

How Trump Beats the Media/Viking Ship in California

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THE QUEENS OF TRUMPLANDIA



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TRUMP THINKS
OF WOMEN**

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FEATURES

22 The Queens of Trumplandia

Donald Trump's court is an end-times Camelot that tells you more than you might want to know about the role of women in his world. *by Nina Burleigh*

32 That Time the Vikings Came to Southern California...

Discovering a vast treasure on a ship that may have sailed through the desert 500 years ago requires exhaustive research, exhausting exploration and an extraordinary leap of faith. *by Alexander Nazaryan*

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DEPARTMENTS

BIG SHOTS

- 4 **Munster, Indiana**
Vetting Extremism
- 6 **Santa Olga, Chile**
Heat Stroke
- 8 **Tijuana, Mexico**
If You Bill It...
- 10 **Washington, D.C.**
The Other Red Phone

PAGE ONE

- 12 **Media**
Why the Media Keeps Losing to Donald Trump
- 15 **Prisons**
You Have the Right to Remain Beaten

+

BALLROOM BLITZ:
Donald and Melania Trump dance at the Freedom Ball on January 20 in Washington, D.C.

- 16 **Israel**
Location, Location, Location
- 20 **South Africa**
'A Nicer Walk to Our Prisons'

NEW WORLD

- 44 **Brains**
Brains From Beyond the Grave
- 46 **Trump**
Accidentally Great Again
- 49 **EPA**
Eco-Chamber of Horrors
- 50 **Species**
Trump vs. Polar Bears

DOWNTIME

- 54 **Sports**
Three at Last, Three at Last
- 59 **iPhones**
Your Crack Is Showing
- 60 **Speakeasies**
You Can't Get There From Beer
- 63 **Style**
Hump to It
- 64 **Rewind**
20 Years



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Emily Cadei
Janine Di Giovanni
Kurt Eichenwald
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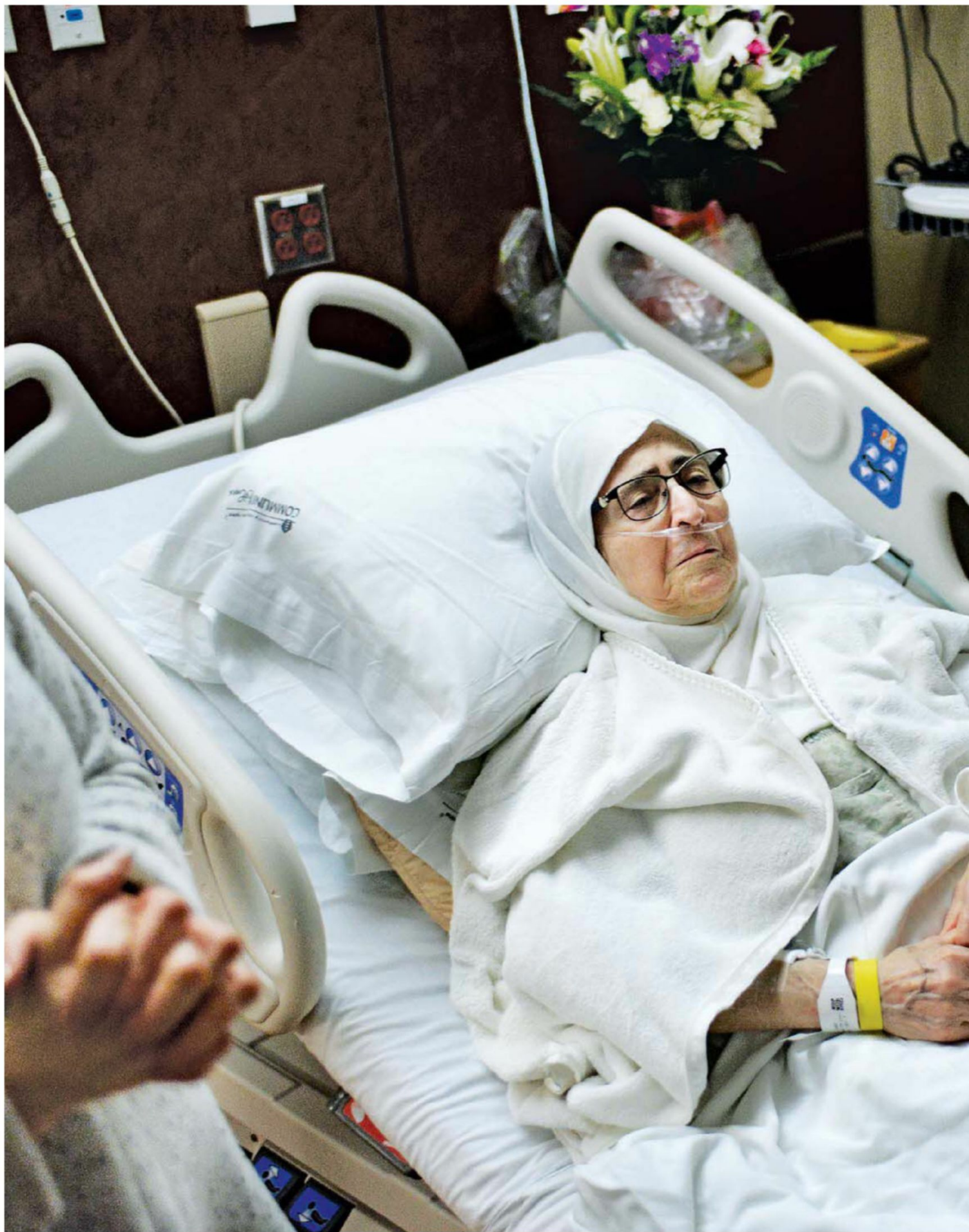
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BIG SHOTS

USA

Vetting Extremism

Munster, Indiana—
The family of Isaaf Jamal Eddin gathered around her hospital bed on January 28 after learning that her daughter, a Syrian woman flying to the U.S. to care for her mother after a mastectomy, had been stopped by a U.S. immigration officer at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport and sent back to Saudi Arabia. Her daughter was among the many people blocked by an executive order, signed by President Donald Trump on January 27, that bars citizens of seven majority-Muslim countries from entering the country.



PAUL BEATY



CHILE

Heat Stroke

Santa Olga, Chile—Exhausted firefighters on January 26 take a break from battling the chain of over 100 wildfires that have burned almost a million acres and killed 11 people in central and southern Chile. All firefighters in Chile are volunteers, and residents have tried to fight the flames with tree branches and bottles of water, according to *The New York Times*. Chilean police arrested 43 people suspected of lighting some of the fires, and President Michelle Bachelet said, “We are sure that there has been arson in some of the fires. We will investigate this until the end,” according to South American TV network Telesur.



PABLO SANHUEZA



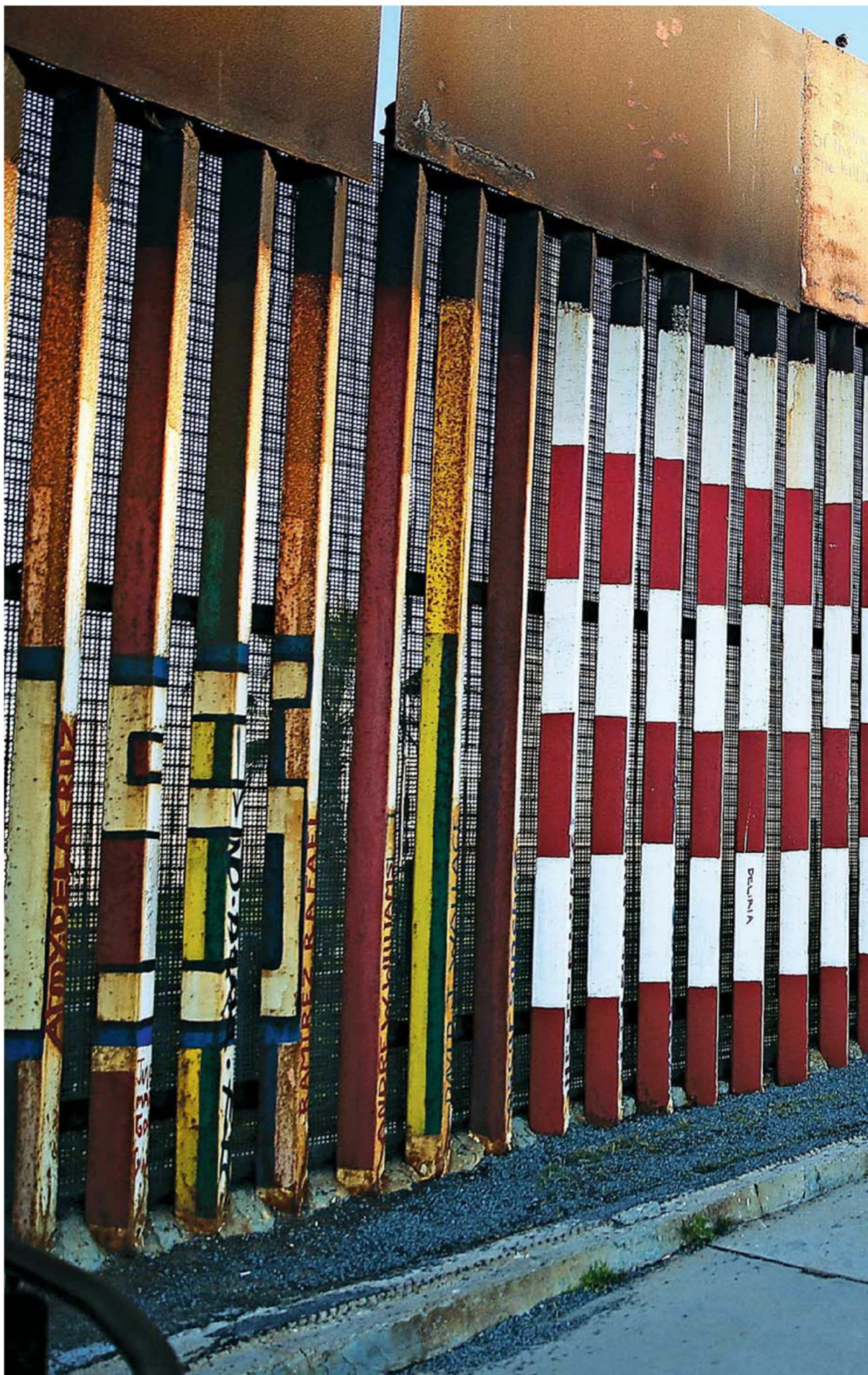
MEXICO

If You Bill It...

Tijuana, Mexico—A man walks by the U.S.-Mexico border on January 27, the day after the Trump administration floated the idea of a 20 percent tax on imports from Mexico to pay for a wall along the southern U.S. border. The proposal sparked a conflict that led to the cancellation of a meeting between the two nations' presidents. White House Chief of Staff Reince Priebus told CBS's *Face the Nation* that the White House is considering a "buffet of options" as it weighs how to fund construction of the wall Donald Trump promised to build but not pay for.



JUSTIN SULLIVAN





USA

The Other Red Phone

Washington, D.C.— President Donald Trump speaks on the phone with Russian President Vladimir Putin for an hour as some of his advisers look on in the Oval Office on January 28. From left are Chief of Staff Reince Priebus, Vice President Mike Pence, White House Chief Strategist Steve Bannon, Press Secretary Sean Spicer and National Security Adviser Michael Flynn. Trump and Putin vowed to improve relations between the two countries and talked about fighting terrorism and expanding economic ties, but neither mentioned the possible lifting of U.S. sanctions against Russia, *The New York Times* reported.



DREW ANGERER







P A G E O N E

PRISONS

MEDIA

ISRAEL

SOUTH AFRICA

POLITICS

SYRIA

WHY THE MEDIA KEEPS LOSING TO DONALD TRUMP

Not since Nixon have the press and White House clashed so much, but this time it's different

DONALD TRUMP is obsessed with the media. The media is obsessed with Donald Trump. On both sides, this obsession is unhealthy. The last time there was such a level of neurotic fixation and overwhelming distrust between a president and the press was during the Nixon administration. The current White House should recall that the press won that war—and that the stakes now can be mortal.

Indeed, each side believes that, given its druthers, the other would kill it. So how does this bitter game play out?

The media view is that the Trump people are not only mendacious but nincompoops—“alternative facts, ha-ha!” To the media, it is a given that Trump is largely out of control and that the people around him are struggling at all times to save him from himself—and largely failing. This view persists (again, in a recent series of unsourced stories) despite Trump’s victory flattening almost every

media assumption about his supposed ineptitude and lack of strategy.

It is the Trump view that the media has been so wrong in its predictions, and made to look in the eyes of the public so woeful and ludicrous, that it must now double down in an effort to prove its thesis about the president and restore its honor. (The Trump White House now hammers a persistent theme: Why was nobody fired in the mainstream media for such dunderheaded election coverage?)

The media strategy is to show Trump to be an inept and craven sociopath. The Trump strategy is to show that media people are hopeless prigs out of touch with the nation (e.g., CNN’s media correspondent, Brian Stelter, who turns to the camera every Sunday morning and delivers a pious sermon about Trump’s perfidiousness) and nursing personal grudges.

Witness the battle over “alternative facts.” It’s curious to pick a fight that won’t change

BY
MICHAEL WOLFF
[@MichaelWolffNYC](#)





DREW ANGERER/GETTY

PISSING CONTEST:
The media thinks
the president is a
craven sociopath.
The president
thinks the media
is out of touch
with the nation.



anything—like the size of the inaugural crowd—but both sides eagerly jumped into it. Hence, the argument becomes about the reaction. Who is perceived as overreacting more? Whose apoplexy is greater? In the media's view—literal to a fault, in this instance—a lie is a lie. Therefore, Trump is a liar, making the issue of the size of the inaugural crowd a moral one.

In the view of Trump's team, the media's attempt to turn this "So what?" issue into a crisis of confidence—and that it rises to this level of high dudgeon on such a regular basis—discredits the media and adds to *its* crisis of credibility.

Note that the media repeatedly expressed end-of-the-world-level outrage during Trump's campaign, to no discernible effect. Arguably, its constant sense of injury even helped Trump with his base.

The media believes the opposite. (While, in almost every instance, it is wrong to speak of the media as a single entity, the Trump view of media sameness and consensus is reasonable here.) The media believes it speaks for Hillary Clinton's national ballot-box majority, for the millions who have now marched against Trump, for the demographically expanding left wing (although not in the right-wing states) and for common sense. After all, the media believes everybody believes what it believes. How could they not? *It's Donald Trump!*

ABNORMAL IS THE NEW NORMAL

If you were scoring this fight, you'd probably call it a draw, although the Trumpers in the West Wing would disagree. They are reminding the media on a daily basis that they are winning, to its blood-boiling annoyance.

The media's holy grail is, as it was for much of the campaign, to find some charge against Trump that will stick. Of the myriad possibilities, which one will be so *prima facie* damaging (pay no attention to the many instances that many people already thought were, or would be) or so shocking and insulting to the body politic that it will be the end, or at least the beginning of the end, of Trump?

The Trump people recognize this and, it would seem, even encourage it. A key difference between the Trump and Nixon administrations is the relative lack of paranoia in this White House. There is contempt but not paranoia (that may, of course, come). The Trump strategy, conscious or not, is to invite overreaction—and program for it. Kellyanne Conway, with that effortless smile, is more official media tormentor than spokesperson. The Trump team's overt threats against the media—which is quite easy to placate if, in fact, you *want* to placate it—reliably serve to stoke several news cycles of media breast-beating, never a pleasant sight.

The media's inability to topple Trump leads it to try all the more. The list of attempts is long: the dossier, the tax returns, emoluments, conflicts of interest, etc. The weight of all this, the media clearly believes, will ultimately bring him down. The Trump team believes that the more stuff like this the media piles on, the more each bit of it is diminished.

This battle might lead to a constitutional crisis: The media is united in its opposition to the

A KEY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TRUMP AND NIXON ADMINISTRATIONS IS THE RELATIVE LACK OF PARANOIA IN THIS WHITE HOUSE.

president and determined to find that guilty opening that will bring him down. (How can there *not* be one? it says to reassure itself.) And the White House believes the media's goal, its entire reason for being, is to destroy Trump, and therefore the administration's survival, its legitimacy, depends on breaking the media in the same dramatic way it intends to break the tide of immigrants it sees as so loathsome. "We're going to have to rethink our relationship here," said Conway, with impeccable cool and pointed chill, to NBC's Chuck Todd when they argued over her use of the phrase "alternative facts."

On the other hand, it is possible that each side, no matter how determined to kill the other, settles into a new and beneficial normal—with news media ratings and profits soaring and the many Trump dramas commanding the nation's undivided attention...until one side makes a lethal error and there's a kill. ■

ISLAND OF BRUTALITY: The violence at Rikers Island prison got so bad, the federal government had to step in. Progress has been made, but there are still concerns about the use of force against inmates.



You Have the Right to Remain Beaten

THE MAELSTROM OF VIOLENCE AT NEW YORK CITY'S BIGGEST JAIL HAS FORCED THE FEDS TO COME IN SWINGING

RONALD SPEAR wore glasses and walked with a cane. While the 52-year-old awaited trial at Rikers Island, a New York City jail so violent it's under federal oversight, he was housed in a medical unit because his kidneys were failing and he needed regular dialysis. On his wrist was a bracelet that read, "Risk of Fall." Early on December 19, 2012, Spear demanded to see a doctor.

Corrections officer Brian Coll was working in the infirmary that morning. When a doctor said he couldn't see Spear until later, Coll and Spear started to argue, and Coll began to punch him in the face and body. After other correction officers ran in and tackled Spear, Coll yelled, "Motherfucker!" and repeatedly kicked Spear in the head.

Inmates stood on their beds so they could see the beating; some yelled, "They're killing him!" They were right.

Coll then kneeled down, lifted Spear's head off the ground and told the dying man, "That's what you get for fucking with me. Remember that I'm the one who did this to you."

