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    - [NYC024364.dmg](#)  
(Evidence ID: NYC024364.dmg - 001)
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## Notes

### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/StickiesDatabase  
**Date Created** 2003-03-05 02:13:27 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2004-11-16 17:34:02 (UTC)  
**Title**

**Summary** Make a note of it!  
 Make a note of it!

Stickies lets you keep notes (like these) on your desktop. Use a Stickies note to jot down reminders, lists, or other information. You can also use notes to store frequently used text or graphics.

- Body**
- To close this note, click the close button.
  - To collapse this note, double click the title bar.

Your current notes appear when you open Stickies.

### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/StickiesDatabase  
**Date Created** 2003-03-05 02:14:15 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2004-11-16 17:29:10 (UTC)  
**Title**

**Summary** It's easy to customize your notes.

**Body** It's easy to customize your notes.

Make your notes stand out and get noticed.

- Format text using different fonts and font sizes
- Add emphasis with bold and italic text styles or color.
- Include graphics classic.tif ↵ .

Stickies has lots of other great features, including a spell checker, import and export features, and other ways to arrange and customize your notes. Plus, you'll find a "Make New Sticky Note" service in many applications.

Look in Help to find out more about using Stickies.

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/StickiesDatabase

**Date Created** 2010-11-11 12:59:54 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2010-11-11 13:02:04 (UTC)

**Title**

**Summary** [REDACTED], december, jl iphoto

**Body** [REDACTED], december, jl iphoto

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2010-12-06 00:22:46 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2013-04-15 11:18:18 (UTC)

terje ian boris, [REDACTED], piney, leon. [REDACTED] magnina, [REDACTED], bottstein, [REDACTED], [REDACTED]

**Title**

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

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terje ian boris, [REDACTED], piney, leon. [REDACTED] magnina, [REDACTED], bottstein, [REDACTED], [REDACTED]

**Body**

</body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2010-12-18 00:59:23 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2010-12-18 00:59:23 (UTC)

**Title** 0603517447

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

**Body** 0603517447

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2010-12-26 14:52:25 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2011-01-01 20:20:57 (UTC)

**Title**

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

**Body** <html><body bgcolor="#FEF9AC">

Wildflower thatxtegv curtains storage gym road gym entrance bedroom door Punching nag gym m  
ess archer dozerpInt mechanical beacgthree terrace po level garbage can gym weight beltocean equ  
ip organize  
</body></html>

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2011-01-08 15:12:44 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2011-01-08 15:12:44 (UTC)

**Title** Outdoor swivels

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation  
**Sync Source** Gmail  
**Body** Outdoor swivels

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2011-01-11 14:21:22 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2011-01-23 13:39:01 (UTC)  
**Title** Dock lights pneumo mohel Jonathan  
**Summary**  
**Sync Name** jeevacation  
**Sync Source** Gmail  
**Body** Dock lights pneumo mohel Jonathan  
Tule full-time Scott cables sultan un gym two jack paul steve gogger krishna ver Jerry larrypeter georgeandrews

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2011-01-28 16:07:33 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2011-02-09 15:21:13 (UTC)  
**Title** Dr. Kosslyn ew case3castings one jibbeaxh cleaner algae  
**Summary**  
**Sync Name** jeevacation  
**Sync Source** Gmail  
**Body** Dr. Kosslyn ew case3castings one jibbeaxh cleaner algae

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/StickersDatabase  
**Date Created** 2012-07-19 12:39:20 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2012-07-19 12:44:47 (UTC)  
**Title**  
**Summary** money as infection , virus colonize markets.  
money as infection , virus colonize markets.  
dreams awake,  
power law , . pareto  
**Body** decipion  
coop and comp , couples  
nose experiment  
math limiting money,, alternative currency  
econophysics econ biology

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2012-10-28 15:37:55 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2013-04-21 00:54:42 (UTC)

**Title** [REDACTED], joe, jean luc, todd, ari, leah  
gallert, acad of art, woody harvard, mette barbro, jabor, summers,  
barnaby re do will , woody , gates. ian, terje [REDACTED], smoklin ghislaine ,  
cars lsj, boats, , bLAINE, bremmer, lweis blac, IRERRA, Slayton,  
sinofsky, mellz, [REDACTED], [REDACTED] dr meachnic, [REDACTED], david hanson wsteve,  
tom mcimillen , [REDACTED], [REDACTED] keating, dashca grupman  
[REDACTED], bill seigal, leon balck, g4, wexner, [REDACTED], [REDACTED] jorge  
liman, david geffen kwok, roman, jylee, rupert [REDACTED] murdoch, bob keeryy  
pritsker, [REDACTED] reid , peggy, thiel, elon, viber, benny, sercuity  
conference, music and brain , pwer, signal intelligence ronts.  
venquela, francisco, zagat, kazak, sultan dubai, zuckerman, eric  
shcmidt, diffie, norway, mongolia, mr evil, nathan, keith alexander  
panetaa, paterus, david stern jack lang, michel, picault, [REDACTED], bobby  
kotik, brockman, ehud, barnaby, maldives, david mitchell, physica  
alebraic topology novak, nabokov, staff. repair maintainin house, ,  
banning license ayh, [REDACTED] noadiua, [REDACTED], [REDACTED], vaiva zwirn  
corbin, heidi, music bottstein, ion cabana time, set lloyd, mindsly  
rosovdky gergen, tax pllan options stat arb equity credit currency ,  
estate, george church, joshua back kosslym, eikie, juilsu baer,  
mortgage antiqua brock, michael wood, ben goertzel, redecorate. pinto.  
[REDACTED], lesley, rich rbk ftc stc, [REDACTED], jack  
brad, 727 , [REDACTED], alan heidi, [REDACTED], [REDACTED],

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

**Body** <html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-nsbp-mode: space; -webkit-li  
ne-break: after-white-space; ">

[REDACTED], joe, jean luc, todd, ari, leah  
gallert, acad of art, woody harvard, mette barbro, jabor, summers,  
barnaby re do will , woody , gates. ian, terje [REDACTED], smoklin ghislaine ,  
cars lsj, boats, , bLAINE, bremmer, lweis blac, IRERRA, Slayton,  
sinofsky, mellz, [REDACTED], [REDACTED] dr meachnic, [REDACTED], david hanson wsteve,  
tom mcimillen , [REDACTED], [REDACTED] keating, dashca grupman  
[REDACTED], bill seigal, leon balck, g4, wexner, [REDACTED] jorge  
liman, david geffen kwok, roman, jylee, rupert [REDACTED] murdoch, bob keeryy  
pritsker, [REDACTED] reid , peggy, thiel, elon, viber, benny, sercuity  
conference, music and brain , pwer, signal intelligence ronts.  
venquela, francisco, zagat, kazak, sultan dubai, zuckerman, eric  
shcmidt, diffie, norway, mongolia, mr evil, nathan, keith alexander  
panetaa, paterus, david stern jack lang, michel, picault, [REDACTED], bobby  
kotik, brockman, ehud, barnaby, maldives, david mitchell, physica  
alebraic topology novak, nabokov, staff. repair maintainin house, ,

baning license ayh, [REDACTED] noadiua, [REDACTED] [REDACTED], vaiva zwirn  
corbin, heidi, music bottstein, ion cabana time, set lloyd, mindslly  
rosovdky gergen, tax pllan options stat arb equity credit currency ,  
estate, george church, joshua back kosslym, eikie, juilsu baer,  
mortage antiqua brock, michael wood, ben goertzel, redecorate. pinto.  
[REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED], lesley, rich rbk ftc stc, [REDACTED], jack  
brad, 727 , [REDACTED] alan heidi, [REDACTED] [REDACTED], <br clear="all">reidluis [REDACTED], lang, joffee , vaiv  
a, leon, ian, jeanluc, danielk, vic, [REDACTED] [REDACTED], [REDACTED] svenson, [REDACTED], peggy ,, boris, geff  
en, jagband , terje, mette, [REDACTED] k read [REDACTED], [REDACTED] , david stern, [REDACTED] paris, playing Joffe we ar  
e you jeanluc Daniel [REDACTED] [REDACTED] she's here, schank, david stern/[REDACTED], andra, [REDACTED] bobkerr  
y, joel klein, richard branson greg wyler

shank [REDACTED] todd eric, ian jacob, gates boris. . tanceredi vaiva. </body></html>

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2013-04-25 15:41:33 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2013-04-25 15:53:36 (UTC)  
**Title** ehud, larry, ? [REDACTED], anderw? joel kelin, leon bottsetin? , kerrey. mort.  
**Summary**  
**Sync Name** jeevacation  
**Sync Source** Gmail  
<html><head></head><body>ehud, larry, ? [REDACTED], anderw? joel kelin, leon bottsetin? , kerrey. mor  
t.

staff, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] replacement, brice [REDACTED], [REDACTED] isster. woody , branson. billl, sinofsly, boris

**Body** science, bach, hanson signal music,  
  
teachers. weekends. women accomplished, .  
  
lang sultan terje ia hossain, [REDACTED] visa status ,  
  
time travel , kayak , kenya , </body></html>

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2013-05-03 10:54:20 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2013-05-15 21:09:02 (UTC)

**Title** dsandor, daimandis, chuch, kollsyn, ali reaza, esther dyson, andrewsson, cushion chair,pb phones

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

**Body** <html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-  
ine-break: after-white-space; ">dsandor, daimandis, chuch, kollsyn, ali reaza, esther dyson, andrew  
sson, cushion chair,pb phones</body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2013-05-30 12:45:15 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2013-05-30 12:45:19 (UTC)

**Title** This exchange with Alvin Toffler appeared in

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

**Body** <html><head></head><body><pre> This exchange with Alvin Toffler appeared in  
<i>Playboy</i> for January, 1964. Great trouble was taken on  
both sides to achieve the illusion of a spontaneous  
conversation. Actually, my contribution as printed conforms  
meticulously to the answers, every word of which I had written  
in longhand before having them typed for submission to Toffler  
when he came to Montreux in mid-March, 1963. The present text  
takes into account the order of my interviewer's questions as  
well as the fact that a couple of consecutive pages of my  
typescript were apparently lost in transit. <i>Egreto perambis  
doribus! </i>

<i>With the American publication</i> of Lolita <i>in 1958,  
your fame and fortune mushroomed almost overnight from high  
repute among the literary</i> cognoscenti-- <i>which you had  
enjoyed for more than 30 years-- to both acclaim and abuse as  
the world-renowned author of a sensational bestseller. In the  
aftermath of this cause</i> celebre, <i>do you ever regret  
having written</i> Lolita?

On the contrary, I shudder retrospectively when I recall  
that there was a moment, in 1950, and again in 1951, when I was

on the point of burning Humbert Humbert's little black diary. No, I shall never regret *Lolita*. She was like the composition of a beautiful puzzle-- its composition and its solution at the same time, since one is a mirror view of the other, depending on the way you look. Of course she completely eclipsed my other works-- at least those I wrote in English: *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*, *Bend Sinister*, my short stories, my book of recollections; but I cannot grudge her this. There is a queer, tender charm about that mythical nymphet.

Though many readers and reviewers would disagree that her charm is tender, few would deny that it is queer-- so much so that when director Stanley Kubrick proposed his plan to make a movie of *Lolita*, you were quoted as saying, "Of course they'll have to change the plot. Perhaps they will make *Lolita* a dwarfess. Or they will make her 16 and Humbert 26." Though you finally wrote the screenplay yourself, several reviewers took the film to task for watering down the central relationship. Were you satisfied with the final product?

I thought the movie was absolutely first-rate. The four main actors deserve the very highest praise. Sue Lyon bringing that breakfast tray or childishly pulling on her sweater in the car-- these are moments of unforgettable acting and directing. The killing of Quilty is a masterpiece, and so is the death of Mrs. Haze. I must point out, though, that I had nothing to do with the actual production. If I had, I might have insisted on stressing certain things that were not stressed-- for example, the different motels at which they stayed. All I did was write the screenplay, a preponderating portion of which was used by Kubrick. The "watering down," if any, did not come from my aspergillum.

Do you feel that *Lolita's* twofold success has affected your life for the better or for the worse?

I gave up teaching-- that's about all in the way of change. Mind you, I loved teaching, I loved Cornell, I loved composing and delivering my lectures on Russian writers and European great books. But around 60, and especially in winter, one begins to find hard the physical process of teaching, the getting up at a fixed hour every other morning, the struggle with the snow in the driveway, the march through long corridors to the classroom, the effort of drawing on the blackboard a map of James Joyce's Dublin or the arrangement of the semi-sleeping car of the St. Petersburg-Moscow express in the early 1870s-- without an understanding of which neither *Ulysses* nor *Anna Karenin*, respectively, makes sense. For some reason my most vivid memories concern examinations. Big amphitheater in Goldwin Smith. Exam from 8 a.m. to 10:30. About 150 students-- unwashed, unshaven young males and reasonably well-groomed young females. A general sense of tedium and disaster. Half-past eight. Little coughs, the clearing of

nervous throats, coming in clusters of sound, rustling of pages. Some of the martyrs plunged in meditation, their arms locked behind their heads. I meet a dull gaze directed at me, seeing in me with hope and hate the source of forbidden knowledge. Girl in glasses comes up to my desk to ask: "Professor Kafka, do you want us to say that . . . ? Or do you want us to answer only the first part of the question?" The great fraternity of C-minus, backbone of the nation, steadily scribbling on. A rustle arising simultaneously, the majority turning a page in their bluebooks, good teamwork. The shaking of a cramped wrist, the failing ink, the deodorant that breaks down. When I catch eyes directed at me, they are forthwith raised to the ceiling in pious meditation. Windowpanes getting misty. Boys peeling off sweaters. Girls chewing gum in rapid cadence. Ten minutes, five, three, time's up.

*Citing in Lolita the same kind of acid-etched scene you've just described, many critics have called the book a masterful satiric social commentary on America. Are they right?*

Well, I can only repeat that I have neither the intent nor the temperament of a moral or social satirist. Whether or not critics think that in *Lolita* I am ridiculing human folly leaves me supremely indifferent. But I am annoyed when the glad news is spread that I am ridiculing America.

*But haven't you written yourself that there is "nothing more exhilarating than American Philistine vulgarity"?*

No, I did not say that. That phrase has been lifted out of context, and, like a round, deep-sea fish, has burst in the process. If you look up my little after-piece, "On a Book Entitled *Lolita*," which I appended to the novel, you will see that what I really said was that in regard to Philistine vulgarity-- which I do feel is most exhilarating-- no difference exists between American and European manners. I go on to say that a proletarian from Chicago can be just as Philistine as an English duke.

*Many readers have concluded that the Philistinism you seem to find the most exhilarating is that of America's sexual mores.*

Sex as an institution, sex as a general notion, sex as a problem, sex as a platitude-- all this is something I find too tedious for words. Let us skip sex.

*Have you ever been psychoanalyzed?  
Have I been what?  
Subjected to psychoanalytical examination.  
Why, good God?*

*In order to see how it is done. Some critics have felt that your barbed comments about the fashionability of Freudianism, as practiced by American analysts, suggest a contempt based upon familiarity.*

Bookish familiarity only. The ordeal itself is much too silly and disgusting to be contemplated even as a joke. Freudism and all it has tainted with its grotesque implications and methods appears to me to be one of the vilest deceits practiced by people on themselves and on others. I reject it utterly, along with a few other medieval items still adored by the ignorant, the conventional, or the very sick.

*Speaking of the very sick, you suggested in Lolita that Humbert Humbert's appetite for nymphets is the result of an unrequited childhood love affair; in Invitation to a Beheading you wrote about a 12-year-old girl, Emmie, who is erotically interested in a man twice her age; and in Bend Sinister your protagonist dreams that he is "surreptitiously enjoying Mariette (his maid) while she sat, wincing a little, in his lap during the rehearsal of a play in which she was supposed to be his daughter." Some critics, in poring over your works for clues to your personality, have pointed to this recurrent theme as evidence of an unwholesome preoccupation on your part with the subject of sexual attraction between pubescent girls and middle-aged men. Do you feel that there may be some truth in this charge?*

I think it would be more correct to say that had I not written Lolita, readers would not have started finding nymphets in my other works and in their own households. I find it very amusing when a friendly, polite person says to me-- probably just in order to be friendly and polite-- "Mr. Naborkov," or "Mr. Nabahkov," or "Mr. Nabkov" or "Mr. Nabohkov," depending on his linguistic abilities, "I have a little daughter who is a regular Lolita." People tend to underestimate the power of my imagination and my capacity of evolving serial selves in my writings. And then, of course, there is that special type of critic, the ferrety, human-interest fiend, the jolly vulgarian. Someone, for instance, discovered telltale affinities between Humbert's boyhood romance on the Riviera and my own recollections about little Colette, with whom I built damp sand castles in Biarritz when I was ten. Somber Humbert was, of course, thirteen and in the throes of a pretty extravagant sexual excitement, whereas my own romance with Colette had no trace of erotic desire and indeed was perfectly common-place and normal. And, of course, at nine and ten years of age, in that set, in those times, we knew nothing whatsoever about the false facts of life that are imparted nowadays to infants by progressive parents.

*Why false?*

Because the imagination of a small child-- especially a

town child-- at once distorts, stylizes, or otherwise alters the bizarre things he is told about the busy bee, which neither he nor his parents can distinguish from a bum-blebee, anyway.

*<i>What one critic has termed your "almost obsessive attention to the phrasing, rhythm, cadence and connotation of words" is evident even in the selection of names for your own celebrated bee and bumblebee-- Lolita and Humbert Humbert. How did they occur to you? </i>*

For my nymphet I needed a diminutive with a lyrical lilt to it. One of the most limpid and luminous letters is "L". The suffix "-ita" has a lot of Latin tenderness, and this I required too. Hence: Lolita. However, it should not be pronounced as you and most Americans pronounce it: Low-lee-ta, with a heavy, clammy "L" and a long "o". No, the first syllable should be as in "lollipop", the "L" liquid and delicate, the "lee" not too sharp. Spaniards and Italians pronounce it, of course, with exactly the necessary note of archness and caress. Another consideration was the welcome murmur of its source name, the fountain name: those roses and tears in "Dolores." My little girl's heartrending fate had to be taken into account together with the cuteness and limpidity. Dolores also provided her with another, plainer, more familiar and infantile diminutive: Dolly, which went nicely with the surname "Haze," where Irish mists blend with a German bunny-- I mean, a small German hare.

*<i>You're making a word-playful reference, of course, to the German term for rabbit-- </i>Hase. *<i>But what inspired you to dub Lolita's aging innamorato with such engaging redundancy? </i>**

That, too, was easy. The double rumble is, I think, very nasty, very suggestive. It is a hateful name for a hateful person. It is also a kingly name, and I did need a royal vibration for Humbert the Fierce and Humbert the Humble. Lends itself also to a number of puns. And the execrable diminutive "Hum" is on a par, socially and emotionally, with "Lo," as her mother calls her.

*<i>Another critic has written of you that "the task of sifting and selecting just the right succession of words from that multilingual memory, and of arranging their many-mirrored nuances into the proper juxtapositions, must be psychically exhausting work. " Which of all your books, in this sense, would you say was the most difficult to write? </i>*

Oh, *<i>Lolita,</i>* naturally. I lacked the necessary information-- that was the initial difficulty. I did not know any American 12-year-old girls, and I did not know America; I had to invent America and Lolita. It had taken me some forty years to invent Russia and Western Europe, and now I was faced by a similar task, with a lesser amount of time at my disposal.

