

December 3, 2017

The New York Times Magazine

**HOW FAR  
WILL**

BY MATTHEW SHAER

**SEAN  
HANNITY  
GO?**







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# The New York Times Magazine

December 3, 2017

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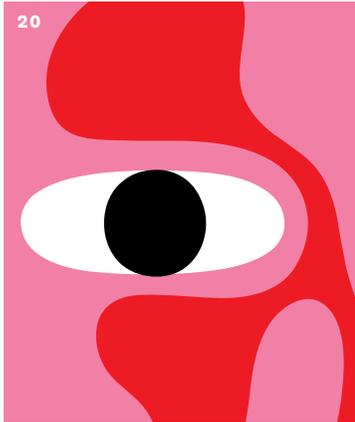
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**Behind the Cover** *Kathy Ryan, director of photography: “Sean Hannity is one of the most animated subjects we have ever photographed. Throughout our entire shoot, he rarely stopped moving, gesticulating or making different expressions.” Photograph by Christopher Griffith for The New York Times.*

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# The New York Times Magazine

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**She's Funny That Way**

Rachel Brosnahan had never played a big comedic role — but in “The Marvelous Mrs. Maisel,” she helps reclaim women’s complicated place in the history of stand-up.

*By Rachel Syme*

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**How Far Will Sean Hannity Go?**

The Fox News host is willing to defend Trump at all costs — and is reaching more than 13 million people a day.

*By Matthew Shaer*

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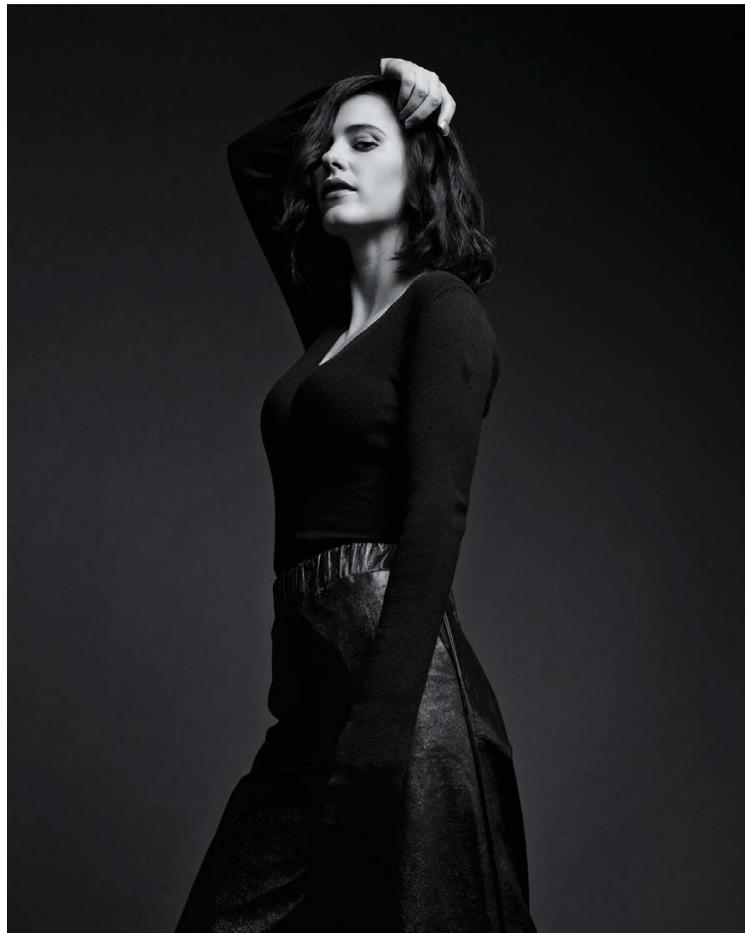
**‘They Will Have to Answer to Us’**

El Salvador’s gangs try to negotiate a way out of their bloody stalemate with the police.

*By Azam Ahmed*

**‘I had to take off my shoes at one point because I was sweating so much. It was a mess.’**

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Photograph of Rachel Brosnahan by Ryan Pfluger for The New York Times.

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Photographed by Kathy Ryan at *The New York Times* on Nov. 9, 2017, at 9:57 a.m.

**Rachel Syme**

*“She’s Funny That Way,”*  
Page 30

Rachel Syme is a writer and cultural critic based in New York City whose work has appeared in *The New York Times*, *The New Yorker*, *The New Republic* and elsewhere. Her first book, a nonfiction exploration of women’s lives in 1930s Hollywood, will be published by Random House. This week, she profiles Rachel Brosnahan, the star of the new show “*The Marvelous Mrs. Maisel*,” about a woman trying to make it as a comedian in the 1950s. “What I thought was most interesting about Rachel is that she brings such a giddy, daffy energy to the screen,” Syme said. “But when you talk to her, she is so serious. She tackles stand-up as if she’s doing Shakespeare.”

**Nitsuh Abebe**

*First Words,*  
Page 11

Nitsuh Abebe is a story editor for the magazine. His most recent *First Words* essay was about “existential” threats.

**Azam Ahmed**

*“They Will Have to Answer to Us,”*  
Page 40

Azam Ahmed is *The Times*’s bureau chief for Mexico, Central America and the Caribbean. He last wrote for the magazine about the role of Afghanistan’s police in fighting the Taliban.

**Audie Cornish**

*Talk,*  
Page 66

Audie Cornish is one of the magazine’s new *Talk* columnists and a host of NPR’s “*All Things Considered*.” Previously, she served as host of “*Weekend Edition Sunday*.”

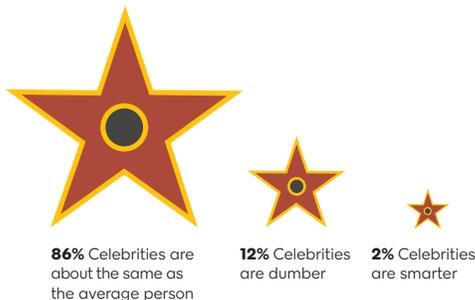
**Matthew Shaer**

*“How Far Will Sean Hannity Go?”*  
Page 34

Matthew Shaer is a contributing writer for the magazine. His most recent feature was about Chelsea Manning.

**Dear Reader: Just Like Us?**

Every week the magazine publishes the results of a study conducted online in January 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 think celebrities are smarter than the average person, dumber or about the same?*



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Readers respond to the 11.19.2017 issue.

**RE: AIRSTRIKES**

*Azmat Khan and Anand Gopal wrote about their investigation into the drastic undercounting of civilian deaths in Iraq.*

**Thank you** for this exceptional investigative journalism. I am not at all surprised by the conclusions. I am saddened and ashamed — but again, not surprised — that our military is negligent and unwilling to admit that these precision killing machines, drones, are only as precise as our faulty intelligence. The lies and obfuscation about the errors and damage are inexcusable. The foundation of the American presence in Iraq — the mission to save Iraq from Saddam Hussein, the weapons of mass destruction — is all lies. I oppose forces trying to re-establish a caliphate and the terror they rain upon their brothers and sisters.

I wish there was a real way for the United States to help those suffering under the terror of ISIS and other fundamentalists. But the U.S. government is doing its best to create new terrorists with our continued role in the wars and the damage we inflict on people. It astounds me that we learned so little from Vietnam that we have been waging war for almost two decades — wars that are not winnable.

*Anne Wilson, San Diego*

**Kudos for this** foray into the very real and very ugly side of continuous war. Perhaps it will provide some impetus to hold Congress accountable for their failure to repeal the Authorization for Use of Military Force.

This is the price of constant aerial bombardment, drone “accuracy” or not. The



Photograph by Giles Price/Institute



Joint Special Operations Command and other military entities have been on a rampage since Sept. 11, if for no other reason than to expend costly arms and munitions to justify their existence and the continual purchase of replacement arms.

The bottom line is that constant war is a moneymaker. Start with that idea as fact, and all military actions make perfect sense. Civilian lives are inconsequential collateral damage as long as the military/industrial/banking complex uses the A.U.M.F. as legal grounds to terrorize the U.S.-subjugated fiefs in their cross-hairs.

*Jonathan Harder, Killingworth, Conn.*

**This article shows** a terrible, tragic outcome of the war in Iraq. The criticisms of the U.S.-led force are understandable. But I do wonder how much more could be done to reduce civilian deaths, and it's clear that during a war like this, there is no way to eliminate civilian deaths.

The airstrikes that kill civilians are often based on bad or outdated information. But in war, there will always be bad and outdated information. It isn't possible, even with all our vaunted technology, to be absolutely certain that an airstrike will not affect any civilians, or that a target has not moved elsewhere.

I just don't know what the alternative is. If the United States pulls out of this conflict, then the Iraqi government will be waging the war, and I would bet that civilian deaths would rise. Also ISIS would have an easier time establishing itself, facing a weaker enemy. Every time it seizes territory, civilian deaths there rise.

It's a horrible outcome, but I can't see much of a way around it. ISIS must be eliminated, and that will take combat. That combat will kill civilians, and so will ISIS.



**THE STORY, ON TWITTER**

I'm not an expert, but this is masterful journalism. A heartbreaking report on the air war against ISIS, from @AzmatZahra + @Anand\_Gopal\_ in @NYTmag. @LeBrunJames81

It's a terrible time to be in Iraq or Syria, hence the millions of refugees. And I can't see any good answer to the problems.  
*Dan Stackhouse, New York City, on nytimes.com*

**RE: BARSTOOL**

*Jay Caspian Kang wrote about a new crowd of sports "bros" embracing Barstool Sports.*

**This article provides** another example of what is becoming an all-too-common thing these days: A segment of the population comes together and has their tender insecurities justified and then exploited by a small group of people. If people can't enjoy sports and banter while exhibiting basic decency to others, then they should take a look in the mirror and ask themselves: "Who's the problem here? Is it people who defend the dignity of others being taunted, or is it me?"

*Gareth Matthews, Leawood, Kan.*



**Women are sports fans, too.** We play sports. We watch sports. We buy lots of sport merchandise. We sign our kids up for sports.

A lot of us are really over the rape-culture endorsement, the casual racism and the fat jokes, and we will not take our clicks and our money to straight, white, “rapey” bro fests.

I don't want my son learning that this is a normal part of being a Massachusetts sports fan. The cheating and the poor sportsmanship are bad enough in New England. It has nothing to do with “political correctness” and everything to do with wanting to live in a society of decent human beings.

*Baseball Fan, Framingham, Mass., on nytimes.com*

*Send your thoughts to magazine@nytimes.com.*

**'We have been waging war for almost two decades — wars that are not winnable.'**

The New York Times

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*We are constantly reminded that the Trump presidency is not ‘normal.’ But what if what we’re seeing really is the natural order of things? By Nitsuh Abebe*

# Extra Ordinary

Americans, we often say, cannot agree on anything. Though we enjoy astonishing access to information about the world and about one another, we’ve elected to retreat into separate, contradictory universes. At the extremes, these beliefs approach a kind of comic-book absurdity — that the victims of mass shootings are actually paid actors, or that every political development of the past four years is part of a devious foreign plot. But there is at least one thing on which almost everyone, across the entire spectrum of realities we have chosen to inhabit, can apparently agree: None of this is “normal.” ¶ It’s among the ranks of Trump-averse realists that this observation has become especially common. Every alarming, precedent-shattering move emanating from the White House is met by the same warning Michelle Obama issued in a speech last October: “This is not normal.” (Often, periods or emoji handclaps are inserted for emphasis: “This. Is. Not. Normal.”) The mantra functions as a snappy diagnosis of a grave illness: Things are happening to our system of governance that fall outside the bounds of health

and order, things that represent dire breaches of longstanding principle.

President Trump’s supporters tend not to find American politics particularly normal either; that’s why they elected him. The sustained focus on Trump’s peculiarities, though, puts them in the curious position of defending him as a highly normal person — not at all a wealthy eccentric whose foibles have fascinated people for decades now. It’s a signature claim of Trump’s political life, after all, that whatever you notice his team doing is merely what any normal person would have done under the circumstances. “Most people would have taken that meeting,” he said of his son’s sit-down with a Russian lawyer to collect damaging information on Hillary Clinton. “This was locker-room banter,” he said of his recorded claim to paw at the bodies of women he has just met. “My hands are normal hands,” he said of his hands. He tends to speak by implication, with a kind of conspiratorial barroom confidence that says: You and I, normal people, we know what’s going on. I don’t even have to say it; *everyone* is talking about it.

Maybe it’s the onslaught of appalled handclapping; maybe it’s the continuing insistence that Trump and his cabinet of the hyperwealthy are just workaday Americans. Whatever the cause, there is something about the mere concept of “normal” that has become faintly hilarious. In some quarters, the word’s use is more likely than not to be sarcastic. Take a recent tweet from Max Marin, a reporter at Philadelphia Weekly, accompanied by a screenshot of an email promoting New Jersey as the seventh-safest state for Black Friday shopping: “A totally normal press release in a totally normal country.” At some point — by the time of the 2016 Republican presidential primaries, at the latest — most everything about the public sphere began to seem like a hack television writer’s parody of it. What could be funnier, more strange and outlandish, than something that managed to qualify as normal?

**The golden age** of “normal” might date back to 1945, the year Trump was conceived. According to Peter Cryle and Elizabeth Stephens, Australian academics from the University of Queensland whose book “Normality: A Critical Genealogy” was published this month, it wasn’t until



then that “normal” truly became an everyday word. Harvard researchers had just published the initial results from the Grant Study on Normal Young Men, an examination of students designed to better understand the typical, healthy American male. (One book on the study was titled “Young Man, You Are Normal.”) An obstetrician named Robert Latou Dickinson worked with a sculptor to make two statues, “Normman” and “Norma,” based on the average proportions in data sets of American men and women. In the era of post-World War II conformity, such representations of what was statistically ordinary turned rapidly into prescriptions for what was ideal. Dickinson described Norma as “the perfect woman, the average American.”

The culture wars that followed in the next decades are often seen as conservative defenses of the supposedly normal versus liberal defenses of the supposedly deviant. Over time, though, both sides

**In the era of post-World War II conformity, representations of what was statistically ordinary turned rapidly into prescriptions for what was ideal.**

have wound up with the same resistance to normalcy: Each feels oppressed by the social standards of the other. One works to dismantle beliefs that things like homosexuality or disability are abnormal; the other screams about political correctness and pledges never to accept changing social mores. (Online, the young men of the alt-right now dismiss their mainstream millennial peers as “normies.”) What they share, on some level, is a culture-wide, ’60s-born focus on liberating the individual from the tyranny of the normal.

And yet now, after decades of sustained attack — during which an astonishing range of Americans came to see themselves as somehow culturally dissident — normalcy is being treated as a positive state. What’s more, the word’s focus shifted: Instead of focusing on how individuals ought to behave in a society, we’ve turned back to looking at the health of society as a whole. We have detected within it an aberration, an irritant, that

may threaten its overall health.

This unease is partly emotional. A core experience of becoming an adult is the gradual realization that there is no stable force in charge of things and no natural progression by which the unimpressive young people who have always surrounded you, eating paste and binge drinking and struggling at math, will be magically transmuted into credible authority figures. The responsibility for maintaining the world falls to you and your peers. This is why your elders pressured you to learn things; they were aware that they would die and that someone would need to be able to design power plants and do heart surgery. As with international law, we might enjoy the thought that there is some coherent structure holding everything together, but in the end the structure is only as stable as we're prepared to step forward and make it.

This might explain the sense of comic plaintiveness that has accumulated around the word "normal." Every indignant handclap on Twitter seems to be calling out for the adult in the room. But the only adult available here is the American public, which has turned out to be a lot more comfortable with abnormality than previously imagined.

It doesn't help that Americans of all political persuasions tend to get excited by promises of sweeping, revolutionary change — or that the first chorus of voices warning against the corrosion of the system will always come from its "establishment" caretakers, easily accused of trying to preserve the status quo only because they're personally invested in it. This is the unrelenting attack on old-school conservatives by the far right. It's also prevalent on the left, which suspects that centrist Democrats might be less attached to principle than to a meaningless sense of decorum. Hence the moment when George W. Bush obliquely criticized Trump in a speech he gave in October and many Democrats looked back at him with sudden nostalgia: At least he gave the appearance of respecting the system.

**In 2005, the** Russian anthropologist Alexei Yurchak coined a term for a phenomenon he noticed during the final years of the Soviet Union: "hypernormalization." And last year, the British filmmaker Adam Curtis released a documentary named for Yurchak's coinage. "Russia," he explains in

the voice-over, "became a society where everyone knew that what their leaders said was not real, because they could see with their own eyes that the economy was falling apart. But everybody had to play along and pretend that it was real, because no one could imagine any alternative."

Curtis's provocative argument is that the political and economic absurdities of the postindustrial West have been hyper-normalized, too. Shortly after our most recent period of real political chaos — the violence and disorder that marked the 1970s — both governments and citizens essentially ceased trying to shape the world and settled for being able to maintain it; we placed our hopes in vast and unknowable systems of interconnected data and markets and technologies,

**Every indignant handclap on Twitter seems to be calling out for the adult in the room. But the only adult available here is the American public.**

and we simply worked to keep the gears turning. Depending on how convincing you find that notion, there's a strange implication you might draw out of it about the normal. What if people have things backward? What if, when we fret that something has gone awry with America, we are merely getting a glimpse of a dysfunction that is actually normal, and has always been normal, and has merely been papered over, for a few decades, with careful management? We'd have to believe that the nation's history includes wild partisan divisions, irrational conspiracy fantasies, bursts of political violence, absurd manipulations of truth, willful subversion of constitutional principles and loads of bumbling ineptitude. Exactly how funny would that be? ♦

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**New Sentences** By Sam Anderson

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**'She reached down with a gentleness that reminded Faye of an arm underwater, the completion of a stroke.'**

**From "The Mountain" (Simon & Schuster, 2017, Page 167), a collection of six short stories by Paul Yoon, author of "Once the Shore" and "Snow Hunters."**

In the middle of the night, a woman sits alone on the ground outside, ill and exhausted. She is a factory worker in China. A truck full of people happens to pass by. It stops. A woman inside reaches down in a gesture of care — a surprisingly tender moment in an otherwise brutal world. The narrator's description of the motion is perfect: "She reached down with a gentleness that reminded

Faye of an arm underwater, the completion of a stroke."

Describing nonverbal communication is tricky. As human animals, we are fluent in vast, complex languages of gesture and posture and expression. We read the micromotions of the people around us so easily and constantly that we're hardly even aware we're reading. But how do we translate that nonverbal language into verbal language? There are plenty of words for it, of course: People smirk, loom, flinch, slump, scowl, tremble, stride, nod, stare. Even such vivid verbs, however, are only rough approximations of the expressive richness of the motions they describe.

An arm reaching down is one of the more familiar movements in the human lexicon. It can express all kinds of things, from menace to boredom to exhaustion. The narrator's description here transposes that familiar gesture into a different element altogether. The end of a swimming stroke is something we normally don't see; it happens as a kind of footnote, underwater, to the visible part of the stroke. The drag on the arm, which in the swimming stroke would be provided by the resistance of the water, is here a result of an emotion, a gentleness.

# When a clinical trial falters, doctors find themselves sifting through the rubble.



## What happens when a clinical trial fails?

This year, the Food and Drug Administration approved some 40 new medicines to treat human illnesses, including 13 for cancer, three for heart and blood diseases and one for Parkinson's. We can argue about which of these drugs represent transformative advances (a new medicine for breast cancer, tested on women with relapsed or refractory disease, increased survival by just a few months; a drug for a type of leukemia had a more lasting impact), but we know, roughly, the chain of events that unfolds when a trial is positive. The drug is approved for human use; "postapproval marketing" is deployed to commercialize the treatments; slick ads materialize on TV; fortunes are built. Yet the vastly more common experience in the life of a clinical scientist is failure: A pivotal trial does not meet its expected outcome. What happens then?

A few years ago, I was a lead investigator in a study for a drug for blood cancer. Let's call the medicine O. The compound, designed to kill leukemia cells, had shown efficacy on cancer cells in Petri dishes. The trial was backed by a small company with just a handful of employees, many of whom had invested their lives, and their life savings, in the company.

The first patient to enroll was a 60-something woman whom my colleagues and I had been treating with other medicines. Unfortunately, all the other drugs had stopped working. Her illness caused her bone marrow — the body's nursery for the genesis of blood cells — to malfunction, and so her blood counts would collapse every two weeks. She would be back at the hospital, awaiting a blood transfusion. The repeated transfusions, in turn, provoked immune responses, making it hard to find a match for her. She would wait for hours, or even days, before we could find a subtype of blood that would not be rejected by her body.

We started the experimental medicine on a Monday. When she returned to the clinic two weeks after, I could see her face illuminated with the warm flush of color that is instantly recognizable to a hematologist. Her blood counts were up. We bumped fists for the first time in our lives — she was usually more formal — and I sent her home with a congratulatory nod. But then the response flickered off. Her blood counts sank again. A

Hands: H. Armstrong Roberts/Getty Images and Superstock/Getty Images.

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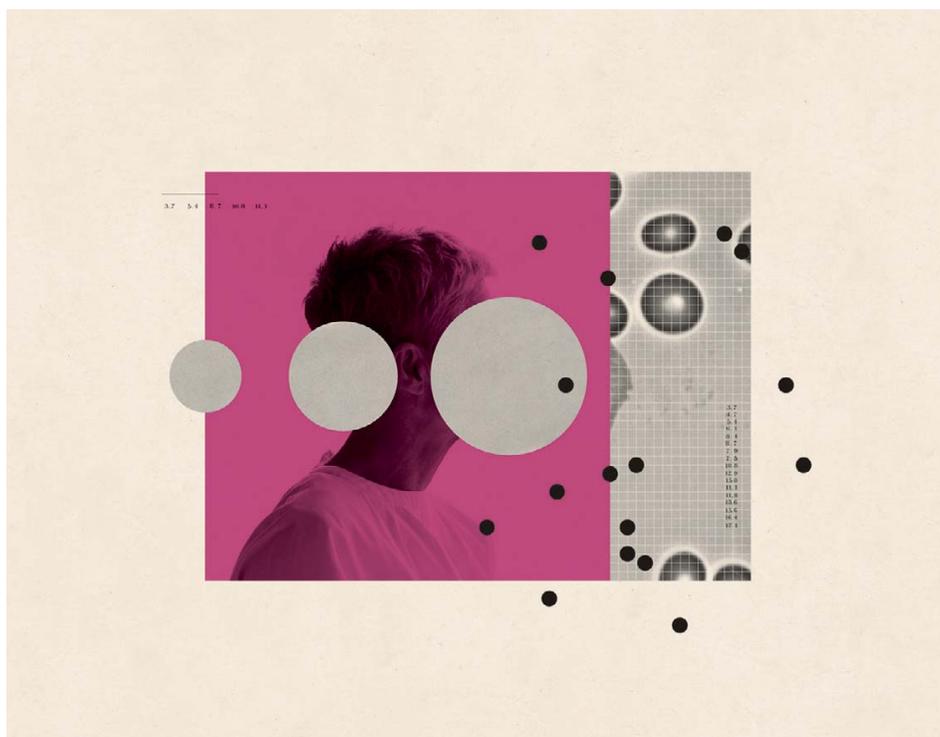
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few weeks passed, and the drug stopped working altogether.

In 74 hospitals, where other trials were ongoing, patients were also struggling with strange, flickering responses. From 2003 to 2006, nearly 300 patients were enrolled in a randomized trial — with one group receiving the medicine and the other a placebo. The overall survival rates showed no difference.

In his book “Awakenings,” Oliver Sacks wrote about a group of patients who, having had encephalitis decades before, had been locked into a near-paralyzed catatonia. In the spring of 1969, Sacks began to treat them with a drug called L-dopa. The patients, miraculously, “awoke” from their locked-in states. Some walked the corridors; some began to speak, recounting stories of lives that had been deep-frozen in a neurological tundra. It was a coming-to-life moment that Sacks described in the book’s prologue as “the most significant and extraordinary in my life.” He was “caught up with the emotion, the excitement, and with something akin to enchantment, even awe.”

But missing from the prologue is another story. The awakening was temporary. One by one, the responses foundered and

died: Nearly all the patients became resistant and returned to their catatonic states. For me as a young clinical scientist, it was not the awakening but its opposite — the deadening — that remained as the lasting impression of the book.

**The first thing** you feel when a trial fails is a sense of shame. You’ve let your patients down. You know, of course, that experimental drugs have a poor track record — but even so, *this* drug had seemed so promising (you cannot erase the image of the cancer cells dying under the microscope). You feel as if you’ve short-changed the Hippocratic oath. You think of the woman who rode the subway from Queens and spent three hours in the ice box of a waiting room on 166th Street to get her intravenous infusion. She might not have suffered bodily damage — but you’ve indubitably done her some harm.

