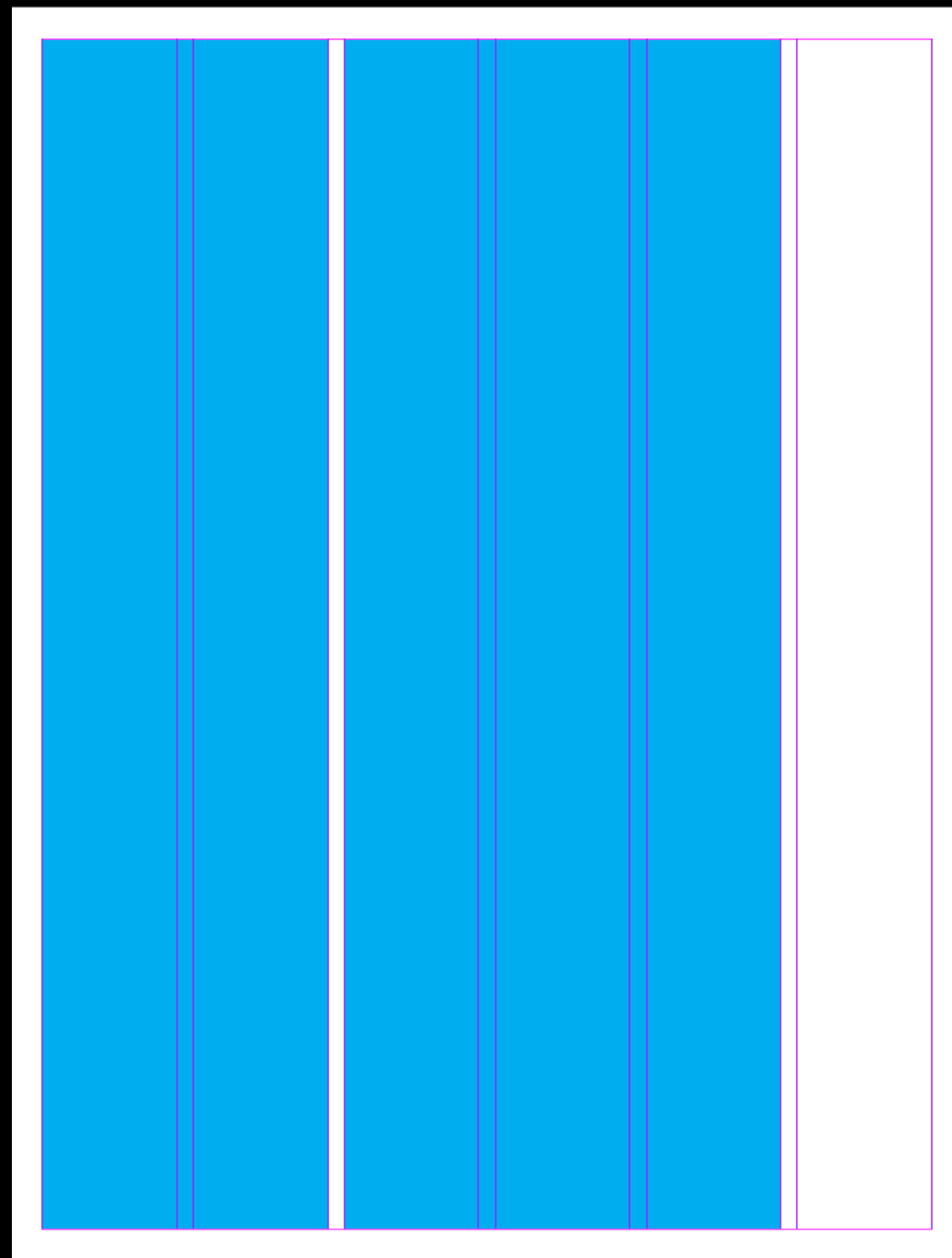


**FORMATTING GRIDS** | Six Column

