

anti-tobacco laws; last week, the permanent representative from Russia interrupted business in the Security Council chamber to complain about the rowdy fans outside the door.

The congruence of sport and diplomacy has been handily exploited by politicians in the past month; it is no coincidence that Madeleine Albright delivered her warming-up speech about Iran days before this country played that one in Lyons. And at the U.N., where every gesture has a political implication, the diplomatic sport of the moment has been to scrutinize the World Cup schedule for subtexts. Last week, there was jocular speculation that the United States had thrown the game against Iran, for the sake of improved international relations; and Thursday's encounter between the U.S. and Yugoslavia was anticipated more for its political resonance—would NATO start bombing Kosovo before or after the first goal was scored against the Americans?—than for its sporting significance.

Given the way the U.S. dominates the world political scene, U.N. diplomats take a certain quiet delight in the fact that when it comes to soccer the Americans are just another team, and not a very good one at that. In World Cup terms, Brazil is the superpower, which means that the representatives of that country, currently a temporary member of the Security Council, have been faced with some hard questions about priorities. One of



the Brazilian delegates opened a meeting on Tuesday afternoon—when Brazil was, astoundingly, being beaten by Norway—by saying that although he knew there were important issues pertaining to Africa to discuss, he was nonetheless hoping that the business could be completed promptly.

But, in the main, soccer has brought unanimity to the constitutionally fractious institution. "Here it is not done to be rude about other countries," the

giddy diplomat explained. "You are sitting next to people of enormously different cultures, and you have to take that into account whenever you open your mouth. And soccer truly is a common language. You can turn to an Iranian and say, 'That was such crap, that should have been a penalty,' and he will understand exactly what you mean. Whereas in any other conversation with him you will have to find two dozen different ways of explaining the same point to make sure he has understood it." —REBECCA MEAD

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

*At the urologists' convention,
Viagra's unsung expert witnesses.*



THE unfortunately named Dick Young asked for two of my fingers, which, for the purposes of his demonstration, we would pretend were a penis. Young was standing in the exhibit hall of the American Urological Association's recent annual meeting in San Diego, and explaining the wonders of the RigiScan Plus Rigidity Assessment System, a device that looks like a calculator with two wires snaking from it. At the end of each wire is a cloth-covered ring, and as Young slipped the rings over my fingers he noted that one encircles the base of the penis and the other lassos the tip. During this oddly intimate moment, with indifferent conventioners passing by, he turned the machine on and the loops slowly tightened. The RigiScan, he good-naturedly explained, was now both measuring the size of the penis and gauging its resistance to determine its rigidity.

The doctors in England who first showed that Viagra had promise as a treatment for erectile dysfunction relied on RigiScan to assess the drug's worth. But their study, in which twelve RigiScan-outfitted men watched porn movies, played little part in the U.S. Food and Drug Administration's decision to let Pfizer bring Viagra to market. The pivotal data that Pfizer submitted to the F.D.A. were the results of a questionnaire—filled out by patients. This helps explain why that study's sixty-nine-per-

cent success rate, first published in the May 14th *New England Journal of Medicine*, may, as reported at the San Diego meeting, ultimately turn out to have been inflated. "This is the first [erectile dysfunction] study we've published that contained no laboratory or clinic component," Robert Utiger, a *New England Journal* editor, acknowledged. "We were a little troubled, unofficially, by the absence of more objective measurements."

For years, urologists have evaluated impotence drugs with RigiScan, ultrasound, and bioimpedance machines that track penile blood flow, and with medieval-sounding "buckling" tests that put weights on erect penises to gauge rigidity. The trial reported in the *New England Journal*, however, which involved eight hundred and sixty-one men, relied mainly on the fifteen-question International Index of Erectile Function, a "validated" tool that rates subjective parameters that no machine can measure, such as orgasmic function, sexual desire, intercourse satisfaction, and maintenance of erection after penetration. "This is real soft data, no pun intended," William Steers, chief of urology at the University of Virginia, told me. Steers headed one of the sites that contributed data to the *New England Journal* paper. "I'm not at all happy."

Steers noted that the study had no data from what he considers to be "the best measure" of efficacy: spousal questionnaires. When you ask women about sex with their Viagra-enhanced husbands, he said, their response "is always lower than the men's." Depending on how strictly questionnaires defined "successful intercourse," men in ten different studies reported rates of success ranging from forty-eight to seventy-three per cent. In a study Steers conducted with wives, though, the definition of success had little impact on the responses, which consistently hovered at around forty-eight per cent. "When you asked the women, it was very clear: they said, 'Uh-uh,'" Steers said.