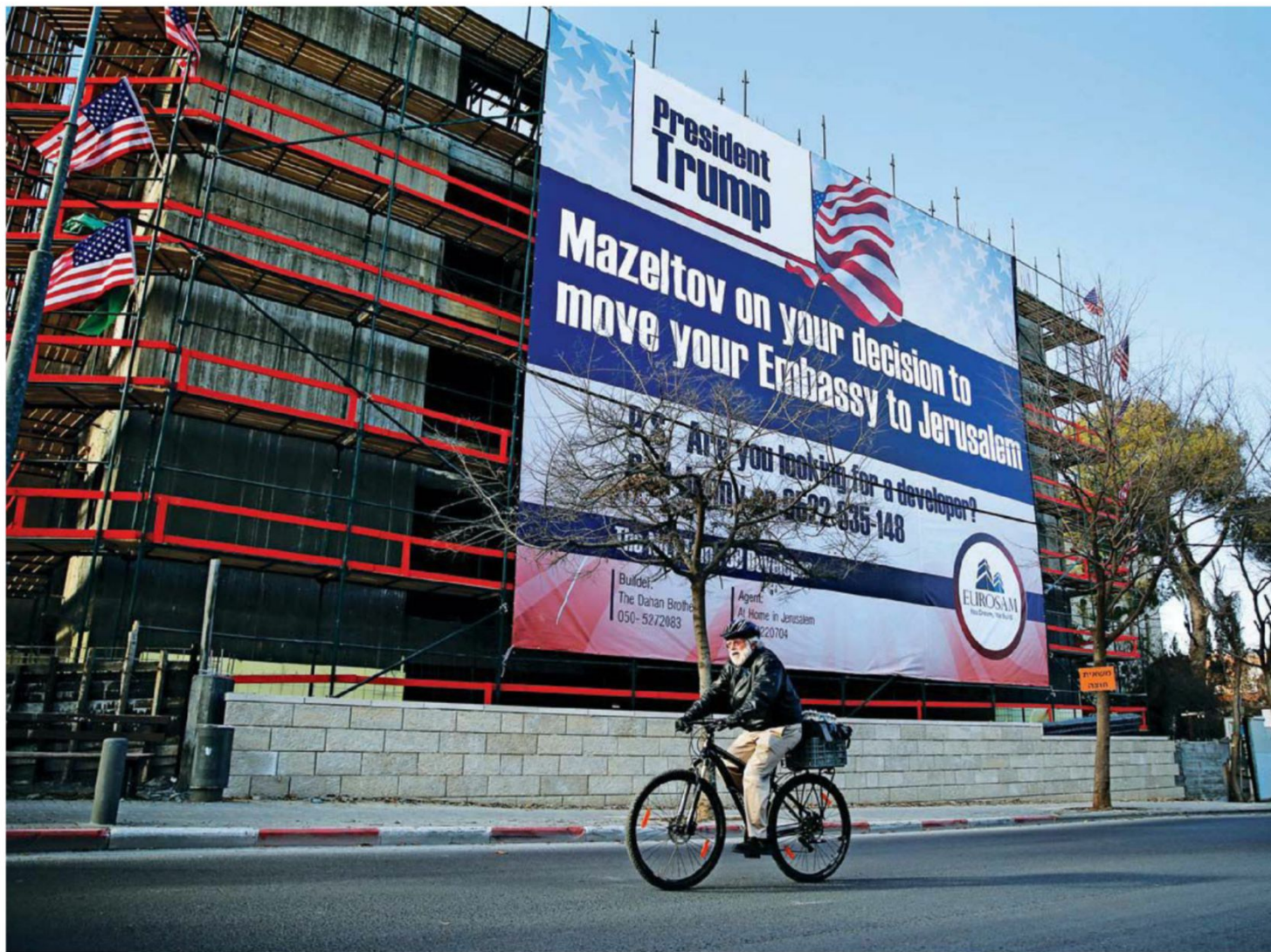
Coll was charged with the beating death of Spear and a cover-up. Following a 10-day trial notable for grisly testimony that underscored the constant violence that plagues Rikers Island, he was found guilty on all counts on December 15, and he now faces the possibility of a life sentence on the other side of the bars.

His conviction is the latest event that highlights how treacherous it is to be imprisoned on Rikers Island—where 9,000 officers watch over 10,000 prisoners—and shows how pervasive the code of silence that conceals negligent or criminal actions can be. New York City paid \$5.75 million in September to settle a lawsuit

over the death of Bradley Ballard, a mentally ill man who died after he was locked in a jail cell without his medication for a week in 2013. A homeless veteran died in a sweltering hot cell there in 2014. In 2015, the family of a prisoner who was ignored by guards after he swallowed a toxic soap packet and begged for help as he died received a \$3.8 million settlement. In September of last year, six Rikers Island correction officers were sentenced for beating a prisoner, and in October, another four were convicted for beating an inmate and covering it up.

The violence at Rikers Island—which also includes inmate attacks on guards—forced the federal government to step in. The Department of Justice joined a lawsuit against the city in 2014. That led to sweeping reforms, but while the federal monitor team said in May that significant progress has been made at Rikers, they also raised concerns about the use of force against inmates.

"Coll killed Spear by repeatedly kicking him in the head as he lay restrained on the ground, telling him before he died not to forget who did this to him," said Preet Bharara, U.S. attorney for the Southern District of New York, when the verdict was announced. "The FBI investigators and career prosecutors on this case did not forget. And today, neither did the jury." **N**



LOCATION, LOCATION, LOCATION

Why Trump won't move the U.S. Embassy in Israel to Jerusalem—at least for now

ON THE south side of Jerusalem, an open field that once served as a British military encampment has stood unoccupied for more than two decades. In the spring, Arab shepherds often graze their sheep on the low scrub grass. In 1995, the Israeli government set aside the nearly eight acres of land for the new U.S. Embassy after Congress passed a law requiring the U.S. to move it from Tel Aviv to Israel's capital. Ever since, however, every American president—both Republican and

Democrat—has invoked a waiver that postpones the move, sobered by the impact it would have on the Middle East and U.S. national security.

President Donald Trump, who promised repeatedly on the campaign trail to break from his predecessors and move the embassy, is now backing away from that pledge after less than a week in office. Instead, he is reportedly pursuing something far more ambitious: a revived Middle East peace process. "That is their top priority,"

BY
JONATHAN BRODER
@BroderJonathan

+
TRUMP'S NEW DEAL? Donald Trump and his team are looking into a broader Middle East peace effort, but one that might not mean an agreement with Palestinians.

Joe Scarborough, the MSNBC host who speaks frequently with Trump, said on January 23, citing an unnamed White House source. "And they have been told in no uncertain terms that the recognition of Jerusalem sets that back for the next four years."

The White House has declined to comment on Scarborough's report, but a day earlier, Sean Spicer, Trump's press secretary, said an embassy move wouldn't be happening anytime soon. Hours later, after Trump spoke to Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu by phone, Israeli officials said the two leaders gave the embassy move scant attention during their 30-minute conversation, instead focusing on Iran.

National security analysts say postponing the embassy move was a smart decision, even if Trump isn't really considering a new Middle East peace initiative. In recent weeks, he's received a flood of warnings that fulfilling his campaign pledge could be disastrous. Ambassadors from Egypt and Jordan, which are important U.S. allies and the only two Arab countries that have peace treaties with Israel, met with Trump's advisers in early January to warn them of the violence likely to erupt across the Muslim world if the president took a step recognizing the claim that the city is Israel's exclusively. Not only do Palestinians see Jerusalem as their capital, the envoys warned, but the city is Islam's third holiest site, which could make a move even more incendiary.

"The jihadis and the Iranians would exploit the hell out of it," Aaron David Miller, a former adviser to six secretaries of state on the Middle East peace process, tells *Newsweek*. "You'd have Sunni and Shia radicals both waging holy war against the Israelis and the United States."

Some Arab leaders prepared for the worst. Jordan's King Abdullah met in Amman with Palestinian President Mahmoud Abbas on January 22 to outline the steps they would take if the Americans moved the embassy. Among other things, Mohammed Shtayyeh, a senior Palestinian negotiator, said the Palestinian Authority could revoke its recognition of Israel, a move that would likely precipitate a third intifada, or Palestinian uprising. Jordanian security forces braced for violent protests against the U.S.-educated king.

The likelihood of such a backlash worries Israeli leaders too. Diplomatic sources tell *Newsweek* that some of Netanyahu's top security aides have quietly cautioned their counterparts in the White House that moving the embassy is not in Israel's interests—at least right now. (The sources spoke



on the condition of anonymity because of the political sensitivities surrounding the issue.) Over the past year, Israel has been developing closer security and intelligence-sharing ties with Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates and Qatar in the face of Iran's growing influence in the region. Moving the U.S. Embassy to Jerusalem could spark popular protests in those countries that might force their leaders to curtail those exchanges.

In his report, Scarborough noted that Trump will seek a regional peace accord between Israel and the Arab states and not necessarily an agreement between Israel and the Palestinians. "It's not going to be Israel across the table from the Palestinians," he said. "It's going to be one Arab country after another recognizing Israel's right to exist, but that only happens as long as they delay moving the capital to Jerusalem."

Such an agreement sounds like a throwback to 1979, when the U.S. brokered the Israel-Egypt peace treaty, which left the Palestinians on the sidelines. In 2002 and again in 2007, the Arab League endorsed a Saudi plan that offered Israel full recognition and peace in return for creation of a Palestinian state in the West Bank,

"THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A TWO-STATE SOLUTION, ONLY A TWO-STATE NARRATIVE."

with East Jerusalem as its capital. Israel never fully embraced the plan, opting instead for a series of U.S.-brokered talks that collapsed, one after the other, amid mutual recriminations. Today, Egypt, Saudi Arabia and the other Persian Gulf countries once more have turned away from the Palestinian conflict to focus on the threats posed by Iran and Islamist militants. And increasingly, they're putting aside their hostility toward Israel and cooperating with it against their common foe, Iran.

Trump hopes this shift will help him at the negotiating table, but Middle East experts believe



it will be hard to convince Arab leaders to exclude the Palestinians entirely from his vision of peace. "It's not the first thing on their mind," says Steven Cook, an Arabist at the Council on Foreign Relations. "But the Palestinian issue is still emotive and symbolic. It will be very difficult for the Arab states to take the next step of sitting down and recognizing Israel without addressing it."

Either way, many analysts applauded Trump's pullback from the embassy move. They say he'll need to use all his negotiating skills if he hopes to broker a regional peace accord—something Trump has called the "ultimate deal." Many veteran Middle East hands suggest Trump might reconsider his intention to appoint his trusted son-in-law, Jared Kushner, 32, an Orthodox Jewish real estate developer with no diplomatic experience, as his Middle East envoy. "If you can't produce peace in the Middle East, nobody can," he told Kushner at a dinner of top campaign donors at Washington's Union Station the night before his inauguration.

Yet Kushner may have already compromised his ability to be seen as an honest broker. The Israeli daily *Haaretz* last year dug up tax records showing his family foundation, which he and his siblings direct with their parents, has donated tens of thousands of dollars to Jewish settlement organizations in the West Bank. Palestinians regard the settlements, home to roughly 630,000 Jews, as Israel's way of preventing establishment of their independent state.

"If anyone was foolish enough to believe that a Trump administration might succeed in negotiating a peace agreement between Israel and the Palestinians, this is further evidence of their delusions," Diana Buttu, a Palestinian political analyst and former adviser to Abbas, told the Associated Press.

Trump also will need to brush up on international law, which bans a conquering power from transferring parts of its population into occupied territory. Trump's advisers on Israeli affairs say he doesn't consider the settlements to be illegal or obstacles to peace. Enabling his views is the Republican Party's platform, which rejects "the false notion" that Israel is an occupying power. Israel, which seized the West Bank and East Jeru-

salem from Jordan in 1967, argues that Jordan's sovereignty over the territory wasn't internationally recognized at the time.

Trump appeared to deliberately flout diplomatic convention in December when he nominated David Friedman, a New York bankruptcy lawyer with far-right political views, as his ambassador to Israel. In his upcoming confirmation hearing, senators almost certainly will question Friedman about his strong opposition to a two-state solution to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, which is the long-standing U.S. position.

"There has never been a two-state solution, only a two-state narrative," Friedman wrote in a column for *Arutz 7*, a right-leaning Israeli news site. Arguing that Palestinians would have much better lives if they accepted Israeli rule, he added, "Much has changed over the decades since the two-state narrative began.... Palestinians can witness—through the internet and first-hand experience—the advantages of integration into Israeli society."

Advocating such a move would be a major break in American policy. Yet some say Friedman's views are more attuned to the reality on the

"YOU'D HAVE SUNNI AND SHIA RADICALS BOTH WAGING HOLY WAR AGAINST THE ISRAELIS AND THE UNITED STATES."

ground in both Israel and the West Bank. As the stalemate between the two sides drags on, more Israelis and Palestinians are beginning to discuss amongst themselves a one-state solution in which Israel absorbs the West Bank and its Palestinian population, says Kurt Volker, a former ambassador in the George W. Bush administration.

"The settlements and the intertwining of societies have gone too far, and there isn't any way to separate them anymore," he tells *Newsweek*. "You can't draw the boundary, you can't realistically evacuate that many Jewish settlers, and you can't trust the Palestinians on security. So it's going to have to be Israel in charge of the whole territory on security."

The problem, Middle East analysts say, is that no one has figured out yet how Israel could remain a Jewish state if it were to give all those Palestinians the vote, or how Israel could remain



**ONE-STATE
QUANDARY:** No one
has figured out how
Israel could absorb
the West Bank
and still remain a
Jewish majority
country as well as
a democracy.

America's only democratic ally in the Middle East if it didn't offer them full rights.

That conundrum hasn't stopped Netanyahu from accelerating settlement activity now that Trump is in office. Within days of his inauguration, Israel approved more than 3,000 new housing units in the West Bank and East Jerusalem. In the coming weeks, the Israeli parliament is expected to pass bills that would legalize more than 100 illegal outposts built on private Palestinian land in the West Bank and annex Ma'ale Adumim, a sprawling settlement city of 40,000 between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea. The move, a major sticking point in past peace talks, would cut the West Bank nearly in half.

Of course, none of this matters if Trump's idea of a peace process is to ignore the Palestinians and pursue agreements between Israel and its new security partners in the Gulf. That certainly appears to be the view among some Republicans. Duncan Hunter of California, a member of the House Armed Services Committee, says Trump's policy is to "go with whatever Netanyahu sees as the best course for the Israelis."

That view partially explains Trump's postponement of the embassy move, along with his own concerns about an eruption of anti-American violence. But as Trump and his national security

team assess the possibilities for his Middle East peace effort, advocates for relocating the embassy to Jerusalem haven't given up. Robert Satloff, executive director of the pro-Israel Washington Institute for Near East Policy, recently published a detailed plan that he claims will enable the move to go forward without sparking protests from Palestinians. The plan proposes designating a West Jerusalem address for the temporary embassy while the new embassy is constructed. Most important, Satloff cautions, the Trump administration should stress the move does not prejudice Palestinian claims to East Jerusalem, which will be resolved in negotiations.

Miller, the former State Department adviser, thinks the plan is a fantasy. "No matter how you try to qualify it," he says, "by moving the embassy to Jerusalem, we will have basically agreed that united Jerusalem is the eternal capital of Israel, opening the door for the Israelis to expand their presence there without any pushback from the United States."

For Friedman, Trump's ambassadorial nominee, it apparently makes no difference whether Trump moves the embassy now or later. He already has an apartment in Jerusalem, where he plans to live and work until a new embassy rises in that open field. **N**

‘A NICER WALK TO OUR PRISONS’

Decades after apartheid, city planners think a new bridge in Johannesburg can ease racial tensions, but few residents agree

IT'S A 15-MINUTE drive from the Ferrari-lined streets of Johannesburg's Sandton suburb to Alexandra, one of South Africa's poorest townships. But for 56-year-old office cleaner Mooko Dikotla and thousands of others who commute by foot from Alexandra to what's known as "the richest square mile in Africa," that trip—a four-mile trek over bustling highways—takes an hour and a half. "I spend my life walking back and forth between two universes," says Dikotla.

Her daily commute is part of the legacy of apartheid, when laws segregated urban areas by race and pushed nonwhites out of developed neighborhoods and into townships on the city's margins, often far from where they worked. In February 2015, Johannesburg began building a pedestrian bridge, called "the Great Walk," that will make the commute more pleasant. The name is a nod to President Nelson Mandela's autobiography, *Long Walk to Freedom*; the bridge links Alexandra, where Mandela once lived, to Sandton. Set to open in early 2017, the Great Walk is one of the city's ambitious transit projects and part of the "Corridors of Freedom," a partly government-funded initiative that Johannesburg's outgoing mayor, Parks Tau, launched in 2014 to improve black residents' access to jobs and education.

"It's a break from the past," says Siyabonga Genu, a senior development manager at the Johannesburg Development Agency. "It's only



been 22 years since apartheid ended, so bridging these divides has and will take some time, but we're moving in the right direction."

Some of Alexandra's residents are skeptical. They see the bridge as reinforcing the hierarchies

BY
LAUREN BOHN
[@LaurenBohn](#)

established during apartheid that still govern South Africa today. “How is this supposed to help us?” Dikotla says. “It’s a nicer walk to our prisons, not to freedom.”

Construction of the bridge has been slow—it was delayed after a section collapsed onto a highway in October 2015, killing two people and injuring 23. Residents like Dikotla say they would prefer to see the \$7 million being spent on the project go toward improving their township’s decrepit infrastructure. Many residents in Alexandra can’t afford electricity; conditions have hardly improved since the 1940s, when Johannesburg residents called Alexandra “the Dark City” because of its lack of power. Others would like to see more money go toward the area’s anemic education system. “Most of the talented kids I know end up walking to Sandton to find jobs cleaning or gardening for rich people,” says Mpho Motsumi, president of the Greater Alexandra Chamber of Commerce and Industry.

By “rich people,” most South Africans mean whites. Two decades after Mandela ended apartheid, racial inequality in South Africa persists. Black people make up 80 percent of South Africa’s population, but most of the economic power rests with the 8 percent of the country that is white. An estimated 54 percent of the black population lives in poverty, compared with 0.8 percent of the white population. While 94 percent of white children have access to piped water in their homes, only 27 percent of black children do. The World Bank consistently ranks South Africa as one of the most economically unequal societies in the world.

The current government has struggled to address this problem. Once the party of Mandela that liberated South Africa from white minority rule, the African National Congress is now led by President Jacob Zuma, who has been beset by corruption scandals and accusations of cronyism. Critics of the Corridors of Freedom say the misguided development projects will only add to a growing disillusionment with Zuma and his administration. “The black elites behind these development projects are just as disconnected from the normal black experience on the ground as the whites were during apartheid,” says Frans Cronje, CEO of the Institute of Race Relations, a liberal think tank based in Johannesburg.

Perhaps no one feels the strain more than the “Born Free generation,” the South Africans who grew up after apartheid ended in 1994 and now make up nearly half of the population. Youth unemployment in South Africa is over 50 percent,

one of the highest rates in the world. “None of us really see the government caring about us,” says Dikotla’s 25-year-old son, Jeffrey Mulaudzi, who started a bicycle tour company six years ago so people could “experience the real township life.” His clientele mostly consists of foreigners looking for an “authentic” experience. “I’ve never had someone from Sandton come on a tour in Alex,” he says. “I don’t think a nice bridge is going to convince them to come over.”

For Rene Kilner, a white South African who has been volunteering in Alexandra for seven years, the only way to change entrenched mindsets is to desegregate. Less than 40 percent of South Africans socialize with people of another race, according to the South African Reconciliation Barometer, and only a fifth of South Africans live in racially integrated neighborhoods.

For many Alexandra residents, Kilner is one of the few white people they’ve seen in the township. “When I hear the words ‘Corridor of Freedom,’ I throw up in my mouth,” Kilner says. “Equality isn’t just about sharing benefits; it’s about sharing

“WHEN I HEAR THE WORDS ‘CORRIDORS OF FREEDOM,’ I THROW UP IN MY MOUTH.”

burdens. When I tell white South Africans that I volunteer there and that I’ve never once had any trouble, their eyes get as big as dinner plates. For them, townships are full of dangerous criminals. That’s all they were ever told.”

Back at home, Dikotla irons her clothes for another day of work in Sandton. Her 19-year-old daughter, Mokgadi, is the only one among her childhood friends who attends college. For four years, she walked an hour every morning to a private school in a nearby leafy neighborhood lined with three-car garages and purple jacaranda trees. It was nothing like Alexandra’s trash-strewn, urine-stained streets. Much of Dikotla’s salary goes to Mokgadi’s education so she won’t have to serve coffee in Sandton’s high-rises and villas, as her mother and grandmother did.

Mokgadi watches her mother fold laundry. “We’ll both be free,” she says, half laughing, half sighing, “when our feet don’t hurt so much at the end of the day.”

LAUREN BOHN is the GroundTruth Project’s Middle East correspondent, based in Istanbul. Reporting for this story was supported by the International Reporting Project.

BRIDGE TO NOWHERE? Johannesburg is building a bridge from the Ferrari-lined streets of Sandton to Alexandra, one of its poorest townships. Some say the money would be better spent on education.





