

MARCH 13, 2023



*"Cultivated," by Diana Ejaita.*



Day3  
The New Yorker  
的风格和难度

Loop, Mr Vallas promised to “make Chicago the safest city in America”.

Predicting which of the two will win is tricky. Mr Vallas has run a disciplined and effective campaign, focused almost exclusively on crime. He promises to hire more cops. His route to the top of the ticket, however, was almost certainly helped by the fact that he was the only white candidate in the race.



**3** [PHRASE 短语] 有机会获胜; **If you are in contention in a contest, you have a chance of winning it.** [v-link PHR]

He was in contention for a place in the European championship squad.

他有望在欧洲锦标赛代表队中获得一席之地。

**5** [N-COUNT 可数名词] (政党、团体的)候选人名单; **A ticket is the list of candidates who are representing a particular political party or group in an election.** [usu ADJ n] [Mainly AM]

He plans to remain on the Republican ticket for the November election.

他计划继续代表共和党参加 11 月份的选举。



MARCH 13,  
2023



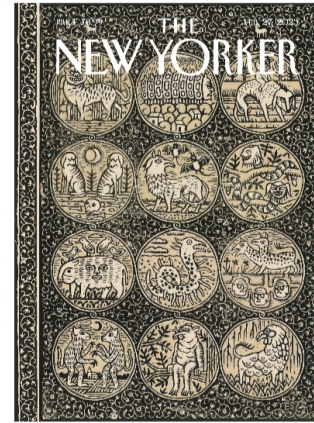
Rachel Aviv on the philosopher Agnes Callard, Molly Fischer on lab-grown breast milk, Masha Gessen on exiled Russian journalists, and more.



MARCH 6,  
2023



Nathan Heller on the end of the English major, Ben Taub on Wirecard, Dhruv Khullar on A.I. therapy, and more.



FEBRUARY 27,  
2023



Ruth Margalit on Israel's minister of chaos, Kimon de Greef on South Africa's illegal gold rush, Hua Hsu on Randall Park, and more.



Top Stories

Magazine

Audio

Cartoons

My Library

← Issues

MARCH 13, 2023

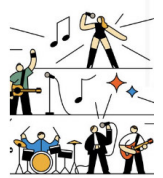


## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



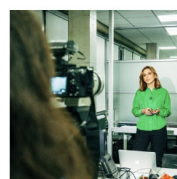
### THE THEATRE

"Life of Pi" Comes to Broadway



## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

*Steve Coll on the Republican primary field; Black Panther posters; Jamie Duck's portrait of a teen; secondhand private planes; Jane Lynch.*



### LETTER FROM RIGA

## NEWS IN EXILE

*How Russian journalists are covering the war in Ukraine.*

By Masha Gessen

Top Stories

Magazine

Audio

Cartoons

My Library



# Goings On About Town

## THE THEATRE

### “LIFE OF PI” COMES TO BROADWAY

In a stage adaptation of Yann Martel’s novel, a Bengal tiger called Richard Parker—operated by puppeteers—joins a boy named Pi, who is lost at sea, in a lifeboat.



## NIGHT LIFE

### SPRING CONTEMPORARY-MUSIC PREVIEW

Taylor Swift’s Eras Tour stretches Ticketmaster to capacity, the Boss sweeps through arenas, the Walkmen return to life, and more.

By Jay Ruttenberg



## ART

### SPRING ART PREVIEW

Sarah Sze turns the Guggenheim into a moon dial, Georgia O’Keeffe goes serial at MOMA, Lauren Halsey brings South Central L.A. to the Met, and more.

By Andrea K. Scott







Photograph by Dina Litovsky for The New Yorker

In ~~Lolita Chakrabarti's~~ stage adaptation of Yann Martel's novel **"Life of Pi"** (previews begin March 9 at the Gerald Schoenfeld Theatre), a Bengal tiger called Richard Parker crowds into a lifeboat with a boy named Pi (Hiran Abeysekera), who is lost at sea. This is no run-of-the-mill apex predator: for the London show, Richard Parker's operators won an Olivier Award for supporting actor—the first time the trophy was given collectively to seven puppeteering performers, not to mention the first time it went to a big cat.