There’s also a more existential shame. In an era when Big Pharma might have macerated the last drips of wonder out of us, it’s worth reiterating the fact: Medicines are notoriously hard to discover. The cosmos yields human drugs rarely and begrudgingly — and when a promising candidate fails to work, it is as if yet

another chemical morsel of the universe has been thrown into the Dumpster. The meniscus of disappointment rises inside you: That domain of human biology that the medicine hoped to target may never be breached therapeutically. Of the several million chemical reactions in the human body, one estimate suggests that only 250 — a fraction of a percent — are currently targeted by our pharmacopoeia (this number changes every year, of course). The rest of our physiology is still impenetrable — invisible to pharmacology, like dark matter.

And then a second instinct takes over: Why not try to find the people for whom the drug *did* work? In O’s case, the sickest patients in the study had, indeed, developed a response. Couldn’t we justify using O for these patients?

This kind of search-and-rescue mission is called “post hoc” analysis. It’s exhilarating — and dangerous. On one hand, it promises the possibility of resuscitating the medicine: Find the right group of responsive patients within the trial group — men above 60, say, or postmenopausal women — and you can, perhaps, pull the drug out of the rubble of the failed study.

But it’s also a treacherous seduction. The reasoning is fatally circular — a just-so

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**Siddhartha Mukherjee**  
is the author of “*The Emperor of All Maladies: A Biography of Cancer*” and, more recently, “*The Gene: An Intimate History*.”

story. You go hunting for groups of patients that happened to respond — and then you turn around and claim that the drug “worked” on, um, those very patients that you found. (It’s quite different if the subgroups are defined *before* the trial. There’s still the statistical danger of overparsing the groups, but the reasoning is fundamentally less circular.) It would be as if Sacks, having found that the three long-term responders to L-dopa happened to be 80-year-old women from one nursing home, then published a study claiming that the drug “worked” on Brooklyn octogenarians.

Perhaps the most stinging reminder of these pitfalls comes from a timeless paper published by the statistician Richard Peto. In 1988, Peto and colleagues had finished an enormous randomized trial on 17,000 patients that proved the benefit of aspirin after a heart attack. The Lancet agreed to publish the data, but with a catch: The editors wanted to determine which patients had benefited the most. Older or younger subjects? Men or women?

Peto, a statistical rigorist, refused — such analyses would inevitably lead to artifactual conclusions — but the editors persisted, declining to advance the paper otherwise. Peto sent the paper back, but with a prank buried inside. The clinical subgroups were there, as requested — but he had inserted an additional one: “The patients were subdivided into 12 ... groups according to their medieval astrological birth signs.” When the tongue-in-cheek zodiac subgroups were analyzed, Geminis and Libras were found to have no benefit from aspirin, but the drug “produced halving of risk if you were born under Capricorn.” Peto now insisted that the “astrological subgroups” also be included in the paper — in part to serve as a moral lesson for posterity. I’ve often thought of Peto’s paper as required reading for every medical student.

Why do we do it then? Why do we persist in parsing a dead study — “data dredging,” as it’s pejoratively known? One answer — unpleasant but real — is that pharmaceutical companies want to put a positive spin on their drugs, even when the trials fail to show benefit. (“But within a subpopulation of subjects, the results were positive.” The F.D.A., though, does not approve drugs based on post hoc data.)

The less cynical answer is that we genuinely want to understand why a medicine doesn’t work. Perhaps, we reason, the analysis will yield an insight on how

**Medicines are notoriously hard to discover. The cosmos yields human drugs rarely and begrudgingly.**

to mount a second study — this time focusing the treatment on, say, just men over 60 who carry a genetic marker. We try to make sense of the biology: Maybe the drug was uniquely metabolized in those men, or maybe some physiological feature of elderly patients made them particularly susceptible.

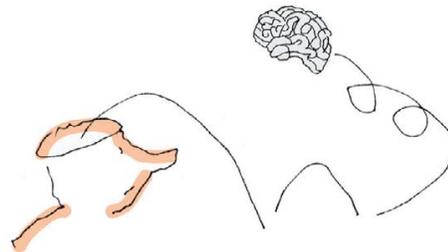
Occasionally, this dredging will indeed lead to a successful follow-up trial (in

the case of O, there’s now a new study focused on the sickest patients). But sometimes, as Peto reminds us, we’ll end up chasing mirages — trying to discover biology but ending up with astrology. When a trial fails, a clinical scientist’s life thus enters a new kind of limbo. It’s like being suspended somewhere between the possibility of a real awakening and the dread of loss. ♦

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**Poem** Selected by Terrance Hayes

*This poem suggests that a mind in its most natural state is associative: It clings to words like “bandicoot” for the sounds of them. The mind leaps from poetry to poverty and consequence uncannily. Such leaps bridge the poem’s ironies and tragedies, its sliding humor and gravity.*



### To Make Myself Happy in the Face of Error

By Eleni Sikelianos

TO MAKE MYSELF HAPPY IN THE FACE of error I repeat  
bandicoot long-nosed bandicoot. You  
try it. And see how happy  
is the b, the oo. A little mud  
on the windows doesn’t matter when you’ve got  
one in your mouth, she said, smashing  
the cigar. Buh-oo.  
I look out the window.  
There are no bandicoots there.  
I’d made such a trap of sounds  
in the poem and scared them  
away from here. Still, there is surely someone nearby  
begging for beer money which is how  
he makes himself happy. But when I am sad  
I look through the pine trees and think  
of children who are hungry  
somewhere, this poem  
can’t feed them. That is not  
a right way. Right away I think  
of the man in a big house & his  
wife, maybe they have children. It should  
make them happy. To be  
ravening before our bowls of food.

---

**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 a 2010 National Book Award. **Eleni Sikelianos** is the author of seven collections of poetry, including, most recently, “Make Yourself Happy,” published by Coffee House Press this year.



# Should I Keep Working For a Raging Bigot?

*I am a graduate student in a program designed to prepare you for a career working with rare books and manuscripts. I have a job as an assistant to an antiquarian bookseller. It is just the two of us, and he pays me very well, allows me to work the hours I want, gives me a good deal of responsibility and is willing to give me in-depth training. He is, however, racist, homophobic, transphobic, bigoted and sexist. I am very liberal and find his ideas on many subjects to be repugnant. Though I have asked that he not talk about politics when we are together, he still does so from time to time. I often just let him speak and barely engage; debating with him only riles him and puts me in a bad spot, because I depend on the salary to pay for school and rent.*

*I feel guilty knowing that I am working for a man who looks down on most people who are different from him and knowing he would never say these things (or have hired me) if I were a different race or gender from him. My mind is seldom at ease at work. Is it ethical for me to continue working for this man, knowing how hateful he can be about others? Or is it O.K. because I know I am just doing this for the money and the training and would never condone his beliefs?*

Name Withheld

**My condolences. This sounds** like a pretty poisonous environment. Someone who knows about workplace law in your country can tell you whether it prohibits

this sort of thing. If it does, you might want to be firmer than just saying you would rather not talk about politics. Of course, your boss might fire you if you are too clear in your objections. But if he did, he might end up owing you money; ask a local employment lawyer. If you can't afford one, there'll be a clinic at the local law school, I bet.

Here's the thing, though. I'm not sure you need to feel so bad about what you're doing. You're commendably repulsed by his bigotry and though you haven't resisted as bravely as you might have, you certainly haven't given in entirely. And you feel guilty because you've got a position that you think only white men would have been considered for. That sentiment, too, is honorable, but the wrong here isn't yours, and you didn't know the deck was stacked when you applied for the job. Yes, you're benefiting from white, cisgender, straight, male privilege to a somewhat greater degree than others with those identities, but that's not something you're responsible for. Leaving your job in protest would open up a spot — for another white man.

Can you express your dissent somewhat more plainly, without jeopardizing a job that, in other respects, sounds pretty ideal for you? Then do so. Here we get into the niceties of interpersonal relations; some people have a knack for disagreeing without being disagreeable. You might see what you can manage in this regard. All things considered, though, you

are morally free to pay your way through school this way. And when your studies are nearly complete, you might want to confront your boss more forthrightly about his odious opinions.

*My boyfriend is a great person, and I really enjoy being with him. He could be the one. My only concern is that he made me promise not to talk to my ex-boyfriend and said that if I did, it would be the end of us as a couple. My ex and I were together for many years, helped each other grow and supported each other. He was a best friend/soul mate, and even though we separated, we valued our friendship and after a few months passed, we started catching up and knew we could still count on each other.*

*When my current boyfriend made me promise not to talk to my ex, I accepted, and my ex did, too, and wished me luck. I soon learned that he was going through a hard time and had left one graduate program for another. He helped me through a similar phase, and I wanted to be there for him. I reconnected with him, without remembering my promise to my boyfriend. We talked for an hour, as if nothing had changed, and he was grateful.*

*When I mentioned to my current boyfriend that my ex was having a hard time and I wanted to reach out, he reminded me of my old promise; I could not admit to him that I'd already spoken to him. My ex and I also have very close mutual friends who update us about each other and we always pass our "hellos"*



## Bonus Advice From Judge John Hodgman

Maggie writes: My boyfriend, Jake, has been learning to juggle, and he insists on juggling in public places when we are together. These places include concerts and highway rest stops. This is both incredibly embarrassing and a logistical nightmare, because he is still learning and often drops his juggling implements. Please order Jake to cease juggling in public while I am present.

Sometimes it is the court's responsibility to issue a harsh verdict, and here it comes: You have fallen in love with a street performer. You may have missed some warning signs (does Jake own a leather vest? a top hat?), but no one takes up juggling unless he is going to foist it on others. I will not ban juggling; it's an expression of Jake's natural, intrusive extroversion. You must choose whether you can live with it. Bear in mind: It could have been the pan flute.

To submit a query: Send an email to [ethicist@nytimes.com](mailto: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.)

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*through them. It has now started to bother me that I've been lying to my boyfriend, but I am scared that telling him the truth will end our relationship. Is there a way I don't lose my sanity in this situation thinking about how I've been lying and also how I came to accept my boyfriend's demands and now have no way out? I believe he will eventually soften up, but he has not. What is the right thing to do?*

Name Withheld

**People are often** anxious about the earlier lovers of their partners, especially when the ex is still a friend. Even when there's no chance of a romance being resumed, jealousy, which is not the most rational of emotions, is common. Still, your boyfriend's flat ultimatum sounds more than a little controlling and distrustful. Worrisomely so? I would need to know more to express a view rather than a suspicion.

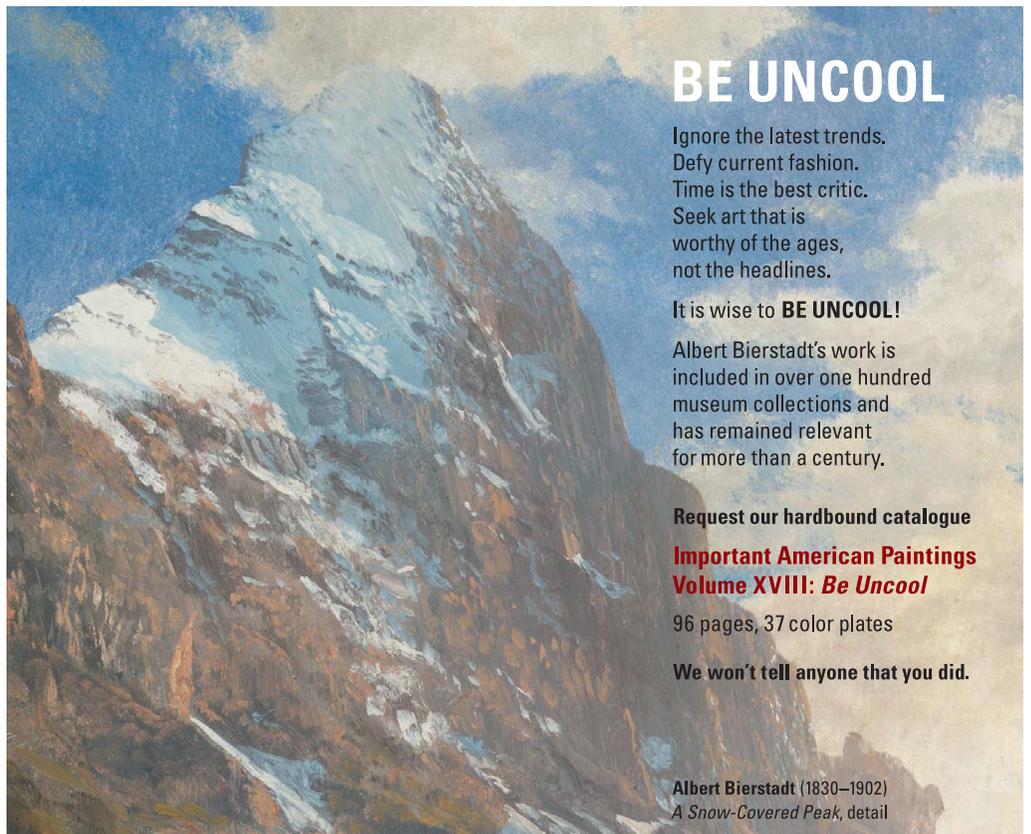
You don't seem worried by this, though, so let's go with your judgment here. You say that when you reconnected with your ex, you had forgotten the promise. Even if you hadn't promised, though, your conversation is clearly something that you think would have upset your boyfriend. You also sense that your ongoing indirect communications honor the letter but not the spirit of your agreement.

At this point, you should either admit to your boyfriend that you had the one direct conversation and assure him that it won't happen again or else tell him that you don't want to keep the promise and that you can only go on with your relationship if he accepts that. The first option involves sacrifice on your part. The second asks for a sacrifice from him. It's important for both of you to be clear that a satisfactory relationship doesn't involve giving in to every demand from your partner. But pretending to go along with a request is not just risky (because you might be found out); it's a betrayal. And the longer a lie is unconfessed, the greater the threat it poses. Whether you choose to make a life together with someone whose distrust has proved self-vindicating is, of course, another question. Maybe, as you say, he's the one; maybe he isn't. ♦

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**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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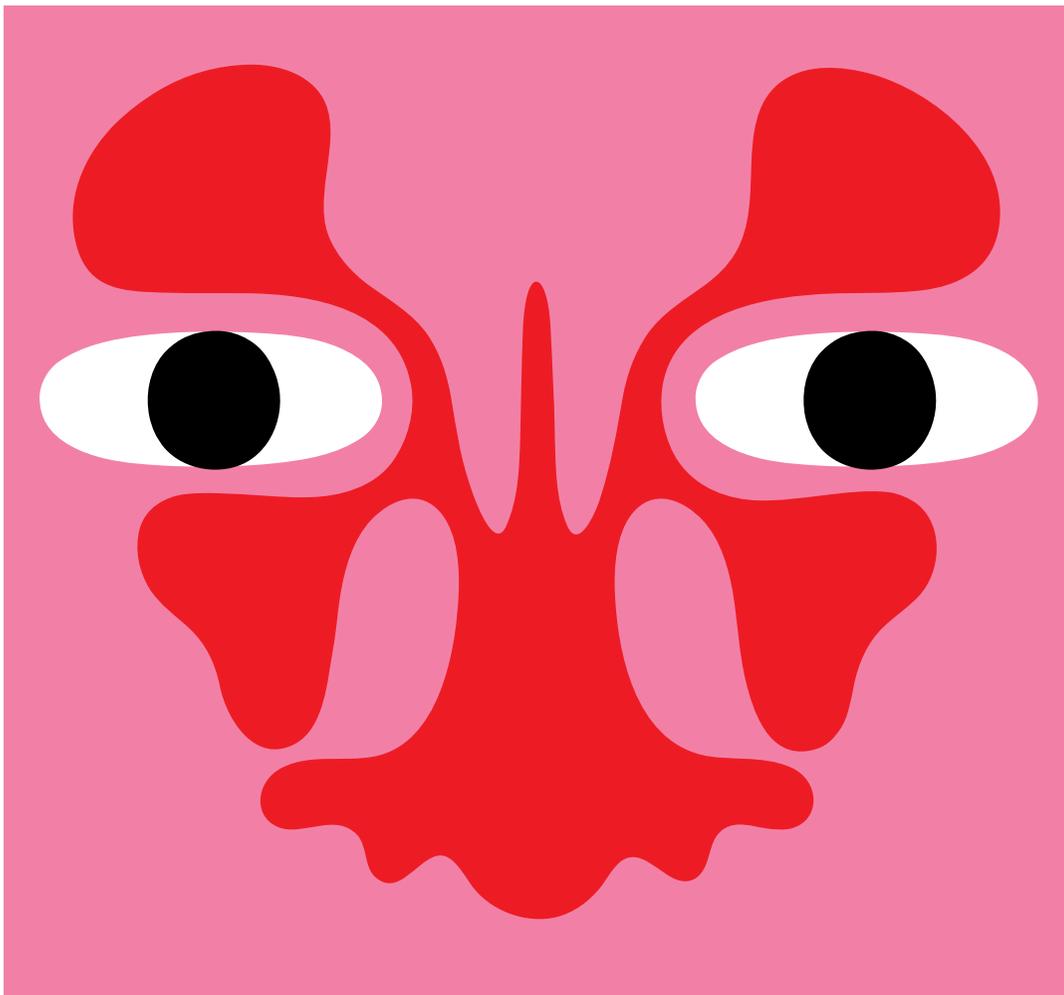
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The girl's headaches were sinus-related, her doctors said. But antibiotics didn't help — and then they found blood in her lungs.



In the early-morning hospital dimness, the man awoke to see a platoon of doctors surrounding his 14-year-old daughter's bed. He could see her sitting up, mouth open, a glint of sweat on her cheeks and forehead. He could hear the rapid, ragged breaths, almost as if she had just run a race. She looked over to him. She was scared. And suddenly, so was he.

"We have to take her to the intensive-care unit," a doctor said. Equipment there could help her breathe more easily. As the nurses packed up IVs and hooked up portable tanks of oxygen, the girl's father and mother gathered their books and bags. His wife seemed much calmer than he felt. Until that moment, he hadn't believed his daughter was that sick. She was healthy — a star on the soccer team — and a little bit of a drama queen. Sure, she had looked uncomfortable when they took her to see Dr. Suhaib Nashi, her pediatrician, that morning. Already she was breathing fast, as if there weren't quite enough air around her. But even as Dr. Nashi sent her to the Morristown Medical Center in New Jersey, he was reassuring. And when they admitted her to the hospital, the doctors in the E.R. said it was just to get on top of this pneumonia by giving her intravenous antibiotics.

But now the look of terror on his daughter's face — and the concern on the doctors' faces — made him see that his daughter was critically ill. He felt tears in his eyes. His wife nudged him. "Don't," she said, glancing toward their daughter.

↓

#### Sinus Infections

A few months earlier, his daughter started to get headaches. At first, he wondered if she was just trying to get out of going to school. But Dr. Nashi and the ear-nose-and-throat doctors she saw agreed that the headaches were a result of sinus infections. The father had had sinus trouble his whole life, so he knew that kind of pressure and pain. But despite staying home from school sometimes, his daughter could feel well enough in the afternoon to play soccer, and so he wondered whether she was exaggerating.

Her mother didn't have these doubts. She could tell their daughter was in pain. And Dr. Nashi certainly took her pain seriously. When the girl didn't respond to a couple of antibiotics, he sent her to an E.N.T. Over the course of that spring and

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## CASE STUDY

# How advanced genomic testing helped Christine Bray fight cancer

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Metastatic ovarian cancer

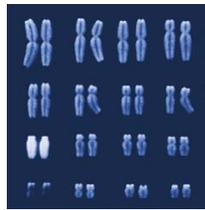
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"I was 30 years old when I was diagnosed. My kids were one and two," said Christine Bray. "My cancer started as ovarian cancer. And it was a rather aggressive type. The doctors said I couldn't have any more surgery. There was not much hope. I needed someone who could think outside the box.

"Dr. Chura had a grand vision in mind. His goal was to get me healthy again. He explained that genomic testing actually looks at the DNA of the cancer, and then based on what they find, they may be able to more effectively attack the cancer."

Dr. Justin Chura remarked, "With ovarian cancer, remissions tend to get shorter and shorter.

In Christine's case we found a genomic mutation we could exploit, and we've given her one of the longest remissions she's had.

"It's wonderful to have Christine where she is now, living a normal life with her family. Our treatments have improved her quality of life."

Christine said, "I used to be always in fear, waiting for the ball to drop again. Now I feel more hopeful. I love running around with my girls. I love being goofy with them. I love reading stories to them. I love our family doing things we've never been able to do before."

***No case is typical. You should not expect to experience these results.***



**Christine Bray**  
Virginia  
Metastatic ovarian cancer



**Justin Chura, MD**  
CTCA® in Philadelphia

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summer, the poor girl had been on some half dozen different antibiotics trying to get rid of the headache-inducing sinus infections. It felt as if they were in some doctor's office every other week.

↓

**Too Tired to Get Up**

Then, in mid-July, the normally active 14-year-old started spending every day lying on the sofa watching TV. She felt weak and tired, she said. And her head throbbed; her joints ached; her ears hurt. By August, she was asking for help getting up from the couch to go to the bathroom.

And she was worried: It definitely wasn't just a sinus infection, she told her parents. She was sure it was cancer. When she got a strange rash on her elbows — bumpy, red and not at all itchy — she was convinced it was Lyme disease. When it wasn't, she worried about cancer again.

In the I.C.U., the doctors put a mask over the girl's face to force air into her lungs. It was awful to see her, terrified, nearly hidden behind all the equipment. But it seemed to help.

Dr. Simona Nativ, a pediatric rheumatologist from the nearby Goryeb Children's Hospital, saw the family late the next afternoon. She had heard about the chronic sinus infection that seemed untouched by antibiotics, and she had an idea of what might be going on. Did the girl have a rash on her elbows? The mother, amazed, asked how she knew. The doctor said it was a symptom seen in one of the diseases she had in mind. She examined the daughter, starting with the rash. Probably, the rheumatologist said, this was not an infection. A biopsy of the rash would be helpful; so would some additional blood tests.

↓

**Blood in the Lungs**

The possibility of an answer had given them hope, but it was lost late that night. The girl, still short of breath and with a worsening cough, was surprised to see that the tissue she used to cover her cough was bright red. We've got blood, announced a nurse, holding out the tissue, and the atmosphere in the room shifted. This wasn't just pneumonia after all.

They needed to see what was going on in her lungs, yet another doctor explained. After giving the girl a little sedation, he snaked a camera through

her mouth and into her airways. There was no sign of infection. Instead, her lungs were filled with blood and clots. There were a handful of causes of this kind of major bleeding. They were all unusual: a few infections, some tumors or, if she were a baby, some aspirated object lodged in her lungs.

Because of the blood and her trouble breathing, the young woman was put on a ventilator. The race was on to stop the bleeding and figure out the cause. If she kept bleeding, she would die.

↓

**A Rare Condition**

Samples of blood and lung fluid were sent to the lab in search of a diagnosis. But it was the blood and the tissue biopsy from the rash that provided the answer. The girl had something called granulomatosis with polyangiitis, or GPA. It is an autoimmune disease — an illness caused by her own antibodies, the foot soldiers of the immune system, which mistakenly attacked the blood vessels in her lungs. It had also injured the tissues of her airways and sinuses, producing those initial headaches. It even caused the rash on her elbows.

It's not known what causes this unusual disease, and this girl was an unlikely target. GPA is most commonly seen in adults over age 60. It can be devastating: Untreated GPA has a mortality

rate of roughly 80 percent at one year. Treatment involves powerful drugs that target the cells making the antibodies: high-dose steroids plus one of two fierce immune-suppressing medications borrowed from cancer chemotherapy. Eliminating the deviant cells seems to allow the immune system to reset. And when the drugs are stopped, the self-directed foot soldiers are usually gone.

They often come back, however. Many patients will get doses of the immune-suppressing medication once or twice a year to prevent a recurrence. The high-dose steroids can be started as soon as the diagnosis is made. But the chemotherapeutic agent is so effective at suppressing the immune system that before it can be administered, her doctors had to be certain there was no hidden infection that could come roaring to life.

When no viruses or bacteria were found, the girl was given a medicine called rituximab. Within days, she started to improve. But it took nearly two weeks for her lungs to clear enough to allow her to breathe on her own.

