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Mark Dzierisk, FIDSA (editor of Innovation)

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Frank Gehry Brochure



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The fuel consumption and CO₂ emission figures can be found from page 88 onwards.

A7
Audi A7 Sportback

Audi Brochure

Skills

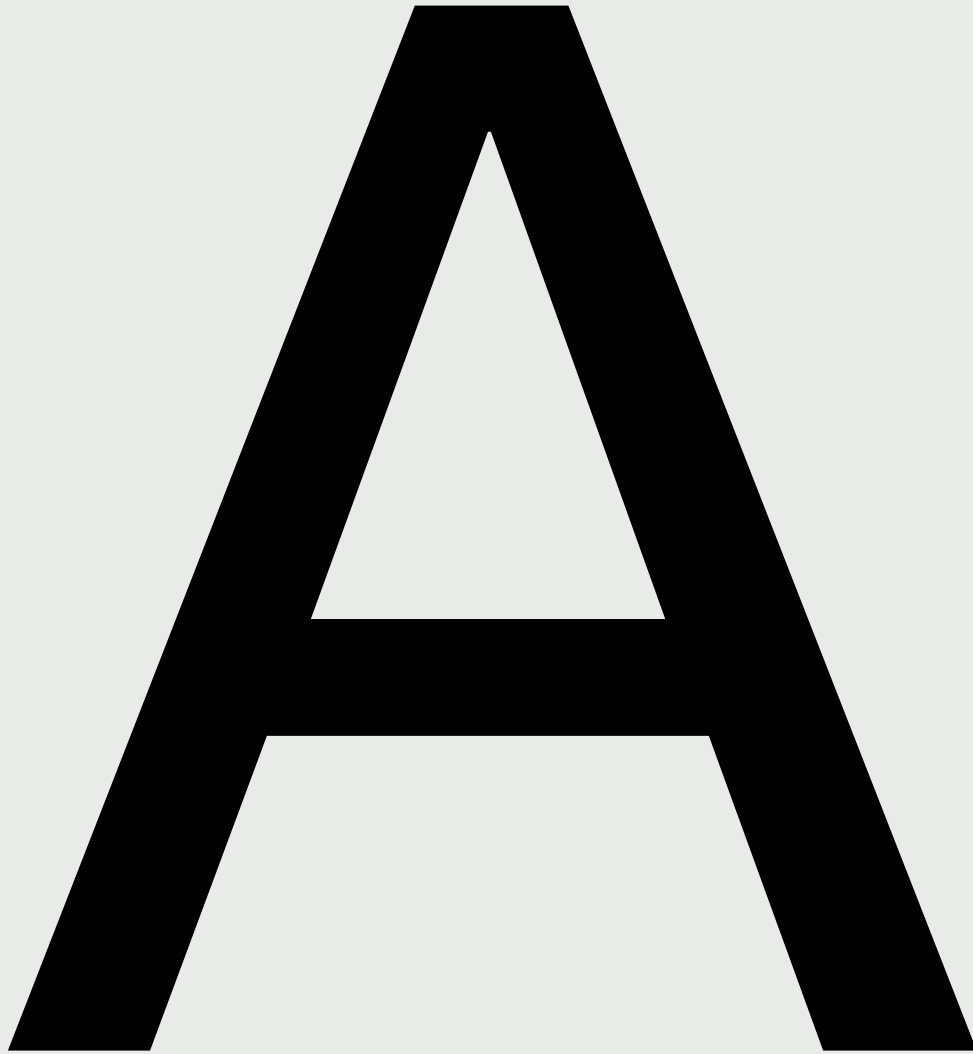
Knowledge

Qualities

Professional Training



Serif



San Serif

Helvetica

Caslon

Snell Roundhand

Typeface



Font

Helvetica Neue Light

Helvetica Neue Light Italic

Helvetica Neue Regular

Helvetica Neue Italic

Helvetica Neue Medium

Helvetica Neue Bold

Helvetica Neue Bold Italic

Helvetica Neue Condensed Bold

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Typeface (Font) Family

- 1. No more than three typefaces/fonts per composition**
- 2. Serif typefaces are usually used for longer transcripts**
- 3. Paragraph blocks should not be more than two alphabet lengths wide**
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THE CRITICS



ON TELEVISION

FAKING IT

'Mad Men's' Don Draper problem.