The obtaining of such local ingredients as would allow me to inject average "reality" into the brew of individual fancy proved, at fifty, a much more difficult process than it had been in the Europe of my youth.

*Though born in Russia, you have lived and worked for many years in America as well as in Europe. Do you feel any strong sense of national identity?*

I am an American writer, born in Russia and educated in England where I studied French literature, before spending fifteen years in Germany. I came to America in 1940 and decided to become an American citizen, and make America my home. It so happened that I was immediately exposed to the very best in America, to its rich intellectual life and to its easygoing, good-natured atmosphere. I immersed myself in its great libraries and its Grand Canyon. I worked in the laboratories of its zoological museums. I acquired more friends than I ever had in Europe, My books-- old books and new ones-- found some admirable readers. I became as stout as Cortez-- mainly because I quit smoking and started to munch molasses candy instead, with the result that my weight went up from my usual 140 to a monumental and cheerful 200. In consequence, I am one-third American-- good American flesh keeping me warm and safe.

*You spent 20 years in America, and yet you never owned a home or had a really settled establishment there. Your friends report that you camped impermanently in motels, cabins, furnished apartments and the rented homes of professors away on leave. Did you feel so restless or so alien that the idea of settling down anywhere disturbed you?*

The main reason, the background reason, is, I suppose, that nothing short of a replica of my childhood surroundings would have satisfied me. I would never manage to match my memories correctly-- so why trouble with hopeless approximations? Then there are some special considerations: for instance, the question of impetus, the habit of impetus. I propelled myself out of Russia so vigorously, with such indignant force, that I have been rolling on and on ever since. True, I have rolled and lived to become that appetizing thing, a "full professor," but at heart I have always remained a lean "visiting lecturer." The few times I said to myself anywhere: "Now, that's a nice spot for a permanent home," I would immediately hear in my mind the thunder of an avalanche carrying away the hundreds of far places which I would destroy by the very act of settling in one particular nook of the earth. And finally, I don't much care for furniture, for tables and chairs and lamps and rugs and things-- perhaps because in my opulent childhood I was taught to regard with amused contempt any too-earnest attachment to material wealth, which is why I felt no regret and no bitterness when the Revolution abolished that wealth.

*<i>You lived in Russia for twenty years, in West Europe for 20 years, and in America for twenty years. But in 1960, after the success of</i> Lolita, <i>you moved to France and Switzerland and have not returned to the U. S. since. Does this mean, despite your self-identification as an American writer, that you consider your American period over? </i>*

I am living in Switzerland for purely private reasons-- family reasons and certain professional ones too, such as some special research for a special book. I hope to return very soon to America-- back to its library stacks and mountain passes. An ideal arrangement would be an absolutely soundproofed flat in New York, on a top floor-- no feet walking above, no soft music anywhere-- and a bungalow in the Southwest. Sometimes I think it might be fun to adorn a university again, residing and writing there, not teaching, or at least not teaching regularly.

*<i>Meanwhile you remain secluded-- and somewhat sedentary, from all reports-- in your hotel suite. How do you spend your time? </i>*

I awake around seven in winter: my alarm clock is an Alpine chough-- big, glossy, black thing with big yellow beak-- which visits the balcony and emits a most melodious chuckle. For a while I lie in bed mentally revising and planning things. Around eight: shave, breakfast, enthroned meditation, and bath-- in that order. Then I work till lunch in my study, taking time out for a short stroll with my wife along the lake. Practically all the famous Russian writers of the nineteenth century have rambled here at one time or another. Zhukovski, Gogol, Dostoevski, Tolstoy-- who courted the hotel chambermaids to the detriment of his health-- and many Russian poets. But then, as much could be said of Nice or Rome. We lunch around one p.m., and I am back at my desk by half-past one and work steadily till half-past six. Then a stroll to a newsstand for the English papers, and dinner at seven. No work after dinner. And bed around nine. I read till half-past eleven, and then tussle with insomnia till one a.m. about twice a *<i>week</i>* I have a good, long nightmare with unpleasant characters imported from earlier dreams, appearing in more or less iterative surroundings-- kaleidoscopic arrangements of broken impressions, fragments of day thoughts, and irresponsible mechanical images, utterly lacking any possible Freudian implication or explication, but singularly akin to the procession of changing figures that one usually sees on the inner palpebral screen when closing one's weary eyes.

*<i>Funny that witch doctors and their patients have never hit on that simple and absolutely satisfying explanation of dreaming. Is it true that you write standing up, and that you write in longhand rather than on a typewriter? </i>*

Yes. I never learned to type. I generally start the day at

a lovely old-fashioned lectern I have in my study. Later on, when I feel gravity nibbling at my calves, I settle down in a comfortable armchair alongside an ordinary writing desk; and finally, when gravity begins climbing up my spine, I lie down on a couch in a corner of my small study. It is a pleasant solar routine. But when I was young, in my twenties and early thirties, I would often stay all day in bed, smoking and writing. Now things have changed. Horizontal prose, vertical verse, and sedent scholia keep swapping qualifiers and spoiling the alliteration.

Can you tell us something more about the actual creative process involved in the germination of a book-- perhaps by reading a few random notes for or excerpts from a work in progress?

Certainly not. No fetus should undergo an exploratory operation. But I can do something else. This box contains index cards with some notes I made at various times more or less recently and discarded when writing *Pale Fire*. It's a little batch of rejects. Help yourself. "Selene, the moon. Selenginsk, an old town in Siberia: moon-rocket town" . . . "Berry: the black knob on the bill of the mute swan" . . . "Dropworm: a small caterpillar hanging on a thread" . . . "In *The New Bon Ton Magazine*, volume five, 1820, page 312, prostitutes are termed 'girls of the town' " . . . "Youth dreams: forgot pants; old man dreams: forgot dentures" , . . "Student explains that when reading a novel he likes to skip passages 'so as to get his own idea about the book and not be influenced by the author'" . . . "Naprapathy: the ugliest word in the language."

"And after rain, on beaded wires, one bird, two birds, three birds, and none. Muddy tires, sun" . . . "Time without consciousness-- lower animal world; time with consciousness-- man; consciousness without time-- some still higher state" . . . "We think not in words but in shadows of words. James Joyce's mistake in those otherwise marvelous mental soliloquies of his consists in that he gives too much verbal body to thoughts" . . . "Parody of politeness: That inimitable 'Please' -- 'Please send me your beautiful-- ' which firms idiotically address to themselves in printed forms meant for people ordering their product." . . .

"Naive, nonstop, peep-peep twitter of chicks in dismal crates late, late at night, on a desolate frost-bedimmed station platform" . . . "The tabloid headline TORSO KILLER MAY BEAT CHAIR might be translated: *'Celui qui tw an buste peat bien battre une chaise'* . . . "Newspaper vendor, handing me a magazine with my story: I see you made the slicks." "Snow falling, young father out with tiny child, nose like a pink cherry. Why does a parent immediately say something to his or her child if a stranger smiles at the latter? 'Sure,' said the father to the infant's interrogatory gurgle, which had been

going on for some time, and would have been left to go on in the quiet falling snow, had I not smiled in passing". . . "Inter-columniation: dark-blue sky between two white columns." . . . "Place-name in the Orkneys: Papilio" . . . "Not I, too, lived in Arcadia,' but 'I,' says Death, even am in Arcadia"-- legend on a shepherd's tomb <i>(Notes and Queries,</i> June 13, 1868, p. 561)" . . . "Marat collected butterflies" . . . "From the aesthetic point of view, the tapeworm is certainly an undesirable boarder. The gravid segments frequently crawl out of a person's anal canal, sometimes in chains, and have been reported a source of social embarrassment." <i>(Ann. N. Y. Acad. Sci.</i> 48:558).

<i>What inspires you to record and collect such disconnected impressions and quotations? </i>

All I know is that at a very early stage of the novel's development I get this urge to garner bits of straw and fluff, and eat pebbles. Nobody will ever discover how clearly a bird visualizes, or if it visualizes at all, the future nest and the eggs in it. When I remember afterwards the force that made me jot down the correct names of things, or the inches and tints of things, even before I actually needed the information, I am inclined to assume that what I call, for want of a better term, inspiration, had been already at work, mutely pointing at this or that, having me accumulate the known materials for an unknown structure. After the first shock of recognition-- a sudden sense of <i>"this</i> is what I'm going to write"-- the novel starts to breed by itself; the process goes on solely in the mind, not on paper; and to be aware of the stage it has reached at any given moment, I do not have to be conscious of every exact phrase. I feel a kind of gentle development, an uncurling inside, and I know that the details are there already, that in fact I would see them plainly if I looked closer, if I stopped the machine and opened its inner compartment; but I prefer to wait until what is loosely called inspiration has completed the task for me. There comes a moment when I am informed from within that the entire structure is finished. All I have to do now is take it down in pencil or pen. Since this entire structure, dimly illumined in one's mind, can be compared to a painting, and since you do not have to work gradually from left to right for its proper perception, I may direct my flashlight at any part or particle of the picture when setting it down in writing. I do not begin my novel at the beginning. I do not reach chapter three before I reach chapter four, I do not go dutifully from one page to the next, in consecutive order; no, I pick out a bit here and a bit there, till I have filled all the gaps on paper. This is why I like writing my stories and novels on index cards, numbering them later when the whole set is complete. Every card is rewritten many times. About three cards make one typewritten page, and when finally I feel that the conceived picture has been copied by me as faithfully as physically possible-- a few vacant lots always remain, alas-- then I dictate the novel to

my wife who types it out in triplicate.

*In what sense do you copy "the conceived picture" of a novel?*

A creative writer must study carefully the works of his rivals, including the Almighty. He must possess the inborn capacity not only of recombining but of re-creating the given world. In order to do this adequately, avoiding duplication of labor, the artist should know the given world. Imagination without knowledge leads no farther than the back yard of primitive art, the child's scrawl on the fence, and the crank's message in the market place. Art is never simple. To return to my lecturing days: I automatically gave low marks when a student used the dreadful phrase "sincere and simple"-- "Flaubert writes with a style which is always simple and sincere"-- under the impression that this was the greatest compliment payable to prose or poetry. When I struck the phrase out, which I did with such rage in my pencil that it ripped the paper, the student complained that this was what teachers had always taught him: "Art is simple, art is sincere." Someday I must trace this vulgar absurdity to its source. A schoolmarm in Ohio? A progressive ass in New York? Because, of course, art at its greatest is fantastically deceitful and complex.

*In terms of modern art, critical opinion is divided about the sincerity or deceitfulness, simplicity or complexity, of contemporary abstract painting. What is your own opinion?*

I do not see any essential difference between abstract and primitive art. Both are simple and sincere. Naturally, we should not generalize in these matters: it is the individual artist that counts. But if we accept for a moment the general notion of "modern art," then we must admit that the trouble with it is that it is so commonplace, imitative, and academic. Blurs and blotches have merely replaced the mass prettiness of a hundred years ago, pictures of Italian girls, handsome beggars, romantic ruins, and so forth. But just as among those corny oils there might occur the work of a true artist with a richer play of light and shade, with some original streak of violence or tenderness, so among the corn of primitive and abstract art one may come across a flash of great talent. Only talent interests me in paintings and books. Not general ideas, but the individual contribution.

*A contribution to society?*

A work of art has no importance whatever to society. It is only important to the individual, and only the individual reader is important to me. I don't give a damn for the group, the community, the masses, and so forth. Although I do not care for the slogan "art for art's sake"-- because unfortunately such promoters of it as, for instance, Oscar Wilde and various

dainty poets, were in reality rank moralists and didacticists-- there can be no question that what makes a work of fiction safe from larvae and rust is not its social importance but its art, only its art.

<i>What do you want to accomplish or leave behind-- or should this be of no concern to the writer? </i>

Well, in this matter of accomplishment, of course, I don't have a 35-year plan or program, but I have a fair inkling of my literary afterlife. I have sensed certain hints, I have felt the breeze of certain promises. No doubt there will be ups and downs, long periods of slump. With the Devil's connivance, I open a newspaper of 2063 and in some article on the books page I find: "Nobody reads Nabokov or Fulmerford today." Awful question: Who is this unfortunate Fulmerford?

<i>While we're on the subject of self-appraisal, what do you regard as your principal failing as a writer-- apart from forgetability? </i>

Lack of spontaneity; the nuisance of parallel thoughts, second thoughts, third thoughts; inability to express myself properly in any language unless I compose every damned sentence in my bath, in my mind, at my desk.

<i>You're doing rather well at the moment, if we may say so.</i>

It's an illusion.

<i>Your reply might be taken as confirmation of critical comments that you are "an incorrigible leg puller, " "a mystificator, " and "a literary</i> agent provocateur. " <i>How do</i> you <i>view yourself? </i>

I think my favorite fact about myself is that I have never been dismayed by a critic's bilge or bile, and have never once in my life asked or thanked a reviewer for a review. My second favorite fact-- or shall I stop at one?

<i>No, please go on. </i>

The fact that since my youth-- I was 19 when I left Russia-- my political creed has remained as bleak and changeless as an old gray rock. It is classical to the point of triteness. Freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom of art. The social or economic structure of the ideal state is of little concern to me. My desires are modest. Portraits of the head of the government should not exceed a postage stamp in size. No torture and no executions. No music, except coming through earphones, or played in theaters.

*<i>Why no music? </i>*

I have no ear for music, a shortcoming I deplore bitterly. When I attend a concert-- which happens about once in five years-- I endeavor gamely to follow the sequence and relationship of sounds but cannot keep it up for more than a few minutes. Visual impressions, reflections of hands in lacquered wood, a diligent bald spot over a fiddle, these take over, and soon I am bored beyond measure by the motions of the musicians. My knowledge of music is very slight; and I have a special reason for finding my ignorance and inability so sad, so unjust: There is a wonderful singer in my family-- my own son. His great gifts, the rare beauty of his bass, and the promise of a splendid career-- all this affects me deeply, and I fee] a fool during a technical conversation among musicians. I am perfectly aware of the many parallels between the art forms of music and those of literature, especially in matters of structure, but what can I do if ear and brain refuse to cooperate? I have found a queer substitute for music in chess-- more exactly, in the composing of chess problems.

*<i>Another substitute, surely, has been your own euphonious prose and poetry. As one of few authors who have written with eloquence in more than one language, how would you characterize the textural differences between Russian and English, in which you are regarded as equally facile? </i>*

In sheer number of words, English is far richer than Russian. This is especially noticeable in nouns and adjectives. A very bothersome feature that Russian presents is the dearth, vagueness, and clumsiness of technical terms.

For example, the simple phrase "to park a car" comes out-- if translated back from the Russian-- as "to leave an automobile standing for a long time." Russian, at least polite Russian, is more formal than polite English. Thus, the Russian word for "sexual"-- *<i>polovoy-- </i>*is slightly indecent and not to be bandied around. The same applies to Russian terms rendering various anatomical and biological notions that are frequently and familiarly expressed in English conversation. On the other hand, there are words rendering certain nuances of motion and gesture and emotion in which Russian excels. Thus by changing the head of a verb, for which one may have a dozen different prefixes to choose from, one is able to make Russian express extremely fine shades of duration and intensity. English is, syntactically, an extremely flexible medium, but Russian can be given even more subtle twists and turns. Translating Russian into English is a little easier than translating English into Russian, and 10 times easier than translating English into French.

*<i>You have said you will never write another novel in Russian. Why? </i>*

During the great, and still unsung, era of Russian intellectual expatriation-- roughly between 1920 and 1940-- books written in Russian by emigre Russians and published by emigre firms abroad *were* eagerly bought or borrowed by emigre readers but were absolutely banned in Soviet Russia-- as they still are (except in the case of a few dead authors such as Kuprin and Bunin, whose heavily censored works have been recently reprinted there), no matter the theme of the story or poem. An emigre novel, published, say, in Paris and sold over all free Europe, might have, in those years, a total sale of 1,000 or 2,000 copies-- that would be a best seller-- but every copy would also pass from hand to hand and be read by at least 20 persons, and at least 50 annually if stocked by Russian lending libraries, of which there were hundreds in West Europe alone. The era of expatriation can be said to have ended during World War II. Old writers died, Russian publishers also vanished, and worst of all, the general atmosphere of exile culture, with its splendor, and vigor, and purity, and reverberative force, dwindled to a sprinkle of Russian-language periodicals, anemic in talent and provincial in tone. Now to take my own case: It was not the financial side that really mattered; I don't think my Russian writings ever brought me more than a few hundred dollars per year, and I am all for the ivory tower, and for writing to please one reader alone-- one's own self. But one also needs some reverberation, if not response, and a moderate multiplication of one's self throughout a country or countries; and if there be nothing but a void around one's desk, one would expect it to be at least a sonorous void, and not circumscribed by the walls of a padded cell. With the passing of years I grew less and less interested in Russia and more and more indifferent to the once-harrowing thought that my books would remain banned there as long as my contempt for the police state and political oppression prevented me from entertaining the vaguest thought of return. No, I will not write another novel in Russian, though I do allow myself a very few short poems now and then. I wrote my last Russian novel a quarter of a century ago. But today, in compensation, in a spirit of justice to my little American muse, I am doing something else. But perhaps I should not talk about it at this early stage.

*Please do.*

Well, it occurred to me one day-- while I was glancing at the varicolored spines of *Lolita* translations into languages I do not read, such as Japanese, Finnish or Arabic-- that the list of unavoidable blunders in these fifteen or twenty versions would probably make, if collected, a fatter volume than any of them. I had checked the French translation, which was basically very good yet would have bristled with unavoidable errors had I not corrected them. But what could I do with Portuguese or Hebrew or Danish? Then I imagined something else. I imagined that in some distant future somebody might produce a Russian version of *Lolita*. I trained my

inner telescope upon that particular point in the distant future and I saw that every paragraph, pock-marked as it is with pitfalls, could lend itself to hideous mistranslation. In the hands of a harmful drudge, the Russian version of *Lolita* would be entirely degraded and botched by vulgar paraphrases or blunders. So I decided to translate it myself. Up to now I have about sixty pages ready.

Are you presently at work on any new project?

Good question, as they say on the lesser screen. I have just finished correcting the last proofs of my work on Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*-- four fat little volumes which are to appear this year in the Bollingen Series; the actual translation of the poem occupies a small section of volume one. The rest of the volume and volumes two, three and four contain copious notes on the subject. This opus owes its birth to a casual remark my wife made in 1950-- in response to my disgust with rhymed paraphrases of *Eugene Onegin*, every line of which I had to revise for my students-- "Why don't you translate it yourself?" This is the result. It has taken some ten years of labor. The index alone runs to 5,000 cards in three long shoe boxes; you see them over there on that shelf. My translation is, of course, a literal one, a crib, a pony. And to the fidelity of transposal I have sacrificed everything: elegance, euphony, clarity, good taste, modern usage, and even grammar.

In view of these admitted flaws, are you looking forward to reading the reviews of the book?