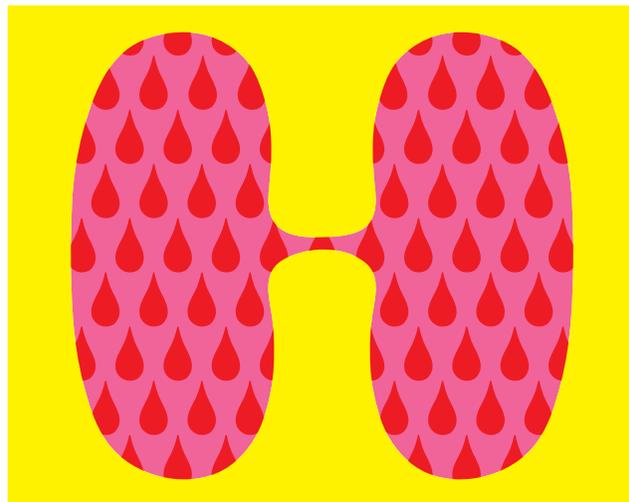
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**A Difficult Recovery**

Her recovery was delayed by complications from the disease as well as the treatment. Blood clotted in her arms and legs and traveled to her lungs. The steroids made her so weak that once she got off the ventilator, she could do no more than just breathe. She couldn't eat, talk or even hold her phone. A couple of weeks later, when she could finally walk with help, her parents took her home. It was weeks before she could make it to the bathroom alone, months before she could go back to school part time. She worked hard to catch up on her schoolwork.

That was four years ago. Sadly, she never returned to playing soccer. She just doesn't have the endurance. She still has nightmares that she is back in the hospital, too weak to move and consumed by the fear that she will never get better. But she has. And this fall she started college. She wants to be a nurse. Although she's a little nervous about returning to a hospital, it was the nurses at her bedside who made her feel better, even while she was still quite sick. And she hopes to someday provide the same comfort and care for children, who, like her, need so much of it to get through a terrible illness. ♦

**Lisa Sanders, M.D.**, is a contributing writer for the magazine and the author of "Every Patient Tells a Story: Medical Mysteries and the Art of Diagnosis." If you have a solved case to share with Dr. Sanders, write her at [Lisa.Sandersmd@gmail.com](mailto:Lisa.Sandersmd@gmail.com).



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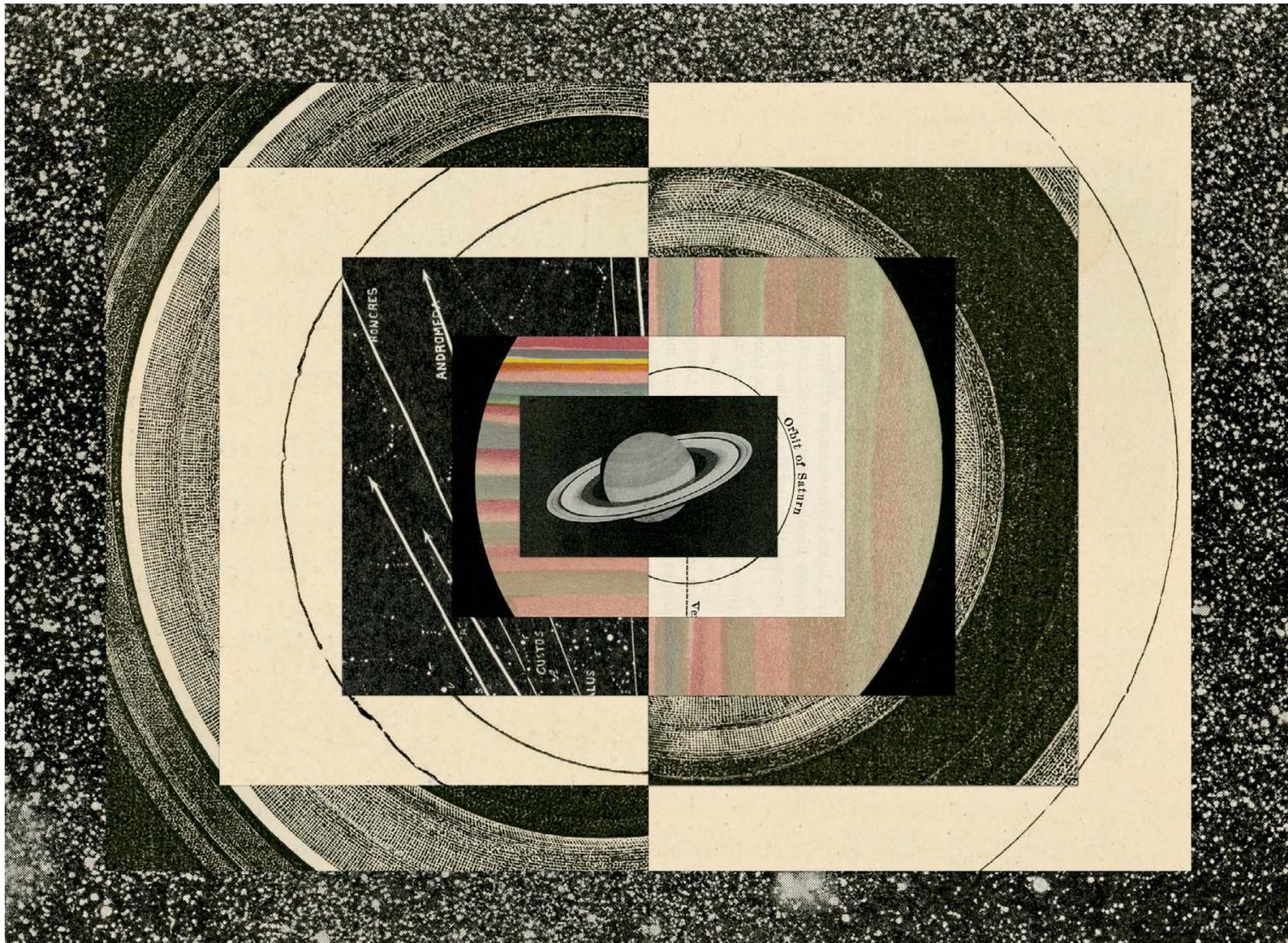
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# Saturn

By Marta Bausells



**One night in July**, my mother was looking at a star that has existed for at least 20,000 years. Her job is to study how stars die — how they expand, then implode. For a week, my phone buzzed nonstop as she flooded the family chat with pictures of the enormous Chilean telescope where she was working. I had to put her on mute.

We all look at the past every day, of course. It takes sun rays eight minutes and 20 seconds to make the journey to our skin. The moon we see every night is that of 1.28 seconds ago. Some stars in

the sky are long dead: By the time their light reaches our pupils, having traveled distances our mind can't even grasp, what we see no longer is.

Because I grew up with two physicists for parents, these notions were somewhat familiar to me as a child. On the walls of our Barcelona apartment were framed posters of the Andromeda galaxy; on the shelves sat books with titles like “Black Holes and Time Warps” or “Gravitation.” At school, I didn't know how to explain what my parents did, which I barely

In astrology, Saturn is considered the master of the universe, signifying responsibility and rites of passage between the big phases of life.

understood myself — Mom an astrophysicist, Dad a microelectronics specialist, each dealing with phenomena bigger or smaller than the eye can see. Any romanticism or mysticism about space was out of the question.

My parents lacked what I considered to be the minimum level of coolness you required to exist in the world. I was into daydreaming that I won Oscars or Grammys, or that I lived a life of hedonism with my idols, or that I dated the hot Power Ranger. I never wanted to

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look at life with a mathematical eye. I wanted humor and lightness, even if that meant being oblivious and not always literal or all knowing. They, meanwhile, applied science and logic to the most mundane situations, like the time they cut the last olive in quarters because there were four of us.

And yet, somehow, I began an unlikely love affair with planets in my teenage years. I watched “Powers of Ten,” a film by Charles and Ray Eames; in it, they zoom out beyond our galaxy, moving 10 times farther away every 10 seconds, and then quickly zoom back into Earth, into a couple having a picnic, and then into his arm, hand, skin, atoms. It gave me a mix of existential fear and solace: The infinite universe was too much to digest. But the solar system itself seemed to me like a bunch of friendly, protective neighbors — especially Saturn.

The first time I saw it, from an observatory on the hills of Barcelona, it made me conscious that I was looking at an inconceivably massive object in the actual universe. It was like what I imagine seeing Leonardo DiCaprio in person might be: Something you’ve always seen in two dimensions suddenly presents itself in three. I later took to learning about Saturn’s weather and environs, almost as if I were planning a holiday. The planet’s climate is cold as frozen hell, at an average of minus 288 degrees Fahrenheit; it’s surrounded by a mysterious system of 53 moons; and if you get up close, you can see its clouds and its epic storms, which are roughly as large as the Earth and whose clouds look like drops of milk first touching tea.

Sometimes my friends would think that my mother worked in astrology, to her absolute horror. But over time, I secretly began to learn some astrology myself. Saturn is considered the master of the universe, signifying responsibility and rites of passage between the big phases of life. The period called Saturn Return — defined by when Saturn is in the same position as when we were born — happens around the ages of 29, 59 and 88, natural times to reckon with who we are and where we want to go, of endings and possible beginnings. I don’t actually believe that the planets’ positions have any interventionist link with our lives, but I’ve found the act of putting cynicism aside to be therapeutic.

**The first time I saw Saturn, it made me conscious that I was looking at an inconceivably massive object in the actual universe.**

The best quality of Saturn is, of course, its unmistakable rings of ice and rock, which are cartoonishly iconic, irresistibly proportional to the human eye. Sure, there is the mighty Jupiter, with its spectacular patterns and gravitas. But where Jupiter is all fire and brimstone, Saturn is composure and balance. Saturn’s existence has always given me a real sense of possibility: Those rings don’t only exist in tedious school diagrams — they’re there, for you alone to see, on the other end of the telescope. Glancing at them has the effect of making you feel simultaneously insignificant and momentous, which is a pretty sobering, and useful, emotion, usually telling you: Let’s get to work.

This summer, I traveled home for my mother’s 60th-birthday party. It consisted

of a workshop in her honor in a small Catalan coastal town, with current and former colleagues of hers. I spent the day alone, swimming in the sea while they presented papers to one another, and joined them for meals. All I had to do was sit, chat and quietly observe details: for example, the fact that an aloha-shirt-clad Arizonan astrophysicist had the wonderfully apt name of Starrfield. As I floated in the Mediterranean, soaking up sun rays from eight minutes ago, I thought about the dedication of this group of people: the kinds of men and women who would travel to a scenic location to celebrate a birthday, then wind up sitting indoors all day to discuss star implosions. I might not appreciate the sky for the same exact reasons as they do, but they are definitely my kind of people. ♦

**Tip** By Malia Wollan

## How to Climb a Coconut Tree



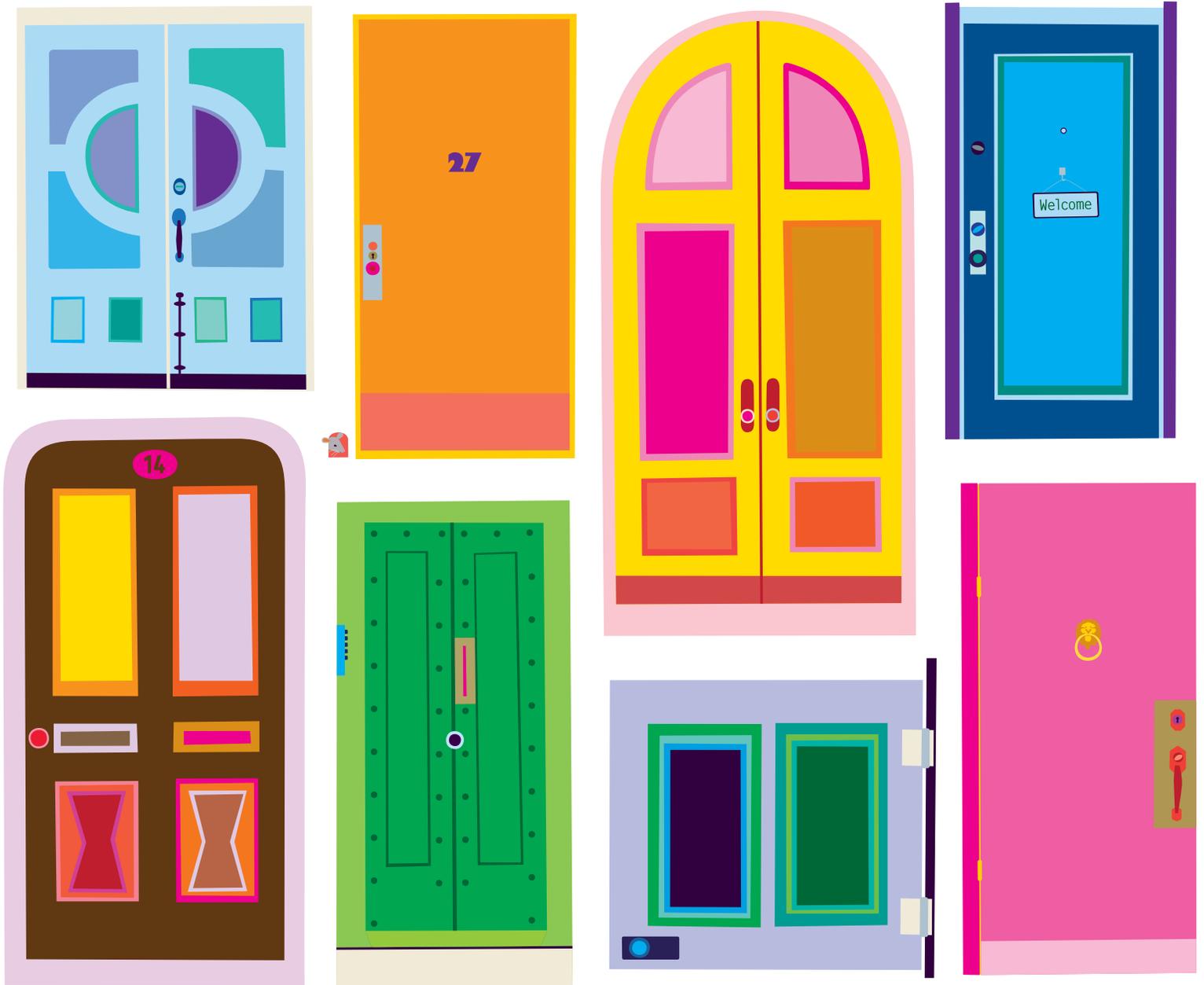
“Don’t wear shoes,” says Ellio Fiapa’i, who retrieves coconuts daily for tourists at the Polynesian Cultural Center on Oahu. Forgo slippery rubber treads; instead, grip opposite sides of the tree with the soles of your bare feet. The only equipment you’ll need is a short piece of strong cloth or rope tied in a circle. Make a figure-eight shape and put a loop around each ankle; the rope keeps your feet together and close in, allowing your knees to splay apart and preventing your legs from wrapping around the tree. “Always check your knot,” Fiapa’i says. Hop up. To propel yourself upward, bend your knees into a frog-like squat and then repeatedly leap, feet together. Use your dominant hand to help pull your body up

while your other hand hugs the tree to keep you from falling.

Once at the top, secure your stance before pulling the coconuts free. If you’re climbing for fronds, you’ll need to carry a machete blade between your teeth (dull side in). Descending is particularly difficult; practice sliding down in a slow, controlled way. As a boy in American Samoa, Fiapa’i, now 24, scrambled up palm trees to drink from the young fruit. In 2016, he won an international championship in Honolulu by climbing 26.5 feet in 4.6 seconds. Over time, his body has become accustomed to the barefoot, bowlegged posture, but it doesn’t come naturally. “Beginners will feel their feet shake at first,” he says.

To climb a coconut tree is to risk a dangerous fall. In a survey of 220 professional coconut pickers in southern India, researchers found that over 40 percent of those in the profession for 30 years or more had experienced a fall. In one township on the Solomon Islands, a review of three years of hospital-intake records revealed that the single most common cause of traumatic injury was what researchers called “coconut-tree trauma.” The International Coconut Genetic Resources Network has committed to developing dwarf coconut varieties that could protect pickers from the hazards of high falls. Always consider your safety. “Don’t show off,” Fiapa’i says. “Just be focused.” ♦

**Marta Bausells** is a writer living in London. She is the literary editor at *Elle U.K.*



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# Fire and Ice

Attention to detail makes all the difference when combining a baked alaska's disparate elements.



**Baked alaska** is a simple ice-cream cake, but with the tension of a good novel (will the delicate protagonist — the ice cream — survive the flames?) and the beauty of a poem. “It was a work of art,” one guest said at the end of her meal. But nothing could be further from the truth. It’s all craft. And a lot of it! If you find as much meaning as I do in the painstaking details, you will find the project rewarding, especially because you can set it on fire and clap and giggle and then eat the damned thing. So maybe it’s not at all like a poem, in the art sense, where you do all that exacting work but then at the end realize

it ought to be torched, and you go to bed without applause and still hungry to boot.

There are many variations of the components — cake, ice cream and meringue; in ours, we use pistachio cake, lemon semifreddo and Italian meringue. With each there are some hazards to navigate. The cake can be complicated to make springy, because it has ground nuts and some rich pistachio paste weighing it down — you need to make sure to whip the egg whites until they look like shaving cream and to use the low speed on the mixer when adding the sugar, nuts and browned butter. The batter will deflate, becoming ribbonary

A baked alaska is pretty much guaranteed to make an impression on those at the table.

and sticky, like soft nougat. But move quickly and get the batter into the oven; once baked, it yields a tender-sturdy — and mighty delicious — base cake.

For the middle, I use a semifreddo, bright and tart with lemon, that Ashley makes for the restaurant, because it is softer to push your fork through and makes for a better mouthful with the tender, chewy cake base and the airy meringue that will cap the top. When the ice cream in the center is too hard, it’s like a clunky word in a sentence that trips up the flow. True to its name, (literally “half cold” in Italian, half-frozen in the practical

se), however, semifreddo melts faster than churned ice cream, so make sure it gets its full overnight in the freezer or that beautiful word in the middle of your sentence will end up being the ruin of it.

All sugar work can be tricky, and the hard-ball stage of candy, which gives this semifreddo its structure, is no exception. Don't rush the melting of the sugar — take it slow to dissolve completely before boiling it into a syrup, and don't ever stir. Let the syrup tighten up as the water evaporates until big glassy bubbles start to form, and then pay close attention. If you don't have a candy thermometer, keep a pint of ice cubes in water at your work area and drizzle a teaspoonful of the boiling syrup into it at stages to see how hard the candy is getting. Feel the glycerinlike viscosity of the thread stage, and the glass-eel stage of the soft ball, and then the icicle look of the hard ball, which is as firm as candle wax when pressed. It's subtle but transformative to know what sugar feels like in your fingers at different stages of candying.

Even in craft, there's room for flourish; the opportunity to let loose here lies in the meringue and how you get it onto the cake. Piping the meringue with a closed-star tip makes myriad gorgeous ridges that toast dark and dramatic, leaving negative white space in the divots. And I will always be charmed by the swooping, rococo look of the back-of-the-soup-spoon method, where the cowlicks and crests of meringue left behind by twisting the spoon away turn black just at the tips when run swiftly under the broiler. Another favorite is to spread the meringue smoothly with an offset spatula and then run the tip of a sharp knife from the base to the summit repeatedly, which toasts up to resemble golden wide-wale corduroy. This is the chef's version of what Elmore Leonard calls "perpetrating hooptedoodle" in writing, when the writer indulges in "thick paragraphs of prose you can see have too many words in them." But frankly I can forgive anyone who gets a little self-aggrandizing with her meringue.

Unlike an actual work of art — a painting, say — you can erase what doesn't work. Just re-pipe the meringue. Try spooning flaming kirsch down its slopes in mesmerizing blue rivulets. You can even fail completely and still win, because no one will ever send you a letter of rejection over your sorry meringue, as they would your sagging prose. Because ice cream cake is always — no matter what — a delight.

**Even in craft, there's room for flourish; the opportunity to let loose here lies in the meringue and how you get it onto the cake.**

#### **Baked Alaska**

Time: 1 hour 45 minutes, plus 8 hours cooling and freezing

#### **Pistachio Cake**

Time: 45 minutes

- 10½ tablespoons (150 grams) butter
- 150 grams egg whites (from about 5 large eggs), room temperature
- ⅛ cup (25 grams) whole almonds, toasted, cooled, then finely ground
- ½ cup (80 grams) whole pistachios, toasted, cooled, then finely ground
- 1½ cups (160 grams) powdered sugar
- Pinch salt
- ⅓ cup plus 1 tablespoon (50 grams) all-purpose flour
- 1½ teaspoons (10 grams) unsweetened pistachio paste

1. Melt the butter in a small skillet over medium heat. Continue to cook, swirling the pan occasionally, until the butter is a toasty brown color and smells nutty. Pour butter into a heatproof bowl; let cool to room temperature.

2. Preheat the oven to 350. Line an 8-inch round cake pan with parchment paper, and coat with nonstick cooking spray; set aside.

3. In a stand mixer fitted with a whisk attachment, whip egg whites until tripled in volume. Whites should look like shaving cream and hold a stiff peak.

4. On slow setting, whisk in the toasted almonds, pistachios, sugar, salt and flour. Whisk in the pistachio paste until fully incorporated, then the browned butter.

5. Pour the cake batter into the prepared cake pan, and bake until set, 20-25 minutes. Allow the cake to cool completely, then remove it from the pan.

#### **Lemon Semifreddo**

Time: 45 minutes, plus freezing time of 8 hours

- 1 cup (198 grams) sugar
- ½ cup plus 1 tablespoon (133 ml.) freshly squeezed lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons (30 ml.) water
- 6 large egg yolks
- Zest of 3 lemons
- ½ teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1½ cups (355 ml.) heavy cream

1. Line a small metal 5-6-cup-capacity bowl with plastic wrap; set aside.

2. In a small, clean and dry nonreactive saucepan, combine sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and the water. Let liquid saturate the sugar before setting on heat. Cook over medium heat until the mixture reaches

250 degrees — hard-ball stage on a candy thermometer, about 10 minutes. Do not stir or swirl the sugar. Cover with a tightfitting lid for a few seconds to create moisture, if needed.

3. Whisk egg yolks in the bowl of an electric mixer at medium speed until they are thick and pale in color, about 5 minutes.

4. When the sugar reaches 250 degrees, remove it from the heat. With the mixer on low speed, carefully pour the sugar into the yolks, taking care to pour down the inside of the bowl so that the sugar doesn't hit the moving whisk and spin into a mess of threads. Whisk until fully incorporated.

5. Add the zest, vanilla and remaining lemon juice, and increase the speed to medium. Continue to beat until the mixture is completely cool; transfer to a large bowl.

6. Wipe out the mixing bowl, then whisk the heavy cream until it holds stiff peaks. Gently mix the whipped cream into the lemon-sugar mixture until fully incorporated.

7. Pour the mixture into the prepared bowl, cover tightly with plastic wrap and freeze until firm.

#### **Meringue**

Time: 20 minutes

- 2 cups (396 grams) sugar
- 1 cup (245 grams) egg whites, room temperature

1. Bring a full inch of water to a boil in a wide pot. In a bowl large enough to sit on top of the pot without touching the water, combine the sugar and egg whites. Place the bowl over the pot of boiling water, and whisk until the sugar dissolves, about 5 minutes. Run your finger across the bottom of the mixture to be sure there are no grains of undissolved sugar.

2. Transfer the mixture to the bowl of a stand mixer, and whisk on high speed until the meringue is glossy and holds stiff peaks and is no longer warm at all, about 7 minutes.

3. Transfer the meringue to a piping bag fitted with a large star tip.

#### **To Assemble:**

1. Cut a 6-inch round from the cake.

2. Remove the semifreddo from the mold, and invert on top of the cake, creating a dome.

3. Working from the bottom of the cake, pipe the meringue around the entire dome.

4. Freeze until ready to serve.

5. Using a kitchen torch, brown the meringue all over until toasty.

Serves 16. ♦





# STOP

me if you've heard it before: the one about the actress who gets the worst flu of her life. She has a fever that makes her feel as if she's underwater, that slips her into tiny blackouts, that makes her toes sweat. Her brain feels like a fog machine. She can barely remember her own name. Snotty tissues are stuffed down her pants and littering the floor. She is also about to do the most important stand-up comedy act of her career. She has to deliver five minutes of material, midday, to an almost empty room. The stakes are high but simple: Make 'em laugh, and she gets everything. But, and this is important: She is not a comedian. She doesn't write punch lines. She is really more of a self-professed "dad humor" aficionado — she laughs at farts, at dopey puns in store names. She has never played a club; she has never even played a living room. And there she is, sloshing around in her heels, most likely contagious, telling jokes to four people who could change her fate.

