

Rolling Stone

A full-page photograph of actress Emma Stone is the background for the magazine cover. She is seated, looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. She has shoulder-length, wavy, reddish-brown hair. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly cream or pale yellow, spaghetti-strap dress with lace detailing along the neckline and the hem. A thin, delicate necklace is visible around her neck. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting an indoor setting with some architectural elements.

50th ANNIVERSARY YEAR

Emma Stone A Star Is Born

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Crisis**
How Long
Have We
Got?

**Inside the
Puppy Mills**
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"All the News That Fits"

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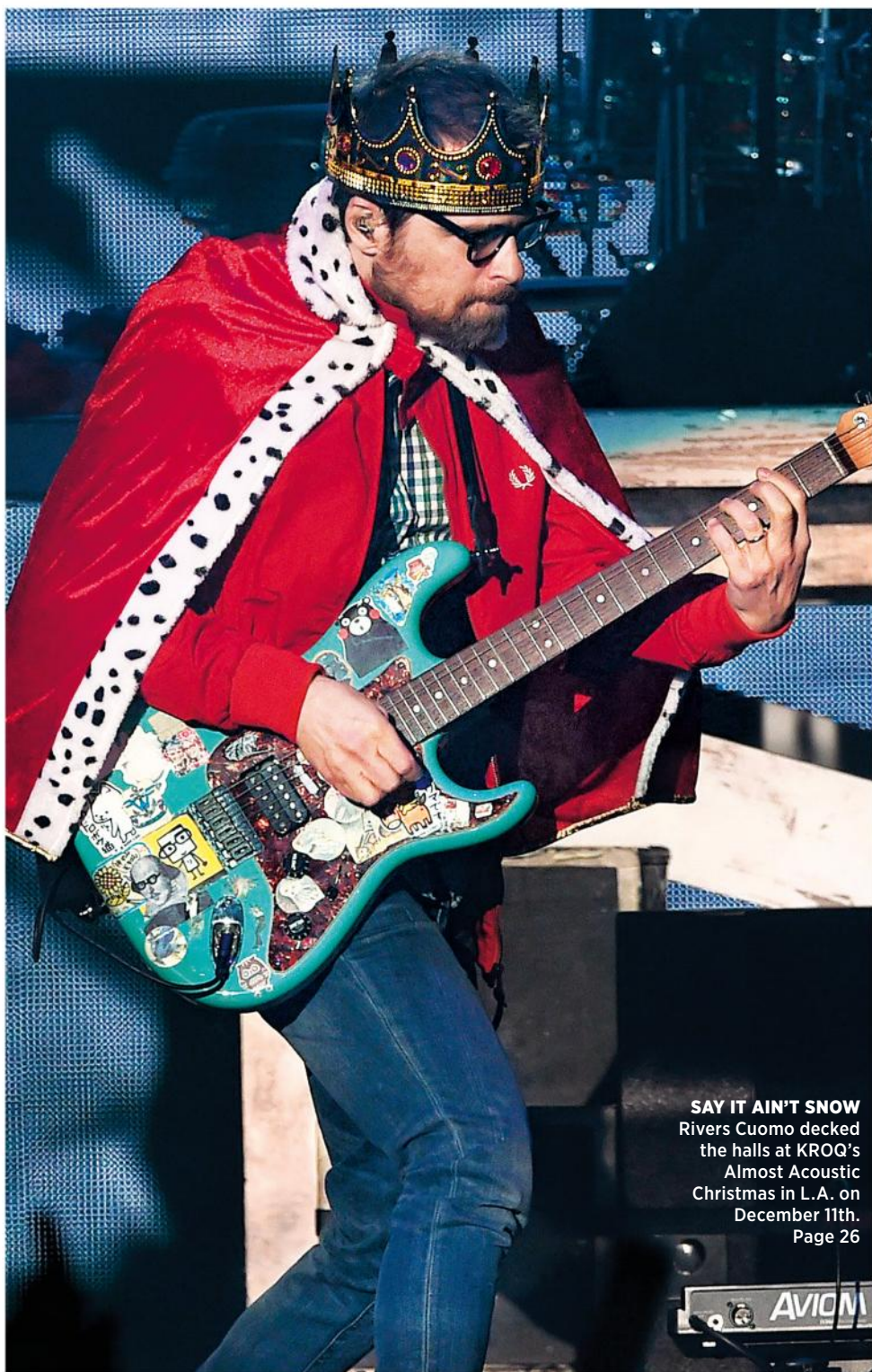
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ON THE COVER Emma Stone photographed in Thousand Oaks, California, on October 31st, 2016, by **Mark Seliger**. Styling by Petra Flannery at Two Management. Hair by Mara Roszak at Starworks Artists. Makeup by Rachel Goodwin at Starworks Artists. Set design by Jesse Nemeth. Dress by the Row. Jewelry by Jennifer Meyer.



SAY IT AIN'T SNOW
Rivers Cuomo decked the halls at KROQ's Almost Acoustic Christmas in L.A. on December 11th.
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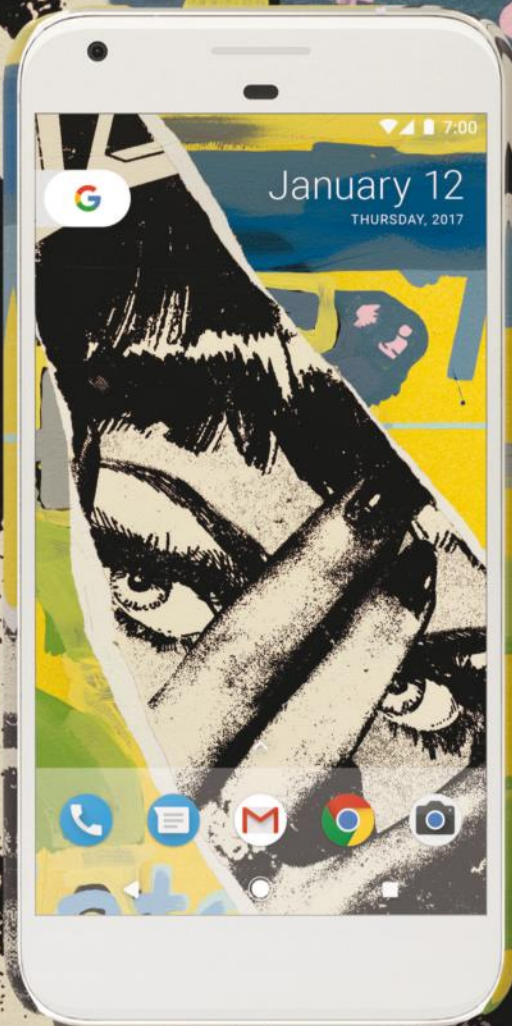


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POLITICS

INAUGURATION DAY 2017

On January 20th, Donald Trump will be sworn in as the 45th president of the United States. Follow our complete coverage of his inauguration, including dispatches from the weekend's celebrations and reports from the frontlines of protests against the new administration.



MUSIC

A VISIT WITH TOMMY STINSON

With the Replacements' reunion over, and having left Guns N' Roses, the legendary bassist talks about reigniting his Nineties band Bash and Pop for a new LP.



CULTURE

THE STORY OF SLENDERMAN

A dive into the new HBO documentary *Beware the Slenderman* - tracing the terrifying meme that shook America - through interviews with the filmmakers and more.



MOVIES

INSIDE LOOK AT SUNDANCE

From hot docs to cringe comedies, we check out the films creating buzz in Park City, Utah - including the sequel to *An Inconvenient Truth* and Cate Blanchett in *Manifesto*.



HEAR US LIVE ON SIRIUSXM!

"Trump has a refreshing viewpoint for the downtrodden," Neil Young told us in a recent interview. "On the other side, I hope he fails miserably." The Rolling Stone Music Now podcast, hosted by Brian Hiatt, features conversations with journalists and musicians and airs live on SiriusXM Fridays at 1 p.m. ET on the new Volume channel before going online.

ALL THIS AND MORE AT ROLLINGSTONE.COM/PODCAST

Young



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Correspondence

Love Letters & Advice



Stones Roll Back

AFTER SO MANY ISSUES CONTAINING tributes to artists we lost in 2016, what a joy to celebrate the end of the year with the Stones ["Back to the Blues," RS 1275] and their tribute to the blues and their heroes.

*Robert Ooms
Canton, MI*

I AM A PASSIONATE FAN OF the Rolling Stones, but I admit the prospect of a tossed-off blues-covers album leaves me a whole lot less than salivating, even if Eric Clapton lends his talents to the project. Surprise me, Mick and Keith, like you always have in the past.

Ron Jennings, via the Internet

ONE THING THAT KEITH Richards has demonstrated over the years is a complete willingness to shoot his mouth off. While this highly intelligent man can be exceedingly charming, candid and insightful, sometimes I just want to tell him to shut up.

Keith Grimes, Chevy Chase, MD

RICHARDS AND JAGGER ARE invaluable beacons, illuminating our hearts and minds. Thank you, Brian Hiatt, for shining their light again. I couldn't be more excited to listen to the new album.

*Brian Siegrist
Tampa, FL*

50th ANNIVERSARY

Celebrating a Milestone

IN 1967, JANN S. WENNER CREATED "ROLLING STONE," a biweekly rock & roll newspaper that was "not just about music but also about the things and attitudes that the music embraces." The magazine has grown up a lot since then, but as we celebrate our 50th anniversary in 2017, we aim to stay true to our mission of covering the music, politics and culture that matter now more than ever. Starting with this issue, we're launching a new section called Flashback, telling the stories behind key events, articles and people in the magazine's history – on page 24, we dig into the making of the first issue, which Wenner pulled together in a loft in San Francisco with \$7,500 borrowed from family and friends. In June, we'll publish a special issue on the 100 greatest concerts of the past 50 years, followed in October with a dive into the magazine's archives of definitive interviews and photography, and in December, a third special issue will look ahead to the musicians, politicians, scientists, activists and cultural leaders shaping our future. Along the way, there will be many other chances to revisit ROLLING STONE's rich history – a large-format book featuring the magazine's iconic photography; a documentary film – plus other surprises we'll be rolling out soon.

America's Big Gun

TIM DICKINSON'S AR-15 ARTICLE ["All-American Killer," RS 1275] notes that the expiration of the Assault Weapons Ban in 2004 led to a "boom" in the rifle's production. It was also a "boom" for mass killing: Since 2004, the rate of casualties in mass shootings involving assault weapons and large-capacity magazines has tripled, and the number of mass shootings has nearly doubled.

Richard Aborn, New York

ONCE AGAIN, DICKINSON gives us terrific reporting on how powerful the gun lobby is. His story tells of the brutality of the AR-15 assault rifle. It is unbelievable how, even after Sandy Hook, Congress refuses to do a damn thing. How sad.

*Gordon Levy
Phoenix, AZ*

Taibbi Trumped

MATT TAIBBI'S FIRST POST-ELECTION article is a rare and refreshing admission of human error in reporting the news ["Trump's Payback," RS 1275]. After a divisive political year, Taibbi's honest and humble admission of the mainstream media's "colossal misread and lapse in professional caution" in covering the controversial Trump movement was an inspired testimony to the fickle nature of political commentary.

Kris Liaugminas, Wheaton, IL

I ALWAYS ENJOY MATT TAIBBI's political insights, but disagree with the assumption that the progressive movement "missed" Trump's populist appeal. As a Bernie Sanders supporter, I had a small soft spot for Trump after the Democratic Party and the media ejected

Sanders from the national stage. Sanders laid out the simple truth and was jettisoned because he didn't kiss the ring of the oligarchy.

*Jim Wickens
Port Townsend, WA*

Wood Goes West

EVAN RACHEL WOOD HAS obviously dealt with her share of controversy over a career that started very young ["The Awakening of Evan Rachel Wood," RS 1275]. But the one constant has been her choices of screen-stealing roles: From *Thirteen* to *Westworld*, she's remained one of the best in the biz.

Simon Holloway, via the Internet

Rock Stands Tall

WHILE THE COUNTRY seemed unaware of the struggle to stop the Dakota Access Pipeline, it was such a pleasure to read Andy Greene's piece on the great musicians throwing their weight behind the effort ["The Battle of Standing Rock," RS 1275]. It looks like the environmentalists might have won this one – at least for now.

Helen Davidson, via the Internet

The Art of Tove Lo

GREAT PROFILE OF AN EXCITING new artist out of Sweden ["Tove Lo's High Life," RS 1275]. For all the pain and drugs she apparently needs in order to create, she strikes me as a genuinely creative songwriter, and I'm glad she's made the transition to performing her own stuff.

Valerie Powell, via the Internet

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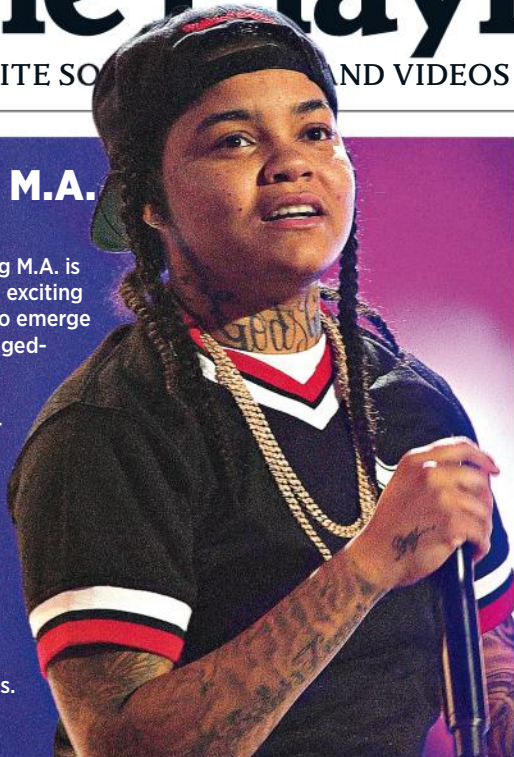
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The Playlist

OUR FAVORITE SONGS AND VIDEOS RIGHT NOW

1. Young M.A. "Eat"

Brooklyn's Young M.A. is among the most exciting hip-hop voices to emerge in years – a thugged-out lesbian who chops through beats like a classic New York rhyme-slayer. On "Eat," she lashes out at rap homophobes and makes "I beat the pussy like Bam Bam" feel like a call to arms.