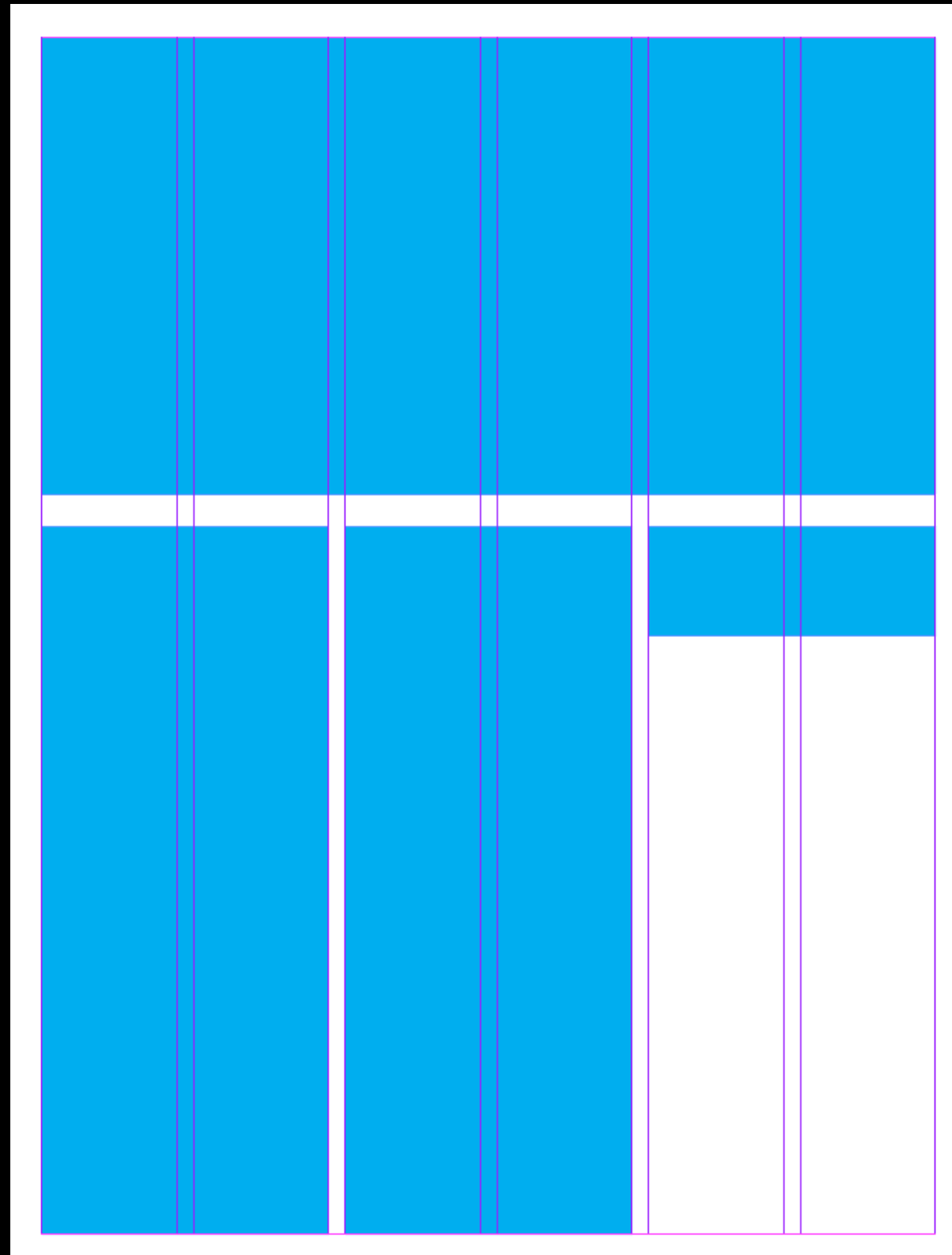


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