There is no punch line here: This really happened. When Rachel Brosnahan, who is 27 and not a comic but now plays one on Amazon Prime, walked into her audition for "The Marvelous Mrs. Maisel," she could barely see straight. She was, as she told me, "probably deathly ill," but she had no intention of canceling the meeting. For one thing, she had already pushed back her flight once, hoping her illness would abate. Instead, her temperature spiked. The morning of her rescheduled trip, she woke up clammy and disoriented and completely terrified that if she didn't hurl her body out to Hollywood that day, then Amy Sherman-Palladino and her co-creator (and husband), Daniel Palladino, were going to give the part of Midge Maisel away to the next woman. And she couldn't let that happen. So, she said, "I flew my ass out to Los Angeles when I probably should not have even been on a plane."

The thing was, she had a feeling in her bones that Midge was her part. In a world of hamburger roles for television ingénues, Midge was a porterhouse. Amy Sherman-Palladino writes her leading ladies — Lorelai of "Gilmore Girls," Michelle Simms on "Bunheads" — as walking winks, verbose descendants of Dorothy Parker, quipping for their lives. And Brosnahan felt that she could truly inhabit Miriam (Midge) Maisel, a young Jewish housewife in 1958 who has finagled the full megillah straight out of Bryn Mawr — the gleaming Upper West Side apartment, the doting husband who pitches ad copy by day and wears transgressive turtlenecks by night, a toddler and a bouncing baby and a waist that cinches to a Coke-bottle shape in a Perma-lift girdle. (Never mind that Brosnahan is a gentile.)

By the end of the first episode, of course, Midge's idyll crumbles. It has to — no one wants to watch a show about a merry midcentury homemaker with zero problems. First, she finds out that her husband, Joel, who spends his nights workshopping comedy sets at the Greenwich Village club the Gaslight Café, has been stealing his material from Bob Newhart records. Emasculated, Joel continues to dig: He reveals to Midge that he's sleeping with his svelte secretary, Penny Pann, and worse, that they're in love, and he's packing his bags. After he slinks away, Midge downs a bottle of red wine on the subway, marches through the rain to the famed Gaslight club and winds up onstage, soaking and soused in a pink swing coat. What follows is not so much a comedy set as an act of absurdist outsider art; Midge mocks men coming out of the bathroom, skulks around the stage like a Valkyrie and veers between pathos and one-liners so wildly that the crowd isn't sure whether to laugh or flee. For a grand finale, her top comes off, the cops are called and she's hauled off to jail screaming about how "there's no [expletive] way that Penny Pann can compete with these tits!"

This meltdown is one of the scenes that Brosnahan had to play during that audition, while she was dizzy and barely lucid. Her illness, it turns out, worked in her favor. She looked slightly damp and deranged the entire time. "I had to take off my shoes at one point because I was sweating so much," she told me. "It was a mess. And Amy kept stopping me to tell me to powder my face. I think I may have had a small stroke? I literally don't remember a single moment of it."

**Amy Sherman-Palladino** later told me over the phone that she has a different memory of Brosnahan's audition. "She blew in like a hurricane," she said. "*Nothing* shook. Her pages didn't shake, her hands didn't shake. There was literally no fear." Daniel Palladino added that, while they knew making actresses perform a stand-up set to a cold room was "sadistic," they had to find someone who could wisecrack under pressure.

Brosnahan has been an actress on the cusp for a decade — always just about to break out, about to be the chosen one. It's not that she hasn't been noticed. When she was 21 and about to graduate from N.Y.U., she was cast on Netflix's first series, "House of Cards," as Rachel Posner, a high-end escort in Washington who sleeps with a congressman and then is paid off to stay quiet. The role was originally intended for someone older, and Brosnahan was supposed to act in only two episodes. "They told me I was too young and that I should wear a tighter dress because they had to believe I was a lot older than I was," she told me. "I thought, Oh, God, I definitely didn't get this, and they are going to figure out I'm a fraud."

Not only did she get it, but her chemistry with Michael Kelly, who played the presidential chief of staff assigned to handle Posner and who falls for her in the process, was so undeniable that the

creators wrote her character from a five-line role into eight episodes in the second season, and then one more episode, in the third, that earned her an Emmy nomination. "Michael used to call my agent after we had scenes together and tell him how much he enjoyed working with me," she told me.

We were walking underneath a giant aqueduct. Brosnahan is petite and put together; that afternoon, she was wearing a striped T-shirt with a fitted motorcycle jacket and a demure pair of black penny loafers. She looked like a preppy mime. For our first meeting, she wanted to see the medieval art at the Cloisters, a short trip north of her apartment in Manhattan, but we both agreed that the day was too warm to spend among dusty tapestries. Instead, she wanted to stroll along the Hudson through the wildflowers. "I really credit Michael as being a huge reason I continued on that show," she said. There was a fierceness to Brosnahan in the role; even though she was young, she played a political Fantine who was already weathered and wry, as disgusted by the grubby hands of lobbyists as their detractors on the Hill.

Her character met a brutal end — buried somewhere in the wilderness for knowing too much — but by then Brosnahan already had another TV job. She played Abby Isaacs, the young wife of a physicist in the underrated period drama "Manhattan," about the creation of the atomic bomb. All red lipstick and pin curls and wifely duties, Abby was a hint at what Brosnahan could do with a part like Midge: another woman who loses her innocence, in this case a newcomer to Los Alamos who must slowly come to understand that her husband might help blow up the world. Lila Byock, one of the show's writers, told me: "I don't think Rachel ever gave a bad take. And I'm not being hyperbolic. We would watch takes, and it was like, holy [expletive], who is this person? She was about a year older than the actress who was playing a teenager on our show, but it was almost like she walked in fully formed."

Brosnahan was born in Milwaukee but raised in Highland Park, Ill., outside Chicago. Her father worked in children's publishing, and her mother, an import from Britain ("she still says 'sauce' like *sohs*"), stayed home to raise Brosnahan and her two siblings. The family hobby was sports. Brosnahan was on the wrestling and lacrosse teams, and she was also a certified snowboarding instructor, which in Chicago is apparently a big deal. She started acting in kindergarten plays and never lost the taste for it but says that her parents were skeptical when she told them that she wanted to pursue it seriously. "They were like, hold the phone," she said. "My dad said, you know, if you want to do it, then prove it. And I started saving money for acting classes." She went to N.Y.U. to study drama but started booking roles so quickly — guest spots on "In Treatment," "The Good Wife" and "CSI: Miami," roles in indie films — that she had to have "many dinners" with her father just to assure him that she was attending enough classes to be able to graduate.

Until Midge, Brosnahan played almost solely dramatic roles. That's where she feels most comfortable, most in control; as she has discovered, telling jokes involves a level of vulnerability far beyond crying on camera. Luckily, the women whom Sherman-Palladino and Palladino write are all about taut sentences and tight timing; there is nothing elastic about them. Their loose, swingy tempo is entirely preplanned, down to the word ("a monstrous amount of material, and you have to have it down cold," Brosnahan said). While this rigor may not have worked for a seasoned comedian, someone accustomed to improvisation, Brosnahan took to the constraints right away. She found the bounce inside Midge's hardness; she snaps the end of her sentences like bubble gum.

Sherman-Palladino's own father, Don Sherman, was a comic right out of the borscht-belt old school. After he died in 2012, she started to think about how she might honor his legacy by telling stories about his world — Lenny Bruce would come by the house when she was a child, and though her family lived in L.A. by then, she grew up hearing war stories about the New York stand-up scene. She began to think about setting something in the world her father rattled around in, the dank Village clubs of the '60s. But instead of following a grizzled comic through the haze of two-drink minimums and chance encounters with Jack Paar, she decided to showcase a much less examined life: that of a normal woman, alone under the hot lights, slinging zingers for pay.

**It is this** belief in Midge's normalcy — that she was just like every other wife putting a steak dinner on the table before she was not — that ultimately makes her a radical character for television right now. Her comedy doesn't come from a deep well of insecurity; it comes from a brazen moxie that she cannot explain and never realized had a viable outlet until she stepped onstage. At this turbulent moment in

show business, when many men — especially comics — who were praised and protected as icons are being revealed as harassers, creeps and criminals, what we thought of as a linear narrative of progress is being rewritten. We are seeing how many talented women were forced to diminish themselves or give up in the face of misogyny, particularly in comedy, where being a successful woman is so often tied to making the boys in power laugh.

"The Marvelous Mrs. Maisel" has a swirling, magical-realism quality to it. It begins with a wedding — Midge and Joel's — at which, naturally, Midge insists on giving her own toast. She is a woman who has enjoyed every privilege: couture clothes, the full spread at Zabar's fish counter, a palatial apartment in her parents' building. One striking scene from the pilot follows Midge as she does her nightly beauty routine, waking up twice in the middle of the night, once to remove her makeup and again to put it back on, so that her husband always wakes up to a perfectly done face. When Joel leaves Midge, the shock is seismic. She has never had to work, or even struggle with her own self-image. This is why her revelations are so primed for comedy: She is a woman who fully believed she deserved the moon, and when her perfect facade disappears, she's apoplectic and confused and ready to rant.

Whenever Midge's jokes really hit, it is joyful and electric to watch. Women have the right to claim, and reclaim, a place in stand-up comedy history. There were always women working the circuit, even on the borscht belt — like the 1960s club regular Belle Barth, who sold millions of comedy records. "The Marvelous Mrs. Maisel" provides a vehicle through which to engage and recover their stories all over again. Because Midge doesn't start out on a crusade, she almost smuggles progress into the world; like many women navigating midcentury lives, her success is mounted like an undercover operation.

"What I love about Midge is that she is so *not* a feminist," Brosnahan told me. "She's a creature of her time." Midge Maisel is doing what she needs to do to get ahead in a man's world, which is its own kind of quiet, lesser-told revolt. "What she is," Brosnahan continued, "is curious. She's insatiable. If she doesn't know things, she wants to know them. And she doesn't know any other way than forward."

The "Maisel" set sits on a cavernous soundstage at Steiner Studios, in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Because Amazon ordered two seasons (the streaming service's first immediate renewal, based on the strength of the pilot alone), the production designer Bill Groom's intricate replicas of 1950s New York will stay in place until next spring, when "Maisel" goes back into production. Sherman-Palladino and Palladino wanted to shoot on location as much as possible, but so little of the midcentury metropolis remains intact. The crew hung a scrim the length of a city block painted with apartment buildings at night, each glowing window illuminating a different urban tableau. There is one closed corner of the set, strictly off-limits to outsiders: the box that houses the Gaslight Café. The creators don't want strangers to watch while Brosnahan is doing stand-up. The only people allowed in are the extras in beatnik dress and a handful of crew members. In early episodes, for sound-editing purposes, she had to deliver her act to a silent crowd.

I watched Brosnahan film a domestic scene from the seventh episode, in which she and her pert platinum friend, Imogene, played by Bailey De Young, are stuffing goody bags for a children's birthday party inside her parents' posh apartment. The scene was simple enough: Sort toys into bags while gossiping about Midge and Joel's separation. But the number of props was overwhelming. There were dozens of period-appropriate trinkets — Tiny Tina baby carriages, Silly Putty, Bazooka Joe — and the women had to place them into each bag in a precise order, all while firing off rapid, breathless dialogue. It was the final shot of the night, and Brosnahan had already been cinched into a corset for six hours. Her brain was mush, she told me, "because we'd already shot 40 pages of dialogue that week," but she attacked the scene with laser intensity as the two began shuffling knickknacks around.

"Wait, there's already gum in here," Brosnahan, as Midge, said, her forehead crinkling.

"I put it in there," De Young said, playing Imogene slightly ditsy.

"I'm doing gum."

"I thought you were doing candy cigarettes."

"Starting over," Brosnahan sighs, dumping out the gift bags with a loud clatter onto the table.

With each take, the two sped up the lines, hands flying. Speak, sigh, pour, speak, sigh, pour, faster and faster. Brosnahan pounced on her lines like a whizzing metronome. Midge is the kind of woman who sets a blistering tempo and waits for the rest of the world to catch up. ♦



**Brosnahan as Midge in "The Marvelous Mrs. Maisel."**



**THE  
FOX NEWS  
HOST IS  
WILLING  
TO DEFEND  
TRUMP AT  
ALL COSTS  
— AND IS  
REACHING  
MORE THAN  
13 MILLION  
PEOPLE  
A DAY.**

**HOW  
FAR WILL  
SEAN  
HANNITY  
GO? BY  
MATTHEW  
SHAER**



# WHEN HE FINALLY WENT TO BED EARLY IN THE MORNING ON OCT. 2,

Sean Hannity had a good sense, as he typically does, of how he would structure that night's Fox News Channel broadcast. He'd lead with Puerto Rico, and a defense of the Trump administration's hurricane relief efforts, before moving on to the N.F.L. players who continued to kneel during the national anthem before games. But by the time he woke up, a few hours later — Hannity rarely sleeps more than four hours a night, a trait he shares with his friend President Trump — the screen of his iPhone was jammed with alerts of a shooting in downtown Las Vegas, where a man named Stephen Paddock had opened fire on the attendees of a country-music festival. Dozens were dead, hundreds injured. "What the hell is going on?" Hannity recalls thinking.

In his morning call with his senior executive producer at Fox, Porter Berry, and his executive producer, Tiffany Fazio, he suggested a rewrite of the opening monologue, a six-to-seven-minute riff that he sees as the most important part of the show. On Twitter, he told the producers, he'd noticed many liberals calling for increased gun control. He wanted to center his monologue on a theme he frequently returns to on Fox and on his syndicated daily radio show, which reaches approximately 13.5 million Americans: Why was it that liberals always used tragedies to further their own political ends? To make the segment really hum, he would need material to react to — Hannity's most effective segments are oppositional — and Berry and Fazio agreed to start digging.

Until a few years ago, the staff of "Hannity," the top nightly cable show in the United States, shared news by text or email, but today, much of the collaborative work is handled via a Twitter account accessible to only the staff. "If I like something, I'll click Like, and if other producers like something, they'll click Like," Berry told me. The result is a "pool of ideas" — "50, 60, 70 stories," in addition to articles Hannity himself has flagged for inclusion. "You've got to pull it all together," Berry added. "Build that argument." Soon, a few top contenders had emerged, among

them a Facebook comment from a CBS executive, Hayley Geftman-Gold, who wrote that she was "not even sympathetic" because "country-music fans often are Republican gun toters."

Around 3 p.m., Hannity settled into his studio on one of the top floors of the iHeartRadio offices just north of Times Square. Hannity has been a talk-radio host for three decades — he has been on television a comparatively meager 23 years — and his posture was relaxed, his normally helmeted-for-TV hair swept into a hand-combed side part. He bickered amiably with his longtime executive producer, Lynda McLaughlin, and his young chief engineer, Jason Mosse, and when I took a seat behind McLaughlin, Hannity hissed into the talkback channel, placing a finger over his lips: "Shhh, guys. That's a New York Times writer. Nobody be themselves."

Hannity later told me he had, over time, developed separate approaches for his radio and television shows. "My thoughts are the same: I'm mad," he said. "But with television, I've got the images to help me out. With radio, it's on me to paint the picture." He opened his Oct. 2 radio broadcast with police-scanner audio from Las Vegas, punctuated by the sound of a SWAT team using breach charges to enter the shooter's hotel room. When it ended, Hannity compared the officers to the first responders who had run toward the crumbling World Trade Center in 2001. "In this particular case," he said, "you've got the same policemen that are regularly trashed by individuals, those same policemen standing outside the door where this madman is firing his weaponry."

On the other side of the glass of the studio booth, her legs hidden beneath an American-flag blanket, Lauren Scirocco, the associate producer, was screening potential callers. "The Sean Hannity Show" receives more than 1,000 calls per line per minute, and Scirocco told me she has learned, with practice, to swiftly differentiate the cranks from the callers who might be able to engage with the host. She put a couple of callers on hold, adding notes to a computer program

that Hannity could see from the booth: "Sadly, this will hurt respectable gun owners — Aaron from Cincinnati." "Hatred for these victims is sickening — Joe from Brooklyn."

McLaughlin glanced up at the one of the three overhead TV screens — "They fired that [expletive] on CBS," she reported — before returning her focus to the dozen open tabs on her laptop screen. An article featured on The Drudge Report claimed that not long after the shooting, a Twitter user with the handle @TheResistANNce, who identified herself in her profile as a "teacher, mother, sister, woman," said to "pray that only trumpards died" in the Las Vegas attack. McLaughlin copied the link and sent it on to Hannity.

"Here's where we're going to go next," Hannity told his listeners, his hands raised like a football referee calling a field goal. "How is it some people, when a tragedy like this happens, 'Oh, let's politicize this!' Oh, you've got a lawyer for CBS who says, 'No sympathy for Vegas victims; they're probably Republicans.' You've got — and social media can be beyond vicious — you know, leftists celebrating. We've got copies of the tweets. I'll show you on TV tonight."

A few hours later, I found Hannity in his greenroom at Fox News headquarters, dressed like a mismatched Ken doll: Up top, a suit jacket and shirt and tie, and down below, where the camera lens wouldn't find them, jeans and loafers. In the dim light, a heavy coating of foundation and blush gave his face a garish glow. "I know, I know," he laughed, catching me staring. "I don't like it either."

Along with Neil Cavuto and Jon Scott, Hannity is one of the last remaining members of the original 1996 Fox News lineup, and following the sexual-harassment scandals that led to the ouster of its chief executive, Roger Ailes, and the host Bill O'Reilly, the network's prime-time offerings have largely been remade in Hannity's image. But because of his radio obligations, Hannity rarely spends much time at Fox, preferring to remain at the radio offices until the last possible moment so he can prepare for his

TV show in silence. “I come in to do TV, I do TV and I walk out,” is how he put it to me. Office politics, he said, didn’t interest him.

“Hannity” broadcasts from Studio J, a chasmal chamber that also serves as the backdrop to Dana Perino’s new daytime show. Out on the floor, the techs were making their final preparations. “Two minutes!” someone shouted. Hannity glanced at his phone — he’d just received a text message from John Rich, a country star who performed at the concert in Las Vegas, and who would be interviewed by Hannity. “He’s sending a video of when he honored the military,” Hannity said. “Have that loaded up and ready to roll?”

At the 10-second mark, the techs froze in place. You could hear the hum of the stage lights, the squeak of the camera rigs. “Tonight, America in a state of shock after a madman opened fire on a country-music festival in Las Vegas,” Hannity intoned.

After a recap of the shooting, he moved into a clip of CNN’s Jeff Zeleny pointing out that “a lot of these country music supporters were likely Trump supporters.” (Zeleny had been trying to explain that the shooting would affect a wide “tapestry” of Americans.) Next, there was an impassioned reading of the CBS executive’s Facebook comment. Later, in an interview with the singer Kaya Jones, who also performed at the Las Vegas concert, Hannity paraphrased a portion of @TheResistANNce’s tweet. “We deserve to get shot because we voted for Trump?” Jones fumed via telefeed.

“Where is your human soul to tweet that out?” Hannity said.

As a rhetorical sleight of hand, the exchange was masterful: 10 seconds of decontextualized TV, one cruel Facebook comment and one tweet had been pressed into service as evidence of the moral malignancy of the left as a whole — of half of the entire country. Five days later, an online hoax expert would tell The Washington Post it was unlikely that @TheResistANNce was a real person: A number of discrepancies concerning the creation date of the Twitter account, and the particulars of how the tweet had attracted notice, indicated that it was almost certainly the work of a troll. This likelihood went unmentioned on “Hannity,” which on the night of Oct. 2 drew 3.73 million viewers, more than doubling the audience for CNN’s “Anderson Cooper 360°,” and beating the nearest competitor, MSNBC’s “The Rachel Maddow Show,” by a million viewers. It was one of the most successful shows in “Hannity” history.

**AS RECENTLY AS** last summer, Hannity told a writer for The Times that he “never claimed to be a journalist.” In one of our recent conversations, he offered a reappraisal: “I’m a journalist,” he told

me. “But I’m an advocacy journalist, or an opinion journalist.” He went on, “I want to give my audiences the best shows possible.” The quintessential Hannity program, whether on radio or television, tends to hinge on one or more of the host’s abiding preoccupations: reverence for the military and law enforcement; nostalgia for an America that Hannity feels is slipping away; disdain for the mainstream media; and since the last presidential election, unyielding support for the agenda of Donald Trump. Berry, the senior executive producer of “Hannity,” told me that in shaping the TV show, he and Hannity try to imagine the kind of thing that would appeal to Berry’s family in Oklahoma. “I’m not thinking, Hey, will this make me popular in New York City or in the Hamptons,” Berry says. “Our audience is regular people.”

Hannity rarely grants interviews to mainstream reporters, whom he calls “disgustingly

guy who used to drink beers with me behind the movie theater,” Gomez said — still puckish and voluble, still possessed by an energy he seems to have trouble controlling. When he is not at his cathedralic mansion on Long Island, Hannity is frequently at a condo he owns in Florida, where he brings friends like Geraldo Rivera. Sometimes, Rivera told me, “we just sit around and listen to Bo Dietl” — a former Fox News regular and retired homicide detective who recently ran for mayor of New York — “tell war stories from back in the day.”

“I realized early on that there’s no other Sean Hannity than the one you see on television,” Rivera told me. “He’s a fire-breather who breathes fire all day and then sits down and has a drink.” Rivera recalled the release of the “Access Hollywood” tape last year, in which Trump bragged of grabbing women by their genitals. At the time, many political commentators on the right were treating the

video as fatal to Trump’s presidential bid; a handful of party figures called on Trump to step aside and put his running mate, Mike Pence, on the top of the ticket. Hannity went in the opposite direction, allowing that what he called the “locker room” comments were wrong, but framing the tape as a politically motivated distraction. “King David had 500 concubines, for crying out loud!” he joked to one panelist. Later, he suggested on Twitter that it was Bill Clinton who should be investigated for sexual misconduct.

It was a pivotal moment for Hannity and for Trump, and it sealed the bond between the two men. “If you look back at those traumas,” Rivera told me, “you’ll see that Hannity steadied the whole of conservative politics during those crucial times. And I think he plays much the same role now. He’s firm in his support of the president, and woe unto you if you don’t see things the same way. He’s a shield.”

Hannity and Trump remain extraordinarily close and speak to each other regularly. President George W. Bush once called Hannity, too, “but Hannity’s and Trump’s personalities are much more in line,” a friend of Hannity’s told me, “and they’ve both come from the media world.” In their conversations, the friend continued, Hannity served as sounding board: “Hannity’s a numbers guy, Trump’s a numbers guy. He thinks there’s nothing worse than bad numbers, and he knows Hannity’s got his finger on the pulse.”

Historically, a chumminess between a president and a journalist isn’t exactly unusual — in the early 1960s, the syndicated columnist Joe Alsop often defended his friend President Kennedy with a vehemence that struck many colleagues as unseemly. What makes the Hannity-Trump alliance so unusual, says Nicole Hemmer, a scholar



**Hannity as a toddler with his sisters, his aunt, his grandfather and a family friend in 1963.**

biased, ideological and corrupt.” But he also suffers from a suspicion that his critics willfully misunderstand his motivations. “People don’t know what drives me, what energizes me,” he told me. And in October, when I asked him to show me around his hometown, Franklin Square, on Long Island, he enthusiastically agreed, suggesting a pizzeria off Hempstead Turnpike.

He arrived in golf attire, fresh off 18 holes with his brother-in-law and Bill Shine, the recently deposed co-president of Fox News. Radio and TV have made Hannity fantastically wealthy — Forbes puts his total annual income at roughly \$36 million — but as one of his oldest friends, John Gomez, told me, little has changed about Hannity’s personality in the 48 years the two men have known each other. “He’s the same

of media history at the University of Virginia's Miller Center, is the extent of Hannity's reach: "He's talking for four hours a day. He's got social media. He's empowered by his new status at Fox, this massive institution of Republican power."

To trace the arc of Hannity's career is to appreciate how deftly he has leveraged two concurrent trends — the rightward tack of the Republican Party and the expanding influence of conservative media — to become power broker, spokesman and arbiter of the Republican base. "If I'm trying to figure out how to communicate to the American people," Hannity's longtime confidant Newt Gingrich told me, "there are very few people who have a better understanding of the broad base, a better intuitive understanding of the kind of folks who elected Trump. He at least matches or surpasses Rush [Limbaugh] in that understanding."

In recent weeks, Hannity has launched ferocious assaults on Republicans he sees as insufficiently supportive of the president's agenda, from Senator Jeff Flake of Arizona to the Senate majority leader, Mitch McConnell, whom Hannity, echoing Trump, has called "weak." Some of the blows have clearly landed. After the Republican senator Ben Sasse, a frequent Trump critic, suggested Trump's disparagement of press freedom ran afoul of the First Amendment, Hannity said he regretted supporting Sasse. Sasse fired back vehemently on Twitter: "Sorry, Sean — you changed, not me. Some of us still believe in the Constitution." In October, the former speaker of the House John Boehner told a reporter for Politico Magazine that he had a conversation with Hannity in 2015 in which he told Hannity that he was "nuts." Hannity tweeted back at Boehner: "I'm sorry you are bitter and u failed!"