2. The Jesus and Mary Chain "Amputation"

The noise-rock icons' influence is still all over. Their first LP in 18 years is on the way, and if this dizzy slice of psycho-candy is any indication, it should be worth the wait.

3. Ryan Adams "Do You Still Love Me?"

Adams crushes an over-the-top Eighties power ballad with vocal firepower that recalls Foreigner's Lou Gramm.

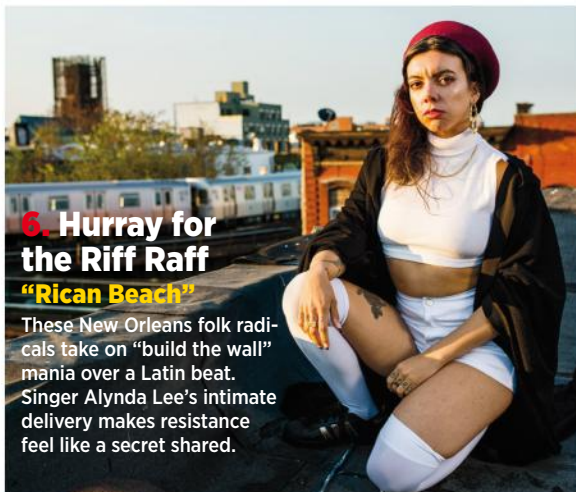
4. At the Drive In "Governed by Contagions"

The first new song since 2000 from these Texas metal-punk firebrands adds a welcome new element to their sound: some Alice Cooper yowling. Let's hope they're back to stay.



6. Hurray for the Riff Raff "Rican Beach"

These New Orleans folk radicals take on "build the wall" mania over a Latin beat. Singer Alynda Lee's intimate delivery makes resistance feel like a secret shared.



5. John Legend and Brittany Howard "Darkness and Light"

R&B smoothie Legend and Alabama Shakes shouter Howard have perfect chemistry on this Southern-soul slow-burner.

R&B smoothie Legend and Alabama Shakes shouter Howard have perfect chemistry on this Southern-soul slow-burner.



7. Zayn and Taylor Swift "I Don't Wanna Live Forever"

Swift drops a hot, moody duet with Zayn, who used to be in One Direction with her ex-boyfriend Harry Styles. Nice subtle burn, Tay.

MY LIST



Taylor Goldsmith

My Five Favorite Songs of 2016

The Dawes frontman is heading on a big U.S. tour this year with his band in support of its new LP, *We're All Gonna Die*.

Cass McCombs "It"

He brought in opera singers for this one. It was a really bold move. He says things like, "It is not wealth to have more than others." He's fearless.

Jim James "Here in Spirit"

He wrote this as a protest song after the Orlando shootings. That's a dicey move in these cynical times, but it's beautiful.

Okkervil River "Frontman in Heaven"

This begins as a waltz, and by the end it's the loudest thing on the LP. You feel like it's flying out of them without them being able to control it.

Leonard Cohen "Leaving the Table"

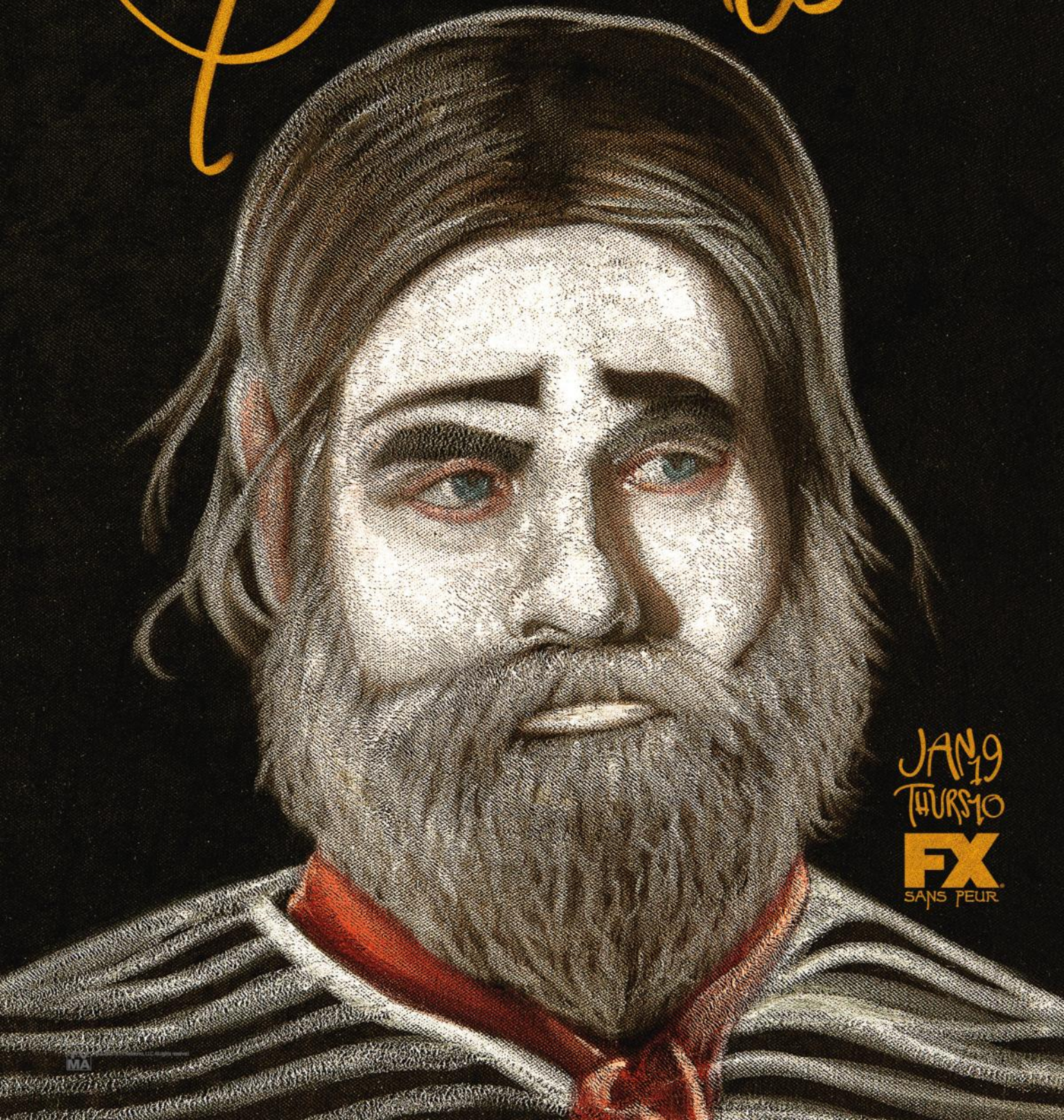
There are lines like "You don't need a lawyer/I'm not making a claim" that are so Leonard Cohen, just as good as ever.

David Bowie "Lazarus"

This song is just insane because it's him staring death in the face. He's the only dude I've ever heard of who was able to make even his own death into an art piece.

Zach
Galifianakis

Baskets



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Rock & Roll

Petty's 'Last Big One'?

Inside the
Heartbreakers'
summer tour – and
why it might be their
final major run

BY ANDY GREENE

IN LATE NOVEMBER, 40 years to the month after their debut album was released, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers got together to jam at their rehearsal space in L.A. "We mainly did cover songs," says keyboardist Benmont Tench. "When we get together, we tend to do a lot of Chicago-style blues songs, but Tom was also making up songs on the spot. We were shaking off the rust."

The rust had built after a three-year hiatus from touring, the band's longest break in 25 years. But the [Cont. on 14]

TORPEDOES
DAMNED Petty
onstage in 2014

STEVE JENNINGS/WIREIMAGE

TOM PETTY

[Cont. from 13] Heartbreakers are making up for lost time in a big way, with a 40th-anniversary tour that begins in April and runs through August. Besides the anniversary, there's another reason the tour could stand out: It might be, Petty says, "the last big one. I'm thinking it may be the last trip around the country. It's very likely we'll keep playing, but will we take on 50 shows in one tour? I don't think so. We're all on the backside of our sixties. I have a granddaughter I'd like to see as much as I can."

The band plans to dig deep into its catalog for the tour. In 2013, the Heartbreakers did a run of theater shows that focused on more obscure songs, rather than the hit-oriented sets of previous tours. "If I was a fan and they didn't play 'American Girl' or 'Free Fallin',' I'd be disappointed," says Petty, 66. "But I want to continue with the vibe we had at the theater shows where we represented plenty of popular songs, but also give the longtime fans some really deep stuff. We can change the show as much as we want from night to night."

While nothing is definite, the band members have ideas of which rarities they'd like to pull out: Petty likes 1978's "You're Gonna Get It" (unplayed live since New Year's Eve 1978) and the mournful "Room at the Top"; Tench wants to play the title track to *Echo* and "Louisiana Rain"; and guitarist

Mike Campbell hopes to break out "Fooled Again," "Luna" and "Hurt," all of which come from their first two albums.

Petty had been planning to release a deluxe version of his 1994 solo LP, *Wildflowers*, in 2017, with a bonus disc of unreleased material, then play it all on a special tour. "The 40th anniversary kind of got in the way," he says. "I looked at the tour they booked and it was all big places. The *Wild-*

**"I've heard Tom say
[no more major tours] for
years," says Campbell.
"It'd be a shame to stop at
the peak of our abilities."**

flowers tour will have to be in smaller places because a lot of it is quiet and acoustic."

Other than drummer Stan Lynch, who left the Heartbreakers in 1994, everyone on the debut record remains in the group. "I don't want to name names, but a lot of bands go out together and just don't like each other," says Tench. "They're making a lot of money and just clocking in. We've never been like that. We have a chemistry and a telepathy that are really rare."

Tom Petty Radio, the singer's SiriusXM channel, has occupied much of Petty's time since the end of the last Heartbreakers tour,

in 2014. Unlike other rockers who have their own Sirius channels, Petty personally oversees his. He even hosts his own show, *Tom Talks to Cool People*, where he's interviewed everyone from Micky Dolenz of the Monkees to Doors drummer John Densmore. "I'm in hog heaven with the radio thing," Petty says. "I want to have the best rock & roll station in the world." Petty has another project he plans to finish before the tour: producing an album for Chris Hillman, who played bass in the Byrds, one of Petty's favorite bands.

Petty's proclamation that this may be the last major tour is likely to generate a lot of attention among fans, but his bandmates are dubious. "I've been hearing him say that for the past 10 years," says Campbell. "It would be a shame to stop playing while we're at the peak of our abilities." Tench feels the same way. "I don't know what's on Tom's mind," he says, "because he certainly hasn't said that to me."

Petty is already thinking about bringing *Wildflowers* on the road after the 40th-anniversary tour winds up. "I started talking about that the other day and got a loud 'Shut up!'" he says. "Every time I bring it up, it hits a wall. But we're done in August. After that, it's not out of the question. I'd get the box set together and take it on the road before the end of the year. At the end of the year, we'll say, 'What do you feel like doing?' Then we'll figure out where to go next." **R**

The Biggest Tours of 2017, From GNR to Bieber

In 2016, stadium tours by Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band, Coldplay, Beyoncé and a reunited Guns N' Roses helped raise worldwide ticket sales 3.1 percent. Next year could be even bigger. "2017 has gotten off to a great start," says David Zedeck, Live Nation's president of global talent. "And we expect it to continue." Here are five big ones already in the works.



Guns N' Roses
JAN. 21-SEPT. 8

Against all odds, GNR's "Not in This Lifetime" reunion tour went smoothly, with no late starts or signs of onstage tension from a band that fought famously. "Every day we do at least an hour soundcheck," guitarist Richard Fortus recently said, "and we'll play through different ideas, put stuff down on tape. It's really organic."



Red Hot Chili Peppers
JAN. 5-SEPT. 24

Coming off a European tour that produced their best ticket sales in more than a decade, the Chili Peppers return January 5th for a sweeping North American run. They've been playing all the hits, plus deeper tracks like "Aeroplane" and a cover of John Lennon's "Watching the Wheels."



Bruno Mars
MARCH 28-NOV. 11

After hitting Number One with *24K Magic*, Mars sold 1 million-plus tickets for his 2017 tour in a single day. More than 100 shows are on the books. "At the end of the day, I want people to hear my music and be like, 'Man, I gotta see this shit live,'" he told ROLLING STONE. "To me, that's what takes it above and beyond radio hits."



Roger Waters
MAY 26-OCT. 28

Waters' last tour featured nothing but songs from *The Wall*, but the Pink Floyd bassist and co-founder has a different plan for his massive "Us + Them" tour, named after the 1973 *Dark Side of the Moon* classic. It'll be mostly Floyd tunes and "the odd thing I've done since then," Waters told ROLLING STONE.