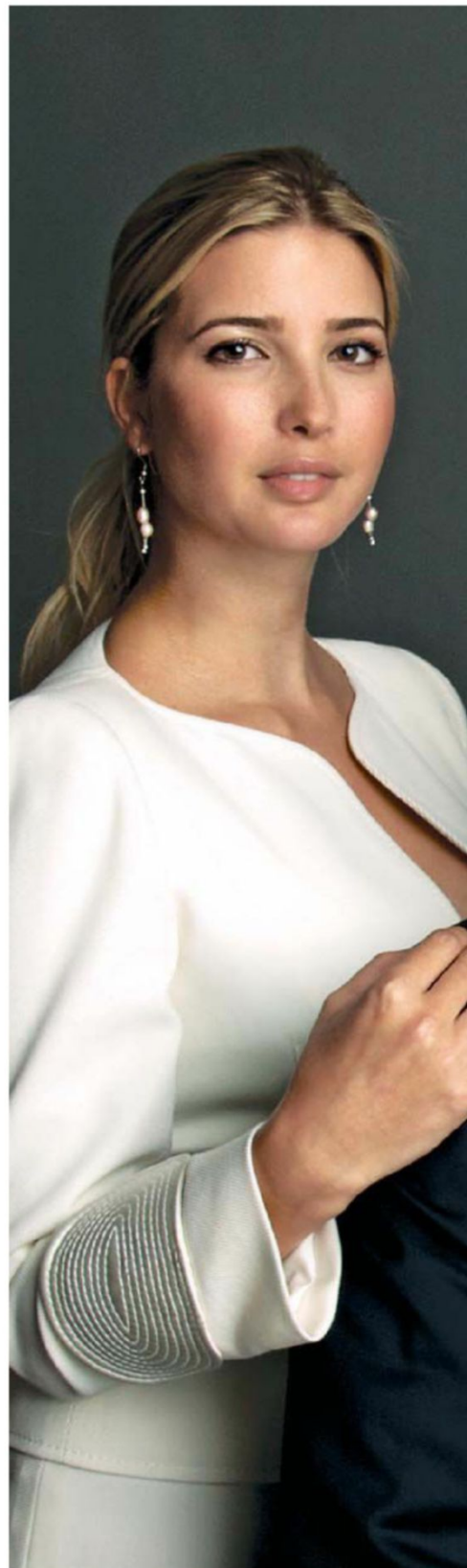
THE QUEENS OF TRUMPLANDIA



**DONALD TRUMP'S COURT
IS AN END-TIMES CAMELOT
THAT TELLS YOU MORE
THAN YOU MIGHT WANT TO
KNOW ABOUT THE ROLE
OF WOMEN IN HIS WORLD**

BY NINA BURLEIGH

A FEW HOURS after American voters bitch-slapped feminism on November 8, two women followed Donald Trump onto the stage at his postelection party. Gliding in heels that would challenge a ballerina, first-lady-to-be Melania Trump and first daughter Ivanka Trump were camera-ready at 3:30 a.m. Melania had wriggled into a white, off-the-shoulder Ralph Lauren palazzo pants jumpsuit; Ivanka was wearing one of the ice-skating dresses she favors, a powder-blue Alexander McQueen frock



PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS



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FIRST FOR POWER:
First daughter
Ivanka, left, and first
lady Melania, with
President Trump.

that showed off her long legs. Somewhere out of the frame, two former wives of the president-elect, Ivana Trump and Marla Maples already had notions of ambassadorships buzzing in their brains like vibrators.

These queens in the House of Trump—all of them having served variously as models, arm candy, reality-show stars, humiliated sidekicks and shopping channel mavens—are vestal virgins in the temple of acquisition. They are significant even for those who don't worship there for what they reveal about the emotional life of the 45th president of the United States and his views on the role of women. During the course of Donald Trump's adult life, a span of 50 years, America became a better, more tolerant nation, and the women's movement was a big reason why. Trump, however, is a living link to another era. His first prenuptial agreement was penned by mob lawyer, Senator Joseph McCarthy acolyte and Richard Nixon ally Roy Cohn. (Former President Barack Obama was in junior high when Cohn wrote it up.) Norman Vincent Peale—evangelist of mid-20th-century self-improvement—presided over his first wedding.

When Trump first married, marital rape was still exempted from American laws. (In fact, in a divorce deposition, his first wife would accuse him of marital rape, but she backtracked later and claimed she meant that she felt emotionally violated.) There were still families—Trump's own for example—where the elder generation found the word *pregnant* offensive. Abortion had been legal for only three years. Women were either Mrs. or Miss and were still vastly outnumbered by men in graduate schools (they are now in the majority). About half as many women worked outside the home as do today. Now that women are more independent and working mothers have pushed men a little into the drudgery of domestic work, some men are confronting an existential crisis. As much as any lost factory job or fading national whiteness, putting Dad back in charge is the "great" part of Trump's "again."

The wheels of that change are already rolling: Congressional defunding of Planned Parenthood means fewer legal abortions and less affordable contraception, the repeal of Obamacare ends the federal mandate that insurers cover contraceptives, and Trump's promise to appoint anti-choice judges will soon kill *Roe v. Wade*. Many Americans could soon be where women were when Trump was born—1946—giving birth whether they want to or not and, consequently, unable to pursue careers.



The Trump Queens, in many ways as surreal as their king, exist beyond the dramatic changes in the lives of the average American woman over the past half-century. They will preside over the court of an end-times Camelot on acid, wielding enormous power over stylists and foreign dignitaries in exchange for surviving the ultimate reality-show challenge: impressing Donald Trump, his fellow oligarchs and captains of supranational corporations with their looks and poise. They have paid for that power in measures of dignity. As the new president once said, "It doesn't matter what they write [about you] as long as you have a young and beautiful piece of ass."



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LEFT BEHIND:
Ivanka's sudden political conversion roughly paralleled that of her libertine and formerly Democratic father.



DREAM QUEEN FOR A QUEENS BOY

OF THE THREE Trump wives, the first, Ivana, is the only one close to Donald Trump's age—just three years younger. She, like him, came of age in the yuppie era, and she, alone among the Trump wives, aspired to be a working woman and is the only wife with whom Donald ever shared his business life.

They were married just before Easter of 1977, a few months after Donald presented her the Cohn prenup that

required her to return all gifts given to her by Donald, which nearly killed the deal. Eventually, the two men agreed to let Ivana keep the jewels if this love bond proved less than eternal, and the wedding proceeded. Later Donald would say, in front of his wife, "I would never buy Ivana any decent jewels or pictures. Why give her negotiable assets?"

Ivana, with her Bond-villainess accent, spoke such baffling English that friends in the early years of the marriage could barely understand her, but it didn't matter because Donald was notoriously bad at small talk. She introduced her husband—provincial in taste and experience—to Eastern Europe, and they visited Russia in 1987, which was the first time Donald publicly expressed interest in doing business there. He failed to get a sit-down with Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev on that trip, but eventually he licensed his brand to a Russian vodka with gold leaf labels and spent years investigating possible development deals in Moscow and elsewhere.

In 1986, Donald bought the 126-room, 110,000-square-foot house/castle and 17 acre-grounds of Mar-a-Lago, a jazz age millionaire's sandbox. At the Palm Beach, Florida, dinners the Trumps hosted, local grandees snickered at Donald in his business suit, at Ivana wearing stiletto heels in the boggy Florida grass, but Ivana kept her game face on, predicting, "In 50 years, Donald and I will be considered old money, like the Vanderbilts."

They were, for a while, an effective team. He got richer, and her Barbie-doll big hair became a New York City '80s icon as she grabbed seats on charity boards. In Atlantic City, New Jersey, Donald made Ivana CEO of the Trump Castle casino, overseeing 4,000 employees and a \$1.2 million weekly payroll. In New York City, Donald put her in charge of his Plaza Hotel, and she oversaw a \$60 million renovation. But she still presented herself as primarily a wife and mother, a traditional "European wife.... I don't mind that Donald is the boss. I like it that way. I have to have a strong man.... This is why most feminists aren't married and have no children. I like to have both."

She called herself his "wife-twin," but he would later say her professional aspirations ruined their 14-year marriage. "Putting a wife to work is a very dangerous thing," he said after their divorce.

It took several years to hammer out the settlement. Trump, now deep in debt and trying to stall, according to Trump biographer Harry Hurt III, regularly called his estranged wife and whispered "I love you, Vaska"—her Czech pet nickname. Barely 40, Ivana told gossip columnist Liz Smith she had no intention of looking older than 28, and she hired Michael Jackson's

plastic surgeon. She returned to New York City after two weeks away with a new face, fuller lips and a much larger bust.

Ivana finally settled, taking \$14 million in cash, plus a few properties. She then created her version of her ex-husband's businesses, launched her own books and hawked her trinkets on the shopping channels—everything value-added with the marital-name brand she kept. She bought some properties in the South of France, and she also tried to make some lemonade out of her romantic travails with various Italian playboys (she married two... and divorced two) by doing a reality-TV dating show called *Ivana Young Man*.

The exes are said to be on good terms now, although she hasn't yet been given the ambassadorship to the Czech Republic she wants. Ivana spent part of Christmas week at Mar-a-Lago with her kids and

THE TRUMP QUEENS ARE VESTAL VIRGINS IN THE TEMPLE OF ACQUISITION.

grandkids, but it is impossible to imagine Donald with Ivana on his arm today. She is his picture of Dorian Gray, tucked away in Saint-Tropez, walking her little dog on the *plage*, sagging skin on display like all the rich Russians of a certain age in the South of France.



SAGE-APPROPRIATE SEX

BETWEEN HIS FIRST and third marriages, Trump evolved from the brash, rich, yuppie family man with a “wife-twin” to a too-big-to-fail businessman who dragged down banks and shareholders with his \$900 million midlife debt crisis. His consort during this very costly transformation was Marla Maples.

Maples was born in Cohutta, Georgia, in 1963, an overachiever in high school who earned trophies for everything from basketball to swimming to clarinet and was *almost* Miss Georgia Teen. (She lost to a clogger with a better community service record.) She tried college for a while, held on to her high school boyfriend too long, got pregnant, had an abortion that was decidedly against her religion, then moved to New York City, where she got a few modeling jobs—a Delta Air Lines billboard—and a small part in a Stephen King movie. (She played a woman crushed to death by watermelons.)

Trump first took up with Maples after a party he threw himself to celebrate the publication of *The Art of the Deal* in 1987. Their eyes locked in a receiving line studded with celebs like Michael Douglas and Cheryl Tiegs, politicians and socialites. “You could see the fireworks go off the second Donald and Marla set eyes on each other,” Maples’s walker that night, an ex-NYPD cop named Tom Fitzsimmons, told Trump biographer Hurt. “I’ll never forget the way he kept winking and staring at her even though Ivana was so close to them she couldn’t help seeing the whole thing.”

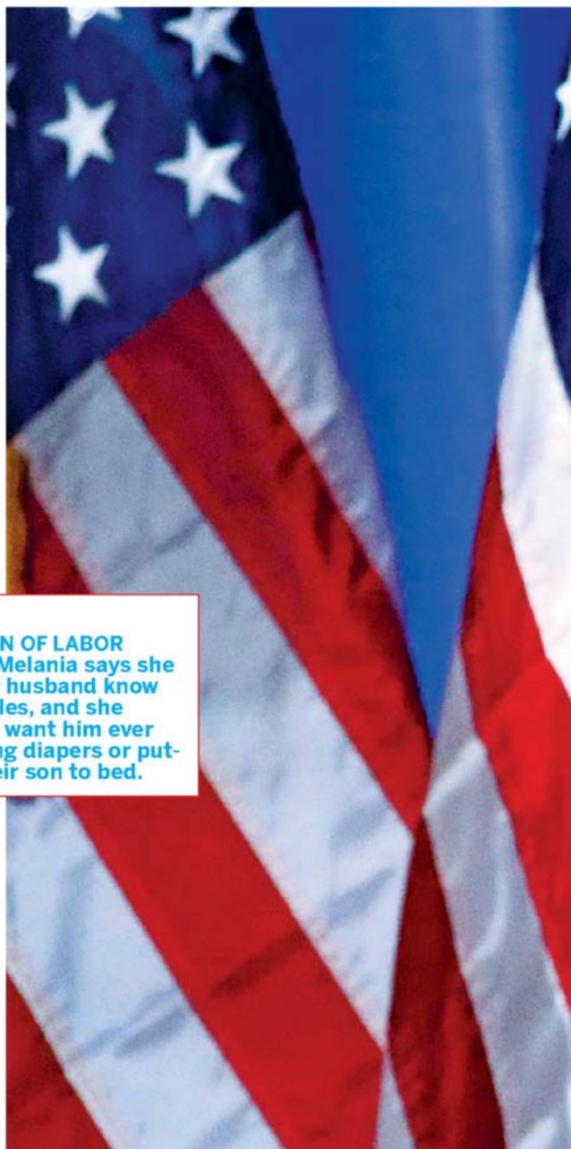
Maples was a Baptist by birth, but by the time she met Trump, she was a disciple of New Age theories, doggedly trying to channel the wisdom of ancient sages. “I just think the first moment I met him, I had a sense like I had known him before,” she told *Access Hollywood* last year. “It was much deeper than just whatever you might feel. We had a sense of like, if you believe in past lives or you don’t, it was as if we had known each other.”

Even though he had a wife and three kids, Trump wooed Maples hard, bombarding her with news clips about himself and declaring publicly that their time in bed was the best sex he’d ever had. She returned the compliment—in the *New York Post*—but also reported that he would never let her see him naked: He made her leave the room while he got undressed and would be under the covers when she came back.

Even before Ivana was out, Donald was loaning money to Maples’s father and inviting him up to Atlantic City to attend prizefights. Trump also agreed to help Maples get modeling and acting gigs, but according to Hurt, he made her sign a contract in which she agreed to pay him a percentage of every job she got.

They wed in December 1993, three months after she’d given birth to Trump’s fourth child, Tiffany. Maples wore an off-the-shoulder Carolina Herrera gown and a tiara studded with 325 diamonds. Guests noshed from a groaning board piled with \$60,000 worth of caviar, sushi, smoked fish, lamb, turkey, beef, plus six vertical feet of vanilla-cream wedding cake.

Trump’s three children from his first marriage didn’t show.



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DIVISION OF LABOR
PAINS: Melania says she
and her husband know
their roles, and she
doesn’t want him ever
changing diapers or put-
ting their son to bed.



“I HAVE
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WHY MOST
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In Maples, Trump no longer had a wife-twin, but she was a demanding young woman and their bliss didn't last long. In 1999, he let Maples know that he was divorcing her by first telling a few reporters at the *New York Post*. The *National Enquirer* reported that she got ticketed for frolicking on a Florida beach at 4 a.m., a few miles south of Mar-a-Lago, with one of her security guards. Marla denied any hanky-panky, but after that, she didn't have much leverage to renegotiate her prenup, so she settled for just \$2 million—coincidentally, the cost of her wedding tiara—and moved with Tiffany to Southern California to “find a quieter, more spiritual existence.” Her agents proposed a tell-all book, *All That*

Glitters Is Not Gold. HarperCollins bought it, describing it in its 2001 catalog as “this remarkably candid memoir”—but never published it.

Donald and Marla have remained friends, possibly because that remarkably candid book was never published. A few days after the election, she slipped into Trump Tower for a 45-minute audience with the president-elect. She flashed her famous sweet smile at reporters on the way out without saying a word, but her publicist let it be known that she was angling for her dream job, U.N. ambassador of goodwill to poor African nations. The only problem, journalists snickered, is that U.S. presidents don't appoint U.N. ambassadors to Africa.

In a *New York Times* profile of Tiffany shortly before the election, Maples wielded the Southern shiv of faint praise: “I had the blessing of raising her pretty much on my own,” adding that Tiffany “would like to get to know her father better and spend time with him like his other children did, by going to his office and watching him work. Only now, he's not in the office anymore. He's on the campaign trail.”

But long before the presidential campaign, Tiffany was destined to be the forgotten Trump child. The Lion in Winter had moved on.



PSYCHEDELIC EYES ON THE PRIZE

DONALD TRUMP'S three wives and eldest daughter all have enough modeling experience to know what a camera can do to or for a woman. Melania is said to be planning a White House "glam room" where makeup artists can do her face under camera lighting. A Google image search of any woman in the public eye turns up at least one bad shot, but the Trump women are almost never caught squinting, winking or, mouth ajar, speaking.

That changed on Inauguration Day, when Melania was caught on camera with a look of despair after Trump turned and scowled at her on the reviewing stand. She smiled through their awkward first dance later that night but appeared to be pushing him away. Nothing about their body language suggested a warm relationship. Next morning, a #freemelania meme shot through Twitter, along with links to articles speculating that she was unhappy at best, abused at worst.

Donald was an avid "modelizer" long before Melania could walk. He came of age at a propitious time for a man with his proclivities and wallet. Before the '70s, Manhattan fashion models were housed in convent-like apartments on the Upper East Side. Then the industry began to change, and predatory men like John Casablancas started running stables of girls. Chaperones were a relic of square times, and the boundaries between agent and model, client and date, woman and girl blurred.

Trump always held an all-access pass to New York's models. He called sex with them "my second business," told Howard Stern that avoiding sexually transmitted diseases had been his Vietnam and boasted to author Michael Gross, "You had drugs, women and booze all over the fuckin' place. If I hadn't got married, who knows what would have happened?"

He emerged from the ruins of his casino empire and the wreckage of his second marriage with a new approach to women and business. He bought the rights to the Miss Universe franchise in 1996 and three years later started his own modeling agency—T Models, later changed to Trump Model Management. These new properties, while smaller than his buildings, held out more than a financial reward. He still couldn't make small talk, but with a stable of fetching women who had signed nondisclosure agreements vying for crowns, who needed to talk? According to Gross, he used his T models to decorate parties at which he sealed deals. Fellow modelizer Leonardo DiCaprio once called Trump's agency "one-stop date-shopping."

As a pageant impresario, Trump moved with the other self-styled players running portfolios of pulchritude. When Casablancas was shamed out of the business in the '90s—he famously had sex with 15-year-old model Stephanie Seymour when he was 41—Trump found him a seat on the board at Trump Realty Brazil. In 1998, Paolo Zampolli, another Trump running buddy and professional connoisseur of firm female flesh, dispatched a team of his girls over to a Fashion Week event at Manhattan's Kit Kat Club with photographers, producers and rich playboys. And that's where Trump first saw his third wife.

Melanija Knavs was born in 1970 and spent her first 19 years behind the Iron Curtain, in a tiny, colorless slab of the Greater Soviet Union now called Slovenia. Her father was a businessman and car dealer who

did well enough under the Communist regime to nurture a habit of collecting Mercedes-Benz cars. Her mother was a pattern-maker who got her two daughters into fashion. The family was well-off enough to ski in Italy and Austria in the winters, but for most people in the former Yugoslavia, luxuries were rare and even more coveted for being scarce.

But Melanija, tall and stunning, knew she had something to leverage. Her beauty "was not the classic type," a friend from Ljubljana told journalist Julia Ioffe. "She had eyes that were kind of psychedelic. You look in those eyes and it was like looking in the eyes of an animal."

In 1992—three years after the fall of the Berlin Wall—she came in second in a Look of the Year modeling contest in the newly independent Slovenia. Four years later, she came to New York City, where Zampolli brokered her work visa and American modeling contract and paid for an apartment. She was only 26, but in Manhattan, Melania K, as she was now calling herself, confronted the grim news that she was already, by the standards of professional modeling, too old. She was booked for mostly commercial work—including an ad for Camel cigarettes, as tobacco and alcohol ads were reserved for "older" models.

