

When New-Wave Drug Dealers Run Afoul of an Old-Wave Cartel

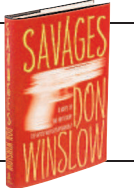
“Don Winslow is an author currently living in the United States, most recognized for his crime and mystery novels.” That’s the one-sentence entirety of the biographical notice Mr. Winslow has attracted on Wikipedia, though he has a dozen novels, a couple of movie deals, a slew of ardent reviews, a whip-cracking way with words and a whole lot of Southern Cali-

JANET MASLIN
BOOKS OF THE TIMES

fornia surfer baditude to his credit. Those earlier books (11 published here, one available in England with no set American publication date) have much sparkle to recommend them. But they aren’t “Savages,” the one that will jolt Mr. Winslow into a different league. “Savages” is his 13th and most boisterously stylish crime book, his gutsiest and most startling bid for attention. It’s clear that “Savages” has no dearth of nerve from the snow-white,

Savages

By Don Winslow
302 pages. Simon & Schuster.
\$25.



one-page opening chapter, which consists of exactly two words. The first one isn’t “thank.” The second one is “you.” As opening gambits go, this one is pure kamikaze, and it could have backfired

accordingly. But Mr. Winslow has written the killer book to back it up. “Savages” is full of wild-card moves. And it’s not afraid to risk missing its mark. But its wisecracks are so sharp, its characters so mega-cool and its storytelling so ferocious that the risks pay off, thanks especially to Mr. Winslow’s no-prisoners sense of humor. About a Latino neighborhood: “You hear English here it’s the mailman talking to himself.” About skewering the bourgeois-

sie: “Every great wine-tasting should end with arsenic.” About an Iraq war veteran who feels overlooked in Orange County’s smug atmosphere: “Without men like me, the clubhouse whores would be wearing burqas, my friend.” The Iraq vet, a former member of the Navy Seals, is the ostensible reason for that note of hostility on the book’s first page. He calls himself Chon

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To Those With Nothing, Soccer Is Everything



JESSICA HILLTOUT/THE “AMEN” SERIES

The photographer Jessica Hilltout traveled across Africa to document villagers’ love of soccer. In “Nelito’s Ball, Nhambonda, Mozambique,” a boy’s equipment is homemade.

By CELIA W. DUGGER

CAPE TOWN — Jessica Hilltout, a nomadic, Belgian-born photographer, loaded sacks of deflated soccer balls onto the roof of a battered yellow Volkswagen Beetle last year and began a seven-month road trip across Africa to document the continent’s love of the game. She found it in villages where children played with joyous abandon on dusty patches of ground, sandy beaches and lush fields, far

from the stadiums where Africa’s first World Cup would be held. She captured their sense of play in lyrical images hanging now in Cape Town, Johannesburg and Brussels galleries. Gleeful little boys in Burkina Faso leap in exultation as their team scores. A young fisherman goes airborne as he hits a header on a beach in Togo. Barefoot boys in Ghana lope gracefully across a field as their slender, elongated shadows chase

them. As the World Cup draws to a close this week, with international teams playing on fields edged by ever-changing digital advertisements for the likes of Adidas, McDonalds and Coca-Cola, images of the highly commercialized, FIFA-sanctioned soccer will not be the only lasting ones. “The beautiful game exists in its purest form in what I saw — people playing for the joy

of playing,” Ms. Hilltout said in an interview here. The most oddly soulful of Ms. Hilltout’s images are of objects: the homemade balls fashioned by children from plastic bags, old socks and rags, tied up with string or strips of tree bark. Some children inflated condoms — commonplace and free on a continent beset by AIDS — wrapped them in cloth to make them

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Networks See Dip In Key Audiences For Late Shows

By BILL CARTER

Six months after NBC’s disastrous late-night experiment ended, Jay Leno is back at 11:30 and back on top in the ratings. But all is not well in the kingdom of late night. For a multitude of reasons having to do with changing technology, changing viewing habits, and a proliferation of similar shows, the world of the network late-night talk show is getting tougher and tougher to navigate. Mr. Leno saw his ratings for the second quarter shrink sharply from the same period two years ago and his margin over his longtime competitor, David Letterman on CBS, reduced to its smallest level since 1995. But Mr. Letterman’s numbers have declined as well. The only network talk show in the 11:30 hour to add viewers was “Jimmy Kimmel Live” on ABC, which gained about 150,000 over last year.



Jay Leno

At one time the late-night shows, because they were topical and fresh, were seen as protection against the encroachment of the chief boogeyman of network programming: the digital video recorder. Being “DVR-proof,” as late-night shows were labeled, is now seen as no advantage. CBS’s chief research officer, David F. Poltrack, cited the DVR as the main reason late-night hosts like Mr. Leno and Mr. Letterman are seeing ratings declines. “The DVR is the biggest competitor in the time period,” Mr. Poltrack said, pointing to ratings from the most recent week. Shows played back in the 11:30 hour scored a 2.5 rating among the 18-to-49-year-old audience, the main selling demographic

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DARIA DESHUK/COURTESY OF EMMA TAMBURLINI

The artist Larry Rivers with his daughter Emma, at 15, around 1981. She wants films of her and her sister naked that are in his archive.

Artist’s Daughter Seeks Return of Nude Videos

By KATE TAYLOR

It is a treasure trove of letters, paperwork, photographs and film that document the New York artistic and literary scene from the 1940s through the 1980s. The archives of the proto-Pop artist Larry Rivers, who died in 2002, will arrive at New York University in a few weeks, filled with correspondence and other documents that depict his relationships with artists like Willem de Kooning and Andy Warhol and writers like Frank O’Hara and John Ashbery. But one part of the archive, which was purchased from the Larry Rivers Foundation for an undisclosed price, includes films and videos of his two adolescent daughters, naked or topless, being interviewed by their father about their developing breasts.