I really don't read reviews about myself with any special eagerness or attention unless they are masterpieces of wit and acumen-- which does happen now and then. And I never reread them, though my wife collects the stuff, and though maybe I shall use a spatter of the more hilarious *Lolita* items to write someday a brief history of the nymphet's tribulations. I remember, however, quite vividly, certain attacks by Russian emigre critics who wrote about my first novels 30 years ago; not that I was more vulnerable then, but my memory was certainly more retentive and enterprising, and I was a reviewer myself. In the nineteen-twenties I was clawed at by a certain Mochulski who could never stomach my utter indifference to organized mysticism, to religion, to the church-- any church. There were other critics who could not forgive me for keeping aloof from literary "movements," for not airing the "angoisse" that they wanted poets to feel, and for not belonging to any of those groups of poets that held sessions of common inspiration in the back rooms of Parisian cafes. There was also the amusing case of Georgiy Ivanov, a good poet but a scurrilous critic. I never met him or his literary wife Irina Odoevtsev; but one day in the late nineteen-twenties or early nineteen-thirties, at a time when I regularly reviewed books for an emigre newspaper in Berlin, she sent me from Paris a

copy of a novel of hers with the wily inscription *"Spasibo za Korolya, damn, valeta"* (thanks for King, Queen, Knave)-- which I was free to understand as "Thanks for writing that book," but which might also provide her with the alibi: "Thanks for sending me your book," though I never sent her anything. Her book proved to be pitifully trite, and I said so in a brief and nasty review, Ivanov retaliated with a grossly personal article about me and my stuff. The possibility of venting or distilling friendly or unfriendly feelings through the medium of literary criticism is what makes that art such a skewy one.

*You have been quoted as saying: My pleasures are the most intense known to man: butterfly hunting and writing. Are they in any way comparable?*

No, they belong essentially to quite different types of enjoyment. Neither is easy to describe to a person who has not experienced it, and each is so obvious to the one who has that a description would sound crude and redundant. In the case of butterfly hunting I think I can distinguish four main elements. First, the hope of capturing-- or the actual capturing-- of the first specimen of a species unknown to science: this is the dream at the back of every lepidopterist's mind, whether he be climbing a mountain in New Guinea or crossing a bog in Maine. Secondly, there is the capture of a very rare or very local butterfly-- things you have gloated over in books, in obscure scientific reviews, on the splendid plates of famous works, and that you now see on the wing, in their natural surroundings, among plants and minerals that acquire a mysterious magic through the intimate association with the rarities they produce and support, so that a given landscape lives twice: as a delightful wilderness in its own right and as the haunt of a certain butterfly or moth. Thirdly, there is the naturalist's interest in disentangling the life histories of little-known insects, in learning about their habits and structure, and in determining their position in the scheme of classification-- a scheme which can be sometimes pleasurably exploded in a dazzling display of polemical fireworks when a new discovery upsets the old scheme and confounds its obtuse champions. And fourthly, one should not ignore the element of sport, of luck, of brisk motion and robust achievement, of an ardent and arduous quest ending in the silky triangle of a folded butterfly lying on the palm of one's hand.

*What about the pleasures of writing?*

They correspond exactly to the pleasures of reading, the bliss, the felicity of a phrase is shared by writer and reader: by the satisfied writer and the grateful reader, or-- which is the same thing-- by the artist grateful to the unknown force in his mind that has suggested a combination of images and by the artistic reader whom this combination satisfies.

Every good reader has enjoyed a few good books in his life so why analyze delights that both sides know? I write mainly for artists, fellow-artists and follow-artists. However, I could never explain adequately to certain students in my literature classes, the aspects of good reading-- the fact that you read an artist's book not with your heart (the heart is a remarkably stupid reader), and not with your brain alone, but with your brain and spine. "Ladies and gentlemen, the tingle in the spine really tells you what the author felt and wished you to feel." I wonder if I shall ever measure again with happy hands the breadth of a lectern and plunge into my notes before the sympathetic abyss of a college audience.

*<i>What is your reaction to the mixed feelings vented by one critic in a review which characterized you as having a fine and original mind, but "not much trace of a generalizing intellect, "and as "the typical artist who distrusts ideas"?*  
*</i>*

In much the same solemn spirit, certain crusty lepidopterists have criticized my works on the classification of butterflies, accusing me of being more interested in the subspecies and the subgenus than in the genus and the family. This kind of attitude is a matter of mental temperament, I suppose. The middlebrow or the upper Philistine cannot get rid of the furtive feeling that a book, to be great, must deal in great ideas. Oh, I know the type, the dreary type! He likes a good yarn spiced with social comment; he likes to recognize his own thoughts and throes in those of the author; he wants at least one of the characters to be the author's stooge. If American, he has a dash of Marxist blood, and if British, he is acutely and ridiculously class-conscious; he finds it so much easier to write about ideas than about words; he does not realize that perhaps the reason he does not find general ideas in a particular writer is that the particular ideas of that writer have not yet become general.

*<i>Dostoevski, who dealt with themes accepted by most readers as universal in both scope and significance, is considered one of the world's great authors. Yet you have described him as "a cheap sensationalist, clumsy and vulgar. " Why? </i>*

Non-Russian readers do not realize two things: that not all Russians love Dostoevski as much as Americans do, and that most of those Russians who do, venerate him as a mystic and not as an artist. He was a prophet, a claptrap journalist and a slapdash comedian. I admit that some of his scenes, some of his tremendous, farcical rows are extraordinarily amusing. But his sensitive murderers and soulful prostitutes are not to be endured for one moment-- by this reader anyway.

*<i>Is it true that you have called Hemingway and Conrad "writers of books for boys"?*  
*</i>*

That's exactly what they are. Hemingway is certainly the better of the two; he has at least a voice of his own and is responsible for that delightful, highly artistic short story, "The Killers." And the description of the iridescent fish and rhythmic urination in his famous fish story is superb. But I cannot abide Conrad's souvenir-shop style, bottled ships and shell necklaces of romanticist cliches. In neither of those two writers can I find anything that I would care to have written myself. In mentality and emotion, they are hopelessly juvenile, and the same can be said of some other beloved authors, the pets of the common room, the consolation and support of graduate students, such as-- but some are still alive, and I hate to hurt living old boys while the dead ones are not yet buried.

*What did you read when you were a boy?*

Between the ages of ten and fifteen in St. Petersburg, I must have read more fiction and poetry-- English, Russian and French-- than in any other five-year period of my life. I relished especially the works of Wells, Poe, Browning, Keats, Flaubert, Verlaine, Rimbaud, Chekhov, Tolstoy, and Alexander Blok. On another level, my heroes were the Scarlet Pimpernel, Phileas Fogg, and Sherlock Holmes. In other words, I *was* a perfectly normal trilingual child in a family with a large library. At a later period, in Western Europe, between the ages of 20 and 40, my favorites were Housman, Rupert Brooke, Norman Douglas, Bergson, Joyce, Proust, and Pushkin. Of these top favorites, several-- Poe, Jules Verne, Emmuska Orezy, Conan Doyle, and Rupert Brooke-- have lost the glamour and thrill they held for me. The others remain intact and by now are probably beyond change as far as I am concerned. I was never exposed in the twenties and thirties, as so many of my coevals have been, to the poetry of the not quite first-rate Eliot and of definitely second-rate Pound. I read them late in the season, around 1945, in the guest room of an American friend's house, and not only remained completely indifferent to them, but could not understand why anybody should bother about them. But I suppose that they preserve some sentimental value for such readers as discovered them at an earlier age than I did.

*What are your reading habits today?*

Usually I read several books at a time-- old books, new books, fiction, nonfiction, verse, anything-- and when the bedside heap of a dozen volumes or so has dwindled to two or three, which generally happens by the end of one week, I accumulate another pile. There are some varieties of fiction that I never touch-- mystery stories, for instance, which I abhor, and historical novels. I also detest the so-called "powerful" novel-- full of commonplace obscenities and torrents of dialogue-- in fact, when I receive a new novel from a hopeful publisher-- "hoping that I like the hook as much as he

does"-- I check first of all how much dialogue there is, and if it looks too abundant or too sustained, I shut the book with a bang and ban it from my bed.

*<i>Are there any contemporary authors you do enjoy reading? </i>*

I do have a few favorites-- for example, Robbe-Grillet and Borges. How freely and gratefully one breathes in their marvelous labyrinths! I love their lucidity of thought, the purity and poetry, the mirage in the mirror.

*<i>Many critics feel that this description applies no less aptly to your own prose. To what extent do you feel that prose and poetry intermingle as art forms? </i>*

Except that I started earlier-- that's the answer to the first part of your question. As to the second: Well, poetry, of course, includes all creative writing; I have never been able to see any generic difference between poetry and artistic prose. As a matter of fact, I would be inclined to define a good poem of any length as a concentrate of good prose, with or without the addition of recurrent rhythm and rhyme. The magic of prosody may improve upon what we call prose by bringing out the full flavor of meaning, but in plain prose there are also certain rhythmic patterns, the music of precise phrasing, the beat of thought rendered by recurrent peculiarities of idiom and intonation. As in today's scientific classifications, there is a lot of overlapping in our concept of poetry and prose today. The bamboo bridge between them is the metaphor.

*<i>You have also written that poetry represents "the mysteries of the irrational perceived through rational words. " But many feel that the "irrational" has little place in an age when the exact knowledge of science has begun to plumb the most profound mysteries of existence. Do you agree? </i>*

This appearance is very deceptive. It is a journalistic illusion. In point of fact, the greater one's science, the deeper the sense of mystery. Moreover, I don't believe that any science today has pierced any mystery. We, as newspaper readers, are inclined to call "science" the cleverness of an electrician or a psychiatrist's mumbo jumbo. This, at best, is applied science, and one of the characteristics of applied science is that yesterday's neutron or today's truth dies tomorrow. But even in a better sense of "science"-- as the study of visible and palpable nature, or the poetry of pure mathematics and pure philosophy-- the situation remains as hopeless as ever. We shall never know the origin of life, or the meaning of life, or the nature of space and time, or the nature of nature, or the nature of thought.

*<i>Man's understanding of these mysteries is embodied in his concept of a Divine Being. As a final question, do you*

believe in God? </i>

To be quite candid-- and what I am going to say now is something I never said before, and I hope it provokes a salutary little chill-- I know more than I can express in words, and the little I can express would not have been expressed, had I not known more.

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<html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-nspace-mode: space; -webkit-line-break: after-white-space; ">eric, , carpet , prices , entertainmt. bori,s emial terje, ian [REDACTED], diva, lang, fanceli hossain, joi, , todd, steve, reid marty jay roy ,tonja, [REDACTED], , [REDACTED], mette

[REDACTED], faith, ehud, peres birthday?  
daniel barbro . neuro science</body></html>

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2013-07-03 02:45:20 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2014-09-20 11:18:22 (UTC)  
**Title** street smarts , vinny crazy [REDACTED], sam wall , johnny boy, suz,

**Summary**  
**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source**

Gmail

<html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-nspace-mode: space; -webkit-line-break: after-white-space;">street smarts , vinny crazy [REDACTED], sam wall , johnny boy, suz,

street gang, one makes good by working for wall st tycoon, denies old friends. gets rich but get put in a position , that requires him to return to old neighborhood and methods to rectify.

gets to see plans boats houses. girls , but no values, friendship. or loyalty the shallowness of the rich walters wife anastasia, , russian, knows he cheats. but has a good deal.

contrast with little money but gang mentality, true friends laughs, selflessness. use the word cunt. the street outsmarts the wall street

**Body**

walter sees himself as a ladies man, though he is old and saggy,

uses crazy [REDACTED] to detract walter. . crazy blow job. while ginny threatens . by twisting the head off a cat.

and then standing out side the private school.

office , = gifts. girls kill competition.? complicit, friends, family faith. risk reward.

street back to back. fights, </body></html>

Note

**Source Device**

NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path**

/Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created**

2013-07-03 02:45:20 (UTC)

**Date Modified**

2013-07-03 02:47:24 (UTC)

**Title**

street smarts , vinny crazy [REDACTED], sam wall , johnny boy, suz,

**Summary**

**Sync Source**

On My Mac

<html><head></head><body>street smarts , vinny crazy [REDACTED], sam wall , johnny boy, suz,

**Body**

street gang, one makes good by working for wall st tycoon, denies old friends. gets rich but get put in a position , that requires him to return to old neighborhood an</body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2013-07-03 02:45:20 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2013-07-16 11:53:42 (UTC)  
**Title** street smarts , vinny crazy [REDACTED], sam wall , johnny boy, suz,  
**Summary**  
**Sync Source** On My Mac  
<html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-nspace-mode: space; -webkit-line-break: after-white-space; ">street smarts , vinny crazy [REDACTED], sam wall , johnny boy, suz,  
  
street gang, one makes good by working for wall st tycoon, denies old friends. gets rich but get put in a position , that requires him to return to old neighborhood and methods to rectify.  
  
gets to see plans boats houses. girls , but no values, friendship. or loyalty the shallowness of the rich walters wife anastasia, , russian, knows he cheats. but has a good deal.  
  
**Body** contrast with little money but gang mentality, true friends laughs, selflessness. use the word cunt. the street outsmarts the wall street  
  
walter sees himself as a ladies man, though he is old and saggy,  
  
uses crazy [REDACTED] to detract walter. . crazy blow job. while ginny threatens . by twisting the head off a cat.  
  
and then standing out side the private school.  
  
</body></html>

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2013-07-16 11:53:46 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2013-07-16 11:53:50 (UTC)  
**Title** had a 45 minute conversation with Larry beginning at 3 Pm pst. Many questions were raised and Larry kindly said he would get back to me. I told him that this reminded me of the story where the woman walked in to find her husband in bed with her best friend, upset she ran quickly over to the side table, grabbed a gun from the top drawer , pointed at her own head, and said , after i shoot myself, i will shoot both of you. Larry didn't find it that funny. I cautioned against

memorilizing preliminary ideas in writing as a written record is usually extremely counter productive. Larry said we might be able to seperate the timing of initial email from the ultimate mechanics. A good idea for many reasons. The idea of a new investment fund, Larry understood , and immediatley grasped the difficulty if Bill were not to be involved. I confirmed that I will come on Aug 8, Larry suggested skype before. ? We talked about level of help Bill was willing or able to agree on, and I asked if he could better define the future restrictionsfor me. Loyalty and friendship here are both paramount and obvious, though- Larry in response to a direct question,and much to my surprise and considerable dismay, stated that "Yes, Boris had done something improper. ".

### Summary

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

<html><head></head><body> had a 45 minute conversation with Larry beginning at 3 Pm pst. Many

questions were raised and Larry kindly said he would get back to me. I told him that this reminded me of the story where the woman walked in to find her husband in bed with her best friend, upset she ran quickly over to the side table, grabbed a gun from the top drawer , pointed at her own head, and said , after i shoot myself, i will shoot both of you. Larry didn't find it that funny. I cautioned against memorilizing preliminary ideas in writing as a written record is usually extremely counter productive. Larry said we might be able to seperate the timing of initial email from the ultimate mechanics. A good idea for many reasons. The idea of a new investment fund, Larry understood , and immediatley grasped the difficulty if Bill were not to be involved. I confirmed that I will come on Aug 8, Larry suggested skype before. ? We talked about level of help Bill was willing or able to agree on, and I asked if he could better define the future restrictionsfor me. Loyalty and friendship here are both paramount and obvious, though- Larry in response to a direct question,and much to my surprise and considerable dismay, stated that "Yes, Boris had done something improper. ". <br clear="all">

### Body

--  
</body></html>

### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2013-07-17 13:40:54 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2013-07-17 14:21:52 (UTC)

**Title** lsj, hangar, shed, road gym road entry, tile pool, outdoor speakers, polish boat, gates. kawasaki se ats. mules. new equipment, sell old. dome, plants benches beach chairs

### Summary

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

```
<html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-nsb-sp-mode: space; -webkit-li  
ne-break: after-white-space; ">lsj, hangar, shed, road gym road entry, tile pool, outdoor speakers, p  
olish boat, gates. kawasaki seats. mules. new equipment, sell old. dome, plants benches beach chair  
s  
<span style="line-height: 22px;">zorro telpphpne s teachers, martin ed,  
</span>  
BIKES  
ny chinese, entry, mechanical. table cloths,
```

biz, corbin fanveilli, leon, mort, bill, ian , terje, █████, mongoloisa ehud , sinofsky

**Body**

calls gergen, █████, brice, █████ ghisaline, joe, john luc █████ paris photo. oliveier benny ( 4th )  
zagat joffe, piney amendment, █████ kotick  
█████, █████ █████ veron, diva , blaine, todd. david steve,, mitchell, █████ joel,

legal brad, █████,

aug 4 list , äug 8 , list. Redford, richardson, wyler, dean ,

MY ESTATE  
727 g2 g4 hell school pilots?</body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2013-08-03 12:02:30 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2013-08-03 12:03:35 (UTC)

**Title** environment , includes communication

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

```
<html><head></head><body>environment , includes communication  
we are what we consume not what we eat. we consume signals. chemical visual etc
```

**Body**

```
the signals act at a group level . signals even from the physical. </body></html>
```

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2013-08-07 03:25:06 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2013-08-07 03:25:11 (UTC)

**Title** At the moment, the best way to communicate with another person on the information highway is to exchange electronic mail: to write a message on a computer and send it through the telephone lines into someone else's computer. In the future, people will send each other sound and pictures as well as text, and do it in real time, and improved technology will make it possible to have rich, human electronic exchanges, but at present E-mail is the closest thing we have to that. Even now, E-mail allows you to meet and communicate with people in a way that would be impossible on the phone, through the regular mail, or face to face, as I discovered while I was working on this story. Sitting at my computer one day, I realized that I could try to communicate with Bill Gates, the chairman and co-founder of the software giant Microsoft, on the information highway. At least, I could send E-mail to his electronic address, which is widely available, not tell anyone at Microsoft I was doing it, and see what happened. I wrote:

#### Summary

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

**Body** <html><head></head><body><table bgcolor="D6E4BF" border="0" cellpadding="0" cellspacing="0" width="862"><tbody><tr><td valign="top"><table border="0" cellpadding="0" cellspacing="0" width="572"><tbody><tr><td valign="top"><p></p>

<p>  
<b>At the moment,</b> the best way to communicate with another person on the information highway is to exchange electronic mail: to write a message on a computer and send it through the telephone lines into someone else's computer. In the future, people will send each other sound and pictures as well as text, and do it in real time, and improved technology will make it possible to have rich, human electronic exchanges, but at present E-mail is the closest thing we have to that. Even now, E-mail allows you to meet and communicate with people in a way that would be impossible on the phone, through the regular mail, or face to face, as I discovered while I was working on this story. Sitting at my computer one day, I realized that I could try to communicate with Bill Gates, the chairman and co-founder of the software giant Microsoft, on the information highway. At least, I could send E-mail to his electronic address, which is widely available, not tell anyone at Microsoft I was doing it, and see what happened. I wrote: </p>

<ul><p>Dear Bill, </p>

<p>I am the guy who is writing the article about you for <i>The New Yorker.</i>

It occurs to me that we ought to be able to do some of the work through e-mail. Which raises this fascinating question--What kind of understanding of another person can e-mail give you? . . . </p>

<p>You could begin by telling me what you think is unique about e-mail as a form of communication. </p>

