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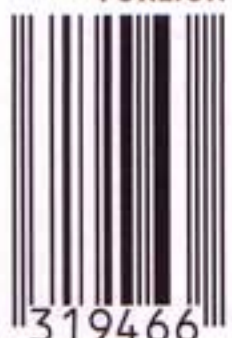
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Jacobson rode an escalator up a couple of flights, sat at a table, and discussed what comes next.

Jacobson said, "When the first book was finished but not yet published, we decided to do the Bible. Old Testament, New Testament, this is what *these* guys believe, this is what the *other* guys believe. We thought, Holy cow! This'll kill 'em. We're gonna make a fortune every year, besides doing the world some good. And no one was interested, no one wanted it."

"I love it when we get pretentious," Colón said.

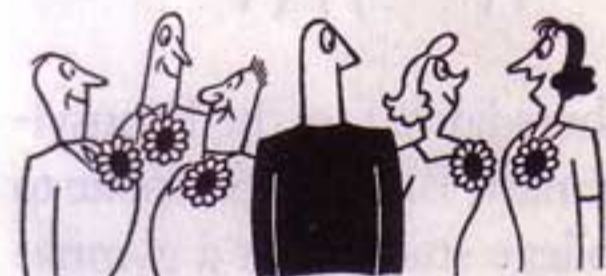
No matter. They now have two non-fiction books under contract, plus another three in the works.

"We've basically gotten new careers out of this," Jacobson said. "This is full time for both of us." He added, "We just autographed a book for General Petraeus. We inscribed it, 'To Dave, from the boys.'"

"Plus, 'Hell no, we won't go,'" Colón said. "We've got other things to do."

—Mark Singer

PUBLIC LIFE BLOOMING



If there was a feeling of apprehension hanging over last week's Daffodil Project Benefit Breakfast, where Michelle Paige Paterson, the new First Lady of New York, was a guest, it may have been because the only thing most New Yorkers know about their new First Lady is something people often don't know about their own spouses: that she had an affair (and her husband did, too) and that much of the saga—both her husband's trysts and the couple's reconciliation—took place at a Days Inn on West Ninety-fourth Street. It was a strange way to begin, but the circumstances surrounding David Paterson's unexpected promotion had put things out of order: disclosure, crisis, and redemption had come first; now it was time for getting to know you.

There were a hundred and seventy people at breakfast, at the Bryant Park Grill, eating yogurt parfaits from Martini glasses. Conversation hewed mostly to

daffodils—symbol of hope, of spring-time, and, since last year, the official flower of New York City. Christine Quinn, the City Council Speaker, told the crowd that, to her, daffodils represent resilience: they remind her of the period after September 11, 2001, and how "this city came back to life." Lynden Miller, the public-garden designer who founded the program, for which volunteers plant daffodils in city parks, stuck to the theme. "It's tough and resilient and cheerful and loud and noisy," she said. "It comes up every year and nothing stops it. Tulips get eaten by squirrels."

Paterson, who was sitting at a front table, smiled at this image. An avid exerciser, she looked tall and fit, and was wearing a black suit, high heels, pearls, and a black pashmina. Henry Stern, the ex-Parks Commissioner, who was reminding people of their "park names"—the nicknames he habitually bestows on civil servants—said he hadn't picked one for her yet. (Helen Marshall, the Queens borough president, was Sunflower; Scott Stringer, the Manhattan borough president, was Terrier; Quinn was Mighty.)

Paterson's friend Carmen Walker-Gay, a board member of New Yorkers for Parks, said that she had persuaded her to get involved with the Daffodil Project when they were discussing the First Lady's work to combat childhood obesity. (Paterson is a health-care expert at Health Insurance Plan of New York.) Walker-Gay had met her husband, Darrell Gay, an attorney, at a party the Patersons threw fifteen years ago. She said that it had been hard watching her friend's transition from public to very public life. "I feel for her," she said. "It's a drastic change overnight."

Darrell Gay, sitting a few seats over, said that Mrs. Paterson was resilient, like a daffodil. "I think being the First Lady is hard," he said. "But Michelle is her own person. She can represent the office very well." He was asked if he remembered her being interested in fitness. "Well, if you consider dancing and parties exercise, yes." He said that he had got to know David Paterson when they were both young lawyers, and he recalled marvelling at all the things that David, who is legally blind, could do. "I've always been impressed," he said. "I saw him break-dance, and it was amazing. Fantastic." He said later, "It was like,

if you remember the Al Pacino movie 'Scent of a Woman'? He was like that."