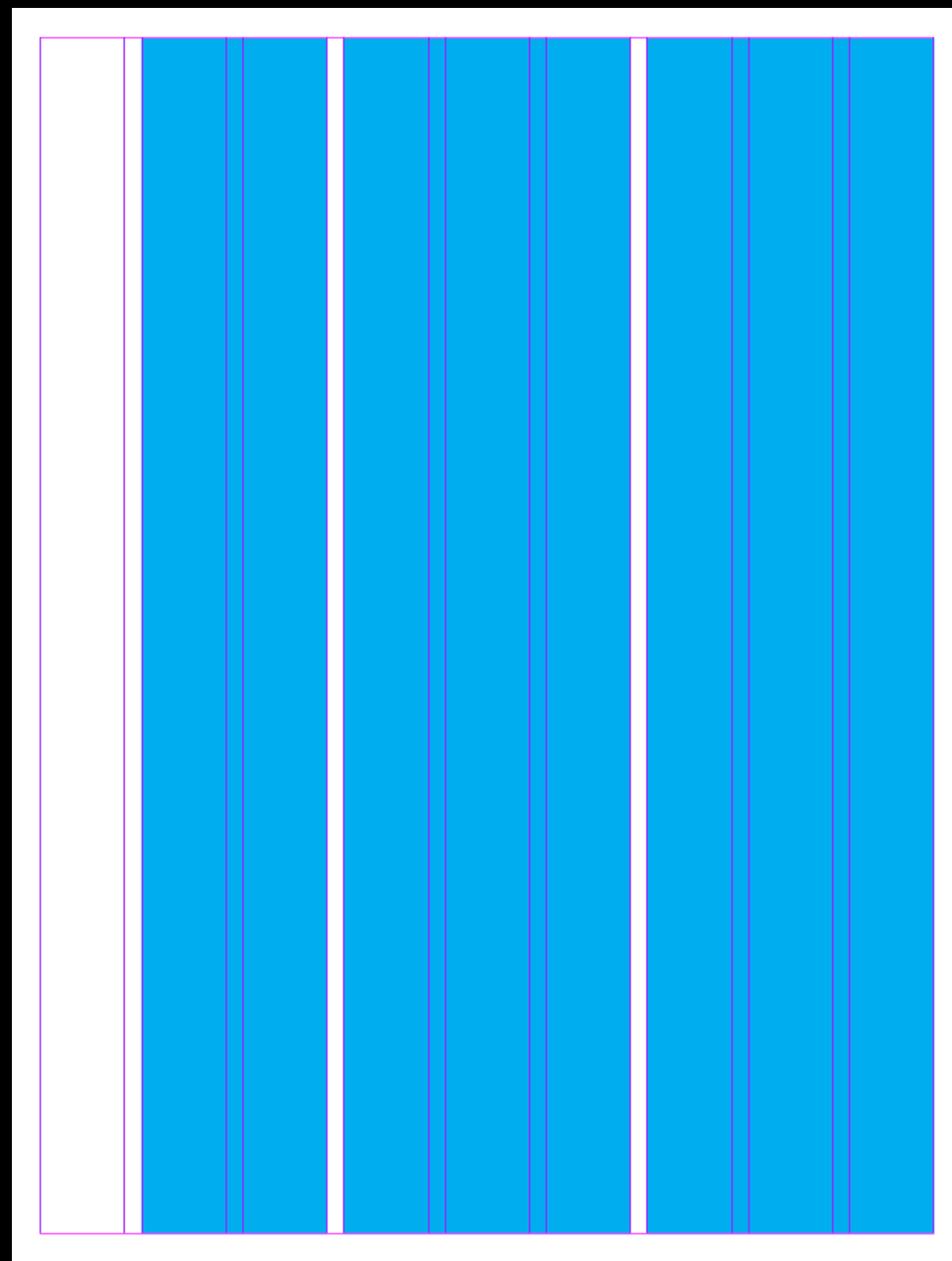
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