At the Kit Kat Club, Trump was smitten by the animal-eyed young woman. He sent his companion to the bathroom and flirted with Melania, but she refused to give him her phone number. She didn't go on a date with him until three months later, and after dating him for a few months, she broke up with him. It took him six months to get her back.

Their 2005 wedding was the Trumpiest yet: She wore a \$100,000 Dior dress. (*Vogue*, which put her in bridal mode on the cover, reported workers put in 550 hours attaching 1,500 crystals to it.) Wedding guests included Rudy Giuliani and Kelly Ripa, Bill and Hillary Clinton. Billy Joel serenaded guests as they ate caviar and sipped Cristal in the shadow of a 5-foot-tall Grand Marnier wedding cake.

She became a U.S. citizen a year later. When the Associated Press reported she had worked in the U.S. without a work visa, Trump's lawyers threatened to sue but did not. She has said she followed U.S. immigration rules to the letter.

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PUTTING
A WIFE TO
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DANGEROUS
THING.”

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WIFE-TWIN KILLING:
Trump said Ivana's
professional aspira-
tions destroyed their
marriage.



Like all the other Trump women, Melania hawked her own products with the Trump name affixed: a line of “affordable” jewelry on QVC, including a \$150 “replica” of her 10-carat, emerald-cut diamond wedding ring, and a beauty line featuring a caviar-infused anti-aging cream that never took off. In midsummer 2016, her personal website disappeared, and her jewelry disappeared from QVC. She is rarely photographed smiling, leading to cruel suggestions that she fears moving her face lest her crow’s feet show. Her makeup artist, Nicole Bryl, recently said she spends at least an hour and 15 minutes preparing Melania’s face. Andre Leon Talley, her wedding groomer and former *Vogue* editor-at-large, called her the most moisturized woman he’d ever encountered.

Not long after Trump was elected, the campaign announced that Melania wouldn’t be moving to the White House. While her husband moves a few hundred miles south, she will get to pad around alone in their spacious triplex penthouse apartment atop Trump Tower, with a Versailles-style hall of mirrors, a white marble fountain and ceilings festooned with hand-painted cherubs. She has a personal chef and assistant. But no nanny stands between her and her only son, Barron, now 10. “We know our roles,” Melania once told Parenting.com, referring to the division of labor with her husband. “I didn’t want him to change the diapers or put Barron to bed.”

Trump has called Melania “the rock” and highly prizes her self-containment. Before they wed, Trump told Howard Stern that he’d never “seen any of that” when asked whether Melania farted or “made doody.”

Trump: I’ve never seen any of that.

Stern: Wow.

Trump: It’s amazing.

Donald and Melania have now been married 12 years—as long as he and Ivana were together. Their wedding was not the only family milestone in 2005. That same year, daughter Ivanka, fresh out of Wharton School, joined the Trump Organization, filling her mother’s long-empty pumps as Trump’s savvy work-wife.



DAUGHTER DEAREST

THE FRENCH have a phrase for parents whose first child is a boy and second a girl: *choix du roi*. The king’s choice is considered the ideal order: The first son to inherit the kingdom and the daughter to marry off and *expand* it. And by marrying Jared Kushner, scion of another multibillion-dollar real estate concern, that’s exactly what Ivanka’s done.

Ivanka is still Daddy’s girl, even if she’s no longer bouncing on his knee with his hands all over her. It’s not her fault people see more in those pictures than what she remembers—she was happy to have his attention. After all, she could have been Tiffany.

Trump was never an attentive dad. He couldn’t remember the names of the private schools, and his assistant gave him reports from the nannies. To get his attention, Ivanka got in the habit of running up to his office on her way home from school every day, according to her memoir, *The Trump Card: Playing to Win in Work and Life*.

In the 2003 documentary *Born Rich*, featuring New York City mega-wealthy heirs and heiresses, Ivanka projects a level of humility that is unusual among her preening and whining peers. No one was more surprised than those peers to see her conversion from progressive New Yorker to a member of the inner circle of advisers around a man called



TRUMP CALLED SEX WITH MODELS “MY SECOND BUSINESS.”



by some the second coming of Hitler.

Ivanka’s rightward swerve started years before her father’s latest campaign. In 2007, she started talking about converting to Judaism in order to marry Kushner, whose Orthodox Judaism forbids women from becoming rabbis and officially assigns them duties as keepers of hearth and home. Some male adherents refrain from contact with women who might be menstruating, menstrual blood being a primitive biblical taboo. She now keeps a kosher home for her husband and three children, and she assiduously follows the Sabbath, when observant Jews turn off all electronics and take 24 hours off every Saturday. “It was very brave of her,” says family friend Nikki Haskell. “And she is very, very strict about it and keeps a very tight ship.”

Her political conversion roughly parallels that of her libertine and formerly Democratic father. “She struck me as a liberal New York Democrat,” *Born Rich* producer Dirk Wittenborn says. “Her conversion and marriage—and motherhood—all coincided with her becoming more conservative. I think she’s someone who understands the responsibility of her position. She understands the role she has to play.”

Trump used Ivanka’s Judaism to deflect charges his campaign encouraged anti-Semitism. “I have Jewish grandchildren” was all he had to say when confronted with his Nazi dog whistles. When Ivanka introduced her father at the Republican Convention, she delivered a “Democrat-sounding” speech endorsing child care and maternity leave. She’s never objected publicly to his anti-abor-

+ MODELING FEES: Trump agreed to get Maples modeling and acting work but had her sign a contract that gave him a percentage of anything she made.



tion agenda; nor did she ever voice dismay over his yearslong “investigation” into the legitimacy of President Barack Obama’s birth certificate.

As her father barnstormed last year, inciting near riots at some of his rallies, Ivanka’s Instagram account remained cheerfully apolitical: short videos of her adorable kids or glamour shots of herself in funny Boomerang video poses at various campaign stops in the hinterlands, chic coats wafting in the cold wind on the tarmac at Buffalo or Eau Claire. She was snapped vacationing in Croatia with her close friend, Shanghai girl Wendi Deng, another Olympian social climber in the process of catapulting from Rupert Murdoch to some even bigger man.

She had plenty of reasons to push hard for her dad. Besides filial duty, an election

loss might have ruined the Ivanka brand. Reporters were already digging out embarrassing facts, including merchandise made in China and Indonesia and lawsuits over copycat products. Just before the election, Nordstrom and other stores were selling her brand at a discount in the face of boycotts. Her second book, *Women Who Work: Rewriting the Rules for Success*, once looked like a project to pre-empt damage from her father’s political implosion. It is still due out this spring. By then, Ivanka will have rewritten her rules for success, multitasking as mother, de facto first lady and unofficial adviser and conduit to the most powerful man on the planet.

The most empowered and enlightened of the Trump Queens has smiled her way through parental behavior that might have provoked less stoic women to cut ties. Her dad has publicly called her “hot,” gleefully agreed with Howard Stern that she’s “a piece of ass” and said on national TV that if she wasn’t his child, “perhaps I’d be dating her.”

Born in the 1980s, Ivanka Trump will indeed be a role model for millennial women, with her Instagram account of cute babies bouncing and herself flouncing in haute couture around the White House. Gracefully, she leads them back to when their grandmothers were young and wanted to be Jackie Kennedy, when women spoke softly, dressed impeccably and endured, with the utmost grace, the maddest of Mad Men. ■

An aerial photograph of a vast desert landscape with rolling sand dunes. The dunes are illuminated by warm, golden light, creating a textured surface of ridges and valleys. The overall tone is warm and mysterious.

THAT TIME THE **VIKINGS** CAME TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA...

DISCOVERING A VAST
TREASURE ON A SHIP
THAT MAY HAVE SAILED
THROUGH THE DESERT
500 YEARS AGO REQUIRES
EXHAUSTIVE RESEARCH,
EXHAUSTING EXPLORATION
AND AN EXTRAORDINARY
LEAP OF FAITH

BY ALEXANDER NAZARYAN



IN THE RUGGED COLORADO DESERT OF CALIFORNIA, THERE LIES BURIED A TREASURE SHIP SAILED THERE HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO BY EITHER VIKING OR SPANISH EXPLORERS.

Some say this is legend; others insist it is fact. A few have even claimed to have seen the ship, its wooden remains poking through the sand like the skeleton of a prehistoric beast.

Among those who say they've come close to the ship is small-town librarian Myrtle Botts. In 1933, she was hiking with her husband in the Anza-Borrego Desert, not far from the border with Mexico. It was early March, so the desert would have been in bloom, its washed-out yellows and grays beaten back by the riotous invasion of wildflowers. Those wildflowers were what brought the Bottses to the desert, and they ended up near a tiny settlement called Agua Caliente. Surrounding place names reflected the strangeness and severity of the land: Moonlight Canyon, Hellhole Canyon, Indian Gorge.

To enter the desert is to succumb to the unknowable. One morning, a prospector appeared in the couple's camp with news far more astonishing than a new species of desert flora: He'd found a ship lodged in the rocky face of Canebrake Canyon. The vessel was made of wood, and there was a serpentine figure carved into its prow. There were also impressions on its flanks where shields had been attached—all the hallmarks of a Viking craft. Recounting the episode later, Botts said she and her husband saw the ship but couldn't reach it, so they vowed to return the following day, better prepared for a rugged hike. That wasn't to be, because, several hours later, there was a 6.4 magnitude earthquake in the waters off Huntington Beach, in Southern California. Botts claimed it dislodged rocks that buried her Viking ship, which she never saw again.

There are reasons to doubt her story, yet it is only one of many about sightings of the desert ship. By the time Myrtle and her husband had



METTLE DETECTOR: Grasson's long, dogged pursuit of the Viking ship (or was it Spanish?) is fueled by his boundless curiosity and his craving for validation—although pocketing a hidden treasure wouldn't be such a bad thing.

set out to explore, amid the blooming poppies and evening primrose, the story of the lost desert ship was already about 60 years old. By the time I heard it, while working on a story about desert conservation, it had been nearly a century and a half since explorer Albert S. Evans had published the first account. Traveling to San Bernardino, Evans came into a valley that was “the grim and silent ghost of a dead sea,” presumably Lake Cahuilla. “The moon threw a track of shimmering light,” he wrote, directly upon “the wreck of a gallant ship, which may have gone down there centuries ago.”

The route Evans took came nowhere near Canebrake Canyon, and the ship Evans claimed to see was Spanish, not Norse. Others have also seen this vessel, but much farther south, in Baja California, Mexico. Like all great legends, the desert ship is immune to its contradictions: It is fake news for the romantic soul, offering passage into some ancient American dreamtime when blood and gold were the main currencies of civic life.



traces of wonder from our lives.

Yet there are believers who insist that, using recent advances in archaeology, the ship can be found. They point, for example, to a wooden sloop from the 1770s unearthed during excavations at the World Trade Center site in lower Manhattan, or the more than 40 ships, dating back perhaps 800 years, discovered in the Black Sea late last year.

If there, they say, why not here?

A SHIP FULL OF BLACK PEARLS

JOHN GRASSON picked me up at the Palm Springs International Airport in mid-November. He doesn't fly, and his allegiance to land-borne transportation deprives him of the view I saw as my jet descended, the khaki-colored expanse of the desert giving way, suddenly, to rectangles of green and circles of blue, the lawns and pools of a desert oasis at once alluring and freakish. Those willing to see the place for what it is are few in number, since what's readily visible doesn't seem like much. We call these people desert rats, and we leave them to their strange devices until we need them to move so we can build a golf course. We deprive them, but we also deprive ourselves, crowding an already-crowded world that needs fewer "shoppes" and more places of solitude. The desert is

watered, and the imagination turns arid.

Grasson, who has a cheerful manner, walked me past the winter bird tourists to the parking lot, where his 15-year-old Jeep Wrangler awaited. The much-abused vehicle's rear was covered by bumper stickers that made clear his enthusiasms, including one that declared him a believer in the landing of extraterrestrials at Roswell, New Mexico, in 1947; another suggested an affinity for Amboy, the famous California ghost town on Route 66. His license plate is DEZERTMAG because he was once editor of *Dezert Magazine*, which was the short-lived successor to *The Desert Magazine*, which was published from 1937 until 1985. He wears a black *Dezert Magazine* cap, which obscures what's left of the graying hair at his temples.

The Desert Magazine covered the mystery of the desert ship for the first time in 1939, when writer Charles Niehuis described a strange encounter

The legend does seem, prima facie, bonkers: a craft loaded with untold riches, sailed by early-European explorers into a vast lake that once stretched over much of inland Southern California, then run aground, abandoned by its crew and covered

**WE CANNOT SUBSIST ON FAITH
ALONE, BUT CAN WE SUBSIST
WITHOUT ANY FAITH?**



over by centuries of sand and rock and creosote bush as that lake dried out...and now it lies a few feet below the surface, in sight of the chicken-wire fence at the back of the Desert Dunes motel, \$58 a night and HBO in every room.

Totally insane, right? Let us slink back to our cubicles and never speak of the desert ship again. Let us only believe that which is shared with us on Facebook. Let us banish forever all

he'd had with Jim Tucker in Prescott, Arizona. Tucker's wife was a Mexican woman named Petra, whose previous husband was a man named Santiago, "a high-class Mexican from Los Angeles." One day, Santiago saw Petra making tortillas on a type of round griddle called a *comal*. He declared he knew where he could get her a better one.

"I tell you something strange," Santiago said to his wife. "You will say I am crazy, that I lose my water and get thirsty and see dreams, but it is the truth." He then told Petra he'd been exploring the mountains north of the border when, in a

"narrow box canyon," he saw "a boat of ancient appearance—an open boat but big, with round metal disks on its sides." Santiago said he was pulled away by his companions before he could explore the ship, and he never went back.

Those "round metal disks"—the superior *comals* Santiago promised his wife—suggest a Viking ship that would have sailed through the Northwest Passage, down the coast of Canada, around Baja California and up the Colorado River, which before a modern-day diversion flowed into the Gulf of California. Sail-

WET 'N DRY: Many parts of the California desert are now patchworks of green, unnaturally fertile land that is a reminder that long ago, there was much more water here, including the vast but now barren Lake Cahuilla.

+



ing up the Colorado River back then would have brought this ship into Lake Cahuilla, an enormous body of water that once occupied much of what is today California's Coachella Valley. The explorers may have thought the lake was a strait, since into the 18 century, California was believed to be an island. The ship could easily have then run aground because Cahuilla was created by the natural damming of the Colorado River (lots of silt) and thus given to periodic drying up. The Vikings presumably abandoned ship, giving themselves over to the harsh elements, but their ship remained—and perhaps remains still.

This is what Grasson believes. When we'd spoken on the phone, I'd gotten the impression he thought the ship was of Spanish origin, which made more sense, as there were Span-

ish conquistadors in Mexico in the early 1500s, whereas there is no solid evidence of Viking settlement on the West Coast. Grasson had mentioned meeting someone who claimed to have Spanish armor from the ship (he asked me not to reveal the names of these people because they fear being harassed by treasure hunters). But the meeting never took place, and Grasson came to doubt the armor was from the ship. In addition, he'd recently been studying a 1632 book, *Geographic and Hydrographic Descriptions of Many Northern and Southern Lands and Seas in the Indies, Specifically of the Discovery of the Kingdom of California*, by a Spanish explorer of California named Nicolás de Cardona. Some believe that one of Cardona's captains lost a ship full of black pearls in Cahuilla, but Grasson concluded this couldn't be because Cardona's book suggested his fleet consisted of frigates, which would have been unable to sail up the Colorado.

"I know too much," Grasson lamented in a radio interview, "but not enough."

Einstein once said imagination is more important than knowledge. His quote, stripped of context, is frequently found on college-dorm posters because it seems to say that the pleasurable work



**"I KNOW TOO MUCH,
BUT NOT ENOUGH."**

of dreaming is more important than the grinding work of accumulating and mastering fact. That's not what Einstein meant, however. His point was that knowledge can take you only so far. The last leap has to be into something beyond fact.

The leap Grasson wants to make is especially parlous. Scholarly history is arrayed against him. He is an expert in legend, which skews far more toward imagination than fact—too far, for most. He is trying to reconcile the imagined and the real, but he must do it in his free hours, on a bad knee, with no apparent means of outside financial support. When knowledge is sparse, he has to let his imagination do the work.

This may be foolish, for there are surely more productive ways Grasson could spend his time. He could take up yoga, learn to garden, start a tour-guiding business. But these are not the things he has chosen to do. "We tell ourselves stories," Joan Didion wrote in *The White Album*, "in order to live." It may be a story about some masterpiece you've been nurturing for years, of selling a tech startup to Google, of raising a



family in rural Vermont. It may be about a ship stranded in the desert.

We drove on an unmarked road to a striated formation of rock, a neat horizontal line dividing the cliff face into light and dark sections, as if it were an expertly layered ice cream cake. This indicates the waterline of Lake Cahuilla. Cahuilla dried out centuries ago, but water returned here in 1905, after a dam broke on the Colorado River. Today, the Salton Sea is the largest body of water in California. It is fed entirely by agricultural runoff that will soon cease to flow, for an insanely complex set of reasons having to do with California's insanely complex water-rights statutes. The state government has vowed to invest \$80.5 million to make sure the Salton Sea doesn't dry out, mostly because of toxic sediment that could blow all the way to Los Angeles. But if the lake is allowed to disappear, maybe Grasson will discover the desert ship on what is today the lake's floor, and what was 147 years ago the moonlit valley above which Albert Evans stood.

Grasson isn't an archaeologist and is definitely not a paleo-hydrologist, though he understands how and where water has moved across the desert. Nearby was the reservation of the Torres Martinez Desert Cahuilla Indians. Sometime in the mid-19th century, a Cahuilla chief named Cabazon told a white visitor the story—already several hundred years old—of a great white bird sailing there from afar. This could be a reference to a Spanish ship.

Grasson pointed to the striated rock that rose all around us. "Could a ship pass through here? Hell, yes."

We stood for a moment, watching the white bird pass.

THE NORSE WHALERS IN MEXICO

BORN IN Cleveland in 1957, Grasson enlisted in the Army after high school and worked as a cook. After his discharge, he went to Los Angeles in 1985, hoping to become a comedian. He played some of the city's famous clubs but did not become famous himself. He once met Jay Leno, but asked me not to repeat the story of that encounter because he thought it was salacious. I will honor his request, but will note that it's kind of refreshing—and indicative of Grasson's character—that what he fears might be salacious wouldn't even make a fifth-grader's cheeks turn red. I fear, also, that Grasson was too nice and too Midwestern for the likes of the Comedy Store. Audiences appeared to agree. To make a living, Grasson sold carpet.

In 1996, Grasson moved out to Orange County because it was cheaper to live there. Then that became too expensive. Like many others who lived in or near Los Angeles, Grasson found real estate prices pushing him east, into Riverside County and beyond, ever deeper into the desert, until he ended up in Banning, where he has lived for the past 11 years. He sells mattresses.

About 10 years ago, one of his co-workers told Grasson he was too intense and needed a hobby. Grasson went out into the desert, to the Vallecito Stage Station, one of the stagecoach stops on the Butterfield Overland Mail Trail. Here, in the creosote wilderness, he found a tranquility he had never known before: "You start getting giddy when you realize how relaxed you are," he tells me.