BY EMBRY NISBAUM

When we first met Don Draper, back in 2010, which is to say, back in 1960, he was like a billboard for his own charisma. Handsome as a soccer, he clearly got a kick out of his own cinematic stardom, using it to manipulate both men and women. Yet Don spent that day in a park, struggling to devise an ad for Lucky Strike cigarettes. "I have nothing," he lashed at his mistress. "I am sure. And they're finally gonna know it. Next time you see me, there'll be a bunch of young executives picking meat off my ribs."

His nerves were a kind of theme, of course. Twenty-three minutes later, in the Sterling Cooper boardroom, Don pulled a perfect pitch out of thin air, the first of many ruminations. His colleague Pete wanted Lucky Strike to embrace death, but Don knew that a distraction was needed. "Everybody else's tobacco is poisonous," he explained to the client. "Lucky Strike's is natural." Available television's latest had boy, with all the sex and none of the violence of his predecessors, Draper was an immediate hit with audience: the man who could read symbols but couldn't be read himself—a mystery wrapped in an enigma wrapped in Jon Hamm.

In its sixth season, "Mad Men" is in certain ways an even more ambitious show than it was at the start, with an idiosyncratic, legitimately paranoid sense of character and plot. (What other show would have someone run over a British interloper's face with a letter opener, or include a blackface performance? Hey,

remember when Duck forced his dog out the front door? The series doesn't get enough credit for its sick sense of humor.) It begins at a slow pace, and, as seasons passed, it had the confidence to get even slower, establishing a bold TV aesthetic: hypnotic, with a defiant stageness, as dense with textual significance as "Lost." If there's wallpaper to be ripped off the wall, suggesting a crack in society's civilizational veneer, well, then, an innocent little boy is going to rip it. "Mad Men" is braced with ultra-Freudian imagery—a gold violin, a rotten tooth—and it uses its camera less as a pair of eyes than as a proscenium, framing images as if they were posters. (You can see the influence of the show's rhythms all over TV these days, on dramas like Sundance's "Top of the Lake" and "Rectify," as well as on HBO's "Enlightenment" and NBC's "The House.") While some of the showrunner Matt Weiner's scenes are clunky—do we really need to see Peggy imagining herself kissing Ted Chabough—most often they linger in the imagination, slanting and turning surreal, much as actual memories do. Having spanned so many years, both imaginary and real, "Mad Men" has become a show that induces nostalgia for itself.

Yet, if "Mad Men" is still influential, its substance is a different matter. And the trouble, oddly, is Don. This season began with a wonderfully confused, elliptical episode, two hours

long. The show's Kodak time machine has spun to December, 1967, and Don is on a luxurious Hawaiian vacation, paid for by a client. In this artificial paradise, he has stoned sex with Megan, his lovely second wife, guests at a fancy luncheon, and relaxes on the beach while reading Dostoevsky's Inferno: "Midway in our life's journey, I went away from the straight road, and woke to find myself alone in a dark wood." Then he returns to Manhattan, to a life that seems stable and real, until the final sequence, which slyly inverts "Mad Men" 's plot: instead of a wife being revealed, our papa a hidden mistress. That would be the woman who gave Don his Dostoevsky—Sybil Rosen, his latest dumped boss's wife, the wife of a slow flier, a crucifix dangling from her gaudy device.

Like the show's plot, the episode was stocked with intimations of death: a doctor has a heart attack, there's a funeral for Roger's mother, at one point, Megan runs her hand over Don's face, closing his eyes as if he were in a coffin. But Don has lost control of his brand. Now in his forties, an established patron at a firm that bears his name, he pitches an ad that falls flat, precisely because he is unable to conceal what's on his mind. It's a proud stretch of insipidness on a beach, a man's suit lying on the sand, and an empty ocean stars. Everyone else at the meeting sees it for what it is: a fantasy of suicide. His code broken, Don falters, unable to impose in front of the people he used to dominate. When he attends Roger's mother's funeral, he vomits publicly. "He was just saying what everyone else was thinking," Roger says.