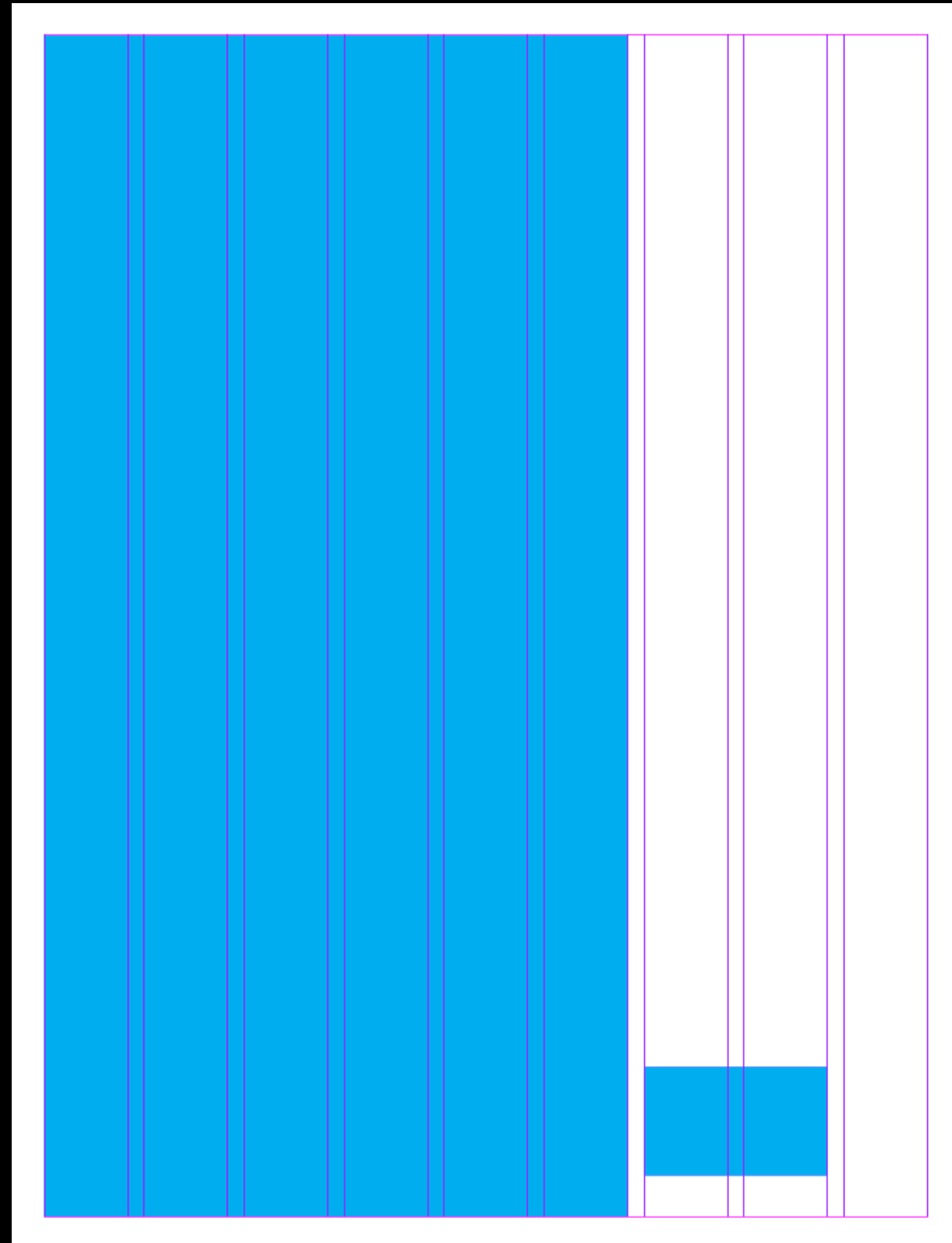
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