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# Sullivan Versus Sullivan

*Eric Alterman on February 2, 2015 - 2:16 PM ET*

My new Nation column is “[Fox News: The World’s Comic Relief](#)”: Our friends abroad give the network the derision and the mockery it deserves.”

One kvetch before we get to the lists and Alter-reviews: I have read a lot of nonsense about Andrew Sullivan this past week. It’s ironic for so many reasons I can’t quite keep track, especially in light of all the nonsense that has been written about *The New Republic* and, again, makes one’s head explode if one tries to take too many of them seriously simultaneously.

But here are a few:

[I was also able to see Bettye LaVette’s new show at the Café Carlyle](#), which is running through this week. As the press material correctly explained, she “showcased her inimitable style, gut wrenching vocals and songs from throughout her five decade career, as well as the world premiere of selections from her new album, *Worthy*,” which is on Cherry Red releases and contains songs by Dylan, the Beatles and the Stones amongst others, radically reimagined to the point where you are certain you’re hearing them for the first time. I was also most impressed with her band, which gave her wrenching vocals an atmosphere of warmth and added a degree of welcome tightness to the performance. That band, consists of musical director Alan Hill (keyboards, backing vocals), Darryl Pierce (drums), Brett Lucas (guitar, backing vocals) and James Simonson (bass, backing vocals), and like LaVette, hails from Detroit. (Her first hit came in 1962, "My Man—He's a Lovin' Man.")