Justin Bieber
FEB. 15-SEPT. 6

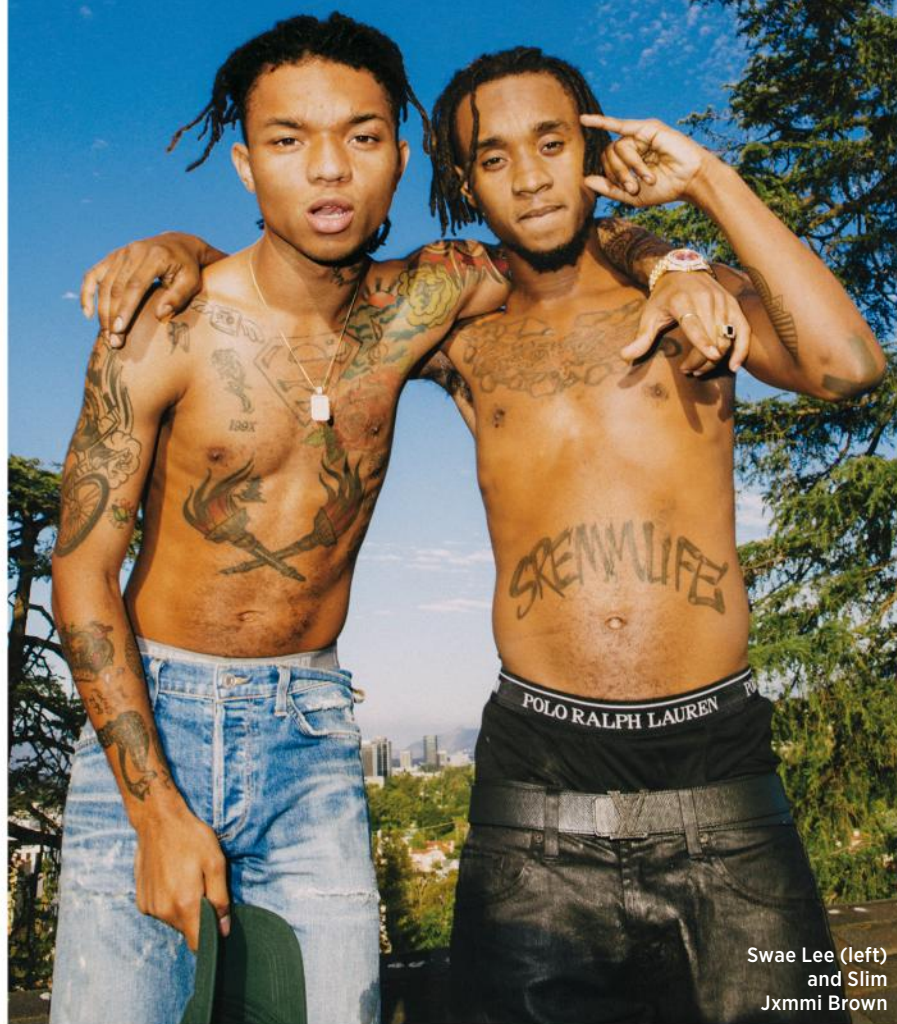
It was everybody else who had a terrible 2016 – Bieber had "Sorry" and "Love Yourself," his biggest-selling album ever, and a tour that grossed nearly \$70 million by midyear, eventually selling 1 million tickets. He graduates from arenas to stadiums on July 29th, beginning at AT&T Stadium in Arlington, Texas.

STEVE KNOPPER

FROM LEFT: JOEY FOLEY/WIREIMAGE; JEFF BOTTARI/ZUFFA LLC/GETTY IMAGES; MICHAEL TRAN/FILMMAGIC; CHRISTOPHER POLK/GETTY IMAGES FOR HEARTMEDIA

Meet the Black Beatles

How Rae Sremmurd accidentally crafted one of the biggest (and weirdest) hits of the year



Swae Lee (left) and Slim Jxmmi Brown

LAST JUNE, RAE SREMMURD HAD ONLY TWO DAYS LEFT TO HAND IN THEIR second album, which the hip-hop duo hoped would build on the success of their exuberant 2015 debut, *SremmLife*. But they needed a hit – the two singles they released early in 2016 failed to catch fire. That’s when their producer Mike Will Made It called a last-minute meeting to play them some new beats. One stuck out: a mellow, mechanical bass stutter that inspired the duo’s main creative force, 23-year-old Swae Lee, to write about “living the rock-star lifestyle.” That night, he hit on a theme: “Black Beatles.” “It was a dope phrase,” says Lee. “I’ve always loved John Lennon’s swag – I like his glasses.” ★ It worked. At press time, “Black Beatles” had been a Number One hit for more than five weeks, while its rowdy video (in which Sremmurd play guitars on a roof, suggesting the Beatles’ ’69 farewell concert) has earned more than 200 million YouTube streams. “I’m not sick of it yet,” says Zane Lowe, who plays the song often on Beats 1. “There’s a hook every five seconds. One of the craziest things about that record is how strange it is. It’s really inclusive, it references old geezers and all sorts of mad reference points. It’s quite psychedelic. It’s a really odd record.”

Since forming in 2013, Sremmurd – brothers Khalif “Swae Lee” and Aaquil “Slim Jxmmi” Brown – have been aiming to make music that’s, as Lee has said, “acceptable, but weird as fuck.” The Brown brothers grew up in Tupelo, Mississippi, before moving out as teenagers and into a duplex, hosting huge parties where they showed off their music. In 2011, they became Dem Outta St8 Boyz, making it as far as a talent competition on BET. Later they moved to Atlanta and caught the attention of Mike Will Made It, who’d recently produced much of Miley Cyrus’ *Bangerz*. He signed them to his label, EarDrummers, which the brothers renamed themselves after (read their name backward). Will produced 2015’s *SremmLife*, whose title doubled as a philosophy: “the good life, the family, safe sex and paychecks,” Lee has said. Will told *ROLLING STONE* at the time, “I look at them like a hood ‘NSync.”

“It’s rare that you get double acts anymore,” says Lowe. “I really liked their chemistry. It was youthful, but had a musical maturity.” While producing “Black Beatles,” Will recruited friend Gucci Mane, who recorded a

“One of the craziest things about the record is how strange it is,” says Zane Lowe. “It’s really odd.”

verse after he was released from prison following a stint on a gun charge. “Gucci said, ‘Man, this shit a banger. I’m gonna hop on it,’” Will has said.

The song took off this past fall after Florida high school students invented a viral phenomenon, the Mannequin Challenge, when they posed, frozen, for a YouTube video. “Black Beatles” would become the challenge’s unofficial soundtrack – even Paul McCartney released a video of himself standing motionless as the song played.

“When you’ve reached a Beatle, it’s the ultimate co-sign,” says Lee. Though Sremmurd don’t claim to be Beatlemaniacs, they had an encouraging meeting with McCartney at Coachella in 2014. “He didn’t even know us, but he was just talking to us,” says Lee. “I guess it was our aura.”

Lee says Sremmurd are already in the studio working on “new bangers”: “We broke into the pop world, out of the hip-hop world. I think all those hits before this built our fans up for this bomb to drop.”

BRITTANY SPANOS

MY STYLE

Gary Clark Jr.'s Juke-Joint Couture

GARY CLARK JR. IS ON A HIGH THE DAY after playing Carnegie Hall, with one regret: "I wanted to re-create Stevie Ray Vaughan's *Live at Carnegie Hall* album cover!" he says in his New York hotel room. Clark has been getting deep into photography on the road, mostly taking photos of his two-year-old son, Zion, "because I'm obsessed." Clark's Fuji camera is one of his many must-have items on tour. He also brings plenty of John Varvatos clothing, prized watches, and a portable studio for use after he and his wife, Nicole Trunfio, put Zion to bed. "I'll make a beat and send it to the band," Clark says, "then I might play a game of NBA 2K." He's looking forward to downtime at his new 50-acre ranch outside his native Austin, where he plans to fill a horse stable and build an "artists' compound." Lately, he's been making music with Leon Bridges and rapper Big K.R.I.T. Says Clark, "2017 is go time."

PATRICK DOYLE



11



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3

■ Bright Lights, Big Style

1. Clark with his trusted 1953 Gibson ES-125, which he calls "Old Faithful." 2. Fuji X100T camera. 3. Ray-Ban sunglasses. 4. Road studio: Akai MPC controller, hard drive and MIDI keyboard. 5. Raw rolling papers. 6. A Clipper lighter that doesn't work: "I'm a hoarder." 7. John Varvatos boots, custom-made for Clark's wedding. 8. Fingerless glove. 9. Cartier watch (left) and Gold Daytona Rolex: "That's the big boy. I've always loved a good timepiece." 10. Custom Worth & Worth hat. 11. Varvatos blazer.



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VanderWaal
in New York:
Before,
I thought all
my songs were
really bad."



A Pop Prodigy on the Edge of 13

Is Grace VanderWaal the next Taylor Swift?

BY BRITTANY SPANOS

TWO YEARS AGO, GRACE VANDERWAAAL was your average small-town child prodigy, learning the ukulele and the sax, writing her own songs, and performing covers of Twenty One Pilots tunes at open-mic nights near her hometown of Suffern, New York. But early last year, her mom entered her in the TV competition show *America's Got Talent* – without telling her first. Grace rolled with it, swept through rounds and won the show. In October, her hometown threw her a parade, where she was presented with the key to the county. On *AGT*, judge Simon Cowell dubbed her “the next Taylor Swift.”

“Hopefully, one day I will be as successful as her,” the 12-year-old says. She’s off to a good start, amassing more than 50 million YouTube views before finishing the seventh grade. Her warbling, old-soul vocal style evokes Regina Spektor and Feist, but VanderWaal’s blond hair and bubbly energy do evoke Swift in her early days.

VanderWaal’s just-released debut EP, *Perfectly Imperfect*, features tender original songs

like “I Don’t Know My Name” and “Beautiful Thing” – both of which she performed on the show – as well as newer tunes. She’s proudest of “Gossip Girl,” about the shock of being suddenly embraced by popular kids in the wake of her insta-fame. “I had a lot of those fake friends,” she says. “You just have to realize it’s happening. You can’t get caught up in the ‘Oh, my God, they want to be my friend finally’ aspect.” That said, her victory has been a major confidence booster: “Before,” she says, “I thought that all of my songs were, like, really bad.”

“I had a lot of those fake friends,” says VanderWaal of sudden fame.

And despite the Swift comparison, she actually wants to model herself on Katy Perry (in a rare moment of unity, both Swift and Perry sent congratulations on her *AGT* win). She admires what she sees as Perry’s artistic integrity. “She’s always stayed the same,” says VanderWaal. “In her movie, she said that she turned down some producers just to be herself – and that could’ve been putting her entire career in jeopardy, but she still did it. I think that’s a good thing to remember.”

VanderWaal is working on her first full-length album. And despite the Swift comparison, she actually wants to model herself on Katy Perry (in a rare moment of unity, both Swift and Perry sent congratulations on her *AGT* win). She admires what she sees as Perry’s artistic integrity. “She’s always stayed the same,” says VanderWaal. “In her movie, she said that she turned down some producers just to be herself – and that could’ve been putting her entire career in jeopardy, but she still did it. I think that’s a good thing to remember.”

A Chicago Storyteller Gets His Chance

How Saba turned tragedy into an excellent debut LP

For the past few years, 22-year-old Chicago rapper Saba has been a fixture on his hometown’s vibrant hip-hop scene – as an artist, a producer and a recording engineer. But while he’s watched peers like Chance the Rapper and Vic Mensa become stars, his own career has been mired in false starts and personal tragedy. “My uncle died,” he says. “I’m trying to get some bread for shows, trying to figure it out. Meanwhile, I’m watching all my friends blow up. I was in the shit.”

This year, Saba’s luck started turning around thanks to a guest spot on Chance the Rapper’s “Angels,” from his hit *Coloring Book* mixtape. Saba just released his own great album, *Bucket List Project*, in which he vividly explores life on Chicago’s West Side, rapping about everyday experiences, including the weird feeling of going to college while you watch your friends go to jail. “It’s an album written in mourning,” he says, “but also a celebration of life.”

Bucket List Project might sound like a fatalist title for a record by an artist who’s only in his early twenties; in fact, it’s also an allusion to the joy he felt when he made enough money from playing shows to buy his first car (even if his current ride is a 2001 Civic). Says Saba, “That’s where *Bucket List* really comes from: ‘I bought a bucket!’”

TIMMHOTEP AKU

WESTWORLD

Saba, who just released his LP *Bucket List Project*



FROM TOP: JANEL SHIRTLIFF; TOM VIN

Neil Young: Restless as Ever

He's pondering an extended break from touring, but from a new LP to the Pipeline protest, he's not slowing down at all

BY BRIAN HIATT

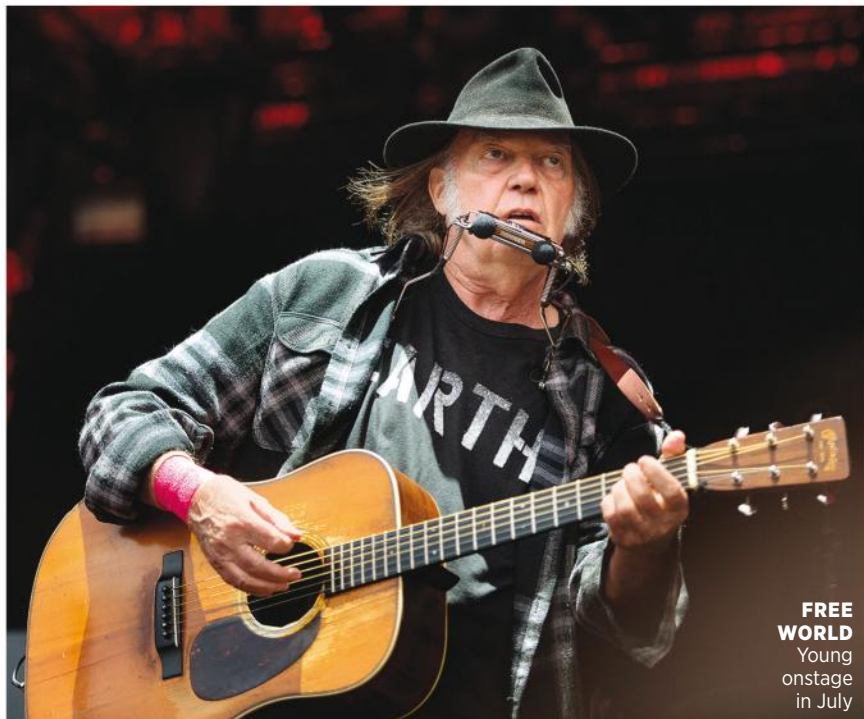
NEIL YOUNG HAS A NEAR-RELIGIOUS faith in the power of spontaneity, from the first-draft, one-take brilliance of his best songs to the jagged path of his career as a whole. His urgent, political, occasionally jarring (there are some heavily Auto-Tuned vocals and computer voices) new album, *Peace Trail*, pushes that ethos to the max. "I would just get up in the morning," says Young, who spent about a week recording the album with veteran drummer Jim Keltner and session bassist Paul Bushnell, "and pick up my guitar, and whatever I did, that was it. I built a song right on that and just wrote about what was on my mind. I've done a lot of records, made a lot of songs, played a lot of guitars, so I just trust myself, you know. I figure if I can't do it by now, why am I even bothering to try?"

