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THE NEW YORKER

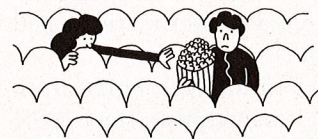
JAN. 6, 2014



at the United Nations. They had not received the program yet, but they predicted that Secretary-General Ban Ki-moon would speak first. Moody insisted that he would put content over style: "I don't care about showing that he has a Korean accent."

—Michael Schulman

THE PICTURES ALLEYMAN



"Bowling during the day is so decadent!" Paul Rudd said, gazing in wonder at Lucky Strike's empty lanes. At night, the Hell's Kitchen bowling alley is the kind of swinging joint where you might find Brian Fantana, the *Oui-era* Casanova whom Rudd reprises in "Anchorman 2: The Legend Continues." Fantana, a mustachioed television correspondent who slathers on Sex Panther cologne and carries condoms for every mood, would surely have a mocha-colored bowling ensemble.

Rudd, not so much. The forty-four-year-old actor wore a flannel shirt,

sported two-day stubble, and was scouring the place for a viable ball. "I had incredibly fat thumbs," he explained, "so I always had the embarrassing thing of having to use the sixteen-pound ball. Later, I had thumb-reduction surgery, of course." He finally secured a suitable house ball—helpfully labelled "House Ball"—and raised it in triumph.

At fourteen, in lieu of puberty, Rudd went through a bowling phase. "At my alley, King Louie West Lanes, in Kansas City, there was this glass case with photos of all the pro bowlers who'd been there—and I had never heard of any of them," he said. "One was named Mike Limongello, which gave me endless amounts of pleasure." He used his phone to spell-check the bowler's name, and went, "Ooh . . ."; headlines told of Limongello's being kidnapped, in 1982, by his cousin, a former major-league pitcher who spelled his name "Lemongello." Rudd pocketed his phone with a frown—that anecdote went in a strange direction—and squeezed out some sanitizing lotion from a wall-mounted dispenser. "Every bowling ball is filled with human excrement," he explained. "People pick their ass and then bowl. It's very common."

Ready at last, he stepped up and knocked down eight pins, then converted a tricky 2-8 spare. "Classic Limongello!" he cried. He followed that with a ringing strike, but critiqued the anxious way he'd watched the pins scatter, saying, "I should have turned and walked away, like people do in films when they've timed an explosion to go off."

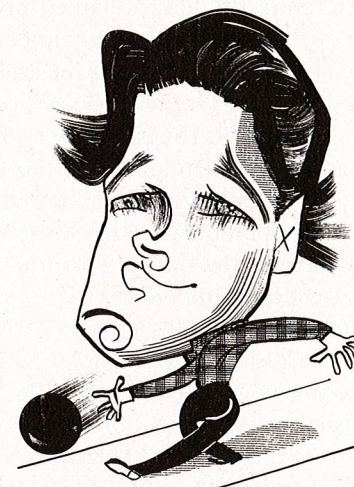
After the strong start, Rudd's game began to wobble. There was even a gutter ball. He explained the technique that had produced it: "I go with the rigidly straight arm, so I can bounce the ball on the lane before I release it, which preserves the randomness. I find it also helps to keep the front leg locked and the back leg really tight to my body, taking any suppleness out of the motion." He actually had some back-leg action, but it wasn't a stylish upkick so much as the scuffle you make to scrape gum off your shoe.

Rudd hosts an annual fund-raiser at Lucky Strike for children who stutter—just because he admires kids who persevere through the issue. That sort of friend-to-the-situation optimism can also be seen in a YouTube video in which a college-age Rudd makes a cameo as an affable bat-mitzvah d.j., representing an outfit called You Should Be Dancing. He said that seeing the old footage—his matted gull wings of hair; his canary-colored dinner jacket, black shorts, and Pittsburgh Steelers cap; his introspective air guitar to "Hound Dog"—"was like watching myself in a porno." The d.j.-ing phase didn't follow inevitably from the bowling phase, he insisted, yet he acknowledged that "it's hard to say which outweighs the other on the nerdiness scale."

Rudd's Everyman appeal—his ability to seem at once engagingly nerdy and unthreateningly handsome—has got him cast as men named Ned, Tim, Danny, Chuck, Pete, and, repeatedly, as John, Paul, and George. (No Ringo.) "Character names are a real art, and I haven't had many snazzy ones," he said, settling on a sofa after a run of open frames. "In 'Anchorman,' because names are a huge part of real anchormen's personas, the fake anchor names have to be just right. 'Ron Burgundy'—Will Ferrell's character—is perfect: the 'Burgundy' suggesting a

rich, professional, Naugahyde feel, and 'Ron' having just the right amount of machismo. And, for me, playing a Brian is pretty standard, but the 'Fantana' has something nicely cocksure about it. You sense that he imagines himself as rather exotic, as having the authentic Latin-American flair of a Tony Orlando. You picture small colored briefs."