In our conversations, Hannity insisted that he hadn't changed at all; it was the Republicans who had left him. "Reagan talked about bold color differences, no pale pastels," he said, "and I can't distinguish between the Republicans and the Democrats right now." Some Republicans, he argued, "deserve to lose."

Stephen K. Bannon, the former chief strategist for Trump, told me Hannity is "the single most important voice for the 'deplorables,'" as Trump backers often style themselves. But to his critics, Hannity's approach is at best dismaying and at worst emblematic of the corrosive, fact-free, "at-any-costs" partisanship that helped propel Donald Trump to power. "It's dangerous stuff," Katie Packer Beeson, Mitt Romney's deputy campaign manager in 2012, told me. "And I do worry that it might be a while before the pendulum swings back the other way."

In November, news broke that Roy Moore of Alabama, the far-right Republican Senate nominee, was said to have approached, dated or initiated sexual contact with several teenagers — one of whom was 14 — in the 1970s. As had been the case with the "Access Hollywood" tape, it was a crucial

(and dangerous) moment for the populist wing of the Republican Party, and for days, Hannity tried to filter and refilter the allegations for his fans.

Declaring that Moore should drop out of the race if the charges were true, Hannity nonetheless initially adopted a skeptical stance: "How do you tell?" he asked on Nov. 9, the day The Washington Post published the first article detailing accusations against Moore. "How are we, the American people, to ascertain what is true and not true?"

On the same program, McLaughlin, Hannity's executive producer, argued that at least some of the allegations involved consensual contact. "Consensual, that's true," Hannity responded. A few hours later, after heated criticism on social media, Hannity told his viewers he'd not been referring to the 14-year-old, who under Alabama law, would be incapable of consent. But in a panel discussion that followed, he prodded a legal analyst, Mercedes Colwin, to explain why a woman might make a false claim of assault.

"Have people lied to get money?" he asked Colwin.

"Undoubtedly," Colwin said, and went on to argue that actual victims of sexual predators were "very few and far between."

The blowback was ferocious, and several advertisers, including Keurig and Volvo Car USA, initially threatened to pull spots from "Hannity." (Colwin, the legal analyst, stepped down from her management role at her law firm.) Hannity's fans responded by smashing Keurig coffee makers; Hannity offered prizes for the best video footage. When Keurig's chief executive apologized for how the episode was handled, the host instructed viewers to stop breaking their coffee machines. As more women came forward, and Republican congressional leaders turned on Moore, Hannity, with maximum theatrical flourish, delivered an ultimatum: Moore had 24 hours to explain the inconsistencies in his story.

The demand was straight out of the pro-wrestling playbook: the powerful impresario demanding his foe grovel to be spared. And sure enough, hours before Hannity's deadline, Moore, who had denied the allegations, argued for a stay of execution. "Dear Sean," he wrote in an open letter published on Twitter. "I am suffering the same treatment other Republicans have had to endure." In the end, Hannity announced that he would leave the choice to the voters of Alabama. "They will make the best decision for their state," he said on Fox News. "It shouldn't be decided by me."

As Hemmer, the media scholar, pointed out, Hannity was backed into a corner of his own making. "He doesn't know which way the wind is going to blow with Moore," she said, "and Hannity's got advertising pressure and probably pressure from inside Fox. This was his way out of an impossible situation." I asked if she thought Hannity recognized he'd crossed a line. "I think



what we're seeing," she said, "is that as long as the politics are moving in the right direction, the lines don't really exist."

**HANNITY WAS BORN** in 1961, the youngest of four siblings and the only boy. His parents, Hugh and Lillian, were first-generation Irish-Americans, and grew up in the Bedford-Stuyvesant neighborhood of Brooklyn and the Bronx, respectively. When Hugh returned from fighting in the Pacific in World War II, he and Lillian sank all their savings into a modest home in Franklin Square, then a redoubt of socially conservative Irish, Italian and Jewish working-class families.



Both Hugh and Lillian worked throughout Sean's childhood, Hugh as a family-court officer in the city and Lillian as a stenographer and a corrections officer at a county jail. In the evenings, there was a fug of Pall Mall smoke in the air and, occasionally, his mother's pistol sitting on the kitchen table. Hugh allowed Sean to take his first shooting lesson at 11, inspiring his love of guns; today, Hannity has a concealed-carry permit for his .40 Glock.

Hannity's older sister Teddy Grisham remembers Lillian, with her halo of white hair, as the family taskmaster. But Hannity told me that "when I got in trouble, my father ripped the belt

**Hannity at his childhood home in Franklin Square, N.Y.**

off and kicked the [expletive] out of me." Still, he came to admire what he saw as Hugh's sense of right and wrong. "In many ways," he told me, "I'm not as good as him." I asked Hannity to describe himself as a kid. "An [expletive]," he replied. "Honest answer. Not on purpose. I just wasn't that interested in school. It bored me to tears." He clashed frequently with the nuns at Sacred Heart Seminary, and by high school, he was cutting class to smoke with his classmates.

One recent afternoon, Hannity drove down the long, curving streets in Franklin Square that he once pedaled as a newspaper-delivery boy, past the park where he manned the concession stand. Recalling his job as a 17-year-old bartender, he told me that work gave him an outlet for his natural restlessness. "I think in my life," he later said, "I'm just a worker bee."

We drew to a halt in front of Hannity's childhood home, on Oaks Drive. It had been 35 years since he was last inside. "I'll knock if you will," he said.

The current owner, Barbara Jenik, opened the door, an aggrieved Chihuahua vised into her arm-pit. "Sean Hannity?" she *(Continued on Page 59)*

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EL SALVADOR'S GANGS TRY TO NEGOTIATE A WAY





W I L L I

BY AZAM AHMED

T O

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY MOISES SAMAN

OUT OF THEIR BLOODY STALEMATE WITH THE POLICE.

U S J

# I N

**MARCH 2016**, President Salvador Sánchez Cerén of El Salvador announced a set of “extraordinary measures” that, he said, would put an end to the gangs that had made his nation the most homicidal place on Earth. A government-backed truce four years earlier had failed, and the death toll had climbed to 104 homicides per 100,000 people nationwide and nearly double that in the capital, San Salvador. Now, instead of supporting the truce,

the ruling Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front, or F.M.L.N., would summon the *mano dura* — the iron fist. El Salvador’s armed forces would be deployed, its police emboldened, its prisons packed to overflowing.

Shortly after the announcement, a video surfaced on local television. It was a response, produced by El Salvador’s three biggest gangs: Mara Salvatrucha, more widely known as MS-13, and the affiliated-but-rival 18th Street Southerners and 18th Street Revolutionaries. At the center of the frame stood a man, wearing sunglasses and a bandanna over his face. Sunlight poured in from an open door behind him, flaring around his darkened silhouette, giving the scene the menacing ambience of a ransom tape. His message, however, was of an entirely different nature. As of this moment, he said, there would be no more killing. The gangs had initiated a new truce, independent of the government. In essence, the *mano dura* served no purpose.

“We want to make the government aware that it cannot put an end to the gangs,” the speaker said. “We are a part of our country’s community.” An attack on the gangs was an attack on the people, and such an attack would have a cost. The F.M.L.N. emerged from the Salvadoran civil war more than two decades earlier, but it was struggling to maintain its claim to be the voice of the people. The gangs are the people, the man in the bandanna concluded, and “we have the tools to destroy the country’s political establishment.”

Standing just off camera was a stocky 33-year-old member of the 18th Street Southerners, known to most of his friends as Santiago. He had written the speech but he couldn’t deliver it, because he was still reeling from a recent gallbladder operation. Santiago had taken an unusual path through the 18th Street hierarchy. As one of six members of a special political commission established by the leadership, he helped maintain the 2012 truce, which cut El Salvador’s homicides nearly in half and awakened in the gangs the sense of political power on display now. In the years since, he remained largely uninvolved in the day-to-day work of gang life — in El Salvador, mostly shakedowns of small-business owners — and operated more like a human rights lawyer in a conflict zone. He maintained a log of members killed from every gang, regardless of whether they died at the hands of rivals or, as was increasingly the case, of law enforcement. He ferried victims of police abuse to file complaints with the attorney general’s office on human rights. He lobbied church officials, nongovernmental groups and reporters to speak out against the government’s extraordinary measures. This video was, in a way, the capstone to his efforts. If the government did not care to stop the violence, then the gangs would pursue peace on their own.

By August of last year, when I first met Santiago and he told me about his role in the video, he was the last of the original members on the political commission. The rest had been either killed or arrested. The government had repudiated the original truce, treating it as not only an aberration but a criminal conspiracy. The extraordinary measures, which freed the hand of an already brutal police force, also focused to a surprising degree on preventing the gangs from communicating: Prisons housing gang

members were placed on lockdown and visits from outsiders were forbidden. The work of organization itself became subversive.

When I met him, Santiago sat alone on the second floor of a crowded family restaurant in central San Salvador, sipping a bowl of soup. He wore jeans, work boots and a polo shirt that hid his tattoos. To passers-by, he looked like any other workingman enjoying his lunch.

“Tell me about terrorism,” Santiago said. He’d heard that I once worked in Afghanistan. “How do you define it?” El Salvador’s Supreme Court had declared the gangs to be terrorist groups, a move that seemed designed at least in part to draw aid from the United States. For more than an hour, while Santiago smoked cigarettes and drank beer mixed with lemon juice, we talked about terrorism in Afghanistan, Iraq, Syria and Palestine. Santiago granted that the gangs of El Salvador were violent, but theirs was a violence of a different nature. “The only parallel I see is that we represent a certain community, a segment of society that has been marginalized,” he said. “But our violence is not ideological and certainly not religious.”

I asked him how the gangs represented anyone other than themselves. What services did they provide to the communities? The Taliban governed those under their control with laws that, while brutal, were often more consistently enforced than the government’s. The gangs, by comparison, were predators, killing shopkeepers for failing to pay bribes and battling rival gangs over issues of territory and respect that had nothing to do with the needs of the community.

Santiago nodded. “The question isn’t what services we provide,” he said. “The question is more fundamental: What does our existence say about the government and the services it fails to provide? We exist because there is nothing else.”

**LIKE THE F.M.L.N.**, the gangs of El Salvador were shaped by the long civil war that began in 1980. Back then, the F.M.L.N. was a constellation of leftist groups facing off against the right-wing government. As the battles became increasingly violent, hundreds of thousands of Salvadorans relocated to the United States, settling largely in Los Angeles, where their children organized to protect themselves from other poor minorities trapped on the outskirts of the American dream. By the time they were deported, years later, they had formed the very gangs gnawing at Salvadoran society — gangs that were notably brutal, known for severing the heads of enemies and utterly disregarding the fate of civilians caught in the crossfire. Now, as they had during the civil war, hundreds of thousands of refugees were fleeing, including more than 50,000 children under 18 who in recent years have attempted the 1,500-mile overland journey to the United States.

The original anti-gang *mano dura* was first employed by the Nationalist Republican Alliance, known as Arena, the right-wing party that first won the presidency in 1989. That ultimately served only to strengthen the resolve and coherence of the gangs. When the F.M.L.N. took power in 2009, it tried something different. It began working in secret to broker a truce between the nation’s warring gangs. The premise was simple: through trusted intermediaries, bring top leaders together in minimum-security prisons, allow them to interact and encourage them to forge a peace on the streets.

When this original truce finally fell into place in 2012, it almost immediately cut the national homicide rate roughly in half. But as it became public, questions surfaced: Were the gangs merely consolidating their positions before they unleashed another wave of violence? Were the leaders being given special treatment that included access to drugs and prostitutes? Was the government investing in a strategy in which the gangs could negotiate by killing more people? Once exposed, the truce never enjoyed much popularity among Salvadorans, and the United States fiercely opposed





*Above: Suspected gang members arrested during a raid in San Salvador in 2016. Opening pages: Santiago, a senior member of a gang called the 18th Street Southerners.*

it. In 2014, the government began backing away from the effort, and the homicide rate began to climb significantly once again.

When Sánchez Cerén became president in June 2014, he cut off all government support for the effort and within seven months had sent the gang leadership back to maximum-security prisons, severing their lines of communication. One of the most peaceful periods since the civil war led to one of the most deadly, and not just because intragang warfare was on the rise. Police violence radically escalated, too, with authorities killing eight times as many suspected gang members in 2015 as they did in 2013. In a remarkable feat of reporting, journalists for the Salvadoran newspaper *El Faro* found that between January and August 2016, for every police officer that died in a gunfight, 53 suspected gang members were killed. In the history of modern war, combatants are far more likely to be injured than killed. But in El Salvador, during 1,074 firefights with alleged gang members in a 20-month period, the police killed 693 and injured only 255. The country's vice president has publicly granted officers the right to use deadly force "without any fear of suffering consequences."

What is happening is like a war in nearly every way, but the vocabulary of war has no words to describe this new variation. The gangs

look something like an insurgency, but they appear to have no political aim other than to avoid being killed. The mere existence of would-be diplomats like Santiago reflects a new dynamic, once unthinkable, and at least a potential willingness in some corners to lay down arms. In December 2016, leaders of MS-13 told *El Faro* that they would be willing to sit down with the government, even placing the dismantling of the gang on the table if it achieved peace. Where before that option was out of the question, the leaders appear to have evolved in the wake of the truce. In February, they created the Gang Coordination Group for Dialogue. The group even reached out this year to a United Nations special envoy, asking him to initiate a dialogue between the gangs and the government.

The F.M.L.N. has so far failed to respond to these overtures, and so have many Salvadorans. A recent poll showed that 40 percent of Salvadoran adults approve of torture to combat the gangs, while nearly 35 percent endorse extrajudicial killings. The politicians are unpopular, but so are the gangs. In the neighborhood of Montreal de Mejicanos, a violent hilltop slum under the administration of MS-13, one resident told me that in her area, Finca Argentina, the gangs had killed a boy who refused to join, buried him in an anonymous grave and forbade his parents to retrieve the body. In Aguilares, I attended the funeral of a bus driver killed because his bosses refused to pay two different gangs for the same route. His brother told me the pain and anger were enough to make him want to join their rivals, but he would let the government kill them instead.

A gang in El Salvador makes in a year what a Mexican cartel might make in a week. MS-13, the nation's largest gang, with 40,000 members, takes in about \$30 million annually, collecting extortion payments of a few dollars, sometimes in coins, and distributing it in small handouts to its members who also live off whatever food they can strong-arm from local vendors. They seem uninterested in ideology. What power they have derives from their station

as the only organized group present in El Salvador's slums; the only family for Salvador's tens of thousands of abandoned boys; and, for many, the only economy that exists.

Ultimately, Santiago said, the gangs would have to wait out the violence until the next round of elections. By Santiago's estimate, the gangs could easily deliver 10 percent of the vote, a decisive portion in a two-party system. In March 2018, the nation will hold elections for municipal leaders and legislators, many in areas under gang control. The gangs could use their power to demand that Arena ease the *mano dura* if the party was elected, an act of retribution against the F.M.L.N. for taking such a hard-line against them. "The government will have to pay the bill for what they've done," he said. "They will have to answer to us, in one way or another."

S

**ANTIAGO SELDOM STAYED** anywhere more than a day at a time. Sometimes he would spend a night or two at the home of his ex-girlfriend, with whom he has a daughter, now 7. He also has a 5-year-old son with another woman. On rare occasions, he stayed with his grandmother. Other times, when he felt there was more heat, he stayed in rented houses that appeared, at least from the outside, to be abandoned.

His obsession with security was warranted: Marvin, his counterpart from MS-13, had been picked up in the middle of the night in his home. So had Nalo, the political commissioner for the 18th Street Revolutionaries. When we arrived at one of the empty houses one evening, Santiago pulled up in a driveway overgrown with weeds and idled for a minute, observing the scene. The house was dark: a single-story structure with curtains drawn against grated windows. Across the street, someone had installed a public-address system and hung a sign to transform a similar home into a church. The voices of evangelicals praising God drifted across the otherwise silent street. Satisfied that no one was outside, Santiago unchained the garage, threw open its rusted doors and drove inside.

The house looked only slightly better on the inside. The matted fabric of the living-room furniture was covered in cigarette burns. Spider webs filled the hallways. Santiago turned the water off the last time he left, and the toilets would not flush. He decided to wait for the service across the street to end before going outside to switch it back on. "I prefer if people don't see me here," he said.

Someone had mounted a new flat-screen TV to the cinder block wall. Santiago dropped onto the sofa and turned on the local news. He liked to



'THE GOVERNMENT WILL HAVE TO PAY THE BILL FOR WHAT THEY'VE

*After a brief chase in San Salvador, a policeman arrests a suspected gang member thought to be involved in carjacking a truck.*

keep track of political developments elsewhere in Latin America, he said.

As he flipped through channels, his cellphone rang. He answered, then listened quietly for a moment. "Do you want to file a complaint?" he asked finally. "I or someone else from the team can take you to the human rights office tomorrow, to fill out the paperwork." He listened again, said he understood and hung up with a sigh.

It was the wife of one of the leaders, he said. Her husband had been imprisoned for years, and she hadn't been allowed to talk to him in the months since the extraordinary measures went into effect. She said the police still harassed her, stopping by her home, breaking furniture, stealing valuables. She had thought about filing a complaint, but there were rumors



Slowly, the gangs began to formalize, issuing codes of conduct that prohibited attacks on fellow members and the use of hard drugs like crack. Santiago himself was a part of this evolution. Just before he graduated from high school, a founder of the 18th Street gang, Carlos Mojica, known as El Viejo Lin, invited him to a meal. Lin had turned his sights on developing 18th Street into something that more closely resembled organized crime. Santiago went to the meeting straight from school and was still wearing his uniform when they sat down. Lin smiled. "Continue studying as much as you can," Santiago recalls him saying. "People like us need to find an interest, something to occupy our minds." He gave Santiago a reading list that included the Salvadoran constitution and the Bible. "He told me that I should go to church," Santiago recalled. "I thought he was crazy, but then he told me: 'I'm not saying you should become a Christian, but trust me, you won't find peace anywhere else.'" Santiago took his advice seriously, memorizing passages from the Bible and beginning to organize evangelical events. His was an odd gospel, one that combined Christian principles like unity and love with an acceptance of the violence and crime by which the gangs defined themselves.

That all changed in 2006, when Santiago was charged with attempted murder following a shootout with MS-13, even though he claims he played no part in it. After the government dropped the charges for lack of evidence, Santiago says, he decided that it was time to put an end to the criminal chapter of his life. He asked the leadership if he could focus his energies on finding channels for peace. They agreed.

Santiago never shared with me how, or what, he was paid for his work, but it couldn't have been much. His daughter was supported by remittances from her mother's relatives in the United States. The only lucrative stream of income they could have tapped, from the cartels that passed through their territory, was off-limits. I asked Santiago why the gangs, with all their manpower, never tried to tax the cartels. He laughed. "No way, man," he said. With the government war on them, the gangs could hardly afford a fight with the cartels. "I have read a little about Hitler," Santiago said. "He was caught out because he opened too many fronts."

Santiago is a fast and energetic talker, and when he gets going — bouncing from China's Communist government to Colombia's peace process to Russia under Putin — he engages his arms and torso like a conductor, as if summoning his own best ideas. He once told me that in another life, he would have studied law, a profession more suited to his intellectual curiosity. But he also told me that he

didn't regret joining a gang, only that he hadn't started his reform efforts sooner. Gang structures are cellular, and on a neighborhood level, they often operate independently of the broader leadership. Santiago knew most everyone, and he spent his days on the phone with his rivals and sometimes met them in person. They shared details of the latest death by the hand of a rival or the police. They discussed coming meetings with church or nongovernmental leaders. They planned joint communiqués and kept open the lines of communication to avoid any setbacks in the cease-fire.

He pondered whether he would have joined the gang if he had grown up under different circumstances. While many gang members blame the government for breaking the first truce, for Santiago the failure was simpler than that. The truce improved the lives of gang members, who were dying in fewer numbers, and of the government, which could take credit for the lower homicide stats. But average Salvadorans didn't see much improvement in their lives. Extortion continued, as did the murder of innocents. Santiago said that continuing to demand money

**DONE. THEY WILL HAVE TO ANSWER TO US, IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.'**

that the prisons might begin allowing family visits again. If she filed a complaint, the police might not let her see her husband. In the end, she decided to drop it altogether.

Santiago liked his work, but it was growing harder. Most of his friends were dead or in jail, he said. A few made it to the United States and lived quiet lives with wives and kids. He sometimes thought he should follow them, but he feared discovery by American authorities. "I'm the last of my group that remains," he said. "Whatever happens, it won't be good."

Santiago joined the 18th Street gang in 1998, at 15. His father, who had been a police officer, had left his family behind, making his way to the United States when Santiago was too young to remember, and Santiago as a young man had little ambition beyond, perhaps, moving his own life in a different direction. During the early years as an 18th Street member, he spent his days working in an upholstery shop while finishing his high-school degree at night. He supported his mother with money from odd jobs, but wanted something more. He liked being part of a community, he said, but otherwise it "had no purpose, it was just for the sake of it, just to be living the thug life."

from civilians had been the central mistake of the truce; why it had been destined to fail.

"It's really sad to reach this conclusion," he told me earlier. "We understood this maybe 24 months after the truce began, but it was too late. We should've started there."

I asked Santiago if he would ever allow his son to join a gang. "My son is the most outgoing kid you'll ever meet," he said, allowing himself a smile. "He shakes your hand, asks your name and wants to tell you all about his school. If he wanted to join a gang, it would be more than 10 years from now. By that time, I hope this dynamic of violence will have changed; if not, no one will want anything to do with it."

# M O R E

**THAN 22,000** police officers are responsible for security in El Salvador, and they are now working alongside about 14,000 soldiers. Rather than the armed forces becoming more like a domestic police force, though, the police have become more like military occupiers. Early one evening, I accompanied the police on a patrol through Soyapango, a dense municipality of 300,000 consisting of low-slung homes and corrugated shacks to the east of the capital. It is considered one of the most dangerous places in the country. As we drove down a narrow avenue packed with pedestrians, we passed a man carrying a woman, unconscious, across the street, his face fixed in panic. He neither stopped the police to ask for help, nor did they offer any.

The captain and a driver picked up three young officers from the sidewalk of the central square: well-groomed, well-built 27-year-old graduates of the same class at the police academy. We eased out of the dense streets of central Soyapango toward a neighborhood called Horizontes, in the thick of MS-13 territory. Even in the generally dilapidated state of San Salvador, there was a noticeable increase in the general disrepair. The streets were crushed into rubble, empty lots were overgrown and abandoned, most of the houses were made of cinder block, without so much as a coat of paint or plaster. Trash filled the open spaces like wild grass.

The plan, such as it was, involved searching a nearby "destroyer house," slang for a hide-out, this one in Horizontes, where they believed some MS-13 members might be seeking refuge after a firefight with the police. In reality, the mission was simpler than that: a "presence patrol," to show they could come and go as they wished in enemy territory, a reminder to the gangs, or anyone who helped them, that the government would not sit idle. One officer told me that he and his fellow officers had killed five gang members in a firefight two weeks earlier, in the exact spot where we walked. He pointed to a sewage pipe emerging from a storm drain. "One of them died there," he said, adjusting his assault rifle. The survivors had run, he said, but the police had come to believe that the gang members were hiding in the destroyer house.

Stripped of paint, its windows sealed with boards, the home looked abandoned. An officer nicknamed Chino, because his fellow officers thought

his light skin and almond eyes made him look Chinese, banged on the door. When no one responded, he knocked out the front window board. To our surprise, a young man wearing only boxers stepped into the living room, his hands raised. Chino leapt through the window cavity and took aim at him. "Get down," he yelled. "What are you doing here?"

The young man dropped to his knees. "I live here," he replied, looking up slightly.

"That's a lie," the cop responded. "You're hiding out."

A foam mattress with a soiled, twisted sheet lay in the center of the room. A badly torn sofa, its coils exposed through faded velvet, was pressed against a wall. Chino asked the man how long he'd been in the gang. "I'm not

involved in anything," he replied. "I sell tomatoes in the central market. I live with my girlfriend here. She's pregnant with our second kid."

Chino told him to lie flat and then placed the tip of his boot beneath the young man's chin and lightly lifted his face, now looking him directly in the eye. "I don't believe your wife lives here," he said. "Like this."

Another officer came in from the backyard; he was clutching a police belt with the holster attached. "Did you take this from a police officer?" Chino demanded, tossing the belt on the mattress pad.