<p>John</p></ul>

<p> I hit "return," and the computer said, "mail sent." I walked out to the kitchen to get a drink of water and played with the cat for a while, then came back and sat at my computer. Thinking that I was probably wasting money, I nevertheless logged on again and entered my password. </p>

<p> "You have mail," the computer said. </p>

<p> I typed "get mail," and the computer got the following: </p>

<ul><p>From: Bill Gates <billg@microsoft.com>  
Ok, let me know if you get this email.</billg@microsoft.com></p></ul>

<p> According to my computer, eighteen minutes had passed between the time I E-mailed Bill and he E-mailed me back. His message said: </p>

<ul><p>E-mail is a unique communication vehicle for a lot of reasons. However email is not a substitute for direct interaction. . . . </p>

<p>There are people who I have corresponded with on email for months before actually meeting them--people at work and otherwise. If someone isn't saying something of interest its easier to not respond to their mail than it is not to answer the phone. In fact I give out my home phone number to almost no one but my email address is known very broadly. I am the only person who reads my email so no one has to worry about embarrassing themselves or going around people when they send a message. Our email is completely secure. . . . </p>

<p>Email helps out with other types of communication. It allows you to exchange a lot of information in advance of a meeting and make the meeting far far more valuable. . . </p>

<p>Email is not a good way to get mad at someone since you can't interact. You can send friendly messages very easily since those are harder to misinterpret.</p></ul>

<p>We began to E-mail each other three or four times a week. I would have a question about something and say to myself, "I'm going to E-mail Bill about that," and I'd write him a message and get a one- or two-page message back within twenty-four hours, sometimes much sooner. At the beginning of our electronic relationship, I would wake up in the middle of the night and lie in bed wondering if I had E-mail

from Bill. Generally, he seemed to write messages at night, sleep (maybe), then send them the next morning. We were intimate in a curious way, in the sense of being wired into each other's minds, but our contact was elaborately stylized, like ballroom dancing. </p>

<p>In some ways, my E-mail relationship with Bill was like an ongoing, monthlong conversation, except that there was a pause after each response to think; it was like football players huddling up after each play. There was no beginning or end to Gates' messages--no time wasted on stuff like "Dear" and "Yours"--and I quickly corrected this etiquette breach in my own messages. Nor were there any fifth-grade-composition-book standards like "It may have come to your attention that" and "Looking forward to hearing from you." Social niceties are not what Bill Gates is about. Good spelling is not what Bill Gates is about, either. He never signed his messages to me, but sometimes he put an "&" at the end, which, I learned, means "Write back" in E-mail language. After a while, he stopped putting the "&," but I wrote back anyway. He never addressed me by name. Instead of a letterhead, there was this: </p>

<ul><p>Sender: billg@microsoft.com  
Received: from netmail.microsoft.com by dub-img-2.compuserve.com (5.67/5.930129sam) id AA03768; Wed, 6 Oct 93 14:00:51 -0400  
Received: by netmail.microsoft.com (5.65/25-eef) id AA27745; Fri, 8 Oct 93 10:56:01 -0700  
Message-Id: <9310081756.AA27745@netmail.microsoft.com>  
X-Msmail-Message-Id: 15305A55  
X-Msmail-Conversation-Id: 15305A55  
From: Bill Gates <billg@microsoft.com>  
To: 73124.1524@CompuServe.COM</billg@microsoft.com></p></ul>

<p>For years after the telephone was invented, in 1876, people thought it was a device that would transmit news, drama, and music: the idea that the telephone was a way to talk to other people took about twenty years to sink in here, and about thirty years in Europe. Similarly, today one hears about shopping, banking, and renting movies on the information highway. These are all possible ways of making money, of course, but the point of the information highway, it seems to me, is that it offers a new way of talking to other people. The trouble people have understanding this simple point is the same trouble people in the nineteenth century had understanding the telephone.</p></ul>

<p>  
<b>Bill Gates, aged</b> thirty-eight, is one of the richest men in the country--the richest in 1992, and the second richest, after the investor Warren Buffett, in 1993, with a fortune of six billion one hundred and sixty million dollars, according to Forbes. Last March, when he announced his engagement to Melinda French, a twenty-nine-year-old manager at Microsoft, the news made the front page of the Wall Street Journal. Gates controls the computer industry to an extent matched by no other person in any other major industry. The Justice Department is currently trying to determine whether his control

constitutes a monopoly. </p>

<p>Microsoft now supplies eighty per cent of all the personal-computer operating-system software in the world--that is, the layer of software that translates your commands so that the computer can act on them--and fifty per cent of all the application software, which is the tools, like Microsoft Word (writing) and Excel (accounting), that run on top of the operating system. Microsoft uses its leverage in the operating-system market as a competitive advantage in the applications market--a practice that is not nice but is not necessarily illegal. "You could say, as I have said to Bill, that having achieved this much power you should turn your attention to being magnanimous," a rival software executive told me. "But Bill believes that now is not the time for statesmanship. Now is the time to conquer new foes, plunder new lands. He doesn't like being compared to John D. Rockefeller--he goes, 'Hey, I'm not a grasping monopolist, am I?'--but he doesn't know how to behave any other way. To hold war councils and to design strategies with the explicit aim of crushing an opponent--this is very American. You know, Mother Teresa is not going to build the broadband network of the future." </p>

<p>Recently, the wife of a software developer was listening to her husband describe for me what it was like to be in the same industry as Bill Gates: he was saying, in a pained but stoical way, that maybe Gates didn't have to be quite so competitive now that he had achieved great power, and that it might be better for the computer industry as a whole if he behaved in a more benevolent way, when his wife interrupted and said to me, "No. You don't understand. We talk about Bill Gates every night at home. We think about Bill Gates all the time. It's like Bill Gates lives with us." This enveloping sense of Bill Gates is hard for someone outside the computer industry to fathom. To people who are unfamiliar with computers, Gates is just a nerd, and if you try to get them to square the negative connotation of the word "nerd" with Gates' incredible success, and with the fact that, far from being on the margin of society, Gates is now in a position to determine what society is like, they're likely to say, "Well, I guess it really is the revenge of the nerds." Actually, Gates probably represents the end of the word "nerd" as we know it. </p>

<p>But all Gates' influence and success are small potatoes compared with the influence he could have and with the opportunity that now lies before him. The computer, which in twenty-five years has evolved from a room-size mainframe into a laptop device, appears to be turning into a new kind of machine. The new machine will be a communications device that connects people to the information highway. It will penetrate far beyond the fifteen per cent of American households that now own a computer, and it will control, or absorb, other communications machines now in people's homes--the phone, the fax, the television. It will sit in the living room, not in the study. The problem of getting people to feel comfortable with such a powerful machine will be partly solved by putting it inside one of the most unobtrusive objects in the house--the set-top converter, which is the featureless black box on top of a cable-connected TV set (the one the cat likes to sit on if the VCR is occupied). </p>

<p>Gates would like to have his software inside that box. Microsoft's ambition is to supply the standard operating-system software for the information-highway machine, just as it now supplies the standard operating-system software, called Windows, for the personal computer. Microsoft has two billion dollars in cash, and no debt, and is spending a hundred million dollars a year developing software for the new machine, which is a lot more than anyone else is spending. The plan is first to supply the software that allows people to rent videos over the TV and makes home shopping more attractive, and then to use money from the video-rental and home-shopping businesses to pay for the development of the rest of the software. Therefore, Gates is now meeting with people like Mike Ovitz and Barry Diller to discuss better ways of delivering their products into people's homes. "I actually requested a meeting with him," Ovitz told me last October. "I flew up to Seattle and we had dinner together and spent three or four hours just talking about the future." </p>

<p>"Could you say specifically what you talked about?" </p>

<p>"It was just very deep stuff about the future." </p>

<p>"Well, for example, did you talk about information-highway software?" </p>

<p>"It goes much deeper than that." </p>

<p>At Microsoft's main office, in Redmond, a suburb of Seattle, I saw a demo of an early version of the company's operating software for the information-highway machine, in which the user points at the TV screen with a remote control, clicks onto icons, and selects from menus. I heard a lot about "intelligent agents," which will at first be animated characters that occasionally appear in the corner of your TV screen and inform you, for example, that President Aristide is on "Meet the Press," because they know you're interested in Haitian politics, but will eventually be out there on the information highway, filtering the torrent of information roaring along it, picking out books or articles or movies for you, or receiving messages from individuals. As the agents become steadily more intelligent, they will begin to replace more and more of the functions of human intelligent agents--stockbrokers, postal workers, travel agents, librarians, editors, reporters. While I was at Microsoft, I sometimes felt like prey. </p>

<p>Gates' greatest disadvantage in this new market is that Microsoft doesn't own any wires into people's homes, nor does it have the computers installed to handle all the switching and billing that two-way communication requires. To solve this problem, Microsoft needs to make an alliance with a cable company or a telephone company, or both. Microsoft has an alliance with Intel Corporation, the world's leading manufacturer of microprocessors, and General Instrument, a maker of set-top converters, but it is not a very powerful alliance compared with Bell Atlantic's alliance with Tele-Communications, Inc., the largest cable company in the United States, or with U S West's alliance with Time Warner, the second-largest cable company. Gates is currently

negotiating an alliance involving Time Warner and Tele-Communications, Inc.--a kind of granddaddy of all alliances, which would have the power to set the standard for the information--highway machine. A major issue in the negotiations will be the extent to which Microsoft would own the software in the machine. Gates would like to retain the rights to the software; Gerald Levin, the C.E.O. of Time Warner, and John Malone, the C.E.O. of T.C.I., will not want to give Gates those rights. </p>

<p>If Gates does succeed in providing the operating system for the new machine, he will have tremendous influence over the way people communicate with one another: he, more than anyone else, will determine what it is like to use the information highway. Another advantage Bill Gates has is that he already lives on the information highway. </p>

<p>  
<b>New employees</b> at Microsoft are likely to encounter Bill Gates electronically long before they meet him in person. Some get to thinking of him by his E-mail handle, which is "billg," rather than by his real name. You'll be chatting with a Microsoft employee in the employee's office, the computer will make a little belch or squeak, indicating an incoming piece of electronic mail, and it'll be E-mail from Bill. It is not unusual to hear a young employee say, "Hey, that's a good idea, I'm going to E-mail Bill about that." While I was attending a lunchtime cookout at Microsoft headquarters one day, I heard several people start conversations by asking about E-mail from Bill: "Did you get mail from Bill today?" "Did you see Bill's mail?" Bill and ██████ were in Africa at the time, touring the valley where the oldest human skeleton, Lucy, was discovered, but I had the sense that he was present, in the network, flying around the Microsoft campus and popping into people's computers. </p>

<p>The Microsoft campus looks like a college campus: there are playing fields, and employees in T-shirts and jeans who aren't much older than college students. Nowhere on earth do more millionaires and billionaires go to work every day than do so here--about twenty-two hundred of the fifteen thousand employees own at least a million dollars' worth of Microsoft stock--but the campus is in no respect worldly. Workers spend much of their day staring into large computer monitors and occasionally exploding into a rapid fingering of keys. Empty soda cans and cardboard latte cups collect on their desks. Designing software--or "writing code," as people in the trade say--is a sort of intellectual handiwork. Operating systems, the most monumental of all software constructions, are like medieval cathedrals: thousands of laborers toil for years on small parts of them, each one working by hand, fashioning zeros and ones into patterns that control switches inside microprocessors, which constitute the brains of a computer. The platonic nature of software--it is invisible, weightless, and odorless; it doesn't exist in the physical world--determines much of the culture that surrounds it. At Microsoft, workers often describe each other as "smart" or "supersmart" or "one of the smartest people you'll meet around here," and it is almost an article of faith that Bill Gates, who

co-founded the company with Paul Allen, a friend from his high-school days, in 1975, when he was nineteen years old, is the smartest person of all. </p>

<p>"Bill is just smarter than everyone else," Mike Maples, an executive vice-president of Microsoft, says. "There are probably more smart people per square foot right here than anywhere else in the world, but Bill is just smarter." </p>

<p>Gates' office is exactly twice as large as the offices of junior employees, and his carpeting is a little richer than the carpeting in other offices; otherwise, there is nothing fancy about the place. A large monitor sits on his desk, and on the wall behind the desk are pictures from important moments in Gates' career, many of which coincide with important moments in the history of the personal computer. There are also pictures of Gates' two sisters, and of his mother and father. (No picture of Melinda French is visible, partly because Gates wants to keep her job as normal as he can.) As in all the Microsoft offices, one rarely hears the sound of a ringing phone. The employees send a total of two hundred million E-mail messages to each other every month. (Over at McCaw Cellular Communications, another prominent high-tech company, whose headquarters is a few miles from Microsoft's, phones ring all the time, and everyone wears a beeper.) Gates spends at least two hours a day at his desk staring into his monitor, reading and writing E-mail. E-mail allows Gates to run the company in his head, in a sense. While he is working, he rocks. Whether he is in business meetings, on airplanes, or listening to a speech, his upper body rocks down to an almost forty-five-degree angle, rocks back up, rocks down again. His elbows are often folded together, resting in his crotch. He rocks at different levels of intensity according to his mood. Sometimes people who are in the meetings begin to rock with him. "I think it's just excess energy," Gates said to me about his rocking. "I should stop, but I haven't yet. They claim I started at an extremely young age. I had a rocking horse and they used to put me to sleep on my rocking horse, and I think that addicted me." </p>

<p>Gates does not have the physical charisma of, say, Steve Jobs, the co-founder of Apple Computer. Like Lenin, Gates leads by sheer force of intellect. He looks like a teen-ager, but not because he actually looks younger than thirty-eight. In some ways, he looks older--a very old little boy. It is the oddly undeveloped quality in his pale, freckled face that makes him seem boyish. His hair is brown and is almost always uncombed. He has heavy lips, which contort into odd shapes when he talks. His characteristic pose when he is standing is pelvis pushed forward slightly, one arm wrapped around his body, the other arm occasionally going up into the air as he talks--kind of flying up, almost spastically, with the palm outstretched, then settling again somewhere on his chest. His voice is toneless, with a somewhat weary note of enthusiasm permanently etched into it, and his vocabulary is bland: "stuff" is "cool," "neat," "crummy," "super," "supercool." </p>

<p>When Gates was in his twenties, his mother color-coordinated his clothes--he had green days, beige days, blue days--and then the job was taken over by girlfriends, and now it will

presumably fall to his wife, but so far no one has really handled the task successfully. "A lot of his friends have said, 'Bill, come on, let's go on a shopping spree, we'll buy you some clothes,' but it never works," Ann Winblad, who is now a highly respected venture capitalist in Silicon Valley, and was the woman in Bill's life for five years, told me. "Bill just doesn't think about clothes. And his hygiene is not good. And his glasses--how can he see out of them? But Bill's attitude is: I'm in this pure mind state, and clothes and hygiene are last on the list." Esther Dyson, who edits a computer-industry newsletter called Release 1.0., says, "I'm told that within Microsoft certain people are allowed to take Bill's glasses off and wipe them, but I've never done it. You know, it's like--'Don't try this at home.' "

Gates is famously confrontational. If he strongly disagrees with what you're saying, he is in the habit of blurting out, "That's the stupidest fucking thing I've ever heard!" People tell stories of Gates spraying saliva into the face of some hapless employee as he yells, "This stuff isn't hard! I could do this stuff in a weekend!" What you're supposed to do in a situation like this, as in encounters with grizzly bears, is stand your ground: if you flee, the bear will think you're game and will pursue you, and you can't outrun a bear. I had a chance to try this approach one day in Gates' office, when I made a remark to him about Microsoft's antitrust problems, and he got mad at me. I had mentioned the theory that Anne Bingaman, who is the head of the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice, would not have taken the highly unusual and public action of requesting the Microsoft file from the Federal Trade Commission, which had pursued a three-year investigation of Microsoft, if she had not felt she could make a good case against the company. (In the end, the F.T.C. did not file any charges.) All the soft planes in Gates' face contorted into an expression of pure sarcasm. "I think you're a little confused," he said. "You're saying that before they read even a single piece of paper they judge what kind of case they have?" He choked slightly on his disgust for my stupidity. "I think you're confused," he said again. "The Justice Department chose to get the information to decide what to do. Saying they have a pretty good case before they've read anything--is that how these things work?" Going by the book, I answered that someone at the F.T.C. could have told someone in the Justice Department that the case against Microsoft was strong. This seemed to make the situation worse. "Look," Gates said. "The Department of Justice is looking at these files. You know? It's justice? You're supposed to have facts before you decide things?" I felt a trickle of sweat run down my back.