GOINGS ON BY CATEGORY

Art

nerves of steel. (*Streaming on the Criterion Channel.*)—Richard Brody

---

## Infernal Affairs



Share Event

This crime drama, from 2002, delivers mole-on-mole action, revolving around a couple of Hong Kong cops (Tony Leung and Andy Lau). One works undercover, reporting from the entourage of a jolly and merciless drug lord (Eric Tsang). The other works openly for the police department but secretly as a snitch for the same villain. Neither policeman knows what the other looks like, and it takes a flurry of nervous pursuits and rooftop encounters before the scales fall from their eyes. The movie presents itself as a stack of character studies, but the leads are constructed from layers of impassive cool, and the roles for women—a shrink, an old flame—are comically fleeting. What makes the picture work is its unflagging devotion to the play of gleam and shadow—to a vision of Hong Kong as a natural hotbed of treason and double cross. With Anthony Wong as the police chief, who suffers an amazing fall from grace. Directed by Andrew Lau and Alan Mak. (*Streaming on Apple TV.*)—Anthony Lane

---

GOINGS ON BY CATEGORY

---

Art

---

Dance

---

TABLES FOR TWO

## EYVAL

*25 Bogart St., Brooklyn*

By Hannah Goldfield

March 3, 2023



*At Eyval, the cocktails—including a Date Old-Fashioned (center) and an Orange Blossom Negroni (far right)—are as exceptional as the food.*



I'll start with the cocktails at Eyval, a Persian restaurant that opened last year—and so should you. [Gin tends not to agree with me, and yet I couldn't help but steal sips of a friend's orange-blossom Negroni, a cold and viscous concoction that lingered on my tongue and in my memory (I can taste it now!), the intoxicating, floral perfume of the orange-blossom water achieving thrilling alchemy with the herbal gin, bitter Aperol, and sweet vermouth.



*Lamb ribs are glazed in date and tamarind and finished with walnuts, barberries, and pickled hot chilies.*

For myself, I ordered a ~~Conference of the Birds~~—a sour-

For myself, I ordered a Conference of the Birds—a sour-candy-like mix made with more orange-blossom water and Aperol, plus vodka, lemon, and honey—and the tart, smoky Limoo Margarita, featuring mezcal infused with limoo amani (dried lime), an ingredient used in Iran in soups and stews, the rim of the glass coated in coarse salt and flakes of mild, fruity Aleppo pepper.



*The kitchen's spin on the eggplant dish known as *kashke bademjan* involves roasting an eggplant whole and drizzling it in thick squiggles of salted whey, topped with fried garlic and onions, mint oil, and fresh mint.*

---



# The Talk of the Town

Steve Coll on the Republican primary field; Black Panther posters; Jamie Duck's portrait of a teen; secondhand private planes; Jane Lynch.

COMMENT

## THE REPUBLICANS BEGIN TO EYE 2024

It's been a winter of garish factional disputes in the G.O.P., and Donald Trump remains a seismic force of instability.

By Steve Coll



EPHEMERA DEPT.

## LOUD AND PROUD: BLACK PANTHER PARTY EPHEMERA

At Poster House, an exhibition called "Black Power to Black People" includes graphic gems that escaped the fate of the wheat-paste bucket.

By Adlan Jackson



COMMENT MARCH 13, 2023 ISSUE

## THE REPUBLICANS BEGIN TO EYE 2024

*It's been a winter of garish factional disputes in the G.O.P., and Donald Trump remains a seismic force of instability.*

By Steve Coll

March 5, 2023



On August 6, 2015, Donald Trump appeared at the first Republican Party primary debate of the 2016 Presidential cycle, hosted by Fox News. Bret Baier asked all the candidates onstage if they would endorse the eventual Republican nominee, whomever that might be, and rule out running as an Independent. Trump alone declined, stating, “I cannot say.”

Come next August, another season of Republican Presidential-primary debates is set to begin, and candidate Trump is again a seismic force of instability in the G.O.P. Last week, the Republican National Committee chair said that, during the 2024 cycle, all participants in its televised primary debates should first sign a “loyalty pledge” promising to support whichever candidate is finally selected to take on the Democratic nominee—presumably Joe Biden. Trump has not indicated that he will sign such a pledge; last month, he told the radio host Hugh Hewitt that his support for the Republican standard-bearer in 2024 “would have to depend on who the nominee was.” Some of Trump’s most ardent Republican opponents feel similarly; Asa Hutchinson, a former governor of Arkansas, who is considering joining the race, told the *Washington Post* that he has doubts about promising to back Trump if he becomes the nominee.

