

AND NOW, DEATH

Do we cling to murder just because we are afraid of death, but too timid to admit that? Time and again in modern American cinema, the supposedly wholesome lives of citizens are threatened or overlooked by some Other apparition. Did it begin with *Night of the Living Dead* (1968)? Isn't it there in films as varied as Darren Aronofsky's *mother!* (2017) and Jordan Peele's *Us* (2019)? To say nothing of the vague but gathering menace of flawed lookalikes at the end of the street. Is that the homeless fueled by black magic or a rumor of cultural hostility?

But in the fear of fear we may forget to live, or honor life enough.

The other day, I came on something written by John Berger. He was noting the death of Tony Godwin, the publisher of *A Fortunate Man* (1967), the book about a country doctor that Berger made with photographer Jean Mohr. They had been