All the executives directly under Gates are male, and almost all are in their mid-thirties. Nathan Mhyrvold, thirty-four, who as a graduate student at Cambridge University interpreted for Stephen Hawking, is in charge of new technology. Steve Ballmer, thirty-seven, who is Gates' best friend, runs the numbers side of the business. He and Gates met during freshman year at Harvard, when they lived down the hall from each other. Cramming together for an advanced-economics exam was a determining event in their relationship. Ballmer acted this scene out for me, pacing around the room, waving his arms, the shirttail of his oxford shirt poking out of his khakis, as he cried, " 'Yes! We're golden! We're going to pass! No! Shit! We're

screwed! We're going to fail! No! Yes! We're golden! We're screwed!  
We'd get real up or real down, and it's still that way. We love to get  
up and down." </p>

<p>Ballmer is the reason Gates always flies coach when  
he is traveling on business. "If you're going to work for this company,"  
Ballmer told me, "you're going to rent a certain kind of car and stay  
in a certain kind of hotel and fly coach, because that's business, and  
anything else is just aggrandizement." Gates once chartered a plane  
because he had to get somewhere in a hurry, but Ballmer gave him so much  
grief that Gates is still explaining why he did it. Experienced fliers  
into and out of Seattle know to scan the cabin for a man with a blanket  
over his head-that's Bill Gates, taking a nap. </p>

<p>  
<b>Because Bill Gates</b> was my first E-mail  
relationship, I wasn't always sure how to comport myself electronically,  
and occasionally I solicited advice from experienced E-mailers. Once,  
while I was questioning a media analyst named Mark Stahlman about a  
point of E-mail etiquette, he said to me, "Well, hey, you're not a  
digital guy!" This line often popped into my head when I was E-mailing  
Bill. Was I behaving like a digital guy? Is digital guyhood what nerds  
will molt into when the information highway reaches everyone's door? One  
evening, I was at home listening to some music, doing this geeky dance I  
do and, as usual, wondering whether the Wall Street types across the  
street were watching me, when I suddenly thought, Would Bill Gates care  
about those guys? I took this as a sign I was becoming a digital guy.  
Around the same time, I read an essay in <i>Wired</i> magazine by Paul  
Saffo, who is a director of the Institute for the Future, a think tank  
in Menlo Park, which argued that the information highway is going to  
cause a flowering of personal expression not seen in our society since  
the sixties, and that when this happens (maybe in five years) people  
whom we now think of as computer nerds will have the same hipness that  
in retrospect we now assign to beatniks. </p>

<p>I wrote Gates a message with the title "How does the  
future make you feel?" (Putting a title on messages is one of the  
different things about E-mail communication. It is a little like writing  
a publicity release for what you have to say. However, it does focus  
the message.) </p>

<ul><p>How does the rapid change in the power of  
microprocessors make you feel? The certainty that microprocessors will  
grow twice as fast every eighteen months and that nothing in Nature, no  
fire or earthquake or tidal wave, is powerful enough to stop this from  
happening. Are you thrilled by this? Do you think that this power is  
God, as you understand God? Is it possible this power could be bad? </p></ul>

<p>Gates wrote back: </p>

<ul><p>Feelings are pretty personal. I love coming up  
with new ideas or seeing in advance what is going to count and then

making it happen. I love working with smart people. . . . Our business is very very competitive--one or two false moves and you can fall behind in a way that would wipe you out. Market share does not give you the right to relax. IBM is the best example of this. This is very scary but also makes it very interesting. </p>

<p>The digital revolution is all about facilitation--creating tools to make things easy. When I was a kid I was a lot more curious than I am today--perhaps I have lost less curiosity than the average adult but if I had had the information tools we are building today I would know a lot more and not have given up learning some things. </p>

<p>These tools will be really cool. Say today you want to meet someone with similar interests to talk or take a trip together or whatever? Its hard and somewhat random. Say you want to make sure you pick a good doctor or read a good book? We can make all of these things work so well--its empowering stuff. Enough for now.</p></ul><p></p>

<p>I wrote a message titled "TV as the Opium of the People":</p>

<ul><p>Some people are afraid of interactive TV. TV is a drug, goes the argument, and the technology that Microsoft and others are supplying is going to make the drug stronger. People will be inside more than ever, cut off from their neighbors, watching interactive monster truck contests. Or porno. They will pile up large cable and credit card charges. A "T. S. Eliot wasteland . . . a nation of housebound zombies," as Michael Eisner put it recently in a speech. Do you think this could happen? What difference does it make if you invent smart boxes to deliver dumb programming?</p></ul>

<p>Gates wrote: </p>

<ul><p>Interactive TV is probably a really bad name for the in-home device connected to the information highway. </p>

<p>Lets say I am sitting at home wondering about some new drug that was prescribed to me. Or wanting to ask a question to my children's teacher. Or curious about my social security status. Or wondering about crime in my neighborhood. Or wanting to exchange information with other people thinking about visiting Tanzania. Or wondering if the new lawn mower I want to buy works well and if its a good price. Or I want to ask people who read a book what they thought of it </p><p>before I take my time reading it. In all of these cases being able to reach out and communicate by using a messaging or bulletin board type system lets me do something I could never do before. Assume that the infrastructure and device to do this is easy to use and it was funded by the cable or phone company primarily because I like to watch movies and video-conference with my relatives. </p>

<p>All of the above is about how adults will use the system. Kids will use it in ways we can't even imagine. </p>

<p>The opportunity for people to reach out and share is amazing. This doesn't mean you will spend more time inside! It means you will use your time more effectively and get to do the things you like more than in the past as well as doing new things. </p>

<p>If you like to get outside you will find out a lot more about the places that are not crowded and find good companions to go with. </p>

<p>The bottom line is that 2 way communication is a very different beast than 1 way communication. In some ways a phone that has an unbelievable directory, lets you talk or send messages to lots of people, and works with text and pictures is a better analogy than TV. The phone did change the world by making it a smaller place. This will be even more dramatic. There will be some secondary effects that people will worry about but they won't be the same as TV. We are involved in creating a new media but it is not up to us to be the censors or referees of this media--it is up to public policy to make those decisions. </p>

<p>Because TV had very few channels the value of TV time was very high so only things of very broad interest could be aired on those few channels. The information highway will be the opposite of this--more like the library of congress but with an easy way to find things.</p></ul>

<p>I sometimes felt that this correspondence was a game I was playing with Gates through the computer, or maybe a game I was playing against a computer. What is the right move? What question will get me past the dragon and into the wizard's star chamber, where the rich information is stored? I had no idea where Gates was when he wrote to me, except that once he told me he was on a "think week" at his family's summer place on Hood Canal. I could not tell whether he was impatient or bored with my questions and was merely answering them because it served his interest. Because we couldn't talk at the same time, there was little chance for the conversation to move spontaneously. On the other hand, his answers meant more, in a certain way, being written, than answers I would have received on the phone. I worried that he might think I was being "random" (a big putdown at Microsoft) because I jumped from topic to topic. I sometimes wondered if I was actually communicating with Bill Gates. How hard would it be for an assistant to write these messages? Or for an intelligent agent to do it? </p>

<p>I wrote a message titled "What motivates you?": </p>

<ul><p>You love to compete, right? Is that where your energy comes from--love of the game? I wonder how it feels to win on your level. How much do you fear losing? How about immortality--being remembered for a thousand years after you're dead--does that excite you? How strong is your desire to improve people's lives (by providing them with better tools for thinking and communicating)? Some driven people are trying to heal a wound or to recover a loss. Is that the case with you?</p></ul>

<p>Gates wrote back: </p>

<ul><p>Its easy to understand why I think I have the best job around because of day to day enjoyment rather than some grand long term deep psychological explanation. Its a lot of fun to work with very smart people in a competitive environment. . . . We get to hire the best people coming out of school and give them challenging jobs. We get to try and figure out how to sell software in every part of the world. Sometimes our ideas work very well and sometimes they work very poorly. As long as we stay in the feedback loop and keep trying its a lot of fun. </p>

<p>It is pretty cool that the products we work on empower individuals and make their jobs more interesting. It helps a lot in inventing new software ideas that I will be one of the users of the software so I can model what's important. . . . </p>

<p>Just thinking of things as winning is a terrible approach. Success comes from focusing in on what you really like and are good at--not challenging every random thing. My original vision of a personal computer on every desk and every home will take more than 15 years to achieve so there will have been more than 30 years since I first got excited about that goal. My work is not like sports where you actually win a game and its over after a short period of time. </p>

<p>Besides a lot of luck, a high energy level and perhaps some IQ I think having an ability to deal with things at a very detailed level and a very broad level and synthesize between them is probably the thing that helps me the most. This allows someone to take deep technical understanding and figure out a business strategy that fits together with it. </p>

<p>It's ridiculous to consider how things will be remembered after you are dead. The pioneers of personal computers including Jobs, Kapur, Lampson, Roberts, Kaye, are all great people but I don't think any of us will merit an entry in a history book. </p>

<p>I don't remember being wounded or losing something big so I don't think that is driving me. I have wonderful parents and great siblings. I live in the same neighborhood I grew up in (although I will be moving across the lake when my new house is done). I can't remember any major disappointments. I did figure out at one point that if I pursued pure mathematics it would be hard to make a major contribution and there were a few girls who turned me down when I asked them out.</p></ul>

<p>At the end of one message, I wrote: </p>

<ul><p>This reporting via e-mail is really fascinating and I think you are going to come across in an attractive way, in case you weren't sure of that.</p></ul>

<p>Gates wrote: </p>

<ul><p>I comb my hair everytime before I send email hoping to appear attractive. I try and use punctuation in a friendly way also. I send :) and never :(.</p></ul>

<p>I wrote a message asking Gates whether it was possible that the alliance with Time Warner and T.C.I. was on shaky ground because Gerald Levin and John Malone were afraid that Gates was too smart for them. </p>

<p>Gates wrote: </p>

<ul><p>Your mail is the first time I have ever heard anyone suggest that John Malone and Jerry Levin deserve sympathy. They are both great people. They are both smarter about deal making than I will ever be. John and Jerry and I share a vision of what the Information Highway can become. Its an incredible opportunity for all 3 companies and we have been spending time to discussing how we might help each other. We don't have anything concrete at this stage although we have developed a high level of trust for each other.</p></ul>

<p>I sent a message asking how much of his money Gates was planning on giving away: </p>

<ul><p>Will there one day be a Gates Foundation, the way we have Rockefeller, Ford, Carnegie Foundations? When? How acutely do you feel a sense of social responsibility? What kinds of philanthropy would you like your money to perform? How do you feel about leaving a lot of money to your kids?</p></ul>

<p>Gates replied: </p>

<ul><p>I think that giving money away takes a lot of effort. Not as much effort as making it but still a lot to do it properly. Therefore when I am old and have time I will put some effort into that. Assuming I still have a lot of money by the time I retire which is certainly no certain thing I will give away well over 90% of it since I dont believe in kids having too much money. I am like my friend Warren Buffett in this respect. I have already done some giving like to UW for a biotechnology department [Gate gave the University of Washington twelve million dollars] and some to Stanford for a computer science building [six million] and some to United Way which I really believe in. I do believe in funding great research so some of my philanthropy will relate to that. Some to humans service activities. Some to education. Some to population control efforts if it looks like donations can really help there.</p></ul>

<p>I wrote mail about "The Great Gatsby," which is one of Gates' favorite books. ("The Catcher in the Rye" and "A Separate Peace" are other favorites.) Gates dressed as Gatsby for his thirtieth birthday, and again for an engagement party that friends and colleagues in Silicon Valley threw for him and Melinda in September. (Melinda dressed as Daisy Buchanan.) </p>

<p>Gates wrote: </p>

<ul><p>Gatsby had a dream and he pursued it not even really thinking he might fail or worse that what he dreamed of wasn't real. The green light is a symbol of his optimism--he had come so far he could hardly fail to grasp it. At the end Fitz is reinforcing what a romantic figure Gatsby is. Its also sort of about America but I think of it more in terms of the people.</p></ul>

<p>Once, when I was composing E-mail to Gates on an airplane, I felt physically closer to him than when I was composing from home. Perhaps I was thinking of all the thousands of people who have encountered this remarkable person on airplanes, restlessly wandering the aisles with his shoes off, or sitting in a seat staring into the screen of his laptop computer, rocking, writing E-mail that will be fired into the network when the plane lands and send hundreds of people at Microsoft scurrying into action. </p>

<p>Many executives in the telegraph industry, which had enjoyed control of the communications field since about 1840, believed that the telephone did not present a threat to their business, because no one would want a communications machine that did not leave a written record of the conversation, as telegrams did. When William Orton, the president of Western Union, which was the Microsoft of its day, was offered the opportunity to buy Alexander Graham Bell's patent on the telephone for a hundred thousand dollars, he is said to have replied, "What use could this company make of an electric toy?" This remark seems less dim to me now. </p>

<p>  
<b>Technological change</b> is not democratic, but if we did have a choice would we vote for a man who sometimes behaves like a ten-year-old boy to be the principal architect of the way we communicate with each other in the future? Or is it Gates' gift that he isn't socialized in a way you'd expect a corporate executive to be. When I was ten, I would sit around with my friends watching it snow, and someone would say, "I wonder what the deepest snowfall ever was," or something like that, and someone else would say, "Yeah, it would be cool to know that." It seemed that there should be this giant, all-knowing brain, which could answer that kind of question. One of the lessons you learn in becoming an adult is that it doesn't always pay to be curious. Some people learn to avoid curiosity altogether. Gates appears to have completely failed to absorb this lesson. My impression is that he still has the fantasy of the giant, all-knowing brain, and that this is what the information highway means to him. It's a place where curiosity is rewarded. </p>

<p>Not long ago, Paul Saffo, of the Institute for the Future, said to me, "Bill Gates is an introvert. He is not the kind of person you want building the social network of the future." Ann Winblad, Gates' former girlfriend, told me, "People who know Bill know that you have to bring him into a group--say, 'Hey, Bill, tell us the story of such-and-such'--because he doesn't have the social skills to do it on

his own. But that doesn't mean he isn't social. Bill is an open, emotional guy--very. He's actually more open with his feelings than most men I know. He is not afraid to express fear, or sadness, but hardly anyone sees that. You can't show that when you're in Bill's position, when everyone is watching your tiniest gesture. It's not good leadership to show weakness." An executive with a leading competitor of Microsoft's says of Gates, "Hey--I think the guy is truly dangerous. Bill is the most surprisingly conscience-free individual I've ever met, and that amount of power in the hands of a guy without a conscience is dangerous. Big Brother did not happen in 1984, but it could happen in 2004. Ask yourself, 'If there was to be a technology-oriented dictator by the year 2004, who would he be? Bill Gates?'"

Gates argues that Microsoft has to behave aggressively because of a principle called Moore's Law, which is named after Gordon Moore, one of the founders of the Intel Corporation. Moore's Law is the reason the computer industry is fundamentally different from any other industry in history. It states that microprocessors get twice as powerful, or twice as cheap, every eighteen months. This means that in twenty years what now takes a year of computing will take fifteen minutes. We have no idea what we are going to do with this power, but it will exist whether we want it to or not.

No natural calamity or political upheaval short of world-wide anarchy is powerful enough to stop it. Nathan Mhyrvold, of Microsoft, said to me, "Nature has already signed off on this stuff." Moore's Law is the primary reason that all the companies that dominated the computer industry in the nineteen-seventies are now struggling or gone, and the reason that Microsoft, for all its power, could disappear in a decade.

Scott McNealy, the head of Sun Microsystems, which is a leading manufacturer of computer workstations, told me, "I like Bill. Bill is a smart guy. But I think the problem is that Microsoft has caught the bunny. You know, when you go to the dog track they have that mechanical bunny that makes the dogs run? Well, sometimes a dog is so fast he catches the bunny and then the other dogs don't run anymore. That's the situation in the software business today: Bill has caught the bunny. I admire Bill for catching the bunny, but now we can't have a race. He ought to be loosed from the bunny, to give the other dogs a chance."

The argument that Microsoft is shaping up to be the Standard Oil of the Information Age and that the government ought to loose Bill from the bunny before this happens is now being heard within the Department of Justice. As the head of the Department's Antitrust Division, Anne Bingaman is an anti-monopolist, the sort of person who was common around the Justice Department in the nineteen-thirties and forties, and was thoroughly weeded out in the eighties, a period during which the laws on what constitutes a monopoly were relaxed, making it harder for people like Bingaman to operate. Now Bingaman is expected to regain some of the ground lost by the anti-monopolists, and she seems to be using Microsoft as her vehicle. Justice Department lawyers are currently studying the file that Bingaman requested from the Federal

Trade Commission, and are said to be readying a case against Microsoft, though whether Bingaman will bring narrow antitrust charges, which would require the company to pay a fine it could easily afford, or will bring a broad antitrust case, or will even attempt to break Microsoft up, has not been decided. </p>

<p>There is substantial political pressure not to prosecute Microsoft. Microsoft is the principal reason that the United States is by far the world leader in software production, an industry that has an unimaginable potential for growth. Also, the government's huge antitrust case against I.B.M., which was filed in 1969 and ended with the government's giving up on it in 1982, distracted and weakened that organization, and helped companies like Microsoft to get the better of it. Some people argue that the computer industry actually wants and needs a monopolistic presence like Microsoft, because such a presence can work to create a standard computer language that other companies can design products for and that the public can use in common. That is the role I.B.M. played, and now that I.B.M. has been dethroned, thanks partly to Microsoft, people expect Microsoft to perform it. </p>

<p>  
<b>One big difference</b> between Gates and other early software entrepreneurs is that, whereas the others were bright kids from middle-class homes who achieved success beyond their expectations, Gates was born to rule. His childhood was emphatically not the stuff of Horatio Alger novels. His father, Bill Gates, Jr., is a well-known corporate lawyer in Seattle and a former president of the Washington State Bar Association, and his mother, Mary Gates, is a former regent at the University of Washington and was on the national board of the United Way and of U S West. Washington State governors and senators were guests at the house when Bill was a boy. At dinner, the parents would lead the children--Bill and his sisters, Kristi and Libby--in discussions of current affairs. The family also played a lot of games and horsed around together. "I really like Bill's family, but it would be nice if you could talk to them once in a while when they weren't in a human pyramid," Ida Cole, a former Microsoft executive, has said. Water-skiing was and remains a passion of Gates': several Seattleites have described for me the experience of coming across the Evergreen Bridge early on a Sunday morning in the summer and seeing Gates' big powerboat on Lake Washington, with Gates' white, toneless body water-skiing behind it and throwing up a big coxcomb of spray. Young Bill was obsessive about improving aspects of himself he didn't like. "He was always upset about his little toe curling in, so he'd work on it. He'd spend time holding it out so he'd have a straight toe," his sister Kristi told Stephen Manes and Paul Andrews, the co-authors of "Gates," a recently published biography. Gates used to try to impress his sisters by jumping out of a trash can, and he still occasionally jumps over his office chair from a standstill. Sometimes, on his way to a business meeting, he suddenly jumps up and tries to touch as high as he can on a wall, or to touch higher than the spot he touched last time, but he says, in "Gates," "I don't jump spontaneously the way I used to, in the early years of the company . . . or even in a meeting. . . . Now

the jumping is not that common." However, he has planned a full-size trampoline for a house he is building. In Japan, a comic book about the adventures of a boy modeled on Bill Gates is called "Young Jump." </p>

<p>Gates attended Lakeside School, one of the best private schools in the Seattle area, and there he met Paul Allen, who was three years older. The two began spending a lot of time in the school's computer room. In 1971, when Gates was sixteen, he wrote a program that made it easier for cities to collect traffic statistics. That same year, he and Allen started a company called Traf-o-Data. In the Lakeside yearbook for 1973, Gates' senior year, there is a picture of Gates in the computer room with a stocking cap pulled over his head and lying on a table, over the caption "Who is this man?" </p>

<p>Joseph Weizenbaum, a computer scientist at M.I.T., perhaps overstating the case a little for effect, wrote, in "Computer Power and Human Reason," this early portrait of computer hackers: "Bright young men of disheveled appearance, often with sunken glowing eyes, [who] can be seen sitting at computer consoles . . . on which their attention seems to be as riveted as a gambler's on the rolling dice. . . . They work until they nearly drop, twenty, thirty hours at a time. Their food, if they arrange it, is brought to them: coffee, Cokes, sandwiches. . . . Their rumpled clothes, their unwashed and unshaven faces, and their uncombed hair all testify that they are oblivious to their bodies and to the world in which they move." This description matches Gates' outward appearance, but Gates was different from most hackers in one important respect: Hackers were interested in computers as a hobby, mostly just for fun, whereas Gates always saw computers as a way of making money. </p>

<p>Gates and Allen sometimes talked about how cool it would be to design the software for the first personal computer, which appeared to be on the horizon, but this was not a serious career goal of Bill's. His father wanted him to become a lawyer. "When I was in college, it was really hard to pick a career, because everything seemed so attractive, and when you had to pick a specific one you had to say no to all the others," Gates told me. "I'd think, Well, if I went to that law firm some partner might not like me, and they might assign me to these crummy cases, and I'd think, Well, God, that could be really crummy." The question was settled in dramatic fashion in December, 1974, when Allen, who was working in Boston, passed a newsstand in Harvard Square and saw on the cover of Popular Electronics a computer called the Altair 8800. The Altair 8800 was the first computer that ordinary electronics hobbyists could afford to buy and that people with reasonable technical knowledge could assemble in their homes. Basically, it was the first personal computer. Allen bought the magazine, rushed over to Gates' dorm, and showed it to him. "Look!" Allen said. "It's going to happen! I told you this was going to happen! And we're going to miss it!" </p>

<p>They called Ed Roberts, the man who created the Altair, and told him that they had written a version of a programming language called basic for his computer. That wasn't true. It was an early use of a now common strategy in the computer industry, and at

