

The New York Times Magazine

October 22, 2017

**What Did
Amy Cuddy Do
Wrong?**

**As a young
social psychologist,
she played by the
rules and won big:**

**an influential
study, a viral TED talk,
a prestigious
job at Harvard.**

**Then, suddenly, the
rules changed.
By Susan Dominus**



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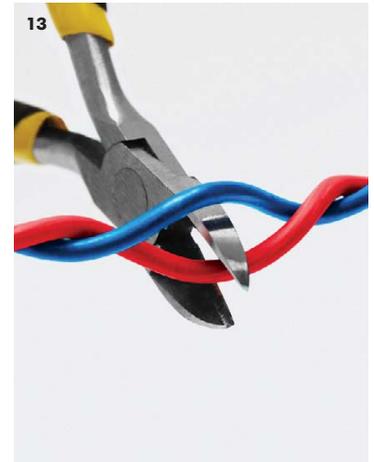
The New York Times Magazine

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13 **First Words** **Cheap Trick** Accusations of “politicizing” may seem like mudslinging but reflect deeper assumptions about what is objective truth. *By Jennifer Szalai*

16 **Letter of Recommendation** **Pallbearer** Doom metal never sounded so hopeful. *By David Rees*

18 **On Money** **Made in North Korea** No longer the Hermit Kingdom of old, the country is enmeshed in global trade — in ways that often help it evade international sanctions. *By Brook Larmer*



24 **The Ethicist** **Lingering Indiscretion** The racy computer evidence that won't go away. *By Kwame Anthony Appiah*

26 **Eat** **Better Than the Pictures** The transcendence of katsudon — a bowl of rice topped with slices of pork cutlet, onions and barely cooked eggs. *By Tejal Rao*

58 **Talk** **Bree Newsome** The activist best known for scaling a flagpole to remove a Confederate flag thinks allies should be protesting. *Interview by Ana Marie Cox*

Behind the Cover *Jake Silverstein, editor in chief: “Alec Soth’s unusual portrait, superimposing several different pictures of Amy Cuddy, captured in an artful way the different stages of success and setback that Cuddy goes through in Susan Dominus’s story.” Photo illustration by Alec Soth.*

8 Contributors
10 The Thread
15 New Sentences
17 Tip
22 Poem

24 Judge John Hodgman
54 Puzzles
56 Puzzles
(Puzzle answers on Page 57)

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28 **When the Revolution Came for Amy Cuddy** As a young social psychologist, she played by the rules and won big: an influential study, a viral TED talk, a prestigious job at Harvard. Then, suddenly, the rules changed. *By Susan Dominus*

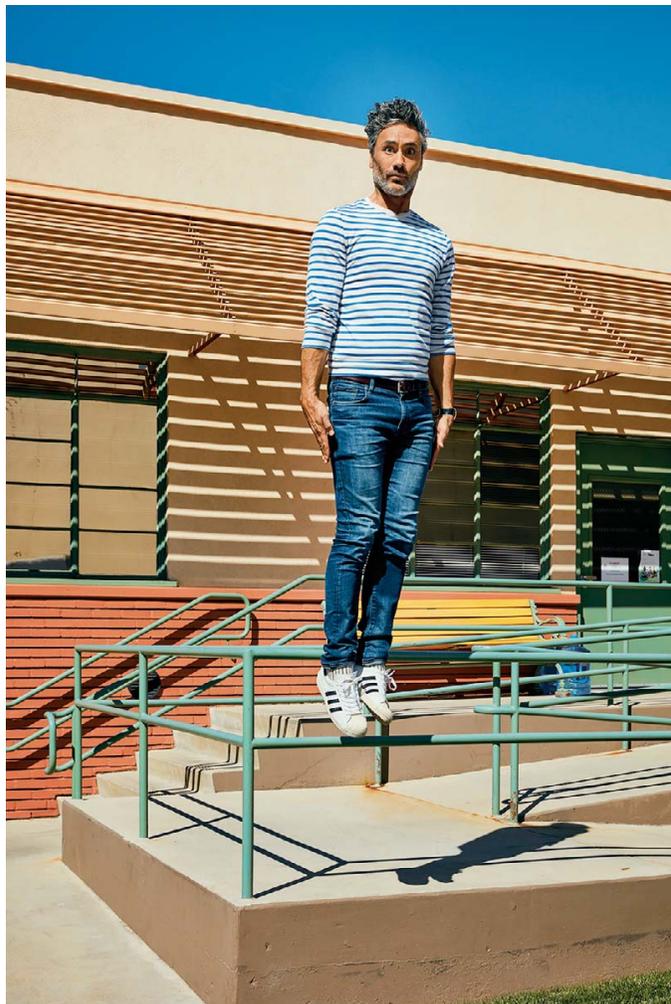
34 **The Content of Their Characters** For decades, Unicode's quiet mission was only to bring the world's neglected languages into the digital sphere — until emoji came along. *By Michael Erard*

38 **Superweirdo** To revamp the most boring superhero in the Marvel pantheon, the company handed "Thor: Ragnarok" to an eccentric director from New Zealand. Will American audiences go for his vision? *By Dan Kois*

42 **State of Chaos** With an isolated leader, a demoralized diplomatic corps and a president unraveling international relations one tweet at a time, Rex Tillerson's State Department is adrift in the world. *By Jason Zengerle*

'This is the most human that Thor's ever been. Luckily this film's coming out on Earth, and the audience will be predominantly human....'

PAGE 38



Taika Waititi, director of "Thor: Ragnarok." Photograph by Emily Shur for The New York Times.

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Photographed by Kathy Ryan at *The New York Times* on Oct. 11, 2017, at 9:31 a.m.

David Rees *Letter of Recommendation,*
Page 16

David Rees is a writer and former cartoonist. His 2012 book “How to Sharpen Pencils” led to a nationwide pencil-sharpening tour, as well as a brief stint demonstrating pencil-sharpening techniques for American Air Force personnel stationed in Africa. He grew up listening to punk rock rather than heavy metal, but middle age has changed his musical tastes. “Now that I’m in my mid-40s, the weight and tempo of doom, sludge, stoner and other slow metal subgenres make more sense,” he says. “I grew up in North Carolina, and I miss those really humid afternoons when everything is forced to a crawl. Now I get that same slow-metabolism kick from bands like Sleep and Pallbearer.”

Susan Dominus *“When the Revolution Came for Amy Cuddy,”*
Page 28

Susan Dominus is a staff writer for the magazine. Her last feature was about open marriage.

Michael Erard *“The Content of Their Characters,”*
Page 34

Michael Erard is writer in residence at the Max Planck Institute for Psycholinguistics and the author of “Babel No More: The Search for the World’s Most Extraordinary Language Learners.”

Dan Kois *“Superweirdo,”*
Page 38

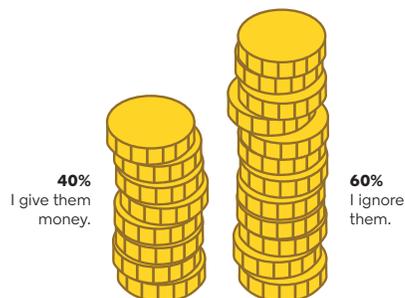
Dan Kois is a frequent contributor to the magazine and an editor at Slate. His book “The World Only Spins Forward: The Ascent of ‘Angels in America,’” written with Isaac Butler, comes out in February.

Jason Zengerle *“State of Chaos,”*
Page 42

Jason Zengerle is a contributing writer for the magazine and the political correspondent for GQ. His last feature was about North Carolina politics.

Dear Reader: How Do You Treat The Dispossessed?

Every week the magazine publishes the results of a study conducted online in June by The New York Times’s research-and-analytics department, reflecting the opinions of 2,903 subscribers who chose to participate. This week’s question: *Do you give money to the homeless, or do you ignore them?*



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Readers respond to the 10.8.2017 issue.

RE: THE CULTURE ISSUE

Jordan Kisner profiled the actress Frances McDormand, Wesley Morris wrote about listening to only female artists over the summer, Calvin Baker profiled the former Hollywood superagent Charles D. King, Geoff Dyer wrote about the jazz trio the Necks and six writers wrote about their favorite cultural experiences of 2017.

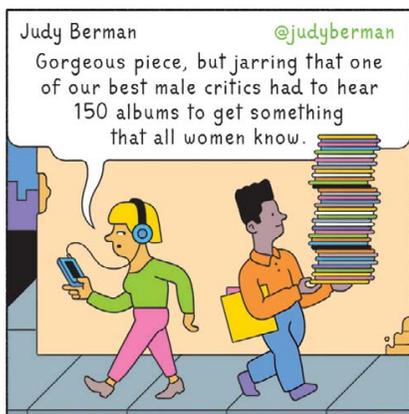
Reading Wesley Morris's article, I couldn't help thinking of a line from P.J. Harvey's track "Man-Size": "I'll measure time, I'll measure height, I'll calculate my birthright." In this track off her 1993 album, "Rid of Me," Harvey suggests that there is something fundamentally masculine in the insistence on naming, numbering and ranking — and that there is also something fundamentally empty about the exercise.

Though I dislike the gimmick of a ranking list for music by women ("Rid of Me" is No. 21, incidentally), I'm glad the list gave Morris a foundation from which he could examine the practice.

Judy Coleman, Alexandria, Va.

I appreciated Morris's questioning the predilections about whose music is deemed great and whose is not. In doing so, Morris got me to question my own exclusions, which tend to be not music by women but music fronted by men.

Pop-music writing, y'all, is a framework from which to converse about what gets made, who dictates accolades and honors and who gets to make those popular lists. It's really useful to think of how music cannot escape what we all must admit to be true as to why men



dominate. No matter how you slice it, the bias exists.

There's more greatness to be discovered, yet I have been seduced by paradigms that dictate the parameters of greatness in a way that's stacked against so many talented people.

We tend to think there is only so much talent and so much greatness. That may be true, but it's myopic if we exclude from the conversation those we refuse to listen to in the first place.

Tony Glover, New York, on nytimes.com

It's exciting to see Charles King fight to create a company that reflects America as it truly is, and is becoming, instead of relying on or waiting for others to create it. "Fences" was phenomenal, and this article suggests that King's entire journey has been as well.

Looking forward to seeing myself and millions of others who have been marginalized reflected in what Macro creates and provides a catalyst for.

Joshunda, the Bronx, on nytimes.com

This idea put forward in Calvin Baker's article that Hollywood — owned by multinational corporations and funded with capital — will deviate from a profit-driven model and move toward social progressiveness seems naïve. These calls for equity have a blind spot: The change is supposed to happen within a capitalist system that was founded on slavery, inequity, etc.

The idea of any agent as "visionary" seems like a stretch, and cloaking his fundamental profit-making motive in elegiac mythmaking is curious at best.

Marie, Berkeley, Calif., on nytimes.com



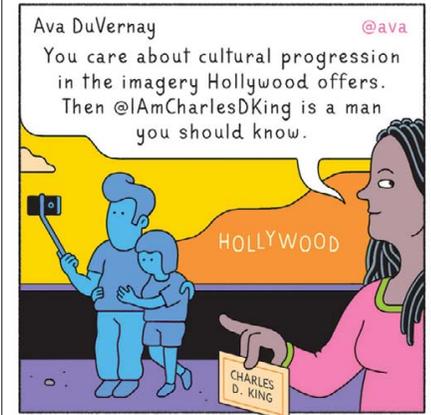
THE STORY, ON TWITTER

Fran McDormand requested Santana's "Smooth" for her @NYTmag cover shoot. She is actually the best. @ezwrites

I commend Jordan Kisner for her excellent profile of Frances McDormand. Many would have been tempted to take personally McDormand's rejection of fame and focus. Instead, this profile displays it properly as part of the subject, without judgment.

There is no side wink to the reader because there is no ego attachment in the writer, who might typically wish to imply that McDormand's approach was quirky or problematic in order to absolve herself — as if Fran being Fran and not playing the game must be revealed as a flaw that The Times was not allowed to overcome. No such trite excuse was offered, and instead we got a profile full of integrity. Well done.

Mary Jacobson, Los Angeles, on nytimes.com



With so much societal pressure in the opposite direction, it is heartening to have Frances McDormand and other forceful, successful women who exemplify Emerson's credo of "Insist on yourself; never imitate" to look to as proof that it is, indeed, possible and that nobody can stop you. How good to read such an eloquent validation of "I have let go of needing to be beautiful, and I have never been happier."

Karen Clark, New City, N.Y., on nytimes.com

CORRECTION

An article on Oct. 15 about the battle over copper-nickel mining near the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness in Minnesota misstated the time of the formation of iron-ore-rich sedimentary rock in the region. It formed nearly two billion years ago, not two million years ago.

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'The idea that Hollywood will deviate from a profit-driven model and move toward social progressiveness seems naïve.'

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Accusations of ‘politicizing’ may seem like mudslinging but reflect deeper assumptions about what is objective truth. By Jennifer Szalai

Cheap Trick

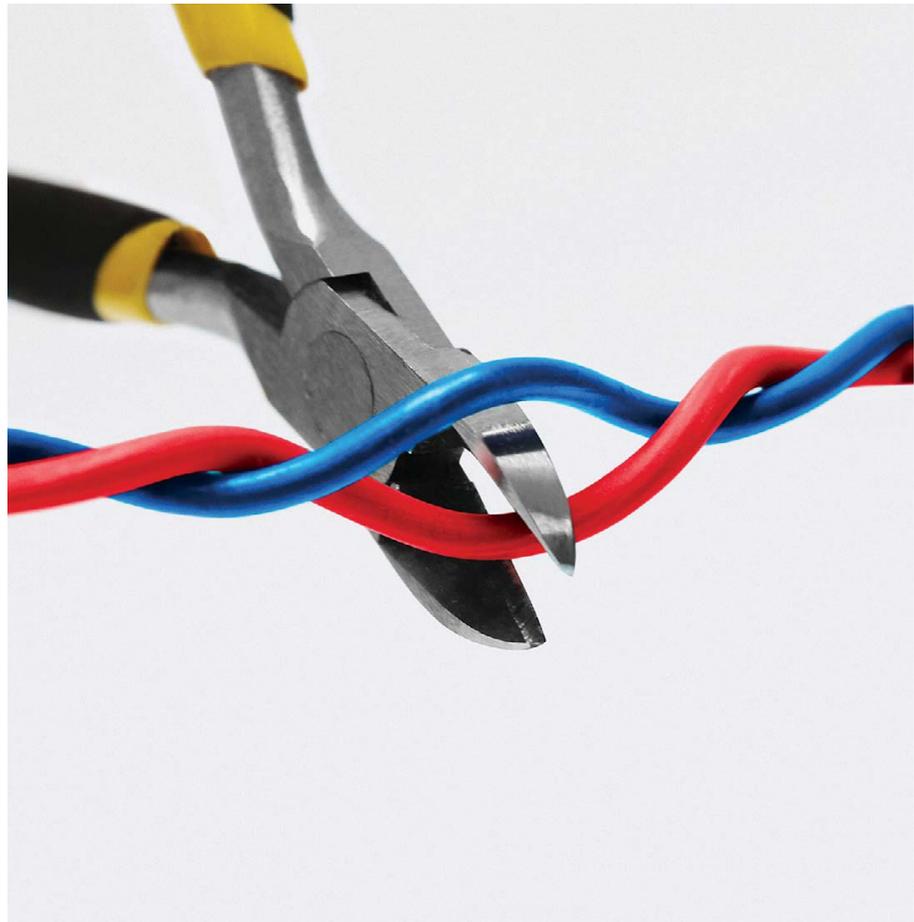
Politicization is the last refuge of the scoundrel. To “politicize” something — hurricanes, intelligence, science, football, gun violence — is to render it political in a way that distorts its true meaning. That, at least, seems to be the reasoning of those who use the term as an insult: *We* adhere to pristine, unadulterated facts and call for unity; *they* politicize those facts for partisan gain and divide us even more. ¶ The word has become such a reliable epithet, smacking of petty opportunism and bad faith, that it sometimes functions as shorthand for everything wrong with our current political moment. Two days after the mass shooting on Oct. 1 at the Mandalay Bay in Las Vegas, the Fox News personality Sean Hannity devoted his opening monologue to admonishing “Democrats, liberals in the mainstream media, celebrities, late-night comedians — all predictably rushing to politicize this tragedy and predictably calling for more gun control,” as he stood outside the Mandalay Bay with yellow crime-scene tape flapping in the breeze. This, mind you, was just months after Hannity had been peddling conspiracy theories about the murder of Seth

Rich, the young Democratic National Committee staff member who was shot near his home in the summer of 2016, in what the Washington police believe was a botched robbery attempt. Hannity persisted in promoting the claim that Rich's death was a political assassination tied to the D.N.C. leaks, until Rich's parents wrote an op-ed pleading with "conservative news outlets and commentators" to stop turning their son's death into "a political football."

Like so much these days, politicization is a partisan issue, with its ultimate meaning in dispute. One side berates the other for the sin of politicizing, even though calling someone out for politicizing is itself an act of politicizing, too. An issue can be encrusted with so many layers of "politicization" that an appeal to an apolitical high ground ends up looking like mere posturing. Conservatives like to complain about liberals "politicizing tragedy," whether in Las Vegas or Newtown, Conn., but it was the Republican-majority Congress in 1996 that threatened to withhold funding from the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention unless it stopped research on firearm injuries and deaths — which sounds an awful lot like the politicization of research.

Considering its pejorative and vulgar connotations, "politicize," from the ancient Greek *politikos*, or "belonging to the state," had relatively lofty beginnings. The 19th-century English historian George Grote described how Plutarch and the other "enlightened men of Athens" would "purify" old legends in order "to refine and politicize the character of Theseus." The Oxford English Dictionary keeps the definition neutral — "To make political, esp. to make (a person, group, etc.) politically aware or politically active" — but Grote's usage suggests that politicization was what rendered the fabled founder of Athens a statesman. Theseus had been the violent, passionate hero of myth; once politicized, he could become a figure of history.

While Grote might have assumed politics was an enlightened pursuit, by the mid-20th century, a coarser meaning of "politicized" had emerged. In 1948, The Times of London reported that Gaullists had accused France's former prime minister "of trying to 'politicize'" the



army. Nazi generals, writing self-serving memoirs after the war, blamed Hitler's having "politicized" their own beloved army for their complicity. In the United States, the Nixon administration was criticized for, as The Times put it in 1971, "injecting politics" into bureaucracy and, later, going so far as to pressure federal agencies to withhold funds from two advocacy groups for the elderly, because such groups were deemed "enemies" of the President."

Yet a more sincere definition persisted. "Blacks and other minorities must politicize their numerical strength and collectivize their economic power," an African-American pastor told 2,000 schoolchildren gathered at his Brooklyn church for a 1972 ceremony memorializing Martin Luther King Jr. That same year, a reporter for this magazine

A politicized issue is one that's still a matter of public debate. Admitting as much can feel risky.

described how feminists had decided that "rape is the issue they intend to politicize"; at the time, New York law required two witnesses to corroborate sexual assault, even though there are very rarely "impartial witnesses standing around watching the rape." To "become politicized" in this sense is to become politically aware; to "politicize an issue" is to make it a matter of public concern and to demand change.

Change, of course, is inherently destabilizing. It upsets an existing state of affairs that might be unbearable to some but suits others just fine. Which is why accusations of "politicizing" might seem like so much mudslinging but often reflect deeper assumptions and arguments about what is objective, what is natural — what is the truth, in other words, free from the distortions

of political interference. For those who benefit from the way things are, a raised consciousness is a threat. What else is the “all lives matter” rallying cry but an attempt to neutralize Black Lives Matter and portray it as both exclusionary and gratuitous? Such a strategy isn’t just the work of cynical operatives; no doubt there are plenty of white people who sincerely believe that affirming the value of “all lives” states something simple and neutral and matter-of-fact, while Black Lives Matter activists are needlessly politicizing the issue. But such innocence presumes that we have been living in a kind of American Eden, a place where your treatment by political and legal authorities has absolutely nothing to do with the color of your skin, while even a passing knowledge of American history — of actual government policies — suggests that innocence thrives only because of a myth.

When underlying conditions are already suffused with politics, doing nothing can itself constitute a political act. Which is perhaps why some Democrats, many of them traditionally enamored of unifying rhetoric and technocratic fixes, have started to reclaim the idea of openly “politicizing” certain issues, especially gun violence. In 2015, when a 26-year-old Oregon man walked into a community-college classroom and opened fire, murdering nine people before killing himself, President Barack Obama told Americans they would have to put pressure on their political representatives if they wanted gun laws to change. “I’m going to talk about this on a regular basis,” he said, “and I will politicize it because our inaction is a political decision that we are making.”

Obama was departing from the script of his first term, when he criticized Republican politicization of the Keystone XL pipeline and “international family-planning assistance” (assiduously avoiding the word “abortion,” which was bound to set off conservative alarms). But if Obama started out believing he would be accepted as the enlightened statesman, transcending the racial and political divide in order to dispense sensible solutions to a fractured republic, the relentless obstructionism of Republican lawmakers presumably disabused him of those illusions. Self-proclaimed small-government conservatives had

figured out the neat trick of generally expressing a mistrust of politics except when it came to abortion or Benghazi, while furiously working behind the scenes on gerrymandering and repealing parts of the Voting Rights Act to consolidate the Republican hold on political power.

A politicized issue is one that’s still a matter of public debate. Admitting as much can feel risky — not only to conservatives but to liberals too. Centrist elites, whether to the right or to the left, want to believe in truths universally acknowledged; politics becomes easier and smoother and less rancorous that way. Indeed, Americans in general have long professed a commitment to practicality and a general distaste for politics. (Conservatives especially like to talk about individual responsibility and individual souls.) But part of what has

When underlying conditions are already suffused with politics, doing nothing can itself constitute a political act.

allowed a vicious populism to fester and flourish was the antediluvian attitude that the history of the United States — its brutal racism, its ruthless economic inequality — had healed rather than remained an open wound.

According to popular lore, part of what made totalitarianism so dangerous was its “politicization of everything,” but Hannah Arendt, who should know, insisted in a 1958 essay that the opposite was true. It is “depoliticization,” she wrote, that “destroys the element of political freedom in all activities”; depoliticization is what makes political action seem futile and moot. To strip an issue of its political dimension is to assume it’s settled or to try to make it so — not by argument, which would be to politicize it, but by blithe dismissal or brute force. ♦

New Sentences By Sam Anderson



‘I didn’t really do the drugs and a little man inside me slapped the walls of my stomach whenever I tried to go past four pints.’

From “Smile” (Viking, 2017, Page 40), by the Dublin-based writer Roddy Doyle.

The tiny man who lives in my throat forced out a dry laugh when I read this sentence. I imagined Roddy Doyle’s stomach-slapping character sitting inside his narrator’s stomach, surrounded by a whole elaborate system of sluices and canals, into which he spent his days sorting applesauce, beans, tacos, narcotics — whatever happened to come down. Four pints of beer would fill his liquid

inventory right to the brim, a situation so urgent that he would be forced to act like a neighbor in a downstairs apartment, banging the ceiling with a broomstick, slapping on the walls.

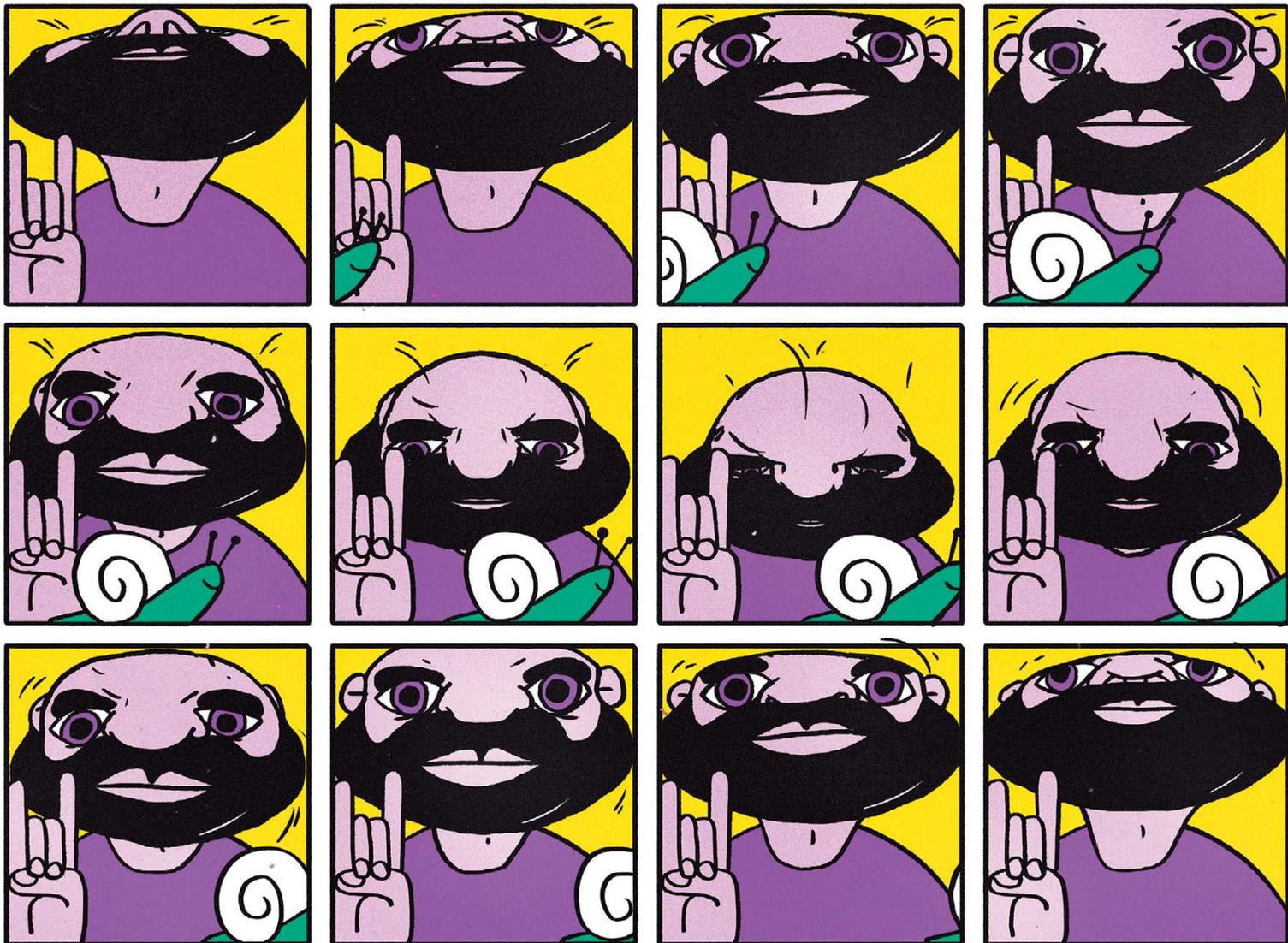
It is a funny image but also slightly creepy, weird, unsettling. The little man is a perfect metaphor for our alienation from our own bodies. We are our bodies, of course, and yet we do not speak the same language. They speak to us in urgent codes: swelling, cramping, twitching. We contain whole ecosystems of resistance to ourselves.

