

having a crush on him for about three days, and then he just became goofy old Christian.”

“I lasted three days!” Camargo, who is tall and slender, with floppy dark hair, said.

Rylance and Camargo reconnected in London in March of 2008. “He said, ‘If you are going to be in New York, let me know, because I am there a lot,’” Rylance said. “So I called and said, ‘I am going to be in New York on May 2nd.’”

Camargo, who lived on the West Coast, moved into gear. “So I called up a friend who has this amazing apartment down on Jane Street, and she happened to be out of town,” he recalled. “It was not a shag pad. But Ju-



*Christian Camargo and Juliet Rylance*

liet loves it down in the West Village.” “We went to dinner at Pastis,” Rylance said. “And we spent the whole weekend together.”

That summer, Rylance was in London, appearing in “Romeo and Juliet” at Middle Temple Hall, while Camargo was appearing on Broadway in “All My Sons.” “He called and said, ‘I got this apartment, come and stay for a month,’” Rylance said. “So I came, and at the end of the month he proposed.” She squeezed Camargo’s arm. “You actually proposed about three different times until you got it right,” she said. “We were having dinner at Gennaro’s, and you said, ‘Obviously, if you are going to stay, you are going to need to work, so you will need a

green card, so shall we get married?’ And I said, ‘I am not getting married for a green card.’ So you went quiet for a bit, and said, ‘This is the only way I am ever going to get married, so just say yes.’”

“That was strike one,” Camargo said. “I said, ‘O.K., I will consider it, but only if you actually propose,’” Rylance said. “So about a week later he rolled me up a tinfoil ring.”

“That didn’t go over so well,” Camargo said.

“That was better,” Rylance said. “And then, finally, he called my dad—my real dad, in London—who flew over with my grandmother’s engagement ring.”

“I can’t remember how I gave it to you,” Camargo said.

“You kind of proposed and then flung it across the couch,” Rylance said.

They got married on the closing night of “All My Sons,” and at the after-party two of Camargo’s co-stars, John Lithgow and Dianne Wiest, sang a wedding song. (Another co-star, Katie Holmes, supplied them with a waffle iron and matching pairs of red long johns.) “She wanted the big carriage and the horse and the four hundred friends and the big party, and she got this,” Camargo said. “I realize the marriage is more important than the wedding,” Rylance said.

In the roles of Rosalind and Orlando, in “As You Like It,” the couple undergo a comically complicated courtship: Rosalind is pretending to be a boy named Ganymede for much of the time she is onstage; only after she reemerges, dressed as a bride, can she and Orlando marry. “It is such a mirror of what we were going through—getting married, and is it the right thing, and leaping in head first,” Rylance said. “And the thing that Rosalind says to Orlando: I am going to be a nightmare, and I am going to cry when you smile, and I am going to be jumping up and down when you want to sleep, and can you really handle me? That whole question, I think, I have asked you many times.”

“Ganymede really annoys me,” Camargo admitted, with a fond look at Rylance. “You just want to smack him. I can’t wait until she comes back on as Rosalind at the end. I think, There’s my wife, and I love it. I love it when you come back on in that dress.”

—Rebecca Mead

## CALIFORNIA POSTCARD SQUIDDING



I’m Schmitt. This is Poke, a.k.a. Squidmaster, a.k.a. Mr. Bates.”

Poke: “Schmitt here we call Shipwreck.”

Poke, a commercial lobsterman from Long Beach, wearing camouflage overalls and rubber boots, was squatting in a pool of lamplight outside Davey’s Locker Sportfishing, in Newport Beach, one recent night, fiddling with his tackle: a forty-to-sixty-pound-cast rod and a twelve-ounce, twenty-five-dollar, glow-in-the-dark, mediably barbed lure, heavy enough to drop three hundred feet to where the jumbo squid were feeding. “You got to fight the monsters with the monsters,” Poke said. Not that they are wily prey. “They’re dumb,” he said. “Like a blonde or a doorknob.”

Last month, as freakish and familiar as wildfires, mudslides, or earthquake light, a “squid invasion” began on the coast of Southern California. As they periodically will do, thousands of the slippery, suckery, tentacled deep-sea hoovers known as Humboldt squid were making their way north from Mexico, devouring everything in their path. That night, Poke and some seventy other fishermen—warriors with Budweisers—set out on a boat called the Western Pride to try to beat them back.

Hooking a squid is easy. Reeling one in is hard. Humboldts can weigh up to a hundred pounds. “They don’t fight like a fish,” one barrel-shaped fisherman said. “It’s like a sack of potatoes.” Another likened the strain to “pulling up a bucket of concrete.” At the stern, two sisters, Millie Brown and Evelyn Morley, outfitted their rods with hot-pink jigs. It was their first time squidding. “We heard about it on the news,” Brown said. Morley elaborated. “Basically, we wanted to cook it,” she said.

Three hours in, two miles out, and not a squid in sight—just the mesmeric sight of other squid boats with lamps turned down toward the sea and the sound of beer cans cracking open. Then, suddenly, the cries went up:

“Fresh one!”

"Deckhand!"