This is a fantastic theme, in theory—the downfall of the man in the suit, as foretold by the show's iconic opening credits. The episode was beautifully structured, but it was also worrisome: Don had become a drag. "Mad Men" 's other characters—Peggy, Roger, Pete, Joan, the bizarre Betty (her blood hair now dyed Veronica Blake)—largely find like individuals, escapes from their archetypes. Newer roles, including Don's black secretary, Dawn, are more contrived, but the show keeps finding fresh angles on complicated subjects, like the death of Martin Luther King, Jr., which it re-created as a tense game of whi-

Draper was an immediate hit with audience: the man who could read symbols but couldn't be read himself.



Hierarchy in the Grid

Last summer, Frederick C. Hayes was admitted to the advanced-dementia unit at Jewish Home Lifecare, on West 106th Street. It was not an easy arrival. Hayes, a veteran of the Korean War, had been a trial lawyer for five decades. He was tall, and, though he was in his early eighties, he remained physically imposing, and he had a forceful disposition that had served him well in the courtroom. One of his closest friends liked to say that if things were peaceful Hayes would start a war, but in war he'd be the best friend you could have.

Hayes practiced law until 2010, when he went to the hospital for a knee operation. While there, he was given a diagnosis of Alzheimer's disease. His combative tendencies had become markedly pronounced, and before arriving at Jewish Home he was shuttled among several institutions. "Nobody could manage his behavior, even after Haldol, a powerful antipsychotic drug, was prescribed. In the advanced-dementia unit, he appeared to be in considerable discomfort, but when doctors there asked him to characterize his pain, on a scale of one to ten, he insisted that he was not in pain at all. Still, something was clearly wrong: he lobbed out at the nurses' aides, pushing them away and even kicking them. It took three aides to get him changed.

One day in September, a woman named Tana Alonso stopped by Hayes's room. Alonso, the director of education and research at the Beatitudes Campus, a retirement community in Phoenix, Arizona, found Hayes lying in a hospital bed that had been lowered to within a foot of the floor, to lessen the risk that he would hurt himself by falling out of it. His face was contorted into a grimace, she later recalled, and he sobbed and moaned. Alonso, who is fifty-two, has spent the past twenty-eight years working with dementia patients—or, in her preferred lexicon, with people who have trouble thinking. She crouched next to the bed, and spoke in a quiet, intimate tone. "I'm here to help you—do you hurt anywhere?" she asked, moving her hand gently over his chest, his abdomen, his arms and legs. With each touch, she asked, "Do you hurt now?" When her hand reached his belly, the moaning ceased and Hayes spoke to