The album is full of references to the battle he has joined over the Dakota Access Pipeline – he shouts out Dale "Happy" American Horse Jr., who was arrested for chaining himself to construction equipment – as well as to Young's suspicion of lives lived through phones. "I look at it like, 'What if I just dropped in here from outer space?'" he says. "What would I think? Remember Hula-Hoops? Everybody had a Hula-Hoop. It reminds me of that with phones. Can you imagine that's gonna last a long time? I don't see it."

Off the Road

Young was set to tour early in 2017, but he scrapped those plans and says he may end up taking the year off from the road. "I've got a lot to do without touring," says Young, who's working on a TV show about the cross-country journey of his electric car and writing a new book (this one may be fiction). But primarily, he says, "I'm actually just focusing now on recordings for a while."

Since giving up his ranch in the Santa Cruz Mountains, Young lives in Los Angeles, not far from Rick Rubin's Shangri-La Studios in Malibu, where Young is welcome to pop in whenever. He's already at work ("halfway done!") on his second studio album with his young backing band Promise of the Real. "When the record is finished, we're gonna put it out," he says, dismissing the more



FREE WORLD
Young onstage in July

typical approach of waiting a year or more between albums: "I don't have time to wait that long."

The Future of Pono

Young is hoping to pivot his high-res-music company – which had been focused on its Toblerone-shape player and a download store – toward a streaming service. "We're pushing toward a presence in phones," says Young (though iPhones' internal chips can't currently handle higher-than-CD-quality sound). He's working with a Singapore company on how to "maintain our quality level when we go to streaming."

Crazy Horse and CSNY

Young hasn't toured with Crazy Horse since 2014, but he insists the band "has a huge future," and that bassist Billy Talbot has fully recovered from a 2014 stroke that forced him off the road. "Billy's in great shape, he's fine," says Young, saying that he will work his way back to the band. "Crazy Horse has a cycle. If you look at Crazy Horse's history and when Crazy Horse

played and when they didn't play, you can see that we're still in the pocket."

When he's reminded that Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young have a 50th anniversary coming up, he responds with savage sarcasm: "Oh, yeah, there's a huge anniversary coming up. Huge. It's terrific! I love it!" At the same time, he won't rule out a reunion with CSNY, who last played together in 2013. "Anything is possible," he says.

Donald Trump

"Trump has a refreshing viewpoint for the downtrodden, for the people who have suffered under politics as usual," says Young. "It's up to him to show if he can satisfy all of the hopes that he's created in these people. I wish him absolutely the best with that, and on the other side of the coin, I hope he fails miserably with all of his bad ideas" – Young cites a proposed ban on Muslim immigration as one of them. Trump is also a fan – he's attended Young's concerts, and Young once met with him about possible funding for Pono. "I said, 'Don, let's make music great again,'" Young jokes. "I'm not suing him or anything. I won't sue Don Trump. I won't sue him for taking that." 🐘

To hear the entire interview, check out Rolling Stone Music Now, at rollingstone.com/podcast.

Star Wars' Secret Weapon

From '007' to 'Hannibal,' Mads Mikkelsen might be Hollywood's best villain – but his role in 'Rogue One' is more complex

BY JONAH WEINER

IT'S GETTING DARK OUT, BUT EVEN in the dusk, Yoda's silhouette is unmistakable. Cast in bronze, his ears spread wide as wings, Luke Skywalker's life coach stands atop a burbling fountain within Lucasfilm's sprawling San Francisco campus. In a building behind him, actors from the new *Star Wars* movie, *Rogue One*, navigate the lobby – Riz Ahmed one moment, Felicity Jones the next.

In a lounge a few floors up, their co-star Mads Mikkelsen settles into a big leather armchair, gazing out at the Golden Gate Bridge and noshing on trail mix. Like his fellow actors, Mikkelsen is here to promote *Rogue One*, and he isn't above geeking out about his surroundings. Gorgeous vintage movie posters for classics like *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* hang everywhere. Life-size replicas of Stormtroopers and Darth Vader stand sentinel in the halls. "Isn't this place incredible?" Mikkelsen asks. "I could never bring Nicolas Winding Refn here – he would definitely try and steal something."

Refn – the director of art-house thrillers like *Drive* and *The Neon Demon* – is, like Mikkelsen, a Dane, and the two men began their movie careers together, back in Nineties-era Copenhagen, with a micro-budget gangster flick called *Pusher*, in which Mikkelsen played an unhinged would-be tough called Tonny. As Mikkelsen's current locale illustrates, though, he's come a long way since then. In *Rogue One*, the events of which predate 1977's *Episode IV*, he plays Galen Erso, a brilliant scientist instrumental in creating the planet-obliterating Death Star. "He's a man of the Empire," Mikkelsen says. "And, believe it or not, they have love and families in the Empire as well. He knows there's the possibility of his invention being used in a destructive way, but it doesn't stop him."

The character occupies a thick moral murk, in other words – and thick moral murk is where Mikkelsen feels most comfortable as an actor. American audiences know him best, after all, from his turns playing the ominous terrorist financier Le Chiffre in the 2006 James Bond reboot *Casino Royale* – a character who, thanks to a "derangement of the tear ducts," as he puts it, literally cries blood; the lung-munching, mind-fucking Hannibal Lecter on the



OPPENHEIMER OF THE EMPIRE
Mikkelsen in
Rogue One

"Hannibal Lecter is just wonderful," Mikkelsen says of his best-known TV role. "He's an elaborate person."

fantastic, woefully short-lived NBC gore-fest *Hannibal*; and, most recently, the nefarious Kaecilius, battling Benedict Cumberbatch and doing aerial martial arts in *Doctor Strange*.

The key to portraying extreme villainy, Mikkelsen says, is to muster an empathy for the villain that can be jarring to hear him discuss. For instance: "Hannibal Lecter is just fucking wonderful – he's an elaborate, complex person. He's not evil.

He just loves beautiful things and tries to make everything beautiful." I raise my eyebrows – we're talking about the same guy who murders and eats people, right? "Obviously, seeing beauty on the threshold of death is a little bizarre," Mikkelsen concedes. Then he shrugs. "But that's what he sees. We divide characters into good guys and bad guys, but even when they're the bad guys, we have to find something that we identify with." He adds that not only actors but all of us share an ingrained infatuation with darkness: "We have been fascinated with evil since the dawn. Two minutes after we invented God, we invented Satan." Mikkelsen grins. "We needed him."

Mikkelsen's open-mindedness when it comes to climbing into the heads of, say,

cannibal gourmands makes him particularly adept at exploring extremes of human behavior, and although he has starred in several finely observed, small-bore European dramas – like *The Hunt*, for which Mikkelsen won Best Actor at Cannes by playing a small-town teacher accused of child molestation – he doesn't look down his nose at so-called genre work. “The snobbery in my business is enormous,” he says. “I did not grow up on deep Czechoslovakian dramas or French art films. I watched Bruce Lee. Later on, I saw *Taxi Driver*, and Krzysztof Kieslowski's *Decalogue*, and I was blown away, but I grew up with pop culture. So I would be a hypocrite saying I don't love James Bond, and that I don't love flying kung fu – 'cause I fucking love it.”

He grew up a self-described “comic-book boy” in Copenhagen, the son of a nurse mother and a banker dad. “I was very curious,” he says. “What's around that corner?” It was a very big world, and I was, ‘I gotta hurry to see the whole thing.’” He worked a series of jobs for pocket money, ranging from paperboy to stranger vocations: “I was the delivery boy for a dentist – bringing false teeth to old people in a big wooden box,” Mikkelsen, now 51, recalls. “I broke a few, because I

was always riding on my bike, taking shortcuts down stairways. I was very energetic.”

From the time he was about seven to 17, he also funneled that energy into gymnastics. “I was very good at jumping and spinning and stuff, though not superstrong in the rings and shit. My friends and I would spend a tremendous amount of time just doing stunts – running and throwing ourselves out of high places, daring each other to run and do a flip from a trampoline onto a mattress. Very *Jackass*.”

That led Mikkelsen to a career, in the late Eighties, as a dancer – a path that unfolded both in the ensembles of musicals and in artsier, more rarefied contexts: “When I was 19, I went to New York and studied at Martha Graham's school for four months,” he says. In love with what he calls “the drama of dance,” he decided, at age 26, to enroll in acting school, and he was 30 when Refn cast him in *Pusher*, which was such a hit in Denmark that it birthed two sequels and made Mikkelsen nationally famous.

Mikkelsen says he never consciously plotted to break into Hollywood, and notes that most of the big roles he's played came about after directors saw him in something and approached him with a part. “I came over here and got an agent after *Casino Royale*, and after that I had quite a few

auditions,” Mikkelsen says. “But one day I found myself in an office, trying out for a *Fantastic 4* something, extending my arms like a rubber man, and I was like, ‘This is so embarrassing. I'm standing in a fucking office, reaching for something on the other side of the room, and I have one line. I can't do this anymore.’” He shakes his head at the memory. “Happily, I get phone calls now.”

Mikkelsen lives with his wife and two children in Denmark; in his spare time he watches *The Walking Dead* (“There's nothing cooler than zombies”), reads Michael Connelly detective novels and immerses himself in history – he once binged simultaneously on biographies of Stalin, Hitler and Genghis Khan. Mostly, though, he works, and whether it's a superhero flick or an austere drama, Mikkelsen says, his job is the same: “We've got to go in there and be real – there's a reality you have to respect.” He calls making blockbusters “spectacularly fun. I don't think I would want to fly around on wires eight films in a row, but I love doing it, and I'll do it again. At a certain point, though, you want to go the other way: ‘Please give me *The Hunt* again.’ Something small.” He laughs. “But if I do eight of those films, then I'll go, ‘Please let me fly around with a sword again!’”

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STUDIO NOTES

HONKY-TONK MEN
Auerbach, Eddy and Prine (front, from left) at Easy Eye Sound



Dan Auerbach's Nashville Love Letter

The Black Keys guitarist recruits legendary sidemen for an album saluting Music Row's raw heyday

IT'S NOT OFTEN YOU SEE DAN AUERBACH dancing. Yet he can't help but snap his fingers and shuffle across the checkered floor of his Nashville studio, Easy Eye Sound, as he blasts "Waiting on a Song," a three-chord singalong featuring female backing vocals and a frenetic solo by 78-year-old guitar legend Duane Eddy. Eddy, sitting nearby, says it sounds even better than it did when he recorded it. "That's not how I remember it," he cracks.

Auerbach is holding a listening party for the musicians who played on his first solo album since 2009 (due in the spring). They include bassist Dave Roe (who for 22 years backed Johnny Cash), plus drummer Gene Christman and pianist Bobby Wood, both of whom played on hits by Dusty Springfield and Elvis Presley as part of Memphis' American Sound Studios house band. "I learned so much from these guys," Auerbach says, calling the album "a whole history of everything I love about music."

Auerbach moved to Nashville in 2010, producing acts like Ray LaMontagne and Lana Del Rey at Easy Eye. But as he became familiar with the town's history, he found many of

its veterans still had a lot to offer. Last summer he spent Mondays through Wednesdays co-writing with John Prine (see feature story on page 38) and David "Fergie" Ferguson (who engineered Cash's *American Recordings* releases). Then, from Thursday through Sunday, he'd hit the studio. He emerged with about 60 songs, including "Malibu Man," a tribute to friend Rick Rubin, and "Shine on Me," featuring rhythm guitar from Mark Knopfler. Though Knopfler sent in his track from England, the rest of the LP was done live: "These guys tell me they're genuinely thrilled to be here because we're making records like they used to," says Auerbach.

The process re-energized Auerbach after years of heavy touring with the Black Keys. The Keys are still on break. "It's hard to turn away money, but you have to recharge," he says. But he doesn't hesitate when asked if he'll tour his new record: "How can you not?" he says with a smile. **JOSEPH HUDAK**

AFTER COUNTRY LP, SHERYL CROW PLOTS POP RETURN

Sheryl Crow moved to Nashville in 2012 and released a country album, *Feels Like Home*. But it didn't take Crow long to realize the genre isn't for her: "Country music is commerce at its most fully realized," she says. "I want an experience completely detached from that." For *Be Myself*, out in April, Crow reunited with 1990s collaborators like Jeff Trott, who co-wrote hits including "If It Makes You Happy." She cut 17 songs in three weeks: "I wanted the feeling I had when I first made records – like a kid just playing with my friends." **ANDY GREENE**



REZNOR PLANS NINE INCH NAILS REBOOT, FILM WORK

Since finishing Nine Inch Nails' 2014 tour, Trent Reznor has been working on several projects, including scoring *Patriots Day*, Peter Berg's film about the Boston Marathon bombings (out January 13th). Reznor and Atticus Ross wrote an hour-plus of music after watching FBI footage of the attack. "We wanted to [avoid] the lazy Hollywood soundtrack trope," says Reznor, who is also working on Nine Inch Nails music: "I don't wanna spoil it. We live in overstimulated times. If I'm interested in a film, I prefer not to watch the trailer." **KORY GROW**



CHARLI XCX TURNS UP THE BASS ON DANCE-POP LP

"It's a champagne shower of badass pop," Charli XCX says of the follow-up to *Sucker*, her 2014 breakthrough with the Top 10 pop hit "Boom Clap." The 24-year-old says she's taking cues from the dark dance pop of Britney Spears' *Blackout* for her next LP, due in May, a sound she started dabbling with on last February's *Vroom Vroom* EP: "I never made an album I'd want to hear at a club. I wanted to make an album that I could get fucked up to." **BRITTANY SPANOS**



AFTER SCORING HIS FIRST-ever Number One song with his last album, John Legend was confident enough to take a huge risk on his new one, *Darkness and Light*: He sought out indie-leaning producer-guitarist Blake Mills, whom he admired for his work with Alabama Shakes. Mills is more of a critics' fave than a hitmaker, so "there was skepticism from the label," says Legend, who brought in an eclectic crew of guest vocalists (Shakes lead singer Brittany Howard, Chance the Rapper, Miguel), backing musicians (Kamasi Washington, Pino Palladino) and unlikely song-writing partners (Will Oldham, a.k.a. Bonnie "Prince" Billy; Tobias Jesso Jr.). "People in the industry get bound by genre more than artists," says Legend, who also plays a bandleader in the film *La La Land* and exec-produces the Underground Railroad TV drama *Underground*. "A song is a song."