The R.N.C. might wish for normalcy and party discipline, but an unregulated brawl is the only kind of campaign that Trump knows how to mount. During last week's litany of attacks, he complained about the "Marxist Thugs" who are out to get him, by which he meant the federal and state prosecutors who have been investigating his finances, his intimidation of election officials, his role on January 6th, and his handling of classified documents. He described America under President Biden as a "Third World Failing Nation" whose rescue urgently requires his MAGA revival and his restoration to the White House.

→ Our two-party apparatus of Presidential primaries—absurdly long, media-saturated, corrupted by big money—can hardly be justified as a model of democratic decision-making. Yet it does allow Republicans and Democrats to resolve their factional conflicts in the open, and it gives motivated partisan voters at the grass roots a say. The Republican primaries will offer an early measure of whether our constitutional system remains strong enough to expunge by democratic means the anti-democratic movement that Trump continues to mobilize. ♦



# STRAWBERRY DOUGHNUTS AND HALF-SMOKED BUTTS

*The seventeen-year-old heroine of "Palm Trees and Power Lines," the director Jamie Dack's début feature film, navigates between bleak choices.*

**lock, stock, and barrel**

1. 完全,全部

• Before they were repatriated, they sold all their possessions, lock, stock, and barrel.

他们被遣返回国之前,把全部财产统统变卖了。

sinker

**1** [PHRASE 短语] 完全地;毫无保留地; You can use hook, line, and sinker to emphasize that someone is tricked or forced into a situation completely. [PHR after v]  
[emphasis]

We fell for it hook, line, and sinker...

我们对它完全是一见倾心。

I was caught hook, line and sinker.

我被深深吸引了。

Jamie Dack's first feature-length film, "Palm Trees and Power Lines," tells the story of Lea, an aimless seventeen-year-old marking time in the enervated suburbs of southern California. The summer before twelfth grade, she meets Tom. He is twice her age, and promises escape; she does not see that he is setting a trap.

Not long ago, Dack was outside Granny's Donuts, in a mini-mall in the small city of Downey, California. She is thirty-four, with long wavy hair, and was holding a laptop with a puppy sticker on it. Early in the film, which she co-wrote with Audrey Findlay, Lea and her friend Amber go to the doughnut shop. Before they go in, they rummage through the mall's ashtray and take a couple of puffs of someone else's discarded butt. "That is something I literally did with my friend," Dack said. "We would go to the strip mall and we weren't old enough to buy cigarettes and we would look in the ashtray for the longest one there and smoke it." She paused. "It's so gross. I would literally do that."

When Dack was seventeen, she started dating a thirty-three-year-old man she met on an Amtrak train. “It’s crazy that he was my age now. What would that even be like, to be with a seventeen-year-old? I thought it was really cool at the time, and totally normal. I was, like, He likes me because I’m really mature,” she said. “He and I had a connection. Whatever.”

Dack stayed friends with the man for years, but writing about her experience prompted her to cut off contact. “It started to feel like maybe it wasn’t as O.K. as I thought, and maybe there was a way in which I had been manipulated,” she said. “I wasn’t groomed the way my protagonist is, but I wanted to explore what could have happened if this man’s intentions had been different. I used the protagonist as a proxy for my younger self. I was this very vulnerable teen-age girl.” She plucked off a piece of doughnut and ate it, then tucked the rest away in a waxed-paper bag.

“Palm Trees and Power Lines,” which won a directing award at Sundance in 2022 and is nominated for four Independent Spirit Awards, began as a series of photographs taken around San Diego and greater L.A. “Can I show you something?” Dack asked, opening her laptop. She clicked through images she’d shot on her mother’s old 35-mm. Minolta: nineteen-seventies cars in front of nineteen-eighties stucco houses, power lines, doughnut shops. “It’s these places where things are forgotten,” she said. The images were a conduit to her own teen-age malaise. Her goal for the film, she said, was that you’d be able to press Pause on any frame and you’d want it to be a photograph on your wall.