"Gaffer!"

A man hustled over with a large hook, pierced the cone of the first-caught squid, and pulled it aboard. It hit the deck, a tangle of extremities spitting ink and water, the angry white of a banged thumb before the blood flows back into it. Next it turned a livid rust-red. "Hot tamale," its captor



said, parading it—thirty pounds, the size of a toddler—down the length of the boat, before stashing it in a burlap sack pinned to the rim of the bait tank. "I got one!" Morley called out, and the gaffer swung it over the railing, where it changed from green to black, breathing rhythmically, as its ink dribbled out. It flashed red and went into the bag. Victus, a Filipino squidder who said he had fished jumbos in Cuba and in the Bermuda Triangle, got his, a sloppy, shiny squirter, and dragged it across the deck by one tentacle, as if it were a stubborn cavewoman. All around the boat, lines were tight, and crossed. The deckhands tossed bait (frozen calamari) like confetti, and grown men hugged their squid, careless of ink (acidic) or suckers (raspy) or the dreaded beak ("big as a full-grown parrot's").

Onshore, the gastronomic possibilities of the new catch went largely unexplored. "We get our calamari from Taiwan," the hostess at the Rusty Pelican in Newport Beach said curtly. The manager of the Bear Flag Fish Company was more direct. "I don't want any of that stuff in our restaurant," he said. "It tastes awful and it's terrible for the digestive system. It's like eating the pure gristle off a piece of steak." Only Billy's at the Beach appeared to have

embraced the phenomenon. The previous afternoon, a regular had come in with five pounds of fresh jumbo Humboldt squid and asked the chef, Lupe Diaz, to cook it up. Diaz soaked it overnight in milk, then battered it with flour, salt, and beer. The bar patrons loved it.

"Before, calamari was shit food," Poke said, on the deck of the Western Pride. "Now it's a delicacy. Just like oxtails—they used to give 'em away at the supermarket." He had it in mind to make squid lasagna. Morley and Brown said they were going to fry their squid with Cajun spices and slap it on a sandwich like a po'boy, and feed the seventeen members of their families. The captain suggested making patties, and breading them, like crab cakes. Victus planned to cook an adobo.

Gary Hill, a burly novice with a long gray beard, had his own recipe. As the boat chugged back toward shore, well past midnight, laden with four hundred and twenty-one vanquished squid, he outlined a minimalist's approach. "Get two boards and a hammer," he said. "Pound it." Hill, from La Mirada, a landlocked suburb of Los Angeles, had brought a friend along. In what might have been an acknowledgment that cephalopod hype is an inescapable feature of local life, he jerked his thumb toward his companion and added, "He lives four doors down from the Octomom."

—Dana Goodyear

#### AT THE MUSEUMS MORE THAN A WAR



Back in the nineteen-sixties and the barely nineteen-seventies, when American tourists were travelling halfway around the world to see the great temples of Cambodia and Burma, and rubbings from the friezes of Angkor were turning up in the rooms of college and grad students, Vietnam was considered simply a war zone. That it might also possess great treasures of ancient art and architecture occurred to few Americans at the time. Nancy Tingley was one exception. In 1974, as a student at U.C. Berkeley, she took a course in Southeast Asian art history that

launched her on a career as a scholar in the field.

The other day, she was at the Asia Society to help install the first major exhibition of ancient Vietnamese art to come to this country. The show, which Tingley began working on twenty-one years ago, focusses on Vietnam as a hub in the trade routes that extended from Rome to Japan and includes more than a hundred objects dating from the first millennium B.C. to the seventeenth century. Among them are ritual drums and burial jars from the Bronze Age civilizations of northern and central Vietnam; sophisticated sculpture and jewelry from the ancient walled cities of Funan, in the Mekong Delta; and Hindu and Buddhist sculptures of the Cham, a seafaring people whose civilization flourished in central Vietnam contemporaneously with the Khmer Empire. Most of these objects have never been out of Vietnam, and some have only recently been dug up or rescued from ancient shipwrecks at the bottom of the South China Sea.

In a talk to the Asia Society's docents, Tingley, a slim woman dressed in boots and black pants, described the exhibition in a precise, scholarly fashion, but on a tour of the galleries she almost skipped with delight. "That's exquisite—so beautiful," she said of a life-size wooden Buddha from Funan. "And they," she said, pointing to a row of tiny elephants engraved on gold leaf, "they are so cute—so simple and natural."

Tingley first went to Vietnam in 1988, thirteen years after the Vietnam War ended and seven years before the normalization of U.S.-Vietnamese relations. She and two colleagues from the Asian Art Museum in San Francisco were among the first visitors to the Ministry of Culture, and there were so few Americans in Vietnam that people on the streets thought they must be Russians. Yet everyone greeted them warmly. "They were wonderful to us," Tingley said. "We felt as though we were embraced and the American war was behind us." When the Ministry officials asked the scholars what they wanted to do, Tingley said that they wanted to drive from Danang to Ho Chi Minh City to see the Cham temples. "Everyone laughed. They thought that was hysterical," she said. "No way we could get permission." But when the trav-