In *La La Land*, your character asks, "How are you gonna be a revolutionary if you're such a traditionalist?" Is that something you've ever asked yourself?

Some of us lean more heavily on the past than others. I've always been a bit of an old soul and always loved old soul *music*, and there's always been that push and pull of "how much do you honor the gospel and the soul you grew up listening to, and then how much do you try to do something that's completely new?" On this album there's some serious soul and gospel overtones, but there's more modern-sounding tracks as well.

The opening line of this record is "They say sing what you know/But I've sung what they want."

We talked back and forth about that line, because I didn't write it! Part of me disagreed with it because I was like, "I don't feel like I've been some kind of sellout before, or that I was doing music I didn't believe in." But this album does more fully encompass my personae.

You were outspoken in your opposition to Trump. What are your thoughts in the wake of his victory?

It's a bit of a challenge 'cause we don't know who he is all the time. He's been consistent about being a racist and about a couple of other things, but he's also been wildly inconsistent and lied a lot. So we truly don't know how he's gonna govern. We haven't seen anyone like him before. It's a very kind of different world now, knowing that someone's going to possibly dismantle a lot of what Obama accomplished. I don't know where we're going to go.

Q&A



John Legend

The singer-songwriter on his new album, the benefits of celebrity, his friend Kanye, and how artists should respond to Trump

BY BRIAN HIATT

To war, maybe?

Possibly. He's truly reckless, so who knows.

On *The Hamilton Mixtape*, you sing one of George Washington's songs, "History Has Its Eyes on You." How did you end up with that one?

[Lin-Manuel Miranda] asked me to do that one, and if you read the casting notice when they originally cast George Washington, they said they wanted a John Legend type for it [laughs]. So I think he already saw that was the right song for me. But I decided I wanted to change the melody, change the chord progression, and make it feel like I wanted it to feel. I did kind of like a gospel version – and I sent it off and didn't even hear back from them! They didn't really say if they liked it. But they sent me a mix to approve and put it on their album, so they must have liked it enough.

Kanye West is a longtime friend and collaborator of yours. What do you make of his hospitalization?

This is a very difficult life and a difficult business. I don't want to try to play pop psychologist, so I'm not gonna try to analyze what's happening with him. I just want him to do whatever he needs to do to feel better and to feel like he's ready to go again, because music needs him. The world needs him. I think he's such an important talent. We need him at full strength.

How do you balance everything you do – acting, producing, music, fatherhood?

You start with knowing what's most important to you. My family is most important and then second is music. My music career is the reason I have the power to do everything else. There's a lot of power in celebrity. I obviously use it to sell my own projects and produce TV, and, you know, I use it to get reservations at restaurants too [laughs]. But you try to use it for something that'll benefit the world too.

What do you think the role of artists, specifically, needs to be in the Trump era?

Paul Robeson said that artists are the gatekeepers of truth. And Nina Simone said we're supposed to reflect the times. So we have to be ready to tell the truth and reflect what's going on. We've gone through some really dark periods in this country. You can't trivialize them, because they cost people their lives, but we have made progress since those times, and even when we go backward, there's definitely an opportunity for us to go forward again. We just have to be vigilant and get through this, and then hopefully it'll be over soon.

Making the First Issue

In 1967, Jann Wenner and a small group of rock & roll believers came together in a San Francisco loft with big ideas and little funding. Inside the birth of 'Rolling Stone'

IN EARLY 1967, A young law-firm employee named Angie Kucherenko came home to her apartment in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury neighborhood and found her roommate's boyfriend, a 21-year-old Berkeley dropout named Jann Wenner, sprawled on the couch and strumming an acoustic guitar. He had a big idea he couldn't wait to share. "He sat up, put the guitar aside and said, 'I want to start a rock & roll magazine,'" Kucherenko remembers. "I said, 'Rock & roll? Isn't that a passing phase?'"

Not to Wenner. For him, the Beatles, Bob Dylan, the Rolling Stones and local bands like the Grateful Dead were hugely important cultural figures who deserved an outlet that took them seriously. "There was nothing called rock journalism as a profession," Wenner says. "If you picked up *Billboard*, you might get a sense of the music business, but you wouldn't keep it as part of your regular diet if you were interested in rock & roll."

A well-established local newspaper columnist happened to share Wenner's passion: Ralph J. Gleason of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. The pipe-smoking 48-year-old had been writing about jazz for decades, but he'd begun devoting space to artists like Dylan and the Dead. In October 1965, Wenner was taking in a concert at San Francisco's Fisherman's Wharf, put on by local promoters the Family Dog, when he approached Gleason. "He said, 'I know who you are,'" says Wenner. "He'd been reading what I was writing in [Berkeley's student newspaper] *The Daily Cal*. We really hit it off, and I became a regular visitor to his house. His whole family took me in."

Despite the nearly 30-year age gap, Gleason and Wenner grew close. "Unlike every other jazz critic, he had this great sense



of humor," says Wenner. "He was the original pothead. He loved Lenny Bruce and politics. He had an open mind and an open ear. He revered the rock poets, but he always had perspective, which was the name of his column: 'Perspectives.' I'd be like, 'Jerry Garcia is the greatest guitarist in the world!' He'd say, 'But, Jann, have you heard of Wes Montgomery?'"

By early 1967, San Francisco had become the hot center of the counterculture. At the Human Be-In on January 14th, tens of thousands descended on Golden Gate Park to drop acid and dance to the Dead, Jefferson Airplane, and Big Brother and the Holding Company. "Bands were flooding the area," says Kucherenko. "Jann was very, very enthusiastic. None of us could put our fingers on it, but there was a pulsing energy."

Wenner began envisioning a magazine to chronicle the rapidly growing rock scene, and he enlisted Gleason as his partner. The pair tossed around names like the Electric Typewriter and New Times before settling

on *ROLLING STONE*. The inspiration came from an essay Gleason wrote in *The American Scholar* titled "Like a Rolling Stone," after the Dylan song. His subject: the significance of rock and the wisdom of youth.

Despite having a great title, a smart concept and a partner with a huge Rolodex, Wenner didn't have a cent to get his magazine off the ground. "When he approached me about being the staff photographer, I said, 'That sounds like fun, tell me more,'" recalls Baron Wolman. "He said, 'Well, first of all, do you have \$10,000 you'd like to invest?'" Wolman did not. But he came up with an idea that he'd work in exchange for stock in the company and the rights to his photographs, a deal that paid dividends in the years and decades to come.

Wenner put together a small group of investors, including the parents of his soon-to-be wife, Jane Schindelheim; his own parents; Gleason; and Joan Roos, a college buddy (who happened to be a first cousin of a young actor named Robert De Niro). Together they gave Wenner \$7,500. He and his staff moved into a loft at 746 Brannan Street that would give them free loft space if they used the owner's printing services. It was time to start work on the first issue.

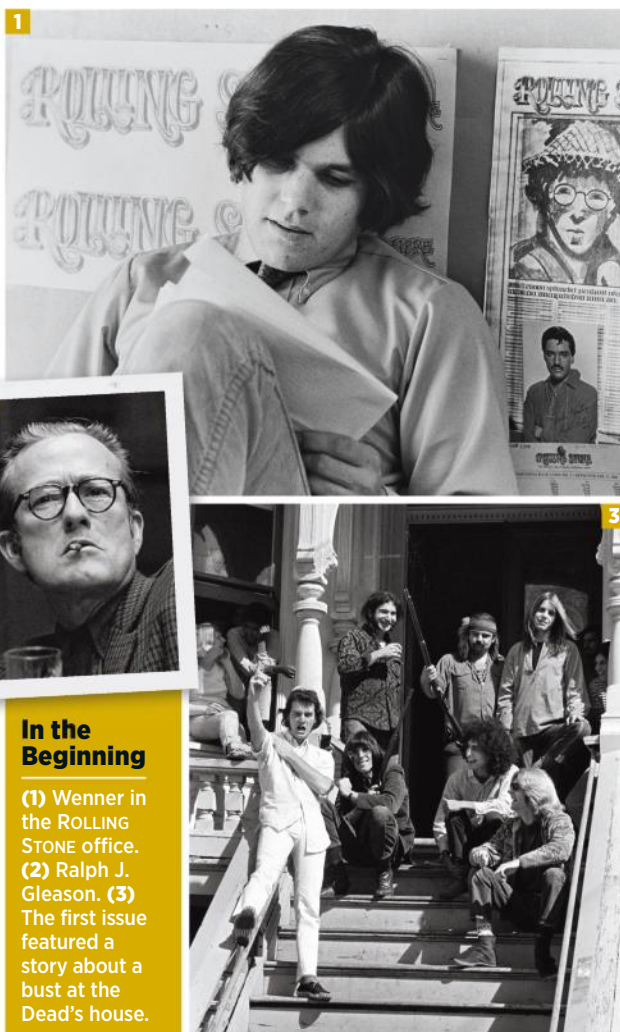
In September 1967, Wenner walked up the wooden stairs of the printing press into a loft with a tiny staff of mostly volunteers that included Kucherenko, Schindelheim, art director John Williams and Michael Lydon, a former *Newsweek* and *Esquire* writer. "It was dusty, and there was hardly anything up there at all," says Lydon. "I had a feeling that this was a tabula rasa, a clean slate. This wasn't a bunch of kids that started a newspaper. It was Jann Wenner getting the people around him to realize his dream."

"I remember walking in there with Jann early on," says Kucherenko. "There was a wood floor and beams of light coming in through the arched windows. Everybody helped move in furniture. We found old couches, and everybody trucked in whatever they could. It was like how any other startup would begin now without any venture capitalists."

Wenner had broad ambitions for his new magazine. One of the first assignments he gave Lydon – which wound up becoming the main story on page one – concerned money missing from the Monterey Pop Festival. "Jann didn't want a fanzine," says Lydon. "He wanted investigative reportage." Many articles – including pieces on David Crosby getting fired from the Byrds and the Dead's big drug bust – didn't have bylines. "We didn't put our names on everything," says Lydon, "because that would have showed how few people were working for the paper."

Newsstands were flooded with alternative newspapers at the time, but they were largely slipshod affairs that disappeared after a few issues. "Jann kept saying what we're doing and what they're doing are two different things," says Wolman. "Ours is totally professional. I want it to have integrity of the highest caliber. We are serious and we take ourselves seriously."

In his inaugural *ROLLING STONE* "Perspectives" column, Gleason lambasted the TV networks for not devoting more airtime to soul singers like Wilson Pickett, Otis Redding and Jackie Wilson. "They are black," he wrote. "And in America in the echelons of power, which control these things, color is a handi-



In the Beginning

(1) Wenner in the *ROLLING STONE* office. (2) Ralph J. Gleason. (3) The first issue featured a story about a bust at the Dead's house.

cap." Twenty-year-old Boston writer Jon Landau submitted a long review that compared Jimi Hendrix's *Are You Experienced* with Cream's debut, *Fresh Cream* ("Despite Jimi's musical brilliance and the group's total precision, the poor quality of the songs and the inanity of the lyrics too often get in the way"). At the center was a two-page *ROLLING STONE* interview with Donovan in which he talked about folk singer Bert Jansch, the hippie movement, and George Harrison's recent trip to Haight-Ashbury. "As kind of amateurish as it was," says Wenner, "the fundamental bones of the magazines were there."

Nearly 50 years later, everyone involved in the first issue can recall Wenner's boundless energy. "He was always pacing across the floor," says Kucherenko. "He was so wired that he could be talking on the phone, talking to somebody else and greeting somebody else all at the same time. It was extraordinary to see. He would bounce up and over desks and chairs to talk to someone and then bounce back over something else, like a ball colliding around that loft."

To find a cover image, Wenner sorted through a pile of publicity stills until he came

across John Lennon posing in his World War II serviceman outfit for Richard Lester's film *How I Won the War*. "It was two days before press and we didn't know what to put on the front page," Wenner says. "It was the best thing we had. But it's defining, since it encompasses music, movies and politics. That was a fortuitous accident. But it began our lifelong association with John."

On page two, Wenner wrote a letter to his new readers: "You're probably wondering what we are trying to do. It's hard to say: sort of a magazine and sort of a newspaper. The trade papers have become so inaccurate and irrelevant, and the fan magazines are an anachronism. *ROLLING STONE* is not just about music, but also about the things and attitudes that the music embraces. We've been working quite hard on it and we hope you can dig it. To describe it any further would be difficult without sounding like bullshit, and bullshit is like gathering moss."

In October '67, it was ready for print, and the staff went downstairs to see it roll off the line. "The machine started to go *ka-bunk, ka-bunk, ka-bunk*," says Lydon. "With each *ka-bunk*, there was a *ROLLING STONE*, still wet. We popped champagne and toasted."

But as Wenner watched his dream finally become a reality, he couldn't help but feel a little overwhelmed: "I remember thinking, 'Jeez, we'll never be able to top this. Where do we go from here?'"

ANDY GREENE

RandomNotes



Beck's Dance Party

Beck played an upbeat set of his hits at KROQ's Almost Acoustic Christmas in L.A. Onstage, he marveled at the other bands on the bill, including Weezer and Green Day, who, like Beck, released breakthrough albums in 1994. "It's some kind of cosmic convergence for us all to be together again," he said.

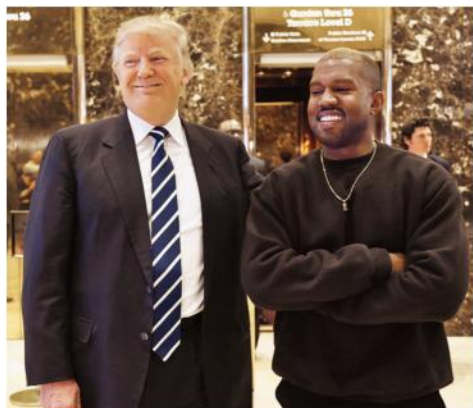


Green Day's set kicked off with "American Idiot." "2017 is gonna kick 2016's ass," Billie Joe Armstrong said.