One daughter, who said she was pressured to participate, beginning when she was 11, is demanding that the material be removed from the archive and returned to her and her sister. “I kind of think that a lot of people would be very uptight, or at least a little bit concerned, wondering whether they have in their archives child pornography,” said the daughter, Emma Tamburlini, now 43. Ms. Tamburlini said the filming contributed to her becoming anorexic at 16. “It wrecked a lot of my life actually,” she said. Her older sister, Gwynne Rivers, declined comment. N.Y.U. has agreed to discuss the matter and has already, at the urging of the foundation, pledged to keep the material off limits during

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For Web-Financed Film Projects, a Curtain Rises

By MELENA RYZIK

Kickstarter is a concept: a Web site that puts together creative types seeking money with backers willing to chip in micro- and macro-payments, a way to crowd-source the financing of ideas. Started last year, the company has become an unexpected influence on indie culture, a new model for a D.I.Y. generation.

And on Friday Kickstarter will also become a curator, when it hosts the first Kickstarter Film Festival. The event, part of the Rooftop Films series, will present some of the projects that patrons of the site have financed, from features and animation to quirkier stuff like a video of a dance anthropology performance piece. “For a lot of these things there isn’t a clear place for their work to

be shared, especially for some that have never gotten theatrical distribution or were never intended for that,” said Yancey Strickler, a founder of Kickstarter, a start-up, which has 10 employees, eight of whom operate out of a walk-up apartment on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. “Some of these projects are just bedroom kind of things, so I really like the idea of giving that a forum.”

Among the works to be shown, drawn from the more than 5,000 projects that Kickstarter has financed to date, are “Jens Pulver: Driven,” a documentary about an ultimate fighter; “Staring Into the Sun,” an ethnomusicology inquiry into Ethiopian tribes; “A Short Lecture of a Different Time,” a theatrical work that, according to its au-

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To Those With Nothing, Soccer Is Everything



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JESSICA HILLTOUT/THE "AMEN" SERIES
Villagers in Mozambique, above, share a soccer field with a herd of cattle. Top, some of the homemade soccer balls that Jessica Hilltout lovingly documented on her travels through Africa.

From First Arts Page

heavy, then in plastic bags to seal them and finally bound them in twine. These ingenious, improvised balls bounce like real ones for a few days before the air escapes.

Ms. Hilltout, 33, accepted these balls, each like a small, hand-wrapped gift, from the children who made them when she gave them the factory-made kind they longed for. She photographed their balls resting on cracked earth or cupped in hands with nail-bitten fingers. The people she met in some 30 villages stretched across west and southern Africa had no organized support: no free uniforms, no corporate sponsors, no subsidies of any kind. The walls of the gallery exhibit their feet, often bare or in flip flops or mismatched slippers with a toe peeking through a hole.

"So many people have so much and do so little with it," she said. "The people I met had so little yet managed to do so much with it."

The exhibition and an accompanying book, titled "Amen: Grassroots Football," were actually a father-daughter project. She and her father, Mark Hilltout, 64, an Englishman who got out of advertising a decade ago after working for Ogilvy & Mather during most of his career, were first captivated by Africa on marathon drives. Mr. Hilltout took a road trip from England to South Africa when he was 23 and "fell in love with the place," he said. Ms. Hilltout studied photography at the art school in Blackpool, England, and took her own African sojourn in her mid-20s.

She subsequently paid for her personal photographic journeys in Africa by saving what she earned working in advertising and taking portraits in Europe, among other jobs. In 2007 she spent six months in Madagascar and produced a series of still lifes called "Im-perfection." Her portraits of handmade objects — sandals, a ladle, a straw broom and a falling-down fence, among many others — suggested the craft the Malagasy people used to create seemingly ordinary things. Still, she was unable to interest any gallery in a solo show of her work.

ONLINE: GRASSROOTS SOCCER
More images from this series of photographs:
nytimes.com/design

As Africa's first World Cup approached, Mr. Hilltout, who lives in Cape Town, gave his daughter an idea. A couple of years earlier he had driven the length of the continent to Ethiopia. "You go into the bush, and you find these little villages, and football is the center of everything," he said. Why shouldn't his daughter photograph the game as it's played by Africans — the homemade balls, the raggedy shoes, the crooked goalposts made of tree branches?

She liked the idea and last year hit the road in her dad's 1976 Beetle, pitching a tent where there was no other accommodation. She used a miniature digital printer to give the people she photographed images of themselves. And she kept what she called a road-book — essentially a scrapbook of her travels, with handwritten scribbles of her experiences — that she also showed them.

She told her subjects, "I want to do an exhibit in South Africa, and while all the big stars are in the stadiums, I want you guys to be the stars of my show."

Her father designed and financed the self-published "Amen: Grassroots Football," now displayed in the windows of independent booksellers here in South Africa and available on the French-language Web site fnac.com. The pictures are also on display at the João Ferreira Gallery in Cape Town through July 24, the Resolution Gallery of Digital Art in Johannesburg through July 31 and the Botanique gallery in Brussels through July 18.

"She really does have a wonderful feeling for texture and space and communicating an idea," said Mr. Ferreira, owner of the gallery here in Cape Town. "And with the World Cup coming up, I thought it would be perfectly placed."



Above, a boy in Mozambique cradles a handmade soccer ball. Below, twin brothers in Ghana have shirts with names of African-born players in the English Chelsea Football Club. Below left, improvised goalposts in Togo.

