

Sweet Faces Speak Poetry

IF SORKIN, IN *The West Wing*, was racing on the crown of the asphalt, in his later ventures *Studio 60 on the Sunset Strip* and *The Newsroom* he has spent a lot of time on the grass. In motor racing terminology “on the grass” means you have mistimed the corner and are bouncing and skidding along in one of the run-off areas at the side of the track, hoping not to get stuck in a gravel trap. The metaphor is perhaps a bit too strict to be used in the appreciation of Sorkin’s later shows. My elder daughter Claerwen has done a dedicated Sorkinista’s job of making me watch them several times each until enough virtues emerge to make me less confident about pointing out their vices. But I still think that *Studio 60*, in particular, is a misapplication of the body of expertise that Sorkin built up while in charge of those first four seasons of *The West Wing*. Wanting more of the same, we perhaps had the wrong expecta-