I, for instance, have something strange that happens when I stand in a high place. It’s like a hot-air-balloon crew in my feet. When I look over the railing of the Golden Gate Bridge, the crew pulls its little flame cord, and I can feel the basket starting to rise, a terrifying lifting sensation at the bottom of my shoes, and I have to step quickly away from the edge and walk off to someplace low.

Such alienation could go on forever. Does the tiny man in the stomach also have a tiny man inside his stomach? Does that smaller man have a smaller man? Does the balloon crew have a balloon crew? How far down do we have to go before we find something that perfectly identifies with itself?

Pallbearer

By David Rees



Many years ago, before I owned a proper stereo, I listened to records on an all-in-one phonograph I salvaged from a preschool. The phonograph had a thick plastic stylus — audiophiles are now destroying this magazine in a rage — and four speeds; my favorite was 16 r.p.m.

Listening to my favorite LPs slowed down to 16 r.p.m. was revelatory and ominous. Familiar melodies were stretched into alien ragas. Pop stars sounded sludgy and mournful, even while singing in major keys. Cracking snares turned swampy. Best

of all, guitar chords unfurled as deep, dark blooms. At 16 r.p.m., my old records were newly saturated with a loamy melancholy. Even Kajagoogoo sounded profound, as if it should be performing inside a cathedral.

The Arkansas quartet Pallbearer comes closer to capturing the uncanny allure of pop music at 16 r.p.m. than any band I've heard. Ostensibly a doom-metal group, Pallbearer has spent nine years testing that genre's code of conduct. Its album "Heartless," released in March, continues to expand the horizons visible from

The doom-metal band Pallbearer takes the genre's distorted guitars and dread and adds an ambitious element of optimism.

beneath doom's bleary, black umbrella.

Traditional doom metal — the kind your grandparents listen to — trades in currencies of dread, where nickels weigh as much as manhole covers. Distorted, down-tuned guitars, agonized vocals and dirgelike tempos conspire to produce some of rock music's richest and most rewarding textures, even when the songwriting burrows into pessimistic stasis. Listen to Coffinworm's "Blood Born Doom" or Burning Witch's "Country Doctor" through good headphones, and you'll

feel like flotsam on a wave that's breaking in slow motion. (Burning Witch's opening line — "The country doctor is on the loose" — is a perfect piece of horror microfiction.)

If it's hard to imagine, say, Joel Osteen enjoying Coffinworm's "High on the Reek of Your Burning Remains" or Ophis's "Necrotic Reflection," it might be because there's a sense of inevitability and inescapability to a good doom song. Lurking in the shadows of our culture's towering prosperity gospels, doom offers a suffocating, dead-end corrective to saccharine rushes. The longer you listen, the deeper you go, the more you hear your options being eliminated. No soaring melody is coming to airlift you to safety, no witty couplet will lighten the mood. To press play is to submit. Don't get up from your sofa. The sun's going down. The future is hopeless. We're on the brink of collapse. The country doctor is on the loose. You are doomed.

Or maybe not. In the midst of this sonic dismay, Pallbearer works like contractors hired by Black Sabbath and HGTV to renovate doom's underground bunker, by installing major-scale emergency exits and unexpected, lovely chord changes that function as skylights. (Who says you can't be heavy while standing in the sun?) While some doom purists may resent the gentrification, Pallbearer's facility with melody, song structure and heart-on-your-sleeve singing has kept it inching toward the edge of crossover success, which is a strange place for a doom band to be.

Categorizing Pallbearer as prog-rock makes its commercial situation slightly less novel, and is appropriate to its ambitious compositions. (As the critic Michael Nelson has noted, many of its songs manage to be catchy without having choruses.) But no matter where you file its records, Pallbearer still honors doom's prime directive: Make it heavy. When I asked a friend who studied music theory to explain why certain moments on "Heartless" sounded so powerful, his answer included "DRAMA," "churchy," "gravy," "LOW" and "sweet, thick feeling."

The guitarists Devin Holt and Brett Campbell play in drop-A tuning, which means fifths and octaves ringing in low registers. Their fastest songs still feel burdened. Though the classic pop chords at the end of "An Offering of Grief" are uplifting, the fact that C, G, F and the gang are slowly crashing down at 64 b.p.m. means you'll probably never hear them

No matter where you file its records, Pallbearer still honors doom metal's prime directive: Make it heavy.

in a Toyota commercial, unless Toyota starts selling cement mixers. Like all those records I played at the wrong speed, Pallbearer's leave space to soak in each chord, even if you can't see to the bottom.

At its best, Pallbearer's infusion of fresh harmonic blood into doom's turgid circulatory system is exhilarating. The emotional power of a pivot to a B-flat major chord during "Lie of Survival" kept surprising me, until I realized it reminded me of one of my favorite moments in sacred music: the climactic hallelujahs in Edward Bairstow's 1925 setting of "Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence." Indeed, when I saw Pallbearer perform in the spring, I was struck by the sight of headbangers with eyes closed and arms upraised, swaying like megachurch attendees coming down with the holy spirit. And as the band pounded

through the wordless opening of "A Plea for Understanding," a chord progression of punishing melancholy that seems sweetly protective of its A-major home, I realized I was on the verge of tears.

Granted, it had been an exhausting few months. I had already fallen into the unhealthy habits of mistaking my dread for integrity and of confusing skimming the news all day with civic engagement. At that concert, Pallbearer's despairing optimism and go-for-broke sincerity felt like a moral rebuke to the doom I'd grown too comfortable with. As the crowd threw its fists in the air, as the band continued pummeling away at one of the most resonant emotional campaigns in American rock music, as our horizons expanded, I was happy to be recruited — to believe, finally, in the audacity of doom. ♦

Tip By Malia Wollan

How to Blush Without Shame



"Blushing in and of itself is not a problem," says Paul Greene, director of the Manhattan Center for Cognitive-Behavioral Therapy. Regardless of skin color, nearly all humans report that they have experienced that accumulation of blood near the skin's surface. For some, though, it comes with distress, which begets more blushing. "It can become a vicious cycle," Greene says. Fear of blushing is the primary worry of about a third of those seeking clinical help for social anxiety. If you are among them, avoid turning inward when you start to feel that creeping warmth across your face and chest. "Focus on what's happening outside your body," Greene says.

Don't overestimate the harsh judgment of others, or "catastrophic interpretation,"

as therapists put it. Work colleagues tend not to interpret a flushed face as a sign of incompetence. Examine your social fear closely. "Ask yourself: What do I imagine will happen if I blush in this context, and what evidence do I have that that's true?" Greene says. For a patient with a straightforward diagnosis of social-anxiety disorder who fears blushing, Greene recommends 10 to 15 weekly sessions with a cognitive-behavioral therapist and homework that may include exposure exercises — if talking to strangers provokes a reddened face, you might be tasked with doing just that.

Resist what Greene calls "situational avoidance." Pretending to be sick the day you have a presentation at work will provide momentary relief — and condition you to seek that escape again. Do the job, and let the blush come. "By not going," Greene says, "you're precluding the possibility of learning that blushing is not as bad a problem as you think it is."

Take comfort that your skin will flush less over time. In one study, 64 percent of subjects 25 and younger reported blushing more than once a week, compared with just 28 percent among respondents over 25. You might try to see the blush as a fleeting marker of sweet youth. And keep in mind that you might be experiencing something that others can't even see. "Sometimes people with anxiety around blushing falsely believe that they're blushing when they're not," Greene says. ♦

David Rees
is the author of "How to Sharpen Pencils."

No longer the Hermit Kingdom of old, North Korea is enmeshed in global trade — in ways that often help it evade international sanctions.

Down the street from my home in Bangkok, next to a tailor and a nail salon, sits a peculiar outpost of the North Korean state. Inside the Pyongyang Okryu restaurant, five tall, pale waitresses float among the tables in sparkly dresses and carefully cultivated smiles. “Are they really North Korean?” my wide-eyed young son asked, a bit too loudly, on a recent visit. He’d been reading about the country’s isolation and the fusillade of insults and threats exchanged by President Trump and Kim Jong-un, North Korea’s leader. A waitress overheard him and nodded, but her blank smile — a rictus of nonrevelation — never wavered.

This is one of the smallest, but in some ways most visible, tentacles of a secretive global-trade network that sustains the North Korean regime and its hereditary dynasty. Despite the tightening of international sanctions meant to brake the country’s development of nuclear weapons, North Korea generates about a billion dollars in invisible income every year by selling everything from arms and coal to seafood and textiles — and the labor of exported workers. For a regime denied access to international financial institutions, the foreign cash is crucial to offset deficits, buy loyalty and luxury items and acquire components for Kim’s nuclear arsenal. “North Korea needs hard currency for nearly everything,” says Go Myong-hyun, a researcher with the Asan Institute for Policy Studies in Seoul. “And the only way to get it is through foreign trade.”

In Bangkok, kitsch is on the menu as well as kimchi: On an earlier visit, the hostesses — indentured servants chosen from the most loyal of Pyongyang families — urged me to spend nearly \$10,000 on a gaudy tapestry depicting Kim’s grandfather, Kim Il-sung, the founder of North Korea. (I declined.) Tonight, as we ate beef belly barbecue and spicy cold Pyongyang noodles, the waitresses disappeared at one point to get ready for the nightly musical show. It was sobering to know that the profits that night and up to 90 percent of the workers’ salaries would be sent home as “loyalty payments” to Kim Jong-un himself.

The West can’t seem to shake the image of North Korea as the Hermit Kingdom. Diplomatically and culturally, the place is indeed isolated, and its state ideology of *juche*, or self-reliance, reinforces the feeling that North Korea





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is going it alone. But the country is not cut off economically, at least not yet. Over the past decade, as the Kims *père* and *fils* pursued their nuclear program, North Korea's external trade boomed, more than doubling in volume. Economists believe that the country's trade dependency has risen to higher than 50 percent, just shy of the global average.

Nor is North Korea as ossified as outsiders might imagine. Kim still wields the instruments of totalitarian power, but he has relaxed the state's grip on the economy, allowing officials and ordinary citizens greater autonomy to make money and engage in trade, so long as a chunk of the profits flows to Kim's inner circle. As a result, the North Korean economy grew 3.9 percent last year. Food prices have stabilized. Mobile phones have proliferated. And construction cranes now dot Pyongyang's rising skyline. "North Korea is no longer a communist country," says Justin Hastings, the author of the book "A Most Enterprising Country." "Every state entity has been deputized to make money."

The nebulous unit that supervises much of North Korea's hard-currency trade is a Workers' Party of Korea bureau with the

Orwellian name Office 39. As sanctions become more onerous, North Korean companies, whether dealing with licit or illicit goods, have become adept at operating with multiple layers of disguise: false identities, fast-changing front companies, ships sailing under "flags of convenience" from places like Togo or Tuvalu. Office 39 doesn't coordinate all this activity, recent defectors say; along with other departments, it acts more like a collection agency, setting dollar quotas that enterprises must meet by any means necessary.

Kim Kwang-jin, a defector who worked in Singapore for a bank affiliated with North Korea, says his firm met its quota by running reinsurance scams on factory fires, transportation accidents and other disasters. In 2003, Kim Kwang-jin told me, he arranged to send Kim Jong-un's father and predecessor, Kim Jong-il, the annual quota as a birthday gift — \$20 million in cash, stuffed into two heavy-duty bags. The Dear Leader was so pleased that he sent a thank-you note along with fruit, blankets and a DVD player. "North Korea has gotten more adept at hiding its tracks since then," says Kim, who now works at a think tank run by South Korea's

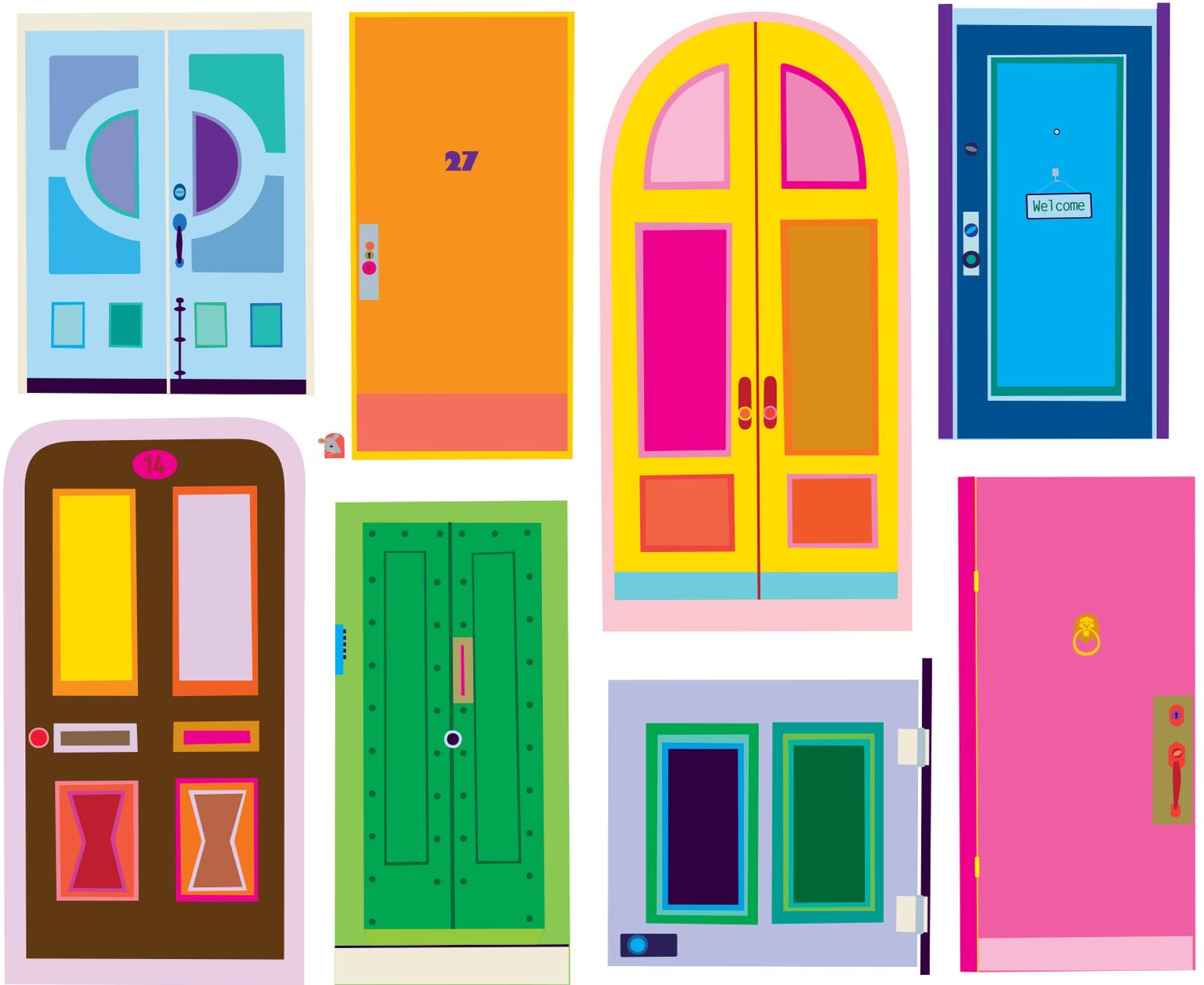
Up to 90 percent of their salaries would be sent home to the nation's leader.

Brook Larmer
is a contributing writer
for the magazine.

intelligence service. "But it is also much more dependent on China."

The countries have a love-hate relationship. In the Korean War, the two newly formed Communist states forged a bond that Chairman Mao Zedong claimed was "as close as lips and teeth." But Kim Il-sung, who was nearly killed by Chinese allies in the 1930s, feared that China would take over his country at the end of the war. Decades later, when the Soviet Union, its main benefactor, collapsed North Korea had nowhere to turn but China and felt betrayed when Beijing established ties with South Korea in 1992. China now accounts for more than 80 percent of North Korean trade, yet Kim Jong-un — channeling his grandfather's resentment — openly defies Beijing, accelerating his nuclear-weapons program and even timing missile tests to embarrass President Xi Jinping.

Until now, the calculus in Beijing has been guided by caution. Push North Korea too hard, the reasoning goes, and the resulting conflict or collapse could lead to millions of refugees pouring into China and a united, America-aligned Korea becoming entrenched on its



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doorstep. Now the balance may be shifting. Alarmed by Kim's nuclear provocations — and perhaps pressured by the Trump administration — China is acting tougher on sanctions. In the past month, it has stopped trucks filled with North Korean seafood, ordered Chinese banks to drop North Korean clients and vowed to shut down North Korean companies. Some North Korean workers in northeast China are already heading home. As James Reilly, an associate professor at the University of Sydney, puts it, "China has really crossed the Rubicon."

Yet there are serious doubts about how far China is willing to go. And because North Korean enterprises rarely leave their fingerprints on overseas bank accounts or companies, how tough can Beijing's enforcement be? To skeptics, China's late conversion signals not a commitment to sanctions but a desire not to be scapegoated by Washington, where the default position has long been that China is responsible for its wayward little brother. "China is not the only country that matters," says Andrea Berger, a North Korea expert at the Middlebury Institute of International Studies at Monterey. "North Korea has a big footprint overseas, so we have to look at its networks around the world, too."

North Korean trade outside China is deep and varied, its value often underestimated. Russia employs tens of thousands of North Korean workers in construction sites and Siberian logging camps even as it helps Pyongyang evade sanctions on oil imports. In Africa, where North Korea formed strong bonds during the independence struggles, the most visible signs are the massive statues built for leaders and dictators by North Korea's state art studio, Mansudae. Behind these monuments is a bustling trade in arms, minerals and manpower, often aided by embassy staff. Only rarely are shipments stopped. Last year, though, Egyptian customs agents found 30,000 North Korean rocket-propelled grenades hidden under a mound of iron ore on a ship bound for their country, a United States ally. Since then, the Trump administration has withheld almost \$300 million in aid and military funding from Egypt.

United Nations' sanctions are now targeting one of the most lucrative enterprises: the export of quasi slave labor. An estimated 100,000 North Koreans are toiling around the world in abysmal conditions: 12-to-16-hour days under constant

surveillance, their wages and freedom confiscated by the state. "North Korea is exporting crimes against humanity," says Remco Breuker, a Dutch historian who led an investigation of companies using North Korean workers in Europe. These laborers can be found in roughly 40 countries, from shipyards in Poland to building sites in Qatar — to the little restaurant in my neighborhood.

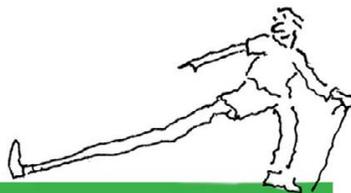
When the disco lights at Pyongyang Okryu flashed on, our waitress appeared onstage in a lime green dress, crooning a North Korean melody. Two others danced beside her with little sense of rhythm or joy. Last year, 12 waitresses and a manager

'Every state entity has been deputized to make money.'

working in a restaurant in Ningbo, China, defected en masse, so the control over workers' lives is reportedly even tighter now. Unlike my last visit to a North Korean restaurant, there were no homages to the leader, no conga lines to "Country Roads." But near the end of the show, our waitress donned a traditional gown and played the 21-string gayageum, a kind of zither dating back to medieval times, when her Korean ancestors reigned over part of what is now China. After paying the bill — a hefty sum for Bangkok — I carried my sleeping son out and the waitress patted his head. I may be wrong, but I think I even detected a genuine smile. ♦

Poem Selected by Terrance Hayes

This poem is haunted by magical nostalgia. I mean, good grief, a peach pit becomes a locust. Much of the poem's heat radiates from that second stanza. The magic becomes a melancholy day-to-day thereafter, but the prophet, the locust, the peach pit and especially the father and prayer rug haunt every line. In fact, I suggest that a prayer is hidden between the lines.



Being in This World Makes Me Feel Like a Time Traveler

By Kaveh Akbar

visiting a past self. Being anywhere makes me thirsty.
When I wake, I ask God to slide into my head quickly before I do.
As a boy, I spit a peach pit onto my father's prayer rug and immediately

it turned into a locust. Its charge: devour the vast fields of my ignorance.
The Prophet Muhammad described a full stomach as containing
one-third food, one-third liquid, and one-third air.

For years, I kept a two-fists-long beard and opened my mouth only to push air out.
One day I stopped in a lobby for cocktails and hors d'oeuvres
and ever since, the life of this world has seemed still. Every night,

the moon unpeels itself without affection. It's exhausting, remaining
humble amidst the vicissitudes of fortune. It's difficult
to be anything at all with the whole world right here for the having.

Terrance Hayes is the author of five collections of poetry, most recently "How to Be Drawn," which was a finalist for the National Book Award in 2015. His fourth collection, "Lighthouse," won the 2010 National Book Award. **Kaveh Akbar** is a poet whose debut collection, "Calling a Wolf a Wolf," was published last month by Alice James Books.

The New York Times

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My Wife Found My Sexy Phone Pics and Won't Let It Go

My wife and I have been married for just a few years. Early in our marriage I started chatting with a female acquaintance, and things got verbally sexual and eventually led to sexual pictures between the other woman and me. I saved some of the photos to my phone and inadvertently saved them to my computer, where my wife found them and downloaded them to her phone. We've gone through marriage counseling together and are working things out. I have since deleted the photos, but my wife still has them. I'm ashamed of the photos and don't want to see them, let alone have my wife keep them. I've tried to delete them from her phone, but the photos keep showing up. When my wife is mad at me, she changes her lock-screen image to one of the photos she's keeping of the other woman.

I've felt emotionally abused by my wife — before, during and after the affair — but I love her. I don't think it's a very healthy relationship, but it's what I've got. I feel that her keeping the photos is a way to keep her power over me.

I know I was wrong in the past and would like to move forward, but I find it difficult when my wife keeps the photos. Should I confront my wife or just let it be?

Name Withheld

What is it to forgive someone? It can't simply mean that you were angry at the

person, for good reason, and no longer are. That could happen because you were conked on the head or simply forgot the offense, neither of which qualify as forgiveness. And it can't mean that you're now O.K. with the offense; then there would be nothing to forgive. (Suppose I were mad because you scrawled graffiti on my house, but then I learned that you were forced to do so at gunpoint. Because I've come to realize that you weren't blameworthy, I don't now say, "I forgive you.") The philosopher Jean Hampton thought that forgiveness involved, first, giving up spite and transcending resentment and, second, viewing the wrongdoer in a more positive light. You still disapprove of what the person did — you don't condone the act — but you no longer disapprove of the person. That sounds about right. And it suggests that forgiveness can't be demanded in exchange for apology, as if you were at the counter of some moral *bureau de change*, eyeing the latest exchange rate.

So here you are, long after the discovery of a liaison that, if not adulterous, was certainly adulter-ish. Your wife is still angry with you, still feels aggrieved and mistrustful. You've gone to counseling, but she hasn't reconciled herself to a husband who, early in a marriage, was swapping sexual pics with another woman. You think she's being unpleasantly manipulative; she may think she's reminding you that you're on probation, that you have further to go to earn back her trust.