A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE SENSE OF AN ENDING

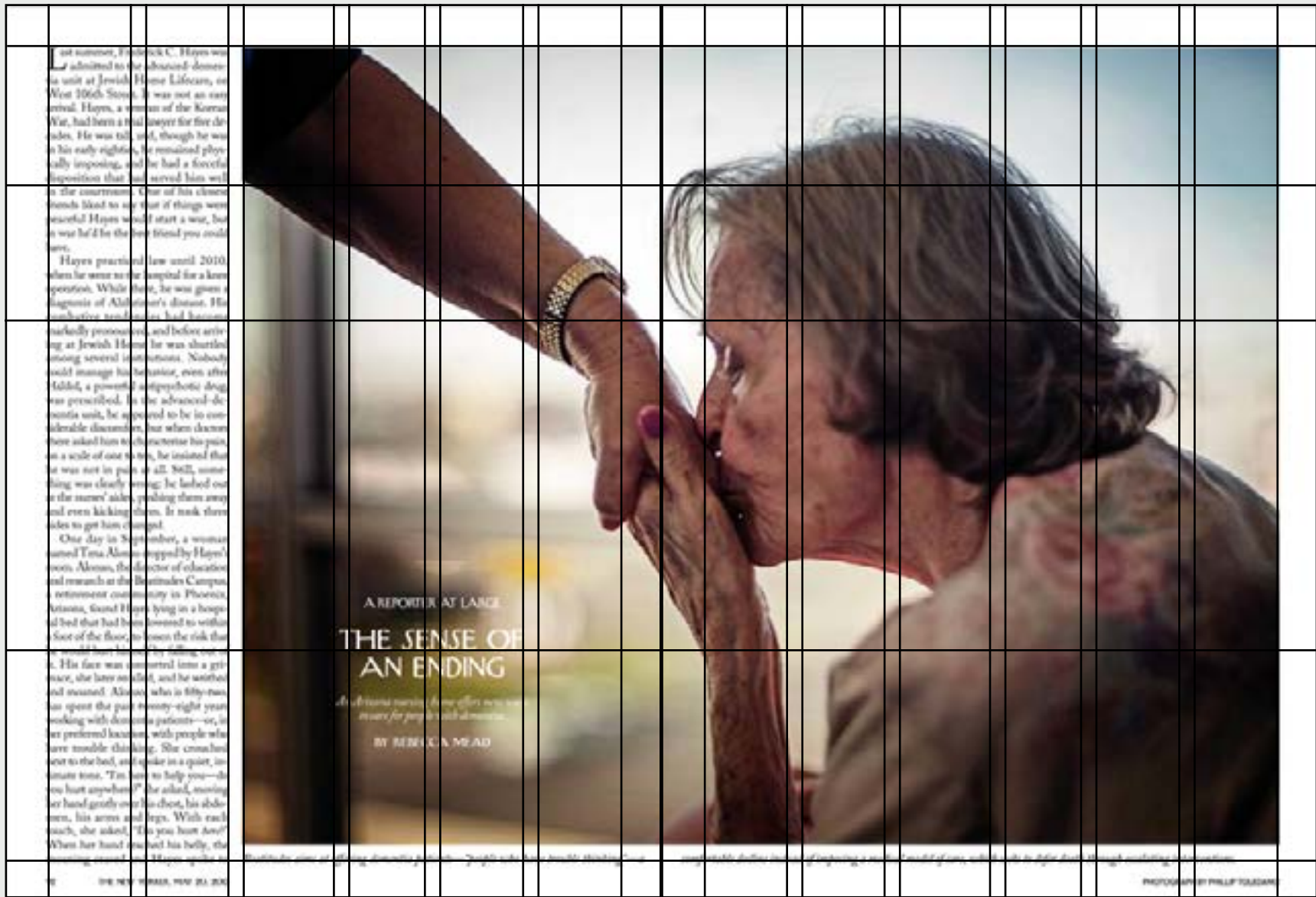
An Arizona nursing home offers new ways to care for people with dementia.

BY REBECCA MEAD

Beatitudes aims at offering dementia patients—"people who have trouble thinking"—a

comfortable decline instead of imposing a medical model of care, which seeks to defer death through escalating interventions.

Hierarchy in the Grid



Hierarchy in the Grid

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SPOONFUL
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called O'Brien "the most gifted woman new writing in English." When her first novel, "The Country Girl," was published, in 1960—it told the story of a pair of best friends from the sticks, "breaming it out in the city"—the postmistress in Tuamgrace told O'Brien's father that she deserved "to be kicked naked through the town." (After her mother's death, O'Brien found the copy that she had sent to her hidden in a pillowcase, with the key passages blotted out.)

"Everyone in my family, if not to say my neighborhood, and stretching to my country, opposed my writing, because they associated it with dalliance, with sin, and with shame," O'Brien recalled. Her mother was her most piercing inquisitor. "She loved me and genuinely cared for my intellectual soul—these are words from another era, but I cling to them." She went on, "She would've loved for me to be a hotel receptionist or an air hostess, because she somehow connected them with morality." O'Brien was dressed in a long velvet skirt and a shawl with a high white collar. Her lipstick (Tina Blau, by NARS) was the same color as some geranium in a pot on the windowsill. "I don't like interrogation anymore," she said, straightening. "I feel I've had enough of it."

In "Country Girl," O'Brien uses the frame of necessity to map the economic landscape of life. She loses her virginity in a field outside Dublin, but recalls "the damp of the grass, a diamond hair dote that I had lost, the pen that kept slipping off his fork." She renders her mother's predicament, as the anxious wife of a feckless alcoholic, in three words: "She rarely sat."

O'Brien has lived in London for fifty years. "It takes a lifetime, coming to terms with, or accepting the reality, that one is an exile," she said. "Even though you might want to leave the bloody backwaters, she has in only casual and respectful respect."