Microsoft in particular: announcing products that don't exist (known in the industry as "vaporware") in order to discourage possible competitors. After talking to Roberts, Bill and Paul went on an eight-week code-writing binge, with Gates writing most of the code, often falling asleep at the keyboard, dreaming in code, waking up, and immediately starting to write code again, with no real transition between dreaming and waking-just code. ("It was the coolest program I ever wrote," Gates later said.) At the end of the eight weeks, Allen flew out to Albuquerque, met with Roberts, loaded the software into the Altair, and typed "print 2 + 2." The Altair spat out "4." The program worked. </p>

<p>By the end of 1975, Gates and Allen had founded a company, Micro-soft, to sell their basic. (The hyphen was dropped a few years later.) Now came what is perhaps the pivotal moment in the early history of the software industry. Computer hobbyists who had bought the Altair were dismayed to find that it didn't come with the software to operate it, and were even more dismayed when they learned that they had to buy the software for four hundred and fifty dollars from Micro-soft. </p>

<p>At that time, no one thought of software as something you paid for. Software was just rolls of paper tape with little holes punched in it. A hacker would write a cool piece of software for fun, copy it, and give it away to his friends. Altair owners began to do the same thing with Micro-soft's basic. Then, in February of 1976, Gates published "An Open Letter to Hobbyists" in the Altair newsletter, and the letter now stands as a sort of Magna Carta of the software industry--the underpinning of the intellectual--property structure. It stated, "As the majority of hobbyists must be aware, most of you steal your software," and went on to argue that software was just as much a commodity as hardware, because it represented someone's intellectual work, and that the creators of the software should be compensated just as creators of hardware were. </p>

<p>Gates shuttled between Harvard and Albuquerque until the start of his senior year, when he dropped out for good. The business expanded, and he and Allen relocated it to Seattle in 1978. In 1980, I.B.M. approached Gates to write an operating system for the personal computer it was designing, the I.B.M. PC. Gates flew down to Florida to meet the I.B.M. executives working on the project, realized on the way that he had forgotten to bring a tie, and drove around looking for a place to buy one. The I.B.M. executives, who had never laid eyes on Gates, were stunned to see that their prospective partner looked exactly like one of the hackers they were beginning to read about in the press. They told Gates they needed an operating system in three months--an impossibly short time--and Gates accepted the job. Upon returning to Seattle, he bought an operating system called qdos, which was short for Quick and Dirty Operating System, from another software developer, Seattle Computer, for around seventy-five thousand dollars, renamed it ms-dos, and, in a three-month code-writing marathon, converted it to I.B.M.'s specifications. </p>

<p>Software is sometimes said to be to the age of information as oil was to the age of the machine. Software is what makes

information systems operate. Software is like a natural resource, except that its source is not in the earth but in the human mind: people carry pools of software in their heads. Its lack of physical existence makes its importance easy to underestimate. I.B.M., which was one of the great business organizations in history, and which was perfectly placed to own the personal-computer business, disastrously failed to appreciate the importance of the software Gates designed for it. Because I.B.M. thought that the money was going to be in the hardware, in the computers themselves, it allowed Gates to retain the rights to ms-dos. During the nineteen-eighties, the PC was cloned by other American manufacturers and by the Japanese, who could make and sell the machines more cheaply than I.B.M. could, but no one knew how to clone ms-dos, and Bill Gates collected a fee for every PC and every PC clone sold in the world. </p>

<p>Two books about the fall of I.B.M. and Gates' role in it have recently appeared--"Big Blues," by Paul Carroll, and "Computer Wars," by Charles H. Ferguson and Charles R. Morris--and an occasional chill runs up the spine of anyone reading them at the ease with which Gates eviscerated men much older and more experienced than he was. "I kept wanting to say to Cannavino, 'We need a shorthand because these meetings are taking too long,' " Gates says in "Big Blues." James Cannavino was an I.B.M. executive with whom Gates negotiated about operating systems. Cannavino would begin meetings by making small talk about, say, his new car, in a misguided effort to establish some sort of personal rapport with Gates. Also, like many other American corporate executives of his generation, Cannavino would spend a lot of time talking about his company's values. This would drive Gates mad. "Every time you say 'thirteen,' I'll know that what that means is that all you want to do is what the customer wants," Gates says he imagined himself saying to Cannavino. </p>

<p>"And for every one of these other gibberish slogans, we can also get little numbers. There are a lot of small integers available. We'll just tighten these meetings up. You know, Cannavino, if you want to talk about how you're going to save the U.S. educational system, okay, we've heard that story. That's a good fifteen-minute one. That can be number eleven." However, Gates managed to swallow these thoughts and let Cannavino talk. "I'm really very good at this stuff," he says. "I know how to be somebody's son. You know, 'Yes, Dad.' " </p>

<p>A prominent software executive told me, "I.B.M. thought they had Gates by the balls. He's just a hacker, they thought. A harmless nerd. What they actually had by the balls was an organism which has been bred for the accumulation of great power and maximum profit, the child of a lawyer, who knew the language of contracts, and who just ripped those I.B.M. guys apart." Another leading executive in the software industry said, "Think of I.B.M. and Microsoft as being a chess game, where Microsoft plays black. So they're at a disadvantage. So they have to set up a trap. Microsoft becomes the only supplier of a commodity that I.B.M. could not produce itself. Having done that, it proceeds to market that asset to weaken its partner's position. It's brilliant!" </p>

<p>Now, thirteen years after that contract, Microsoft is by far the largest software company in the world. It has a market capitalization of twenty-three billion dollars--more than General Motors, Xerox, or I.B.M. To what extent Gates is mainly a product of I.B.M.'s blunder, and therefore a kind of historical accident, and to what extent he is the first person to imagine software as a shrink-wrapped commodity, and is therefore a visionary, is a good question to ask if you are seated next to a computer-industry executive at a dinner party. Although Microsoft continues to manufacture ms-dos, it has severed most of its ties with I.B.M. The break came over the operating system Windows, which Gates introduced in 1985. (Paul Allen, who had a scary encounter with Hodgkin's disease in 1983, retired, cashed in some of his Microsoft stock, bought the Portland Trail Blazers basketball team, and built a house with a basketball court on the property, where the team could practice. He also provided the funds for a Jimi Hendrix museum in Seattle. Lately, Allen, whose Microsoft stock is now worth \$2.9 billion, has been in the news for buying nearly twenty-five per cent of America Online, an information service, and, most recently, for buying eighty per cent of TicketMaster.) </p>

<p>Windows is a graphical user interface, or gui (computer people pronounce it "gooey"). Instead of operating the computer with keyboard commands, as you do in dos, in Windows you use a pointing device--a mouse--to access little folders and documents on your electronic desktop. Xerox developed the desktop metaphor in the late seventies, and in the early eighties Apple Computer commercialized it. Gates saw that Apple's gui was an easier system to use than dos, and borrowed it. When Windows first appeared, it was widely viewed as a kludge (a dog): it was buggy (it had glitches) and was a memory pig (it used up a lot of space in the computer's hard drive), and it was generally less elegant than Apple's gui. But Gates stayed with Windows and kept improving it. Gates understood that it did not matter if the software used lots of space on the hard drive as long as hard drives kept getting twice as powerful every eighteen months. Also, whereas Apple chose to keep its software proprietary--it could run only on machines that Apple made--Gates licensed Windows to any computer manufacturer that wanted it, just as he had done with dos. </p>

<p>When Apple realized its mistake--its strategy limited Apple's share of the operating-system market to the number of computers Apple could sell--it sued Microsoft for copyright infringement, but a federal court ruled that "the look and feel" of the desktop metaphor was not covered under Apple's copyright. </p>

<p>It is often said by Gates' detractors that he has never invented anything, and this is true in a sense, but you could say the same thing about Henry Ford. When the Model T appeared, in 1908, it was by no means the best car on the road, but it worked well enough, and it was affordable and easy to produce, and Ford stayed with it. Even today, most users still find Apple's operating system more intuitive than Windows, but, because the market for Windows is so much larger, other software manufacturers are more inclined to make applications for Windows than for Apple's operating system. If there is to be a standard computer language--which from the point of view of the public is greatly

desirable--it now appears that Windows will be the one. But Gates has to worry that someone will do to Microsoft what Microsoft did to Apple. Apple is designing a new operating system with I.B.M.; it's code-named Pink, and is expected to appear sometime in 1995. </p>

<p>

<b>After a month</b> of E-mail between Gates and me, my hour in his physical presence arrived. As we shook hands, he said, "Hello, I'm Bill Gates," and emitted a low, vaguely embarrassed chuckle. Is this the sound one E-mailer makes to another when they finally meet in real space? I was aware of a feeling of being discovered. In the front part of Gates' office, we sat down at right angles to each other. Gates had on normal-looking clothes--a green shirt with purple stripes, brown pants, black loafers. He rocked throughout our time together. He did not look at me very often but either looked down as he was talking or lifted his eyes above my head to look out the window in the direction of the campus. The angle of the light caused the purple stripes in his shirt to reflect in his glasses, which, in turn, threw an indigo tinge into the dark circles around his eyes. </p>

<p>The emotional boundaries of our encounter seemed to have been much expanded by the E-mail that preceded it: Gates would be angry one minute, almost goofily happy the next. I wondered if he was consciously using our present form of communication to express feelings that E-mail cannot convey. Maybe this is the way lots of people will communicate in the future: meet on the information highway, exchange messages, get to know the lining of each other's mind, then meet face to face. </p>

<p>In each other's physical presence, they will be able to eliminate a lot of the polite formalities that clutter people's encounters now, and say what they really mean. If this happens, it will be a good thing about the information highway: electronic communication won't reduce face-to-face communication; instead, it will focus it. </p>

<p>I had been told not to ask Gates about his marriage, because he didn't want to talk about it, but I was emboldened by the familiarity that E-mail had established between us and asked anyway. Gates was silent, rocking gently (I interpreted that as a good sign) and staring down at his shoes. "Well, it's a pretty conventional marriage," he said after a while. "I'm male, and I'm marrying a female. And there's just two of us. And we plan to have rings on our fingers. And there'll be a minister. Or, actually, a priest, I think. Since I'm marrying a Catholic." He giggled. "Pretty standard stuff. In most dimensions, including this one, I'm just like everybody else. I found a girl and fell in love with her. I'm kind of old." As he talked, he began to make a peculiar ahhh sound--a sort of rapturous vocalized pause, with a little shyness in it, as if he were confiding in me. </p>

<p>"Some of your competitors are hoping that marriage is going to make you spend less time in the office," I said. </p>

<p>"Yeah, I think . . . ahhh . . . that's a pretty strange thing. Being married I don't think is that big a change. It did take up a lot of energy and time being single. I think in a way it's more complicated than being married. I mean, marriage has its own complexities, but they're different . . . ahhh . . . and I don't think timewise they're much different. And I've been going out with this person off and on for a number of years, so it's not like the day I get married it will be, like, whoa, wait a minute, she uses curlers to curl her hair, my God!" </p>

<p>Gates and his bride are constructing a thirty-five-million-dollar house on the eastern slope of Lake Washington, just outside Seattle--a series of five pavilions connected by underground passageways, with display screens scattered throughout the rooms and linked to a central data base containing hundreds of thousands of famous works of art in digital form. Gates does not own the art; he owns the right to reproduce the art digitally, and he and his assistants continue to throw museum officials around the world into confusion by offering to buy the digital rights to works in their collections. </p>

<p>"Do you worry that your wealth is going to corrupt you?" </p>

<p>"Absolutely." Gates sat upright and raised his arms in the air. "Absolutely. Hey. Being in the spotlight is a corrupting thing. Being successful is a corrupting thing. Having lots of money is a corrupting thing. These are very dangerous things, to be guarded against carefully. And I think that's very, very hard to do." </p>

<p>"How do you do it?" </p>

<p>"I'm very close to my family. And that's important to me. It's a very centering thing. I live in the same neighborhood I grew up in. One of my sisters lives there. We get together as a family a lot. The woman I'm marrying wants when we have kids to have a normal environment for them. So we'll mutually brainstorm about how to do the best we can at that." Gates thought for a while, then said, "I am a person who is very conscious of, like, why don't I have a TV in my house? I think TV is great. When I'm in a hotel room, I sit there and try all these new channels and see what's going on. I probably stay up too late watching stuff. TV is neat. I don't have a TV at home, because I would probably watch it, and I prefer to spend that time thinking-or, mostly, reading. So I'm pretty conscious about not letting myself get used to certain things." </p>

<p>"So do you consider yourself a puritanical person?" </p>

<p>"Oh, no no no. I'm not a puritan," Gates said. "Hey, if I was a puritan--" He grinned, apparently mentally flipping through a sequence of unpuritanical acts he had committed. "O.K., it's a little bit like this. I go to a baseball game, and I'm having a good time, watching the game, but then I feel myself getting drawn in. I start wondering, Who are these guys? Who are the good ones? How much are they

paid? How are the other teams compared to this one? How have the rules changed? How do these guys compare to the guys twenty years ago? It just gets so interesting. I know if I let myself go to ten games I'd be addicted, and I'd want to go more. And there's only so much time in the day. And, frankly, it's easy for me to get interested in anything. I think, Gosh, am I going to get good at tennis? Well, we got these kayaks recently. I think, you know, Are we going to get into that? I was just in Africa. I think, Should I do my next two or three trips there--there's just so much there--but I'd sort of like to go to China, and actually I think I'll end up doing that for my next big trip, in two or three years. So there's all these choices, but time is this very scarce resource." </p>

<p>As we were saying goodbye, Gates said, "Well, you're welcome to keep sending me mail." </p>

<p>I walked out to my car, drove off the Microsoft campus, and headed back over the Evergreen Bridge to Seattle. When I got to my hotel, I logged on and saw I had E-mail from Bill. It had been written about two hours after I left his office. There was no reference to our having just met. He was responding to mail I had sent him several days earlier, asking what he thought of Henry Ford: </p>

<ul><p>Ford is not that admirable--he did great things but he was very very narrow minded and was willing to use brute force power too much. His relationship with his family is tragic. His model of the world was plain wrong in a lot of ways. He decided he knew everything he needed to fairly early in his life. </p></ul>

<p> </p>

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<p><a href="http://www.booknoise.net/johnseabrook/stories/technology/email/index.html">Back to top</a></p>

<p> </p>

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#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2013-08-15 03:43:07 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2013-08-15 03:43:11 (UTC)

**Title** I understand you are confused,... please don't call me

#### Summary

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

**Body** <html><head></head><body>I understand you are confused,... please don't call me a liar, when you say you are going to tell me a story and don't, is that a lie,, you tell me you will dance,,and don't., is that a lie,, you tell me you will do fun sex things, and don't is that a lie... no i don't think so... I tried to tell you that the process the other night (pee included) is a good metaphor for my frustration... As opposed to you saying JEffrey , i don't want to dance , but i love you and will try.. so that there is a real effort, would have been very much appreciated,, instead it's no. no. no. i don't care what you want.. i'm not doing it... the frustration and the stress that accompanies these actions is difficult for me to take at this time,I have told you when you were in eu\rope ,with regard working out.. please don't tell me that see what i have done... my priorites have been clear you return from europe as if nothing had happened.. you expect me to ignore all that has gone before...I have previoulsy asked you to accept there are consequences for you actions,,,, you choose to ignore this advice,, YOu talk about doing something special with dana,,,, did you explain to her why you left paris, as everyone was clear including her that you hated her.. you come back, and expect her to be helpful... with no explanation,,, THERE ARE CONSEQUENCES,,,,,When I send you an e-mail that illustrates the fact tha after asking you to learn how to make breakfast for over a year,, you tell me you spent time wiht lance and Mark... Lance has worked

for me , for four moths,,, you have spent less than an hour,, with him...The issue of trust runs both ways WHY should i trust you, how many times since you know me that I said i would do something for you , and didn't... how many months have you told me something that is totally under your control and turns out not to be true... What you will find out , and would have seen if you were not- so self absorbed , was that I was very ill.. I almost fainted today,,I needed oxygen Ghislaine came to help, I didn't want to worry you or involve you , as my testosterone levels, can't handle the stress, YOU don't ask me how I am,, you ask me why I didn't call....you should be ashamed of yourself...

</body></html>

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2013-08-15 03:46:12 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2013-08-15 03:46:16 (UTC)

**Title** explained that in the first email...

#### Summary

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

<html><head></head><body>explained that in the first email...

> I've spent a lot of time in the past doing petty  
> things I thought were helpful but I learned that  
> neither one of us benefits from it. As a result you  
> are not any happier and I haven't done anything for  
> myself. Since I met you, my life revolves around  
> you, there is nothing else I have and it makes me  
> feel very uneasy. I feel that I have no security;  
> like Jean Luc says , all my eggs are in one basket.  
> I don't like taking things from you. I want to be  
> able to support myself. You are the expert in that,  
> you don't believe in school; so how do I learn and  
> what ?  
> </body></html>

#### Body

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2013-08-20 22:53:44 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2013-08-20 22:54:21 (UTC)

**Title** corbin, ██████, brad fancellik sinofsky,

#### Summary

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

**Body** <html><head></head><body>corbin, ██████, brad fancellik sinofsky,  
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Note

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**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2013-08-22 01:36:04 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2014-02-03 23:21:10 (UTC)

**Title** I am often asked to give my views and to rate the distinguished list of todays various financiers. I hesitate to do so as my area of expertise is now philanthropy and was formerly technology, Money is a product of my past endeavors and the leverage for my future social goas. That being said, without a doubt , one of the smartest people i have ever met, and I fear this statement will be controversia  
lis New Yorks Jeffrey Epstein, both he and I are very aware of his mistakes that now over a decade later still cause concern amongst some very accomplished people, but i am a firm believer that everyone, deserves a second chance and then can be measured on the product of the work after asking for forgiveness. that is a great part of what makes this country strong.

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

**Body** <html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-nspace-mode: space; -webkit-line-break: after-white-space;">I am often asked to give my views and to rate the distinguished list of todays various financiers. I hesitate to do so as my area of expertise is now philanthropy and was formerly technology, Money is a product of my past endeavors and the leverage for my future social goas. That being said, without a doubt , one of the smartest people i have ever met, and I fear this statement will be controversial.is New Yorks Jeffrey Epstein, both he and I are very aware of his mistakes that now over a decade later still cause concern amongst some very accomplished people, but i am a firm believer that everyone, deserves a second chance and then can be measured on the product of the work after asking for forgiveness. that is a great part of what makes this country strong.  
Jeffret is neither fluent in spanish, french or italian however he is highly conversant and multilingual in the areas of the most advanced sciences and finance. . He can exquisitely conduct a seminar in fields as diverse as evolutionary biology, computational neuro science.or even the highly esoteric mathematics that permeate our future. Mathematicans at Harvard marvel at his breadth that spans the divide between the esoteric and the very world. .  
His interests are far and wide and unlike many gentleman scientists that simply repeat back what they have read , he has been an integral part of the creative process in varied fields. , signal intelligence, power law distributions , and encryption. His facile and hyper speed grasping of complex financial issues remains unique in my experience. He neither qualifies nor does he hold himself out as a great investor like my friend Warren, or an economist like Larry Summers, but his knowledge of money, it uses. its technicalities and its burdens are something he has taught many of my colleagues. \  
Again , as to reiterate my open eyes I am well aware that in his colorful past he has made some awful decisions, Im sure he would have done things differently if he had the opportunity to do them over. however he has paid his debt to society, asked his friends and family for forgiveness and has continued his charitable work that he began even decades before his travails.

i have had the privilege to meet the worlds greatest minds, and i can easily say that Jeffrey s is amongst the best of those.