Hundreds of thousands of people visit the deserts of California each year—Death Valley National Park alone attracts more than a million tourists. Most of them do not return to search for ancient treasure ships. Two factors drove Grasson into the realm of obsession. He became an avid visitor to TreasureNet.com, an international clearinghouse for those seeking Jona-



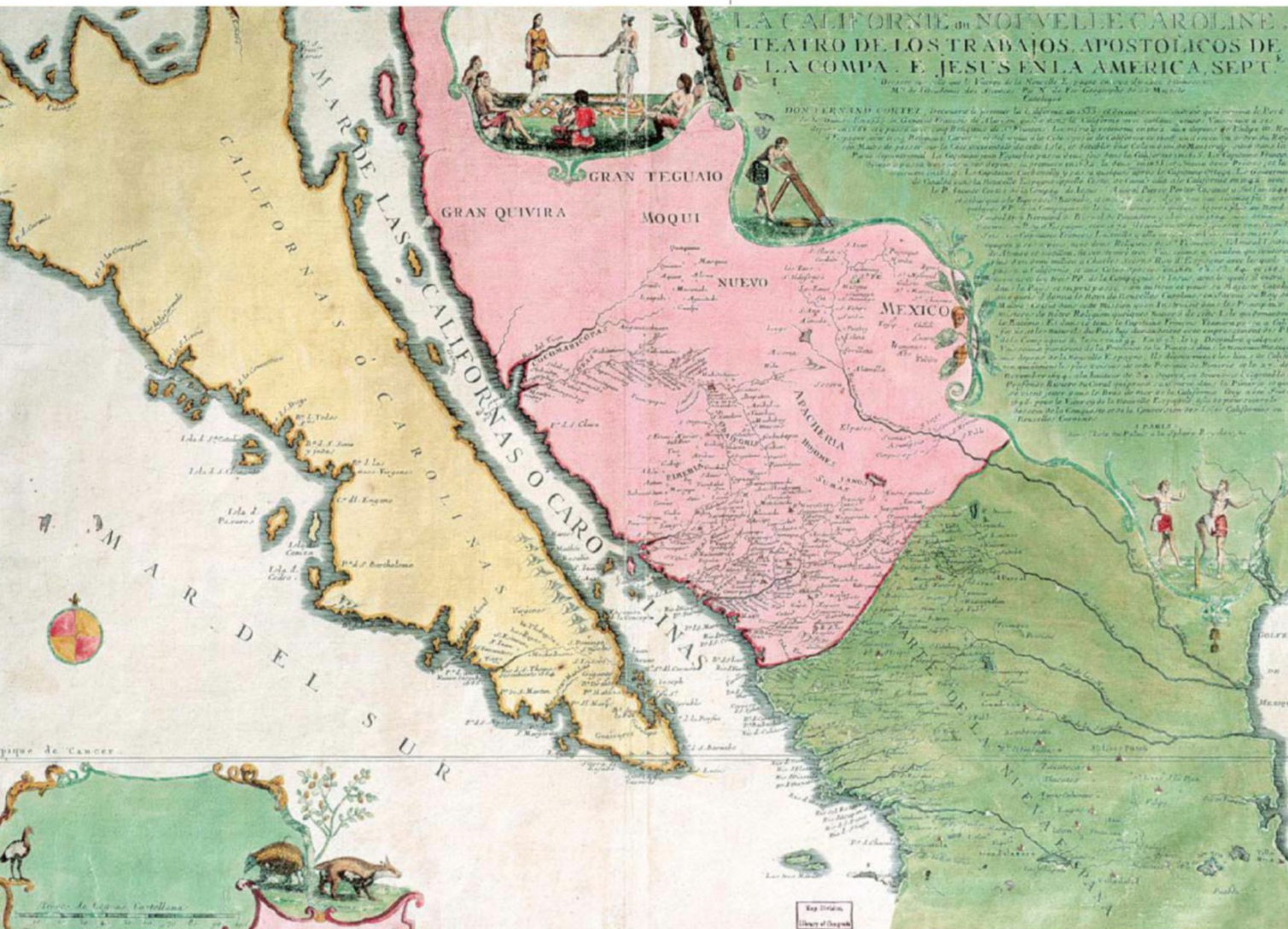
**"THE BEAUTY WITH LEGEND IS
THAT YOU'RE NEVER WRONG."**

than Swift's silver mine deep in the Appalachian Mountains or a vault made by the Knights Templar on an island off Nova Scotia. He also read Philip Bailey's *Golden Mirages*, a compendium of desert lore. The book so entranced him that he eventually drove to the Arizona State University library in Tempe, asking to photocopy all of Bailey's notes for the book. That took three days and cost \$500. To go through all of Bailey's research took Grasson seven years.

"I was hooked full bore," Grasson recalls. He prefers to be called an "explorer of legends and lore," not a treasure hunter. That tribe, he says, is concerned only with self-enrichment, willing to abuse property rights and historical artifacts in the pursuit of some long-lost trove. It is enough for Grasson to live inside the legend, the way a believer lives inside a religion, never questioning its outer bounds. "The beauty with legend," he says, "is that you're never wrong."

He is also driven by a slight sense of grievance, a conviction that academics are errant in their near-unanimous assertion that there is no desert ship. He knows they look down on him, but he also thinks he knows more than they do. "All archaeologists are wreck hunters," he tells me. "[Their] science basically started with a treasure hunter looking for gold." This is a reference to Heinrich Schliemann, who founded modern archaeology with his search for the city of Troy in southern Turkey. Grasson isn't denigrating professional archaeology; only reminding its more pedigreed practitioners that their profession rewards a well-developed imagination—something it shares with astrophysics and pure mathematics but few other disciplines.

He also argues that fieldwork is everything—you can't find a



SOUTHWEST PASSAGE: The early explorers of the west coast of the continent believed California was an island, and the Colorado River once connected to the Gulf of California, making it feasible for a ship to sail into the desert.

desert ship in an academic journal. “If you got a guy who spends 10, 15 years looking at one particular story,” Grasson says one day over breakfast, “and you got an academic who spent maybe a summer or two—you gotta realize who really knows more.”

At the same time, he spends more time poring over documents than trekking through the desert. It’s only as his work has become better known—he was on *Myth Hunters*, on the American Heroes Channel; the History Channel filmed an episode for a show about unexplained phenomena (he isn’t sure when it will air); and he recently shot a pilot for *American Legends*, an Icon Films production for the Travel Channel—that he has gone out there more and more, as a field guide to and custodian of the desert ship myth.

In the parking lot of a small Indian casino where we stopped for lunch, Grasson pulled from the back of his Jeep a copy of *The Last of the Seris*, a 1939 book by Dane Coolidge about the indigenous people Mexico’s Tiburón Island, in the Gulf of California. Grasson pointed to a passage about “Came From Afar Men—the strange whalers who cooked whale meat in an enormous iron pot, ate it and drank the oil.” This is, Coolidge wrote, “a record

of the old Norsemen who visited the west coast of Mexico long before the Spanish came.”

Grasson also had *Golden Mirages*, the book that first inspired him a decade ago. “The usual theory advanced is that it is a mirage,” Bailey says of the desert ship. “Those who hold to this theory as the only solution of the mystery insist that almost all the exciting tales that come out of the desert are due to mirages.”

Bailey might not have many more facts than Grasson, but he has does have the force of conviction, annealed by the passage of time. We cannot subsist on faith alone, but can we subsist without any faith? Are we ready to become mere aggregations of lifehacks, corporate efficiency our only goal? Grasson has never met anyone who has seen the ship, and all the evidence he has of its existence is thirdhand, at best. But even so, there has always been just enough to keep going. Like Bailey many years before, he refuses to consign the desert ship entirely to the realm of fiction.

“I know this is kind of weird, and a lot of peo-

ple look at me like I'm nuts," he said on *The Death Valley Jim Program*, the podcast where I first heard him talk. "But I really think this ship is there." *There* has changed many times, dotting the landscape of the Colorado Desert with visions of a ship that never quite docked at the port of reality. Promising leads have vanished like a cactus mouse in the undergrowth. Grasson's conviction, though, remains as solid as the black and brown hills.

SKEPTOID

THE DESERT ship may be buoyed by legend but is scuttled by facts. For one, there's no primary-source record of a ship getting stuck in the Colorado Desert. And if there was a ship on the desert floor, where did it go? Myrtle Botts, the librarian who said she saw it, claimed it was buried by an earthquake. Even Grasson concedes that a part of it should have remained aboveground. The desert is a changeable place, but not so changeable that an entire ship can disappear from view overnight.

Brian Dunning, who hosts the popular Skeptoid podcast, investigated claims about the lost desert ship in 2010. Given the podcast's name, and the pleasure its host takes in debunking popular legends (Hitler escaped the fall of Berlin, the moon landing was faked), it is not surprising Dunning took apart the desert ship plank by plank. He concluded that no Norsemen sailed up the Gulf of California: "There is no archaeological evidence of Vikings anywhere along the American West Coast."

A 16th-century Spanish ship seemed the most plausible to Dunning, but he discounted this as well, largely on the grounds of paleo-hydrology: Given the course and depth of the Colorado River, it could not have deposited a ship in some of its more popular mythological locations in the Colorado Desert. Such a ship, then, would have to be much closer to the river's delta, in the armpit between Baja California and the Mexican mainland. Grasson hasn't been there, but he won't discount the possibility. He simply won't entertain the possibility that there is no ship at all.



RESEARCH AND RESCUE: Grasson says archaeologists need to get in the field more, and that no one ever discovered a treasure ship full of treasure in a book, while sitting at a desk.

"This guy from Skeptoid is grossly misinformed," Grasson says. "He's got some facts, but the dates are all wrong, the places are wrong."

Others have reached more or less the same conclusion as Dunning. In 2003, the *Los Angeles Times* concluded plenty of craft were lost to the saline depths of the Salton Sea, but these belonged to the U.S. Navy, which had a test base nearby.

Confronted with facts that pummel his theories—or the lack of facts to back up his beliefs—Grasson retreats into an uncertainty he thinks benefits his cause. Until someone proves the ship doesn't exist, it could exist.

Death Valley Jim, who has written a dozen books about desert lore, agrees. "I don't question the existence of the Lost Ship of the Desert," he wrote to me in an email. "This is the desert, after all."



SIFTING FOR JEWELS

SELLING MATTRESSES can't be an easy job, or an especially profitable one. I didn't want to ask how much money Grasson made, but every indication was not much. And whatever he made was hard won. He was on disability because of his knee when I met him, but that was about to end, and then he'd go back to selling mattresses, helping other people sleep better.

In other words, Grasson has plenty in common with the WWCs (i.e., members of the white working class) who delivered the White House to Donald Trump: He's a middle-aged, white-as-the-driven-snow guy from the Midwest who served in the armed forces but can't even get decent medical care. Yet never once did I hear him air any grievances. He had given himself to a greater faith, and, like all devoted believers who do so, he could not be bothered by the petty inconveniences of everyday life. His faith may be strange, but it meets several hallmarks of

a religion, right down to the prolonged sojourn in the desert, as well as a convoluted and improbable origin story whose artifacts are at once valuable and irrecoverable. You believe in a burial shroud supposedly worn by the Son of God, who ascended to heaven after crucifixion; he believes in a Viking shield turned into a baking implement. Which is the more fantastic tale?

Like all faiths, Grasson's constantly renews itself, flourishing at the very moment when it should expire. Some time ago, he listened to a recording made by a farmhand named Elmer Carver. In it, he claims, Carver describes an incident in 1907, when he was invited to work on the farm of Nels Jacobsen in Imperial, a town about 15 miles north of the U.S.-Mexico border.

While inspecting the property, Carver noticed that the fence posts were oddly shaped. Jacobsen said this was because they came from a boat he'd found on his property. Jacobsen promptly left for Los Angeles, and his wife invited Carver to



**CARVER WAS LIKELY
"THE ONLY MAN ALIVE
TO HAVE EVER SEEN
AND TOUCHED THE LOST
SHIP OF THE DESERT."**

stay in the main house, because she was afraid of a "crazy Swede" who was prowling the area. Carver asked her about the ship.

"We had a bad windstorm a while back, and it blew a lot of sand off of one of the dunes near the back of the house," she said, according to Grasson. "When the storm was done, Jakie noticed what looked like the front of a boat coming out of the ground, so he went to investigate. It took Jakie quite some time to get through all the sand, but when he did he found a small chest full of gems. But when he tried to lift the chest out it fell completely apart." Jacobsen used a sifter to retrieve the spilled jewels.

On that recording, Carver says he saw the ship protruding from the ground. He also says that, during his trip to Los Angeles, Jacobsen met with a lawyer named Levi and a pawnbroker named Barney, presumably to trade some of the treasure he'd found.

The Jacobsens eventually divorced and left Imperial. Carver gave his audio testimony in 1964; it subsequently passed into the hands of a "private collector" whom Grasson won't name.

The recording is authentic, he says, and Carver was likely “the only man alive to have ever seen and touched the Lost Ship of the Desert.”

WORK IN THE SHADOWS

GRASSON DOES not think the desert ship is in Canebrake Canyon, where Myrtle Botts claimed to have seen it in 1933. That’s unfortunate, because Canebrake is gorgeous land in the midst of the Anza Borrego, nearly as jagged and wild today as when the pioneers first came through. More likely, Grasson has concluded, the ship is closer to the Mexican border, where the land is dusty and flat, where the dry riverbeds have names like Coyote Wash and the irrigation canals have names like Wistaria Lateral Eight. Here, your sense of wonder dissipates and is replaced by dread.

To get to Imperial, you must skirt the western edge of the Salton Sea and push through the unnaturally fertile Imperial Valley. This was all once desert, but irrigation has turned it into a national breadbasket producing vegetables like potatoes and spinach and onions, as well as alfalfa, Bermuda grass and hay. There are date groves everywhere, disconcerting green rectangles carved out of the desert, tattoos of our weird civilization.

Most of the hunting that goes on here has nothing to do with Spanish galleons or Viking longboats. The nearby U.S. border is a popular crossing for undocumented immigrants. If they are lucky, their “treasure” might be steady

work in the shadows. If not, they may end up in a mass grave in Holtville, where many undocumented immigrants who’ve died during the border crossing are buried. According to the Imperial County Farm Bureau, the area is also “home to one of the largest catfish farms west of the Mississippi.”

I will say this in defense of John Grasson: If catfish farms are possible in the desert, so are ancient treasure ships.

CLUES EVERYWHERE

IMPERIAL IS A sad, low town eternally under a hot, low sun. The land is featureless except for the brown jags of mountains that squat on the horizon. According to Grasson’s most recent research, the desert ship is here.

We pulled off the highway, driving through town and toward a farmhouse shaded by a line of trees. We drove along an irrigation ditch, between fields of rye grass. (He asked me not to reveal the exact location of this farm, for fear that its occu-

**THERE’S A PHOTOGRAPH
OF A RANCHER STANDING
OVER A SHIP MAST STICKING
OUT OF THE SONORAN
DESERT SANDS.**

pants might be disturbed by “a bunch of idiots going out and wrecking private property.”) Grasson stopped his Jeep, and we stepped out into a thick cloud of fine dust particles.

This was once the property of Nels Jacobsen, the farmer who supposedly made fence with slats from a Viking ship. A team that was shooting for the History Channel program came out to scan the property with ground-penetrating radar a few months ago. Use of such radar has led to notable archaeological discoveries, like the Ponar Forest tunnel near a Lithuanian death camp used by Jewish prisoners during the Holocaust. But in Imperial, the search turned up nothing. Grasson thinks that was because only a small segment of the Jacobsen property was searched.

In early December, there was another search, this one by Icon Films, using LIDAR, which stands for Light Detection and Ranging. Again, no desert ship. Now Grasson wants to head back with a Geonics EM61 MK IIA, a kind of ground-penetrating radar used on *The Curse of Oak Island*, a History Channel show about a 140-acre plot of land off the Canadian coast that has hosted even more mysteries than the California desert.

As in a good television mystery, there are clues everywhere. We were driving to the Jacobsen farm when I saw it in a grove of trees behind which stood a modern-looking house: Pointed directly at us was the wooden prow of a ship. A moment later, I realized it was a child’s play structure wedged between two trees. What was a ship doing out here, of all places? It was a hint, though also a taunt. It told us to keep looking.



+

SUNKEN DREAMS: The *Los Angeles Times* concluded there are plenty of craft at the bottom of the Salton Sea, but it reported that they were all attached to the nearby U.S. Navy test base.



THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING... AND NOTHING

DURING THE Great Depression, the Works Progress Administration published a guide to California. On Page 461, there is an entry about Kane Springs, a speck on the western edge of the Salton Sea:


One of the most prevalent of local myths concerns a Spanish galleon that sailed into the northernmost arm of the pre-historic Gulf of California, to be abandoned there with its fabulous cargo of gold. As the sea dried up, the hapless ship sank beneath the shifting dunes.... The probable inspiration for the legend was a boat built in 1862 by a Colorado River mining company, transported part way across the desert by ox team, and then abandoned because of the difficulty of the journey from San Geronio Pass to the Colorado River.

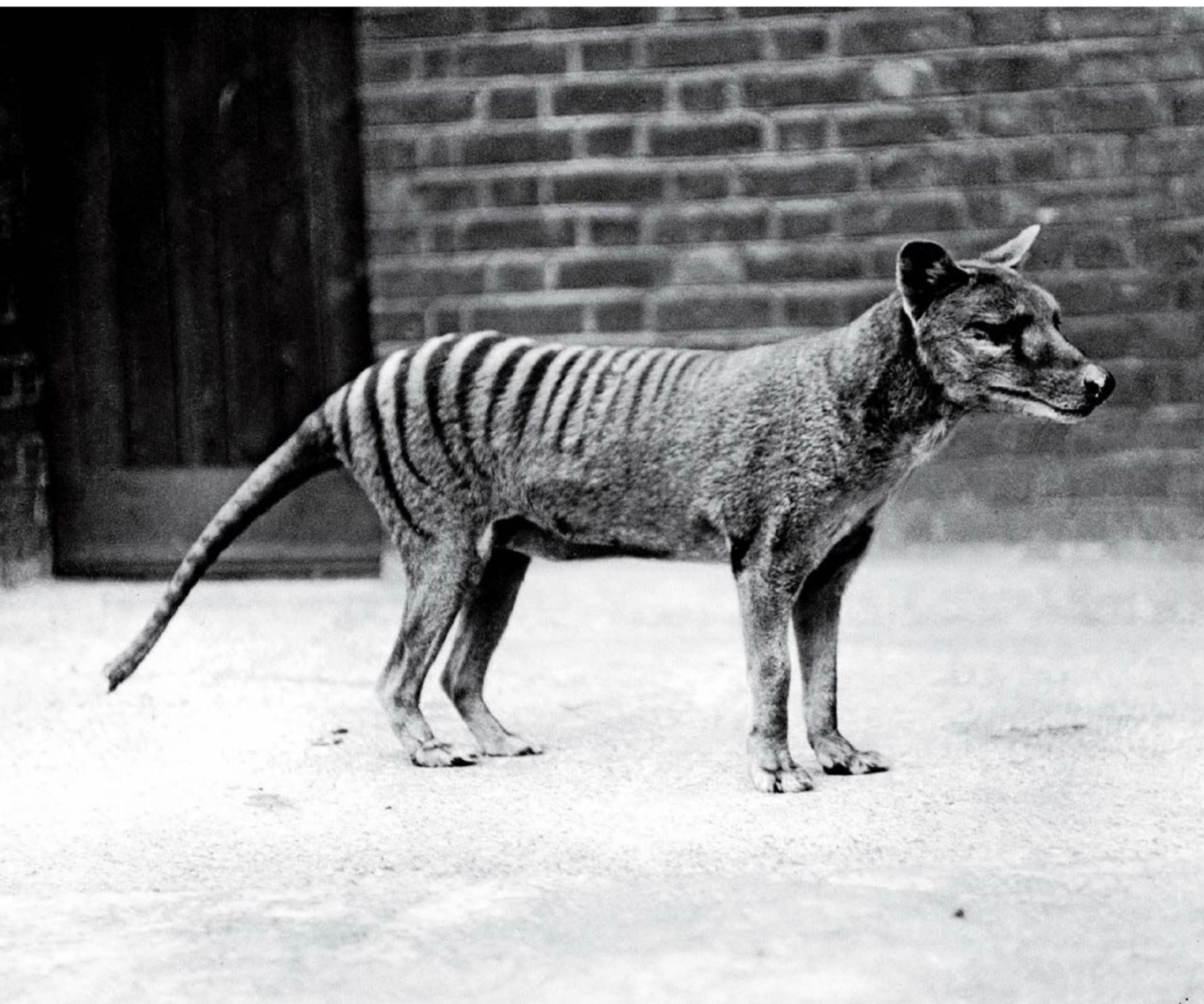
This would explain why sightings of the desert ship began in the 1870s, by which time the abandoned boat, exposed to the elements, would have come to look like an ancient vessel.