Lorde's New York Groove

Carly Rae Jepsen, Lorde and Charli XCX hung out at a benefit for homeless LGBTQ youth. Lorde, who hasn't toured in more than two years, performed Robyn's "Hang With Me." "See you soon," Lorde said later.



ULTRA-RIGHT BEAM Kanye West made a surprising stop at Trump Tower in New York to meet the president-elect. West says they discussed bullying, violence in Chicago and more. "I feel it is important to have a direct line of communication with our future president if we truly want change," West explained.



HARD-ROCK LIFE Chris Rock took in a Lakers game in L.A. with Jay Z, whom he's called the greatest rapper of all time. Rock embarks on his first stand-up tour in nine years, called Total Blackout, in February.



ROLLING IN THE GIFTS

Adele picked up some kids' toys on Santa Monica's Third Street Promenade ahead of the holidays.

Siamese Team

Cyndi Lauper and Billy Corgan played an unlikely cover of the Crystals' "There's No Other (Like My Baby)" in New York. "I've been a fan for years," says Lauper. "He's such a good guy!"



BIEB ON THE RUN Justin Bieber went for a run in L.A., where he joked with paparazzi, until one photographer asked him if he thinks Kanye might play Trump's inauguration. "Can you try not to antagonize me?" Bieber said.



BECAUSE THE STIPE

Michael Stipe and Patti Smith teamed up for "People Have the Power" at *Democracy Now!*'s 20th-anniversary show in New York. Stipe's highlight of the night: "Watching Noam Chomsky and Harry Belafonte discuss current affairs."



WHEN HARRY MET RI-RI

Prince Harry met Rihanna at an event celebrating Barbados' 50th year of independence. "You should be proud of the country that your parents and grandparents have built," he said.



WEEZY KNOWS BEST

Lil Wayne helped celebrate daughter Reginae's 18th birthday with a *Fresh Prince*-themed party in Atlanta - and gifted her \$20,000 cash.



ROYAL FLUSH

In London, Lady Gaga met Prince Charles and Camilla Parker Bowles, who admitted that her grandkids call Bowles "Gaga."



WILL WE MISS OUR LAST CHANCE?

An interview with the world's leading climate scientist, James Hansen: 'We have not hit the disastrous level, which would knock down global economies and leave us with an ungovernable planet. But we are close'

★ By Jeff Goodell ★

IN THE LATE 1980S, JAMES HANSEN became the first scientist to offer unassailable evidence that burning fossil fuels is heating up the planet. In the decades since, as the world has warmed, the ice has melted and the wildfires have spread, he has published papers on everything from the risks of rapid sea-level rise to the role of soot in global temperature changes – all of it highlighting, methodically and verifiably, that our fossil-fueled civilization is a suicide machine. And unlike some scientists, Hansen was never content to hide in his office at NASA, where he was head of the Goddard Institute for Space Studies in New York for nearly 35 years. He has testified before Congress, marched in rallies and participated in protests against the Keystone XL Pipeline and Big Coal (he went so far as to call coal trains “death trains”). When I ran into him at an anti-coal rally in Washington, D.C., in 2009, he was wearing a trenchcoat and a floppy boater hat. I asked him, “Are you ready to get arrested?” He looked a bit uneasy, but then smiled and said, “If that’s what it takes.”

The enormity of Hansen’s insights, and the need to take immediate action, have never been clearer. In November, temperatures in the Arctic, where ice coverage is already at historic lows, hit 36 degrees above average – a spike that freaked out even the most jaded climate scientists. At the same time, alarming new evidence suggests the giant ice sheets of West Antarctica are growing increasingly unstable, elevating the risk of rapid sea-level rise that could have catastrophic consequences for cities around the world. Not to mention that in September, average measurements of car-

bon dioxide in the atmosphere hit a record 400 parts per million. And of course, at precisely this crucial moment – a moment when the leaders of the world’s biggest economies had just signed a new treaty to cut carbon pollution in the coming decades – the second-largest emitter of greenhouse gases on the planet elected a president who thinks climate change is a hoax cooked up by the Chinese.

Hansen, 75, retired from NASA in 2013, but he remains as active and outspoken as ever. To avoid the worst impacts of climate change, he argues, sweeping changes in energy and politics are needed, including investments in new nuclear technology, a carbon tax on fossil fuels, and perhaps a new political party that is free of corporate interests.

He is also deeply involved in a lawsuit against the federal government, brought by 21 kids under the age of 21 (including Hansen’s granddaughter), which argues that politicians knowingly allowed big polluters to wreck the Earth’s atmosphere and imperil the future well-being of young people in America. A few weeks ago, a federal district judge in Oregon delivered an opinion that found a stable climate is indeed a fundamental right, clearing the way for the case to go to trial in 2017. Hansen, who believes that the American political system is too corrupt to deal with climate change through traditional legislation, was hopeful. “It could be as important for climate as the Civil Rights Act was for discrimination,” he told me.

Last fall, I visited Hansen at his old stone farmhouse in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. It sits on 10 acres, with a tennis court and a row of carefully trimmed apple trees lining the walk to the front door. We

talked in his office, a big room connected to a stone barn outfitted with solar panels. He had the cool, cerebral manner of a man whose mind is always processing complex algorithms. But at times he seemed downright cranky, as if he were losing patience with the world’s collective failure to deal with the looming catastrophe that he has articulated for the past 30 years. “It’s getting really more and more urgent,” Hansen told me. “Our Founding Fathers believed you need a revolution every now and then to shake things up – we have certainly reached that time.”

You’ve arguably done more than anyone to raise awareness of the risks of climate change – what does Trump’s election say about the progress of the climate fight?

Well, this is not a whole lot different than it was during the second Bush administration, where we had basically two oil men running the country. And President Bush largely delegated the energy and climate issue to Vice President Cheney, who was particularly in favor of expanding by hundreds the number of coal-fired power plants. Over the course of that administration, the reaction to their proposals was so strong, and from so many different angles – even the vice president’s own energy and climate task force – that the direction did not go as badly as it could have.

In fact, if you make a graph of emissions, including a graph of how the GDP has changed, there’s really not much difference between Democratic and Republican administrations. The curve has stayed the same, and now under Obama it has started down modestly. In fact, if we can put pressure on this government via the courts and otherwise, it’s plausible that Trump would



TOO BIG TO FAIL

"The energy system and the tax system have got to be simplified in a way that everybody understands and doesn't allow the wealthy few to completely rig the system," says Hansen.

be receptive to a rising carbon fee or carbon tax. In some ways it's more plausible under a conservative government [when Republicans might be less intent on obstructing legislation] than under a liberal government.

Trump's Cabinet nominees are virtually all climate deniers, including the new head of the Environmental Protection Agency, Scott Pruitt. Are Trump's appointments a sign that climate denialism has gone mainstream?

Climate denialism never died. My climate program at NASA was zeroed out in 1981 when the administration appointed a hatchet man to manage the program at Department of Energy. Denialism was still very strong in 2005-2006 when the White House ordered NASA to curtail my speaking. When I objected to this censorship, using the first line of the NASA Mission Statement ["to understand and protect our home planet"], the NASA administrator, who was an adamant cli-

mate denier, eliminated that line from the NASA Mission Statement. Denialism is no more mainstream today than it was in those years.

How much damage can a guy like Pruitt do to our chances of solving the climate crisis?

The EPA is not the issue. They have been attacked several times by an incoming administration since I got into this business – but they always survive without much damage. EPA cannot solve the climate problem, which is a political issue.

If President-elect Trump called you and asked for advice on climate policy, what would you tell him?

What we need is a policy that honestly addresses the fundamentals. We must make the price of fossil fuels honest by including a carbon fee – that is, a straightforward tax on fossil fuels when they come out of the ground, and which is returned directly to people as a kind of yearly dividend or payment. Perhaps someone will explain

to President-elect Trump that a carbon fee brings back jobs to the U.S. much more effectively than jawboning manufacturers – it will also drive the U.S. to become a leader in clean-energy technology, which also helps our exports. The rest of the world believes in climate change, even if the Trump administration doesn't.

You know, he said exactly what was necessary to get the support of the people that he needed to win the election. But that doesn't mean he necessarily will adopt the implied policies. So he wants to save the jobs of coal miners and fossil-fuel workers and make the U.S. energy-independent, but he also wants to invest in infrastructure, which will make the U.S. economically strong in the long run, and you can easily prove that investing in coal and tar-sands pipelines is exactly the wrong thing to do.

I would also tell him to think of what the energy sources of the future are going to be and to consider nuclear power. China

and India, most of their energy is coming from coal-burning. And you're not going to replace that with solar panels. As you can see from the panels on my barn, I'm all for solar power. Here on the farm, we generate more energy than we use. Because we have a lot of solar panels. It cost me \$75,000. That's good, but it's not enough. The world needs energy. We've got to develop a new generation of nuclear-power plants, which use thorium-fueled molten salt reactors [an alternative nuclear technology] that fundamentally cannot have a meltdown. These types of reactors also reduce nuclear waste to a very small fraction of what it is now. If we don't think about nuclear power, then we will leave a more dangerous world for young people.

If the Trump administration pushes fos-

easily reverse the trend away from coal on the time scale of four years.

How would you judge President Obama's legacy on climate change?

I would give him a D. You know, he's saying the right words, but he had a golden opportunity. When he had control of both houses of Congress and a 70 percent approval rating, he could have done something strong on climate in the first term – but he would have had to be a different personality than he is. He would have to have taken the FDR approach of explaining things to the American public with his “fireside chats,” and he would have had to work with Congress, which he didn't do.

You know, the liberal approach of subsidizing solar panels and windmills gets you a few percent of the energy, but it doesn't

you would need to suck 170 gigatons of CO₂ out of the atmosphere, which is more than you could get from reforestation and improved agricultural practices. So either you have to suck CO₂ out of the air with some method that is more effective than the quasi-natural improved forestry and agricultural practices, or you leave the planet out of balance, which increases the threat that some things will go unstable, like ice sheets.

You've described the impacts of climate change as “young people's burden.” What do you mean by that?

Well, we know from the Earth's history that the climate system's response to today's CO₂ levels will include changes that are really unacceptable. Several meters of sea-level rise would mean most coastal

“YOUNG PEOPLE WILL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET CARBON DIOXIDE OUT OF THE ATMOSPHERE, OR FIGURE OUT HOW TO LIVE ON A RADICALLY DIFFERENT PLANET.”

sil fuels for the next four years, what are the climate implications?

Well, it has enormous implications, especially if it results in the building of infrastructure like the Keystone Pipeline, which then opens up more unconventional fossil fuels, which are particularly heavy in their carbon footprint because of the energy that it takes to get them out of the ground and process them. But I don't think that could happen quickly, and there's going to be tremendous resistance by environmentalists, both on the ground and through the courts. Also, the fossil-fuel industry has made a huge investment in fracking over the past 20 years or so, and they now have created enough of a bubble in gas that it really makes no economic sense to reopen coal-fired power plants when gas is so much cheaper. So I don't think Trump can

phase you off fossil fuels, and it never will. No matter how much you subsidize them, intermittent renewables are not sufficient to replace fossil fuels. So he did a few things that were useful, but it's not the fundamental approach that's needed.

Climate change hardly came up during the election, except when Al Gore campaigned with Hillary Clinton. Do you think Gore has been an effective climate advocate?

I'm sorely distressed by his most recent TED talk [which was optimistic in outlook], where Gore made it sound like we solved the climate problem. Bullshit. We are at the point now where if you want to stabilize the Earth's energy balance, which is nominally what you would need to do to stabilize climate, you would need to reduce emissions several percent a year, and

cities – including Miami and Norfolk and Boston – would be dysfunctional, even if parts of them were still sticking out of the water. It's just an issue of how long that would take.

Right now, the Earth's temperature is already well into the range that existed during the Eemian period, 120,000 years ago, which was the last time the Earth was warmer than it is now. And that was a time when sea level was 20 to 30 feet higher than it is now. So that's what we could expect if we just leave things the way they are. And we've got more warming in the pipeline, so we're going to the top of and even outside of the Eemian range if we don't do something. And that something is that we have to move to clean energy as quickly as possible. If we burn all the fossil fuels, then we will melt all the ice on the

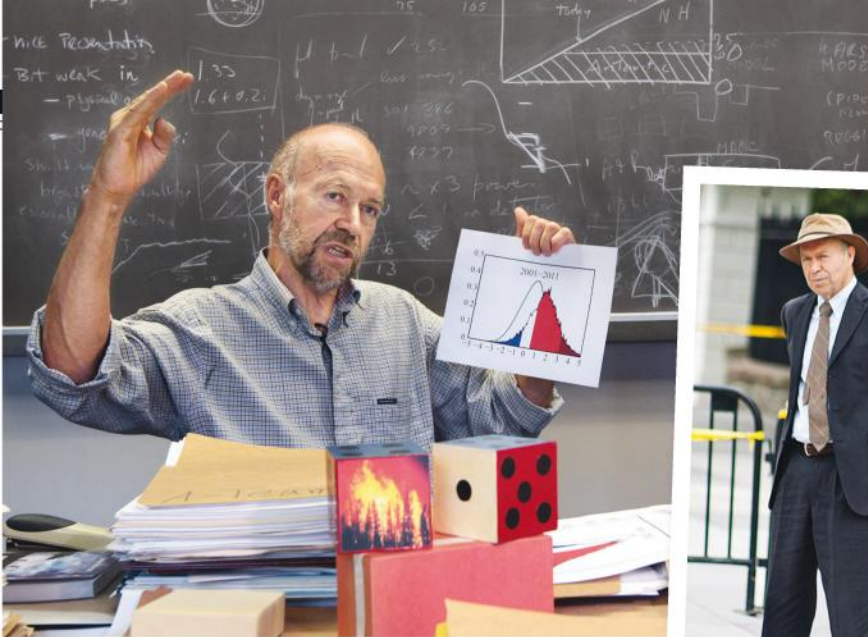
FROM LEFT: CHRIS WALTER/WIREIMAGE; RICHARD E. AARON/REDPENS; WILLIAM VOLCOV/BRAZIL PHOTO PRESS/LATINCONTENT/GETTY IMAGES; SIG SAUER; ANAT NIKOLSKY/SHUTTERSTOCK; ALEXEY NIKOLSKY/RIA NOVOSTI/AP IMAGES; DIGITALLY ALTERED BY “ROLLING STONE”; ALEPO MEDIA CENTER/AP IMAGES; JORDAN JONES/FACEBOOK

2016 THREAT ASSESSMENT GOODBYE TO A TERRIBLE YEAR



FROM BAD

- JANUARY**
RIP **Bowie**
- APRIL**
Prince died. (And Haggard and Ali and Cohen)
- JUNE**
Oral sex can spread **Zika**.
- JUNE**
Orlando nightclub massacre
- JULY**
GOP platform called **coal** “clean” energy.
- JULY**
Russia hacks U.S. elections.
- AUGUST**
Slaughter in **Aleppo**
- AUGUST**
Clown Lives Matter



THE FINAL FIGHT Hansen devoted his career at NASA to researching climate change (above) and faced arrest at a White House protest in 2011 (right). "We have to move to clean energy," he says. "If we burn all the fossil fuels, then we will melt all the ice on the planet, and that would raise the seas by about 250 feet."