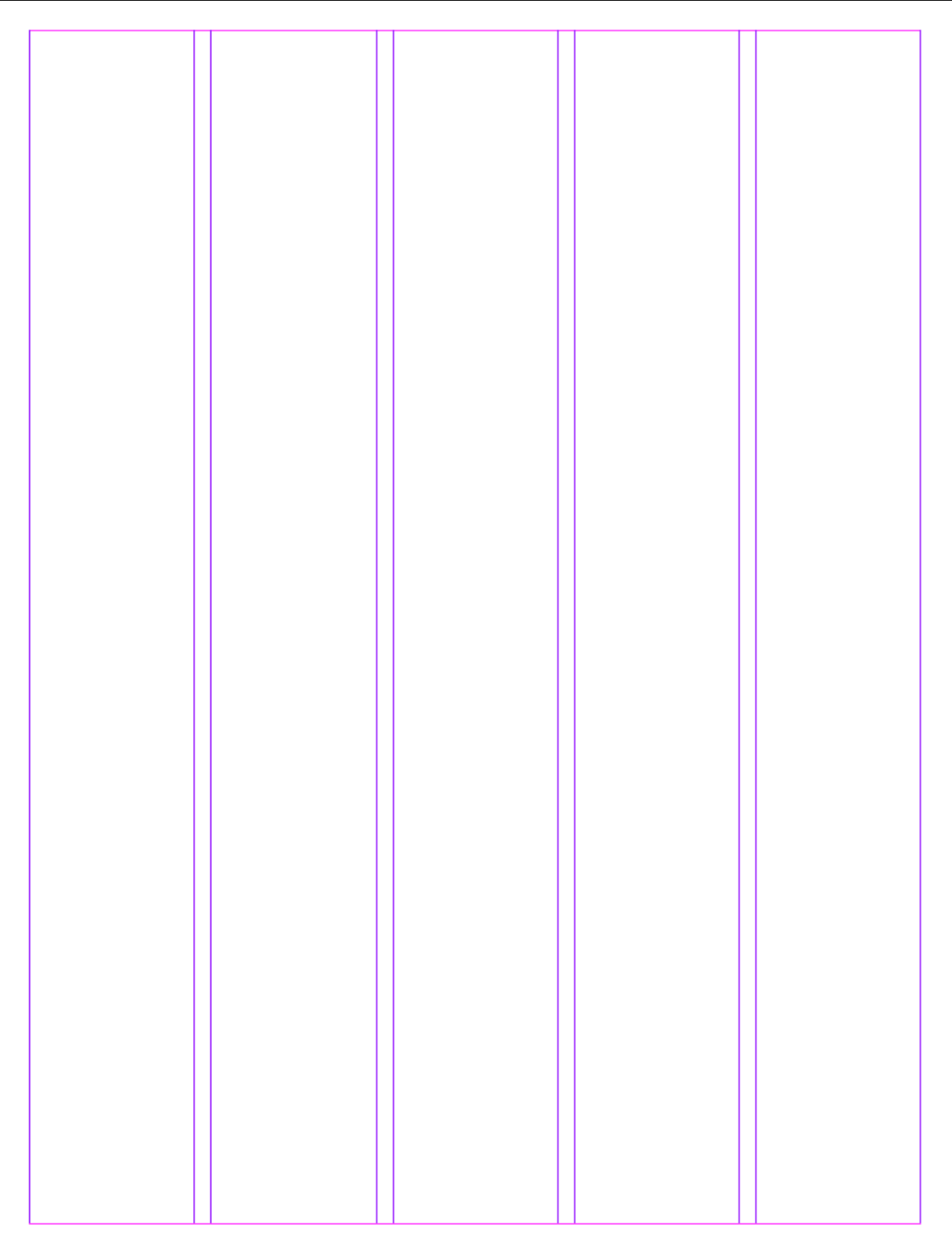




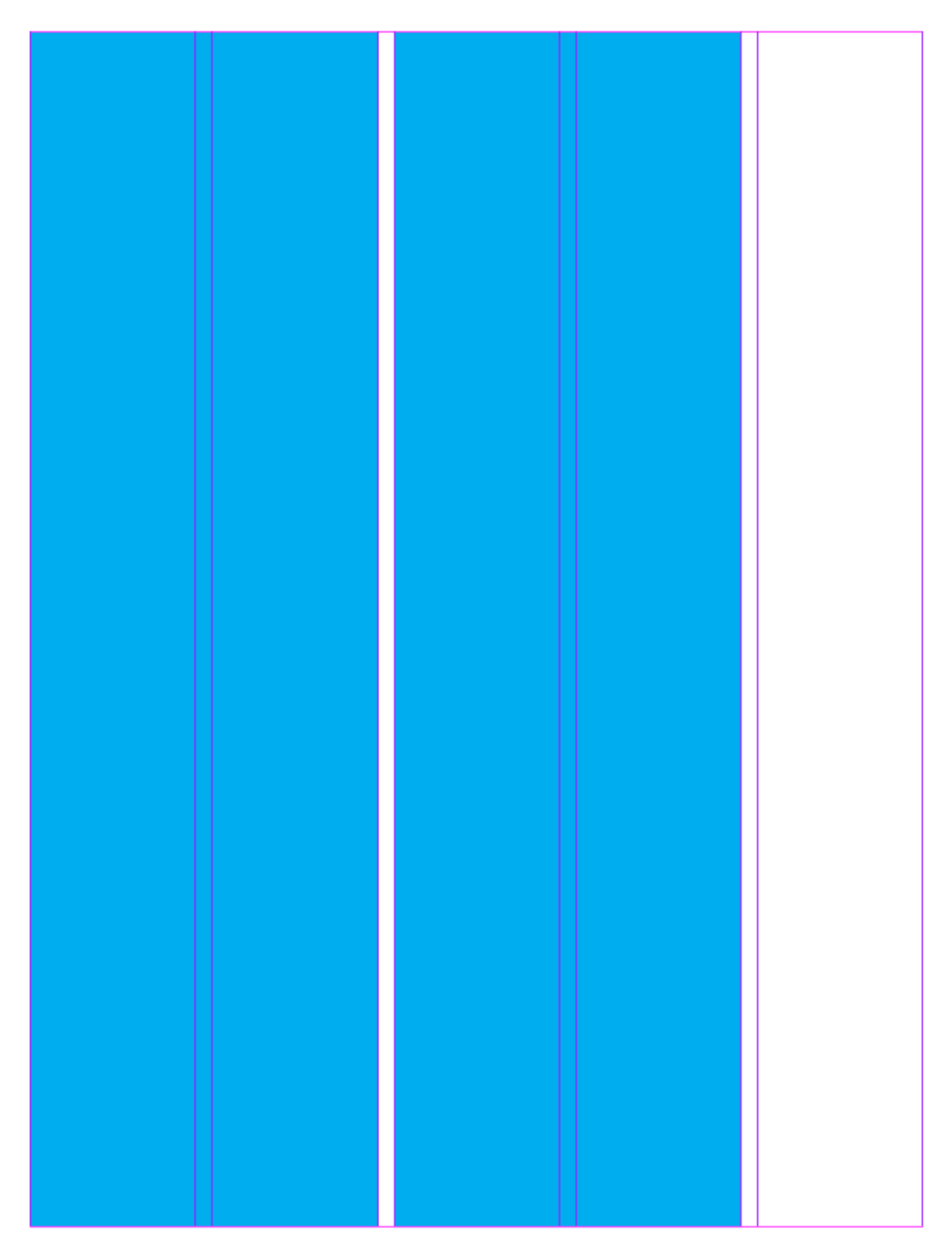