It's often said that holding onto anger is like drinking poison and expecting the

other person to die. In this case, your marriage is now on its sickbed. One issue here is how much you and your wife value it. That's hard for an outsider to assess. Anger, like love, isn't a voluntary emotion; you can't simply decide to dial it up or down. But surely your wife isn't the only angry spouse in your marriage. You say you felt emotionally abused by your wife even during the affair (a serious complaint); you think your relationship isn't healthy, "but it's what I've got" — not exactly a Hallmark sentiment. Do you truly think that getting rid of those pics would fix what's wrong here? If your counselor made a list of what was rotten in your marriage, I doubt your wife's vengeful lock screen would make the Top 10.

I have been divorced for many years. My ex-husband is now married to a dentist. As part of our divorce agreement, I am responsible for the children's health insurance, including dental coverage. There were no issues until I had a brief period of unemployment. When I got a new job, it included health and dental insurance, but there was a waiting period for coverage. To cover that brief period, I bought health insurance for myself and my children but did not purchase dental insurance.

During that time, my ex-husband took our daughter to the dentist for a checkup. The dental practice my daughter visits is her stepmother's office. When my ex-husband sent me the bill for this visit, which came to \$400, I asked if the visit could be postdated by just a day, so I could submit it for insurance. He told me that doing



Bonus Advice From Judge John Hodgman

John writes: My wife and I love the Richard Harris song "MacArthur Park." I believe that Harris actually sings the words "MacArthur's Park" in the recorded version. She chooses to sing the words "MacArthur Park," claiming that the song's author, Jimmy Webb, named it that for a reason. Which version should we sing in the shower?

I never thought that this famously opaque song about lost love and cakes ruined by rain could confuse me further, but I had never noticed this discrepancy. Harris does indeed sing "MacArthur's Park," as does Donna Summer in her glorious disco version. In any case, Jimmy Webb was right there on harpsichord when Harris sang it this way, so I presume he's O.K. with it. Until Webb writes in to correct me, I order you to sing it your way, together in the shower, holding a cake.

To submit a query: Send an email to ethicist@nytimes.com; or send mail to The Ethicist, The New York Times Magazine, 620 Eighth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018. (Include a daytime phone number.)

so was illegal and that I needed to pay, and that he didn't appreciate the fact that I didn't have any dental coverage.

I asked my daughter why she didn't let me know about the appointment so I could let her know our dental insurance ended. She said she thought that because it was her stepmother's office, she was fine.

Since that time I have been receiving bills from this dental practice. I have had conversations with their accounts-payable department to let them know that my daughter is the dentist's stepdaughter. But no understanding was reached; I have not paid, as I believe it's wrong to have charged me when it was known that I didn't have company insurance at the time. I am now getting bills from a collection agency for the \$400.

So my question for you is: Do I pay it just to make it go away or try again to reason with my ex-husband and his wife to please drop these fees?

Name Withheld

Communication between ex-spouses can be like pulling teeth. So it's not surprising that you didn't warn your husband that it would be financially inconvenient for your daughter to have dental treatment at that time. Given that you are in charge of medical insurance, you could reasonably think it odd that your child was taken for a dental visit without your knowledge. But again, not so surprising, especially if your daughter's teeth are normally looked after at her stepmother's office.

While your husband is correct that it would be wrong and could be illegal to file a false claim, he and his wife might have been able to help you by agreeing to lower the costs or to spread them out. The fact that the charge was sent to a collection agency also sounds less than cordial. Still, if I understand the situation correctly, you were in breach of your divorce agreement, even if your reasons were entirely understandable. Absent any information from you to the contrary, then, he was entitled to assume that your daughter was covered. You're asking him and his wife to cover costs that you are liable for. I'm afraid you'd better bite down and pay up. ♦

Kwame Anthony Appiah teaches philosophy at N.Y.U. He is the author of "Cosmopolitanism" and "The Honor Code: How Moral Revolutions Happen."

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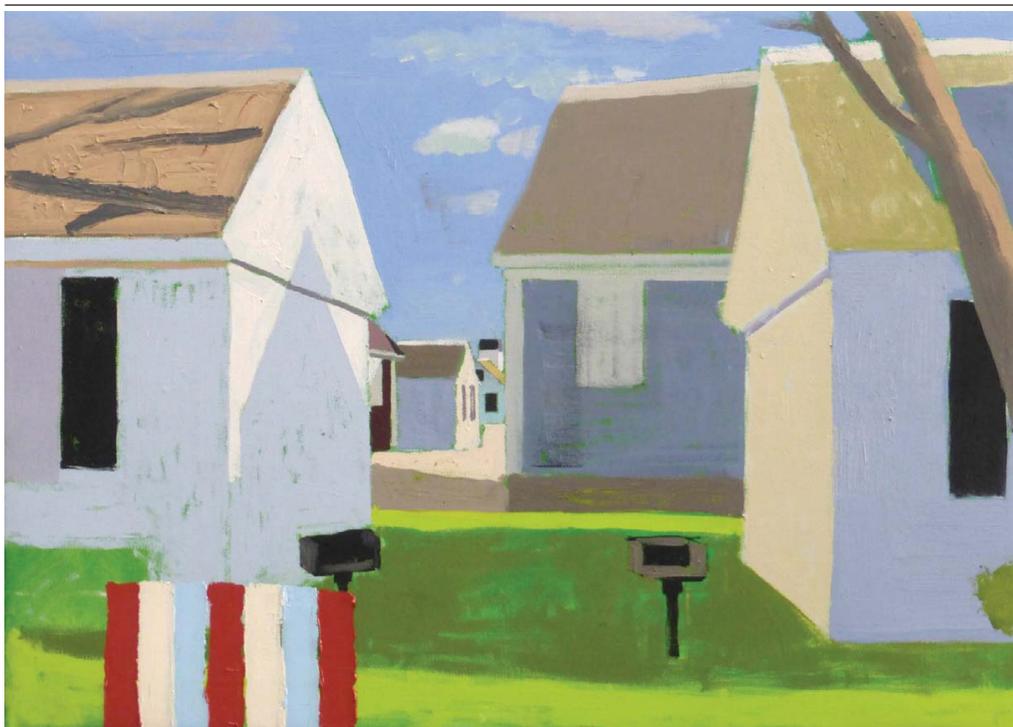
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Better Than the Pictures

Katsudon — a bowl of rice topped with slices of pork cutlet, onions and barely cooked eggs — can be transcendent.



Like so much of the exuberant food imagery that I'm drawn to in anime, the katsudon in "Yuri!!! on Ice," a series about a competitive figure skater in his early 20s, appeared as a less detailed but somehow more vivid version of itself. A Japanese rice bowl capped with golden slices of pork cutlet, held together with barely cooked eggs and translucent onions — textures exaggerated, colors saturated, aromas made visible — occasionally twinkling in soft focus, as if seen through a Vaseline-greased lens. "Is this what God eats?!" one character asked another, trembling, cheeks flushed, eyes wide with the shock of its pleasure. What I love about food in anime is the truth in its hyperbole.

I meant to watch just one episode of the 12-part first season when it came out last fall on some streaming sites. My friend Whitney had told me I'd love it, but I didn't realize how much: I stayed up and watched them all, more and more charmed and hungry. At first, Yuri is anxious. And he makes mistakes when he's anxious, and he tortures himself over those mistakes. When he's celebrating a win, or stuck in a professional slump, he finds comfort in katsudon. "Yuri" devotees from all over the world were quick to recreate his favorite dish at home, posting photos of their versions online like ephemeral fan art. They styled the dishes faithfully, with an addition of peas (at the fictional hot-springs inn that Yuri's parents run in Kyushu, the dish is served with peas). By the time I finished the series, I wanted to do the same, so I asked Whitney to come over for dinner.

The foundation of the dish is tonkatsu, a deep-fried breaded pork cutlet that became popular in Japan by the early 20th century. Tonkatsu may have started

Tonkatsu may have started out as an imitation of European-style cutlets, but Japanese cooks soon owned it.

out as an imitation of European-style cutlets — thin, flimsy slices of veal and lamb, sautéed in butter and served with a fork and a knife — but Japanese cooks soon owned it, revised it and deviated from the European recipes to develop their own style. By the 1920s, restaurants in Tokyo specialized in thick, evenly crisp cutlets, made from pork and deep-fried, often in lard. They served these in slices, so people could grasp them with chopsticks. Tonkatsu is now omnipresent, under heat lamps and behind glass at convenience stores, and on boards with shredded cabbage at high-end restaurants. In a Japanese home, it wouldn't be unusual to have one or two in the fridge, like a leftover piece of fried chicken.

Katsudon is particularly helpful if you need to revive one of those cold, just-starting-to-sog cutlets, stretching it into a cheap, delicious meal. The simmering broth soaks into the breading, turning it juicy, drenching it with umami. But make it with a fresh, warm cutlet, and it's even more rewarding. In his recipe for the dish in "Japanese Soul Cooking," the chef Tadashi Ono suggested using pork shoulder or loin, so I bought some of both. After a generous salt and pepper, I dipped the cutlets in flour, egg and panko, the Japanese bread crumbs, and fried them in a wide cast-iron pan.

With a plastic mandoline, I shaved half an onion and put it in another pan with dashi, soy sauce and mirin, simmering it until the onion went floppy and translucent. I added ginger, because in her cookbook "Japanese Farm Food," Nancy Singleton Hachisu writes about adding a little julienned raw ginger to her broth, before sliding the cutlets into the pan. While Whitney opened some beers, I cracked eggs into a small bowl, broke them up with a fork and poured them over the breading. Within a few minutes, the egg was set at the edges of the pan and the rice was ready. I piled everything in bowls and scattered some scallion on top.

There's always a gap between how the food you make looks in real life and how you thought it might look based on the pictures. I was prepared for it when the katsudon didn't emit its own light and twinkle cartoonishly, when it didn't look anything like its perfect, airbrushed, animated muse. But we both agreed, as we cleaned our bowls, that it was just right.

Katsudon (Pork-Cutlet Rice Bowl)

Time: 30 minutes

For the dashi:

- 4 cups water
- 1 piece kombu, about 5 inches by 6 inches
- 1 ounce bonito flakes

For the cutlets:

- 2 pork-loin cutlets, ½ inch thick
- ½ cup flour
- 1 egg, lightly beaten
- ¾ cup panko
- Salt and pepper
- Vegetable oil, for deep-frying

To assemble:

- ⅔ cup dashi
- 2 tablespoons soy sauce
- 2 tablespoons mirin
- ½ cup white onion, thinly sliced
- 1 piece ginger, 1 inch thick, thinly sliced and cut into strips
- ¼ cup frozen peas (optional)
- 2 pork-loin cutlets
- 4 eggs
- White rice, to serve
- 2 scallions, thinly sliced

1. To make the dashi, bring the water and kombu up to a simmer, then turn off the heat. Fish out the kombu, then add the bonito, and allow to steep for 2 or 3 minutes. Skim off any scum on the surface, and pour through a fine-mesh strainer. Keep in the fridge.

2. To make the cutlets, put the flour, egg and panko in three separate wide bowls. Generously season each cutlet with salt and pepper on both sides. Dip them, one at a time, in the flour, then the egg, then the panko, making sure each cutlet is totally covered in crumbs. Pour vegetable oil into a large, wide skillet until it's just under an inch high, and set over medium-high heat until it reaches 350 degrees. Fry cutlets until golden brown and crisp, turning after 3 minutes, and frying for a total of 6 minutes. Set on a wire rack to cool.

3. In a large skillet over medium heat, add dashi, soy sauce, mirin, onion, ginger and peas, if using. Bring to a simmer, then turn the heat down to low and cook for about 5 minutes, until the onion has softened. Carefully place the sliced cutlets on top of the onion and broth. Cover, and cook for 3 more minutes.

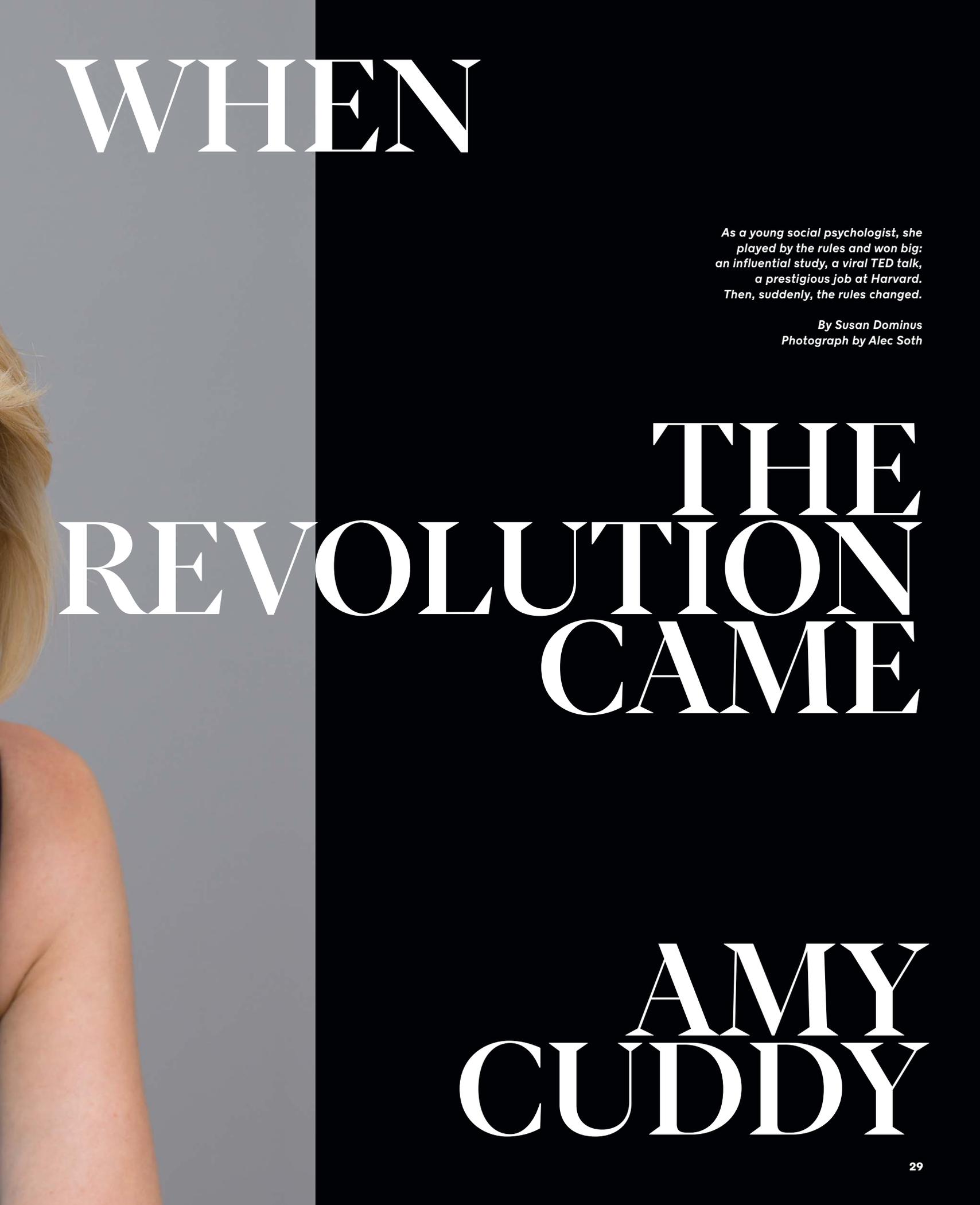
4. Crack eggs into a small bowl, and beat them with a fork, then pour all along the top of the cutlets. Don't stir, just cover and cook until the eggs are just about set but still slightly wobbly. To serve, heap rice into bowls, then slide cutlet slices, eggs and broth on top of each. Sprinkle with scallions.

Serves 2. ♦





FOR



WHEN

As a young social psychologist, she played by the rules and won big: an influential study, a viral TED talk, a prestigious job at Harvard. Then, suddenly, the rules changed.

*By Susan Dominus
Photograph by Alec Soth*

REVOLUTION CAME

AMY CUDDY

AMY

I

FIRST MET CUDDY

in January, soon after she moved into a new office at the Harvard School of Public Health. Cuddy was, at the time, officially on the faculty at Harvard Business School, but she was taking a temporary leave, her small box of an office filled with boxes. As she talked about her life in recent years, my attention kept drifting to her left arm, which she had trapped underneath her right leg, which crossed the left. She was slightly hunched over, and yet her right arm, long and lean — she danced for many years — gesticulated freely and expressively, so that the contrast gave the impression of someone in a conflicted emotional state, someone both wanting to tell her story and unsure about doing so.

That visual might have escaped me altogether, except that Cuddy, a social psychologist, is best known to the public for her work on body language. And hers seemed to embody a divide that had characterized her life in the last couple of years, a sense of two selves, one highly sensitive, the other more confident, even skilled in the art of conveying that confidence.

Cuddy became famous in her field for a 2010 study about the effects of “power poses.” The

study found that subjects who were directed to stand or sit in certain positions — legs astride, or feet up on a desk — reported stronger “feelings of power” after posing than they did before. Even more compelling than that, to many of her peers, was that the research measured actual physiological change as a result of the poses: The subjects’ testosterone levels went up, and their cortisol levels, which are associated with stress, went down.

The study impressed not only Cuddy’s colleagues — it was published in the prestigious journal *Psychological Science* — but also CNN, Oprah magazine and, inevitably, someone at the TED conference, which invited Cuddy to speak in 2012. In the talk, Cuddy was commanding; she was also confessional, telegenic, empathetic. She really wanted the audience members to ace their job interviews, to find confidence in the face of nerves, and she had a plan, a science-supported life hack, for how to do it: the power pose. “Don’t fake it till you make it — fake it till you become it,” she told the audience, before urging them to share the science of power posing with others who might need that boost: “It can significantly change the outcomes of their life.”

The video is now TED’s second-most popular, having been seen, to date, by some 43 million viewers. In the years after the talk, Cuddy became a sought-after speaker, a quasi celebrity and, eventually, the author of a best-selling book, “Presence,” in 2015. The power pose became the sun salutation for the professional woman on the cusp of leaning in. Countless hopefuls, male and female, locked themselves in bathroom stalls before job interviews to make victory V’s with their arms; media trainers had their speakers dutifully practice the pose before approaching the stage. Cuddy has gone on to give talks on power and the body (including power posing) and stereotyping to women’s groups in Australia, at youth homeless shelters, to skin-care workers by the thousands, to employees at Target and agents at State Farm Insurance. Cuddy’s fans approach her in airports, on ski slopes in Telluride, in long lines after her talks, to hug or to thank her, filled with their own power-posing stories — sharing how bold body language helped them get their jobs or win some match or confront a bully at work.

But since 2015, even as she continued to stride onstage and tell the audiences to face

down their fears, Cuddy has been fighting her own anxieties, as fellow academics have subjected her research to exceptionally high levels of public scrutiny. She is far from alone in facing challenges to her work: Since 2011, a methodological reform movement has been rattling the field, raising the possibility that vast amounts of research, even entire subfields, might be unreliable. Up-and-coming social psychologists, armed with new statistical sophistication, picked up the cause of replications, openly questioning the work their colleagues conducted under a now-outdated set of assumptions. The culture in the field, once cordial and collaborative, became openly combative, as scientists adjusted to new norms of public critique while still struggling to adjust to new standards of evidence.

Cuddy, in particular, has emerged from this upheaval as a unique object of social psychology's new, enthusiastic spirit of self-flagellation — as if only in punishing one of its most public stars could it fully break from its past. At conferences, in classrooms and on social media, fellow academics (or commenters on their sites) have savaged not just Cuddy's work but also her career, her income, her ambition, even her intelligence, sometimes with evident malice. Last spring, she quietly left her tenure-track job at Harvard.

Some say that she has gained fame with an excess of confidence in fragile results, that she prized her platform over scientific certainty. But many of her colleagues, and even some who are critical of her choices, believe that the attacks on her have been excessive and overly personal. What seems undeniable is that the rancor of the critiques reflects the emotional



Cuddy during her TED talk in 2012.

at Indiana University, found that when he asked children to execute a simple task (winding line on a fishing rod), they performed better in the company of other children than they did when alone in a room. Over the following decades, a new discipline grew up within psychology to further interrogate group dynamics: how social groups react in certain circumstances, how the many can affect the one.

way group pressures or authority figures could influence human behavior. In one simple study on conformity in 1951, the social psychologist Solomon Asch found that people would agree that one drawn line matched the length of another — even if it clearly did not — if others around them all agreed that it did. In subsequent years, researchers like Stanley Milgram (who tested how people weighed their consciences against the demands of authority) and Philip Zimbardo (who observed the effect of power on students assigned as either prison guards or prisoners) rejected the traditional confines of the lab for more theatrical displays of human nature. “They felt the urgency of history,” says Rebecca Lemov, a professor of the history of science at Harvard. “They really wanted to make people look.”

Since the late 1960s, the field's psychologists have tried to elevate the scientific rigor of their work, introducing controls and carefully designed experiments like the ones found in medicine. Increasingly complex ideas about the workings of the unconscious yielded research with the charm of mesmerists' shows, revealing unlikely forces that seem to guide our behavior: that simply having people wash their hands could change their sense of culpability; that people's evaluations of risk could easily be rendered irrational; that once people have made a decision, they curiously give more weight to information in its favor. Humans, the research often suggested,

She worried about asking peers to collaborate, suspecting that they would not want to set themselves up for intense scrutiny.

toll among scientists forced to confront the fear that what they were doing all those years may not have been entirely scientific.

One of the seminal social-psychology studies, at the turn of the 20th century, asked a question that at the time was a novel one: How does the presence of other people change an individual's behavior? Norman Triplett, a psychologist

The questions grew even more profound, using experiments to tease out universal susceptibilities, raising the possibility that behavior was more easily swayed by outside forces than personality researchers previously believed. The field reached a moment of unusual visibility in the mid-20th century, as practitioners, many of them Jewish refugees or first-generation immigrants from Europe, explored, post-World War II, the

were reliably mercurial, highly suggestible, profoundly irrational, tricksters better at fooling ourselves than anyone else.

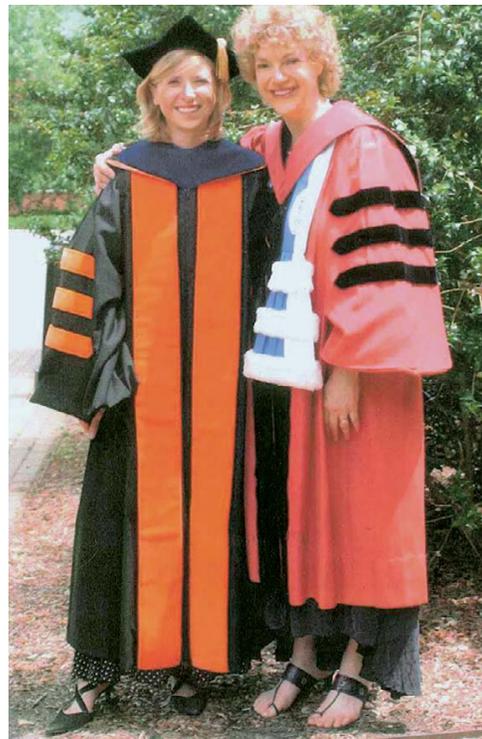
Already relatively accessible to the public, the field became even more influential with the rise of behavioral economics in the 1980s and 1990s, as visionaries like Richard Thaler, (who won the Nobel Prize in economics this month) found applications for counterintuitive social-psychology insights that could be used to guide policy. In 2000, Malcolm Gladwell, the author of the best-selling “Tipping Point,” applied irresistible storytelling to the science, sending countless journalists to investigate similar terrain and inspiring social psychologists to write books of their own. In 2006, Daniel Gilbert, a professor of psychology at Harvard, published the best seller “Stumbling on Happiness” — a book that tried to explain why we plan so poorly for our own future. That same year, TED started airing its first videos, offering a new stage for social psychologists with compelling findings, ideally surprising ones. The field was experiencing a visibility unknown since the midcentury; business schools, eager for social psychologists’ insights into leadership and decision-making, started pursuing social psychologists, with better pay and more funding than psychology graduate schools could offer.

This moment of fizziness for the discipline was already underway when Cuddy arrived at Princeton’s graduate program in 2000, transferring there to follow her adviser, Susan Fiske, with whom she first worked at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. She moved to Princeton with her husband at the time — they later divorced — and in her second year there, she had a child. Her academic work continued to thrive as she collaborated with Fiske on research on stereotyping, which found that groups of people (for example of a particular ethnicity) who were judged as nice were assumed to be less competent and vice versa. (“Just Because I’m Nice Don’t Assume I’m Dumb,” was the headline of a Harvard Business Review by Cuddy.) Fiske and Cuddy’s resulting papers are still heavily cited, formulating a framework for stereotyping that proved hugely influential on the field.

And yet, especially early on at Princeton, Cuddy felt uncertain of her place there. She feared that her brain simply could not function at a high-enough level to power her through the program. Cuddy suffered a traumatic brain injury in a car accident the summer after her sophomore year in college, when a friend of hers fell asleep at the wheel while Cuddy was asleep in the back seat. In the months after the accident, Cuddy was told she should not expect to finish college; her fog was so deep that she remembers being retaught how to shop for groceries. Even

after Cuddy recovered, her friends told her that she had changed, that she was not the same person — but she could not remember who she had been before. It took her four years and multiple false starts before she could return to college. Even after she was accepted to graduate school at University of Massachusetts, she confessed to Fiske that she feared she would not be able to keep up with the work.