Is the target of limiting warming to two degrees Celsius, which is the centerpiece of the Paris Agreement, still achievable?

It's possible, but barely. If global emissions rates fell at a rate of even two or three percent a year, you could achieve the two-degree target. People say we're already past that, because they're just assuming we won't be able to reduce emissions that quickly. What I argue, however, is that two degrees is dangerous. Two degrees is a little warmer than the period when sea levels were 20 to 30 feet higher. So it's not a good target. It never had a good scientific basis.

In Paris, negotiators settled on an "aspirational" target of 1.5C.

Yes. But that would require a six-percent-a-year reduction in emissions, which may be implausible without a large amount of negative emissions – that is, developing some technology to suck CO₂ out of the atmosphere.

Let's talk more about policy. You're a big believer in a revenue-neutral carbon fee. Explain how that would work, and why you're such a big supporter of it.

It's very simple. You collect it at the small number of sources, the domestic mines and the ports of entry and from fossil-fuel companies. And you can distribute it back to people. The simplest way to distribute it and encourage the actions that are needed to move us to clean energy is to just give an equal amount to all legal residents. So the person who does better than average in limiting his carbon footprint will make money. And it doesn't really require you to calculate carbon footprint – for instance, the price of food will

planet eventually, and that would raise the seas by about 250 feet. So we can't do that. But if we just stay on this path, then it's the CO₂ that we're putting up there that is a burden for young people because they're going to have to figure out how to get it out of the atmosphere. Or figure out how to live on a radically different planet.

Trump has talked about pulling out of the Paris Agreement. How do you feel about what was achieved in Paris?

You know, the fundamental idea that we have a climate problem and we're gonna need to limit global warming to avoid dangerous changes was agreed in 1992 [at the United Nations Framework Convention on Climate Change]. This new agreement doesn't really change anything. It just reaffirms that. That's not to say there's nothing useful accomplished in Paris. The most useful thing is probably the encouragement of investment into carbon-free ener-

gies. But it's not really there yet. I mean, the U.S. should double or triple its investment in energy. The investment in research and development on clean energies is actually very small. There are these big, undefined subsidies, like renewable portfolio standards, that states place on their electricity generation, which can help them get 20 or 30 percent of their power from renewables. But we're not actually making the investments in advanced energy systems, which we should be doing. There were agreements to do that in Paris. They have to be implemented – somebody's gotta actually provide the money.

I think that our government has become sufficiently cumbersome in its support of R&D that I'd place more hope in the private sector. But in order to spur the private sector, you've got to provide the incentive. And that's why I'm a big supporter of a carbon fee.

AUGUST
Climate change opens fabled Northwest Passage to **cruise-ship** traffic.

OCTOBER
"Grab them by the **pussy.**"

OCTOBER
Armed **Oregon** occupiers got away with it.

NOVEMBER
Walter Scott's **killer** got away with it. (Just like Tamir Rice's, Freddie Gray's.)

DECEMBER
Trump's basket of **deplorables**

DECEMBER
Hottest year on record

NEW YEAR
Trumpocalypse Now

TO WORSE

change as sources that use more fossil fuel, like food imported from New Zealand, become more expensive. And so you attempt to buy something from the nearby farm.

So this would provide the incentive for entrepreneurs and businesses to develop carbon-free products and carbon-free energies. And those countries that are early adopters would benefit because they would tend to develop the products that the rest of the world would need also, so it makes sense to do it. But it's just not the way our politics tend to work; they tend to favor special interests. And even the environmentalists will decide what they want to favor and say, "Oh, we should subsidize this." I don't think we should subsidize anything. We should let the market decide.

Of course, the problem with getting carbon-fee legislation passed is that Congress is run by people who don't even acknowledge that climate change is a problem.

Yeah, although behind the scenes a lot of them do. And many of them would support a revenue-neutral carbon fee. And, you know, I am equally critical of the liberals and the conservatives, because

I agree that a carbon fee could be an effective tool to cut emissions, but how do you get the politics right to get it done? I mean, it's one thing to...

Well, you have to make it simple. You can't do this 3,000-page crap, like they did with cap-and-trade in 2009. You gotta simplify it down to the absolute basics, and you do it in a way that the public will not let you change it. If the public is getting this dividend, they won't let you change it.

That's the same argument people use for a flat tax, which will never happen because all the loopholes in the tax system are deliberate. And political.

That's why we need a new party, which is gonna be based on these principles. These are the most fundamental things. The energy system and the tax system have got to be simplified in a way that everybody understands and doesn't allow the wealthy few to completely rig the system.

Sounds like you think we need a Boston Carbon Party.

[Laughs] Something like that.

A lot of people say you are a great scientist, but when it comes to policy, that's

sions of greenhouse gases." And some of the more political types in the agency said, "No, you can't say that. That's policy!" [Laughs]

When I was working at NASA, I always felt I was working for the taxpayer. I was not working for the administration. When a new administration comes in, they think they can control public-information offices and science agencies and influence what they're saying so they become, in effect, offices of propaganda. But that's just wrong. When we have knowledge about something, we should not be prohibited from saying it as clearly as we can.

You were among the first to alert the world to the dangers of climate change back in the 1980s. Since that time, carbon pollution has just gone up. What does that tell you about humanity?

Well, that's always been the way we do things. In the U.S., we didn't face up to the dangers of World War II until we were forced to. And then we did a lot. But in this case, it's particularly difficult and crucial because of the inertia of the climate system and the fact that the climate system gains momentum, and you've gotta stop that. It is a very powerful system. We're close to that point of no return. Whether we've passed it or not, I don't know.... We've passed it in the sense that some climate impacts are going to occur and some sea-level rise is going to occur, but we have not necessarily hit the disastrous level, which would knock down global economies and leave us with an ungovernable planet. But we are close. So this is why it's really crucial what happens in the near term. But it will take a strong leader who is willing to take on special interests. Whether that can be done without a new party that's founded on just that principle, I'm not sure. So we'll have to see.

Do you ever feel a sense of futility about the situation we're in - the essential insanity of continuing to emit carbon pollution, given what we know about the future consequences?

It's not at all surprising, because it's related to the desire of people to raise their standard of living out of poverty levels. That's what we did in the West. We discovered fossil fuels, which allowed us to replace slavery with fossil fuels. That's what China and India and other countries want to do now. But if they do it the way we did, then we're all going down together. If we go over there and say, "You guys do it differently. Use solar panels" [laughs], that's stupid. We have to work together in a way that will actually work. And they understand the risks, too.

There is a lot of talk about the rise of China as a military power. Well, they're not gonna bomb their customers. The bigger threat is this climate threat. That's what could destroy civilization as we know it. ☛

“THE LIBERAL APPROACH OF SUBSIDIZING SOLAR PANELS AND WINDMILLS DOESN'T PHASE YOU OFF FOSSIL FUELS, AND IT NEVER WILL.”


the liberals are using climate policy as a basis for getting some support from people who are concerned about the environment and recognize the reality of the climate threat. But they're not addressing the fundamental problem. The public understands that, and that leads to all the other things that people are concerned about, like the fact that you're answering to lobbyists while you're in Congress, then you become a lobbyist when you retire. [Former House Democratic Majority Leader] Dick Gephardt retired after he couldn't get the nomination for president, and in the first year out of office he got \$120,000 per quarter from Peabody Coal, almost half a million dollars a year from a single source. It's like when Hillary Clinton is asked, "Why did you take \$250,000 from the banks to give a talk?" and she said, "Well, that's what they offered." That's the way it works.

We need a revolutionary third party that takes no money from lobbyists. Look at Obama and Bernie Sanders: Their campaigns initially were funded by small donors. They didn't have to take lobbyist money. The public is not into the details of what's going on, but it knows that it's become a rotten system.

a whole other thing - and something you should leave to politicians.

Bullshit. What scientists do is analyze problems, including energy aspects of the problem. I got started thinking about energy way back in 1981, when I published a paper that concluded that you can't burn all the coal, otherwise you end up with a different planet. There's nothing wrong with scientists thinking about energy policy, in my opinion. In fact, if you have some scientific insights into the implications of different policies, you should say them. It's the politicians who try to stop you. And that includes people who ran NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center, where I worked for 33 years. Before I would go to Washington to testify, I'd sometimes get a call from the director of the center - somebody who I respect a lot and is a very good scientist and engineer. But he would tell me, "Just be sure to only talk about science, not policy."

Well, I don't agree with that. Here's another example - at NASA headquarters, we would have a trial run on press conferences. And at one of them, which was about declining sea ice in the Arctic, one of the trial questions was, "What can we do about it?" The scientist who responded said, "Well, we can reduce emis-

A large, close-up photograph of Donald Trump's face, looking slightly to the right with a serious expression. He is wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and red tie. The background is blurred.

What will he do?
What won't he do?

This is why you watch.

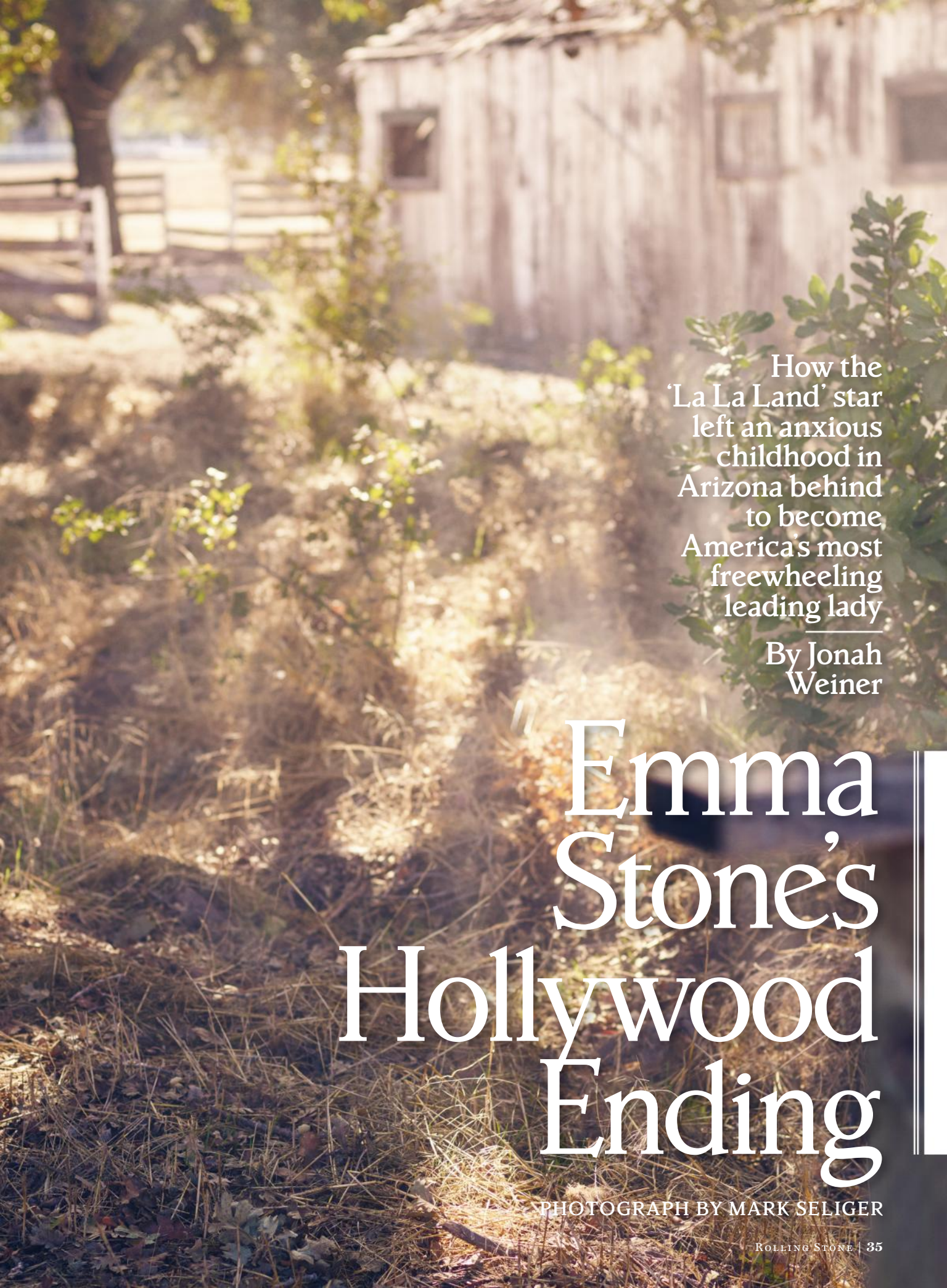


This is who we are.