She continued, "To have no literature, I'm not recommending it, but to have had a turn of it via-to-the-Gospels, the Old Testament, and mythology—my appetite for books was whetted. James Joyce was the first book I ever bought, that has been my little bible." She picked a yellow book, worn to worn silk, from a bookcase. It was "Introducing James Joyce," by T. S. Eliot. The title page bore an inscription in her hand: "Edna

O'Brien. A book that taught me more than any other about writing. Purchased for less than six pence in Backlan Walk in 1950 or 1951."

O'Brien said, "A lot of memories end in catharsis. They're busy-dirty with their mother and father, their sister and brother, and I feel that's imposed. You're alone with yourself, and your writing, and the feeling of one's mind fraying, from a lot of things—the weight of time, the waiting of the lines." On the last page of O'Brien's book, she turns on a red lamp.

—Lauren Collins

BRAVE NEW WORLD DEFT MINI-DINNER



Depending on how you count, Graham Hill's micro-apartment, in SoHo, has either six rooms or one. The other night, a dozen people gathered in there for a dinner party. "This is the first time I've had apartment-ers for a place even smaller than my own," one of them whispered.

Hill is thin and rangy, with reddish hair and a middle-brown beard. In his mid-30s, he founded the Web site TreeHugger, which he sold for another ten million dollars. Hill is now forty-two, and the micro-apartment, in addition to being his home, serves as a showroom for his latest venture, which he calls LifeEdited. The idea behind LifeEdited is to make scaling back in the face of ecological catastrophe seem attractive. Hill hopes to convince Americans (and anyone else who might be persuaded) that living in a small space with very few possessions is not only greener but also more fun. He envisions whole buildings—indeed, entire neighborhoods—made up of diminutive apartments and shared stuff.

"We want to design compelling places so live that are really smart financially and really smart environmentally and have a sense of community," he said. Each LifeEdited building, he imagines, will include "a communal professional kitchen or a

roof deck or a co-working office. You could have bookable spare bedrooms—Zipcarify the guest room. There could be something like a product library, so, for example, instead of everyone owning a drill you would have five amazing drills that everyone can access."

Hill's apartment—so far the only micro-apartment that's been completed—is roughly a rectangle, about twenty-four feet by sixteen feet. It doesn't have room for a coffee table, or for more than one couch, so for a while everyone stood around, drinks in hand. Once the last guest had arrived, Hill gave a micro-tour. He lowered a sink, twenty-first-century Murphy bed from the wall behind the couch; the living room became a bedroom. He pulled out a dresser with a work surface, and it became an office. He did the opposite wall forward along a set of tracks reinforced in the floor; this created a second bedroom, with Murphy-style bunk beds. He took two steps, which put him in the middle of the pier-styled kitchen. The guests were blocking the path to the bathroom, but Hill mentioned that there was a shelf that folded down over the toilet, so that the space could serve as a sweep desk. "If you're a couple, and one of you wants to make a private phone call or meditate, you can kind of get away," he explained.

A small counter covered with wine barrels turned out to be the dining room table. It expanded, like an accordion. Stackable chairs were produced from a closet, and everyone sat down to eat.

"What truly blows me away is that it doesn't feel cramped," one of the guests, Karina Akers, a filmmaker, said. Another guest, Paul Huxton, the author of the book "Natural Capitalism," which Hill cited as one of his inspirations, noted that in Tokyo the micro-apartment would be considered macro. "This is spacious compared to Japan."

In keeping with the aims of LifeEdited, Hill has only twelve plates; these have deep rims, which allows them to double as bowls. There was a paucity between dinner (a fennel-and-orange salad followed by pasta with browned ribs) and dessert (an apple tart) so that the plates could be washed and passed around again. Hill acknowledged that some might find the dinky occasion, but, he said, he liked it. "It makes things more doable."

As a celebration of pared-down living,

Text Hierarchy

recepted telecommunications. According to a rough estimate by Digital Fourth, an advocacy group based in Massachusetts, each of the Utah Data Center's two hundred (at most) professionals will be responsible for reviewing five hundred billion terabytes of information each year, the equivalent of twenty-three million years' worth of Blu-ray DVDs. Even if the guess is off by a few orders of magnitude, that's a lot of overtime.