"I don't think that has anything to do with the Lost Ship of the Desert," Grasson says. It is exactly what I'd expected him to say. And I am glad he said it, for it would have been deflating to have his search voided by a single paragraph in an 80-year-old book.

SEARCH AND DESTROY: Grasson is convinced his ship is buried on a farm near the sad, parched town of Imperial, but won't say more because he doesn't want the area to be overrun by "a bunch of idiots wrecking private property."

You could argue that Grasson is willfully blind to some facts, but we all practice the same kind of selective history-making. The Dutch didn't really buy Manhattan from Lenape natives for \$24, but that legend persists. John F. Kennedy will remain a paragon of 20th-century liberalism, no matter how much we learn about his philandering, drug use and Mafia associations. Some legends, when proliferated for malicious purposes, need to be revealed as the conspiracy theories and fake news stories they are. But others must be allowed to live, because without such nourishing nuggets of wonder, life can shrivel up into an endless series of tasks, captured and measured, posted on social media, forgotten.

Over breakfast at a diner in Indio, I asked Grasson what he would do if he discovered the ship. He answered with obvious delight, "I would take a big nameplate with my name on it and go over to USC or UCLA and put it on their desk and go, 'Hi, I found it. That's my name. Don't misspell it.'" 



+ PREDATOR: The compartmentalized brain of the Tasmanian tiger suggests it was an intelligent hunter with a good sense of smell.



NEW WORLD



SPECIES

BRAINS

TECHNOLOGY

EPA

ENVIRONMENT

TRUMP

GOOD SCIENCE

BRAINS FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE

MRI scan reveals secrets of the long-extinct Tasmanian tiger

FOR THE first time, scientists have peered into the brain of a long-extinct animal: the Tasmanian tiger, a rangy and fierce carnivore that ruled the wilds of its namesake island and was hunted into oblivion in 1937. A marsupial (like kangaroos or opossums), the apex predator wasn't related to tigers, and it resembled a dog or coyote.

Emory University neuroscientist Gregory Berns, who was the first to train a dog to enter an MRI machine, recently came across photos of Tasmanian tigers. Noting their canine look, he wondered whether their brains might be similar to those of dogs. What if, he wondered, you could scan the Tasmanian tigers' brains?

Berns hunted down a Tasmanian tiger brain that had been soaking in preservative at the Smithsonian Institution for well over a century and scanned it in an MRI machine. In a study published January 18 in the journal *PLOS ONE*, he reported that the brain of the Tasmanian tiger (*Thylacinus cynocephalus*) and dogs look very different. For one thing, the extinct predator has larger olfactory bulbs, the neural

machinery responsible for the sense of smell.

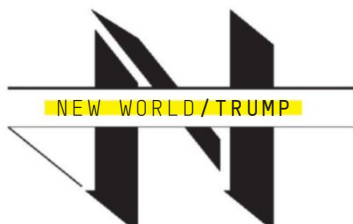
The researchers also found the tiger's brain to be larger, which would fit descriptions of the animal as an ambush predator requiring relatively more intelligence than scavenging. The tiger's brain is compartmentalized, or modular, which typically happens as brains get larger. Not all the neurons have enough room to communicate, so the brain develops areas specialized for different functions.

Leah Krubitzer, a researcher at the University of California, Davis, who wasn't involved in the research, says that this "heroic" study helps to expand scientists' knowledge of brain evolution and variation.

Berns has now initiated a project called Brain Ark to scan the brains of as many animals as possible. So far, he and his colleagues have scanned dolphins, elephant seals and a manatee, and they have assembled "a growing collection of coyote brains."

"We're trying to get the word out" to researchers, Berns says. "Send us your brains." ■

BY
DOUGLAS MAIN
@douglas_main



DISRUPTIVE

ACCIDENTALLY GREAT AGAIN

By fighting against progress, Trump might accelerate it

DONALD TRUMP is a spasm.

Now that our new president is in office and we've seen his Cabinet of old white billionaires and his "American carnage" inaugural address, it's obvious he is the leader of one last, desperate push to stop the 21st century from unfolding.

But in spite of himself, Trump might end up being the best thing to happen to technological advancement since World War II—as long as he doesn't start World War III along the way. If Trump bigly discredits the backlash against progress, it will accelerate the arrival of a future that's going to be better than any of the bleak pictures he paints. Techies once so aligned against Trump might even end up perversely thanking him.

Already, in his earliest actions and statements as president (End trade deals! America first! Bring back uneconomical jobs!), Trump is standing on the wrong side of history. He's as mistaken about the future as when Frank Sinatra declared in 1957 that rock 'n' roll was a "brutal, ugly, degenerate, vicious form of expression" that would never last.

If Trump wants to turn back progress, he will fail. This is not a political argument. It's not about Republicans or Democrats. It's about the inevitable. The world is moving into a radical new digital era, leaving behind the industrial order we built in the 20th century. That factory-based economy will fade as surely as print newspapers and paper maps have become objects of nostalgia.

When Trump spectacularly fails to stop this shift—and, of course, with him it will be

spectacular—that failure could clear out the conservatives and populists who fight against the future. "Trump ultimately is going to do America and the world a service by becoming the vehicle that will finally take down right-wing conservative politics for a generation or two," writes Peter Leyden, author and CEO of media startup Reinvent. He equates Trump with Herbert Hoover, elected in 1928, another time when technology was recasting every aspect of life and business. Back in the early 1900s, cars, airplanes, the telephone and the electric grid all stampeded into society over about a 30-year period. Life in the late 1800s was unimaginably different from life in the 1930s. Hoover, an ultraconservative with strong ties to business, rode a backlash against this rapid change to gain office but then choked after the stock market crashed in 1929.

"Perhaps his single greatest policy blunder was supporting and signing into law a tariff act that fueled international trade wars and made the Depression even worse," said *U.S. News & World Report* in a feature on the 10 worst presidents ever. (Sound familiar?) Hoover's failures knocked roll-back-the-clock conservatives out of power until 1952.

The magnitude of our current technological change echoes Hoover's time. Life today is profoundly different from life in 2007, when smartphones, social networks and cloud computing were babies. In another 10 years, pre-2007 life is going to seem practically Amish. We're witnessing an explosion of artificial intel-



BY
KEVIN MANEY
@kmaney



IN A VACUUM: Leyden equates Trump to Herbert Hoover, who was also elected at a time when technology was recasting every aspect of American life and business.

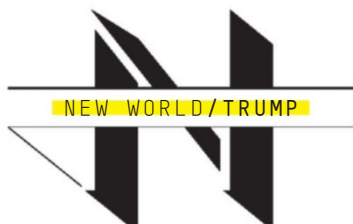
ligence technology and the arrival of self-driving cars, delivery by drones, digital currencies like bitcoin tied to no sovereignty and \$200 genetic tests that could unlock the secrets to every individual's health. Solar energy for the first time became cheaper in some regions than carbon-generated energy—a glimpse of the end of oil's dominion.

These new technologies are doing more than just changing the way we live. They are changing the global economy, taking apart one industry after another, which destroys many old companies but also creates many forward-leaning new ones. A list of the world's most valuable compa-

IN ANOTHER 10 YEARS, PRE-2007 LIFE IS GOING TO SEEM PRACTICALLY AMISH.

nies shows how fast things are changing. In 2006, the top four were Exxon Mobil, General Electric, Microsoft and Citigroup; all but Microsoft were more than a century old. In 2016, the top four were Apple, Alphabet (Google), Microsoft and Amazon—all new-economy companies.

These transformations have been wrench-



ing for big chunks of the population. Software is automating away many kinds of jobs; today, it's lower-end repetitive jobs held by people who didn't go to college, but tomorrow it will be professional and creative jobs. One new company, Jukedek, is using AI software to replace songwriters. (If songwriters are the next coal miners, Kanye might've been prescient in his support for Trump.) People on the wrong side of the divide are angry and scared, so they understandably supported a leader who promised to bring their Old Economy jobs back.

But the new tech promises better times. Throughout history, automation and trade have created more jobs and greater prosperity, despite people's fears. AI will give us a chance to solve cancer, ease climate change, manage our bursting cities and explore other planets. Genomics will be a key to making health care cheaper by helping us prevent diseases before they start. While new technology isn't all good, it's almost always better than what came before.

Still, a backlash was probably unavoidable. We're in the middle of what economist Carlota Perez calls a turning point in a technological revolution. At such points, when technology is getting too far ahead of our ability to adapt, government's job is to slow things down. The crazier the pace of change seems, the more likely we are to elect someone who will push back hard. The fact that we elected someone as radically retro as Trump shows just how far and fast technology has raced ahead.

The pushback is always temporary. Always. And it can be beneficial, as Perez wrote in her seminal book *Technological Revolutions and Financial Capital*. It forces technology to realign with society and spread its benefits more equitably. Silicon Valley needs to take note of that. But then progress resumes. The opposition gets caught holding too tightly to the past and gets swept away.

Tech surges often align with surges in a young population ready to embrace the new, and in America the massive millennial generation born in the digital era is moving into the workplace and starting companies. As polls show, compared with the nation's previous generations, this one is more educated, ethnically mixed, globally oriented and

driven by purpose rather than money. They have been migrating to cities in record numbers.

Which side of history is Trump on? Just look at who voted against him. College graduates backed Hillary Clinton by a 9-point margin; people without a college degree backed Trump by 8 points, according to the Pew Research Center. "This is by far the widest gap in support among college graduates and non-college graduates in exit polls dating back to 1980," Pew states. Young voters went for Clinton by a huge 18-point margin, while voters over 65 went heavily for Trump. And as anyone who saw an election map knows, Clinton won almost every major city, while Trump won the rest of the countryside. So it seems Trump stands firmly with the past—or, at least, the past stands firmly with Trump.

"In short order, [Trump] will completely and irrevocably alienate all the growing political constituencies of the 21st century," Leyden predicts. That's a lot of gravity pulling at Trump's already low 40 percent approval rating.

Look at the far-right movements around the world, and you'll see the same pattern. Pro-Brexit voters tended to have the characteristics

"IN SHORT ORDER, [TRUMP] WILL COMPLETELY ALIENATE ALL THE GROWING POLITICAL CONSTITUENCIES OF THE 21ST CENTURY."

of Trump voters. So, really, Trump is in a corner. He got elected because of a social spasm, but he won't be able to beat the trends.

The wild card here is Trump's unpredictability. He might ditch the anti-progress populism and pivot to policies that look forward and help a shiny new society blossom.

Or he could get us into some serious trouble. Social spasms can lead to wars and revolutions. Those early-1900s advances upset the global order and led to two world wars. A similar kind of global conflict in this century could go nuclear and send society back to solving algorithms by drawing in the dirt with sticks.

If we're lucky, the Trump presidency will be but a pause and recalibration in the race to the next era, and we won't end up trading the promise of self-driving cars for an oxcart we have to pull through postapocalyptic rubble. ■

PROTEST FAIL:
Efforts to block
the proposed
Dakota Access
pipeline came
to naught as
Trump signed an
executive order
to revive it.



ECO-CHAMBER OF HORRORS

THE TRUMP TRANSITION TEAM TRIES TO CLEAR THE FOG
ABOUT CLAIMS THE EPA'S BEING GUTTED

UNTIL LAST month, the Environmental Protection Agency communicated with the public through nine blogs, three discussion forums, 34 Facebook pages, 37 Twitter handles, two Medium accounts, a YouTube channel, a Pinterest page, numerous widgets, a wiki site, and Instagram, Flickr and Storify accounts.

That came to a halt with the arrival of Donald Trump. Reports said EPA climate webpages were being shut down, research funds were being slashed and press officers had been silenced.

A key member of the Trump transition team says that the reports were exaggerated and that the ensuing alarm on social media and elsewhere is unwarranted. "There is nothing abnormal or out of the ordinary" happening at the EPA right now, says Doug Ericksen, who is advising the new EPA administrator and leading communications for the transition team. It's true that all social media accounts have been suspended and individual press officers cannot respond to inquiries, he says. But he tells *Newsweek* that the agency is simply trying

to assess its many avenues of communication. Many of these outlets can still be accessed, but new content is not being posted. "We're trying to get a handle on what's coming out," he says.

He insists that individual press offers will be given permission to respond to media inquiries directly but could not provide a timeline beyond "as soon as we possibly can." He says the transition team is meeting with regional communication staff as a next step.

Ericksen could not say what the funding priorities will be when the new EPA administrator is confirmed. Trump's nominee is Scott Pruitt, the attorney general of Oklahoma who has initiated or joined some two dozen suits against the EPA. Pruitt has had a confirmation hearing, but at press time the Senate had not yet voted to confirm him.

Late last month, the news site Axios reported that the Trump administration was going to radically reshape the EPA. That news purportedly came from a leaked memo written by Myron Ebell, who'd been appointed to the EPA transition team shortly

after the election. "What I have heard is that this [memo] was not his final piece of work," says Ericksen. "That one was created very early in the process and was replaced by several other proposed ideas." However, Ericksen says he has not seen the leaked memo or any other iterations. Ebell is no longer on the transition team. Ericksen could not say whether Ebell's suggestions, which included lifting regulations on greenhouse gases and water contamination, would be adopted. "All of these things are conversations for a later day."

Asked about contentions that the Trump administration has little interest in protecting the environment, Ericksen says Trump's strategies may simply be different from the Obama administration's.

Ericksen is a state senator from Washington with a master's degree in environmental policy from Western Washington University, and he is as uncertain about his future as he is about the EPA's. "I've got one suit, one tuxedo, and I have to go shopping," he says. "I haven't decided how much I like this town yet." **N**

BY
JESSICA WAPNER
@jessicawapner



TRUMP VS. POLAR BEARS

Environmentalists fear the new president's impact on endangered flora and fauna

ENVIRONMENTALISTS who opposed Donald Trump's candidacy are seeing some of their worst fears confirmed. His nominations of people for Cabinet posts who doubt the scientific consensus on climate change, such as Oklahoma Attorney General Scott Pruitt for the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), have led researchers and conservationists to fear that historic progress on combating climate change may be undone.

An equally important issue that's received little attention: Trump and his Cabinet may threaten the survival of many endangered species, a pressing issue since humans are driving a mass extinction of Earth's flora and fauna. Trump's exact views on endangered species aren't publicly known (his team didn't respond to *Newsweek* requests for comment), so it would be wrong to condemn him pre-emptively. However, "the policies he's pushing, the regulations put up by Obama he wants to reverse"—such as the Clean Power Plan, geared toward reducing greenhouse gas emissions from power plants and factories—"would hurt endangered species terribly," says Kieran Suckling, executive director of the Center for Biological Diversity, an environmental group. "I don't see any direct animosity toward these species, but any time they get between a corporation and its profits, Trump is [probably] going to side with the corporations."

Here are seven species or groups that experts are particularly worried about or are representative of the impact Trump's policies could have.

POLAR BEARS

Fears about climate change and endangered species often overlap. Researchers agree that if warming continues, polar bears are in trouble. A report released January 9 by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service on how to keep them off the endangered species list concluded that "the single most important step for polar bear conservation is decisive action to address Arctic warming, which is driven primarily by increasing atmospheric concentrations of greenhouse gases. Short of action that effectively addresses the primary cause of diminishing sea ice, it is unlikely that polar bears will be recovered."

These animals depend on sea ice to hunt, and without it, many are likely to starve. If current trends continue, researchers expect that by 2050 their population will decline by two-thirds, says Elly Pepper, a wildlife expert with the Natural Resources Defense Council.

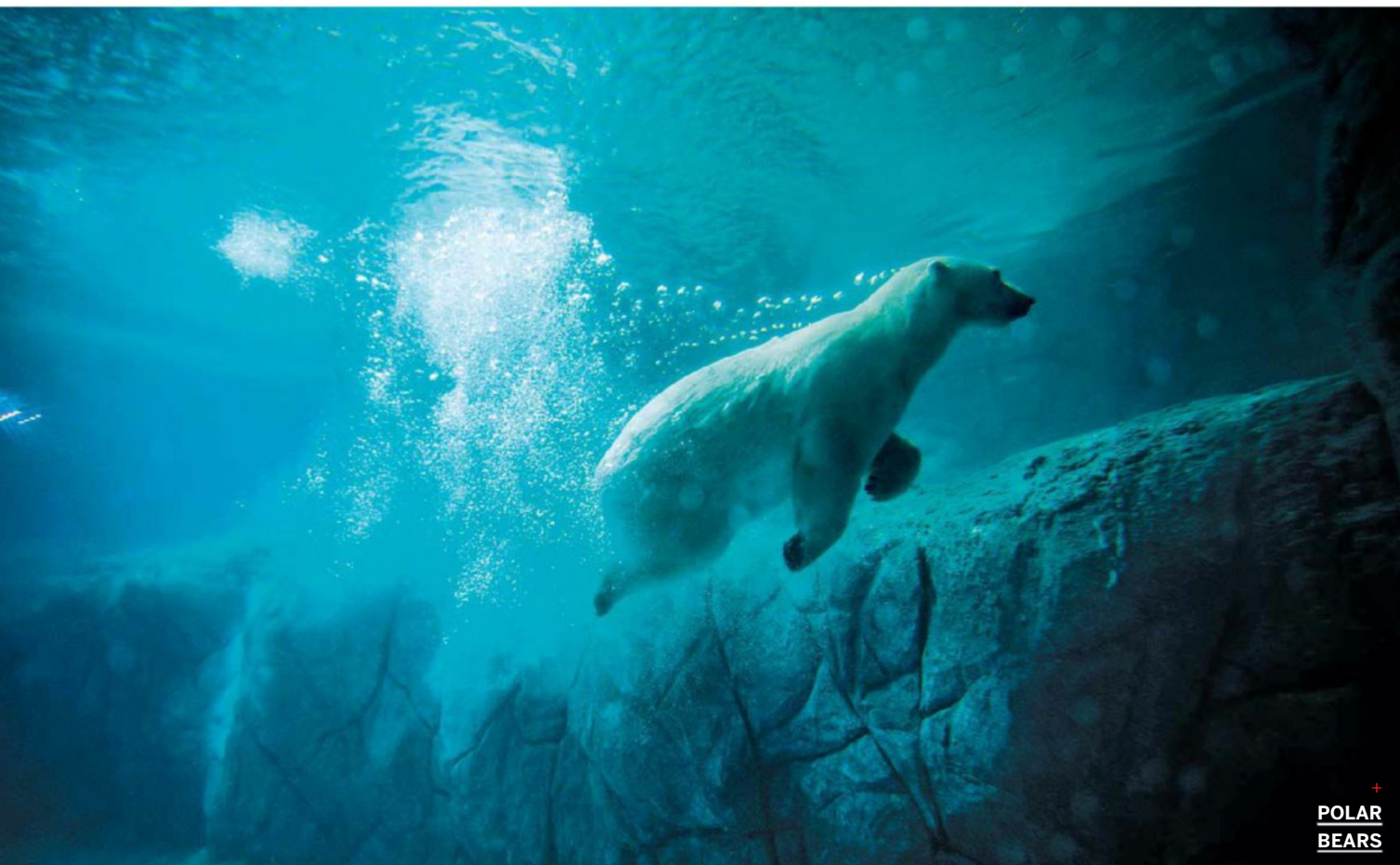
Unfortunately for the bears, Pruitt is suing the EPA to reverse the Clean Power Plan, and other Trump appointees have vowed to dismantle other climate regulations. These schemes "could spell disaster for polar bears," Pepper says.