The boy began to plead. "No way, you guys would kill me," he said, shaking his head. "Imagine me doing something like that, with two kids." The cops stepped outside to call in the apparent theft of the belt. From the other end, they received orders to leave the boy alone. Because he was 17 and thus underage, he was not worth the trouble.

Past the house, we came upon a shooting range used by the gangs. A few crude human silhouettes were spray-painted on a cinder-block wall, with crooked circles drawn over their hearts. The concrete was pocked with bullet holes. On an adjoining wall, someone had scrawled the words *Ver, Oír y Callar*, a gang refrain across El Salvador: See, hear and be silent.

We walked to Valle de las Delicias, a neighborhood a few blocks over. Giant blue-and-black murals covered the backs of buildings, memorials to fallen leaders that, despite the surrounding decay, were remarkably well maintained. As we snaked through an alley, we came upon another young man, slender with curly hair and acne scars covering his face, who was talking to someone on a candy-bar-style cellphone that hailed from the 1990s. An officer snatched the phone away, tossed it to a colleague and began to frisk the man roughly.

"I didn't do anything," he said, resisting the manhandling. The boy's parents raced onto their porch.

"He didn't do anything, why are you harassing him?" the father, who was smaller than his son and wore a yellowed tank top, demanded. The officer pressed down on the boy's neck until he was nearly bent over. He asked his colleagues for a camera to register him. "He's got no record of any crimes, why are you placing him in the system?" the father asked.

"Shut up or I'll register you next," the officer snapped.

The cops left the family seething on their porch. "Look at how they abuse him, just because he is young," the father told me. "I don't understand how they can live with themselves. They have kids, too. How would they like it if someone did this to their kids?"

At the end of the patrol, we walked to the edge of the neighborhood, marked by a giant ceiba tree that soared some 150 feet above a parking lot at the edge of a fallow field. The officer who had registered the boy asked



me what the family had said to me. I told him. He paused to reflect.

"In these marginalized communities, every family has at least one person involved with the gangs," he said. "Of course I'm sad about this. I'm sad about the poverty, I feel sorry for these families, those involved in the gangs, but especially the innocents who die." A police truck idled beneath the tree's broad canopy. The officers got in, one by one.

"All of this is about poverty and marginalization," he said, nodding at a trash bin near the tree's sprawling roots, where the words "[Expletive] Police" were written in English.

**SANTIAGO WAS OFTEN** lonely in his work. Gang life revolved around crime, not peace, so he remained on the fringe. Until last year, his community included an informal group of a few high-ranking religious leaders, diplomats and the gang commission. They met to discuss strategies to reinitiate the truce or at the very least to keep open the lines of communication.

With the pressure brought by the extraordinary measures, the meetings had all but ceased. Santiago still tried to communicate with the

members of the group, and occasionally, he would visit one. And so, on a Saturday afternoon in October, he drove to the Lutheran church offices to catch up with the bishop, Medardo Gómez.

"May I help you, sir?" the receptionist asked, eyeing Santiago as he loitered in front of her desk.

"I'm here to see the bishop," Santiago said with a broad smile.

"He's in the middle of a meeting right now," she said, staring at her computer.

Santiago took a seat and waited. It was nearly noon, and a small crowd sat outside the bishop's office. Most were dressed in formal attire. Santiago wore a collared shirt, jeans and a pair of Nike running shoes that a friend had given him. After a few minutes, an older woman with a pressed suit and fine jewelry walked into the lobby. She stopped when she saw Santiago in the waiting room.

"Oh, my God, it's you," she said, racing toward him and giving him a hug. "Does he know you're here?" she asked, nodding toward the bishop's door. "We haven't seen you in months," she continued excitedly. "How are things? We heard about Alex," she said, referring to a member of the political committee from the 18th Street Revolutionaries who had been arrested. "This situation is just horrible right now. You're the first person I've seen in months."

She ushered him to the bishop's door and presented him. The bishop, an elderly man with rheumy eyes, sat at the head of a modest conference table, hosting a small gathering. The crowd dissipated when Santiago entered, and the bishop stood to greet him. "It's good to see you here, I wasn't sure if you had been grabbed, too," he said, placing his mottled hand on top of

*Young men on lookout in 2016, inside the Las Palmas neighborhood, controlled by the 18th Street Revolutionaries.*



Santiago's. "I told Alex he needed to make routine changes. But they caught him at home, at dawn."

"Thank God they didn't do anything else to him," Santiago said.

Like Santiago, Alex was a part of the political committee from the beginning, ever since the truce was first announced. Now he was locked up for murder, the bishop said.

"I've been told that there are testimonies saying it wasn't him," the bishop continued, staring at the table as if talking to no one in particular. "Maybe they will prove it." He turned to face Santiago, who was looking at the vast collection of photos on the bishop's desk and walls. "It seems that you are the only survivor."

Marvin, Santiago's counterpart within MS-13, was in prison and suspected to be cooperating with the authorities under a plea agreement. Nalo, a top leader of the 18th Street Revolutionaries, whose real name is Carlos Eduardo Burgos Nuila, was too. Alex, meanwhile, was imprisoned but, so far as anyone knew, had signed no such deal. Though the gangs had moved swiftly to replace them and resume communications with the rest of the committee, the bonds were new and untested.

Santiago asked the bishop how things had been going with the other members of the informal group — the diplomats, nongovernmental workers and church leaders. The receptionist entered with the bishop's lunch, a watery bowl of stew. The bishop looked down at it with disappointment.

The bishop said he was planning a forum to bring together local leaders and government officials to talk about the extraordinary measures, specifically the impact the violence was having in neighborhoods. He lifted the bowl to his lips and drank, then picked at a tough-looking piece of short rib before giving up. "We must insist on dialogue and push forward at all levels," he said. "We don't have to see it only as a dialogue with gangs, but we want to integrate, boost dialogue, with everyone."

The bishop held a faint hope that by bringing residents of the affected areas out to speak with officials, they would hear stories about the misery their policy had wrought. "The measures have made matters worse instead of being helpful," he said. "The idea of a forum is to say, both nationally and internationally, 'Look, the extraordinary measures here are not working.'" He paused and sighed. "We can't deny the death toll has decreased," he continued. "But the way the police are behaving now, they have stopped being agents of safety. Now they are agents of death."

Santiago grew animated. To hear a respected church leader echo his feelings had brought him to something like catharsis. These days, he said, the police staged fake gunfights just to kill gang members, then explained it away by calling them terrorists. "Do I look like a terrorist?" he asked the bishop.

The bishop shook his head and pushed his chair back from the table. There were heavy bags under his eyes, and he was running late for a meeting in another part of town. He looked at Santiago. "No, it's clear to me that they have just said this to justify repression and request international assistance," he said.

Santiago saw the bishop off, then lit a cigarette in the building's courtyard, beside a dormant fountain overrun with foliage. "These chats give me strength; they tell me that I'm not alone," he said, flicking his ash into an empty bucket. "That at least someone thinks like I do."



'THE VIOLENCE HAS TO REACH A MUCH HIGHER LEVEL

L A S

**SUMMER**, things began to unravel for Santiago. The government campaign against the gangs continued, and the truce — though still in effect — was fraying, its future in question. In August, prosecutors took 18 non-gang members involved in creating the original 2012 truce, mostly low-level functionaries and government officials, to trial on charges of criminal conspiracy and smuggling banned goods into prisons.

*Salvadoran police raid a house in the gang-controlled neighborhood of Horizontes in Soyapango.*



commission apart. Though the truce still held among the gangs, it was as much about self-preservation in the face of government aggression as it was about creating peace.

Though Santiago felt sorry for his former compatriots, he mostly felt devastated that years of work — building alliances and trust in civil society, forging relationships with rivals, selling the vision on the streets — had been turned into a public spectacle. But he had his own problems to worry about. By the end of August, even before the defendants were found not guilty, he was already preparing to flee the country.

Santiago knew there would be no reprieve, at least not until the 2018 elections. Well before the trial, Santiago wrote a manifesto for the gangs. For the first time in decades, they would not support the F.M.L.N. at the polls. They would instead use their political might to swing the elections away from them, whether to the right-wing party or, potentially, third-party candidates. The quid pro quo had always been support — in return for money — for the F.M.L.N. But President Sánchez Cerén of the F.M.L.N. had broken its long-standing relationship with the gangs by waging war against them. So the gangs would respond by wielding their 10 percent of the vote to punish them in the Legislature. The approaches from political parties had already started: politicians seeking access, favors, votes ahead of next year's election. "We are the pretty girl that everyone wants to dance with right now," Santiago told me.

But they would do so without Santiago. The authorities had found him. This February, months before the trial started, he was pulled over for a routine traffic stop after another meeting with Bishop Gómez. The police ran his car and identification, then let him go. But Santiago was suspicious. He sent his car to a specialist who found a GPS tracking device stuck to the chassis. Santiago switched vehicles.

In April, shortly after Easter, the police stopped him again. This time they charged him with resisting arrest and placed him in detention.

After four days, two prosecutors and a police investigator came with an offer. The truce trial was a few months away and Santiago could testify against his former compatriots or he could go to jail for the rest of his life, on possible charges of gun trafficking, electoral fraud and smuggling contraband into jails. After making the offer, the authorities were forced to let him go — they had no grounds to hold him.

But he knew they would arrest him again, and he would be faced with the same dilemma. He didn't want to snitch and undermine what he genuinely believed was the only way out of the cycle of violence consuming El Salvador. It would be turning his back on everything he'd worked for and all those he had tried to convince. At the same time, with the prisons teeming with disease and overpopulation, he couldn't imagine being consigned to a shared cell for the rest of his life. He was only 34. He decided to flee.

When we last spoke, he would not tell me where he was, only that he had no plans to return to El Salvador, at least not for the next year or so. He was no longer the optimist of even six months earlier. The F.M.L.N. would lose the presidential election in 2019. And his people, the gangs and their community, would ensure they had a tough time in next year's legislative and municipal elections. But in the meantime, he could do nothing to further the cause of dialogue. For now, that effort was broken.

"Right now, I'm a bit more of a realist," he said. "I could argue that no matter which party wins, they are not going to look for an alternative." The civil war took years and tens of thousands of deaths to push both sides to negotiate. So, too, would this war. Wars only end when someone wins or when both sides grow tired of the killing. "The violence has to reach a much higher level than where it is now to force that reckoning," he said. "Only then will people start thinking about an integrated solution. The truth is, the country has to bleed more." ♦

THAN WHERE IT IS NOW TO FORCE THAT RECKONING.'

**T**

Santiago watched the trial on television. Marvin and Nalo, two of his gang counterparts, had in fact turned state's witnesses after their incarceration. Nalo was the star witness during the trial. He testified that gang members were given fried-chicken dinners and flat-screen TVs for their willingness to reduce the homicide rate but also described the cash deal-

ings they had with both major political parties ahead of the 2014 presidential election, which included more than \$250,000 in payments for their support. Still, no politicians were charged or even asked to testify, neither were the intellectual authors of the truce, including the current defense minister. Eventually, all the defendants were acquitted and the judge called out the prosecutors for charging individuals who were merely acting on government orders. Unbowed by their defeat in court, the government quickly appealed the judge's ruling and brought a new round of charges, this time accusing individuals involved in the 2012 truce of extortion. But it hardly mattered. The government's *mano dura* had broken the gangs' political



Photo: Barry Grossman

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Completed earlier this year, Oceana Bal Harbour, a 240-unit luxury condominium set on 5.5 acres of oceanfront property within easy walking distance of Bal Harbour Shops, is the only luxury condominium in Bal Harbour set completely parallel to the ocean. With 400-linear-feet of private sandy beach, the expansive property, developed by art mogul and real estate titan Eduardo Costantini, who holds one of the world's most impressive collections of contemporary Latin American art, is designed by architect Bernardo Fort-Brescia of Arquitectonica, with modern interiors by Italian designer Piero

Lissoni and landscaping by Enzo Enea. The property is already renowned for its extensive art collection, which includes two monumental works by Jeff Koons, one of which graces the building's 60-foot-high outdoor breezeway, visible from Collins Avenue. The building is already more than 80 percent sold.

Oceana Bal Harbour offers resort-style amenities that include 24-hour concierge service along with a world-class spa, private air-conditioned cabanas, a relaxation pool, an Olympic-style lap pool, a grand salon with chef's kitchen and bar, a kids' activity room, a cinema and underground parking. The residents-only poolside restaurant — designed by Lissoni and named Ballerina after one of Koons's on-site sculptures (pictured above) — is one of the only residential restaurants in Miami to have a liquor license, and is operated by Starr Catering, owned by Paris-based Elior Group, which holds a strategic partnership with Michelin star chef Alain Ducasse. Starr Catering's partnerships include Carnegie Hall, the Philadelphia Museum of Art, New York Botanical Garden, Clark Art Institute and Verde restaurant at the Perez Art Museum Miami. "Starr Catering is revered for its success in the Northeast — so much so that it was one of the deciding factors for a handful of our most recent buyers," said Ernesto Cohan, Oceana's sales director.

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**ABOVE:** A view of Jeff Koons's "Seated Ballerina" from the cabanas, Oceana Bal Harbour.



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**BELOW:** Four Seasons Private Residences Fort Lauderdale.

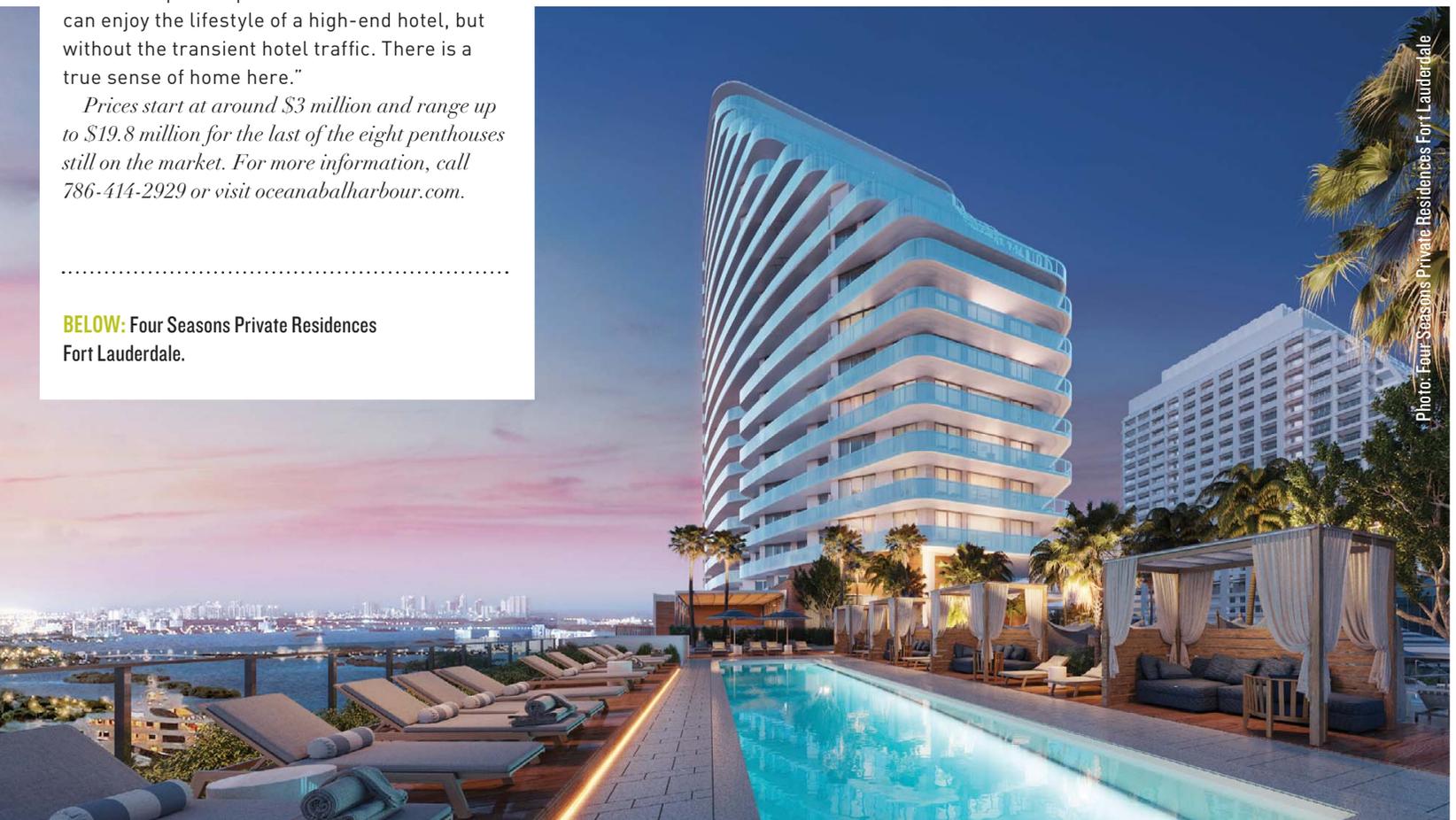
With Fort Lauderdale rapidly becoming a global destination attracting interest from around the world, Miami-based developer Fort Partners has chosen a prime beachfront parcel near Las Olas Boulevard to develop Four Seasons Private Residences Fort Lauderdale. The development is the third in Fort Partners' Fort Portfolio in South Florida, which also includes Four Seasons Hotel and Private Residences at The Surf Club and Four Seasons Resort Palm Beach.

The property features 90 one- to four-bedroom floor plans from 780 square feet to more than 6,000 square feet, in either fully furnished or unfurnished "decorator-ready" options. The international design team, led by developer Nadim Ashi, includes Tara Bernerd, Kobi Karp, Martin Brudnizki and landscape designer Fernando Wong — each a household name in the design world.

Owners at Four Seasons Private Residences Fort Lauderdale will have privileged access to the Fort Portfolio of Four Seasons properties in Miami to the south and Palm Beach to the north, with the Fort Lauderdale property as the centerpiece. "In addition to being the yachting capital of the world, and the focal point of a huge expansion of flights to and from Europe, Latin America, the Middle East and Asia, not to mention private jet trans-

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Fort Partners is a presenting sponsor of the NSU Art Museum Fort Lauderdale's "Frank Stella: Experiment and Change," which will run through July 8. This collaboration between Fort Partners, NSU Art Museum Fort Lauderdale and the Frank Stella exhibition is the result of the lifelong friendship between the artist and Richard Meier, the Pritzker Prize-winning architect of Four Seasons Hotel and Private





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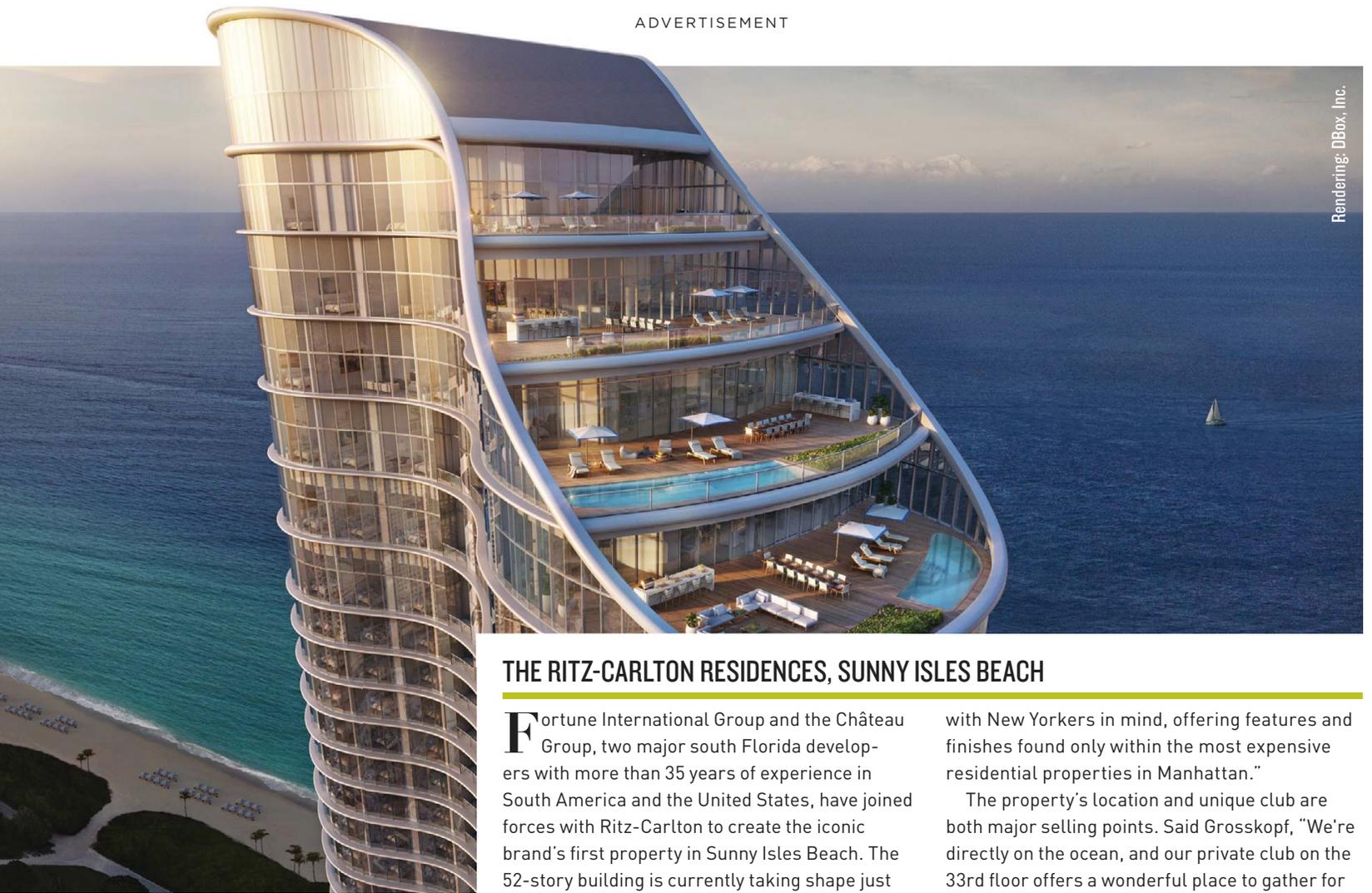
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## THE RITZ-CARLTON RESIDENCES, SUNNY ISLES BEACH

**F**ortune International Group and the Château Group, two major south Florida developers with more than 35 years of experience in South America and the United States, have joined forces with Ritz-Carlton to create the iconic brand's first property in Sunny Isles Beach. The 52-story building is currently taking shape just north of Haulover Park and Bal Harbour — with a distinctive curvilinear silhouette designed by Arquitectonica and interiors crafted by Florentine architect Michele Bönan that blend modern-day Miami with its singular architectural past. The first residential tower north of Bal Harbour, The Ritz-Carlton Residences, Sunny Isles Beach features nearly two miles of beachfront and Atlantic Ocean, Miami and Intracoastal Waterway views.

Residences range from \$2.6 million to \$6 million, with penthouses — complete with garden terraces, private pools and summer kitchens — offered at upwards of \$25 million. The tower will feature a private club level on the double-height 33rd floor, with eight guest suites available to rent out to friends and family. Additional amenities include a beach restaurant, pool deck, kids' club, spa, fitness center and a wellness center.

In June, the developers released a new fly-through, computer-generated video presentation of the residences at their sales gallery across Collins Avenue, displaying sprawling interiors and sweeping water vistas with an interactive, 180-degree immersive video experience “that makes you feel as if you are inside the unit,” said Manuel Grosskopf, chief executive of the Château Group.

Added Edgardo Defortuna, chief executive of Fortune International Group, “The Ritz-Carlton Residences, Sunny Isles Beach were designed

with New Yorkers in mind, offering features and finishes found only within the most expensive residential properties in Manhattan.”

The property's location and unique club are both major selling points. Said Grosskopf, “We're directly on the ocean, and our private club on the 33rd floor offers a wonderful place to gather for all our owners, family and guests in the building. Instead of selling more units in those floors, we felt it was important to have a double-height floor with a multipurpose room, conference room, a media room, restaurant and bar, and, most important, eight guest suites that can be reserved by our owners, so that even guests can share the wonderful views — that is something that no other building in the area can offer. Our buyers want to be near both Aventura and Bal Harbour — and of course the beautiful beaches along the Atlantic, and we have all three. Sunny Isles has some of the most beautiful beaches in South Florida, and is very accessible to both the Miami and Ft. Lauderdale international airports, with the Fort Lauderdale airport only about 15 minutes away in one direction, and South Beach also about 15 minutes to the south. Here, you can enjoy South Beach excitement — but escape to a very private resort-like Ritz-Carlton property whenever you like. And, compared to new construction in New York, London or Paris, this is still a bargain at around a third of the price per square foot of those other locations.”

