JOE BIDEN WILL BE HERE ALL WEEK MICHELLE COTTLE

KAFKA AT THE OFFICE LOUIS BEGLEY

MATT DRUDGE GOES UNDERGROUND GABRIEL SHERMAN

BUSHIES RISE AGAIN! IONATHAN CHAPT

The New

RET MAY 6, 2009

LIBERALISM'S MOMENT Barack Obama's New Theory of the State

FRANKLIN FOER and NOAM SCHEIBER

TNR.com



Barfield, the "Commissary Commando," about the importance of a balanced diet. Little cooking was done on-screen, and, while the recipes are available online, each dish was assembled in just a few minutes of screen time.

Which was fine by me, because I didn't have the necessary wonton wrappers, tuna, or cabbage on hand to construct McNulty's Neapolitan. However, I had planned on attempting the onscreen workout on "Fit For Duty" in my living room. Instead, I found Air Force Master Sergeant Mike Skaggs leading a workout featuring a complicated-looking military-issue "suspension trainer" called

TRX. This bungee-enhanced strap/brace/ harness contraption exists at the strange nexus of S&M and fitness equipment. "I know all of you warriors have them," Skaggs exhorted.

This warrior doesn't, naturally, which left me on the couch, watching Skaggs lead two assistants, their TRX braces fastened to a truck, through a workout on a beach at Naval Air Station Coronado. The Rolling Stones' "Brown Sugar" thumped dimly in the background. Informational tidbits-"The TRX was designed for soldiers in mobile environments"—periodically appeared on-screen. Skaggs pointed a stern finger into the camera and barked, "Don't you quit!"

But by the second go-round of "Fit For Duty," I quit. I had to. For the sake of my sanity. Yet I stepped away from the couch heartened. Because, although the channel's very existence recalls an era, not so long past, when the idea of a state-sponsored propaganda network seemed queasily plausible, the Pentagon Channel is, first and foremost, a vivid demonstration of why no pundit will ever propose nationalizing NBC.

DAVID ROTH

David Roth is a writer living in New York.

Pointillist Questions

There's an element of the stunt to Christian Faur's work—thousands of crayons packed tightly together, so that their tips join to form photorealistic portraits. Or are they sculptures? Crayons, the tool of choice for indiscriminate scribbling, are meticulously arrayed. (Faur, a physicist by training who is director of collaborative technologies in the arts at Denison University, hand-casts his crayons in thousands of colors.) But the medium adds to the poignancy of the message. Faur's subject is often childhood—and the haunting nature of nostalgia. His work can be seen at christianfaur.com.

