

attentive but with the part of you that is not the mechanical one. [He pours me a second cup of tea.]

**This tea is fantastic.**

This is *pu-erh* tea. It's fermented. Twelve years old, this particular one. From Yunnan, in the south of China.

**Your new show is called "Dormiveglia." What does that mean?**

"Dormiveglia" is a group of works I made in 1998, and for once I

was thinking of my origin, of Italy, and a certain sense of longing you get in the Mediterranean culture. On one end there is all this sensuality, but if you go past that, it's just all this melancholy and longing and loss. I think this is where the title comes from. *Dormiveglia* in Italian means something like "twilight," this area between being awake and being asleep. The paintings consist of nine female figures. Maybe the nine muses but not really. All the women have lost

their heads; they all have something else replacing their heads. But they are also shamanic figures: One is missing a leg, and there's a stick instead. That has to do with a lot of traditional images about having a foot in this world and a foot in the other world. You know art is born in the graves. And in some ancient graves they would break one leg of the dead.

**To make sure they don't come back?**

To make sure that they could tell

the difference between this world and the next.

**Metaphorically, art might be said to be born in the grave too, in the sense that it's inspired by our mortality.**

Yes, yes. Absolutely correct.

**Death has always been a preoccupation of yours. Has your relationship to death changed in the past 50 years?**

Yes, I'm making friends! ♦

# How the West Was Wired

With *Westworld*, HBO adapts a cult sci-fi classic to modern anxieties.

**A**n elaborate amusement park, inhabited by dangerous creatures designed in a lab, spins out of control after the introduction of human error. Most would recognize this as the plot of the 1993 movie *Jurassic Park*, based on the novel by the late Michael Crichton. But the log line applies just as well to *Westworld*, a sci-fi B movie Crichton wrote and directed two decades earlier. In that film, the theme park was populated not by petri-dish dinosaurs but by hyperrealistic androids meant to look like stock characters from the Old West, with whom ultrarich visitors could act out childhood fantasies—or more depraved desires. And the bad guy wasn't a velociraptor but a dead-eyed Yul



**UNTRUE GRIT**  
James Marsden and Evan Rachel Wood as robot lovebirds.

Brynnner as a gunslinging Terminator.

The genius of HBO's new TV adaptation, also called *Westworld*, is in making us root for the robots. If the film was about technology run amok, the series is a warning about the hubris of technologists (with a few swipes at one-percent entitlement and violent video games). The robots seem more human and the humans—acting on their reptilian impulses—more robotic. As one park employee puts it, paraphrasing Alan Turing, "If you can't tell the difference, does it matter?"

The series was created by married couple Jonathan Nolan (brother and collaborator of *The Dark Knight* director Christopher Nolan) and Lisa Joy, and executive produced by J. J. Abrams, who long ago discussed a remake with Crichton.

Together they've concocted a wonderfully creepy genre mash-up—part *Shane*, part *2001: A Space Odyssey*, part *Groundhog Day*—that reflects contemporary anxieties about artificial intelligence. The first couple of episodes are slowed somewhat by the obligation to explain how it all works. (Don't ask too many questions.) To be fair, the problem of exposition also dogged the original movie, which is why the premise might best be suited for an episodic format.

The principal cast consists mostly of movie stars, including Anthony Hopkins, Evan Rachel Wood, and Thandie Newton. A slithering Ed Harris fills Brynnner's boots as the murderous Man in Black. And in the show's greatest twist on the original, he's all too human. *Sundays at 9 P.M.* —David Wexler