Cuddy was trained as a ballet dancer — in between her stints at college, she danced as an apprentice with the Colorado Ballet — but her interest in studying the body and its relationship to power did not begin until 2009, her first year



Cuddy with her adviser, Susan Fiske, at Princeton.

as a teacher at Harvard Business School. At the invitation of her department chair, she joined a small circle of academics meeting with Joe Navarro, a former F.B.I. agent who had written a book about body language. The invited parties, which included Dana Carney, a professor at Columbia University who studied body language and power, all spoke briefly about their work. In the conversation that followed, Navarro pointed out that Cuddy’s own body language, during her presentation, signaled insecurity: She was fiddling with her necklace, wrapping her arms around her torso.

Carney and Cuddy had been noticing the

same kinds of body language in their female students, who performed well on written materials but lost points, compared with their male counterparts, on class participation. Their body language was constricted; they raised their hands with their elbows cradled in their other hands; they made themselves physically small; they spoke less often.

The two researchers wondered whether people whose physical cues looked like their female students’ — self-protective, insecure — would feel more powerful or even change their behavior if they simply adopted more expansive body positions.

Carney and Cuddy brainstormed a research project to test this question. At Columbia, Carney recruited students, telling them that they were part of a study intended to measure the effects of placing an electrocardiograph’s electrodes either above or below the heart. In the study of 42 subjects that they eventually published, experimenters arranged half the students into positions associated with high power (leaning back in a chair with feet crossed on a desk, for example) and half the students into positions associated with low power (like crossing arms in front of the body). Before and after the poses, experimenters took saliva swabs from the students to measure how the positions affected cortisol and testosterone levels. They also asked the students to report (before and after the poses) how in charge and powerful they felt on a scale of one to four (a measurement known as “self-reported feelings of power”). And they measured whether that feeling had what researchers call a “downstream effect” — a resulting behavior. People who feel power, the literature suggests, are more likely to engage in a range of certain behaviors, including risk-taking; so the experiment also measured the subjects’ willingness to bet on a roll of the dice.

“I remember how happy we were when Dana called me with the results,” Cuddy says. “Everything went in the direction it was supposed to.” The abstract that they eventually wrote — that their editors approved — reflects the incautious enthusiasm that characterized the era: “That a person can, by assuming two simple 1-min poses, embody power and instantly become more powerful, has real-world, actionable implications.”

In 2014, on a podcast called “Story Collider,” Cuddy connects the study that made her so famous with the accident that subtly shifted her identity. After the crash, she recalled, she felt as if she were merely passing for herself, an inauthentic version of who she used to be. It made sense, then, that she ended up “studying how people can become their aspirational selves,” she said. “How can you become a self that you are not now?”

The year that Amy Cuddy published her power-posing paper, Joseph Simmons, who attended graduate school at Princeton with Cuddy, was starting to think about his own seminal paper, one that would, unknown to either of them, have as much influence on her life as it would on his own; it would, in fact, change not just their lives but the field as they knew it, with wildly differing consequences for each of them.

Cuddy and Simmons, each of whom came from working-class backgrounds, had been fond of each other at Princeton, even if they did not socialize often: Cuddy was a new mother, and Simmons was five years younger and heavily committed to his softball team. Simmons considered Cuddy a friend, someone he was always happy to see at a party, despite their obvious differences: Cuddy, who used to follow the Grateful Dead, would have been the one dancing at the party, while Simmons would have been the one laughing with his close friend, a fellow graduate student named Leif Nelson, about the latest buzzy journal article that seemed, to them, ridiculous.

Having arrived at Princeton wide-eyed, straight from Mount St. Mary's College in Maryland, Simmons, within a few years, appeared to some of his classmates to have lost some of his

professor of psychology at Cornell, Daryl Bem, who claimed that he had strong evidence for the existence of extrasensory perception. The paper struck them as the ultimate in bad-faith science. "How can something not be possible to cause something else?" Nelson says. "Oh, you reverse time, then it can't." And yet the methodology was supposedly sound. After years of debating among themselves, the three of them resolved to figure out how so many researchers were coming up with such unlikely results.

Over the course of several months of conference calls and computer simulations, the three researchers eventually determined that the enemy of science — subjectivity — had burrowed its way into the field's methodology more deeply than had been recognized. Typically, when researchers analyzed data, they were free to make various decisions, based on their judgment, about what data to maintain: whether it was wise, for example, to include experimental subjects whose results were really unusual or whether to exclude them; to add subjects to the sample or exclude additional subjects because of some experimental glitch. More often than not, those decisions — always seemingly justified as a way of eliminating noise — conveniently strengthened

researchers would happen to get the results they achieved — or even more extreme ones — if there were no phenomena, in truth, to observe? (And no systematic error.) For decades, the standard of so-called statistical significance — also the hurdle to considering a study publishable — has been a P-value of less than 5 percent.

To examine how easily the science could be manipulated, Simmons and Simonsohn ran a study in which they asked 20 participants their ages (and their fathers' birthdays). Half the group listened to the Beatles song "When I'm Sixty-Four"; the other listened to a control (the instrumental music "Kalimba"). Using totally standard methodology common to the field, they were able to prove that the participants who listened to the Beatles song were magically a year and a half younger than they were before they had heard the music. The subject heading of the explanation: "How Bad Can It Be? A Demonstration of Chronological Rejuvenation." It was witty, it was relatable — everyone understood that it was a critique of the fundamental soundness of the field.

"We realized entire literatures could be false positives," Simmons says. They had collaborated with enough other researchers to recognize that the practice was widespread and counted themselves among the guilty. "I P-hacked like crazy all through my time at Princeton, and I still couldn't get interesting results," Simmons says.

The paper generated its fair share of attention, but it was not until January 2012, at a tense conference of the Society of Personality and Social Psychology in San Diego, that social psychologists began to glimpse the iceberg looming ahead — the sliding furniture, the recriminations, the crises of conscience and finger-pointing and side-taking that would follow. At the conference, several hundred academics crowded into the room to hear Simmons and his colleagues challenge the methodology of their field. First, Leslie John, then a graduate student, now an associate professor at the Harvard School of Business, presented a survey of 2,000 social psychologists that suggested that P-hacking, as well as other questionable research practices, were common. In his presentation, Simonsohn introduced a new concept, a graph that could be used to evaluate bodies of research, using the P-values of those studies (the lower the overall P-values, the better). He called it a P-curve and suggested that it could be used, for example, to evaluate the research that a prospective job candidate submitted. To some, the implication of the combined presentations seemed clear: The field was rotten with the practice, and egregious P-hackers should not get away with it.

(Continued on Page 50)

'The reformers were annoyed, because they felt like they had to come in after the fact and clean up after us. And it was true.'

idealism about academia; maybe he exhibited his idealism about science in a way that could be mistaken for cynicism. Simmons had an unusual interest in statistics, the way its airtight logic could neatly prove, or disprove, the worth of an extravagant idea. He and Nelson were endlessly critical of other studies' findings, an intellectual exercise they enjoyed and considered essential. The two of them, Nelson says, were "into thinking about subtleties in data collection and analysis."

After finishing a postdoctoral program at Princeton, Simmons lost touch with Cuddy, who was by then teaching at Northwestern. He remained close to Nelson, who had befriended a behavioral scientist, also a skeptic, Uri Simonsohn. Nelson and Simonsohn kept up an email correspondence for years. They, along with Simmons, took particular umbrage when a prestigious journal accepted a paper from an emeritus

the findings' results. The field (hardly unique in this regard) had approved those kinds of tinkering for years, underappreciating just how powerfully they skewed the results in favor of false positives, particularly if two or three analyses were underway at the same time. The three eventually wrote about this phenomenon in a paper called "False-Positive Psychology," published in 2011. "Everyone knew it was wrong, but they thought it was wrong the way it's wrong to jaywalk," Simmons recently wrote in a paper taking stock of the field. "We decided to write 'False-Positive Psychology' when simulations revealed it was wrong the way it's wrong to rob a bank."

Simmons called those questionable research practices P-hacking, because researchers used them to lower a crucial measure of statistical significance known as the P-value. The P stands for probable, as in: How probable is it that



**– until
emoji came
along.**

The Content Of Their Characters



by Michael Erard



by Matt Dorfman

Anshuman Pandey was intrigued. A graduate student in history at the University of Michigan, he was searching online for forgotten alphabets of South Asia when an image of a mysterious writing system popped up. In eight years of digging through British colonial archives both real and digital, he has found almost 200 alphabets across Asia that were previously undescribed in the West, but this one, which he came across in early 2011, stumped him. Its sinuous letters, connected to one another in cursive fashion and sometimes bearing dots and slashes above or below, resembled those of Arabic.

Pandey eventually identified the script as an alphabet for Rohingya, the language spoken by the stateless and persecuted Muslim people whose greatest numbers live in western Myanmar, where they've been the victims of brutal ethnic cleansing. Pandey wasn't sure if the alphabet itself was in use anymore, until he lucked upon contemporary pictures of printed textbooks for children. That meant it wasn't a historical footnote; it was alive.

An email query from Pandey bounced from expert to expert until it landed with Muhammad Noor, a Rohingya activist and television host who was living in Malaysia. He told Pandey the short history of this alphabet, which was developed in the 1980s by a group of scholars that included a man named Mohammed Hanif. It spread slowly through the 1990s in handwritten, photocopied books. After 2001, thanks to two computer fonts designed by Noor, it became possible to type the script in word-processing programs. But no email, text messages or (later) tweets could be sent or received in it, no Google searches conducted in it. The Rohingya had no digital alphabet of their own through which they could connect with one another.

Billions of people around the world no longer face this plight. Whether on computers or smartphones, they can write as they write, expressing themselves in their own linguistic culture. What makes this possible is a 26-year-old international industrial standard for text data called the Unicode standard, which prescribes the digital letters, numbers and punctuation marks of more than 100 different writing systems: Greek, Cherokee, Arabic, Latin, Devanagari — a world-spanning storehouse of languages. But the alphabet that Noor described wasn't among them, and neither are more than 100 other scripts, just over half of them historical and the rest alphabets that could still be used by as many as 400 million people today.

Now a computational linguist and motivated by a desire to put his historical knowledge to use, Pandey knows how to get obscure alphabets into the Unicode standard. Since 2005, he has done so for 19 writing systems (and he's currently working

to add another eight). With Noor's help, and some financial support from a research center at the University of California, Berkeley, he drew up the basic set of letters and defined how they combine, what rules govern punctuation and whether spaces exist between words, then submitted a proposal to the Unicode Consortium, the organization that maintains the standards for digital scripts. In 2018, seven years after Pandey's discovery, what came to be called Hanifi Rohingya will be rolled out in Unicode's 11th version. The Rohingya will be able to communicate online with one another, using their own alphabet.

As a practical matter, this will not have much impact for the Rohingya who are suffering in Myanmar, many of whom are illiterate and shut off from educational and technological opportunity. "The spread of this new digital system is unlikely to go to scale," Maung Zarni, a human rights activist who works on Rohingya issues, and Natalie Brinham, a Ph.D. fellow at Queen Mary University of London, told me in an email. They emphasized that the Rohingya do not have the autonomy to organize their own schools. But given the group's history of oppression, the encoding of their language carries considerable symbolic weight because it legitimizes an oppressed minority and their language. "It becomes a tool of unity to help people come together," Noor says.

Creating such interconnectedness and expanding the linguistic powers of technology users around the world is the whole point of Unicode. If the work is slow, that's because standardizing a writing system for computers is a delicate art that relies on both engineering and diplomacy. And the time and attention of the volunteers who maintain the standard are finite. So what happens when a new system of visual communication like emoji emerges and comes under their purview? Things get even slower and the mission more complicated.

Shortly after finishing a linguistics Ph.D. at Berkeley in 1980, Ken Whistler was frustrated by the inability of mainframe computers to print the specialized phonetic symbols that linguists use. I can fix that, he thought, and he then hacked an early personal computer to do so. In 1989, on one of his first days on the job at a software start-up, his boss told him to meet with a Xerox computer scientist, Joe Becker, who had just published a manifesto on multilingual computing. "The people of the world need to be able to communicate and compute in their own native languages," Becker wrote, "not just in English."

At the time, computing in the United States relied on encodings like those from the American Standard Code for Information Interchange (usually known as ASCII), which assigned numerical identifiers to letters, numbers, punctuation

and behaviors (like "indent"). The capital letter "A," for instance, had an ASCII code of 065, or 01000001 in the 0s and 1s in the binary code of computers. Each textual character used by a computer needs its own unique sequence, a numerical identifier or "character encoding." The problem with ASCII was that it had only 256 codes to distribute and far more than 256 characters in the world needing identifiers.

In order to work with more writing systems than ASCII was able to handle, technology companies like Apple, Xerox, IBM, DEC, Hewlett-Packard and even Kodak created their proprietary encodings. None of them worked with the others. To complicate things further, some nations insisted as a matter of national pride on their own standards for text data. "The proliferation of character encodings was chaos," Whistler says.

Joe Becker gathered like-minded computer scientists to bring order to the chaos, arguing that cooperation was needed among companies. The result was the Unicode Consortium, which was incorporated in 1991. He also maintained that the solution had to be international and helped broker an alliance with the International Organization for Standardization, which maintains more than 20,000 standards related to products and services, from the tensile strength of yarn to the chemical composition of toys. Such standards are meant to ensure, among other things, that things from one country can be used in the industrial processes of another. Standardized shipping containers, for instance, have made international commerce far more efficient. Standards don't become regulations; they're conventions, "recipes for reality" in the words of Lawrence Busch, a sociologist emeritus at Michigan State University who studies how standards arise. Unicode unified all the numerical identifiers and made sure they were reliable and up-to-date.

As is the case in other standards organizations, full membership in the nonprofit Unicode Consortium comes with the right to vote on changes to the standard. Membership dues are \$18,000 annually; current full members include global tech giants (like Apple, Facebook and Google) and the Sultanate of Oman (which wants to see digital Arabic improved). A second membership tier includes a university, government bodies in Bangladesh and India, a typeface company and an emoji search engine. Over the years, members came and went, depending on their immediate interest in issues of standardization.

Unicode's idealistic founders intended to bring the personal-computing revolution to everyone on the planet, regardless of language. "The people who really got the bug," Whistler says, "saw themselves at an inflection point in history and their chance to make a difference." No fortunes have been made through Unicode, unless you count the platforms (like Twitter) and products (like the iPhone) that adopted the standard.

Unicode's history is full of attacks by governments, activists and eccentrics. In the early 1990s, the Chinese government objected to the encoding of Tibetan. About five years ago, Hungarian nationalists tried to sabotage the encoding for Old Hungarian because they wanted it to be called "Szekley-Hungarian Rovas" instead. An encoding for an alphabet used to write Nepal Bhasa and Sanskrit was delayed a few years ago by ethnonationalists who mistrusted the proposal because they objected to the author's surname. Over and over, the Unicode Consortium has protected its standard from such political attacks.

The standard's effectiveness helped. "If standards work, they're invisible and can be ignored by the public," Busch says. Twenty years after its first version, Unicode had become the default text-data standard, adopted by device manufacturers and software companies all over the world. Each version of the standard ushered more users into a seamless digital world of text. "We used to ask ourselves, 'How many years do you think the consortium will need to be in place before we can publish the last version?'" Whistler recalls. The end was finally in sight — at one point the consortium had barely more than 50 writing systems to add.

All that changed in October 2010, when that year's version of the Unicode standard included its first set of emojis.

 In a downtown San Francisco street last November, partygoers were lined up at a Taco Bell truck to get tacos. Inside the nearby co-working space, Covo, was the opening night party of Emojicon, a weekend-long celebration of all things emoji, held just days before the presidential election. Only foods that could be depicted with emojis were being served, while a balloon artist twisted approximations of various emojis.

In the late 1990s, when Japanese phone manufacturers first put emojis on their devices as marketing gimmicks, messaging standards required that emojis be sent as text data — as characters matched to strings of numbers, not as images. But emojis were unreadable on devices that couldn't translate their numerical identifiers.

When a software engineer named Graham Asher suggested in 2000 that Unicode take responsibility for emojis, the consortium demurred on the grounds that pictures were subjectively interpreted. A few years later, companies like Apple and Microsoft realized that the increasingly popular Japanese emojis would appear as gibberish on their products and pushed the consortium to encode them. By 2009, 974 emojis had been assigned numerical identifiers, which were released the following year.

As the demand for new emojis surged, so, too, did the criticisms. White human figures didn't reflect the diversity of real skin colors. Many

emojis for specific professions (like police officer and construction worker) had only male figures, while icons for foods didn't represent what people around the world actually ate. Millions of users wanted to communicate using the language of emoji, and as consumers, they expected change to be swift. One thing appeared to be slowing things down: the Unicode Consortium.

At Emojicon, resentment toward Unicode was simmering amid the emoji karaoke, emoji improv and talks on emoji linguistics. "Such a 1980s sci-fi villain name," one participant grumbled. "Who put them in charge?" A student from Rice University, Mark Bramhill, complained that the requirements for the yoga-pose emoji he had proposed were off-puttingly specific, almost as if they were meant to deter him. A general anti-establishment frustration seemed to be directed at the ruling organization. One speaker, Latoya Peterson, the deputy editor of digital innovation for ESPN's "The Undeclared," urged people to submit proposals to Unicode for more diverse emojis. "We are the internet!" she said. "It is us!"

On the first morning of Emojicon, Mark Davis, president of Unicode, explained in a talk that the consortium also maintains the repository for time and date formats, currency and language names and other information that adapts computer functions to where a user is. Even more demanding technically is making sure that characters behave as users want them to. One major achievement has been ironing out how right-to-left alphabets like Arabic are used in the same line of text as left-to-right ones like Latin, which affects billions of users and can take years to adjust. Dealing with emojis, in short, is a small, though increasing, part of the consortium's responsibilities.

Davis mentioned that once characters become part of the Unicode standard, they're never removed. This inspired one young designer in the audience to announce that he'd ensure his legacy by proposing emojis until one was accepted. The crowd laughed; Davis smiled coolly, perhaps because Unicode committees have been overwhelmed with some 500 submissions in the last three years.

Not everyone thinks that Unicode should be in the emoji business at all. I met several people at Emojicon promoting apps that treat emojis like pictures, not text, and I heard an idea floated for a separate standards body for emojis run by people with nontechnical backgrounds. "Normal people can have an opinion about why there isn't a cupcake emoji," said Jennifer 8. Lee, an entrepreneur and a film producer whose advocacy on behalf of a dumpling emoji inspired her to organize Emojicon. The issue isn't space — Unicode has about 800,000 unused numerical identifiers — but about whose expertise and worldview shapes the standard and prioritizes its projects.

"Emoji has had a tendency to subtract attention from the other important things the

consortium needs to be working on," Ken Whistler says. He believes that Unicode was right to take responsibility for emoji, because it has the technical expertise to deal with character chaos (and has dealt with it before). But emoji is an unwanted distraction. "We can spend hours arguing for an emoji for chopsticks, and then have nobody in the room pay any attention to details for what's required for Nepal, which the people in Nepal use to write their language. That's my main concern: emoji eats the attention span both in the committee and for key people with other responsibilities."

Emoji has nonetheless provided a boost to Unicode. Companies frequently used to implement partial versions of the standard, but the spread of emoji now forces them to adopt more complete versions of it. As a result, smartphones that can manage emoji will be more likely to have Hanifi Rohingya on them too. The stream of proposals also makes the standard seem alive, attracting new volunteers to Unicode's mission. It's not unusual for people who come to the organization through an interest in emoji to end up embracing its priorities. "Working on characters used in a small province of China, even if it's 20,000 people who are going to use it, that's a more important use of their time than deliberating over whether the hand of my yoga emoji is in the right position," Mark Bramhill told me.

Since its creation was announced in 2015, the "Adopt a Character" program, through which individuals and organizations can sponsor any characters, including emojis, has raised more than \$200,000. A percentage of the proceeds goes to support the Script Encoding Initiative, a research project based at Berkeley, which is headed by the linguistics researcher Deborah Anderson, who is devoted to making Unicode truly universal. One the consortium recently accepted is called Nyiakeng Puachue Hmong, devised for the Hmong language by a minister in California whose parishioners have been using it for more than 25 years. Still in the proposal stage is Tigalari, once used to write Sanskrit and other Indian languages.

One way to read the story of Unicode in the time of emoji is to see a privileged generation of tech consumers confronting the fact that they can't communicate in ways they want to on their devices: through emoji. They get involved in standards-making, which yields them some satisfaction but slows down the speed with which millions of others around the world get access to the most basic of online linguistic powers. "There are always winners and losers in standards," Lawrence Busch says. "You might want to say, ultimately we'd like everyone to win and nobody to lose too much, but we're stuck with the fact that we have to make decisions, and when we make them, those decisions are going to be less acceptable to some than to others." ♦

SUPER *Weird* **Do**

To revamp THE MOST BORING SUPERHERO IN THE MARVEL PANTHEON, THE COMPANY HANDED 'THOR: RAGNAROK' TO AN ECCENTRIC, ALMOST ENTIRELY UNKNOWN INDIE FILMMAKER FROM NEW ZEALAND. WILL AMERICAN AUDIENCES LIKE THE VIEW INSIDE **TAIKA WAITITI'S** HEAD?

BY
**DAN
KOIS**

PHOTOGRAPH
BY
**EMILY
SHUR**





t was 394 days before the scheduled release of “Thor: Ragnarok,” and at 4:30 in the morning, the movie’s director, Taika Waititi, was already dressed for another long day: knit cap, dapper wool shirt buttoned up to the neck, cup of coffee in hand. He was three months into the shoot for this \$180 million superhero movie based at the massive Village Roadshow Studios in Queensland, Australia, and he enjoyed acting like someone still not quite used to his role. “Every morning,” he confided, “I get in the car and think, Man, they *still* don’t know that I don’t know what I’m doing.” He laughed, a high-pitched giggle. “They still haven’t cottoned on!”

That day, Waititi was shooting a scene with Jeff Goldblum. Waititi himself would be performing opposite the star in a motion-capture suit, which visual effects would turn into a character named Korg. “I’ll need to have a shave,” he said, “after the coffee.” He gestured at his cup. “You know,” Waititi said, feigning amazement, “they give this to you for free.” He shook his head. “Hollywood!”

Waititi, 42, is just the latest in a long string of upstart directors — like Colin Trevorrow (“Jurassic World”), James Gunn (“Guardians of the Galaxy”) and Gareth Edwards (“Godzilla”) — handed the keys to some of the most expensive entertainment machines in the world. Studios hire these indie auteurs to deliver (at a reasonable price, and in a way they feel they can control) a little shot of cool to a staid or stagnant property. Sometimes, as with Patty Jenkins on “Wonder Woman,” the spark delivered by a new director can reinvigorate an entire cinematic universe and stave off franchise fatigue; other times, as with Josh Trank’s disastrous “Fantastic Four,” the move puts a small-movie director in a position to fail more hugely than anyone ever imagined possible.

In many ways, Waititi neatly fits the mold of a lively director plucked from indiedom and placed at the center of a franchise. He’s stylish, funny and confident. His handcrafted, quirky comedy-dramas “Boy” (2010) and “*Hunt for the Wilderpeople*” (2016) grossed a cumulative \$5.5 million in the United States. Up to now, his most prominent American credit was a few episodes of the HBO comedy “*Flight of the Conchords*,” starring his college friends Jemaine Clement and Bret McKenzie. Much of his CGI experience came from a Sour

Patch Kids commercial starring Method Man.

But in one very obvious way, Waititi doesn’t fit the mold. All those other directors are white; Waititi is Maori, from the Te Whanau-a-Apanui tribe, and so the bet Marvel was making by hiring Waititi was not only on an indie director but also on the first indigenous person ever to be handed the reins of a superhero megamovie. One reason they felt comfortable giving him those reins was that “Boy” and “*Wilderpeople*,” despite their minuscule American box office, were offbeat crowd-pleasers — indeed, in New Zealand they were blockbusters, the most popular Kiwi films ever made, in part because of the complex way Waititi treated his Maori heritage on-screen.

Marvel asked Waititi to meet in summer 2015. “I didn’t really think this was my cup of tea,” he said. “It’s always nice to be wanted, though.” Given the brief to pitch directing a “Thor” buddy comedy that he would help write, Waititi suggested “*Withnail & I* in space,” “just these two people who happen to be superheroes making their way across the universe.” (In this formula, the Hulk is the volatile Withnail figure, and Thor must “take care of this time bomb and keep him out of trouble” as they travel from planet to planet.) In their final meeting, Kevin Feige, the head of Marvel Studios, asked Waititi why he thought he could handle such a gargantuan project. “Because I’ve been doing it in my head my whole life,” Waititi replied. Feige loved that answer, because he feels that’s how he got his job, too.

Directing a movie like “Thor” requires a daunting set of skills, many of which have little to do with framing a shot: the temperament to manage a set with as many as 1,000 people on it rather than 100; the know-how to oversee complex effects; the canniness to please your bosses; the confidence not to be intimidated by the money, the stars, the vastness of the task. You’re more the captain of a complex, hierarchical aircraft carrier than the solo skipper of a dinghy. At one point, Waititi cheerfully calculated that he was spending the cumulative budget of his previous four films every few weeks on the set of “Thor.”