*The sales gallery is located at 15800 Collins Avenue, with first occupancy slated for the summer of 2019. Two of the four penthouses are still available. For more information, call 305-503-5811 or visit [theresidencessunnyislesbeach.com](http://theresidencessunnyislesbeach.com).*

**ABOVE:** The Ritz-Carlton Residences, Sunny Isles Beach.

Residences at The Surf Club.

“The developer believes this is a perfect opportunity to capture the attention of a cultured and sophisticated demographic, ready for world-class luxury in Fort Lauderdale, which is also becoming a cultural destination in South Florida,” added Sunshine. “The lifelong friendship between Meier and Stella is being celebrated tomorrow night at The Surf Club at an event commemorating the opening of Surf Club's South Tower just as Art Basel week is about to begin in Miami. Four Seasons Hotel and Private Residences at The Surf Club already sets the standard for luxury living in South Florida — and now that it has opened its doors, it demonstrates to potential buyers the level of sophistication that Fort Partners will soon bring to Fort Lauderdale.”

*Groundbreaking will commence during the first quarter of next year, with first occupancy expected by 2020. Prices start at \$2 million, with the penthouse collection starting from \$7.5 million. For more information, call 954-398-1823 or visit [fort525residences.com](http://fort525residences.com).*



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## ELEVEN ON LENOX

In October, Shoma Group, one of South Florida's most prolific real estate development firms, announced the opening of the sales gallery for Eleven on Lenox, a collection of 11 beach-inspired three-story townhomes designed by Zyscovich Architects and top interior designer Charles Allem. Located at 15th Street and Lenox Avenue, the development offers homes of more than 4,400 square feet located two blocks from Lincoln Road in Miami Beach, each with four bedrooms, private glass elevators, rooftop terraces with a pool, spa and summer kitchen and a double-car garage with two additional parking spaces.

The residences are outfitted with Scavolini kitchens, along with Gaggenau appliances, Duravit and Dornbracht fixtures, with wood floors throughout with Italian tile and stone in the bathrooms. Equipped with smart automation, including a Gaggenau espresso machine controllable with a smart device, the homes also come with telescoping glass doors that stretch the width of each terrace — preserving the unobstructed views from the third-floor entertaining space. Another key design feature is the five-by-17-foot skylight above the cantilevered floating staircase to the third floor, bringing natural light down to the ground level.

"We are located in the vicinity of Lincoln and Alton Roads in an area of South Beach we think is going to really take off in the same way that South of Fifth took off 20 years ago," said Masoud Shojaee, president and chairman of the board

**ABOVE:** A rendering of a great room with glass elevator overlooking a rooftop terrace, Eleven on Lenox.

at Shoma Group. "The difference between this area and South of Fifth is that we have high-end retail and restaurants in the area already — from Nike to Apple — with new restaurants and shops seeming to open every day. Where else do you have the ability to walk out the door of a spacious modern home with more than 4,400 square feet, for under \$700 per square foot, just footsteps from the best that Miami Beach has to offer?"

Not everyone wants to live directly on the water, he continued. "They want to be near the water, within walking distance to shopping, the beach and all the best restaurants, but not necessarily be right on the beach and all the nonstop action — and congestion — of the busier parts of South Beach," he said. "Our buyers want to walk, and not have to drive if they don't want to, and many just don't want to live in a tower. This is a significant value proposition, where you get significant, quality square footage in a sophisticated, well-appointed beach house for half of what the new construction market is offering right now. The amount of buildable land in Miami Beach is becoming more

and more limited — and this opportunity is likely to appreciate in value because new construction in a central location like this is increasingly hard to find. And while you don't have to drive, having four private parking spots in South Beach is an almost unheard of amenity."

*Eleven on Lenox is located at 1030 15th Street in Miami Beach, and marketed and sold by Douglas Elliman Development Marketing. Prices start at \$2.9 million, with first occupancy slated for the end of next year. Owners also enjoy membership access to a private beach club and fitness club. For more information, call 305-506-2387 or visit [11onlenox.com](http://11onlenox.com).*

## LAKWOOD RANCH

Lakewood Ranch is a 31,000-acre (48.5-square-mile) master-planned community located just east of I-75, bridging both Manatee and Sarasota counties about 45 minutes south of Tampa near Florida's Gulf Coast. The same family has owned the property since the early 1900s, starting with timber farming, and, since 1994, branching out to community development.

Lakewood Ranch now has more than 30,000 residents, with public and private schools, hospitals, retail, restaurants and more than 1,300 businesses employing more than 13,000 people. The private Lakewood Ranch Golf and Country Club offers 54 holes of golf, two clubhouses and a tennis center. In 2011, the Premier Sports Campus at Lakewood Ranch opened with 22 full-size mixed use sports fields, with the Sarasota Polo Club hosting polo, cricket and rugby events nearby.

Construction is underway for more than 5,100 new residences surrounded by seven lakes on the Sarasota County side of the property in what is now called Lakewood Ranch Waterside. The village center, called Waterside Place, will begin construction next year, with apartments, restaurants, retail shops, professional offices and the Players Centre for Performing Arts all within walking distance of each new residence.

Since March of 2004, more than 14,000 acres have been certified "green" by the Florida Green Building Coalition. Approximately 2,600 acres have been set aside for future development and mixed-use, campus-style business parks, including the future site for national life sciences and health care companies.

Preservation and stewardship of the land is a top priority, noted Laura Cole, vice president of marketing for Lakewood Ranch. There are nearly 7,000 acres of wetland, upland and preserved habitat; miles of trails, greenways and bike paths and more than 2,500 acres of lakes and a 38-acre gopher tortoise preserve. "Lakewood Ranch is consistently ranked as one of the top 10 best-



**ELEVEN ON LENOX**

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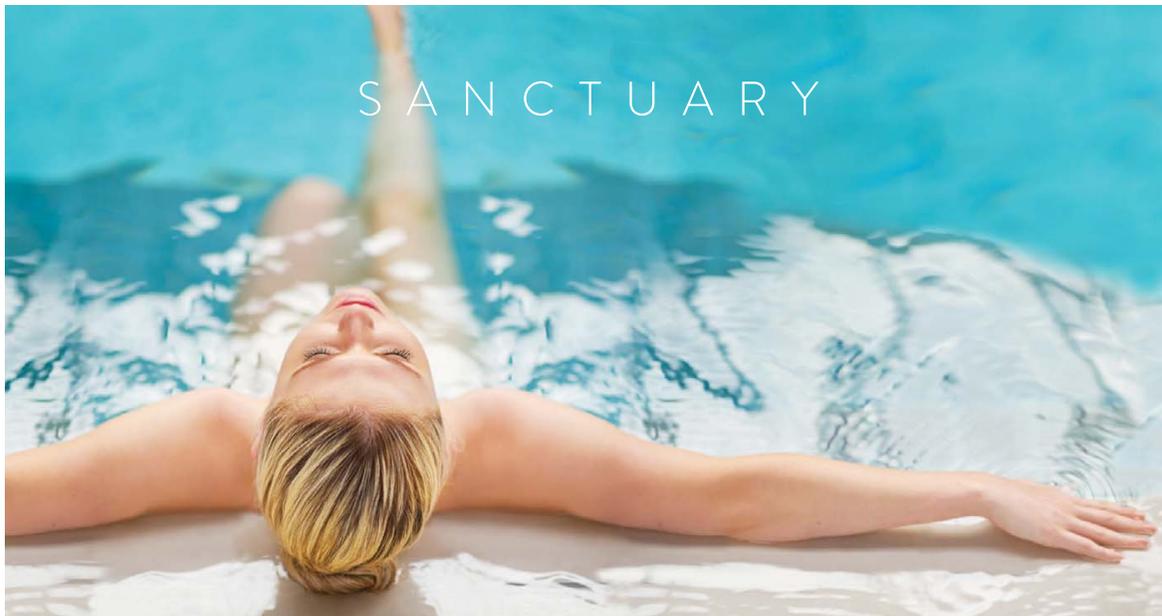
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**ABOVE:** Lakewood Ranch.

selling master-planned communities in the United States because we are designed as a primary home community for families," she said. "We have been under the same ownership for more than a century — and we have seen a consistency of vision and investment in both the tangible and intangibles — from parks, schools and hospitals to life-style programming for our residents across many generations. We are one of the largest certified green communities in Florida, and the commitment of our management to creating a special way of life for the long term is clear. And now that we are expanding closer to the cultural center of Sarasota, we are creating a new walkable neighborhood that is fully integrated with the town center, so that wherever you live, it is all interconnected with trails and waterways to get people back and forth to the park system and town. The ability to walk to the town center for shopping or restaurants, or the Players theater to see a world-class production right in your neighborhood, has taken our community to the next level. Walkability makes a huge difference to our buyers."

*Home prices start in the \$200,000s, and range up to more than \$5 million. For more information, call 800-648-1862 or visit [lakewoodranch.com](http://lakewoodranch.com).* ◆



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**LAKWOOD RANCH**

LAKWOODRANCH.COM

## Hannity

(Continued from Page 39)

yelped, squinting into the sun. “I listen to your radio show all the time!” She led us around the side of the house, where decades ago Hannity carved his name into the brick facade. The letters, scrawled in a child’s hand, were still visible. Hannity shook his head disbelievingly. “Do you want to come in?” Jenik asked.

In the kitchen, Jenik’s teenage daughter was reading the newspaper. Hannity looked toward the den. “My parents’ room was here, and my room was in the back,” Hannity said. “That’s where I’d listen to the radio. That was my obsession.”

Lillian and Hugh, originally supporters of John F. Kennedy, had, in the manner of much of white working-class America, gradually shifted their allegiance to the Republican Party, but neither had any interest in talking politics at home. Radio was Hannity’s tutor: From morning till night, he’d tune into local right-wing talkers like Bob Grant and Barry Farber, progenitors of the hyperpoliticized style that Rush Limbaugh would perfect.

Grant is today best remembered for his declaration, in 1991, that the United States was being taken over by “millions of subhumanoids, savages, who really would feel more at home careening along the sands of the Kalahari.” He was adept at toggling between genteel patter, with guests he agreed with, and explosions of indignant fury, at those he didn’t. In one memorable exchange from the late 1980s, he demanded to know the whereabouts of a caller who called him a “bigot,” roaring: “I want to meet you to kill you, you skunk! Get off my phone!”

In Hannity’s youth, “it was never, ‘Turn off the television!’” he recalls. “It was: ‘Turn that blankety-blank radio off now! Turn it off!’ And I’d say, ‘Fine,’ and then my parents would leave, and I’d put it back on.”

In the 1980s, after two years of college at New York University and Adelphi University, Hannity and Grisham drove up to Rhode Island, where they opened a wallpaper and design business. Between jobs, he read the novels of Taylor Caldwell, a conservative writer and member of the John Birch Society. Man “was made for rude combat” and “crude ferocity,” Caldwell writes in the novel “Bright Flows the River,” which Hannity, a martial-arts practitioner, cites as a favorite.

In 1989, now living in Santa Barbara, Calif., Hannity began calling in to the local talk station, KTMS, to argue the merits of the Reaganite worldview he’d absorbed from Grant and others. That fall, he applied for an unpaid position at KCSB, the radio station of the University of California, Santa Barbara. As a host, Hannity was quick to test boundaries, to jab at what he regarded as the liberal pieties of the student body. After just a few months on the air, he

invited onto his program a Lutheran minister named Gene Antonio, who contended that the government was hiding the truth about the AIDS crisis. “First of all, the rectum is designed to expel feces, not take in a penis, and so what happens is the body rebels against that,” Antonio told Hannity, explaining his theory of why gay men were prone to various diseases.

In a later broadcast, Hannity took a call from Jody May-Chang, the host of a KCSB show called “Gay and Lesbian Perspectives.” Hannity asked if it was true that May-Chang had a child with another woman. It was, May-Chang said. Hannity shot back that he felt sorry for the kid. “I think anyone that believes, anyone listening to this show that believes homosexuality is just a normal lifestyle has been brainwashed,” Hannity concluded.

Richard Flacks, then the station’s faculty adviser, says that “it was this specific moment when he deals with Jody that was something more than repulsive speech.” After the studio took the young host off the air, Hannity contacted a lawyer from the American Civil Liberties Union and successfully petitioned the university for a second chance. Then, in an act of characteristic bravado, he called for a public apology and an extra hour on the air every day. He was turned down.

Hannity told me his removal was “deserved”; in retrospect, he said, his statements were “ignorant and embarrassing.” His views on same-sex marriage, he stressed, were now “libertarian,” and he has gay friends. But it was the start of a pattern that would repeat throughout his radio and TV career: Poke, prod, provoke, step back and do it all over again. Bill Dunnivant, Hannity’s boss at his first professional radio gig, in Huntsville, Ala., recalled turning on the radio one afternoon and hearing Hannity engaging in a contentious live interview with the madam of a Nevada brothel. Dunnivant told me he pulled over at the nearest pay phone. “Don’t you ever do that again!” he shouted at Hannity. “This is a family station.”

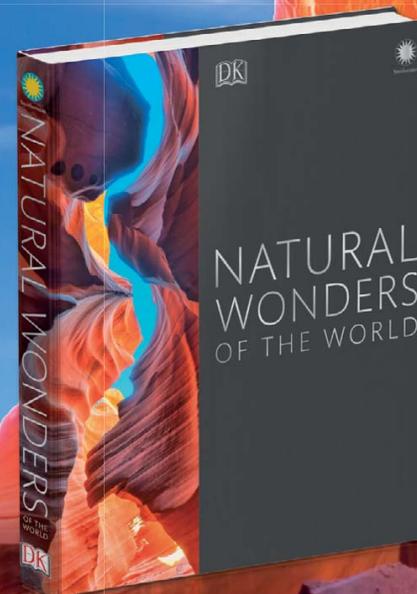
Hannity told me, “You know, the only way to be successful — it took me a little while to figure it out — is you’ve got to be yourself on the radio.” His ratings slowly improved, and in 1992, he accepted a job at WGST in Atlanta, one of the largest markets in the south. At WGST, he alternated condemnation of the White House-bound Bill Clinton, an early Hannity *bête noire*, with lighter fare, like a one-off April Fools’ Day segment in which he prodded young callers to vow not to engage in premarital sex. He also began periodically traveling to New York to appear as a political commentator on daytime programs hosted by Phil Donahue and Sally Jessy Raphael. The segments were short, but the camera liked Hannity’s blocky features and his forceful delivery.

In 1996, Hannity’s agent, David Limbaugh, got word of a new cable network being funded by the Australian media magnate Rupert Murdoch. Limbaugh had an inside line — the network’s head,

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Roger Ailes, had helped start his brother Rush's television show. He suggested Hannity apply.

A few hours later, Hannity was in Ailes's office in New York. Their conversation was short and straightforward: "Roger goes, 'Great, you're going to do a debate show,'" Hannity remembers. "And that's all it took. My life changed forever."

**Hannity's program** was given the all-important 9 p.m. slot at Fox News, but through the summer of 1996, as the network edged closer to its debut, the show still had no co-host. Ailes brought in a range of options, including Joe Conason, a seasoned investigative reporter who was then the executive editor of and a liberal columnist for The New York Observer. Conason did a screen test but was never asked back; eventually, the job went to the mild-mannered Alan Colmes. (Colmes in February of lymphoma.) "I came to the conclusion that Roger wanted a handsome, smart conservative on one side and a nerdy liberal on the other," says Patrick Halpin, a commentator and frequent guest on "Hannity & Colmes." "Alan, God rest his soul, was smart and knowledgeable, but he wasn't Joe, who would've been too strong for Hannity."

For his producer, Hannity proposed Bill Shine, whom he met while subbing in as a host on a short-lived cable network called NewsTalk Television. "The worst thing you can do to Sean Hannity," Shine told me, "is remind him of his

first day." Hannity was stiff and "petrified," in his own recollection, prone to tensing up in front of the camera. At one point, Hannity and Shine ran into each other in a parking garage on 48th Street, near the Fox headquarters. Shine asked Hannity if he thought the show would last five years. "Five years would be great," Hannity said.

In 1997, Hannity took a nighttime radio slot at WABC — the show went into national syndication the day before the 9/11 attacks — and learned to use the radio program as a workshop for television. On WABC, he could afford to float new ideas, test new lines of attack. By the next day, in time for the start of "Hannity & Colmes," the material had been sharpened and refined into talking points he could fire at his Fox audience. It was in this manner — percussively, repeatedly — that he helped bolster the case for an invasion of Iraq and chipped away at Republican support for a bipartisan 2007 path-to-citizenship bill that later perished in the United States Senate.

When Colmes left "Hannity & Colmes" in 2009, the program was rebranded as just "Hannity," and dressed up in American-flag-inspired graphics. Hannity credits Ailes for sticking with him long enough to see him prosper on television. The Fox C.E.O., Hannity told me, "was a father figure," and in 2016, Hannity vociferously defended his boss in the face of sexual-harassment allegations. (With Hannity, as with Trump,

loyalty is paramount, and although he and the former Fox News host Bill O'Reilly have not always gotten along, "Hannity" was O'Reilly's first stop at the network after being fired from Fox this year in response to allegations of sexual harassment.)

"Sean definitely led the 'Come on, guys, we can't let our boss go down' group," Geraldo Rivera told me. "But Sean is also the one who ultimately said to me, 'From what I've seen and heard, some of the allegations are true.'" Hannity told me of Ailes: "You know, sometimes people are complicated in life, sometimes it's not black and white. Some of the most brilliant people I have met in my life — something I don't have to worry about; I consider myself pretty average — the most brilliant people, often their blessing can be their curse. Do I believe everything that was said? No. Do I think maybe some of it is true? Maybe." He added, "But if you assume for a second some of it was true, that's a side of him I never knew, never saw."

**As a broadcaster,** Hannity has thrived as a champion of insurrection. In the early 1990s, he rose to regional prominence as a staunch backer of Gingrich's crusade to wrest control of Congress from the Democrats; after joining WABC in 1997, he rode the Monica Lewinsky scandal to the top of the New York talk-radio charts. And in 2009, he threw his support behind the Tea Party, a movement that inspired his early support for Trump. He became cable TV's most ardent booster of the movement, giving ample airtime to various Tea Party figures and broadcasting his television and radio programs from a Tea Party rally in downtown Atlanta. "It was exciting," Hannity recalls. "There was so much energy, and they were talking about all the [expletive] I'd been talking about for years: Small government, lower taxes."

Hannity's overt backing of the Tea Party was not unique at Fox News. But he wasn't just backing the movement on air: He was also participating in fund-raising activities and allowing his image to be attached to promotional mailers for groups like the Tea Party Patriots, which was also an advertiser on his radio show. And occasionally he pushed into fringier terrain, as when in 2011 he aired a television interview with Trump, then toying with running for president the following year, during Trump's crusade to force President Obama to release his birth certificate. Obama, Trump said, "could have easily have come from Kenya, or someplace."

"The issue could go away in a minute," Hannity interjected. "Just show the certificate."

At least publicly, Ailes did not always seem comfortable with Hannity's association with the Tea Party, and in 2010, he forbade Hannity to tape his Fox show from the stage of a Tea Party fund-raiser in Ohio. (Hannity says he was unaware that the group had charged for tickets.) But according to a source at Fox News, Ailes's private reaction was considerably more measured: "Look, Roger was smart — he knew how much money was being

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generated by the opinion-side guys versus the news-side guys.” Hannity was called into Ailes’s office and sent on his way with a promise not to involve the show in any future fund-raising gigs.

The success of the Tea Party movement, Hannity told me recently, made him certain that if Obama-era Democratic rule were going to be toppled, it would not be with more establishment Republican politics. In 2015, after observing Mitt Romney’s sound thumping in the previous presidential election, he decided to fly around the country to secure the first interview with Republican contenders, preferably immediately after each one announced. He chartered flights himself, spending almost a million dollars in travel expenses. He saw it as “an investment in the business.”

“I’d take friends, my staff, whatever,” he told me. “I’d always fill the seats.” He gravitated early to the Tea Party favorite, Ted Cruz. “But then I’d go to a Trump rally,” he told me. “You only had to open your eyes and see the enthusiasm.”

**Among Hannity’s critics,** his relationship with Trump is frequently depicted as nakedly and sycophantically transactional — one career entertainer grabbing onto the coattails of another and hanging on for dear life. But people close to the president and Hannity say this caricature vastly oversimplifies the complicated and evolving alliance between the two men and misunderstands the degree to which Trump, as candidate and president, has come to Hannity’s positions, rather than the other way around.

“A big part of how Trump gauges how things are going is how they play out on television in particular,” a Trump campaign official told me. And long before he began his presidential bid in the lobby of Trump Tower in June 2015, Trump was a frequent viewer of “Hannity.” “From that first trip down the escalator at Trump Tower,” the official went on, “Trump was able to literally speak like he was on ‘Hannity.’”

As the primaries gave way to the general election, Hannity and Trump’s campaign staff were in touch on an almost-daily basis. “Occasionally, we’d talk on Sean’s show knowing Trump was watching,” Gingrich told me. “The two most effective ways of communicating with Trump are ‘Fox & Friends’ and ‘Hannity.’”

John Gomez, Hannity’s old friend, who traveled with him on several legs of his Republican primary tour, recalled that Hannity saw something of himself in the president. “Sean knows that there’s nothing better in radio than that shocking moment, that moment that freezes you,” Gomez told me. Trump did what other politicians wouldn’t. “They’re afraid to state a controversial point. That bugs Sean.”

Bill Shine told me that when it came to the opinion side of the Fox News operation, Hannity was “early on, pretty [much] first” when it came to vocal support of Trump. This put the host at odds with a sizable portion of the Fox News brass, along with

Rupert Murdoch, who, according to Murdoch’s biographer, Michael Wolff, had advised Ailes to “tilt to anyone but Trump,” even if that anyone was Hillary Clinton. The vehemently anti-Clinton Hannity was not about to let that happen. (Ailes, after leaving Fox News, later joined the Trump campaign as a debate adviser.)

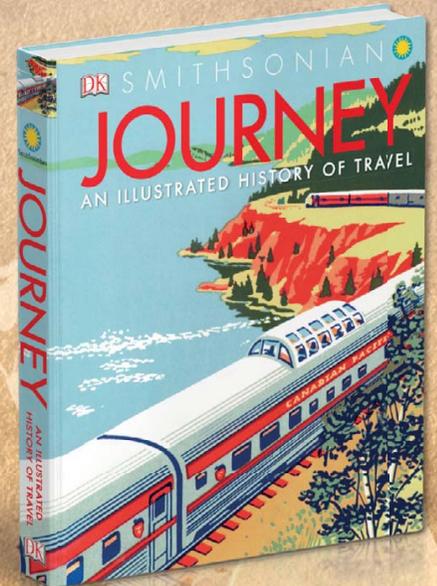
Hannity spoke directly to Trump during the campaign. “I was a little bit of a liaison,” he says, between the Trump camp and Fox News. In August 2015, Hannity’s colleague Megyn Kelly asked Trump at a Fox News-sponsored debate to account for his derogatory comments about women. “I say this just very objectively: I thought the question was patently unfair,” Hannity told me. In “Devil’s Bargain,” his book on Bannon and Trump, the Bloomberg Businessweek correspondent Joshua Green writes that Trump phoned Hannity the weekend after the debate, threatening to boycott Fox. Shortly thereafter, he tweeted: “Roger Ailes just called. He is a great guy & assures me that ‘Trump’ will be treated fairly on @FoxNews.”

Kelly has since decamped to NBC, but the fissures exposed during the 2016 campaign have widened. “Back in the day, Roger had this saying: ‘You don’t piss inside the tent,’” a longtime Fox employee told me. But since Ailes’s death, in May, news-side stars have sniped publicly at hosts like Hannity. In November, Shepard Smith used his afternoon show to throw cold water on the theory — one given extensive airtime by Hannity — that Hillary Clinton, as secretary of state, orchestrated a sale of uranium to Russia in exchange for a donation to the Clinton Foundation. (Through a spokeswoman, Smith denied he’d been referring to Hannity, and said he and Hannity “respected one another’s roles at the channel.”) And Chris Wallace, the veteran anchor, recently complained, in comments widely seen as directed at Hannity, about some of his colleagues’ propensity for attacking the rest of the media. “Bad form,” Wallace told The Associated Press.