# I HAVE QUESTIONS FOR CHATGPT

By Alyssa Brandt

March 6, 2023

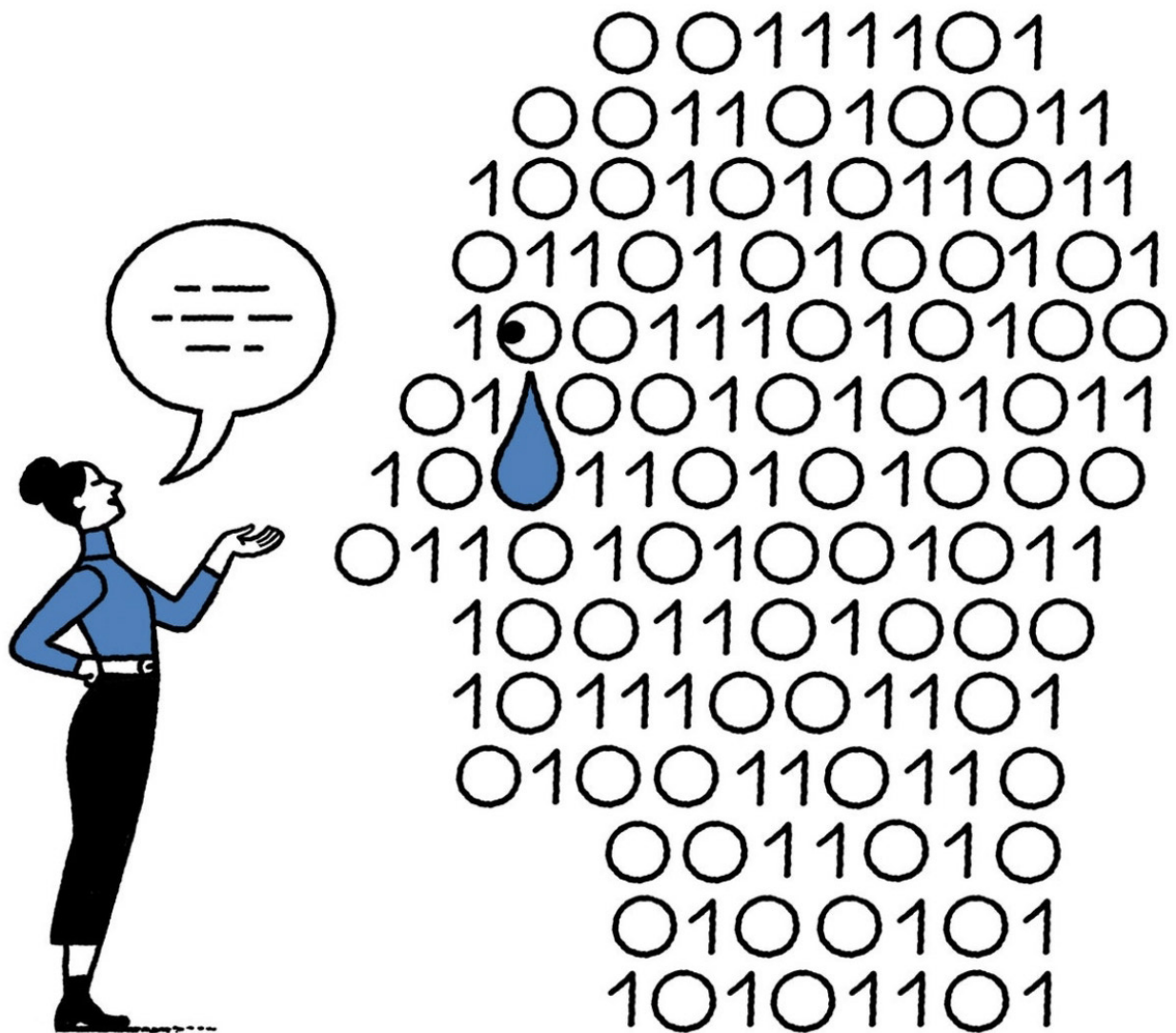


Illustration by Luci Gutiérrez

ChatGPT enables users to ask questions or tell a story, and the bot will respond with relevant, natural-sounding answers and topics.

Hi, Chat,

A friend <sup>re</sup>gifted me a fancy designer bucket hat that she swore she didn't want anymore. Then we had a misunderstanding, and she ghosted my birthday party. Then I blocked her. And put a potato in her tailpipe. And slept with her ex. Can our friendship be saved? If not, do I have to give back the hat?

*WHY* are there suddenly so many different kinds of Oreos? What are Birthday Cake Flavor Creme Oreos really like? Occasionally sampling a blueberry in the produce section is one thing—and, before you say a word, have you seen the price of blueberries lately? If I'm plunking down eight dollars on a container of jumbo organic blueberries, I'm making sure they're worth it. But I can't have a full package of Birthday Cake Flavor Creme Oreos hanging around the house because the manager made me buy the whole bag again. So, are they like Golden Oreos? Because—pro tip for you, Chat—Golden Oreos are just O.K.

*WHY* didn't I go to Oberlin?