In the “Thor” universe, “Ragnarok” refers to the apocalyptic cycle of death and rebirth, freely adapted from Norse mythology, and Waititi cheekily nodded to the concept as he finished his coffee and prepared to head to set. “I can either play it safe and do the framing and everything like the way I feel these movies *should* be made,” he said. “Or — knowing that I can always go back to my small films that I do with my friends — I could approach this in this Ragnarok way, full out, heading for the fire, sprinting full speed toward Armageddon.”

That approach sounded a little scary. Waititi giggled. “It’s terrifying if, like, if you let them see the terror,” he said. “But I hide it really well.”

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Waititi grew up splitting time between Wellington, New Zealand’s capital, and the East Cape of

the North Island, the setting of “Boy.” His father was a Maori painter, his mother a *pakeha* (white) schoolteacher. After an uninspired run at studying drama in college (one professor said that his only real memory of Waititi was that he didn’t expect him to succeed), he spent a decade performing sketch comedy, often with his Victoria University mates Clement and McKenzie.

In 2005, his short film “Two Cars, One Night” was nominated for an Academy Award. An 11-minute vignette about Maori kids stuck waiting for their parents in the parking lot outside an East Cape bar, the short is less antic than Waititi’s features would be but is a low-key prototype for the kinds of stories he wanted to tell, which he has described as “either comedies with depressing bits or dramas with funny bits.” At the Oscars, as Jeremy Irons introduced the nominees for best live-action short film, Waititi pretended to be asleep in his seat as the camera tracked to him. (He thought his fellow nominees had agreed to the gag, cooked up over drinks one night, but the rest weren’t serious.) “I had no intention of being a filmmaker,” Waititi said, but the short “got a lot of attention, and I didn’t have anything else on.”

He also had a national film commission that was eager to finance his directorial work. Waititi’s first feature, “Eagle vs. Shark,” was an aggressively quirky romance between two misfits, played by Clement and Loren Horsley. He followed it with an expansion of “Two Cars, One Night”: “Boy,” about a Michael Jackson-mad Maori kid called Boy growing up in the East Cape in the 1980s and his ne’er-do-well father, played by Waititi himself. With its wicked humor and unsentimental treatment of Maori life, it was an immediate sensation in New Zealand, becoming the highest-grossing locally produced film of all time. “Boy” featured Waititi-drawn animation and a “Thriller-meets-Maori-war-dance number, but just as often, Waititi’s directorial flourishes served to deepen and sadden the film. One recurring flashback is a bloody tableau of Boy’s mother lying dead while his weeping aunts cradle his infant brother.

“Essentially it’s a comedy about child neglect,” Waititi said. “I wanted to do something that showed that even living in the poorest area of New Zealand is funny.” Waititi noted that *pakehas* were the ones most likely to complain about his depiction of Maori life. “They’re usually disappointed that there aren’t, like, more ghosts in the story.” He laughed. “‘Shouldn’t he be talking to his dead mother right now?’ No, because that never happens to anyone. Never happened to me. I’ve never been in contact with any of these ghosts or ridden any of these whales.”

After a mockumentary about vampire roommates, “*What We Do in the Shadows*” — directed with Clement — Waititi made “*Hunt for the Wilderpeople*.” A spirited comedy about a foster kid lost in the bush with his grumpy guardian, “*Wilderpeople*” grapples with grief and puts its heroes in real emotional and physical danger, transforming into

a classic family-adventure story that just happens to center on a juvenile delinquent who names his dog Tupac. As with “Boy,” audiences embraced a story with predominantly Maori characters as archetypically Kiwi. “He welcomed everyone into Maori culture,” says the Maori actor Rachel House, who played a maniacal child-protection officer in “Wilderpeople” and is also in “Ragnarok.” The film surpassed the domestic box-office record set by “Boy” in a month and a half.

In hiring Waititi for “Thor,” Marvel found a director with an anarchic visual aesthetic whose storytelling interests were nonetheless deeply, satisfyingly conventional. “In a lot of my films,” Waititi said, “the biggest theme is family, making families out of those around you.” That theme drives Marvel Studios’ “Guardians of the Galaxy” series, an unexpected hit whose energy the third “Thor” movie seems designed to replicate.

Thanks to Waititi’s dogged geniality, the 84 days of principal photography for “Thor: Ragnarok” were, according to basically everyone, pretty fun. He opened the shoot with a ceremony featuring ritual dances and greetings from the local Aboriginal tribe, the Bundjalung people, as well as a Maori celebrant. “A set should be like a family, except that you all actually like each other,” Waititi said. “We just play music all day, we dance, we talk.” At times it seemed Waititi — dancing, blasting disco — was putting on a one-man show with unflagging enthusiasm. Waititi’s favorite gag, according to his star, Chris Hemsworth, was to “forget” his set mike was on and then to perform complaints about his leading actor, midtake, for everyone to hear: “Ah, we should’ve got the other Chris. Chris Pine, Chris Pratt, anything but Hemsworth.” Then there’d be a muffled scrabbling, and Waititi would say, “Oh, crap — sorry, guys, sorry.”

Cornel Ozies, an Australian Aboriginal filmmaker who was one of eight native people Waititi invited to shadow him on the “Ragnarok” shoot, characterizes Waititi’s on-set style as specifically indigenous: “If you talk about his Maori heritage, it’s big families. When you have big families, you’re going to have a lot of clashes,” adding, “you pick up the skill set of being a mediator.” For Waititi, the choice to maintain this disposition, which he calls “Happy Taika,” underlies his entire directorial philosophy. “I’ve been on a lot of film sets,” he said, “and I’ve always promised myself I wouldn’t create a set where people dread coming to work.” He made a face like a kid tasting something sour. “Shooting a movie should be fun! It’s not a real job. It can be hard, but at the end of the day we’re dressing up and playing pretend.”

Waititi found that a production this size lessened the responsibility he had to take on, making the job of a director a simpler one. On his earlier films, Waititi often felt he had to do everything. “When it’s low-budget,” he said, “every job you take is one you don’t have to pay someone else to do.” Here there were hundreds of crew

members around, which encouraged Waititi to delegate. On those other films too, he knew that any decision he made about lighting, sets, even performances was “basically baked in forever.” On “Thor,” where digital artists waited to paint over every frame, that pressure was lessened. “In some ways,” Waititi observed, “this makes you feel a little lazier. You’re like” — he waved his hand dismissively — “‘Ah, I’m sure it’ll be fine later.’”

On a set where every action shot was previsualized and every stunt was choreographed, it wasn’t always easy to direct instinctively, as Waititi was used to doing. “Sometimes,” he acknowledged, “it’s just too late to say, ‘Oh, man, wouldn’t it be cool if like a thousand robots came in and Thor fell off a cliff?’” But he still found ways to play. One day, while doing the motion-capture for Korg, Waititi rushed into a battle sequence wielding a big prop hammer, then flipped the hammer around and started pretending to shoot it like a gun. “O.K., CGI,” he declared, “I want you to turn that hammer into a gun hammer.” In the finished movie, that dumb idea is a delightful reality.

Pretending at this scale is a lot easier for an indie director, of course, when he’s working inside

hair that December day buzzed and gray at the temples, piled pell-mell in a dark Lyle Lovett pouf at the top of his head. It was now 330 days until release. “Hopefully by June, July, the film will actually look somewhat like it should look,” Waititi said. “At the moment it’s basically a blue screen with people in front of it. Its just blue, blue, blue everywhere.” He gestured at an editing bay in the corner, its monitor featuring Goldblum posing before a blue tarp.

“I’m not a massive fan of the postproduction phase,” he said. “I really like being on set and making stuff up.” Nevertheless, here he was, for almost a full year. “I used to really laugh at everyone who was stuck in traffic, driving to the studios in Burbank,” he said. “And now I’m one of those people.”

Waititi walked across the hall into a dark, sound-proof editing suite, where the editor Joel Negron, a veteran of Michael Bay blow-’em-ups, waited at the Avid terminal. Frozen on a wide-screen TV was the face of Hemsworth’s Thor, his once-flowing blond hair cut spikily short. “Is that a spoiler?” Waititi asked the publicist, pointing to the screen.

“Not by the time the story comes out,” she replied.

‘Shooting a movie SHOULD BE FUN! IT’S NOT A REAL JOB. IT CAN BE HARD, BUT AT THE END OF THE DAY WE’RE DRESSING UP AND PLAYING PRETEND.’

a system expressly designed to have megamovie training wheels. Waititi was surrounded, the Marvel executive producer Brad Winderbaum noted, with experienced, talented technicians. Once the shoot was over, he had a year of postproduction to hone the story and several weeks of scheduled reshoots to fix anything that went wrong the first time around. “He’s never going to feel out at sea, wondering how he’s going to achieve this,” Winderbaum said, and then with a shrug offered a fittingly superhuman claim of omnipotence: “We know how to achieve everything.”

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If Waititi, with his sense of frenetic rhythm, were to depict the long process of navigating security on Disney’s Hollywood lot and finding him in the “Thor: Ragnarok” postproduction suite, it would all zip past in a four-second montage of opening doors. The broad stone gate on Alameda Avenue, mouse ears embedded at the top of its arch, as the barricade swings into the air. The gentle *fwoomp* of the entrance to the Frank G. Wells building releasing the building’s air-conditioned atmosphere. A publicist’s waving her key card at the security console at a glass door in Marvel Studios headquarters, surveilled by a life-size Iron Man. The laminated sign Scotch-taped to an otherwise-anonymous wooden door as it opens: CREATURE REPORT.

“That’s our code name,” Waititi said in his office with a happy grin. He’s tall and slim, his

“Ah, you can write that down, then,” Waititi said cheerily. “We Ragnaroked Thor’s hair.”

The haircut is a potent symbol of the brand-new Thor that Hemsworth craved. Up to now, Thor has been the most boring of the Marvel movie superheroes. “I just ended up being the straight guy,” Hemsworth told me. “Sort of the guy from another world who the joke was on him half the time. I wanted a little more wit and charm.” In the first two films, Waititi said, Thor is “basically a rich kid from outer space who comes down to Earth and gets to kiss a cute girl.” He laughed. “This is the most human that Thor’s ever been. Luckily this film’s coming out on Earth, and the audience will be predominantly human, so I think they’ll relate to him much more than they have in previous films.”

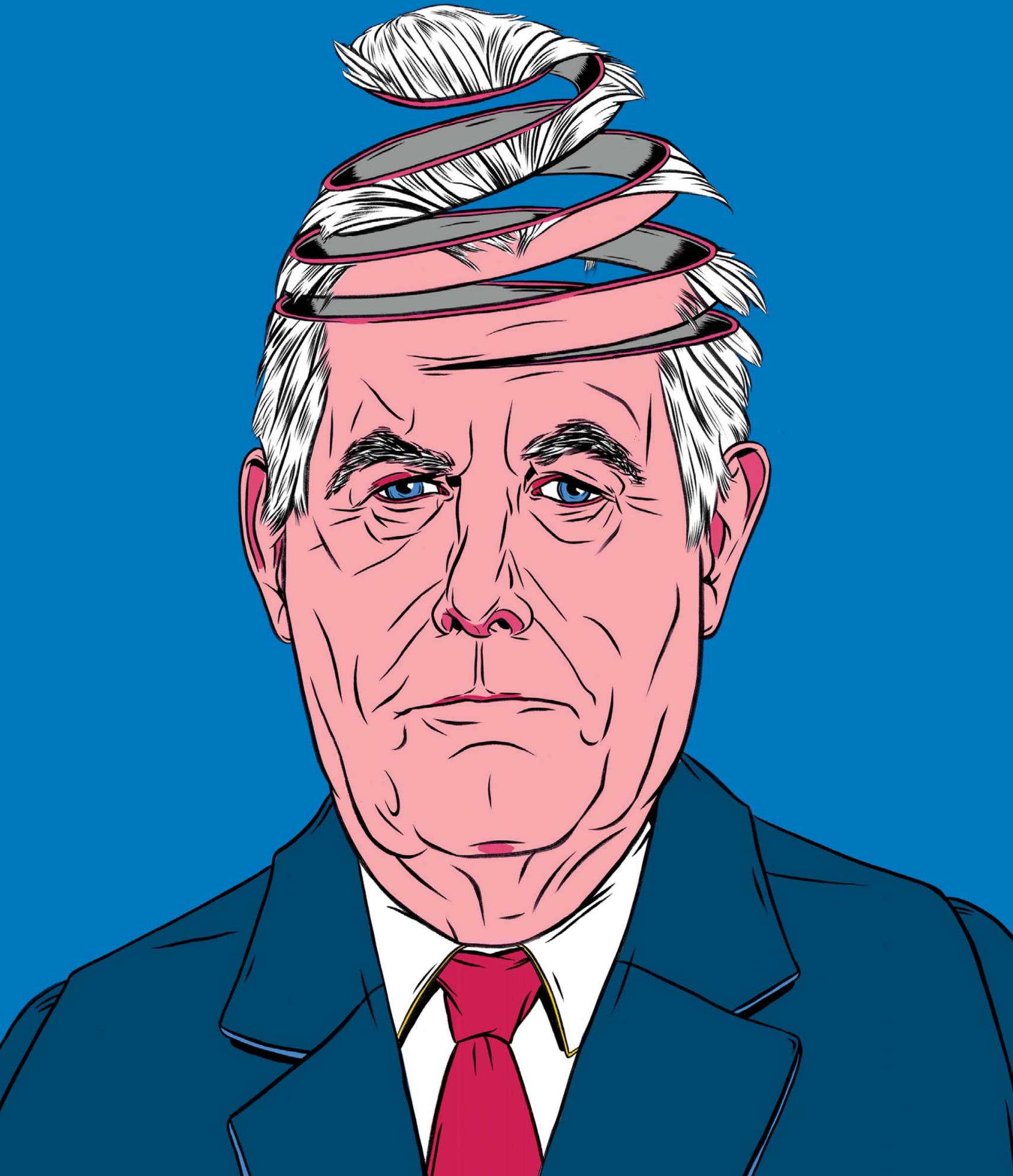
Asked by the publicist to explain the context of the scene, Waititi thought for a moment. “Hulk has been Hulk since the end of ‘Avengers 2,’” he said. “Eventually, we’re going to have to see Bruce Banner” — his human counterpart, played by Mark Ruffalo — “in this movie.” The scene was loose and funny. “I was Hulk for *two years?*” Banner asked in dismay. The two heroes were inside a spaceship, an enormous set that was built for “The Avengers” and shipped to Australia at, presumably, astronomical cost. When the scene ended, Negron said, “Three minutes flat.”

“Cool,” Waititi said. “Cut it in half, then it’ll be amazing.” Over the next two hours, Waititi and Negron chipped away, (Continued on Page 57)

State
of

CHAOS

With an isolated leader, a demoralized diplomatic corps and a president unraveling international relations one tweet at a time, Rex Tillerson's State Department — and American foreign policy — are adrift in the world.
By Jason Zengerle
Illustrations
by Kelsey Dake



O

one afternoon in late September, I sat down with Rex Tillerson on what, in hindsight, may well have been his last comparatively normal day as secretary of state. It was a little more than 72 hours before President Donald Trump would take to Twitter to declare that Tillerson, his top diplomat, was “wasting his time trying to negotiate with Little Rocket Man,” as the president now refers to the North Korean leader, Kim Jong-un, and admonish Tillerson: “Save your energy Rex, we’ll do what has to be done!” Which was a few days before NBC News would report that Tillerson, after a July meeting with Trump, called the president a “moron” and wanted to resign until Vice President Mike Pence talked him out of it. Which was just a couple hours before Tillerson would hold an extraordinary news conference in the State Department’s Treaty Room — the magisterial, blue-walled chamber where secretaries of state typically greet foreign dignitaries — in order to tell reporters that Trump “is smart”; deny that he ever considered resigning; and refuse to answer a question about whether he had indeed called the president a moron.

But even before all that, sitting in a silk-upholstered chair in front of a fireplace in his office, his State Department-seal cufflinks peeking out from the sleeves of his navy blue suit, the impossibility of Tillerson’s assignment was apparent. He was about to embark on his third trip to Asia as secretary of state, part of his efforts to bring about a peaceful resolution to the North Korean nuclear crisis, so I asked him if Trump’s tweets on the topic — threatening in August that “military solutions are now fully in place, locked and loaded,” and in September that if the United States “is forced to defend itself or its allies, we will have no choice but to totally destroy #NoKo” — were in any way helpful to what he was trying to accomplish.

Tillerson let out a short sigh. “Look, on the president’s tweets,” he said, “I take what the president tweets out as his form of communicating, and I build it into my strategies and my tactics. How can I use that? How do I want to use that? And in a dynamic situation, like we deal with here all the time — and you can go walk around the world, they’re all dynamic — things happen. You wake up the next morning, something’s happened. I wake up the next morning, the president’s got a tweet out there. So I think about,

O.K., that’s a new condition. How do I want to use that?” Tillerson continued: “Our strategies and the tactics we’re using to advance the policies have to be resilient enough to accommodate unknowns, O.K.? So if you want to put that in an unknown category, you can. It certainly kind of comes out that even I would say, ‘I wasn’t expecting that.’ But it doesn’t mean our strategies are not resilient enough to accommodate it.”

Accommodating the president, rather than working with him, is not a normal mission for a secretary of state — and for Tillerson, it seems to be an increasingly doomed one. “The president’s always saying, ‘Rex’s not tough,’ and ‘I didn’t know he was so establishment,’” says one Trump adviser. After Tillerson’s “moron” gibe became public, the president, while dismissing the report as “fake news,” also told Forbes, “if he did that, I guess we’ll have to compare I.Q. tests. And I can tell you who is going to win.” The question among many people inside and outside the Trump administration is not necessarily what’s keeping Tillerson from resigning; it’s what’s stopping Trump from firing him. One Trump-administration official offered me a tentative theory: “Losing a chief of staff in the first year is a big deal, but losing a secretary of state is an even bigger one.”

On the afternoon I saw Tillerson at the State Department, he’d just returned from several hours at the White House. This was hardly unusual. When he’s in Washington, he often spends part of his workday at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, in formal and informal meetings with Trump. Tillerson, a former Eagle Scout who years later served as the Boy Scouts of America’s national president, always comes prepared for those encounters, keeping a 2-inch-by-8-inch notecard in the inside pocket of his suit jacket with a handwritten list of matters he wants to discuss with the president. After meeting with Trump, he’ll then add to the list the things Trump wants him to take care of.

Many political eminences, including Tillerson’s hunting buddy, the former Secretary of State James Baker, had advised Tillerson that his relationship with Trump would be the most important factor in determining his success in his new job. And this was an area in which Tillerson, in his previous job as chief executive of Exxon Mobil, had excelled. “I have over my life had to build relationships with heads of state, not just this one, but heads of states all over the world,” he reminded me. At Exxon Mobil, he did business with a rogue’s gallery of world leaders, from Vladimir Putin (who in 2013 awarded Tillerson Russia’s Order of Friendship) to Hugo Chavez (who in 2007 seized Exxon Mobil’s assets, prompting the oil giant to leave Venezuela). I asked Tillerson if Trump had any similarities to the heads of state he dealt with as an oil executive. “Yeah, there are other leaders that share the qualities that he

has,” Tillerson replied, before adding, “and I’m not gonna name names, because then you’ll go — everybody will go dissect that.”

But building a good rapport with the head of state of his own country has, so far, proved to be beyond Tillerson’s formidable abilities. According to some people who are close to Trump, his disappointment with Tillerson is as much personal as it is professional. “Trump originally thought he could have a relationship with Tillerson that’s almost social,” says one Trump adviser, “the way his relationships are with Wilbur Ross and Steve Mnuchin.” But unlike Trump’s commerce and Treasury secretaries — plutocrats who, like Trump, are on their third, younger wives — Tillerson, who is 65 and has been married to the same woman for 31 years, has shown little interest in being the president’s running buddy; instead of Saturday-night dinners with Trump at his Washington hotel, Tillerson favors trips home to Texas to see his grandchildren or to Colorado to visit his nonagenarian parents.

(The White House, provided a detailed list of questions relating to Tillerson and his relationship with Trump as described in this article, responded with the following official statement: “The president has assembled the most talented cabinet in history and everyone continues to be dedicated towards advancing the president’s America First agenda. Anything to the contrary is simply false and comes from unnamed sources who are either out of the loop or unwilling to turn the country around.”)

In his office, Tillerson contemplated what has turned out to be his most difficult diplomatic mission. “I’ve had to build a relationship with President Trump because he didn’t know me — I mean he certainly knew of me, just as I knew of him — but to understand how my thought processes work, for me to understand how his work, for me to understand how he makes decisions, because he makes decisions in a very different way than I do,” Tillerson said, spinning his fingers around his head to indicate cognition. “I’m an engineer by training. I’m a very systems, process, methodical decision maker. He’s an entrepreneur. Different mind-set. He makes decisions differently. Doesn’t mean one is better than the other, but I’ve had to learn how he processes information and how I can help him process the information and how I can give him good advice that makes sense to him. So for both of us there’s a communication to be worked out.”

A

lthough the State Department is no longer quite the ivied redoubt it was a half-century ago, when men like George Kennan and Paul Nitze roamed the halls of Foggy Bottom and

its global outposts, its employees still tend to be a bit tweedier than your ordinary government bureaucrat. This is especially true of the nearly 14,000 members of the Foreign Service, with their rigorous entrance exam and a strict up-or-out promotions system, not to mention their cosmopolitan ethos and fluency in multiple languages. They consider themselves elite.

This elite might have been more simpatico with President Barack Obama, given his appreciation of diplomacy and soft power, than with Trump, but neither of Obama's secretaries of state was particularly beloved by the department's rank and file. There were complaints that Hillary Clinton subordinated the department's needs to those of her political ambitions, creating a new and unwieldy cadre of special envoys and ambassadors at large that seemed designed to appeal to Democratic constituencies. Clinton's successor, John Kerry, was viewed by some as an imperious boss who treated the department as a kind of playground, bringing his yellow Labrador retriever to work and letting the dog roam the building's seventh-floor suite of executive offices known as Mahogany Row.

But after Trump's election, many State Department officials braced for much worse. Some of the initially rumored potential secretaries — John Bolton, Newt Gingrich, Rudy Giuliani — often seemed more inclined to blow up Foggy Bottom than to run it. When Trump picked Tillerson, the news was greeted not only with relief but even with optimism.

It was true that Tillerson was never going to be a conventional secretary of state, especially not working for Trump. "His idea for the job when he took it was that he and Trump can be negotiators, the best negotiators, for America," says a Trump adviser. "His idea of foreign policy isn't one that would make sense to people who read Foreign Policy." But his combed-back silver hair and Texas-inflected baritone — in which a Foggy Bottom commonplace like "partner" becomes a mellifluous "pardner" — radiated the kind of authority admired by Trump, who asked Tillerson to be his secretary of state during their first meeting at Trump Tower in December. "He's much more than a business executive," Trump told Fox News shortly before announcing Tillerson's nomination. "He's a world-class player." Stephen K. Bannon, the former White House adviser who attended that first Trump-Tillerson meeting, says: "The president puts a ton of weight on first impressions. As soon as Rex walked in the room, I knew the job was his."

To external appearances, the work Tillerson did at Exxon Mobil seemed to reflect the zero-sum negotiator's view of foreign policy that Trump has espoused ever since "The Art of the Deal." "He's led this charmed life," Trump said of Tillerson at a black-tie dinner in January.

"He goes into a country, takes the oil, goes into another country." Tillerson's future employees took a different comfort in Tillerson's résumé. As chief executive of Exxon Mobil, where he worked for 41 years, Tillerson led a nearly 75,000-person corporate behemoth with a global footprint that rivaled that of the United States itself, requiring it to have, in effect, its own foreign policy. In fact, Exxon Mobil operated its own sort of mini-State Department, a division called the International Government Relations Group, staffed with foreign-policy experts, including a number who previously served in high-ranking positions in Foggy Bottom. As Tillerson traveled the world cutting deals for Exxon Mobil in Russia and Africa and the Middle East, he relied on the I.G.R.G. for expertise and advice much the same way secretaries of state typically rely on the Foreign Service.

Tillerson was originally recommended to the Trump team by the former Defense Secretary Robert Gates and the former Secretary of State

Wall Street executive and Republican donor who served as President George W. Bush's ambassador to El Salvador, to use the office. Few saw Tillerson set foot in it. A space that could accommodate 50 people wound up being filled by not even a dozen. What's more, some State Department officials were told by the Trump transition team that they were not to contact Tillerson at all. "The attitude was that anyone who worked with Obama must be suspect," one Trump transition official says.

In December, Nikki Haley, Trump's nominee for ambassador to the United Nations, set up a conference call with two senior State Department officials: Kristie Kenney, the State Department counselor, and Patrick Kennedy, the under secretary of state for management. Haley wanted to ask them questions about the logistics of her new job: basic matters like what her salary and benefits would be and where her family would live in New York City. Kenney and Kennedy told her about the federal employee health insurance plan and offered to send her floor plans of the

'You can't have a secretary of state going around the world who's not seen as representing the president's foreign policy.'