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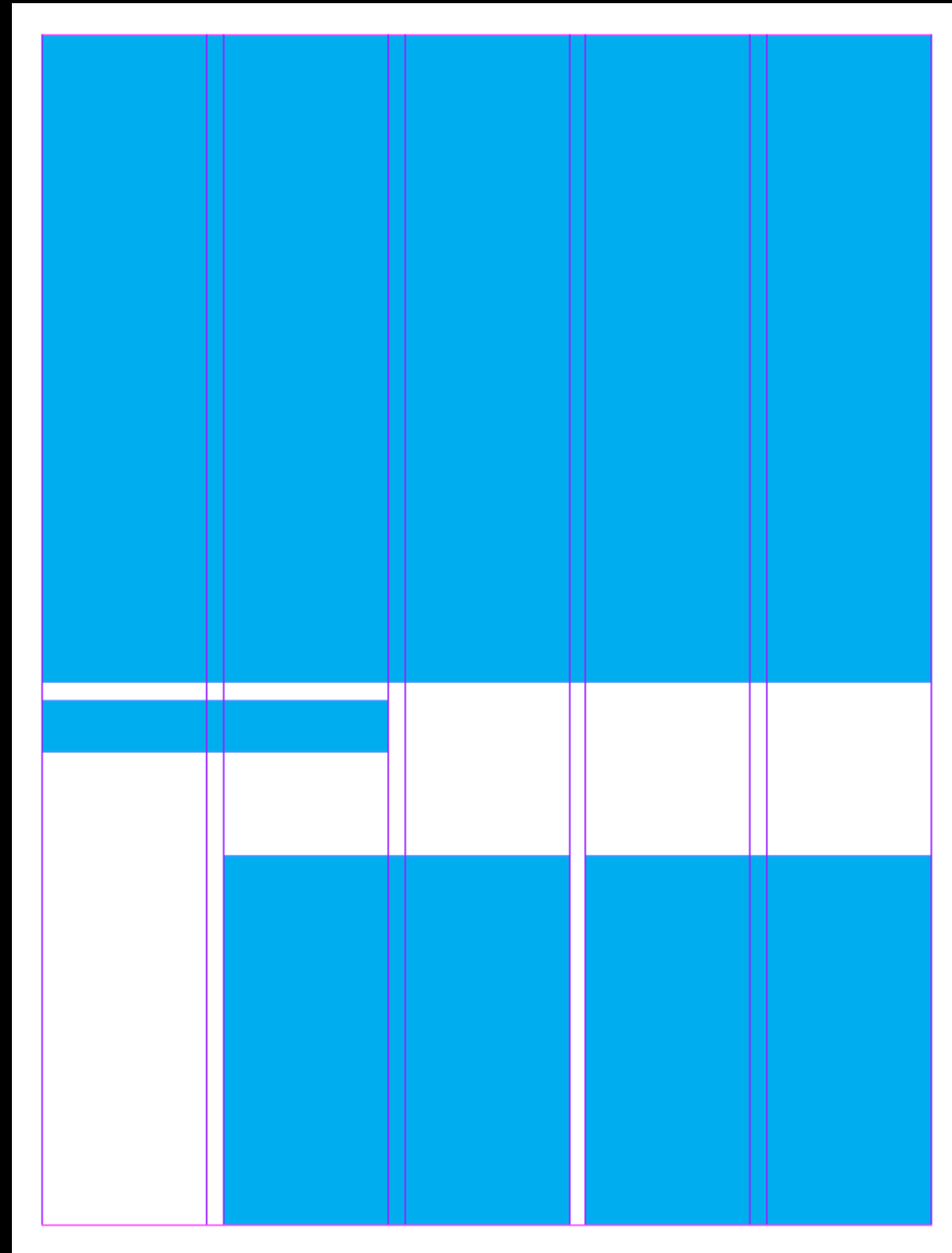


**FORMATTING GRIDS** | Nine Column









**FORMATTING GRIDS** | Five Column