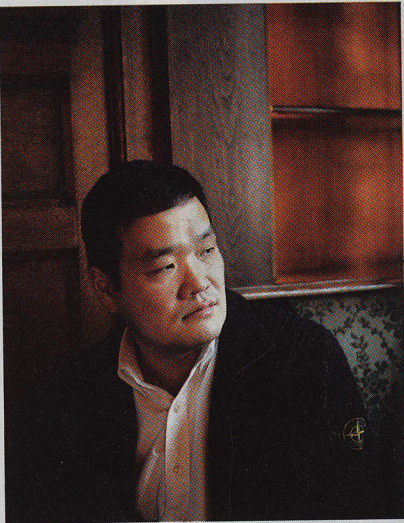


ROBERT GALLAGHER—IGB PHOTO

Designing Out of the Box FRANK GEHRY

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PHILIPP HOHNDORF/STARFACE—RETNA

HIDEONAKATA The Ring Master

Norah Jones

Calming Voice in a Frenzied Pop Age

AT A TIME WHEN FEMALE SINGERS regularly bare their bellies, their breasts and their souls, jazz-pop singer Norah Jones barely shows more of her body than her shoulders, gives few interviews—and yet outsells almost anybody else. Her first CD, *Come Away with Me*, sold 8 million copies and won eight Grammys. Her second, *Feels Like Home*, moved 1 million copies in its first week of release.

She is not Nirvana or Pearl Jam; she hasn't captured the passions or preoccupations of her generation; she is not a new flavor that launches 32 more. Instead, her success has called attention to the jazz-pop divas who came before her—Cassandra Wilson, Diana Krall and Madeleine



Most horror movies live and gruesomely die in the moment: the splattered head or severed limb gives viewers a quick thrill or a giggle, a jolt to the nervous system, that lingers no longer than a shiver. The films of Japanese director Hideo Nakata—*The Ring* (1998), *Ring 2* (1999), *Chaos* (1999) and *Dark Water* (2002)—take a subtler route to spooking audiences. In his thrillers, Nakata concentrates less on the explosion of the time bomb than on the ticking inside it: abstract images on a videotape, an aquarium tank full of dead fish, a water stain spreading on a ceiling. His heroine-victims, often preadolescent girls, are guilty only of the original sin of being human; they may finally neither

Peyroux. Most pop phenomena are lightning bolts, flashing quickly and dramatically across the zeitgeist. Jones is a light rain, touching everything and seeping permanently into the soil. In an age when knob-twiddling producers rule and lip-synching pop tarts stalk the stage, she has reintroduced the world to the human voice. Jones is rooted by that libidoless, timeless and peerless voice—a calm, blue-tinted murmur that shies away from *American Idol*-style showboating. I like her jazzy, soulful first album more than her folksy, drowsy second. But in the serenity of her song delivery, this bold proclamation is issued: technology, publicity and sexuality have their place in music, but they are all subordinate to the pleasures and power of true vocal talent. —By Christopher John Farley

destroy nor exorcise the demons haunting them. Nakata knows dread.

The surprise about these films is not that they are artful but that they have been huge hits on screens throughout Asia and on the Western video market. Along with American hits like *The Sixth Sense*, they have made the coolly creepy a hot genre again. After the surprise success of a U.S. remake of *The Ring* in 2002, three more U.S. versions of Nakata films are on the way. Nakata will direct the American version of *Ring 2*, due out in November. It's a rare instance of a Japanese director making a Hollywood film—an event that may fill Nakata with the anguish and wonder his own movies engender. —By Richard Corliss

4/2004
Time



JERRY AVENAIM—CORBIS/OUTLINE

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