Condoleezza Rice, both mandarins of the Republican foreign-policy establishment who had consulted for Exxon Mobil, on the grounds that his vast knowledge of foreign governments and their leaders made him a perfect fit for the job. "The expectation was that Tillerson would be a grown-up and provide ballast," says a 30-year veteran of the Foreign Service, "that he was someone who believed in America being the glue that created global stability and would be interested in upholding the world order as we have it."

Before their Senate confirmations, secretary-of-state nominees are customarily provided a suite of offices on the first floor of the State Department's eight-story, limestone-and-steel headquarters. There, just off the international-flag-draped lobby on C Street, they prepare for their new job, receiving briefings from and meeting with some of the people they will soon be leading.

Trump transition officials had sent a small beachhead team, led by Charles Glazer, a former

U.N. ambassador's apartment. When word of the call got back to Trump's transition team, the two department officials were reprimanded by Glazer and told never to speak with Haley again.

Kenney and Kennedy were among the small cohort of foreign-policy professionals who held the Foreign Service's equivalent of a three- or four-star general rank in the military. These senior diplomats were responsible for handling America's most vexing global challenges, everything from Russia's annexation of Crimea to North Korea's pursuit of weapons of mass destruction to the Iran nuclear deal. Members of this elite group, who served under Democratic and Republican presidents alike, had submitted their pro forma letters of resignation upon the end of the Obama administration, as was the custom during presidential transitions. The letters typically occasion a conversation with the incoming secretary and his or her team about whether these diplomats should remain in their

current jobs or, if not, what other senior positions inside the department they might be moved to. In a worst-case situation, they would usually be rotated into a sleepy ambassadorship.

But this time around, every letter was greeted with silence. Not only did the officials not know how Tillerson intended to use them; they didn't know if, come the Monday after Trump's Friday inauguration, they would even have jobs. As one of them later recalled, "Every conversation would end with, 'Have you heard anything from Tillerson?'"

Finally, with only a few days until the inauguration and still no word from Tillerson, one of the senior officials, Victoria Nuland — who once was Hillary Clinton's State Department spokeswoman but had also been a foreign-policy adviser to Vice President Dick Cheney and was at the time the assistant secretary of state for European and Eurasian affairs — opted to retire. The others chose to make a go of it. On the Monday after the inauguration, they showed up for work, as usual, at Foggy Bottom.

Two days later, Kennedy was told to retire and given three days to clean out his office. Kennedy had spent 44 years in the Foreign Service and was not particularly political, focusing instead on management and operations; he'd been appointed to his under-secretary position by President George W. Bush. But he had become a central figure in conservative conspiracy theories about Benghazi and Clinton's private email server. Tillerson aides later joked that Kennedy's defenestration was like something out of the Soviet Union, dragging a political foe out into the street and shooting him in the head so as to send a message to others.

A few weeks later, Kenney, who as counselor was the State Department's No. 5 policy official, was told that her services were no longer needed, and she retired. And in the weeks after that, half a dozen other top diplomats were shown the door — fired, forced into retirement or warehoused at a university fellowship. "If you took the entire three-star and four-star corps of the military and said, 'Leave!' Congress would go crazy," one of the recently departed said.

In a few short months, Tillerson had rid the State Department of much of its last several decades of diplomatic experience, though it was not really clear to what end. The new secretary of state, it soon became evident, had an easier time firing

people than hiring them — a consequence of the election that delivered him to Foggy Bottom.

During the campaign, the "Never Trump" movement gathered many of its most devoted adherents from Republican foreign-policy circles, with scores of G.O.P. national-security professionals signing open letters declaring their opposition to the eventual Republican nominee. Although internecine foreign-policy squabbles were hardly unusual, they typically ended when the primaries did, with the losers rallying around the victor. But in 2016, representatives of all the various factions of the Republican foreign-policy world — realists and neoconservatives, hawks and isolationists — were united in their opposition to Trump, not only on ideological grounds but because they viewed him as personally unfit for office. And, given the personal nature of the criticism, Trump and those around him didn't forgive it.

Tillerson's early choice for deputy secretary of state was Elliott Abrams, a longtime Republican foreign-policy hand who served as George W. Bush's deputy national-security adviser. At Tillerson's instigation, Trump met with Abrams in early February and came away favorably disposed to his nomination, according to White House officials. But after the meeting, Trump apparently saw Rand Paul on Fox News disparage Abrams as a Never Trumper. (During the campaign Abrams wrote an article for *The Weekly Standard* titled "When You Can't Stand Your Candidate.") Trump told Tillerson that Abrams could not work for him after all.

According to a senior administration official, other potential hires were knocked out of consideration for sins as minor as retweeting some of Marco Rubio's "little hands" jokes about Trump. "The hiring pool is very different from your normal hiring pool," the official says. "The people the Senate would expect to confirm have all been taken off the table."

In the early days of the administration, according to State Department officials, White House officials, especially Bannon, sent over many names for State Department posts. But Tillerson, after looking at their résumés and in some cases conducting interviews, felt he had no choice but to reject them. "They didn't meet the qualifications for the actual jobs," another senior administration official says.

Amid this impasse, power in the State Department has accrued to the relative handful of figures who have actually been hired, like Tillerson's chief of staff, Margaret Peterlin. Peterlin served in the early 2000s as a national-security aide to Dennis Hastert, who was then speaker of the House, but she had been out of international-affairs work for more than a decade, first as a Commerce Department official, then as an executive for the Mars candy company before she left to raise her children. Peterlin was tapped

by a Trump transition official, a fellow former Hastert staff member, to shepherd the secretary-of-state nominee through his confirmation process. Tillerson subsequently asked her to become his chief of staff.

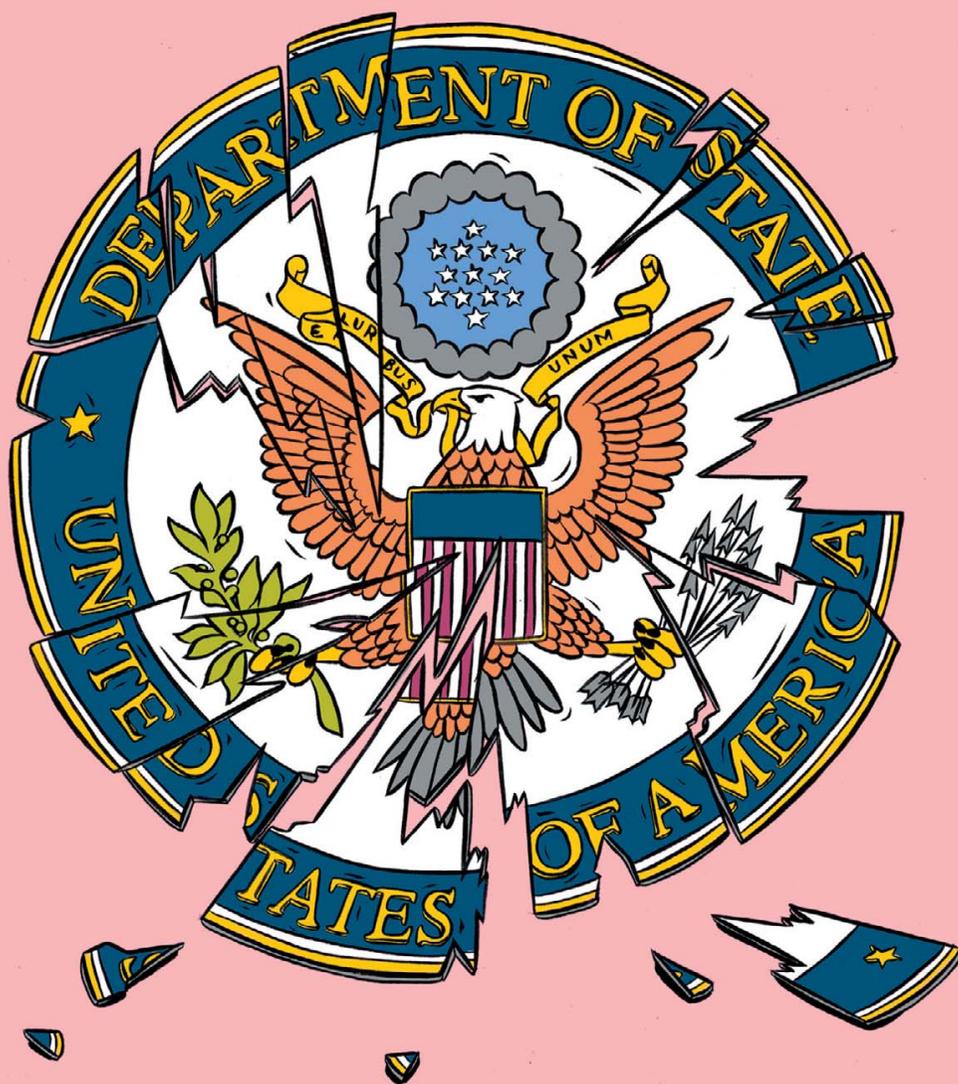
By the spring, however, Peterlin had become a particular source of irritation to White House officials, some of whom told me they believed that she was dragging her feet on nominations in order to preserve her newfound power. In April, according to multiple sources, Reince Priebus, who was then chief of staff at the White House, went so far as to set up a weekly meeting among himself, Peterlin and the White House personnel director, Johnny DeStefano, to review applicants in the hope of moving things along.

In the past few months, the pace of nominations for the State Department has picked up. But even so, few of the nominees have qualifications that match those of their predecessors. For instance, Tillerson's nominee for under secretary of state for public diplomacy and public affairs — a post that was held by the former White House senior adviser Karen Hughes during George W. Bush's administration and the former *Time* editor Richard Stengel during Obama's — is a New York City marketing executive named Irwin Steven Goldstein who once worked at the same company as Peterlin's husband.

The person on whose shoulders the fallout from the staffing shortage rests most heavily is Brian Hook, the head of the department's office of policy planning. A former adviser to Mitt Romney, Hook was a founder of the John Hay Initiative, a hawkish foreign-policy think tank whose other two founders, Eliot A. Cohen and Eric Edelman, were (and still are) among Trump's most vociferous critics. Cohen and Edelman put their names on anti-Trump letters during the 2016 election; Hook didn't.

With so many crucial assistant-secretary positions — including some responsible for Asia, the Middle East, and South America — still either vacant or filled with acting officials, Hook has had to pick up the slack. "He's trying to do the job of 30 people," a 25-year veteran Foreign Service officer says. "He's just knee-walking." Worse, the office of policy planning, which has traditionally functioned as the secretary of state's in-house think tank, is now tasked with handling day-to-day operations at the expense of formulating long-term strategy. "The problem is there's no conceptual motor at all," says Cohen, a professor at Johns Hopkins University's School of Advanced International Studies who served as counselor of the department under Rice. "It's the random thoughts of Donald J. Trump and a very weak State Department and a secretary of state who hasn't thought deeply about these things."

When I recently met with Hook in his seventh-floor office at the State Department, he



seemed wary of any implication that, in light of his establishment pedigree and association with Cohen and Edelman, he wasn't sufficiently pro-Trump. I noted that on his conference table he had a book by Daniel W. Drezner, an international-politics professor at Tufts University who writes regularly for The Washington Post website and is a frequent critic of Trump and of Tillerson. In fact, just that morning, Drezner had published a column calling on Tillerson to resign. I jokingly told Hook that he might want to hide the book. Instead, R. C. Hammond, Tillerson's communications director, who was

sitting in on the interview, immediately seized it.

"This is the guy who has the thing at The Post?" Hammond asked Hook. "Where's your trash can?" He made as if he was going to throw the book across Hook's office. Hook raised his hand to block Hammond.

"No!" Hook said. "It's a book on policy planning! This was written before Rex Tillerson was even considered."

"Trash can," Hammond reiterated. Hook kept his hand up. The fifth of Bombay gin and the liter bottle of tonic water on his desk suddenly made more sense.

O

n June 5, Tillerson was in Sydney, Australia, with the defense secretary, James Mattis, when he learned that Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates, Bahrain and Egypt were all severing relations with the tiny Persian Gulf nation Qatar and imposing an air, sea and land blockade. The countries took these actions, they contended, because of Qatar's support for Islamist groups, like the Muslim Brotherhood, and its warm relations with Iran, with which it shares the world's largest gas field. But it was most likely not a coincidence that the move came on the heels of Trump's goofy and garish visit to Saudi Arabia, during which he was photographed laying hands on what appeared to be a mysterious glowing orb, announced a \$110 billion arms deal and called for a Sunni alliance to combat terrorism and Iran.

Tillerson had participated in the festivities, joining Trump and their Saudi hosts in a ceremonial sword dance — "not my first sword dance," he later told reporters. But Qatar is also a country Tillerson knows well. At Exxon Mobil, he worked closely with its emir, Sheikh Tamim bin Hamad Al-Thani, who was then Qatar's interior minister, to help develop the world largest liquefied-natural-gas complex in Ras Laffan Industrial City. He happened to be in Doha, on Exxon Mobil business, the night Trump was elected. According to Hammond, when Tillerson returned to the country for the first time as secretary of state, in July, he tapped Hammond on the shoulder as his airplane was making its approach and pointed down to Ras Laffan. "Do you want to see what \$250 billion looks like?" Tillerson asked.

Tillerson feared the crisis could destabilize the region. Mattis, meanwhile, was concerned about the United States air base in Qatar that hosts the largest concentration of American military members in the Middle East. Together, the two cabinet secretaries began working to get Trump to try to broker a resolution.

But other members of the Trump administration argued against such a move, especially Jared Kushner. Ever since Trump's election, Kushner had been the focus of an intense courtship by Mohammed bin Salman, the crown prince of Saudi Arabia, and Mohammed bin Zayed Al-Nahyan, the crown prince of Abu Dhabi; and the two men quickly formed a close friendship with the president's son-in-law. So close, in fact, that

the crown princes convinced Kushner not just of Qatar's perfidy but of the opportunity the blockade provided to further tilt American foreign policy toward the Saudis and away from Iran, according to the Trump adviser. "Rex saw it as a crisis to solve," the adviser says. "Jared saw it as an opportunity to seize."

Back in Washington, Tillerson suggested summoning the parties to Camp David. When that idea gained no traction, Tillerson proposed an American-sponsored meeting in Kuwait, to no avail. While Tillerson publicly called on the Saudis to end their blockade, Trump pronounced the action against Qatar "hard but necessary." The "special relationship of prince to prince," as the senior administration official describes the Kushner-Mohammed bin Salman alliance, seemed to be carrying the day.

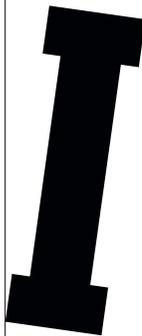
Finally, in mid-July, Trump acquiesced to Tillerson's request to be allowed to go to the region himself to conduct a round of shuttle diplomacy. In Doha, over a dinner of goat and baby camel, Tillerson negotiated with Qatar's emir. In Jidda, he cajoled the Saudis and their allies to end their blockade. Nothing seemed to work, especially because each side was receiving the opposite message from other officials in Washington. On his flight back to the United States, Tillerson vented some of his frustrations. "It is a lot different than being C.E.O. of Exxon because I was the ultimate decision maker," he told two reporters on board. The federal government, by contrast, is "not a highly disciplined organization, decision making is fragmented and sometimes people don't want to take decisions."

But Tillerson continued to quietly work the issue, concentrating as much on the head of state at home as on the heads of state in the gulf. When the quartet excluded Qatar from a military exercise in which it had traditionally taken part, he made a note of it on his list of things to talk to Trump about and brought it up to him at the White House. When Mohammed bin Salman welcomed a rogue member of Qatar's Al-Thani royal family to Mina, lending credence to Tillerson's suspicion that the Saudis hoped to use the crisis to engineer a regime change in Doha, Tillerson alerted Trump.

After several months, Tillerson finally won Trump over to his view. In early September, Trump told the Saudis and the Qataris that it was time to end the dispute. After Trump brokered a call between the emir of Qatar and the crown prince of Saudi Arabia, the two sides immediately began fighting again, and the crisis remains unresolved, but at least it was a start.

When I spoke to Tillerson about what caused the initial split in the administration on Qatar, he said that it boiled down to experience. "I think I started from a different place perhaps because I've known all the leaders involved for a long

time, and I've seen these kinds of issues emerge in the region over the 20-plus years I've been dealing with the region," he said. "So this was not new for me, and so I guess my reaction to it was perhaps immediately measured because I've seen it before. To those who have not seen it before" — and here Tillerson didn't bother to name names, but it seemed he was talking about Kushner — "there are a lot of concerns expressed about Qatar that are legitimate concerns. The U.S. government has had some of these concerns, and we're addressing them now through the engagement with Qatar and the memorandum of understanding we put in place when I was over there, and it's going very well. We have issues with the other countries as well, and so I think the way we reacted was just based upon, in my case, that past experience versus those who perhaps had not seen this before."



It was amid the Qatar episode that, in July, Tillerson and Mattis convened a special meeting with Trump to give the president a tutorial on, as The Associated Press later described it, "American Power 101." Sitting in a windowless meeting room at the Pentagon known as the Tank, Tillerson and Mattis reportedly used charts and maps to explain to Trump why the United States needed to have so many diplomatic, military and intelligence assets deployed around the world. In at least one respect, their message had its intended effect: A month later, Trump would reverse his promise to withdraw from Afghanistan and announce that he was sending more troops there.

But when the meeting broke up, that development was hardly assured; and it was after spending 90 minutes tutoring Trump — including, according to NBC, about why the tenfold increase in nuclear weapons Trump desired would be a bad idea — that Tillerson reportedly called the president a "moron." It may well be the harshest criticism Tillerson has directed at his boss, but it's far from the only one. According to a former administration official, in private conversations with aides and friends, Tillerson refers to Trump, in his Texas deadpan, as the dealmaker in chief. And in meetings with Trump, according to people who have attended them, he increasingly rolls his eyes at the president's remarks. If Trump disagrees with Tillerson, the official said,

his secretary of state will say, "It's your deal."

The friction hasn't been confined to foreign policy. In July, Tillerson was reportedly outraged by Trump's politically charged speech at the Boy Scout Jamboree in West Virginia, where, a few days earlier, Tillerson himself was honored for his service to the organization. In August, after Trump's response to a white-supremacist rally in Charlottesville — in which he said there were "very fine people" on "both sides" of the violent clashes there — Tillerson was asked on Fox News about whether the "president's values" reflected America's values. "The president speaks for himself," Tillerson replied.

The souring of Tillerson's relationship with Trump has left him not just without the support of the most crucial ally, his boss, but also without the support of any real allies at all. "The conundrum for Rex," says a Trump-administration official sympathetic to Tillerson's plight, "is that he's on this island."

During his first eight months in Washington, Tillerson spent so much time focusing his energies on Trump that he neglected other crucial constituencies. Bob Corker, the Republican senator from Tennessee who chairs the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, has praised Tillerson — along with Mattis and the White House Chief of Staff John Kelly — for helping to "separate our country from chaos"; but Tillerson has few other allies on Capitol Hill, and now that Corker's own relationship with Trump is on the rocks, it's unclear how much his support of Tillerson will mean. Nor has Tillerson developed any new, close ties with foreign leaders, and many of the ones he had from his days at Exxon are now complicated by the realities of his current job.

His interactions with the press, meanwhile, have been grudging at best. Previous secretaries of state traveled the globe on a Boeing 757 that could accommodate as many as a dozen members of the State Department press corps; Tillerson has usually opted to fly on a smaller 737, with very limited room for reporters, and has studiously avoided the media in Washington. He has been sparing with his major policy speeches. "I speak when I have something I think's important to say," Tillerson told me. "I don't need a lot of time talking to. . . ." He nodded curtly in my direction.

And then, of course, there's Tillerson's relationship — or lack thereof — with the State Department itself. For a secretary of state, speaking to the public, either in speeches or through regular interactions with the press, is a vital way of speaking to the department's employees, especially when the secretary is planning to upend their lives, as Tillerson currently is. Not long after he was sworn in last February, Tillerson announced that he would be undertaking a grand "redesign" of the department. He hired a small consulting firm,

Insigniam, that did work for him at Exxon Mobil to conduct a “listening tour” of State Department rank and file through an online questionnaire and about 300 personal interviews.

Many State Department employees found that Insigniam’s questions, both online and in person, betrayed a fundamental misunderstanding of what they did. “They came away with the impression that we’re very ‘patriotic’ and ‘professional,’” a senior State Department official says. “You don’t need a [expletive] survey to know that. It’s completely demeaning.”

At the same time Tillerson was getting ready to carry out his redesign, he was also trying to accommodate the Trump administration’s demand to drastically slash the State Department’s budget, ultimately acquiescing to a 30 percent cut. Tillerson insists that one has nothing to do with the other. “The budget and what we’re doing organizationally have no relationship whatsoever,” he told me. But others inside and outside the State Department see them as inextricably linked. “It’d be like Exxon Mobil starting with a budget number and then deciding if it was going to produce oil or gas,” a former senior State Department official says.

Although Republicans and Democrats on Capitol Hill have already declared Trump’s State Department cuts a nonstarter — and, in September, passed an appropriations bill that funded the department for the next three months at about last year’s level — Tillerson still intends to slash the department’s staff by 8 percent, or roughly 2,000 people. According to one senior State Department official, Tillerson originally wanted to cut the staff by 15 percent, until he was told that to do so the State Department would have to fire people. (The 8 percent reduction will be accomplished through attrition and some buyouts.)

“I have just the utmost respect for the Foreign Service officer corps here, and they’re vital,” Tillerson told me. “They’re vital and critical to the country’s ability to carry out its foreign policies.” As for the perception by many inside and outside Foggy Bottom that he wants to gut the Foreign Service, he said he doesn’t quite know how to respond. “I’m mystified by it,” he said. “I’m perplexed by it.”

But even the cuts he has planned, some State Department veterans fear, will cripple the department for years to come, especially as the lower and midlevel ranks of the department are reduced. “You can’t have captains if you don’t have lieutenants,” a senior State Department official says. “You can’t have majors if you don’t have captains.”

In nearly 300 embassies, missions and consulates around the world where State Department officials work to promote and defend America’s interests, diplomats complain about not just a dearth of resources but also a lack of guidance.

‘It is a lot different than being C.E.O. of Exxon because I was the ultimate decision maker,’ Tillerson said.

“I’d request instructions on action items, saying I need a decision, and I’d hear absolutely nothing,” a recently returned ambassador said. Meanwhile, foreign leaders are increasingly emboldened in their attempts to drive a wedge between America’s diplomatic corps and the president. Earlier this year, according to Foreign Policy, Trump pushed out the United States ambassador to Jordan at the request of the country’s king. And this month, Turkey’s president Recep Tayyip Erdogan, who has cultivated a close relationship with Trump, declared the American ambassador to his country persona non grata after a visa dispute. “We do not see him as the representative of the United States in Turkey,” Erdogan said.

A result, according to the nearly two dozen current and former State Department officials with whom I spoke, is that the department’s morale has never been lower. For that, almost all of them blame Tillerson. “When we’re put up for confirmation and swearing in, we thank the president and the secretary of state for having confidence in us, but I’m not sure I can honestly say that anymore,” the 25-year veteran of the Foreign Service confessed. “It’s not even about the president for me. It’s that I am deeply, deeply anguished about the secretary of state, and I have never felt like that.”

After Tillerson’s punishing turn in the media glare in recent weeks, the assumption among many that I spoke to in Foggy Bottom (outside Tillerson’s closest advisers) was that his departure was now a question of when, not if. Some believed that the only holdup was that Trump had not yet decided on Tillerson’s replacement, with Haley and the C.I.A. director, Mike Pompeo, being the most frequently mentioned candidates. Others speculated that Tillerson had asked to delay his exit until he’d been in his position for a year, in order to avoid a huge capital-gains tax hit on the stocks he had to divest from in order to take the job.

The “moron” remark had actually elevated Tillerson in the estimation of some in Foggy Bottom — “I feel like it’s curiously redemptive,”

the 25-year veteran Foreign Service officer told me — but even these people conceded that they believed he could no longer do his job effectively. “This just isn’t sustainable,” a senior State Department official said. “You can’t have a secretary of state going around the world who’s not seen as representing the president’s foreign policy.”

But even if Tillerson leaves, the fear among many in the State Department is that the hangover from his tenure will be long-lasting. The Foreign Service officer recalls a recent meeting of acting assistant secretaries, where the most pressing matters discussed were the backlog of Freedom of Information Act requests and the number of typographical errors in memos to the secretary’s office. “The world is going to hell in a handbasket,” the Foreign Service officer fumed, “and the greatest minds in our diplomatic service are talking about FOIA requests and [expletive] typos.”

All of which can lead to some dark thoughts. More than one State Department official told me that they believed all of this wasn’t a case of simple mismanagement but of something more sinister. “I’ve lived in a lot of countries where conspiracy theories abound because people feel like they lack self-determination,” Nancy McElDowney, a 30-year career Foreign Service officer who retired in June, says. “And a great many people inside State are now hypothesizing about what the goal of all this is. Why are they firing people and shrinking the department down? It can’t simply be a budget-cutting exercise. If it were purely for reform, they would have done it differently.”