*SHOULD* I paint the small bathroom Benjamin Moore's Antique Pearl or Venetian Marble? The swatches have been taped up for months, but you know how color changes with the light—of course you do!—so it's been hard to decide. One shade is a little cooler, one a little warmer. My family refuses to discuss it any further, and they've begun to (unfairly) characterize my gentle queries every time they come out of the small bathroom as "gotcha" questions. They've actually stopped using the small bathroom altogether, which is fine, because none of them remember to jiggle the handle just so (even though I posted a detailed schematic on the wall and have shown them how to do it numerous times). So the color choice is up to me, but I could use a second opinion. What do you think?

*ONCE*, when I was sixteen and was walking along a tree-lined street in the Village with my mom, we saw Matthew Broderick on the sidewalk, and she told me to go up to him and say hi, and I was mortified because . . . who does that? He probably would have been really nice about it. He wasn't even with what's-her-face yet. Why didn't I just do it? Maybe I would have said something clever, and he would have laughed, and now I'd be living with him and our adorable children in our adorable brownstone on that adorable tree-lined street. Not that I care anymore, but my mom wants to know: Why didn't I listen to her?

---



*WHY* didn't I get those expensive boots from that shop on Fifty-fifth Street all those years ago? I really wanted them, and I bet I'd still have them, and they'd be perfectly broken in by now and be the kind of boots that other women notice when I walk by. The kind of boots that make other women say, "Excuse me, do you mind if I ask where you got your boots?" Allowing me to casually reply, "I can't remember," even though I do *so* remember. And not just midtown women but SoHo women would ask me this. But, no, I bought a less expensive pair that I gave away, like, three pairs ago. Why do I cheap out when, really, I'm worth the extra bucks, especially if I prorate the cost over a lifetime of wear? I'm worth two dollars a day, aren't I, ChatGPT? ♦

*Alyssa Brandt is a humor writer who lives in Cincinnati, Ohio.*

---

# Fiction

FICTION

## “HOW I BECAME A VET,” BY RIVKA GALCHEN

“The suicide dogs, like most of us, were not what they seemed.”

By Rivka Galchen



 Listen to this story



*Rivka Galchen reads.*

When I say “vet,” I do not mean veteran. A veteran is someone formerly in contact with death on a regular basis. A veterinarian is someone currently in contact with death on a regular basis. A part of me is moved to specify that not all veterans have been in contact with death, nor are all veterinarians so on a regular basis. But I’m older now. I know that many people experience such clarifications as weird. Weirdness does, though, generate uncommon strengths. Such was my experience with the suicide dogs, who, like most of us, were not what they seemed.

Joy is an ethical obligation. I was raised to believe this. I have not abandoned the proposition. Joy is the proper response to the gift of life that God or something has bestowed upon all of us day after day after day, and then at some point for no more days. Sorrow is an obligation, too, and a wonder and a necessity—but sorrow is joy’s servant. My father is an Anabaptist. When I was in middle school, I researched the Anabaptists. That one made one’s own path to God made sense to me, and that baptism followed rather than formed a spiritual relationship—sure. But too much of what I read made me think that this was a path through a five-hundred-year-old landscape that had since vanished. I came to the conclusion that my father had made an error. It was the wrong time period to be an Anabaptist, I told him. The sect didn’t

HAND-ME-DOWN DEPT.

## ZILLOW, BUT FOR JETS

The private-aviation market is down, so a wannabe oligarch tries out the Guardian Jet Vault 4.0 to look for some deals.

By Adam Iscoe



REBOOT DEPT.

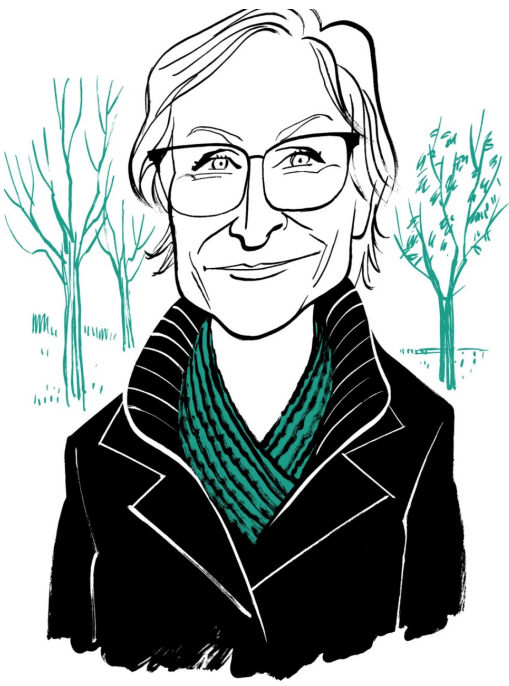
## JANE LYNCH, BORN NOT TO SERVE

The actor, now starring in the reboot of “Party Down,” strolls around Central Park with a pal and details why she wasn’t cut out for catering.