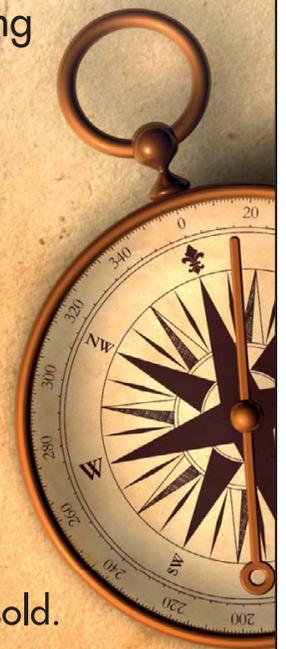
The problem for Fox News is that while Hannity has risen to become the top ratings-earner of the nightly lineup, he is also a figure prone to barreling headfirst into the murky territory between opinion and out-and-out conspiracy theorism. And Fox executives frequently have been forced to juggle advertiser discontent with the need to ensure that Hannity, whose contract allows him to depart Fox with no notice, does not leave for a rival network, like Sinclair Broadcast Group, a right-leaning owner of local TV stations.

In November, Alvin Chang, a writer for Vox, crunched data from two years of Hannity TV transcripts and concluded that Hannity was, in his mentions of topics like “the deep state” and the uranium deal, the media’s “top conspiracy theorist.” In our conversations, Hannity rejected the label, calling it a “typical left-wing attack. My whole career I’ve pursued the truth and have been proven right time after time while my colleagues are often dead wrong.” And *(Continued on Page 63)*

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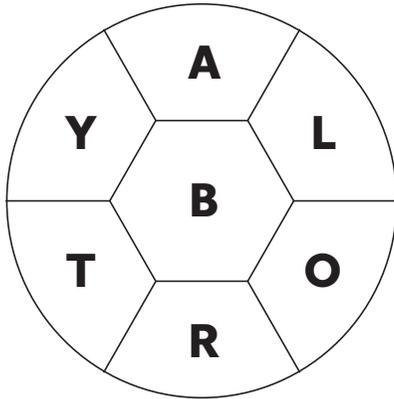


# SPELLING BEE

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: 8 = good; 15 = excellent; 22 = genius



Our list of words, worth 25 points, appears with last week's answers.

# DOUBLE OR NOTHING

By Patrick Berry

Each space in this crossword will contain either two letters or no letters. Words read across or down as usual, but may skip one or more spaces.

**ACROSS**

- 1. Surgically remove 5. Gleeful sailor's cry (2 wds.) 6. Papal name that sounds like a word meaning "holy" 7. Letter's counterpart? 8. R&B genre 9. GPS suggestions

**DOWN**

- 1. Lapse, as a subscription 2. Herb used to make salsa 3. Puts in the mail (2 wds.) 4. Casino-specific policies (2 wds.)

1	2	3	4
5			
6			
7			
8			
9			

# 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	2
		4	5
3		3	

→

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

			3		3
		6			
3		3			6
7			1	3	4
	6	9	5		
	5				

# CRYPTIC CROSSWORD

By Daniel Raymon

**ACROSS**

- 1 Glorify Eagles hit vocally (7)
- 5 "I'm telling the truth," mutters suspect (5,2)
- 9 Turned table and served another helping (5)
- 10 Each time follows accordingly — one overly dramatic episode after another (4,5)
- 11 Young lady with fur said "F-I-R" instead of "F-U-R" (8)
- 12 Room with ceiling windows is a success, barring penthouse (6)
- 14 New England quarters back from the Fertile Crescent (4,7)
- 18 Fat French person in the market for edible insect (11)
- 21 El Niño changed where surfers are found (6)

- 23 "Step on it!" panted Unser (3,5)
- 25 Small program includes pitch for fruity pastry (5,4)
- 26 Mediterranean island without its leader is in a hostile state (5)
- 27 Awfully musty boxes identify large amount of money (4,3)
- 28 Darn! Mars or Mercury, in retrospect, is bright spot in the night sky (3,4)

**DOWN**

- 1 Football team reset alarms (1,1,4)
- 2 Love a chum, for example, and like a klutz (6)
- 3 Liquid didn't seep, possibly (2,7)
- 4 Country in ruins — sad all over (2,8)

- 5 Southeast Asian liaison, by the sound of it (4)
- 6 Underwater menace swimming about (1-4)
- 7 Topics involving titanium for English paper (3,5)
- 8 Site where you can find matches and order ham on rye (8)
- 13 The plan we'd developed for job posting (4,6)
- 15 Fastening accessories, bottom to top (9)
- 16 Essentially, Signor Antonio is uninformed (8)
- 17 Lass ran leisurely and ran quickly (8)
- 19 Commercial break is purposeless (6)
- 20 Musician's piano film (6)
- 22 Must have heard massages (5)
- 24 Lady looking both ways (4)

1		2		3		4		5		6		7		8
9				10										
11								12						
								13						
16		17												
18														
													19	20
21				22			23							
							24							
25												26		
27									28					

**Hannity**

(Continued from Page 61)

to watch Hannity regularly is to observe how distant the host is from a figure like the Infowars proprietor Alex Jones. Jones endorses theories; Hannity almost never does, leaving that job to his guests. It is a dance that has the effect of nourishing the more wild-eyed beliefs of his fans while providing Hannity a degree of plausible deniability.

This approach was on full display during the 2016 election, when Hannity invited a doctor to analyze Hillary Clinton's health on the basis of video footage. ("That looks like violent, out of control movements on her part," Hannity suggested hopefully.) And it was most infamously evident in his coverage of the case of Seth Rich, a young staff member at the Democratic National Committee murdered in July 2016, in what Washington police say was a street robbery gone bad. But others, like the founder of WikiLeaks, Julian Assange, soon began suggesting that Rich had been killed in retaliation for the leaking of sensitive internal D.N.C. emails. This February, a prominent Trump supporter, Ed Butowsky, offered to bankroll a former Washington homicide detective and Fox News contributor named Rod Wheeler to look into the case; according to court documents in a continuing federal lawsuit brought by Wheeler, he and Butowsky later met with Sean Spicer, then the White House press secretary, and briefed him on the story.

For Hannity, Wheeler's investigation did double duty as drama and political cudgel: If Rich was involved in the leaks, then the contention that Russia had undertaken the hack on behalf of Trump would be discredited. And on May 16, he invited Wheeler onto "Hannity." "Is there any evidence," Hannity asked, that Rich "might have been disgruntled by the treatment of Bernie Sanders and the unfairness, and that the fix was in, to put Hillary in that position" as the Democratic presidential candidate, "and maybe had evidence of that?" Wheeler demurred, but said that his investigation had uncovered proof that Rich was "having problems" at the D.N.C. "So connect the dots here," Wheeler suggested. (In his lawsuit, Wheeler claims that the Trump administration and Fox News conspired to push the Rich story on air. Butowsky denies many allegations within the lawsuit and has filed a motion to have it dismissed.)

After Rich's family demanded an apology and a retraction from Fox News, Hannity stopped mentioning Rich on the air, and he declined to discuss the case directly with me. But he has also tweeted that he is still looking into the circumstances of Rich's death: "Ok TO BE CLEAR, I am closer to the TRUTH than ever. Not only am I not stopping, I am working harder. Updates when available." He visited Assange at the Ecuadorean embassy in London, and he told me that he has continued to exchange messages with Kim Dotcom, a New Zealand-based fugitive internet entrepreneur and another proponent of the (Continued on Page 65)

**Answers to puzzles of 11.26.17**

**INSIDE OUT**

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

**KENKEN**

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

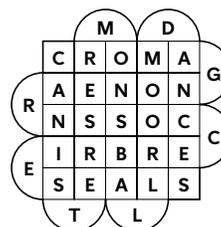
7	2	1	6	4	3	5
2	5	3	4	7	6	1
1	6	4	7	3	5	2
4	3	7	2	5	1	6
6	4	2	5	1	7	3
3	7	5	1	6	2	4
5	1	6	3	2	4	7

**ACROSTIC**

**A. C. DOYLE, THE SIGN OF THE FOUR** — Detection is, or ought to be, an exact science. ... You have attempted to tinge it with romanticism, which produces much the same effect as if you worked a love story or an elopement into the fifth proposition of Euclid.

- |                  |               |                |
|------------------|---------------|----------------|
| A. Axiomatic     | I. Halfwit    | Q. Tit for tat |
| B. Capote        | J. Eccentric  | R. Hero        |
| C. Dr. Watson    | K. Sherlock   | S. Ecotype     |
| D. Open-and-shut | L. Indefinite | T. Fathom      |
| E. Y chromosome  | M. Get high   | U. Obvious     |
| F. Locomote      | N. News item  | V. Unified     |
| G. Evident       | O. Octopus    | W. Repute      |
| H. Taut          | P. Fisheye    |                |

**SWITCHBACKS**



**BOXING MATCH**

3	1	6	5	3	5
8	2	5	7	4	6
9	7	4	8	3	4
2	3	5	4	5	4
7	4	4	6	6	5
6	8	6	5	4	6

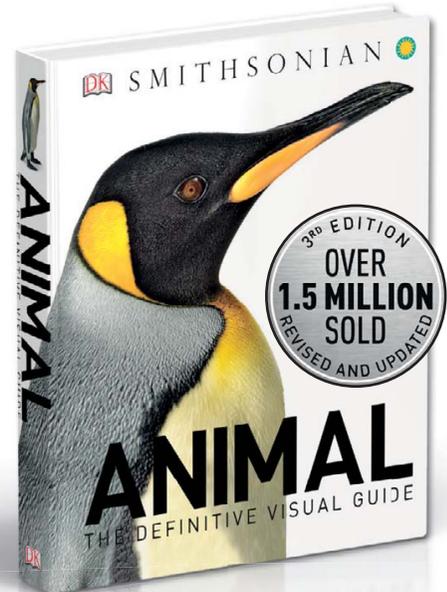
**Answers to puzzle on Page 62**

**SPELLING BEE**

Laboratory (3 points). Also: Abbot, abort, arbor, ballboy, ballot, baobab, batboy, batty, bloat, blotto, booboo, booby, booty, bratty, labor, lobby, loblolly, robot, tabby, taboo, tallboy, toolbar. If you found other legitimate dictionary words in the beehive, feel free to include them in your score.



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# SHELL GAME

By David Steinberg

**ACROSS**

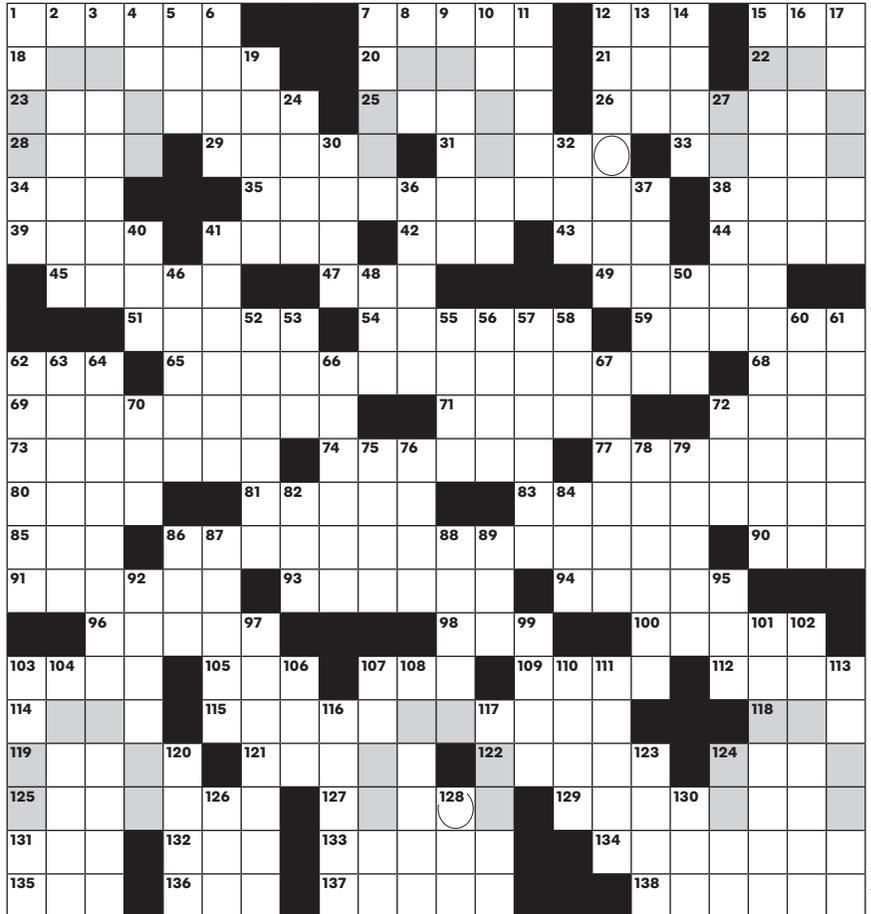
- 1 Browns
- 7 Four-hit achievement, in baseball lingo
- 12 Mil. posts
- 15 🐼 🐼 🐼
- 18 The U.S., in Mexico
- 20 Milo of "Romeo and Juliet," 1968
- 21 Hawaii's \_\_\_ Day
- 22 Low
- 23 "Et tu?" and others
- 25 Lotion ingredients
- 26 Suburb of Chicago
- 28 Joyful internet cry
- 29 Bubbly mixer
- 31 Popeye's boy
- 33 Harassed, in a sense
- 34 Cartoon seller of Squishees
- 35 Pyrex glass marking
- 38 Jackson 5 member
- 39 Philip who wrote "Portnoy's Complaint"
- 41 Cain and Abel's younger brother
- 42 Word before questions or advice
- 43 Do sales work, informally
- 44 A part of
- 45 Band with the 1989 platinum debut album "Junta"

- 47 Darryl, in the comic "Baby Blues"
- 49 Accomplishing
- 51 Poke around
- 54 The "K" in Kmart
- 59 Places for plugs
- 62 Plastic-dispenser producer
- 65 The clue for 128-Down, if this shell game weren't a scam
- 68 Hardly guzzle
- 69 Group of pros
- 71 "Rights of Man" author, 1791
- 72 Early Cuzco dweller
- 73 Series of mistakes?
- 74 Vacation spot
- 77 Inside-dope source
- 80 Prefix with business
- 81 Chilled
- 83 With 13-Down, herbal brew
- 85 Cartoon seller of Duff Beer
- 86 The clue for 127-Across, if this shell game weren't a scam
- 90 Former N.E.L.'ers Detmer and Law
- 91 All together
- 93 Shapes of some Halloween cookies
- 94 Country united in 1990
- 96 Soft-drink options

- 98 A peeling place?
- 100 Westernmost of the ABC Islands
- 103 "Bug"
- 105 Hosp. worker
- 107 Prefix with caching
- 109 2,5, for the set {1, 2, 3, 4}
- 112 Classic sculpture
- 114 Novel narrated by a soon-to-be mutineer
- 115 Material for small buildings?
- 118 Proctor's warning
- 119 Students often take them out
- 121 When some bars close
- 122 Edict
- 124 End in \_\_\_
- 125 Style influenced by Cubism
- 127 Like hand motions during a shell game
- 129 Professional group with a van
- 131 Month of l'année
- 132 Singer Reed
- 133 Four-time World Series-winning manager
- 134 In the near future
- 135 Superfund org.
- 136 Something to build on
- 137 Looks fabulous, in slang
- 138 Pincher

**DOWN**

- 1 England and Spain fought one in 1588



- 2 Smirnoff Ice, e.g.
- 3 Lacking polish
- 4 Push
- 5 Verbal stumbles
- 6 Walks or runs, for short
- 7 Work together
- 8 Fashion inits.
- 9 Elected
- 10 Degree of freedom
- 11 Lightens
- 12 Like hounds and most bunny rabbits
- 13 See 83-Across
- 14 Guru, maybe
- 15 "Pretty cool, huh?"
- 16 Johannesburg neighborhood much in the news during apartheid
- 17 Underground locale
- 19 Give a ring while on the road?
- 24 Tizzy
- 27 Typical Vanidades reader
- 30 How many TV shows are shown
- 32 Port. is part of it
- 36 One caring for a bébé
- 37 Classical poem
- 40 Email openers
- 41 Egghead?
- 46 Deceitful sort
- 48 Grp. with lots of pointers
- 50 Like the verbs "eat" and "drink": Abbr.
- 52 Bobcat relative
- 53 Fund-raising org.
- 55 Fair
- 56 Warm up for a bout, say
- 57 Bug
- 58 Ages and ages
- 60 With politesse
- 61 They're symbolized by slashes
- 62 Minecraft or StarCraft
- 63 Fantasy novel hero who rides the dragon Saphira
- 64 Capital 175 miles east of Venice, Italy
- 66 Lottery
- 67 Record again
- 70 Dernier \_\_\_
- 72 Philosophy-class suffix
- 75 Marc of fashion
- 76 Follows a pattern?
- 78 Much-covered 1955 Bo Diddley hit
- 79 Juice
- 82 Verb often said three times in a row
- 84 It's cut and dried
- 86 All right
- 87 Immune-system component
- 88 "Let's do this thing!"
- 89 Amt. of seasoning
- 92 Loch on the border of the Highlands
- 95 Worn-down pencil
- 97 Say quickly
- 99 One way to run
- 101 Greyhound offering
- 102 Most visibly frightened
- 103 Develop a limp
- 104 Hybrid music genre of the 2010s
- 106 Houston-to-Dallas dir.
- 107 Desert, in a way
- 108 City west of Binghamton
- 110 Pulitzer-winning novelist Jennifer
- 111 Total jerks
- 113 Group with two Top 10 rock operas
- 116 Runs to
- 117 They have long necks and round bodies
- 120 Bear's advice
- 123 Bearlike creature in sci-fi
- 124 Oil crisis?
- 126 Murmur
- 128 Cook in oil
- 130 Only three-letter scale note

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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.

9+	2÷		2-	4+
	10×			
1		1-		2-
1-	9+		1	
	2-		9+	

2-	5-		84×		3÷
	10+			5+	
24×		14+	6-		3-
2÷	3-		1-	13+	7
			3	4-	
4-		3÷			5+
3-		1-		2	8+

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## Hannity

(Continued from Page 63)

Rich-as-D.N.C.-leaker story. “There is a much deeper story yet to be heard,” he said.

Hannity’s intransigence is Trumpian in its effectiveness: By backing off on reporting on Fox News about Rich, but maintaining his contention that there “is something going on,” he is effectively having it both ways. At least until a killer is found, he will never have to admit he is wrong. And Trump will continue to be the beneficiary.

**One Sunday evening** this fall, Hannity sat in the back room of Chris & Tony’s, an Italian restaurant in a strip mall off Jericho Turnpike, in Syosset, a Long Island town. Hannity visits Chris & Tony’s regularly, and he ordered without looking at the menu — baked clams, Kobe beef meatballs, a cheese-covered dish he informed me was known as Heroin Chicken. He poked at the meat hesitantly. At 55, Hannity is increasingly worried about his weight; he recently switched to light beer, and he has upped the frequency of his workouts with his martial-arts trainer, Glenn Rubin.

“We have days we call ‘keeping it real,’” he said. “And keeping it real is like this guy who’s so big and so strong, and he’s coming up to me all throughout an hour-and-15-minute session and putting me in chokeholds, seeing how I respond to a gun to my head. You know, how do I deal with blades? And then another day is pain day, and then literally you put out your arms, ‘Boom, boom, boom.’” He mimed a hammer-punching motion against his forearm and stomach. “It’s made me stronger than I’ve ever been in my life.”

A waiter appeared with two more pints of beer. When he left, Hannity gestured toward him. “I’m no different to all the service businesses,” he said. It was a theme he returned to frequently, his enduring fixation on consumer demand — what made people angry or happy, what turned them on or off. Hannity, who was recently inducted into the National Radio Hall of Fame, told me he continues to pay for his own focus-group surveys of his radio and television shows: What he seems to fear more than

anything else is the prospect of a fan picking up the remote.

For now, he has little to worry about. During the Moore scandal, he ascended to the top of the cable-news ratings heap. In the weeks after our first meeting, I kept in close touch with Hannity by text. As John Gomez, Hannity’s longtime friend, had warned me, Hannity appears to be constitutionally unable not to answer his phone, and the messages often arrived at night — “asleep at 11 p.m.?” read one chiding text — or even on commercial breaks from his television show.

Sometimes, Hannity would preview segments to me, offering the broad arguments that he would refine and repeat that night. “Remember trump lost VA and NJ. No shock,” he texted after Republican losses in races for governor in those states; that night on the air, he repeated the words almost verbatim. “Massive boomerang coming back on Dems on Russia,” he texted before a segment on the purported uranium deal; a few days later, Attorney General Jeff Sessions’s office announced it would consider appointing a special counsel to look into the supposed deal. The influence obviously thrilled him, as did the reactions it could provoke. “I say it,” he texted, “and it’s gone. Then liberals bubble and fizz and give off steam like Alka-Seltzer in water.”

In October, Hannity flew to Middletown, Pa., to interview Trump in advance of a rally to gin up support for tax reform. Sitting inches from the president, Hannity covered the biggest issues of the day, serving as rudder and prompt — steering Trump gently to friendly terrain. The new tax cuts, Trump said, would be “massive”; working-class Pennsylvanians were “incredible”; health care reform would be “great”; and Democratic policies were “terrible,” an adjective the president went on to apply to Colin Kaepernick, the education system and the urban crime rate.

Hannity, smiling solicitously throughout, let the roar of the crowd stand in for his response.

“I will say this,” Trump told his friend, before leaving the stage. “You have been so great. And I’m very proud of you.” ♦

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# Cornel West Doesn't Want to Be a Neoliberal Darling

Interview by Audie Cornish

**After nearly a year of the Trump presidency, do you regret your criticisms of Barack Obama?** Oh, no. I told the truth. When I said drone strikes are crimes against humanity, when I said Obama bailed out Wall Street rather than Main Street — I shall forever support that. I was just speaking to the reality that people are hurting, and we have to do the same thing under Trump as we did under Obama.

**Do you feel as if the black community punished you for that?** I think most black people disagreed with me, but they didn't call for my punishment. They just disagreed in terms of the timing and the intensity of it. But somebody's got to tell that truth and be pushed to the margins no matter what — every generation has it, and I don't mind being it.

**In the original introduction to "Race Matters," you wrote that there was a crisis of black leadership. Now we're seeing this whole new generation of black activists: Black Lives Matter, or even N.F.L. athletes taking a knee during the national anthem. Do you still see this crisis?**

Well, I was talking about the crisis of black elite leadership. When it comes to black leaders, if the model is to be successful but not publicly attack white supremacy — well, then that's really about success to fit in. Fitting in, in a neoliberal world, is to be well adjusted to injustice. I'll give you an example: Dear brother Ta-Nehisi Coates has just come out with a new book.

**Yes. "We Were Eight Years in Power."** Who's the "we"? When's the last time he's been through the ghetto, in the hoods, to the schools and indecent housing and mass unemployment? We were in power



**Age:** 64

**Occupation:** Professor at Harvard Divinity School

**Hometown:** Sacramento, Calif.

Cornel West is an author and public speaker. The 25th-anniversary edition of his book "Race Matters" will be published this month.

**His Top 5 Contemporary Artists:**

1. Kendrick Lamar
2. Logic
3. Erykah Badu
4. Jill Scott
5. Raheem DeVaughn

for eight years? My God. Maybe he and some of his friends might have been in power, but not poor working people.

**There are a lot of black intellectuals dissecting these issues. Coates is just one them.** That's true. But I mention him because he is currently the darling of the white and black neoliberal establishment. **At one point, someone might have said the same thing of you.** Oh, they tried to make me the darling of the liberal establishment. I refused it.

**You've weighed in on the debate on how liberal college campuses treat visiting conservative speakers. What do you think this generation is getting wrong when it comes to discourse?** We're losing the capacity to learn from and listen to one another. I'm not supporting low-quality left and right voices: You don't need the Milos of the world to gain access when you've got some right-wing folk who actually have something to say.

**The argument you often hear from students is that they ought to be able to protest language they object to.** They have a right to protest. But the shutdown of speech is qualitatively different from protesting against speech.

**You've always written about the role of music in social movements. What are you listening to these days?** For the most part, I listen to old-school rhythm and blues, but I like some of the young hip-hop artists. What I miss among the younger generation is that they don't have too many group performers. There's a sweetness in the soul groups that's missing these days. Tenderness is what I want. The young folk grew up with the song "Say My Name." We grew up with "Try a Little Tenderness." There's a major cultural shift in those songs.

**Given the provocativeness of your own language, your asking for tenderness is pretty interesting.** Remember what James Baldwin said about Malcolm X? He said that Malcolm X was one of the most gentle men he ever met. He exemplified tenderness. Now, was Malcolm's language tender? Hell, no. He had to be very harsh in talking about harsh conditions, but it doesn't mean he's not a tender person. I believe in tenderness, but I'm not going to be tender for those folk who are engaging in policies that crush poor working people, women, gays, lesbians, trans people, black people, indigenous people. No, no, no, no, not at all. ♦

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