Whatever his intentions, Tillerson’s true legacy may well be to have transformed a venerable American institution into the caricature of its most fevered, irrational critics. In Foggy Bottom, anguish is increasingly giving way to bitterness. “I’ve jokingly said to friends that I’m going to be executive director of the Deep State,” the Foreign Service veteran of 25 years, who is currently in the process of “separating” from the organization, told me. “There was never a Deep State before, but these idiots have managed to create one.” ♦

Journal-paper presentations on statistics are usually unremarkable affairs, but this one precipitated a sequence of exchanges so public that the field had to take notice. The first took place during that event, with Norbert Schwarz, an eminent social psychologist, in the audience. Schwarz, as he listened, grew furious: He believed that the methodology of the survey was flawed, and he indignantly objected to the idea of the P-curve as a kind of litmus test aimed at individuals. He would not let these ideas go uncontested; he interrupted loudly from the front row, violating standard academic etiquette. “The whole room was like, ‘Oh, my God, what just happened?’” recalls Brian Nosek, a social psychologist who now runs the Center for Open Science, intended to encourage and normalize replications. Others quietly thanked Schwarz for bravely speaking up.

Not content to stop there, Schwarz followed up four days later with an open letter to 5,000 members of the society’s listserv, explaining in further detail, and with some condescension, his reservations. Although Simonsohn was angry, he still hoped to cool down the conversation. He emailed Schwarz asking if they could talk, so that they could come to a sort of understanding, in the name of science, and release a joint statement. Schwarz agreed but told Simonsohn, over the course of several email exchanges, that he needed more time. Simonsohn lost patience after three weeks: He posted large parts of the email exchange on his personal website, then posted a blistering attack on Schwarz on the society’s listserv, filled with bold caps and underlines, in which he said, among other things, that he knew firsthand that Schwarz had engaged in P-hacking.

“I regret it,” Simonsohn says now about posting the emails. Since then, Simmons, Simonsohn and Nelson say they have given a lot of thought to codes of conduct for communicating responsibly when conveying concerns about a scientist’s work. But the academic blowup between Simonsohn, then a relative unknown in social psychology, and Schwarz, the standard-bearer, signaled from the beginning that leaders on each side would ignore the norms of scientific discourse in an effort to discredit the other. One imminent shift in methods would bring another shift — one of tone — that would affect the field almost as drastically.

After 2012, questions of methodology started dominating every social-psychology conference, as did the topic of replications. Across disciplines, a basic scientific principle is that multiple teams should independently verify a result before it is accepted as true. But for the majority of social-psychology results, even the most influential ones, this hadn’t happened. Bryan Nosek,

who started the Reproducibility Project (now called the Center for Open Science), an effort to test 100 important social-psychology papers, said that recognition of potential flawed methodology only fueled interest in his project. “The paper shone a light on how easily things could go wrong,” Nosek says. “Knowing that possibility in concept made the Reproducibility Project a test case in some people’s mind of ‘Does it?’”

For years, researchers treated journal articles, and their authors, with a genteel respect; even in the rare cases where a new study explicitly contradicted an old one, the community assumed that a lab error must account for the discrepancy. There was no incentive to replicate, in any case: Journals were largely not interested in studies that had already been done, and failed replications made people (maybe even your adviser) uncomfortable.

But in the years after that Society of Personality and Social Psychology conference, a sense of urgency propelled a generation of researchers, most of them under 40, to re-examine the work of other, more established researchers. And politeness was no longer a priority. “All of a sudden you have people emailing other people, asking for their data and then writing blog posts accusing them of shoddy practices,” says Eli Finkel, a social psychologist at Northwestern. “That was unheard-of. Now it was happening all the time.” Some blog posts took on the impact of journal articles, as interested parties weighed in with an impromptu peer review. In 2014, *Psychological Science* started giving electronic badges, an extra seal of approval, to studies that made their data and methodologies publicly available and preregistered their design and analysis ahead of time, so that researchers could not fish around for a new hypothesis if they turned up some unexpected findings.

Not surprisingly, replicators sometimes encountered the kind of outraged resistance that Simmons and Simonsohn initially did. The same month that Simmons and Simonsohn gave their talk, Stéphane Doyen, a social psychologist in Belgium, published a paper challenging a classic study in the field of priming, which holds that small cues, like exposure to certain words, can subconsciously trigger behaviors. The original study found that research subjects walked more slowly after being exposed to words associated with old age; the replicators found no such effect and titled their journal article “Behavioral Priming: It’s All in the Mind; but Whose Mind?” John Bargh, a professor at Yale, a luminary who published the original study, responded with a combative post on *Psychology Today*’s blog, claiming that discrepancies in the experiment design accounted for the difference and calling the researchers “incompetent or ill informed.” When other priming studies failed to replicate later that year, the Nobel laureate Daniel Kahneman, who discussed priming in his book “Thinking Fast and Slow,” wrote a letter

to social psychologists who studied the effect, urging them to turn their attitude around. “To deal effectively with the doubts, you should acknowledge their existence and confront them straight on,” he wrote.

The intention of replicators was now unassailably noble — who could argue with better science? — but there was also, for the first time, status to be found in topplings, as journals started publishing more replications, many of which received lavish press attention. It was also inevitable that those being challenged would read envy into their attackers’ motivations. (In a tweet, Gilbert described those he deemed the worst offenders as “shameless little bullies.”)

Jay Van Bavel, a social psychologist at New York University, has tweeted openly about a published nonreplication of one of his studies and believes, as any scientist would, that replications are an essential part of the process; nonetheless, he found the experience of being replicated painful. “It is terrifying, even if it’s fair and within normal scientific bounds,” he says. “Because of social media and how it travels — you get pile-ons when the critique comes out, and 50 people share it in the view of thousands. That’s horrifying for anyone who’s critiqued, even if it’s legitimate.”

The field, clearly, was not moving forward as one. “In the beginning, I thought it was all ridiculous,” says Finkel, who told me it took him a few years before he appreciated the importance of what became known as the replication movement. “It was like we had been having a big party — what big, new, fun, cool stuff can we discover? And we forgot to double-check ourselves. And then the reformers were annoyed, because they felt like they had to come in after the fact and clean up after us. And it was true.”

In August 2014, the day before her second marriage, Amy Cuddy learned that a replication of her 2010 study led by a 34-year-old economist at the University of Zurich named Eva Ranehill had failed to yield the same results. “I remember thinking, Oh, bummer,” Cuddy says. But she was not distraught; often there was some perfectly good reason for a discrepancy in two studies of the same concept.

There were several key differences — Ranehill’s sample size, at 200, was much bigger, and she had designed a double-blind setup. Ranehill had her subjects hold two poses for three minutes each. She did not find an increase in either risk-taking behavior or the expected hormone changes.

Cuddy thought it was likely that the difference in time — six minutes of standing versus two — was a crucial one and probably accounted for the disparity in the results. “It’s not a crazy thing to test,” Cuddy says. “I guess under the theory that more is better? But it could go the other way — three minutes is a really, really long time to be holding a pose like that. It seems likely to me that it would be really

(Continued on Page 52)

LUMBER LIQUIDATORS
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uncomfortable, but sure, study it, and let's see."

She was relieved to see that the "feelings of power" finding had replicated. But Raneyhill used language in her write-up that played down that finding's importance. Although in one study of her own, Cuddy also played down the finding, she has otherwise consistently, in interviews, been enthusiastic about the idea that a body posture could change someone's feelings. "We're psychologists," she says. "We try to change how people feel." She also, at the time of the Raneyhill replication, still anticipated that other research would probably show downstream effects — more risk taking, or more competitiveness, or better performance in job interviews.

By the time Cuddy got word of Raneyhill's replication, she had given her TED talk, developed a significant speaking career and was writing a book. Simmons had received tenure at Wharton and was writing, with Simonsohn, a blog called Data Colada, in which they sometimes tried to replicate other people's work. By 2014, there was near-unanimous agreement the Data Colada team had profoundly changed the field's research techniques for the better. But for the average researcher, an email from someone at Data Colada signaled unpleasantness ahead. "It's like the police knocking on your door in the middle of the night," one psychologist said.

In the wake of Raneyhill's failed replication, Cuddy and Carney set to work on a response. Carney, who is now a tenured associate professor of management at the University of California, Berkeley, tried to chart a P-curve of all 33 studies they were mentioning in their paper (which was already under review). Carney sent the paper and the P-curve to Nelson for some feedback, but he sent it on to Simmons and Simonsohn, as they were the experts.

The letter Simmons wrote back to Carney was polite, but he argued that her P-curve had not been executed correctly. He and Simonsohn had each executed P-curves of the 33 studies, and each found that it was flat, suggesting that the body of literature it reflected did not count as strong evidence. He did write that "conceptual points raised before that section are useful and contribute to the debate" but that they should take the P-curve out. "Everybody wins in that case." According to Cuddy, she and Carney thought the P-curve science was not as settled as Simmons believed it to be. But afraid of public recrimination, they did exactly as he said — they took out the P-curve.

A few weeks after the paper was published, Cuddy learned from Simmons and Simonsohn that they were writing a blog post on the paper. A mutual friend of Cuddy and Simmons's from graduate school, Kenworthy Bilz, a professor of law at the University of Illinois, tried to reassure Cuddy. "He'll say his piece, and you'll say yours,

and that will be the end of it," Bilz told Cuddy. "It's not like you're going to become the poster girl for this kind of thing."

Cuddy was at her home office in Boston when she received an email from Simmons and Simonsohn. They showed her a draft of the post they planned to put online criticizing the paper; they invited feedback on anything the authors felt was incorrect or unfair. "We embrace trying to be as civil as possible but understanding that at some point you are going to say, 'You were wrong,'" Simonsohn said. "People won't like that, no matter how you much you dress it up. It's not something people want to hear."

The post criticized the new paper, as well as the 2010 study. It showed Simmons and Simonsohn's own unfavorable P-curve and essentially argued that the original published findings on hormones and risk-taking were probably a result of chance. They did not include a feelings-of-power measure in the P-curve they showed. But the blog post did mention in its last footnote that there was a significant effect of power posing on "self-reported power," although the language made it clear that it didn't count for much, Simonsohn believes that self-reports of power generally reflect what is called a demand effect — a result that occurs when subjects intuit the point of the study. Cuddy believes that studies can be constructed to minimize that risk and that demand effects are often nuanced.

Cuddy responded to Simonsohn with a few points that they incorporated into the post but said she preferred to write a longer response in a context in which she felt more comfortable.

Cuddy felt ill when Simmons and Simonsohn published the post with the headline: "Reassessing the Evidence Behind the Most Popular TED Talk." As illustration, they used a picture of Wonder Woman. Cuddy felt as if Simmons had set them up; that they included her TED talk in the headline made it feel personal, as if they were going after her rather than the work.

The post, which Simonsohn distributed to his email list of hundreds, quickly made the rounds. "People were sending me emails like I was dying of cancer," Cuddy says. "It was like, 'We send our condolences,' 'Holy crap, this is terrible' and 'God bless you; we wish we could do something, but obviously we can't.'" She also knew what was coming, a series of events that did, in fact, transpire over time: subsequent scrutiny of other studies she had published, insulting commentary about her work on the field's Facebook groups, disdainful headlines about the flimsiness of her research. She paced around, distraught, afraid to look at her email, afraid not to. She had just put together a tenure package and worried that the dust-up would be a continuing distraction.

Cuddy did not like seeing her work criticized in a non-peer-reviewed format, but she wrote a bland statement saying, essentially, that she disagreed with their findings and "looked forward to

more research on this important topic." Carney reassured Cuddy in the months after the Data Colada post that their paper would eventually be vindicated — of course the effects were real; someone would prove it eventually.

Eventually, the Data Colada post caught the eye of another influential blogger, Andrew Gelman, a professor of statistics and political science at Columbia University, whose interest in Cuddy's work would prove durable, exacting and possibly career-changing for Cuddy. Gelman wields his sizable influence on the field from afar, on his popular blog andrewgelman.com, where he posts his thoughts on best statistical practices in the sciences, with a frequent emphasis on what he sees as the absurd and unscientific. Gelman, who studied math and physics at M.I.T. before turning to statistics, does not believe that social psychology is any more guilty of P-hacking than, say, biology or economics. But he has devoted extensive attention to the field, especially in more recent years, in part because of the way the media has glorified social-psychology research. He is respected enough that his posts are well read; he is cutting enough that many of his critiques are enjoyed with a strong sense of *schadenfreude*.

Four months after the Data Colada post, Gelman, with a co-author, published an article in *Slate* about Carney and Cuddy's 2010 study, calling it "tabloid fodder." Eventually, Cuddy's name began appearing regularly in the blog, both in his posts and in comments. Gelman's writing on Cuddy's study was coolly dismissive; it bothered him that Cuddy remained fairly silent on the replication and the Data Colada post. For all he knew, Cuddy was still selling the hormone effect in her speaking gigs and in her best-selling book, "Presence," which he had not read. Had he looked, he would have been annoyed to see that Cuddy did not include a mention of the Raneyhill replication. But he might have been surprised to see how little of the book focused on power posing (just a few pages).

On his site, Cuddy's name, far from the only one he repeatedly invoked, became a go-to synecdoche for faulty science writ large. When he saw that Cuddy had been invited to speak at a conference, he wondered why the organizers had not invited a bunch of other famous figures he clearly considered bad for science, including Diederik Stapel, who had been accused of outright fraud.

His site became a home for frequently hostile comments from his followers. "She has no serious conception of 'science,'" one posted. Another compared Cuddy to Elizabeth Holmes, the Theranos chief executive under investigation for misleading investors. Though Gelman did encourage his readers to stick to the science, he rarely reined anyone in. In one exchange in July 2016, a commenter wrote, "I've wondered whether some of Amy Cuddy's mistakes are due to the fact that

she suffered severe head trauma as the result of a car accident some years ago.” Gelman replied, “A head injury hardly seems necessary to explain these mistakes,” pointing out that her adviser, Fiske, whom he has also criticized, had no such injury but made similar errors.

Gelman, whom I met in his office in late June, is not scathing in person; he is rather mild, soft-spoken even. Gelman was vague when asked if he felt there was anything unusual about the frequency of his comments on Cuddy (“People send me things, and I respond,” he said). He said it was Cuddy who was unrelenting. He later emailed me to make sure I was aware that she attacked him and Simmons and Simonsohn on a private Facebook page, without backing up her accusations with evidence; he was still waiting for a clear renunciation of the original 2010 paper on the hormonal effects of power posing. “I would like her to say: ‘Jeez, I didn’t know any better. I was doing what they told me to do. I don’t think I’m a bad person, and it didn’t get replicated’ — rather than salvaging as much as she can.”

Gelman considers himself someone who is doing others the favor of pointing out their errors, a service for which he would be grateful, he says. Cuddy considers him a bully, someone who does not believe that she is entitled to her own interpretation of the research that is her field of expertise.

Cuddy has asked herself what motivates Gelman. “Why not help social psychologists instead of attacking them on your blog?” she wondered aloud to me. “Why not come to a conference or hold a seminar?” When I asked Gelman if he would ever consider meeting with Cuddy to hash out their differences, he seemed put off by the idea of trying to persuade her, in person, that there were flaws in her work.

“I don’t like interpersonal conflict,” he said.

On Sept. 26, 2016, Amy Cuddy woke up and checked her phone to find a chilling text from a friend. “I’m so sorry,” it said. “Are you O.K.?” She felt a familiar dread, something closer to panic. For the past year, she had mostly stopped going to social-psychology conferences, feeling a chill from her community. Another social psychologist had told her that a graduate student asked if she really was friends with Cuddy. When she responded, “Yes,” the young woman asked, “Why?”

It was the kind of information Cuddy wished she did not have; her closest friends were told to stop passing on or commenting about that kind of thing, but acquaintances still did it. She felt adrift in her field. She worried about asking peers to collaborate, suspecting that they would not want to set themselves up for intense scrutiny. And she felt betrayed, not just by those who cut her down on social media, in blog posts, even in reviews (one reviewer called her “a profiteer,” not hiding his contempt), but also by some of those who did not publicly defend her. She was not wrong to think that at least in some cases,

it was fear, rather than lack of support for her, that kept people from speaking up. Two tenured psychology professors at Ivy League universities acknowledged to me that they would have publicly defended some of Cuddy’s positions were they not worried about making themselves targets on Data Colada and elsewhere.

Two days before Cuddy received that text from a friend, Gelman once again posted about the power-posing research, but this time he issued a challenge to Dana Carney. “When people screw up or cheat in their research, what do their collaborators say?” he wondered in the post. For Carney, he wrote, “it was not too late.” Unknown to Cuddy and Gelman, Carney had already linked, in her C.V., to Simmon and Simonsohn’s critique of that first, influential 2010 study, but she hadn’t made the kind of statement or gesture that Gelman expected from Cuddy.

That morning of the troubling text, Cuddy logged onto her computer and discovered that Carney had posted on her website a document (then quickly published on New York magazine’s site) that seemed intended to distance its author forever, in every way, from power posing. “I do not believe that ‘power pose’ effects are real,” she said. Not only had she stopped studying power poses, “I discourage others from studying power poses.”

She listed a number of methodological concerns she had, in retrospect, about the 2010 paper, most

of which, Cuddy says, Carney had never raised with her. In an email a few months earlier, Carney had clearly told Cuddy that she thought the study’s data was flimsy, the sample was tiny, the effects were barely there. But Cuddy said she had never received notice that this kind of renunciation was coming. Carney declined to comment for this article, but Nelson, who is in her department, said she was clearly in a tough position, saddled with all the negatives of the work — the hit to her reputation — with none of the upside: the speaking fees and the positive feedback from teary fans that no doubt fuel Cuddy’s conviction in the research.

For much of the scientific world, Carney’s statement was an act of integrity and bravery. “Whoa! This is how to do it!” tweeted Michael Inzlicht, a professor of psychology and neuroscience at the University of Toronto who had eloquently written about his own crisis of confidence about his field of research, ego depletion.

To Cuddy, Carney’s post seemed so sweeping as to be vague, self-abnegating. Even Simonsohn, who made clear his support for Carney’s decision, thought the letter had a strangely unscientific vehemence to it. “If I do a bad job proving there’s a ninth planet, I probably shouldn’t say there’s a ninth planet,” he says. “But I shouldn’t say there is no ninth planet, either. You should just ignore the bad study and go back to base line.” *(Continued on Page 55)*

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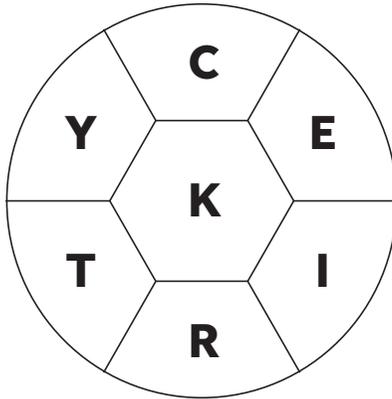
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SPELLING BEE

By Frank Longo

How many common words of 5 or more letters can you spell using the letters in the hive? Every answer must use the center letter at least once. Letters may be reused in a word. At least one word will use all 7 letters. Proper names and hyphenated words are not allowed. Score 1 point for each answer, and 3 points for a word that uses all 7 letters.

Rating: 7 = good; 12 = excellent; 17 = genius



Our list of words, worth 20 points, appears with last week's answers.

FOUR-BY-FOURS

By Patrick Berry

One blank in each sentence can be filled by a seven-letter word. The other two blanks will be filled by that word's first four and last four letters, which also spell words. For instance, the sentence "_____ workers will _____ enough to build up a _____ egg" could be completed by EARNEST, EARN and NEST. The three words may appear in any order.

- _____ residents of _____ and France eat wheat _____ to get their vitamins.
- You can _____ divisive issues on the _____ jockey's call-in show, but don't _____ or you'll be fined.
- To _____ a butler, the actor held up a _____ with a stemmed glass of _____ on it.
- The undergrad won \$1,000 in the _____ poker game, enough to put a small _____ in his _____ loans.
- To relieve his toothache, the _____ candidate got _____ surgery at the _____ Clinic.
- The _____ female chimp refused to _____ with a male _____ until Jane Goodall left the room.
- The _____ sent by the agency was such a _____ that he caused a _____ in the office.
- The dog began to _____ after running _____ on the skate park's _____.
- You can call a _____ an insect, but the correct _____ for a _____ is "arachnid."
- Any adult hiker should be able to open the cap on that _____, but maybe a _____.

BOXING MATCH

By Tinh Van Duc Lai

Place numbers from 1 to 9 in the grid so that each outlined region contains consecutive numbers, and so that the sum of numbers in every 3x3 area is the same. The grid has 16 overlapping 3x3 areas. Solving hint: When 3x3 areas overlap, the sum of the numbers in their unshared squares must be equal. In the example, the total of each 3x3 area is 42.

Ex.

4		
3	5	6
	4	5

→

2	4	7	3
3	5	6	2
5	6	4	5
3	7	3	4

	4			5	4
	3	4		3	
4	5				4
	4	4			
6	4	2			3
	5	7			5

WALLS AND DOORS

By Alan Arbesfeld

This puzzle consists of nine 5x5 rooms (labeled 1-9) with five five-letter answers reading across and five five-letter answers reading down. The clues for the answers in each room are given in mixed order. Each room has a starting letter given to help you place the answers. (The nine given letters, appropriately, are an arrangement of FLOOR PLAN.) When the puzzle is done, six familiar 15-letter phrases will read through the openings across and down.

Room 1

- According to (2 wds.)
- Actress Zellweger
- Aim, as a gun
- Give 10% to a church
- Grandson of Adam
- Knight stick?
- Mideast peninsula
- Moon of Saturn
- Wedding
- X-rated

Room 2

- Cancel
- Empty
- Flat face on the bottom of a gem
- George of old "Star Trek"
- Have ___ (gab) (2 wds.)
- Phonograph needles
- Variety show
- Weighing a ton, say
- Word shortenings (of which this is an example)
- ___ Vista, Calif.

Room 3

- Autumn colour
- Calendario opener
- Collect
- Man-eating monsters
- Refuse a request (2 wds.)
- Relentlessly tease (2 wds.)
- Santa ___, Calif.
- Shakespearean king
- Where buffalo roamed
- 2 + 2 = 5, e.g.

Room 4

- Childbirth
- Electrician, at times
- Govt. security (hyph.)
- Japanese porcelain
- More achy
- Old NBC drama (2 wds.)
- Picks up
- Protein-building acid
- Sharp-crested ridge
- ___ One (General Mills cereal)

Room 5

- Comic ___ Baron Cohen
- Copper or cobalt
- Covers of top stories?
- Inclined walkways
- Jiffy
- Kind of nerve
- Light refractor
- Maker of the iPhone
- Wagner work
- 1965 civil rights march site

Room 6

- Alternative to broadcast
- Dot in the sea
- Embarrass
- Implied
- Lessen
- "One of ___ days ..."
- Orders at Chipotle
- Platte River tribe
- Tre + quattro
- Venetian explorer John

Room 7

- Actor Stanley
- Bury
- Make happen
- Piece of plumbing under a sink (hyph.)
- Primitive weapon
- Salt Lake City resident, e.g.
- School in Medford, Mass.
- Tony-winning Rivera
- Word before bud or test
- Word before fly or salad

Room 8

- Awards-show host
- Burger and fries to go, e.g.
- Fat-removal jobs, briefly
- Glassmaking ovens

Room 9

- Country store?
- Dummy Mortimer
- Ending in a tie
- Extemporize (hyph.)
- Internet annoyance

Room 9

- More cool, in slang
- Mountain house for skiers
- Run, as colors
- Scooper
- "Shucks!" (2 wds.)

1			L		2				3					
													A	
						R								
4					5				6					
	N				F				O					
7														L
						O								
	P													

- Hard job
- Japanese car
- Radio frequencies
- RCA or Columbia
- Some encls.
- Start of Caesar's boast

Cuddy

(Continued from Page 53)

Cuddy wrote a lengthy response to Carney that New York magazine published. (New York, Slate and The Atlantic have closely reported on the replication movement.) Then she stopped taking phone calls and went almost completely offline. She found that she couldn't eat; at 5-foot-5, Cuddy went down to 100 pounds.

Less than two weeks after Carney's disavowal, Cuddy got on a plane so she could meet her commitment to speak to a crowd of 10,000 in Las Vegas. As frail as she had been since her accident, she headed to an arena in Las Vegas and roused the crowd, a tiny woman on a giant stage, taking up space, making herself big, feeling the relief of feeling powerful.

When I emailed Joe Simmons in July and asked to meet with him, he readily agreed but warned me that he does not check his email often. "I had to take email off my phone," he explained when we met at a coffee shop across the river from Wharton. A lot of his work these days was stressful — sometimes the emailer was angry, sometimes he was — so if he looked at his phone before bed, "that was it — I wouldn't sleep all night."

When Simmons and I met, I asked him why he eventually wrote such a damning blog post, when his initial correspondence with Carney did not seem particularly discouraging. He and Simonsohn, he told me, had clearly explained to Cuddy and Carney that the supporting studies they cited were problematic as a body of work — and yet all the researchers did was drop the visual graph, as if deliberately sidestepping the issue. They left in the body of literature that Simmons and Simonsohn's P-curve discredited. That apparent disregard for contrary evidence was, Simmons said, partly what prompted them to publish the harsh blog post in the first place.