Still, Rudd said he'd love to play characters with even sexier, more dan-

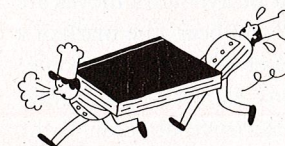


Paul Rudd

gerous names. Such as? "Enzo. Daze. Daze with two 'a's—D-a-a-z-e. Flarn. If they wanted me to play him, his name would probably be George Flarn, but he might go by Flarn." He propped his rented shoes on the table. "And Limongello, of course."

—Tad Friend

DEPT. OF PINUPS SAY CHEESE



Nathan Myhrvold, the technologist and the author of "The Photography of Modernist Cuisine," a twelve-pound volume that sells for a hundred and twenty dollars, was scrunched in a chair in the dimly lit lobby of the Ace Hotel. He was trying to capture the perfect shot of a pumpkin muffin with his Nokia phone.

"It's all about the inverse-square law," Myhrvold, who has twinkly eyes and a beard flecked with white, said. "The

amount of light that hits the subject is inversely proportional to the square of the distance. So here's the muffin, it's one unit away from me. And the edge of the table is"—he paused to measure it roughly—"six units away. So the ratio of light hitting the edge versus the muffin is smaller by a factor of thirty-six." He rotated the muffin plate, then paused. He'd taken a few bites out of it, and he wasn't sure whether to hide them. "I've made the muffin less attractive. But this brings up an interesting question: should you show food half eaten or not?" Finally, he pulled a small flashlight out of a pocket of his rumpled suit—"auxiliary light"—and lit the muffin from below, then snapped a photo.

Most people know Myhrvold as the original chief technology officer of Microsoft, but he is now the C.E.O. of Intellectual Ventures, a patent company, and he also dabbles in antiterrorism strategy and in paleontology. (He just published a scientific paper pointing out "serious errors and irregularities" in the research of some of the world's leading paleontologists.) But in the food world he is known as the author of "Modernist Cuisine," a six-volume work that uses science and technology to explain various culinary phenomena, from why searing a steak doesn't seal in the meat's juices, as many believe, to what a bullet looks like as it is shot through jello at eighteen hundred miles per hour. The books are packed with jaw-dropping photography—a pan sliced in half, with vegetables in mid-flip, so you can see the torque of the morel mushrooms—which spawned Myhrvold's photo project.

His primary photographic strategy is simple: get really, really close to the food. Armed with an ant's perspective and a technology titan's resources, Myhrvold captures the swirling magma of a blueberry's interior and the translucent reptilian juice sacs of a grapefruit. One spread shows four roasted guinea hens standing upright, their burnished, cracked skin and stance calling to mind Rockettes after an afternoon at the tanning salon.

At the back of the book, he includes tips on food photography for those without a few million dollars to spend on camera equipment. No. 1: Sit where there is good light. This proved a problem in the hotel lobby, a cavelike space

lit to attract young patrons pecking away at laptops. Flashlight in hand, Myhrvold was still focussed on lighting the muffin. (He'd taken about a dozen unsatisfactory shots so far.) On the table sat a small card that read, "Love your neighbor but keep an eye on your stuff." He shoved it closer to his coffee. "It's telling more of a story now."

He fiddled with his phone, which is armed with a 41-megapixel sensor and a Windows operating system—"It was my idea to make a Windows phone fifteen years ago, so it's a sentimental favorite at some level"—then grabbed a napkin, covered the flashlight, and held it as far away from the muffin as he could. "The light will diffuse now," he said. A warm glow settled into the crannies of the half-eaten muffin. He clicked, then assessed his work. "This is a hell of a shot," he said. "See how the white outer rim of the coffee cup really stands out?"

The problem is that not many people carry flashlights in their pockets or are handy enough to turn a menu into a makeshift reflector, a trick Myhrvold recommends in his book. Later that day, he was going to meet his friend Martha Stewart, whose food photos on Twitter—a wedge of iceberg lettuce covered in pinkish Russian dressing—had recently gone viral because they look so unappetizing. (Myhrvold chuckled when asked about these shots, but said he planned to refrain from correcting her technique.) René Redzepi, though—the chef of Copenhagen's Noma restaurant, rated No. 2 in the world—has a real eye for photography. "These are nicely composed, and quite reasonable shots," Myhrvold said, scrolling through Redzepi's Instagram feed. "Well lit." He was transfixed by one dish, which the chef had labelled "thin shavings of silky squid soaked in a light vinegar of fennel tops." "Now, that's really something," he said.

Farther down the feed was a pile of apples, one with some bites taken out of it. "So this is where a half-eaten subject is good," Myhrvold said. "Except I'd probably have done one bite at most, not five. The single bite out of the apple is the most iconic image." But his professional rival, Steve Jobs, knew that years ago.

—Sophie Brickman



Kanin

"Someday, God willing, they'll bring the stars down to our eye level so we don't have to strain our necks."