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his wife. Vesna, are engineers. They imagined a college scholarshipbut a pro athlete? Yet Milos loved the game, and by the time he was twelve, Curtis believed he'd developed the best service motion in the world.

Now Raonic stands six feet five inches tall. He weighs between 210 and 220 pounds. When serving he makes contact with the ball at almost inhuman height. His fastest serve on record is 155.3 mph. Sometimes the only way a player can return it is to stick out his racket and guess. "It's not a way to start the point," Raonic says of his serve. "It's a way to finish it." Sometimes, though, all that physical force can turn on him. He lost some momentum during the clay season early this year as he dealt with small injuries and the slower courts. But with two former numberones in his coaching box, he's ready for the Olympics and the U.S. Open.

Raonic's peers regard him as one of the hardest workers on tour. But he's come to understand he can improve his game by sometimes stepping away from it. In Miami he drove over to the Wynwood neighborhood to see the graffiti walls. Pinterest became "a little obsession" for design ideas for his new place in New York. At home he occasionally breaks his diet with his girlfriend, the model Danielle Knudson, at Harlem's Dinosaur Bar-B-Que.

Does this help his quest to be the best? "He's going to maximize everything he's got," says former player Patrick McEnroe. "For any athlete-or any person-that's all you can ask."- DAVID EBERSHOFF

Folk TA

For her exquisite Frenchmade textiles for Décors Barbares, the Londonbased Nathalie Farman-Farma turns to costume books and antique postcards, reinterpreting historical Persian and Russian chintzes, ikats, and paisleys. "They should feel like they were found in a bazaar," she Savs.—SAMANTHA REES

FLORALS FOR FALL ETÉ MOSCOVITE (LEFT) AND VARYKINO DECORSBARBARES.COM.

DÉCORS BARBARES



man's deeply felt memoir. I'm Supposed to Protect You from All This (Riverhead), explores the psychic legacy passed between four generations of women, including her French-born mother, New Yorker art director and children's-book publisher Françoise Mouly. For the 29-year-old, also the author of three graphic novels, storytelling is a birthright: Her father is the Pulitzer-winning cartoonist Art Spiegelman, whose landmark graphic memoir, Maus, grounded in interviews with his Holocaustsurvivor father, grappled with the complexities of narrating the past.

But it was Mouly who was the star of Nadja's childhood, a magical figure who dove into choppy seas during electric storms,

dismissing fear as something for "timid women who washed their vegetables." With Spiegelman's adolescence another side of her mother emerged, in unsettling fits of rage she'd later deny. The teen age author marked diary pages with a circled R, to remind herself the events described were real. Her thesis at Yale juxtaposed her own coming-of-age in SoHo with her mother's in France. When she approached Mouly about expanding it into a book, "there was this moment when the barriers between us fell," she says. Demanding a similar intimacy from herself, the memoir includes the author's first forays into sexual identity.

Spiegelman, who now lives in Paris and dates an Algerian woman, moved to France to spend time with her grandmother Josée, who had her own story to tell. Soon a pattern of mother-daughter resentment took shape, stretching back like matryoshka dolls through the decades. Spiegelman doesn't elide the abortions and suicide attempts-"these important parts of women's experience that don't make history," as she puts it-not to mention her boundary-crossing grandfather, one of the first cosmetic plastic surgeons in France. The result is both honest and generous, allowing for emotional rapprochement despite different generational spins. "My mother and my grandmother are both very strong storytellers of their own lives. Part of taking my place in that line was the understanding that none of these stories is more real than the other."-MEGAN O'GRADY