Mrs. Paterson said that the gardening talk had made her think about her childhood: "I practically lived in Central Park. I grew up on the Upper East Side, and I spent a lot of my after-school hours in the Park riding my bike. And I'm a run-



Michelle Paige Paterson

ner, too, so I ran around the reservoir." When she was a child, she said, "I was Miss Goody Two-Shoes. I was, like, the perfect daughter. My mother tells me now that as an adult I'm rebelling."

—Lizzie Widdicombe

DEPT. OF ISMS WAR GAMES



The centerpiece of the recent "Form as Strategy" exhibit, at Columbia's Buell Center, was a copper- and silver-plated board game called *Le Jeu de la Guerre*—a kind of modernist take on chess conceived in 1977 by the Marxist philosopher and filmmaker Guy Debord, with inspiration from the military theorist Carl von Clausewitz. Toward the end of his life, Debord, who led the situationist movement, in the late nineteen-sixties, wrote of the game, "I fear that this may well be the only one of my works that anyone will dare acknowl-



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edge as having some value." By that point, a cardboard edition, intended for mass distribution, had been produced, along with a book detailing the rules. But the game's fate was to be more like a cult object—a Dungeons & Dragons for scholars of the Parisian avant-garde.

Only a handful of the metal originals were ever made. Securing one, from Alice Becker-Ho, Debord's widow, was a cumbersome ordeal that took months and required an intermediary in Switzerland, as Diana Martinez, who helped curate the exhibit, explained recently. Becker-Ho does not readily communicate by telephone and does not use e-mail, Martinez was told. "Then, one day, we randomly received a fax from her—amazingly," Martinez said. The center had arranged, in the meantime, to feature Kriegspiel (German for "war game"), a computerized version of the old Debord invention, which was created by a local programming collective called the Radical Software Group. At the exhibit's opening, a few weeks ago, a six-minute documentary about the making of Kriegspiel was shown on a video screen beneath the Jeu de la Guerre board itself.

"It was a commercial flop," Alexander Galloway, the founder of the Radical Software Group and an associate professor of culture and communication at N.Y.U., said shortly after the opening, while standing over the Jeu de la Guerre

board, and describing the roles of the different objects—arsenals, fortresses, artillery, mountains, cavalry. The two sides, he explained, are referred to as the northern territory and the southern territory, each containing two hundred and fifty squares. "I've been researching this game for about a year, very closely, but I'd never seen it before," he said. "In his famous book from 1987, Guy Debord plays against his wife, Alice, and they never say who plays north and who plays south. In my own research, I think I've determined that he plays south."

Galloway's scholarly pursuits were of less interest to Becker-Ho than was his apparent violation of the Debord estate's copyright on *Le Jeu de la Guerre*. (Kriegspiel was made available for free downloading about two months ago, and now has a few hundred registered players. "It's a smattering of, like, black-wearing English graduate students and sixty-year-old military-reenactment nerds," Galloway said.) Through a law firm in Paris, Becker-Ho sent cease-and-desist letters both to Galloway and to N.Y.U. at the end of March, requesting that Kriegspiel be taken off-line.

"I think she found out about it because there was an article in *Libération*, the French newspaper," Galloway said. "Dead Marxist. Game. What a good story!" He referred to Debord's most famous book,

"The Society of the Spectacle," which rejects claims to copyright. Then, just in case, he decided to "redact and disavow" various references he has made to Kriegspiel as an "edition" of Debord's game.

Becker-Ho's lawyer, when informed that Debord's game was displayed alongside the electronic version, said that her client was "furious," but would not offer any comment about the seeming irony of a revolutionary Marxist pursuing copyright claims against a free video game. Instead, she sent a letter to the Buell Center, asking that the curators "suppress any connection with the work of Guy Debord," where Kriegspiel was concerned. The Buell Center, which had not been told of the legal skirmishing, complied, and the video-game documentary was moved to another room, where it played in a continuous loop, without sound.

—Ben McGrath

CAMPAIGN JOURNAL BILL VS. BARACK



On the Thursday before the Pennsylvania primary, Bill Clinton spoke to a crowd of college students at a gymnasium in Lock Haven. The event was typical of the stops—forty-seven of them—that the former President had made in the state during the seven weeks leading up to the vote. Lock Haven is a small town (pop. 9,000), hours away from Pittsburgh or Philadelphia, and the crowd was modest (half the gym's floor space was empty). Within the campaign, Clinton's enthusiasm for rustling votes in these remote corners was a source of amusement. When I asked what he was doing on Election Day, a Clinton campaign adviser said, "I think he's leading a caravan of Wal-Mart greeters to the polls."

On the stump, the former President dispensed idiosyncratic political analysis. "One of the reasons that she won Ohio that nobody wrote about," he said, without explanation, "is that Ohio has a plant that produces the largest number of solar reflectors in America." He offered commentary about his wife's earlier limitations as a candidate: "I think Hillary's become a much better speaker." But, most of all,