I have utmost confidence in his integrity. I have dealt with him for a number of years on both sides of a negotiation and say with certainty that I'd rather be on his side.

He has been in the Billionaire business for longer than almost anyone else. His insight into the unique problems of the super wealthy, has been invaluable to many others that I know. He found a niche in the early 80s discerning the burdens of hyper wealth and from his time on the board of Rockefeller or his time at the trilateral commission, the common refrain from those he has come in contact with Jeffrey has made me think differently about. ....//.<span class="Apple-tab-span" style="white-space: pre"> </span>

He has an extraordinary ability with numbers, complex concepts. mixed with a sometimes brutal honesty, refreshing, a sense of humor that some find highly cultured others find just outright silly,

His homes are probably the best collection of private real estate in the United States. A private island, that some describe as a tribute to megalomania. and a ranch in New Mexico that is truly beyond imagination and my favorite townhouse in NY. His attention to detail is remarkable. I find it sad that he doesn't have children of his own, but makes up for it by maintaining close friendships that have lasted for decades.

His charitable instincts have been honed over many years and his advice and judgment has been invaluable in several instances. He has funded bold experiments on the placebo effect. string theory, quantum gravity, music and its insight into the brain etc,

His ability to explain complex financial derivatives or opaque concepts that are on the bleeding edge of science in layman's terms is I believe a part of his teaching gene and enduring charm.

I have met many people who criticize those who continue to maintain a friendship with Jeffrey, predominantly by those whose opinions appear on the surface to be impervious to change, however, in the vast majority of cases, it is with those that have not had the opportunity to sit with him watch as his mind performs an intellectual ballet. gracefully moving from one difficult topic and transitioning to another seemingly unrelated, only at the end to have the thread pulled tightly and ending with an elegant coda that recaps the various themes.

I can call him and ask, can you explain this to me, and with an impish respond, and a breath of fresh air, if he can't, he finds it comfortable and ordinary to simply admit - I Don't know.

</body></html>

Note

**Source  
Device**

NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

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/Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

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**Date Modified** 2013-09-09 00:18:13 (UTC)

**Title** micahel wolfe. , anthony , danny-ron, corbin fancelli, . ayh, joe. benny , bach, sheely, gershenfiel b rockman. koons woody, christakis , dunja, [REDACTED]. .

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

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ny , bach, sheely, gershenfiel brockman. koons woody, christakis , dunja, [REDACTED]. .

tolison, ron, mahler, [REDACTED] burton. , eric rothpeggy,

**Body**

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carlotn, celestino, [REDACTED]

ehud reid hoffman greg

<span class="Apple-tab-span" style="white-space:pre"> </span></body></html>

**Note**

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**Date Created** 2013-10-01 15:18:20 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2013-10-05 02:47:42 (UTC)

**Title** a--- gift vic, melan, airplane. votes. staff, against the grain, [REDACTED] frames.

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

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ada and alan think stock might go down.? [REDACTED] how are you. . liquidate

two directors.

cloud movies

deaded is the new 80  
if they threw dirt on him  
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crow face. not horrific ,

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**Summary**  
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denial

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algorithms, mental more than one , may per system.

all cooperation is domain specific and time dependent.  
video games international business

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deductibility

#### Body

airplane, , art loan, notes. phantom, insurance. cost. sales. gifts. tra. , investments. trees, . loan agr  
eements. lerner. ? met? 1031 ,  
  
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**Date Modified** 2013-11-23 22:09:31 (UTC)  
**Title** [REDACTED] - a book about yourself so you know how it ends— - what are your hopes. - pleasure girl,  
why not.- when do you stop.  
**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

<html><head></head><body>wendi— a book about yourself so you know how it ends— - what are your hopes. - pleasure girl, why not.- when do you stop.  
share , enter, you give me a life . honest - true not important

**Body**

jacques, no priorities. impedes, creativity no grades focus on positive, follow nose. takes subway, japan food sumo. arab, arabic renewal. equivalent degrees europe, . culture army, backbone, language.  
. enter by sports, singing , living arts. </body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2013-11-24 00:10:07 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2013-11-24 00:10:59 (UTC)

**Title** learning, , refined. eat slow. very slow. tea half cup seasonal, . massage

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

<html><head></head><body>learning, , refined. eat slow. very slow. tea half cup seasonal, . massage

**Body**

</body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2013-12-14 14:02:17 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2014-04-20 12:43:29 (UTC)

**Title** xmas presents. tall road block, signature, tennis, masks, move statues, pots , flagpole rug , pictures  
grotto. rug grotto. solar . ken email service road arm rest covers

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

**Body** <html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-nspace-mode: space; -webkit-line-break: after-white-space;">xmas presents. tall road block, signature, tennis, masks, move statue

s, pots , flagpole rug , pictures grotto. rug grotto. solar . ken email service road arm rest covers

</body></html>

## Note

**Source Device**

NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path**

/Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created**

2013-12-29 01:56:30 (UTC)

**Date Modified**

2014-06-22 21:09:05 (UTC)

**Title**

woody, she's making sure there is not one molecule of flavor left. . it going to look light recycle d fabric.

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source**

Gmail

**Body**

<html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-nspace-mode: space; -webkit-l  
ine-break: after-white-space;">woody, she's making sure there is not one molecule of flavor left. . i  
t going to look light recycled fabric.  
on cheating and marriage you can't beat the house

you lay o the couch talking about seeing your parent s in bed trying to break the habit of sleeping w  
ith tall blondse makes no sense

████████ upton. a miracle of nature,  
an uphill battle .

black girls are all horrible fucks

lactade. soon yi has an opinion about everything. . mort sahl.

i don't want to go to moes hospital and repair shop

taco medical care

forrest lawn

wives ending up looking like something you would see on you plate at a seafood restaurant  
cruel waters.

if knighthood comes back into fashion they re in

pigeons stuck to the gook, had to pry them off and flip them on to fifth avenue

the last frankfurter i had was 50 years ago , i still have gas

carnege deli to die for. literally, it clogs your arteries, if you don;t die from cholesterol you die from the guilt</body></html>

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2014-02-03 23:21:20 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2014-02-03 23:50:39 (UTC)

**Title** soundproofing, . gaspers larry wood [REDACTED] security tv

#### Summary

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

<html><head></head><body>soundproofing, . gaspers larry wood kira security tv

#### Body

</body></html>

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2014-02-04 23:59:34 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2014-06-19 13:18:59 (UTC)

**Title** jagland, sultan, shaher. hamad, pinto, jack lang, jean luc, davinga, margo, axel, [REDACTED], [REDACTED] colon , farice, [REDACTED] , [REDACTED] , [REDACTED] , [REDACTED] athena, daniel [REDACTED] [REDACTED] fred girls.hamad blaine, fekkai, jagland

#### Summary

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

<html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-nspace-mode: space; -webkit-line-break: after-white-space;">jagland, sultan, shaher. hamad, pinto, jack lang, jean luc, davinga, margo, axel, [REDACTED], [REDACTED] colon , farice, [REDACTED] , [REDACTED] , [REDACTED] athena, daniel [REDACTED] [REDACTED] fred girls.hamad blaine, fekkai, jagland blaine fekkai. reid joi

#### Body

debbie die first?? gains losses price.fair market. e

</body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2014-02-09 17:27:06 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2014-02-19 14:32:01 (UTC)  
**Title** financial 64 percent bank, 100 art cars ? , paris, country side. africa properties. non financial mjaeve, wine, lafite 17l. land. foundation boats?  
**Summary**  
**Sync Name** jeevacation  
**Sync Source** Gmail  
**Body** <html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-nspace-mode: space; -webkit-line-break: after-white-space;">financial 64 percent bank, 100 art cars ? , paris, country side. africa properties. non financial mjaeve, wine, lafite 17l. land. foundation boats?  
. all to trust [REDACTED] executr. splite four ways neomei 30 ( drug risk ?) nothing after. . three to take if both gone, no wills for girls. claude one of three , was already fired. / rene, 75 old but trusted.  
[REDACTED] 6 half inter 16 b shares. . non financial 40 percent. . / reps on board, bertran traitor re majeve,  
guardian mother brother rene , henri. . de guns burg currently. . swiss law , requirements.  
cameroon, ?  
<ol start="0"><li> trusts for each girl? will for nomei, names of [REDACTED] lawyer, benj lawyer, </li></ol></body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2014-02-09 17:27:06 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2014-02-19 14:32:01 (UTC)  
**Title** financial 64 percent bank, 100 art cars ? , paris, country side. africa properties. non financial mjaeve, wine, lafite 17l. land. foundation boats?  
**Summary**  
**Sync Name** jeevacation  
**Sync Source** Gmail  
**Body** <html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-nspace-mode: space; -webkit-line-break: after-white-space;">financial 64 percent bank, 100 art cars ? , paris, country side. africa properties. non financial mjaeve, wine, lafite 17l. land. foundation boats?  
. all to trust [REDACTED] executr. splite four ways neomei 30 ( drug risk ?) nothing after. . three to take if both gone, no wills for girls. claude one of three , was already fired. / rene, 75 old but trusted.  
[REDACTED] 16 half inter 16 b shares. . non financial 40 percent. . / reps on board, bertran traitor re majeve,  
e,  
guardian mother brother rene , henri. . de guns burg currently. . swiss law , requirements.

cameroon, ?

<ol start="0"><li> trusts for each girl? will for nomei, names of [REDACTED] lawyer, benj lawyer, </li></ol></body></html>

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2014-02-19 14:32:33 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2014-02-19 14:55:34 (UTC)  
**Title** barry bottstein, woody, . peggy. joe phil michaels. . ian, gates. david mitfchell [REDACTED] pug, warren , wolfe,anthony , paul barrett. , chinatown,jagland joi, [REDACTED] melz. corbin? 727? sultan africa,  
**Summary**  
**Sync Name** jeevacation  
**Sync Source** Gmail  
**Body**  
<html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-nsbp-mode: space; -webkit-line-break: after-white-space;">barry bottstein, woody, . peggy. joe phil michaels. . ian, gates. david mitfchell [REDACTED] pug, warren , wolfe,anthony , paul barrett. , chinatown,jagland joi, r [REDACTED] z. corbin? 727? sultan africa,  
ari barnaby, daniel [REDACTED] / [REDACTED] . loen trust art phil , barbados ,tra,brh, insurance.? [REDACTED] visa, bill.  
bard sat. assaya. athena [REDACTED]  
  
no kar no leon, free  
  
jacques, more time, gianni [REDACTED] . jean luc, . [REDACTED] decorating, pinto ( old ). miachea playboy no knowledge ). [REDACTED] eduardos friend. [REDACTED] , [REDACTED] mess. , [REDACTED] horrible, </body></html>

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2014-02-19 14:32:33 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2014-02-19 14:55:34 (UTC)  
**Title** barry bottstein, woody, . peggy. joe phil michaels. . ian, gates. david mitfchell [REDACTED] pug, warren , wolfe,anthony , paul barrett. , chinatown,jagland joi, [REDACTED] melz. corbin? 727? sultan africa,  
**Summary**  
**Sync Name** jeevacation  
**Sync Source** Gmail

<html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-  
ne-break: after-white-space;">barry bottstein, woody, . peggy. joe phil michael. . ian, gates. david  
mitfchell [REDACTED], pug, warren , wolfe,anthony , paul barrett. , chinatown,jagland joi, nina, [REDACTED]  
z. corbin? 727? sultan africa,  
ari barnaby, daniel sue/[REDACTED], loen trust art phil , barbados ,tra,brh, insurance.? [REDACTED], visa, bill.  
bard sat. assaya. athena [REDACTED]

**Body**

no kar no leon, free

jacques, more time, gianni [REDACTED]. jean luc, . marian.decorating, pinto ( old ). miachea playboy no kno  
wledge ). [REDACTED] eduardos friend. [REDACTED], [REDACTED] mess. [REDACTED] horrible, </body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2014-03-10 12:51:39 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2014-03-24 19:08:48 (UTC)  
**Title** martin, novak, sleeping with your wife is a perversion. , false accounts no penalty, , beauty sym  
metry , body adapts to the task, .  
**Summary**  
**Sync Name** jeevacation  
**Sync Source** Gmail  
**Body** <html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-  
ine-break: after-white-space;">martin, novak, sleeping with your wife is a perversion. , false accou  
nts no penalty, , beauty symmetry , body adapts to the task, .

peter diamandis, singularity finance. austin hill. reid

bill paul, salar, paige. brooks, pigazzi, ,

terje, kazak azer jagland

rothschild

cahrlie rose

bill leon, josh, joi reid tazia

gordon getty I write so that i can take myself apart cell by cell and put it back together so that it is a little better.

wooded if my grandmother was an indian, i would be yelling at the rocks for hours tbecuase she was deaf

not a car for miles :: not a bookstore either

</body></html>

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2014-04-11 23:16:00 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2014-04-11 23:17:05 (UTC)

**Title** [REDACTED], bitcoin

#### Summary

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

<html><head></head><body>[REDACTED], bitcoin

model gene bank,

wyler sat ligt

#### Body

[REDACTED] mortgage

boris blll daf  
terje , peace. kazak mongolia

</body></html>

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2014-04-20 12:41:40 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2014-04-20 13:31:21 (UTC)  
**Title** █████, █████ margo nami, atehn daneil █████, gianni, jean luc jacques █████ oliveier, █████. rams ey. █████ photos shirts. leah, jaglnand █████ joe, boris.

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

<html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-nspace-mode: space; -webkit-line-break: after-white-space;">█████, █████ margo nami, atehn daneil █████, gianni, jean luc jacques █████, oliveier, █████. ramsey. █████ photos shirts. leah, jaglnand █████ joe, boris.

**Body**

summers joi. █████, mari, reid, page, brockman

tv down;aods for trip fur blanket. plane. </body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2014-05-17 13:01:14 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2014-06-10 13:05:29 (UTC)  
**Title** photos  
**Summary**  
**Sync Name** jeevacation  
**Sync Source** Gmail  
<html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-nspace-mode: space; -webkit-line-break: after-white-space;"> photos  
terje., india, kazak, mongolia. norway,

**Body**

bill daf, satellite. charity.

greg,  
</body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2014-06-14 10:51:59 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2014-06-14 11:03:47 (UTC)  
**Title** wexner

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

**Body** <html><head></head><body>wexner

necklace . mother suicide [REDACTED] taxes, new albany, bankrupt, never ever, did anything without informing les. . questionable as to unrelated third party, jack kessler, stanley, jerry, , my personal. taken advantage of, understand scared, i would never put les in harms way. He never called. sale of trust, put call. despond , dick grey , [REDACTED] followed. . put in fake secretary, . , took an attny, I would never give him up. craig , lursen, everyday 24 hrs a day, security, , jancks house. new albay, aspen, .

ghislane

stood by , father, brothers, wexner, apt, house. forrester, mother, money, rescued

ted, dana,

[REDACTED], concord, skiing, hollywood, support before and after,

dersh

don't take deal, probation 5 years with 3 early term. no details of probation transfer

30k per day, millions, brother, ] roy,

leftcourt . stole money, wanted to delay lily, fought with guy

guy lewis, crooked, high five , new biz,

cayne,

fergie , helped lent money, mother argentina, re hab, . mothers army,

</body></html>

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2014-06-19 12:57:25 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2014-06-19 13:02:48 (UTC)  
**Title** ;chrome glasses blkets. paper towel. salt pepper plates. spit sink, instant coffees.  
**Summary**  
**Sync Name** jeevacation  
**Sync Source** Gmail  
**Body** <html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-nspace-mode: space; -webkit-line-break: after-white-space;">;chrome glasses blkets. paper towel. salt pepper plates. spit sink, instant coffees.  
  
██████, greg, █████, eric roth, ramsey, barbro , ██████████ joe , thornborn. mette, █████ haircut, avis rent a car</body></html>

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2014-06-25 12:30:19 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2014-06-25 12:30:24 (UTC)  
**Title** lin1490151429.  
**Summary**  
**Sync Name** jeevacation  
**Sync Source** Gmail  
**Body** <html><head></head><body>lin1490151429.</body></html>

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2014-07-06 11:34:06 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2014-07-06 11:34:11 (UTC)  
**Title** justify your existence  
**Summary**  
**Sync Name** jeevacation  
**Sync Source** Gmail  
**Body** <html><head></head><body>justify your existence</body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2014-07-11 12:50:06 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2014-07-11 12:50:48 (UTC)  
**Title** coffee,, cups mil, glasses cue. paper towel children meeting, blankets  
**Summary**  
**Sync Name** jeevacation  
**Sync Source** Gmail  
**Body** <html><head></head><body>coffee,, cups mil, glasses cue. paper towel children meeting, blankets</body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2014-07-13 09:51:33 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2014-07-13 09:52:58 (UTC)  
**Title** airplane , blankets, coffee cups. snacks.  
**Summary**  
**Sync Name** jeevacation  
**Sync Source** Gmail  
**Body** <html><head></head><body>airplane , blankets, coffee cups. snacks. lsj, rugs master, new cabana furniture, vehicles. landscaper. uniforms, mirror , kite house door roads</body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2014-07-15 11:43:36 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2014-09-06 09:32:53 (UTC)  
**Title** systems breakdown, back l4 l5. january, testsoene. weight, apnea.  
**Summary**  
**Sync Name** jeevacation  
**Sync Source** Gmail  
**Body** <html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-nspace-mode: space; -webkit-line-break: after-white-space;">systems breakdown, back l4 l5. january, testsoene. weight, apnea.

dash [redacted] terje bill burns, [redacted] , [redacted] , mort? boris, daniel mar, mich, peggy, ugo , [redacted]  
vet

bill , rummler alma-woody, shaher. [redacted] , dasha, sanna, [redacted]

re do , ny, pb, lsj , paris. .  
leah price harvard english for science editor

</body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2014-10-05 09:26:16 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2014-10-10 19:46:27 (UTC)  
**Title** why does solitary confinement make you crazy, what is the good that cancer does. ? what is intelligence at the atomic level?

