

Seaside session

It's August, which means you're going a little crazy while your shrink is on vacation. At least that's the long-running joke in this city full of neurotics — and the subject of this week's roundup. We figure you could use a little self-help on the beach.

If you're not sufficiently freaked out by the glowing green cover shot of an enraged woman who is supposed to symbolize jealousy, then the first couple of sections of **Psychology Today** should do it thanks to a printing gaffe that has left the color on some pages out of register. It certainly made us a little nuts, as we needed a pair of 3-D glasses to get through the issue. It's also worth mentioning that overanalyzing things can in fact be achieved in print, as several articles in the issue, particularly one on the artistic mind, prove.

Does Penélope Cruz possess some unique psychological barrier or does she simply yearn for personal space? In this issue of **Psychologies**, the so-called "Spanish enchantress" reveals, or possibly feigns, that need for privacy. The mag goes on to offer up relationship advice, self-help tools and even addresses mothers dating sons-in-law. An article spanning 16 pages covers a series of related topics related to women loving their bodies and thoroughly analyzes the topic seven — or perhaps 16 — ways till Sunday.

If therapy doesn't work, why not try the "Caribbean cure?" **Spa** magazine seems to think the trick to health and well-being is an all-inclusive resort with white rooms, invigorating scrubs and, um, raw food? We thought that last fad went the way of Demi Moore — probably the most famous raw food proponent — and her career. Apparently, the latest and greatest trend in spa treatments is the use of flower essences to

address a range of emotions from sadness to apathy. The mag informs us that this flower power won't interact with medications. We suppose that's good news if you're already taking Prozac to deal with depression. Pretty much any woman will tell you that cellulite is a universal source of stress. Even more upsetting is wasting money on bogus anti-cellulite treatments that the mag claims will solve the problem.

Thankfully, **Yoga Journal** doesn't assume that its readers are longtime yoga enthusiasts, which for us is a plus. This issue does a good job serving up articles and lessons for newbies, while at the same time keeping the pros engaged as well. Through a series of articles, the magazine shows the many healing aspects of mind, body and soul that yoga incorporates. Yet, while some of it is helpful, many of the articles come across as a bit sappy. With titles like "Come to Your Senses" and "Goodbye Guilt," it is hard not laugh at the notion that your life can change with just a few stretches.

Newsweek's cover package — a summer sleeper dubbed "True Crime" — might be the miss of the year. What the editors *should* have on the cover is their intrepid correspondent Maziar Bahari, who has been held in an Iranian jail since June, and was on Saturday forced to make a show trial comment, denouncing the Western press. Where is **Newsweek** on this story? Instead, all we get is a lame piece saying that pressure is mounting on disgraced leader Mahmoud Ahmadinejad. Duh. The show trials in Iran may just be the political story of the summer and **Newsweek** — which is banned from covering them like everybody else in the West — didn't see the wisdom in devoting a lick of attention to the tragic and he-

roic story of one of their own. Shame. We can only hope they had a good reason for what they did.

Time asks, "Can Obama Find a Cure," and the article begins with a statement that can apply not only to health care but to all aspects of this presidency: "There's always been a sense that his ability to explain things was tantamount to his ability to fix them." On the issue of exorbitant executive pay comes this idea: Instead of limiting these salaries, why not raise the taxes on them? In the *Life* section, one article spotlights the role of haggling in the current economy. Another quotes a study that says dropping an F-bomb can reduce pain. Ouch.

New York magazine takes a turn at the hot exercise of the day — analyzing President Obama's changing game. In this case, the magazine likes his strategy of flooding the media zone with his values, saying his "pulpit presidency" could be the best thing to hit Washington in a long while. An autopsy on the fast rise and fall of car czar Steve Rattner says he climbed to the top only to lose control once he got there. And *Intelligencer* floats a new measure of our economy — the "Hot Waitress Index" — showing that the hotter the waitresses, the weaker the economy.

The New Yorker mellows into a summer literary bent with its cover story, using the classic Deep South novel (and flick) "To Kill a Mockingbird" to illustrate limits of Southern liberalism's approach to race. Another piece relates Ian Frazier's tales from his trip by car across Siberia. On the musical front, the magazine offers a thorough dissection of the collapse of the live music industry. Rules have turned upside down, fans are aging quickly and no new superstars have emerged fast enough to alter a doomed business equation.



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a weekly magazine summary



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