WOLVES

Few wild animals elicit such polarized reactions as gray wolves. Most people seem to love them, while a devoted minority—especially hunters and ranchers—despise them for their propensity to eat game animals like elk and domesticates like cattle.

BY
DOUGLAS MAIN
@Douglas_Main

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: CHRIS FAGA/NURPHOTO/GETTY; HELEN H. RICHARDSON/DENVER POST/GETTY; LINDA DAVIDSON/THE WASHINGTON POST/GETTY



**POLAR
BEARS**



WOLVES



**SAGE
GROUSE**

The animals once lived throughout most of North America but were eliminated from most of the United States by the early 20th century. Wolves remained in northern Minnesota and were reintroduced to Yellowstone National Park in the 1990s. They are now also found in several states in the Northwest.

However, many of these states aren't happy about federal authorities telling them what to do regarding wolves, Suckling says. In the past six years, Congress has made at least 20 attempts, in the form of riders attached to bills, to take the animal off the Endangered Species List, he adds.

A 2011 rider removed wolves from the list in Montana and Idaho. On January 10, U.S. Representative Liz Cheney of Wyoming introduced a bill that would deprive the gray wolf of its Endangered Species Act protections, and environmentalists fear that with Congress in Republican hands, this bill, or a similar measure, will pass.

Things are even more dire for two subspecies, the Mexican gray wolf and the red wolf. The former lives in the Southwest, with a population of around 100, while the latter lives in North Carolina and numbers fewer than 50. Both are on the brink of extinction and may not make it if their

**WHOOPING
CRANES**



survival isn't prioritized, says Jamie Rappaport Clark, president and CEO of the environmental group Defenders of Wildlife.

SAGE GROUSE

Sage grouse are majestic icons of the sagebrush ecosystem, which supports a wide variety of creatures in 11 states. To save them, conservationists are working to save the whole ecosystem, says Clark. In September 2015, the Obama administration and many collaborators—including states, Indian reservations, industry and environmental groups—reached a compromise to offer some protections for the birds across 167 million acres. As part of the deal, the grouse were not listed under the Endangered Species Act, which would have required stringent protections. This allows some commercial activity, such as mining and ranching, to take place in areas where the birds live.

Many in industry were unhappy with the agreement. The “majority of the livestock, mining and energy industries bitterly opposed it and have put it at the top of their list to reverse that,” Suckling says. Some environmentalists, on the other hand, don't think the agreement went far enough, but generally speaking, the community is happier to have a deal than no deal. Republican politicians like Utah Governor Gary Herbert and Oklahoma Senator James Inhofe also opposed it.

Environmentalists fear that this plan will be

“THE POLICIES HE'S PUSHING, THE REGULATIONS PUT UP BY OBAMA HE WANTS TO REVERSE...WOULD HURT ENDANGERED SPECIES TERRIBLY.”

nixed under Trump, whose people would “love to blow this whole thing up and go back to business as usual,” Clark says.

WHOOPING CRANES

The population of these 5-foot-tall white birds, North America's largest, has dwindled to fewer than 450 in the wild. They are threatened mostly by gunfire (not hunters), habitat loss and power lines, which they often run into because they cannot see well. The Keystone XL pipeline in the Dakotas would cut a 1,700-mile swath through the migration corridor of one of the two remaining major populations of these birds, necessitating large amounts of habitat destruction and construction of power lines. Bird experts have opposed the pipeline, and the U.S.

**BORDERLAND
WILDLIFE**



**FRESHWATER
MUSSELS**



**ELEPHANTS,
BIG CATS, OTHER
SPECIES HUNTED
FOR TROPHIES**

Fish and Wildlife Service and the Department of Defense concluded that the cranes would be threatened by its construction.

Trump, however, signed two orders on January 24 that allow the Keystone XL and the nearby Dakota Access pipelines to go forward. This order could face legal challenges but makes it much more likely there will be construction in that corridor.

FRESHWATER MUSSELS, STURGEON

During his campaign, Trump repeatedly criticized the Waters of the United States rule, which has improved water quality by increasing the area subject to regulation by the EPA, thus reducing runoff and other sources of pollution. He called it “extreme” and “unconstitutional.” Pruitt, meanwhile, has sought to strike down EPA regulations to reduce water pollution.

Experts worry that such moves would hurt freshwater mussels, fish and other aquatic wildlife. North America is home to the largest diversity of mussels in the world, but they are in trouble; more than half of the 78 known species in the Midwest alone are endangered or



threatened, according to the Fish and Wildlife Service. Reducing laws that protect water quality would hurt these vulnerable species, Clark says. Such a move would also hurt species like the short-nosed sturgeon, which lives throughout the East Coast and is sensitive to water pollution.

BORDERLAND WILDLIFE

The United States is home to at least one jaguar, which lives in southern Arizona, on the site of a proposed copper mine currently seeking approval to operate. A final decision will rest with the Trump administration. Trump’s support for mining and the aggressive development of federal lands suggest that the mine is likely to go forward under his watch.

Trump’s promises to “build a wall” on the U.S.-Mexico border would likely be harmful for scores if not hundreds of species of plants and animals, from ocelots to amphibians. Southern Arizona and New Mexico are among the most biodiverse parts of the continental U.S. Many species move between the two countries, and a wall would prevent them from doing so, causing their populations to be fragmented or reduced. Free movement is critical for many species to mate and prevents isolated groups from becoming too genetically inbred.

**ELEPHANTS, BIG CATS, OTHER
SPECIES HUNTED FOR TROPHIES**

Two of Trump’s sons, Eric and Donald Jr., are avid big-game hunters and have been photographed with the bodies of large animals they’ve killed on trips to Africa, including a leopard and an elephant. Suckling worries that their influence could lead to the weakening of laws that forbid American hunters from importing trophies (like a lion’s head) that would hurt populations of these animals by encouraging hunting.

It should be noted that hunters (e.g., regular hunters, not those who travel to Africa to shoot elephants) are often supporters of conservation because it protects their sport. As the Fish and Wildlife Service writes, “The sale of hunting licenses, tags, and stamps is the primary source of funding for most state wildlife conservation efforts.”



TROY TAORMINA/USA TODAY SPORTS/REUTERS

TALL DISORDER:
The NBA was long ruled by behemoths, but they are being run out of the league by skilled gnats like Celtics guard Isaiah Thomas.



DOWNTIME

iPHONES

SPORTS

STYLE

SPEAKEASIES

CULTURE

BOOKS

THREE AT LAST, THREE AT LAST

Basketball, once dominated by big men, is now ruled by bombers who are forever changing the game

LAST NOVEMBER, Phil Taylor was a victim of mistaken identity. A 5-foot-10-inch guard at Division II Shorter University in Rome, Georgia, Taylor was attending a women's basketball game on campus when a cheerleader approached him. She thought Taylor looked familiar but could not place him. "Aren't you the mop boy who cleans the court?"

"Yes, I am," said Taylor, flashing a knowing grin to his friends. A few nights later, Taylor racked up 62 points, the highest total at any level of college basketball this season. Afterward, that cheerleader tracked down Taylor and by way of apology said, "I see you had your mop out tonight."

Taylor, who averages 36.0 points per game, is the most prolific scorer at any level of college hoops this season, and 5-foot-9-inch Marcus Keene of Central Michigan leads all Division I scorers (29.3 points per game), five points better than anyone else at that level. At Lehman College in the Bronx, 5-foot-5-inch Amely Del Rosario

leads Division III women's basketball in scoring (25.2 points per game), despite being the tiniest player on any court she plays. "It's a little man's world now," beams Taylor, who is not related to Jack Taylor, a 5-foot-10-inch former Grinnell guard who scored an NCAA-record 138 points in a game in 2012. "We're taking over."

The Lilliputians have won. Dr. Naismith's incredible experiment no longer prohibitively favors the big and tall. Basketball's Jurassic Period, when giants such as Wilt Chamberlain and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar roamed the Earth and ruled the hardwood, is over. Last month, 5-foot-9-inch Boston Celtics guard Isaiah Thomas redefined heat against the visitors from Miami, scoring 29 fourth-quarter points. Thomas put up 52 for the game, becoming the first player under 5 feet 10 inches to eclipse 50 since Hall of Famer Calvin Murphy did so in 1979. Since that night, Thomas has scored 38 twice and is fourth in the NBA in scoring at 28.2 points per game.

BY
JOHN WALTERS
[@jdubs88](#)

And across the Pacific Ocean, former BYU All-American Jimmer Fredette, who stands a blade of grass over six feet, is averaging 38.4 points per game for the Shanghai Sharks of the Chinese Basketball Association. Fredette has put together nine consecutive 30-point games this season, breaking the CBA record set by 7-foot-6-inch Chinese national icon Yao Ming.

Yao appeared in eight NBA All-Star Games. Thomas, who is 21 inches shorter, made his All-Star debut last season, matching Murphy as the shortest player to do so. Murphy appeared once, in 1979; Thomas is headed for his second All-Star Game come February, an exhibition that will feature at most one true low-post big man: DeMarcus Cousins of the Sacramento Kings.

Basketball is getting shorter and not just at Shorter. As the introduction of the rifle forever changed the field of combat, nullifying the advantage of strength and size in a storm of swords, so too has the three-pointer minimized the advantage of height in hoops. The three has taken the game back from below the peach basket. "Our coaches compare it to David and Goliath," says Grinnell's 5-foot-11-inch Julian Marx, who leads Division III in three-pointers this season.

In basketball today, David (or Stephen Curry) is Goliath. And the three-point shot is basketball's slingshot. The average adult male is 5 feet 10 inches tall, so it stands to reason that far more men are between 5 feet 9 inches and 5 feet 11 inches than, say, 6 feet 3 inches and 6 feet 5 inches

SHORTER SHOOTER: Taylor, who is just 5'10", is the most prolific scorer in all of college basketball this season, averaging 36 ppg.

SHORTER UNIVERSITY





tall. Since the three-pointer, unlike the dunk, confers no advantage to the shooter based on height, there is a larger potential pool of fantastic shooters who are the height of 5-foot-9-inch film director Ron Howard, as opposed to Atlanta Hawks center Dwight Howard (6 feet 11 inches). For hoops hopefuls suffering from arrested development, happy days are here again. "I've been concentrating on the three-pointer since fourth grade," says Marx, who in junior high and high school would shoot 100 threes every morning before school. "I've known for years that that shot was my ticket to playing at Grinnell."

"My game is to take the three or to drive and draw contact," says Shorter's Taylor, who also leads all of college basketball in free throws made this season. "I knew I wasn't going to be able to go to the hole and dunk on anyone."

LITTLE BIG MEN

JERRY: "You're a chucker. Every time you get the ball, you shoot."

GEORGE: "I can't believe you called me a chucker. No way I'm a chucker. I do not chuck. Never chucked... Kramer, am I a chucker?"

KRAMER: "Oh, you're a chucker."

At Division III Greenville (Illinois) College, each practice begins with music blaring and every player shooting 200 three-pointers. "In recruiting, I tell my assistants, 'We're not even looking at any big guys,'" says coach George Barber, whose Panthers average an astounding 133.4 points per game. "What do we want them for?"

Two years ago, after Barber lost his top two post players, he opted to model his program after that of notorious Division III spree-shooters Grinnell (Iowa). "Two years ago, we averaged 75 points per game," says Barber. "Since then, we've led the nation, averaging 112 and now 133. What was I thinking all those years before this?"

"We're a little mad at George," kids Grinnell coach David Arseneault Jr., whose father, David, helped pioneer the style of up-tempo hoops laced with a barrage of three-pointers that led to Grinnell leading all collegiate levels in scoring for 16 of the past 18 years. "My dad taught him too well."

This past November 19, Grinnell scored 167 points (and won), attempting 80 of its 125 shots from beyond the arc and converting 29. Three nights later, Greenville put up 178 points by making 37 of the 72 threes it attempted out of a total of 107 shots. The pace is breathless by design. "We don't go back and forth," Barber says. "We go forth and forth and forth."

After a recent Grinnell loss in which Marx attempted nine three-pointers, Arseneault pulled his sniper aside. "This is entirely unacceptable,"

Arseneault said. "You should be attempting twice that many!"

"The game is so different now," says Mike Bratz, scouting director for the Sacramento Kings, who in 1981 led the NBA in three-pointers with 57 (midway through the current NBA season, 68 players had exceeded that total). "One game when I was with the [Golden State] Warriors, the opening tip-off, I was open in the corner beyond the arc. The ball came to me and I shot it. My teammates started calling me 'Big Balls.' My coach told me I was lucky it went in or he'd have pulled me."

Not long ago, former NBA guard and ESPN analyst Tim Legler watched a replay of Game 6 of the 1987 NBA Finals between the Boston Celtics and the Los Angeles Lakers. In the clinching contest of a series in which eight future Hall of Famers appeared, each team shot zero for five from beyond the arc. "When [the Lakers'] Michael Cooper attempted a three-pointer," says Legler, "it looked as if he was throwing up a beach ball."

Four years earlier, in 1983, the Philadelphia 76ers swept the Lakers in four games without making a single three-pointer. The Lakers

IN BASKETBALL TODAY, DAVID (OR STEPHEN CURRY) IS GOLIATH.

connected on three. Contrast that with the 150 threes Cleveland and Golden State drained in last June's NBA Finals.

Present-day Warriors guard Stephen Curry is lauded for shooting threes from the entrance tunnel during pregame warm-ups. And why not? Curry has gone Babe Ruth on the single-season threes record, taking it from 269 (Ray Allen) when he entered the league in 2009 to 402 last year. "The impact Curry has had on the game, as revolutionary as it is, won't fully be felt for another decade," says Legler, who was an outstanding three-point marksman (.431 in 12 NBA seasons). "Average-sized kids used to migrate





to another sport in junior high or high school because of height. Now they look at Curry [a wispy 6 feet 2 inches tall] and think, I don't have to look like LeBron.

"There are coaches out there who still fight the three-point shot [as a primary offensive component]," says Legler, "but you can't. I see the nation's top 100 high school players at various events, and almost every big guy wants to play facing the basket. And if you don't let them, they'll play for another team. Low-post guys, they're unicorns."

Who should shorties from coast to coast thank for their 21st century relevance? The game's original big man. In 1967, 6-foot-10-inch George Mikan, who led the Minneapolis Lakers to five NBA championships between 1949 and 1954, was the commissioner for a fledgling basketball league. It was Mikan who introduced the three-point shot to the American Basketball Association.

On Friday, October 13, 1967, the ABA opened play with the Oakland Oaks hosting the Anaheim Amigos. On that night, in the same edifice—Oakland Coliseum is now Oracle Arena—where 49 years later the Splash Brothers, Curry and Klay Thompson, would gain renown for indiscriminately firing from beyond the arc, Lester "Lightning" Selva offered a portent of the future. Selva, a 6-foot-1-inch guard the Amigos had discovered in a rec league, buried a game-high four three-pointers, but Anaheim lost, 134-129.

Selva, who never passed anything but away (in 1991), would have enjoyed the modern NBA. He once attempted 26 threes in a game and finished the ABA's inaugural season as its three-point leader with a total (147) that no NBA player would eclipse until its eighth season of having the three-pointer. "Les acted like if he stepped over [the three-point line], he was going to get killed or something," former Denver Rockets coach Bob Bass once said. "He didn't just shoot 25-footers—he took 30-footers. All he could do was shoot, and he shot too much. But when he was hot, he was unlike anything I had ever seen."

The year 1967 offers another bizarre intersection between erstwhile behemoths and the three-point shot. That year, UCLA finished 30-0

and won its first of seven consecutive national championships in men's basketball (yes, the Bruins won 10 in a 12-year span). The Bruins were led 7-foot-2-inch center Lew Alcindor, a low-post player of such indomitable prowess that the NCAA outlawed dunking. The muckety-mucks overseeing college hoops gerrymandered the rim, such was Alcindor's dominance.

Fifty years later, the Bruins have arguably their most talented team since those John Wooden-coached UCLA squads of low-post legends Alcindor and later Bill Walton. The Bruins, 18-1, have done a complete about-face. This year they are the most proficient three-point shooting team in the country (43.3 percent). Thirty years ago, the Bruins' present coach, Steve Alford, in the first

"WE DON'T GO BACK AND FORTH. WE GO FORTH AND FORTH AND FORTH."

NCAA championship game ever to include the three-point arc, drained seven of them to lead Indiana to a 74-73 win over Syracuse. UCLA's most-skilled three-point shooter this season? Alford's son, Bryce, who is listed at 6 feet 3 inches tall but appears at least two inches shorter.

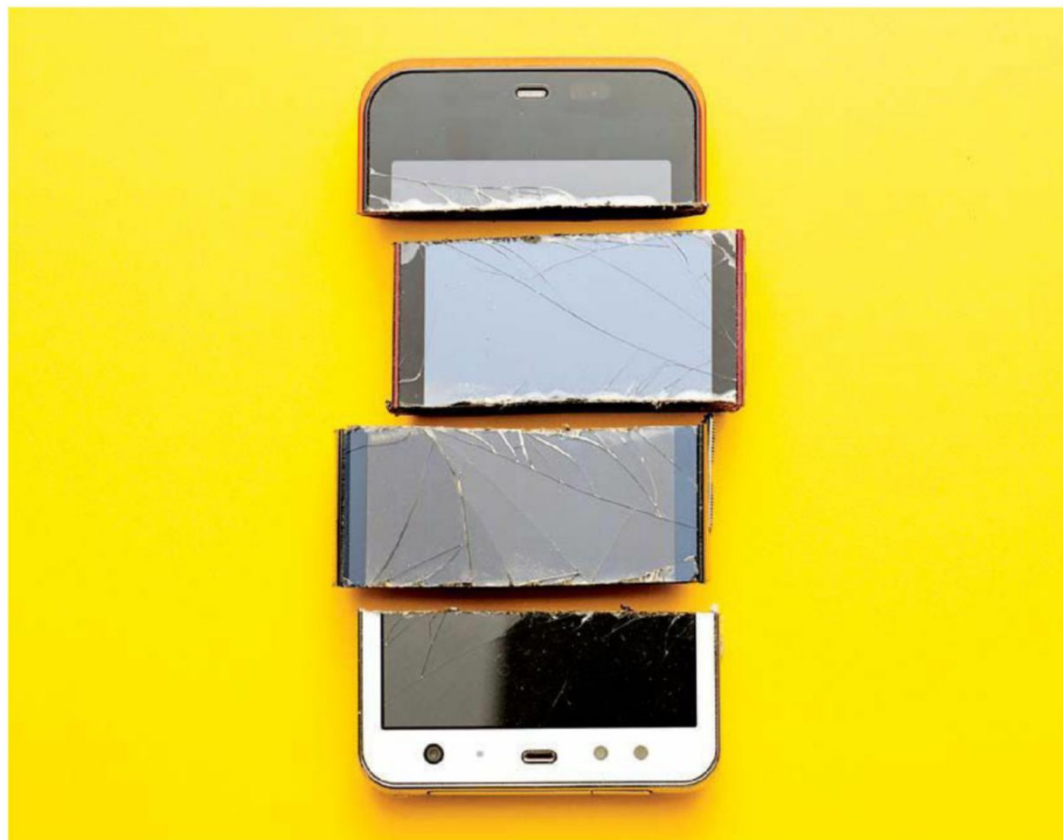
BIG LITTLE MEN

And now the bigs want their ball back. At the University of Arizona, 7-foot-1-inch freshman Lauri Markkanen of Finland has made nearly twice as many threes (40) this season as any of his teammates. Last November, seven-footer Joel Embiid of the Philadelphia 76ers made his NBA debut. "I was watching," says Legler, a Philly native. "The second shot Embiid took, he caught a pass trailing a fast break, pulled up from outside the arc and buried a three."