It also represents a lot of potential for abuse. Interviewed by James Hurrell, of *Wired*, a former senior NSA official named William Binney put his thumb and forefinger close together and said, "We are, like, that far from a turkey substitution state." For the foreseeable future, in this country, anyway, that's more a technical possibility than a political likelihood. But, as noted, the future is hard to foresee. One shouldn't imagine the mischief that some building J. Edgar Hoover, now playing Call of Duty on his iPad after school, might one day make with the assets of the Utah Data Center.

The mismatch between the Horatian haystacks of data and the limitations of the human brain trying to find the needles and read them like tea leaves is matched by the mismatch between the data-surveillance state and the panel charged with taming it. The Privacy and Civil Liberties Oversight Board has four part-time members and, as yet, no permanent staff. Until last year, it hadn't had a meeting in five years. President Obama picked a chairman, David Medine, a year and a half ago, but Senate confirmation didn't come until last week. (Charles Grassley, Republican of Iowa, had helped block it, because, he said, Medine had refused to answer a question about whether we're engaged in a "war on terrorism" with a simple yes or no. Instead, Grassley complained, "he opted for a more limited answer that military power is permissible in appropriate cases.") The oversight board is independent and has subpoena power. But its resources are likely to be so fee-

ble that, according to the Federation of American Scientists, it may be, at best, "a boutique oversight shop that tackles a couple of discrete policy issues each year."

In the United States since 9/11, legislative terrorism has resulted in the deaths of thirty-seven people. During the same period, ten thousand times that many have been killed by guns wielded by their countrymen or themselves. Those figures can be seen as a sign of misplaced priorities, but they are also evidence of the effectiveness of the surveillance state. The failures of counterterrorism are always public. Its successes are often unknown and sometimes unknowable—we can say how many attacks by Al Qaeda and the like have been quietly derailed or headed off, or simply dented by American non-intervention's opposition for counterintelligence—but they are real.

In Boston, as Richard Clarke, the former National Security Council official whose urgent warnings the Bush White House brushed aside on the eve of 9/11, notes, a couple of young men used pressure cookers, fireworks, and Internet recipes to kill and maim, put a major city under lockdown, monopolize the news, and seize the attention of the President of the United States. By suicide-bomber standards, at least, it was a success—enough of one, perhaps, to encourage imitations. If the pattern of terrorism is changing, however, as is the public's response. Polls taken in Boston's aftermath suggest that, while the share of Americans who judge further such attacks to be likelier has grown, fewer live in dread of them. In the latest Fox News survey, respondents were asked, "Would you be willing to give up some of your personal freedom in order to reduce the threat of terrorism?" For the first time since 9/11, more of those polled said no than said yes. Terrorism remains a grave and constant threat. But, for the moment, fear is the minority report.

—Humbil Herzhberg

ONK WHERE SHE WAS FROM



It makes no difference that my interrogators are all dead," Edna O'Brien writes, in her new memoir, "Country Girl," of the persistence in her memory of Drowleson, the house in Tuamgrange, Ireland, where she was born, on a cold December night in 1930—after a difficult labor, her father presented her mother with slabs of Christmas goose, "half-cooked, pink and tough." The nearest town had twenty-seven pubs and no library. Common school ("was door-pollie and cabbage"), Dublin ("dinner games in banana cream"), Putney ("Diane Cilento would bring the *I Ching*"), and Chelsea ("Most evenings he would go out to the public phone to ring his family") were to follow, eliciting "the extremities of joy and sorrow, love, crossed love and unrequited love, success and failure, fame and disgrace." In the summer of 2008, O'Brien went for a checkup at a National Health Service clinic. She was losing her hearing—"a broken piece," in the words of the nurse. She took a taxi home and made such bread for the first time in thirty years. Soon afterward, she began the book she had long resisted. "Yes, I can do it," I heard myself saying," O'Brien recalled, the other day. Her voice was like dental cream. She continued, "It was August, and the roses were in their second blooming, and they were a bit blousy; they weren't as tight and compact, they were bringing out the last of their hope and their bloom. . . . I knew I would cry—a lot—in the doing, and that I would also despair."

O'Brien has gracie-clause hair and very clear eyes. At her house, in Chelsea, which she calls "rather cramped," the lights were off, but a fire was lit, creating a confessional vibe. Philip Roth once



"I should've never eaten that hot lunch."

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