By Rachel Syme







REBOOT DEPT. MARCH 13, 2023 ISSUE

## JANE LYNCH, BORN NOT TO SERVE

*The actor, now starring in the reboot of "Party Down," strolls around Central Park with a pal and details why she wasn't cut out for catering.*

By Rachel Syme  
March 6, 2023

The actor Jane Lynch (sixty-two, ostrich-tall, short platinum hair in meringue-like peaks) met up with a friend, the podcast host George Hahn (fifty-two, clean-shaven, smart peacoat), at Fifth Avenue and Seventy-second Street the other day.

"I love your hair!" Lynch exclaimed. "Who did it for you?"

Hahn ran his fingers through his boingy coif. "Oh, this *bar-ber* I went to," he said, drawing out the word. He offered Lynch his arm, and they strolled into Central Park. "I wanted to sit in a barber's chair, you know?" he continued. "The sound of clippers! The dude chitchat! I love the smell of Barbicide and Pinaud. It makes me want to wear Sansabelt pants."

“The training they have to have to become a barber?” Lynch said. “They’re not fucking around.”

“The best barbers have really been under the wing of masters,” Hahn said. “The master and apprentice is a relationship that we’re really losing.”

“Do you know Tom Nichols?” Lynch asked. “He wrote a book called ‘The Death of Expertise,’ about how everybody’s, like, opining about things they don’t know about.”

“Like me, on MSNBC,” Hahn said, with a little snort. (He is a regular guest on the network.)

“No! You’re a generalist,” she said. “But you are *basically* smart.”

Lynch lives with her wife, Jennifer Cheyne, in the California wine-country hamlet of Montecito. “My neighbors are Meghan and Prince Harry,” she said. “I haven’t actually seen them. I *have* seen Rob Lowe around, though. He’s a man of the people.” Hahn has lived in Manhattan for twenty years, except for a sojourn in his home town of Cleveland. “It was a clarifying experiment,” he said. “I had become one of those hackneyed old queens who was getting bitter about how the city was changing. After about a year, I missed it.”

Lynch and Hahn met and began what Lynch calls “a beautiful love story” two years ago, after she came across Hahn’s grooming tips on Twitter. “Back then, I was on there *big time*,” she said.

Hahn fanned out his free hand. “Jane: The Twitter Years!” he said. “That’s the memoir chapter.”

“George would shave every morning, live on Twitter,” Lynch said. “And he uses a real razor as opposed to a plastic one.”

“Actually, we met on Grindr,” Hahn joked.

“I should have been a gay man,” Lynch said.

“You kind of are!” Hahn said.

“And *you’re* kind of a gay woman,” Lynch said.

Talk turned to acting work—and to the odd jobs the two did to support themselves early on. Lynch is currently starring in the Starz reboot of “Party Down,” which ran for two seasons, beginning in 2009. The show follows a ragtag team of Hollywood cater waiters who serve tuna tartlets to rich people while wearing pink bow ties and dreaming about their big breaks. Lynch plays Constance Carmel, a has-been B-movie actor who lucks into marrying a wealthy movie producer, who dies before signing a prenup. In the reboot, Constance, now a well-to-do widow, owns the catering company.

“It was a workplace comedy that kind of got lost at the time,” Lynch said. “But we didn’t jump the shark. It was just the same thing every week. Same shit, different party.”

“I did some time as the cater waiter,” Hahn said.

“I was a terrible server,” Lynch said. “I did some temp work in Chicago, where I answered phones, and I was pretty good at the switchboard.”

Hahn mimed picking up a phone and affected a transatlantic accent: “*Applewhite, Bibberman, Widdicombe, and Black!*”

“What’s that from?” Lynch asked.

“ ‘Auntie Mame,’ ” Hahn said. “Now, *you* would be an amazing Mame.”

“Thank you,” Lynch said. “I looked into doing it, and then I read the play, and it does go all over the place.”

“That guy who wrote ‘Mame’ was a servant,” Hahn said. “Some of it is autobiographical. He did have an eccentric aunt who lived in the Village.”