With that bucket, Embiid equaled the career three-point totals of both Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Shaquille O'Neal, fellow seven-footers who are Nos. 1 and 9, respectively, on the NBA's all-time scoring list. "The game looks completely different because of the three-point shot," says Legler. "The bigs are coming out to the arc."

As seven-footers encroach upon their newly found safe space, where will sub-six-footers such as Shorter's Taylor and or Boston's Thomas head to avoid becoming sub-six-foot subs? Greenville's Barber has the answer. "I'm in favor," he says, "of a four-point shot." ■

I'M LOSING YOU:
The conspiracist
might think the
iPhone's breakable
screen is a great
way to boost sales.



Your Crack Is Showing

Ten years ago, the iPhone was invented.
It was a technological marvel, until...

APPLE BEGAN selling the iPhone in 2007. It was a beautiful piece of metal and glass that changed the world. Then some clumsy idiot dropped it.

It's difficult to say for certain who the first clumsy idiot was. It seems likely it was an Apple employee, testing it before it was released. It's possible it was Steve Jobs. The keys in his pocket scratched the crap out of his prototype. One month before the phone was released, he threw a tantrum at Apple. "I won't sell a product that gets scratched," he said, according to *The New York Times*. "I want a glass screen, and I want it perfect in six weeks."

He got his way. Sort of. Although it was better protected against keys, the glass still shattered in certain "medium-velocity impacts." As more people bought iPhones, more people dropped them. Humans are clumsy; iPhones are fragile; sidewalks are hard. Sometimes the phones remained usable, and those too lazy or apathetic kept using them despite the shattered glass.

Soon after the iPhone was released, blogs circulated warranty-violating cheap fixes for broken screens like samizdat, using razor blades and "anger, spite, and an imagination." An industry grew around the problem, offering cheaper black market fixes in the backs of bodegas. Brendan McElroy started the iPhone repair service Dr. Brendan's in his apartment in 2008 in New York's East Village. It became so successful that, a few years later, he opened a brick-and-mortar shop on St. Marks Place. The majority of repairs are for accidental damage, like dropping phones on the ground or into a toilet. "We've seen it as bad as it can get. Run over by trucks, dropped off roofs," he says.

Sometimes the damage is caused on purpose. "We get a lot of angry significant-other stories," says McElroy. "A girlfriend or boyfriend found something on [a partner's] phone and threw it, is a very common one."

Despite this, there's not an uptick in sales from disappointed

lovers on Valentine's Day. After other holidays, however, they fare better. "Usually after the drinking holidays, like New Year's Eve or St. Patrick's Day, we'll have a big influx," says Brendan's brother, Dan.

Is it fair, then, to characterize the design of the iPhone as a spectacular failure? Obviously, a device humans carry in their hands at all times will be dropped. Yet, 10 years after its invention, it just takes one small, clumsy mistake to smash an iPhone screen into a spider web. If one wants to be conspiratorial, the lack of durability serves the purposes of industry. As phones break, cycles of new products continue to be released, always with newer, better features.

Despite some recent design updates promising "the strongest cover glass used on any smartphone in the world" the screens still shatter.

Meanwhile, Apple removed the headphone jacks in favor of wireless Bluetooth headphones. Which, coincidentally, was one of the few safety systems protecting against broken screens. For what was a headphone wire but an accidental protective phone bungee cord, dangling a dropped iPhone inches from its destruction? **N**

BY
JOE VEIX
@joeveix



YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM BEER

A famed speakeasy reopens and proves that nostalgia is a chump's game, but a great burger is forever

I WAS READY to hate the new Chumley's. The old Chumley's was the Greenwich Village speakeasy squeezed into a Bedford Street rowhouse that was visited by Hemingway, Steinbeck, Cather, Faulkner and just about every other writer you read in high school and tried to emulate in college. When I discovered it in the very early 2000s, it seemed to me far more interesting than the self-consciously literary bars and cafés drawing New York City's ambitious and bespectacled to Park Slope and the East Village.

Chumley's was too old and too small for such pretensions. Though the dust jackets of its famous patrons' famous books adorned the walls, it had become a bar for firefighters, as well as for the kind of refreshingly ordinary people New York had steadily been pushing out in the name of progress. There was a secret entrance, down Barrow Street and through Pamela Court, and leading friends through the haunting, nearly sacral silence of the courtyard, and into the beery warmth that awaited inside Lee Chumley's famous cave suggested you were in the know, privy to some secret Greenwich Village not yet turned over to Stella McCartney and Marc Jacobs. The burger came inside an English muffin, and it was beautiful.

Then a wall collapsed in 2007. This was a calamity but not a surprise, since Chumley's—birthed two years into Prohibition, i.e., 1922—had always been something of an ancient grotto with surprisingly functional tap lines. The surprise, a deeply

unwelcome one, came as Chumley's struggled and failed to reopen. There was something about permits, and then something about the neighbors. What what was happening on Bedford Street was happening elsewhere around New York City: rising condos, rising prices. In 2006, the Village lost the Cedar Tavern, famed haunt of Pollock and Rothko and the great postwar painters, because the building was being turned into a condo. Elaine Kaufman died in 2010, and Elaine's, immortalized by Tom Wolfe in *The Bonfire of the Vanities* and visited by every writer of note who wanted a martini and fame and then another martini, went into oblivion the next year. The Bridge Cafe, New York's oldest tavern, suffered extensive damage during Superstorm Sandy in 2012. Over four years later, it remains closed. The great working-class taverns of the Upper West Side—the P&G, the All State—also went to the great real estate broker in the sky. It seemed possible that Chumley's would never open again.

Then, in the summer of 2016, *The New York Times* reported that Chumley's owner Jim Miller had entered into a compact with Alessandro Borgognone, who was going to open and operate Chumley's for him. Borgognone was recently made famous by the opening of the celebrated Sushi Nakazawa, where dinner may run \$150, nearly three times what Bob Dylan paid in monthly rent to live on West Fourth Street in 1961.

I was not thrilled by this development.

BY
ALEXANDER
NAZARYAN
[@alexnazaryan](#)



PAGE TURNER: “The new Chumley’s is shinier and more expensive, but just like its predecessor, it transports you with its light and conversation, makes you feel like Dreiser and Steinbeck are just a table away.”

Borgognone seemed to me the kind of slick carpetbagger for whom New York was nothing but a collection of “gritty” tropes to be used in marketing materials. His admission in the *Times* that he’d never been to the old Chumley’s was an admission, to my mind, that he did not know New York. His assertion that the new Chumley’s was going to be “Chumley’s on steroids” was both puzzling and troubling, as *steroidal* is a trait one generally wants to avoid in both hamburgers and people.

I posted the *Times* article to Twitter with the following comment: “With imposters like this in charge, Chumley’s might as well stay closed.”

But Chumley’s did open this past fall, and on a blustery December night doing its best imitation of Antarctica, I finally did visit. With me was *Newsweek* colleague Josh Saul—like me a former tabloid man, like me a patron of the original bar. We went in hunger and in skepticism, in the name of journalism and good old New York.

First impression: We’re not in 1976 anymore. The new Chumley’s is run by young, attractive people, primarily for others of their ilk. The place is smaller and darker, but the book jackets remain on the walls, as do the photographs of firefighters.

DINNER AT SUSHI NAKAZAWA MAY RUN \$150, NEARLY THREE TIMES WHAT BOB DYLAN PAID IN MONTHLY RENT TO LIVE NEARBY IN 1961.

“It’s smaller,” I said of the restaurant as we sat down at our wooden table.

“Nah,” said Saul. “It’s exactly the same.”

I was right. Kate Krader of Bloomberg Pursuits reported that “because the collapse destroyed so much, Chumley’s dining room has shrunk at least 10 percent, both in height and width.” And according to my calculations, the patrons are 34 percent younger and 57 percent more attractive, the cocktails 75 percent more innovative, the food 184 percent more expensive, the “secret” Pamela



Court entrance 100 percent more inaccessible. One of the old tables—unvarnished wood with names scratched into its face—sits behind glass in the bathroom, like some ancient relic.

What were we going to eat? The burger, of course. “The burger is bound to be the breakout star,” wrote John Lockett in *GQ*, as if discussing basketball prospects. Its particulars have been noted with reverence: two patties, slathered in bone marrow and crispy shallots, costing \$25.

The tables at Chumley’s are close together, and some crosstalk seems unavoidable. So when the two fashionable women at the next table heard us discussing the menu, they offered their opinion: This was the best burger in town. At the next table dined a young man with his father. The father, mustachioed, wrote screenplays, while the young man had recently photographed Chumley’s for a *New Yorker* review. He also praised the burger. When I suggested that the burger at the nearby Corner Bistro *perhaps* remained the best in town, I was roundly mocked like one of those old timers who insists there hasn’t been good baseball in New York since the Dodgers left Brooklyn.

It is odd to lead with food, not alcohol, in writing about a place most famous for serving booze. I don’t remember if the original Chumley’s had spirits, because I only drank beer there, but center stage now belongs to cocktails, which are like the rest of Manhattan now: wonderful and expensive. Just a Little Drink (“12 yr old demerara rum, amber agricole rum, pommeaux, china, angostura, orange bitters, absinthe”) was an excellent bulwark against the cold outside. It cost \$16, as does every one of the creative cocktails on the menu. One bottle of red wine was \$400.

On the same day Saul and I visited Chumley’s, ProPublica published an article about “the gradual dismantling of New York’s system of rent stabilization,” which began with a 1994 vote in the City Council on “vacancy decontrol.” The real estate industry won, and middle-class people lost, as median rent in Manhattan is an astonishing \$4,000. In 1994, it was possible to rent a studio for about \$400. Commercial rents have followed suit. The choice, in other words, was not between the old Chumley’s and the new Chumley’s; it was between the new Chumley’s and a Chipotle.

Apparently, at least some of the old-timers have made peace with the new joint, as I have. “We have people in this establishment, the new Chumley’s, who frequented the former Chumley’s almost every night, if not every night,” says Borgognone. “All of them leave happy.”

Saul, my colleague and dining companion, wasn’t a regular of the old place, but he left the new place happy. “Chumley’s has grown up,” he wrote to me a couple days after our visit. “The first time I stepped through the red velvet curtain 11 years ago I was a broke college kid on a first date, happy to find a cheap shepherd’s pie. The new Chumley’s is shinier and more expensive, but just like its predecessor it transports you with its light and conversation, makes you feel like Dreiser and Steinbeck are just a table away. Chumley’s grew up, lost some of its grit and put on a jacket. Just like a lot of New York. And, I guess, just like me.”

That’s probably for the best. A search of the *Times* dispels any romantic illusions about the city of grit in which the old Chumley’s thrived. In 1960, a writer was killed there by a sailor wielding a beer bottle, angry over a chess match. Four years later, a sculptor leaving Chumley’s was shot in an attempted mugging. In 1974, a heroin addict

LEE CHUMLEY’S FAMOUS CAVE SUGGESTED YOU WERE IN THE KNOW, PRIVY TO SOME SECRET GREENWICH VILLAGE.

who’d killed a copywriter was found hiding in the Chumley’s boiler room. Even greater ills awaited. A 1986 article on the West Village notes “the AIDS epidemic has closed a number of West Street clubs and recently led to the opening of a hospice”—and the worst of it hadn’t even come yet.

We grow up, and so do the cities where we live and have lived. Some call this gentrification, but often that’s just an excuse for what time does to the rich and poor alike. You were once single, out until 4 a.m., and now you’re reading *Olivia Forms a Band* to your preschooler. There was once a Chumley’s, and then there wasn’t a Chumley’s; and then all of a sudden, there was a new Chumley’s, at once identical to and utterly unlike its predecessor. Time can only move forward, even down the crooked streets of the West Village. Drink a beer, eat a burger and rejoice. ■

**FABRIC
SOFTENER:**
“Men have
long been
fascinated by
camel hair.
It’s masculine
but warm and
friendly.”



Hump to It

The miracle that is camel hair fabric just got more miraculous

IT'S OFTEN said only cockroaches would survive a nuclear blast, but a case could also be made for *Camelus bactrianus*. About 1.4 million of these twin-humped camels call northern Asia home; many can be found knocking about the Gobi Desert, which has a climate so inhospitable that nuking it might improve things. Yet the camels amble on—partly because their hair has marvelous thermal-insulation properties.

It also has a marvelous history. Between the two world wars, an unstructured camel hair coat was almost the uniform for anyone living the F. Scott Fitzgerald life. “I think men have long been fascinated by camel hair,” says Umberto Angeloni, the dapper CEO of Italian menswear brand and manufacturer Caruso, and the man behind Gobi Gold, a very modern rethinking of camel hair. “It’s masculine but warm and friendly.” The original camel coat, though, was also very heavy; in time, Angeloni says, it “became the grandpa coat—nice to own but seldom worn.”

Angeloni, a former economics professor, also knows that

camel hair is 30 percent cheaper than cashmere, so he went to Italy’s leading fiber and fabric expert, Pier Luigi “P.G.” Loro Piana. Long before becoming a luxury brand that doubles as Italy’s answer to Hermès, Loro Piana was a cloth mill belonging to P.G.’s family; today, it continues to make many of the most precious and innovative fabrics on the market. This is largely thanks to P.G., who views life through a prism of fibers: I suspect that when he looks at any beast, be it camel, dog or an obscure breed of cattle, he imagines what type of cloth he could weave from its hair.

“P.G. told me,” Angeloni says, “that he had been collecting the finest camel hair for decades but there was little demand for it. I asked, ‘Do you think it is possible to make a fabric that is light but that still resembles camel and that we can make a suit from?’”

After some experimenting, Loro Piana created two suit fabrics: a worsted and a lighter-weight, 55 percent camel, 45 percent Super 170’s wool flannel. There is also a novel “double” camel that sandwiches a microlayer of air for

extra insulation and is suitable for technical outerwear. This enables a 21st-century take on the original sports coat, as well as lighter-weight versions of traditional overcoats.

The real triumph has been to make camel for summer wear. “We have mixed [the fiber] with silk,” Angeloni says, “which gives it a little shine—and with linen, which is very crisp and resilient to creases.” Angeloni has also brought out a range of camel knitwear; by next winter he will even offer a camel hair velvet.

At the root of this fiber’s versatility is its length. “A single camel hair can be as fine as cashmere and up to 12.5 centimeters long, whereas a cashmere hair is a maximum 4 or 5 centimeters long,” Angeloni says. “A longer fiber can be twisted more times, giving the resulting thread greater elasticity and crease resistance. And coming from animals that live in the Gobi, it insulates you from heat or cold.”

Gobi Gold camel hair fabric seems to have almost miraculous qualities. I just hope that I never need to test its resistance to a nuclear attack. **N**

REWIND

20
YEARS



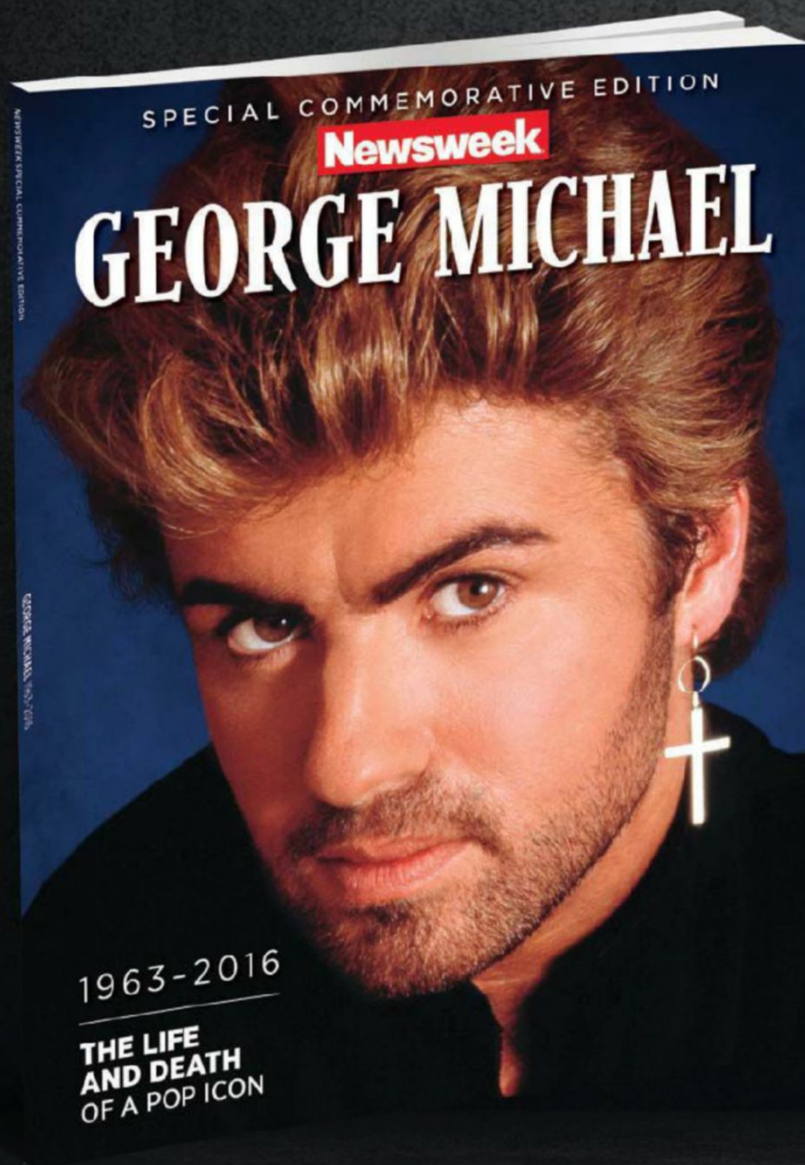
FEBRUARY 10, 1997

IN "IS AOL OUT OF LINES?"
BY STEVEN LEVY

"All in all, it's been a pretty good week for America Online. 'What?' you ask. 'Isn't that the company that considers itself the nation's premier online service and Internet gateway—but gives its 8 million customers mostly busy signals?

The one that was charged in class-action suits and exhortations by state prosecutors as a hotbed of consumer fraud, misrepresentation and outright greed? The one that promises in its commercials that it will make its users' lives as spiffy as the Jetsons' but sticks them in voice-mail hell when they try to get a customer-support person? The one that's now being called America Off-line?"

Celebrate the life and legacy of the
groundbreaking pop superstar



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