Despite his misgivings about the accuracy of the Viagra studies, Steers says, "In my heart of hearts, I'm confident that it works." Then again, if his data are reliable many men will be returning to their doctors disillusioned, reporting that the only rise they experienced was in their expectations. —JON COHEN



SKIN-DEEP

Chanel's Karl Lagerfeld defends the leather-faced look for summer.



NOW that we have assimilated the return of fur, the return of the cigar, the return of the cocktail, the return of red meat, and the return of fondue, it appears that yet another latter-day life-style evil is making a comeback: the deep tan. In Chanel's recent ad campaign, the model Stella Tennant is shown lolling around some prettily cobbled streets, her skin the color of a dirty penny and shining like a waxed apple—more bronzed than any model has been since Christie Brinkley in her Billy Joel years.

"The thinking was: Biarritz in the great years, in the twenties, when tan was a new thing," Karl Lagerfeld, Chanel's designer, explained by telephone from Paris. "Stella makes it look fashionable again, like Coco Chanel." Lagerfeld, whose manner is simultaneously imperious and frivolous, calls the style "a new, interesting look for women with dark hair." And he has very strict rules about what constitutes a cool, 1998 kind of tan and what constitutes a horrible fashion mistake: "It has to come back on a modern woman, like Stella, not on some blonde with, as the French say, a *choucroute* on the head." (That's

French for "big hair.") He went on, "This is an elegant tan in a modern way, like makeup. Not like some grilled meat."

Lagerfeld also has advice for blondes who want to be modern, though it, too, is strict: "They should just look like Amber Valletta." —REBECCA MEAD

THE CREATIVE LIFE

Remembering one of the art world's least businesslike businessmen.



THE sculptor Mark di Suvero burned a laurel wreath at Richard Bellamy's memorial service last month. He had trouble with the wind—the service was held outdoors, on the steps of the P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, in Long Island City—but he got it lit finally, and stood there with his burning bush and his two walking canes, looking like an Old Testament prophet. "Dick was a poet of life," he shouted, into the wind.

A couple of hundred people heard di Suvero and twenty-three other speakers pay tribute to Bellamy, the oddest and certainly the best-loved art dealer of our time. "I always thought that business embarrassed him," Richard Serra said. Serra named the artists who had made their debuts at Bellamy's legendary Green Gallery in the early nineteen-

sixties—Claes Oldenburg, James Rosenquist, Donald Judd, George Segal, di Suvero, Robert Morris, Larry Poons, Yayoi Kusama—several of whom moved on to more businesslike dealers long before Bellamy shut down his struggling operation, in 1965. Through tact or inadvertence, nobody mentioned the late Robert Scull, the taxi-fleet owner who had bankrolled the Green Gallery and then, by withdrawing his support, doomed it; a few years later, Scull became a millionaire by selling, at huge profits, the works he had bought from Bellamy.

Bellamy, who died of heart failure on March 29th, at the age of seventy, never did make much money from art. He had three more galleries, each one further removed from the center of the booming art world that the Green Gallery had helped to create. The last one opened in 1985 in Long Island City, in a former brick warehouse. By then, Bellamy was devoting himself almost exclusively to the work of di Suvero and two or three other artists, whose precarious existence outside the commercial-gallery system he largely made possible. For thirty years, Bellamy had been out of the big-name, big-money, hype-ridden New York art world, and yet here were all these prominent art-world types sitting in the bright sun or the chilly shade at P.S. 1 to honor his memory. Fredericka Hunter, who runs the Texas Gallery, in Houston, referred to him as a shaman, with a wonderful, "smoky" voice. Martin Friedman, the former director of the Walker Art Center, in Minneapolis, described Bellamy's sometimes perplexing use of indirection, and he gave an example: after listening to a critic expound the sort of art theory that he himself avoided on principle, Bellamy said, politely, "Yes, I do see what you mean, but I don't necessarily disagree."

Others reminisced about his quirks and eccentricities: the torn clothes, and the sneakers he wore everywhere, long before running shoes became a fashion statement; the tendency to lie down whenever he felt like it, which was often; the shyness, which enhanced his attractiveness to so many women. "Dick made no pretense of keeping up his guard," Serra said. His vulnerability was a great resource, which he used on behalf of his artists, in a lifetime of wily, tenacious loyalty that has no equal in today's art world. —CALVIN TOMKINS