Summary

**Sync Name** jeevacation  
**Sync Source** Gmail

<html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-nspace-mode: space; -webkit-line-break: after-white-space;">why does solitary confinement make you crazy, what is the good that cancer does. ? what is intelligence at the atomic level?  
language is chomsky inherit internal signalling method for thought

**Body** consciousness, falling, deception biology mathematics, , signal intelligence.  
sitting on toilet like slot machine, hoping for a big win, when winning rain into bowl

</body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2014-10-10 19:42:34 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2014-10-10 20:08:09 (UTC)  
**Title** [REDACTED], [REDACTED] johna, camila alma. melize, [REDACTED] daniel ramsey,

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

<html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-  
line-break: after-white-space;">[REDACTED], [REDACTED] johna, camila alma. melize, [REDACTED] daniel ramsey,  
assay [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED], ukriana

gregory apt,

araine, jalang. jabor, kelimbtv. churkin

**Body**

gates, boris, terje, [REDACTED], leon, mort, sergey thiel, burns, rumeeler. eric  
leah, gianni, oliver , reid reid joi tom larry

ehud nov

</body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2014-11-10 02:05:43 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2014-11-10 02:07:24 (UTC)  
**Title** fortune cookies

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

**Body** <html><head></head><body>fortune cookies

you will be horribly mangled

you will not have a moments peace

the woman you love is betraying you

you will be bought in a thrashing machine

premature death awaits you

all your friends despise you

the spot in your X-ray is a tumor

</body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2014-11-25 22:45:02 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2014-11-25 23:11:38 (UTC)  
**Title** bbj, steve davdi terje, boris, [REDACTED] joe, [REDACTED], daneil, alma. [REDACTED]  
**Summary**  
**Sync Name** jeevacation  
**Sync Source** Gmail  
<html><head></head><body>bbj, steve davdi terje, boris, [REDACTED] .joe, [REDACTED], daneil, alma. e  
[REDACTED]  
**Body** johan [REDACTED] as wen, [REDACTED], mera [REDACTED]  
goe;osit, uiersity plants  
\  
greg time, zorro improv  
</body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2014-12-09 15:26:47 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2015-07-11 19:11:48 (UTC)

**Title** [REDACTED], [REDACTED], faye, [REDACTED] goldstein,deena, elaine, [REDACTED] paula, lurie metcalf, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] m organ dotty celine jill, strassner

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

**Body**

```
<html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-  
ine-break: after-white-space;">[REDACTED] [REDACTED], faye, [REDACTED] goldstein,deena, elaine, [REDACTED] paula,  
lurie metcalf, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] morgan dotty celine jill, strassner  
inka, , rene, kelly, [REDACTED]  
, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] magit, jill rappoport. francis, [REDACTED], vicky, [REDACTED] fitzbibbons, dara torre  
s, [REDACTED], [REDACTED], graionva  
  
ghislaine [REDACTED] luba, [REDACTED] [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] yfke, [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] voss glass to cohen  
graceland [REDACTED] new york hair [REDACTED] [REDACTED] </body></html>
```

**Note**

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2014-12-29 10:31:46 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2014-12-31 10:35:32 (UTC)

**Title** sell all property? steve gone. `darren

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

**Body** <html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-  
line-break: after-white-space;">sell all property? steve gone. `darren  
rich larry  
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

apts trusts /

jean luc, reid peggy, ian peter. peter. mande. gh,

jagland, [REDACTED]. [REDACTED], leon, terje,

jean luc, all at customs, [REDACTED], mirror. brad pimp, </body></html>

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2014-12-29 10:35:31 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2015-02-24 10:49:17 (UTC)  
**Title** sleep. cooperation  
**Summary**  
**Sync Name** jeevacation  
**Sync Source** Gmail  
**Body** <html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-nspace-mode: space; -webkit-line-break: after-white-space;">sleep. cooperation  
power laws  
signal intelligence  
humarnies as translator.  
music as lens into brain  
deception  
beauty, energy, expended  
gravity as a power law , is the pull toward the eman equivalent to grabvity.  
blue eyes genius  
internal algorihtms and encryption . olfaction  
first names individlat over family  
distributions.  
gravity as a distribuion  
  
</body></html>

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2015-01-27 10:43:57 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2015-01-27 10:44:51 (UTC)  
**Title** [REDACTED] norton.

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

<html><head></head><body>██████████, ██████████. norton.

biz leon , bill mort. .terje,

social

**Body** travel

science

health

household</body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2015-03-18 14:39:12 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2015-03-18 14:39:44 (UTC)

**Title** wall fountain palm, art arianedudley, gardener. wallace.

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

<html><head></head><body>wall fountain palm, art arianedudley, gardener. wallace.

**Body**

</body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2015-04-08 11:46:26 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2015-04-08 11:46:31 (UTC)

**Title** Date/Time: 2015-04-08 07:43:31 -0400

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

**Body** <html><head></head><body>

Date/Time: 2015-04-08 07:43:31 -0400

OS Version: 10.10.2 (Build 14C109)

Architecture: x86\_64h

Report Version: 21

Command: Firefox

Path: /Applications/Firefox.app/Contents/MacOS/firefox

Version: 37.0.1 (3715.4.2)

Parent: launchd [1]

PID: 43032

Event: hang  
Duration: 1.70s (process was unresponsive for 29 seconds before sampling)  
Steps: 18 (100ms sampling interval)

Hardware model: iMac15,1  
Active cpus: 8

Fan speed: 1198 rpm

-----  
Timeline format: stacks are sorted chronologically  
Use -i and -heavy to re-report with count sorting  
-----

Heaviest stack for the main thread of the target process:  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2103673) [0x100701979]  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136]  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c]

Process: firefox (Firefox) [43032]  
Path: /Applications/Firefox.app/Contents/MacOS/firefox  
Architecture: x86\_64  
Parent: launchd [1]  
UID: 501  
Task size: 188804 pages  
CPU Time: 0.004s  
Note: Unresponsive for 29 seconds before sampling

Thread 0x50874d DispatchQueue 1 18 samples (1-18) priority 47  
<frontmost, thread QoS user interactive, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2103673) [0x100701979] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x50875d DispatchQueue 2 18 samples (1-18) priority 47  
<frontmost, thread QoS user interactive, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 \_dispatch\_mgr\_thread + 52 (libdispatch.dylib + 19050) [0x7fff94352a6a] 1-18  
18 kevent64 + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 94770) [0x7fff8f3b2232] 1-18  
\*18 ??? (kernel + 5988368) [0xfffff80007b6010] 1-18

Thread 0x508760 18 samples (1-18) priority 31

<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 thread\_start + 13 (libsystem\_pthread.dylib + 5149) [0x7fff92fe541d] 1-18  
18 \_pthread\_start + 176 (libsystem\_pthread.dylib + 12773) [0x7fff92fe71e5] 1-18  
18 ??? (<390A2BB0-CAA4-3FFD-B19B-ED15A8313953> + 31518289) [0x10360ee51] 1-18  
18 mach\_msg\_trap + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 70878) [0x7fff8f3ac4de] 1-18  
\*18 ipc\_mqueue\_receive\_continue + 0 (kernel + 1165472) [0xfffff800031c8a0] 1-18

Thread 0x508766 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 kevent + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 94746) [0x7fff8f3b221a] 1-18  
\*18 ??? (kernel + 5988368) [0xfffff80007b6010] 1-18

Thread 0x50876a 18 samples (1-18) priority 31 cpu time 0.001s  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 \_\_select + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 91130) [0x7fff8f3b13fa] 1-18  
\*18 ??? (kernel + 6142240) [0xfffff80007db920] 1-18

Thread 0x50876b 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2103527) [0x1007018e7] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x50876c 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2103527) [0x1007018e7] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x50876d 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2103527) [0x1007018e7] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x50876e 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2103527) [0x1007018e7] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x50876f 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2103527) [0x1007018e7] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x508770 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2103527) [0x1007018e7] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x508771 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2103527) [0x1007018e7] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x508772 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2103527) [0x1007018e7] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x508773 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2103527) [0x1007018e7] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x508774 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2103527) [0x1007018e7] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x508775 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2103527) [0x1007018e7] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18

\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x508776 18 samples (1-18) priority 31

<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>

18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2103527) [0x1007018e7] 1-18

18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18

\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x508777 18 samples (1-18) priority 31

<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>

18 ??? (<390A2BB0-CAA4-3FFD-B19B-ED15A8313953> + 36899438) [0x103b30a6e] 1-18

18 mach\_msg\_trap + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 70878) [0x7fff8f3ac4de] 1-18

\*18 ipc\_mqueue\_receive\_continue + 0 (kernel + 1165472) [0xfffff800031c8a0] 1-18

Thread 0x508778 18 samples (1-18) priority 31

<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>

18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2103673) [0x100701979] 1-18

18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18

\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x50877b 18 samples (1-18) priority 31

<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>

18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2103527) [0x1007018e7] 1-18

18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18

\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x508788 18 samples (1-18) priority 31

<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>

18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2103527) [0x1007018e7] 1-18

18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18

\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x508789 18 samples (1-18) priority 31

<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>

18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2103673) [0x100701979] 1-18

18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18

\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x50878a 18 samples (1-18) priority 31

<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>

18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2105340) [0x100701ffc] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x508795 18 samples (1-18) priority 47 cpu time 0.003s  
<frontmost, thread QoS user interactive, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>

18 thread\_start + 13 (libsystem\_pthread.dylib + 5149) [0x7fff92fe541d] 1-18  
18 \_pthread\_start + 176 (libsystem\_pthread.dylib + 12773) [0x7fff92fe71e5] 1-18  
18 \_pthread\_body + 131 (libsystem\_pthread.dylib + 12904) [0x7fff92fe7268] 1-18  
18 \_NSEventThread + 137 (AppKit + 1602363) [0x7fff8fbf833b] 1-18  
18 CFRRunLoopRunSpecific + 296 (CoreFoundation + 464984) [0x7fff98761858] 1-18  
18 \_\_CFRunLoopRun + 1371 (CoreFoundation + 466939) [0x7fff98761ffb] 1-18  
18 \_\_CFRunLoopServiceMachPort + 212 (CoreFoundation + 469812) [0x7fff98762b34] 1-18  
18 mach\_msg\_trap + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 70878) [0x7fff8f3ac4de] 1-18  
\*18 ipc\_mqueue\_receive\_continue + 0 (kernel + 1165472) [0xfffff800031c8a0] 1-18

Thread 0x50879a 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>

18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2105340) [0x100701ffc] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x50879b 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>

18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2103527) [0x1007018e7] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x50879e 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>

18 ??? (<390A2BB0-CAA4-3FFD-B19B-ED15A8313953> + 36899438) [0x103b30a6e] 1-18  
18 mach\_msg\_trap + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 70878) [0x7fff8f3ac4de] 1-18  
\*18 ipc\_mqueue\_receive\_continue + 0 (kernel + 1165472) [0xfffff800031c8a0] 1-18

Thread 0x5087a0 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>

18 ??? [0x8000000000000000] 1-18  
18 ??? (<390A2BB0-CAA4-3FFD-B19B-ED15A8313953> + 2935256) [0x101acc9d8] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x5087a1 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>

5], IO policy important>  
18 ??? [0x8000000000000000] 1-18  
18 ??? (<390A2BB0-CAA4-3FFD-B19B-ED15A8313953> + 2935256) [0x101acc9d8] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x5087a2 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2105340) [0x100701ffc] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x5087ab 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2105327) [0x100701fef] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x5087d6 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2105340) [0x100701ffc] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x5087d7 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2105340) [0x100701ffc] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x5087d8 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2103527) [0x1007018e7] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x5087d9 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2105340) [0x100701ffc] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x5087dc 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2105340) [0x100701ffc] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x5087de 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2105340) [0x100701ffc] 1-18  
18 \_\_psynch\_cvwait + 10 (libsystem\_kernel.dylib + 90422) [0x7fff8f3b1136] 1-18  
\*18 psynch\_cvcontinue + 0 (pthread + 26908) [0xfffff7f80de291c] 1-18

Thread 0x5087df 18 samples (1-18) priority 31  
<frontmost, thread QoS legacy, boosted, received importance donation from WindowServer [105], IO policy important>  
18 ??? (<65DB947D-2121-3976-A28C-971F1EE096A0> + 2105340) [0x100701ffc] 1-18

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2015-04-18 13:02:33 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2015-04-18 13:02:50 (UTC)

**Title** teeth cleaning. haircut, blood test

#### Summary

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

**Body** <html><head></head><body>teeth cleaning. haircut, blood test</body></html>

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2015-05-01 11:37:56 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2015-05-01 11:38:07 (UTC)

**Title** friendhsip cahnge , reallionship

#### Summary

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

**Body** <html><head></head><body>friendhsip cahnge , reallionship

</body></html>

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2015-05-26 17:14:40 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2015-05-26 18:27:55 (UTC)

**Title** [REDACTED], leon, mort, rosvky, [REDACTED] ???!

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

**Body** <html><head></head><body>[REDACTED], leon, mort, rosvky, [REDACTED] ???!</body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2015-07-11 18:39:51 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2015-08-02 10:14:13 (UTC)

**Title** wexner, darren, house. martin, joi, [REDACTED] assa [REDACTED] aurelia lang. summers. holterbosch

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

**Body** <html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-nspace-mode: space; -webkit-line-break: after-white-space;">wexner, darren, house. martin, joi, [REDACTED] assa [REDACTED] aurelia lang. summers. holterbosch  
rugs. decorator. pasion g5, , estate erica, soverighn idian

morroco, 40 m. leon plane.

scheudle , nutrition attia, .

live paris, hk, , italy,

[REDACTED] daniel,

assistant, science writer, krause chomsky, groom

dry hours

leon office

sorry, I'm shocked that you did this

meet.?? best friend did not ask, speak, never ever, gang stuff, jerry merit, [REDACTED] mother sister, investigator,

. suicide, randy , jack kessler, stanley, bankrupt,bankrupt sales tax , ohio, cigars. trusts charity gifts, aspen, shooting.steve sale.,

mort, heidi , glenn, dershoqit shan'tz, [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED], jean luc [REDACTED], 34 girls wexner , irs, writer internet ? book on actuals. poe? rober.

documentary

criteen, jerru lf guy lewis, glenn, jarecki hotlerbsoc  
four poster bed, coconut cups  
FLONASE ASP

umbrella , tiki furn, four poster, entry rug dressing run. outdoor furniture  
airplane seat shock absorbers  
art of conversation  
young post docs. internet writer scienific american, researchers.

</body></html>

#### Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2015-09-07 13:47:07 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2015-09-16 23:55:20 (UTC)  
**Title** character , prince , foucault  
**Summary**  
**Sync Name** jeevacation  
**Sync Source** Gmail  
**Body** <html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-nspace-mode: space; -webkit-line-break: after-white-space;">character , prince , foucault  
[REDACTED] hanson joe david  
[REDACTED], password music laptop?  
hossain, [REDACTED] olivier. fabrice. BSI.  
weingarten, [REDACTED].  
zuckerman, holterbosch  
kamen kerry jaret. GLENN CALL  
AIRCELL coverage?  
scarola, sanctions  
paul mccartney - leon. grubman motola peggy, boris  
BACK APNEA. weak  
LASER ISLAND< fountain?  
decorator. science spokesperson valdson 26th, januz 3rd? chomsky ehud woody  
rome, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]  
teeth implant , dr speaker  
sue [REDACTED], [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]? sultan,  
investment, ari, valor , paul .jpm gs, [REDACTED]  
tra gift defined value note increase. this year. bank loans

trading account. grat ? tra step -up? NEW GRATS?  
kids meeting?  
CHARITY FUN ENJOY no more give to give  
estate [REDACTED] girls . [REDACTED], [REDACTED] trusts?  
1248 [REDACTED]. tom mc graw ?  
BITTER RELEVANT TESTOSTERINE DIET EXCERCISE  
Finance , competence.  
science hobby , charity, ask glenn, wex. merkin( ito)  
brockman wurman  
trivers  
BRAD LEON > ALAN. jabor, terje,  
MAPP  
[REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED], naiomi, ?!, gates, ghislaine, ian osbourne, and [REDACTED] ,  
brian boyd, slayton [REDACTED]  
andreeson horowitz, steve sinofsky, putin, karp? wealth  
chairman YAO  
LIVE MUSIC BOTTSTEIN aganecy [REDACTED]  
attai [sychiatrist  
HOTEL living  
trust k predict under stress  
mark packer, strip club  
woody film , woody birthday. party reason  
heart hard eyes back teeth  
bbj g4 engines.

</body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2015-11-07 15:12:47 (UTC)  
**Date Modified** 2015-11-07 15:16:23 (UTC)  
**Title** health, lipitor, coq , clomephine. abs  
**Summary**  
**Sync Name** jeevacation  
**Sync Source** Gmail  
**Body** <html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-nspace-mode: space; -webkit-line-break: after-white-space;">health, lipitor, coq , clomephine. abs  
tooth, apnea. back. </body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD  
**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata  
**Date Created** 2015-11-07 15:16:28 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2015-11-07 15:16:34 (UTC)

**Title** New Note

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

**Body** <html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-  
-line-break: after-white-space;">  
</body></html>

Note

**Source Device** NYC024364.dmg/Macintosh HD

**Path** /Users/Story/Library/Containers/com.apple.Notes/Data/Library/Notes/NotesV6.storedata

**Date Created** 2015-11-07 15:16:49 (UTC)

**Date Modified** 2015-11-09 04:47:17 (UTC)

**Title** health, lipitor, coq , clomephine. abs

**Summary**

**Sync Name** jeevacation

**Sync Source** Gmail

**Body** <html><head></head><body style="word-wrap: break-word; -webkit-  
ine-break: after-white-space;">health, lipitor, coq , clomephine. abs  
tooth, apnea. back. diet, trainer? most rawlin kruger port masco,merrill

terje, jagland, wahled, Karim, outarra, lang, churkin, sergey,ehud, [REDACTED] , [REDACTED],( [REDACTED] wilson, l  
isa , brennan ) reid, bottstein ken starr, jay lefkowitz, roy, shaher, antoine fekkai, crowe bill burns,

thiel hoffman, melz sinofsky, boris, bill. brock, austin, joi ,  
neri, john brockman , chomsky, karuss, church, martin, yau, gromov. nathan  
NERI-

[REDACTED], steve, joe, leon, mort, david, anthony

ATTIA

johana , daniel. [REDACTED] aurelia, [REDACTED] assia, melu marg arin [REDACTED], [REDACTED] nstya [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] athena, [REDACTED]. cortibartarte, [REDACTED] ramsey, [REDACTED] andra, [REDACTED]. kira ? [REDACTED]

woody, fisch, peggy, [REDACTED].

[REDACTED] ghislaine [REDACTED] [REDACTED] crystal, christina anna, j

jen ren sue jul jul [REDACTED] kar nast [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

[REDACTED], call info, mark packer, benny

heidiholter mort, wexner, dersh, guy, wexner glenn

call [REDACTED], venezeula francisco

jabor, sultan, david stern josh ramo.

washington bard packer woody, saba, st barts.

great st james, dersh mediation, ghislane vr, wolff. herman patty glazer , jean luc, [REDACTED] APTS  
? STaff, [REDACTED] janus, [REDACTED] island.  
transformer , trees, equipment GSJ. , zorro roof ,windows, water , garden, ROADS. during back sur  
gery, nautical sports, [REDACTED] lunch box , SIMON. car kits, shoes redford. gotham award.mark lloyd

meeting with boies and VR, call Kevin and ask about sultan Full money at merchant? chris letter to  
sex offender new york appeal depo? letter to judge, never saw list until after in jail. chomsky islan  
d.? groom ?hillis mart. [REDACTED] tv, nasty dollars. [REDACTED] house head.

Pinto Lang ramo shum, [REDACTED]. air conditioning,gromov bio. [REDACTED] [REDACTED], gianii, [REDACTED] ass. edua  
rdo . tancredi, olivier , decoratr( lisa cohen) ambulance speak KODESH KORESH

Investment, bonds , jpm. guests in decemebr.? neri, martin, [REDACTED]? </body></html>