But the email that Simmons and Simonsohn had sent was, in fact, ambiguous: They had explicitly told her to drop the P-curve and yet left the impression that the paper was otherwise sound. At my request, Simmons looked back at his original email. I watched as he read it over. "Oh, yeah," he said quietly. He had a pained look on his face. "We did say to drop the graph, didn't we?" He read it over again, then sat back. "I didn't remember that. This may be a big misunderstanding about — that email is too polite."

Cuddy and Carney had taken their advice literally. Simmons stood by his analysis but recognized that there was confusion at play in how they interpreted the events that transpired. Simmons says he harbored no ill will toward Cuddy before criticizing her paper; if anything, he remembered her warmly. "She was great," he said, smiling at the memory. "We published the blog post despite my history with Amy. Because

I realized that once we pulled the trigger on this. ..." He did not finish the sentence. Cuddy had, in fact, become the poster girl for this kind of work, which even he thought was not fair. "The original study wasn't particularly egregious," he said. "It was published in 2010 before anyone was thinking about this."

For a moment, the scientist allowed the human element to factor into how he felt about his email response to that paper. "I wish," he said, "I'd had the presence of mind to pick up the phone and call Amy."

The public nature of the attacks against Cuddy have reverberated among social psychologists, raising questions about the effects of harsh discourse on the field and particularly on women. Earlier this year at the conference of the Society of Personality and Social Psychology, there was a presentation of a 2016 survey of 700 social psychologists, assessing their perceptions of the influence of social media on their careers. The subsequent conversation on popular Facebook groups was so combative that Alison Ledgerwood, a social psychologist at the University of California, Davis, felt the need to respond in a blog post. In it, she argued that if scientists keep having hostile conversations on social media, women are more likely to be driven away from the field. (Women in the profession, the survey presented at the conference reported, participated less than their male colleagues in social-media discussions.)

Even people who believe that the methodological reforms are essential say its costs to science are real. "It's become like politics — we've created two camps of people who shouldn't be in two camps in the first place," says Jay Van Bavel, the social psychologist at N.Y.U. "It's perceived slights and defensiveness, and everybody has some history or grievance — and it will never end because there is that history of perceived grievances, of one of your colleagues who has been put through it, or criticized your friend in a public forum. It's terrible for science. It's not good."

If Amy Cuddy is a victim, she may not seem an obvious one: She has real power, a best-selling book, a thriving speaking career. She did not own up fully to problems in her research or try to replicate her own study. (She says there were real hurdles to doing so, not least of which was finding a collaborator to take that on.) But many of her peers told me that she did not deserve the level of widespread and sometimes vicious criticism she has endured. "Amy has been the target of mockery and meanness on Facebook, on Twitter, in blog posts — I feel like, Wow, I have never seen that in science," Van Bavel says. "I've only been in it for 15 years, but I've never seen public humiliation like that."

As a result, the breadth of the accusations — how diffuse they are — could easily be mistaken for the depth of her scientific missteps, which

at the outset were no different from those of so many of her peers. "We were all being trained to simplify, to get our message out there — there were conferences and panels on how to do it," says Richard Petty, a social psychologist at Ohio State. "One of the ironies is that Amy just did it more successfully."

I was surprised to find that some of the leaders in the replication movement were not Cuddy's harshest critics but spoke of her right to defend her work in more measured tones. "Why does everyone care so much about what Amy says?" Brian Nosek says. "Science isn't about consensus." Cuddy was entitled to her position; the evidence in favor or against power posing would speak for itself. Leif Nelson, one of the three pioneers of the movement, says Cuddy is no different from most other scientists in her loyalty to her data. "Authors love their findings," he says. "And you can defend almost anything — that's the norm of science, not just in psychology." He still considers Cuddy a "very serious psychologist"; he also believes the 2010 paper "is a bunch of nonsense." But he says, "It does not strike me as at all notable that Amy would defend her work. Most people do."

Every researcher has a threshold at which he or she is convinced of the evidence; in social psychology, especially, there is no such thing as absolute proof, only measures of probability. In recent months, Cuddy reached the threshold needed to alter her thinking on the effect of hormones. She mentioned, at a psychology conference where she was presenting her work, that a study had recently been conducted on power posing. "They found no hormonal effects," she said before taking a breath. "That study is done very well, and I trust those results." Although 11 new papers have recently been published that do not show the downstream effects of power posing on behaviors, Cuddy is still fighting for power posing. The research, she says, still shows its effect on feelings of power: At the conference, she presented a comprehensive meta-analysis, a version of which, she says, she will soon publish, with a strong P-curve supporting that, and she also presented a P-curve suggesting that power posing had a robust effect on self-evaluations, emotions and moods.

Cuddy now seems ready to move on to a new phase. We met near her home in Newton, Mass., in August. Cuddy, smiling, fresh from physical therapy for a torn ACL, was in a tennis skirt, looking young and more lighthearted than I had ever seen her. She had abandoned the dream of tenure. She was planning a new project, a new book, she told me. It was coming together in her mind: "Bullies, Bystanders and Bravehearts." It would be personal; there would be research; she would write, and she would talk, and she would interview people who had suffered fates worse than her own and bounced back. She would tell their stories and hers, and because she is a good talker, people would listen. ♦

SELFIES

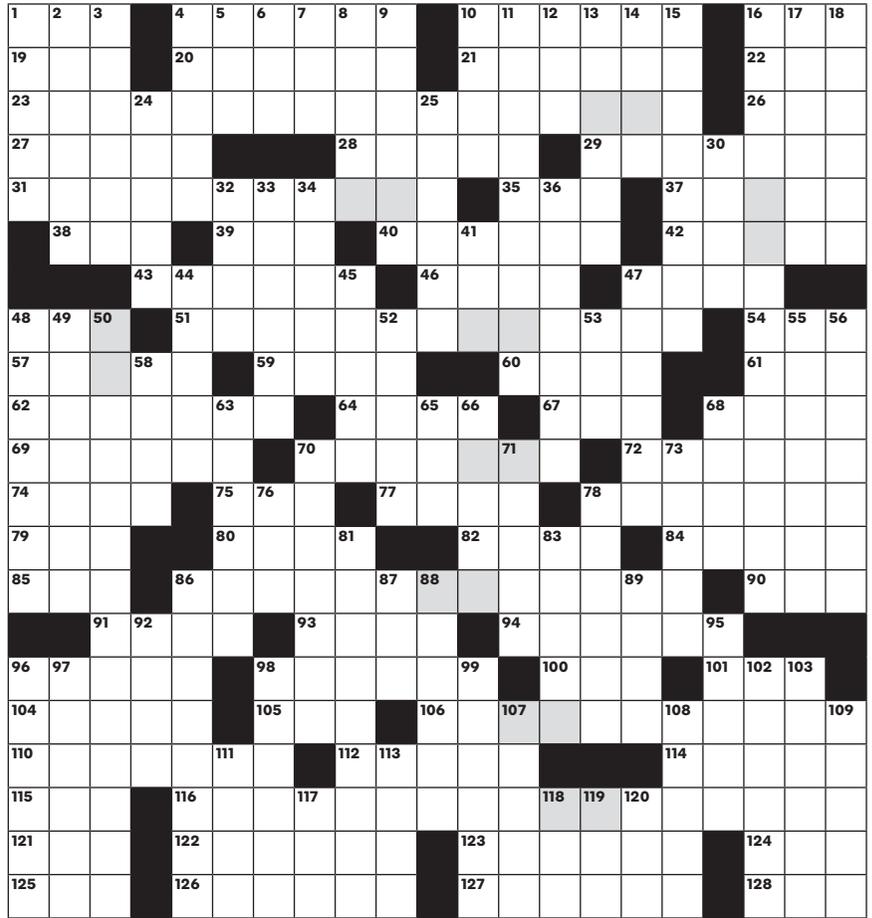
By Tracy Gray

ACROSS

- 1 Signs off on
- 4 Bei Bei and Bao Bao
- 10 Mike's place
- 16 Barnyard bleat
- 19 Remained unused
- 20 Morphine, for one
- 21 Still
- 22 Pitches
- 23 *Facebook Status:* "2016 Summer Olympics and a day trip to one of the new Seven Wonders of the World!"
- 26 Bobs and buns
- 27 Tea-party girl
- 28 "Repeat ..."
- 29 Valuable china, e.g.
- 31 *Facebook Status:* "Across the pond! And front-row seats to the Henley Royal Regatta!"
- 35 "King ___" (1978 hit)
- 37 "Above" and "beyond," e.g.
- 38 Island ring
- 39 Chill out
- 40 Okapi feature
- 42 Salad green
- 43 Lily who played Ernestine
- 46 An arm or a leg
- 47 "___ it the truth!"
- 48 Dough dispenser

- 51 *Facebook Status:* "Yes! Retail therapy at the largest shopping spot in the U.S.!"
- 54 Cyberaddress
- 57 Van Susteren of cable news
- 59 Campbell of "Scream"
- 60 Second-___
- 61 ___ Miguel (largest island in the Azores)
- 62 Use part of
- 64 Sicilian erupter
- 67 "Am ___ believe ...?"
- 68 Analogy connector
- 69 TV host Geist
- 70 *Facebook Status:* "Ahhhh. ... Sun and surf in Cancún, Mexico! Bring on the unlimited piña coladas!"
- 72 Battle of the Atlantic craft
- 74 "Sleep ___"
- 75 Old United rival
- 77 One crossing the line?
- 78 Eminence
- 79 Call, as a game
- 80 "Live With Kelly and Ryan" co-host
- 82 Gusto
- 84 10-time French Open champ

- 85 Born
- 86 *Facebook Status:* "Hej from København! This statue turned 100 years old in 2013 but is still a beauty!"
- 90 Double-O sort
- 91 Cows and sows
- 93 Top that may have a built-in bra
- 94 Exam administered on the forearm
- 96 Fleur-de-lis, e.g.
- 98 Bad place for a frog
- 100 Captained
- 101 ___ room
- 104 Praying figure in Christian art
- 105 It can be smoked
- 106 *Facebook Status:* "10-9-8-7. ... Ringing in the New Year with 1,000,000 of my newest, closest friends!"
- 110 Excessive regulation
- 112 Swahili "sir"
- 114 Neuter
- 115 QB Manning
- 116 *Facebook Status:* "History abounds! Neo-Classical architecture surrounded by gorgeous cherry-blossom trees. Next stop ... the White House!"



- 122 Anatomical ring
- 123 Recording-studio effect
- 124 J.F.K. posting
- 125 Place of Bible study: abbr.
- 126 In an uncivil way
- 127 Wife, to Juan
- 128 Oedipus, for one

- DOWN**
- 1 Its official name is Academy Award of Merit
 - 2 "The Prophet" author Gibran
 - 3 Shoot (for)
 - 4 Brainteaser
 - 5 Well put
 - 6 Niggling detail
 - 7 Morse word
 - 8 Elite group
 - 9 Classic blazer fabrics
 - 10 Mani-___
 - 11 Dingy part of a kitchen?
 - 12 Just-passing mark
 - 13 Con
 - 14 ___-friendly
 - 15 Wife on "The Addams Family"
 - 16 *Facebook Status:* "Vegas, baby! And who would believe I'm standing next to Beyoncé and Katy Perry!"
 - 17 Very cute, in slang
 - 18 Judge
 - 24 Seal the deal
 - 25 Where the Santa Ana and Long Beach Fwys. meet
 - 30 Tip off

- 32 For 17+ viewers
- 33 "When pigs fly!"
- 34 Lightsome
- 36 Tongue-lash
- 41 Crater's edge
- 44 Muscat resident
- 45 Unheard-of
- 47 Get the better of
- 48 Damaged over time
- 49 Workplace newbie
- 50 *Facebook Status:* "Nosebleed seats - but home-field advantage! GO GIANTS!!!"
- 52 Ultrasound target
- 53 Cousin of 15-Down
- 55 Bad joint
- 56 How Mark Twain is often quoted
- 58 Bias
- 63 Russian "invader" of the 1980s
- 65 Olympics airer since 1988
- 66 Bowl over
- 68 Speck
- 70 Challenge to prove you're human
- 71 Critic Roger
- 73 Alabama and Kansas, for two
- 76 Quick thinking
- 78 Schedules

- 81 Start of a drill, maybe
- 83 Saunter
- 86 Still partly open, as a door
- 87 Punk offshoot
- 88 Mazda two-seaters
- 89 Roadside bombs, for short
- 92 This answer ends in "T," e.g.
- 95 More on the mark
- 96 Some edible fungi
- 97 "Otherwise ...!"
- 98 Prime setter, informally
- 99 Cassiterite, e.g.
- 102 Less strict
- 103 Spawn
- 107 Flowing locks
- 108 Chipotle rival
- 109 You might take it to go
- 111 Arequipa is its second-largest city
- 113 Fay of "King Kong"
- 117 Rival
- 118 Series honor, for short
- 119 Workplace inits.
- 120 Half a couple

Puzzles Online: Today's puzzle and more than 9,000 past puzzles, nytimes.com/crosswords (\$39.95 a year). For the daily puzzle commentary: nytimes.com/wordplay.

KENKEN

Fill the grid with digits so as not to repeat a digit in any row or column, and so that the digits within each heavily outlined box will produce the target number shown, by using addition, subtraction, multiplication or division, as indicated in the box. A 5x5 grid will use the digits 1-5. A 7x7 grid will use 1-7.

4-	2-	2-		
2÷			10×	12×
3	2-	9+		
2÷			2-	
	2-			5

84×		8+		11+	60×
2÷		11+			
9+		1-	5	3-	
6		5-		2÷	
105×		3-	6		
2-	1-	6-	1-		84×
		13+			

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Answers to puzzles of 10.15.17

WISE MOVE

M	B	A	C	A	W	J	A	C	K	N	O	S	E	J	O	B			
P	O	W	E	R	N	A	P	O	H	H	I	A	S	A	R	U	L	E	
G	R	A	V	E	T	R	A	I	N	E	E	S	B	U	S	R	I	D	E
E	Y	E	D	S	D	S	M	E	S	A	S	S	E	C	S				
S	I	G	N	E	A	R	L	S	Z	E	D	R	E	D	E	A	L		
I	N	A	S	T	W	E	E	T	B	I	R	D	I	E	S	P	L	Y	
T	O	M	T	I	T	S	T	O	A	T	E	A	T	P	A	T	E		
N	E	E	D	E	R	S	N	L	A	D	M	I	R	E	R				
V	A	S	E	E	E	G	S	B	L	E	A	T	E	D					
R	A	C	E	R	D	O	G	T	R	E	A	T	I	E	S	I	R	E	
A	T	O	N	E	S	C	O	O	T	M	I	S	O	M	E	A	N		
S	T	U	S	T	U	D	R	O	O	M	I	E	S	N	E	S	T	S	
H	A	N	G	A	R	S	E	L	M	O	I	P	A	D					
T	U	Y	E	R	E	S	A	V	E	N	O	T	I	P	S				
A	M	F	M	A	D	A	S	H	I	N	E	T	E	A	A	C	T		
B	O	A	S	M	A	R	T	P	A	N	T	I	E	S	S	L	O	B	
A	N	I	M	U	S	L	O	L	G	I	D	D	Y	T	A	R	S		
T	R	I	M	K	E	Y	U	P	R	E	I	H	O	T	S				
M	A	I	N	M	A	N	G	R	O	C	E	R	S	T	O	R	I	E	S
O	N	E	T	O	G	O	U	G	L	I	S	O	U	R	M	A	S	H	
E	A	S	Y	N	O	W	N	E	O	N	N	B	A	L	E	E			

KENKEN

4	5	3	1	2
3	2	5	4	1
1	4	2	3	5
2	3	1	5	4
5	1	4	2	3

1	7	2	5	6	3	4
6	1	4	7	2	5	3
4	3	5	1	7	2	6
5	6	7	4	3	1	2
7	4	3	2	5	6	1
3	2	1	6	4	7	5
2	5	6	3	1	4	7

ACROSTIC

(AISHA) TYLER, SELF-INFLICTED WOUNDS — Here's the thing. I am uniquely, and occasionally quite stupidly, fearless. I have never been ... truly afraid. ... I like to shoot first and ask questions about why there is a bullet lodged deeply in my own foot much, much later.

- A. "Tequila"
- B. Yodeling
- C. Lithium
- D. Elastic
- E. "Ragtime"
- F. Shudder
- G. Easy out
- H. Leftovers
- I. Fly-fish
- J. Interlock
- K. Naked eye
- L. Flash mob
- M. Lately
- N. Improvise
- O. Cliquish
- P. Trainer
- Q. Epithet
- R. Dubuque
- S. Wealthy
- T. Octane
- U. Unbowed
- V. Nassau
- W. Dorothy
- X. Shannon

FOR STARTERS

	G	R	I	S	F
L	E	A	N	T	O
T	I	P	J	A	R
A	S	T	U	T	E
C	H	O	R	U	S
B	A	R	E	S	T

BOXING MATCH

2	4	3	2	5	4
5	3	4	2	3	5
4	5	6	7	4	4
1	4	4	1	5	5
6	4	2	3	4	3
3	5	7	6	4	5

Answers to puzzle on Page 54

SPELLING BEE

Rickety, trickery (3 points each). Also: Creek, crick, cricket, cricketer, crikey, ickier, kicker, kitty, ticker, tick, trickier, tricky, trike. If you found other legitimate dictionary words in the beehive, feel free to include them in your score.

Waititi

(Continued from Page 41)

deleting lines they didn't find funny enough. They watched all 16 takes of Banner's response, in which Ruffalo's improvisations ranged from a deadpan "Oh, no" to screaming shock. Waititi by now was sunk deep into the couch. He came upon a tweet from Peyton Reed, director of "Ant-Man." Looking at his picture, Waititi said, "All these Marvel directors look the same!" He laughed. "Scott Derrickson and James Gunn and Peyton all look like the same person." He asked to watch the very beginning of the sequence again: "Do we have the other angle, from behind Banner?" Negron opened a folder full of neatly labeled shots, in each of which Ruffalo, enthusiastically pretending to transform from a monster into a human, fell out of frame. Waititi mentioned that he was hoping the camera might pan down with Banner as he shrank; he hadn't shot it that way back in Australia, but in about two minutes Negron built a rough move inside the editing software, making it so.

"That's fine for now," Waititi said. "The VFX team will perfect it later." One thing Waititi was delighted to discover while shooting a blockbuster is that it isn't that hard to create a shot he didn't actually get. "We scan every surface and every part of every set," he explained, including the entire interior of the bespoke spaceship. "So this all exists inside the computer, and we can move the camera and create moves."

Around the world, 18 effects houses had started creating the hundreds of shots that would fill in all those blue screens. "I don't think there'll be any bits of my particular style, which is, like, purposefully crap," Waititi said. "I don't think that's what Marvel wants. They want purposefully amazing." He stood and stretched, restless. "How long is it now?" he asked.

"About two," Negron said. "Pretty good, guys!" Waititi said. "Cut a minute out of the movie!" "Couple more to go and we're there," Negron said.

Waititi opened the editing-room door with a satisfied flourish. "You've got to kill your babies, as they say."

"Darlings?" Negron asked. "I wouldn't say I love them that much," Waititi replied. "They're just babies."

In the summer — right before Waititi, dressed in a crisp pineapple-print shirt-and-shorts combo, delivered a bravura performance at San Diego Comic-Con — the directors Phil Lord and Christopher Miller were let go from the "Star Wars" Han Solo film. Sources told The Hollywood Reporter that the directors' improvisational style didn't play well with the screenwriter Lawrence Kasdan or Lucasfilm executives, who in a news release cited "different creative visions" for the split. A fan suggested on Twitter that Waititi should direct a

"Star Wars" movie. "Lolz, I like to complete my films," Waititi replied. "I'd be fired within a week."

"That particular franchise seems really hard," he elaborated in September. "There's not much room for someone like me." Through its narrow canon, the tone of "Star Wars" has always been determinedly self-serious, whereas the Marvel movies, like the decades of comics they sprang from, veer wildly from high drama to low comedy. And improvisation has been a tool in every Marvel movie since Robert Downey Jr. riffed his way through "Iron Man." "Taika's a really funny actor," says Tessa Thompson, who plays Valkyrie in "Ragnarok." "So we had a lot of guidance for the improv. It wasn't a bunch of, like, ships without rudders slamming into each other." Indeed, Waititi figures, if it wasn't for his comedy chops, why would Marvel have hired him in the first place? "They want new voices and different ways of telling stories," he says. "All the work to do with actors, all the rescripting stuff in the moment — that's what I want to do, really. I'm always going to leave the CG stuff up to someone else."

It was 50 days before release. Waititi, hair trimmed short and streaked with gray throughout, absolutely looked a year older. The movie would be delivered in its complete form around the beginning of October. "One day I'll show up and my key card will stop working, I imagine," he said wistfully. "That's good. I've pretty much come very close to finishing what I can offer, you know?"

He admitted that the final product doesn't betray much of his D.I.Y. aesthetic. But his stamp is on the film in other ways: in the way he has framed a superhero movie as a misfit family adventure with gun hammers. In the way he Ragnaroked Valkyrie — white and blond in the comics, but played here by Thompson, an actor of black and Latino descent. In the way the native filmmakers who shadowed Waititi learned that it's possible for an indigenous artist to dance his way through a \$180 million movie.

And in the way he ricocheted around the big Marvel ship, putting on a two-year show, using all the tools they bought for him to make something he likes — "a Taika version of one of these movies," he said with satisfaction. It's worth noting that Marvel's next directors and superheroes also look less like Marvel directors, less like the stereotype of Marvel heroes: Ryan Coogler's "Black Panther" arrives in February, and Ryan Fleck and Anna Boden (the writer-director duo behind the 2006 Ryan-Gosling-on-cocaine drama "Half Nelson") are in preproduction for a movie featuring the superheroine Captain Marvel for 2019. Waititi dressed up and played pretend, and with the help of Marvel's omnipotence, he can now direct any movie he likes, big or small. As the Marvel ship plows on, churning up piles of money, its superheroes might soon come to resemble the predominantly human audience that watches them on Earth. ♦

Bree Newsome Thinks Allies Should Be Protesting

Interview by Ana Marie Cox

It's been a little over two years since you removed a Confederate flag from the flagpole on the grounds of the South Carolina statehouse. Are you surprised that we're still having a debate over monuments to the Confederacy? Is it possible to not be surprised in retrospect? There was a point when it was shocking — maybe a year and a half ago, as I saw the ascendance of Donald Trump. But looking back, it makes sense to me that, given the history of America, there would be this backlash that accompanies the election of the first black president. **When you took the flag down, you said: "I come against you in the name of God. This flag comes down today."** I was struck by your statement because it seems as if the right has tried to monopolize the language of faith, particularly Christianity, in the public square. Coming on the heels of the massacre at Emanuel A.M.E. Church, having that flag fly was just such an act of evil, and to me, there are certain moments when it's not even a question of politics. It's about a moral compass. I'm offended by the notion that Christianity can align only with the conservative movement. As a Christian, I don't agree. I don't think that taking health care from children aligns with my Christian values. I don't think that a tax policy that basically gives more to the rich while placing greater tax burdens on the poor aligns with my Christian beliefs. Politically, we're seeing all the ways it becomes problematic when one party proclaims itself a theocracy.



Age: 32

Occupation:
Activist

Hometown:
Charlotte, N.C.

Newsome is a public speaker and an activist.

Her Top 5 Black Horror Films:

1. "Candyman"
2. "Tales From the Hood"
3. "Eve's Bayou"
4. "Beloved"
5. "Night of the Living Dead"

A huge number of evangelicals voted for Trump. Do you think that a vote for him is a vote against their faith? I don't know. We know that there are times when the teachings of Jesus lose out to racism. Look at how segregated the churches are. I can't judge what is in people's hearts, but I'm not surprised that white evangelicals might side with Donald Trump, even if a lot of things that he does could arguably not line up with Christian values, while at the same time he accuses Obama of being a Muslim. I think there has to be a way to acknowledge both the positive and negative aspects of Christianity, or else there's no real reconciliation with the history there, right?

People have pointed to the diversity of protesters against the white supremacists in Charlottesville. How important is it for white allies to be present for physical acts of protest? It was very important that white people were putting themselves on the front lines in Charlottesville. I'm friends with some of the organizers in Charlottesville — they had been organizing for a while to get the statue removed, and then, of course, it became this national target. One of the questions they had around that was, for the past, let's say, three years, there have been primarily young black people who have been on the front lines protesting — and those acts weren't getting the same attention. I think it's imperative — particularly with this heightened political atmosphere that we're under — that white people are willing to physically put themselves in protests. Now is the time.

You've told people you wouldn't have climbed up the flagpole if you didn't have some hope. I'm more of a realist than an optimist. I have hope when I look at the past of this country: There was a time when the idea of an America without chattel slavery seemed impossible. The only reason that we're not in that condition now is because of the belief and the work of abolitionists and people who were alive then. With that kind of assessment, I'm able to have hope. It's possible that things can get better if we do what is necessary to ensure that, but it's not just something that happens with the natural progression of time. Without taking action and being proactive, things will actually get worse than they are now. ♦

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