SHINING STAR
Stone north of Los
Angeles in October



How the
'La La Land' star
left an anxious
childhood in
Arizona behind
to become
America's most
freewheeling
leading lady

By Jonah
Weiner

Emma Stone's Hollywood Ending

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SELIGER

E

MMA STONE'S favorite place for sushi in Los Angeles is a no-frills spot in a Sunset Boulevard strip mall, tucked alongside a laser hair-removal clinic and a FedEx store. It's here, having barely taken a seat,

that she starts telling me about her hiatal hernia. "I can't have spicy foods," Stone says. The issue, it turns out, is that part of her stomach protrudes "into my esophagus," which sounds gnarly but is actually pretty manageable, increased chances of acid reflux notwithstanding. "I was born with it," Stone notes cheerfully. She snaps apart her chopsticks. "I was like a little old man as a young lady."

I first met Stone approximately 11 minutes ago, but it feels like I'm hanging with an old buddy. She huddles over the table mock-conspiratorially; drops callbacks to small talk we only just made like she's citing long-cherished in-jokes; tilts her head back and asks me to examine her nostrils because she's sure she detects an embarrassing particle in there. Halfway through dinner, two dudes take a table nearby. Stone, clocking them, falls into a whisper: "Oh, shit, I think Paris Hilton's ex-boyfriend just sat down – the one who looks like an Elvis Presley impersonator." She jabs her thumb leftward, totally unsubtle as she directs my gaze toward a handsome, square-jawed guy. He might be Hilton's onetime beau Paris Latsis, or someone else entirely. I look back at Stone, who, despite the fact that she is Emma Stone – by far the most famous person in this restaurant, and quite plausibly the most famous person on all of Sunset right now – is grinning at this maybe-possibly sub-TMZ sighting. "That's him, right?" she asks.

That Stone is preposterously affable should come as no surprise to anyone who's seen her act. She's a resolutely human-scale movie star – the type that somehow tricks you, onscreen, into forgetting that she's a movie star at all. "She's not full of shit, she's not pretentious, and she's

electrically smart," says Jonah Hill, who acted alongside Stone in her first movie, *Superbad*.

Stone is often likened to her hero Diane Keaton, and the comparison tracks in a few ways: Both are beautiful, funny, repeat Woody Allen muses. But in Stone's combination of gameness, wry wit and ability to make an overriding aura of good-heartedness come off as magnetic rather than dull, she's got a lot in common with another hero of hers: Tom Hanks. She auditioned to act alongside him in *Larry Crowne*, back in 2011, not because of the script so much as the fact that she adores Hanks. She didn't get the part, she tells me with slumped shoulders, but that same year, Stone got top billing in *The Help* and stole scenes in *Friends With Benefits* and *Crazy, Stupid, Love*, so, you know, things could have been worse. Watching those movies and the others that Stone has elevated over the years – *Superbad*, *Easy A*, *Zombieland* and reboots of *The Amazing Spider-Man* among them – you routinely get the impression that she's operating an amused half-beat ahead of everyone else; that she's having a blast on her own terms, unconcerned with whether anyone is even watching.

Stone lives in New York. Her feelings toward L.A., which she once called home, have softened recently, but for a while she couldn't stand it. "It's what I imagine D.C. is like," she says, "where you're surrounded by all these people who are constantly rising and falling in the local power rankings, and it's the only thing they can think and talk about." In New York, she drops in on theater performances or stays in to watch movies with friends – a circle that includes fellow actors Martha MacIsaac, Sugar Lyn Beard and Jennifer Lawrence. "We go on trips together, we hang out at each other's houses, watch shit," Stone says. "I was over at Jen's place last month – we watched *Hocus Pocus*." (Stone dated her *Spider-Man* co-star Andrew Garfield for several years, but

tells me she's single these days.)

She's in Los Angeles right now because she has an excellent new movie coming out, called *La La Land*. It's a musical, captivating in its sweetness, about two broke-and-scrappy Hollywood dreamers – Stone as a struggling would-be actor at her wits' end, Ryan Gosling as a stubbornly dedicated jazz head with fantasies of opening his own club – who fall in love while dancing and singing their way in spectator shoes across L.A. The film's un-

abashedly romantic view of the city is pure throwback – the opening sequence, staged on a freeway, sets the tone, transforming textbook abysmal Angeleno gridlock into a euphorically choreographed fantasia. Like Stone herself – who sometimes seems like a screwball comedienne beamed into the present – the movie bridges classic and contemporary eras. "I needed someone who'd make the traditional musical feel relevant and accessible to people who think they don't like musicals," says *La La Land* writer and director Damien Chazelle. "Emma's very modern, but there's a timelessness to her, too."

Even before its release, *La La Land* has emerged as a hotly tipped Oscar contender and, this being mid-November, Stone's awards-campaign blitz is well underway. The other night she attended the Academy's annual Governors Awards dinner; tonight she's got an Academy-organized Q&A; tomorrow she's got a red-carpet premiere for *La La Land*'s umpteenth film-festival screening, and on and on, into 2017. "I feel like I started promoting the movie back in August," she says, "and it hasn't stopped since."

Not that she's complaining. *La La Land* features Stone's most bravado performance yet, and she's emerged as an early Best Actress Oscar contender herself. When I mention this, she says, "I'm trying not to think about that" – her default mode being self-deprecation, not self-promotion; jokes, not bluster. "I just focus on what I've got to do at any one moment, and don't necessarily think about where it's all leading."

There's something else she's been trying, and failing, not to think about: It's mere days after the presidential election, and Stone was a pin-wearing Hillary Clinton supporter. Donald Trump's win has her vexed. "It's still so hard to process what happens next, or what to do," she says. "It's terrifying, the not-knowing. But I can't stop thinking about vulnerable people being ignored and tossed aside – marginalized more than they've already been for hundreds of years – and how the planet will die without our help. It comes in waves."

Drinking helps. "Do you want sake?" she asks. We get a bottle and Stone pours me a glass, per Japanese custom. I return the favor, mentioning that I once discussed this bit of etiquette with a chef in Tokyo, who likened filling one's own sake glass to public masturbation.

"Masturbation? I've only heard it's bad luck!" Stone says, laughing. When I finish my glass a few courses later, I space out and absentmindedly refill it myself. She gasps: "You just jerked off on the table."

I apologize and pour her some more. "Go ahead, please," she says. "Jerk me off on the table."

"That's what life is, right? There are still weird, funny things that happen even when life is really dark."

Contributing editor JONAH WEINER wrote about the *Chainsmokers* in October.



1

From 'Superbad' to 'La La Land'

(1) Stone is getting Oscar buzz for *La La Land*, starring alongside Ryan Gosling. (2) Age nine, posing for an early performance. (3) Her breakout came as Jonah Hill's love interest in *Superbad*.



2



3

EMMA STONE RECENTLY turned 28, but she gave her first performance at age six, in a Thanksgiving-themed school musical called *No Turkey for Perky*. She grew up in Scottsdale, Arizona, the daughter of a homemaker mom and a contractor dad, with a younger brother. "My dad started his own company," Stone says, "so we had no money until I was probably eight – not no money, but living on credit, not a free-for-all. Then his company got successful." The Stones raised their kids Lutheran ("Diet Catholic," Emma says) and were supportive, permissive parents – "reins out," as she puts it, when it came to discipline. "Like, 'If you're gonna drink at a party, call us and we'll pick you up.'" They named her Emily, Emma being the name

she chose later upon joining the Screen Actors Guild and discovering another Emily Stone in its ranks.

Her childhood was comfortable in some ways, turbulent in others. She was a deeply nervous kid, ill-at-ease and prone to debilitating panic attacks – "My brain naturally zooming 30 steps ahead to the worst-case scenario," as she puts it. "When I was about seven, I was convinced the house was burning down. I could sense it. Not a hallucination, just a tightening in my chest, feeling I couldn't breathe, like the world was going to end. There were some flare-ups like that, but my anxiety was constant. I would ask

my mom a hundred times how the day was gonna lay out. What time was she gonna drop me off? Where was she gonna be? What would happen at lunch? Feeling nauseous. At a certain point, I couldn't go to friends' houses anymore – I could barely get out the door to school."

Gravely concerned, her parents arranged for Stone to see a therapist. "It helped so much," she says. "I wrote this book called *I Am Bigger Than My Anxiety* that I still have: I drew a little green monster on my shoulder that speaks to me in my ear and tells me all these things that aren't true. And every time I listen to it, it grows bigger. If I listen to it enough, it crushes me. But if I turn my head and keep doing what I'm doing – let it speak to me, but don't give it the credit it needs – then it shrinks down and fades away."

Another way to shrink the monster, she discovered, was performing – devoting herself to a made-up world in order to take her mind off the real one. "I started acting at this youth theater, doing improv and sketch comedy," she says. "You have to be present in improv, and that's the antithesis of anxiety." She was a comedy geek who loved *The Jerk* and saw something of herself in Gilda Radner's Judy Miller – a misfit Girl Scout who is most comfortable when putting on an imaginary television show in her living room.

Stone also adored John Candy, whose work as a grieving but optimistic shower-curtain-ring salesman in *Planes, Trains and Automobiles* she calls "one of my favorite performances of all time. He does that incredible thing that Shirley MacLaine does in *The Apartment*, and that Gene Wilder did so beautifully, too, which is combining heartbreak and comedy. That's what life is, right? There's still weird, funny shit that happens even when life is really dark."

She kept doing plays and improv, and started training with a local acting coach who "had been with William Morris or something in the Seventies," Stone says, and who tapped some old Hollywood connections to set up Stone with an agent. So it was not outright delusion when Stone, at age 14, notified her parents that she wanted to drop out of high school, move to L.A. and try her best to go pro. She made her pitch in the form of a PowerPoint presentation, which she titled "Project Hollywood." Other parents may have been taken aback, but hers had come to know this hyper-logical side of Emma: When she was 12, she'd made a different PowerPoint presentation, successfully campaigning for them to home-school her.

They decided to let her give acting a shot, too, and in January 2004, Stone moved with her mother into a unit at the Park LaBrea apartment complex, just south of Hollywood. The [Cont. on 54]



THE QUIET MAN
Prine at home
in Nashville



The Legend Next Door

INSIDE THE WILD PAST AND GRAVY-STAINED PRESENT OF JOHN PRINE, THE MARK TWAIN OF AMERICAN SONGWRITING

By Patrick Doyle

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID MCCLISTER

JOHAN PRINE SITS BEHIND THE WHEEL OF HIS CADILLAC DeVille on a sunny Nashville afternoon, humming along to a cassette of Jerry Lee Lewis' country hits. He slows down as he approaches a series of television-production trucks parked near his house. They're probably here because his neighbor, country singer Kellie Pickler, is filming a reality show for CMT. Prine's 21-year-old son, Tommy – home from college for the weekend and riding shotgun – says he's gotten to know Pickler while out walking his dog. "Never met her," Prine rasps. "All I know is she has three garbage cans and I have one."

The singer's presence, Prine adds, has invited "Homes of the Stars" tour vans to his neighborhood, which stop outside his house twice a day. Tommy recently caught his dad spacing out as he stood near his mailbox – "bright-red sweatpants, gravy-stained T-shirt" – oblivious to the tourists taking photos of him. "God knows what they say about our place," Prine says.

Prine, 70, has never been the kind of artist to draw much attention to himself. But in his own unassuming way, he's built one of the most impressive catalogs of any songwriter of his genera-

tion. He emerged on the Chicago folk scene in the late Sixties, singing about the characters he encountered in the Midwest – heroin-addicted veterans, lonely housewives, the elderly – in songs that combined heavy realism and deceptive wit and often took surreal and unexpected turns. Bob Dylan's favorite Prine song is "Lake Marie," in which three radically different storylines – an Indian legend, a troubled couple on a camping trip, and a brutal murder – converge at Prine's childhood vacation spot. "Prine's stuff is pure Proustian existentialism," Dylan said in 2009. "Midwestern mind-trips to the nth degree."

Today, Prine is giving his own version of a "Homes of the Stars" tour. "There's Waylon's old place," Prine says, gesturing at a big Victorian brick house on Music Row. "Used to be outlaw central for a while." He points out the house that once belonged to Cowboy Jack Clement, the former Sun Records house engineer who wrote several rock & roll classics, including Johnny Cash's "Ballad of a Teenage Queen." Cowboy, as

dependent record label, Oh Boy, out of a home they converted into an office. His live shows are a similarly do-it-yourself enterprise. Mitchell Drosin, Prine's longtime road manager, books shows directly with promoters, and Prine drives himself between gigs. Overhead is low: Venues' \$3,000 catering options are turned down in favor of a \$12 deli tray and a few six-packs.

Lately, Prine's audiences have been growing. His songs have become a key reference point for young Americana stars like Sturgill Simpson, Jason Isbell and Margo Price, all of whom open for Prine. "We hold him up as our Hank Williams," says Todd Snider, who has released music on Oh Boy. "His music is like *Huckleberry Finn*. You get it, then you listen to it five years later and you really get it. And you listen to it five years later and you go, 'I get it!' And then 10 years later you go, 'Now I get it.'"

At Boston's John F. Kennedy Presidential Library this fall, Prine was honored

four bags of luggage for his weekend tours – everything from framed family photos to Heinz ketchup to *Archie* comic books. "I never gave up on *Archie*," Prine tells me. "I started picking up *Archie* comics when I was in my thirties, and then I started subscribing to them. I like that they put your age on there: 'To Johnny Prine, age 43.' I like Jughead mainly. He had this persona that he was shifty and lazy, but he always kinda knew what was going on."

"John's mind don't work like everybody else's mind," says Prine's friend and engineer David "Fergie" Ferguson. "He really thinks outside the box, you know. And when he comes up with something, it might strike you as being really off-the-wall, but then after you think about it for a minute, it's like, 'OK, now it's obvious.'"

In one corner of Prine's office is a pristine 1942 Wurlitzer jukebox, stacked with old country 78s. It was a gift from his late friend and music partner Steve Goodman after they wrote "You Never Even Called Me by My Name," a goofy satire of country music. "I thought it was a joke," says Prine, explaining why he declined to list himself as a writer on the song. "Next thing I know, David Allan Coe does it, and it goes to Number One." (The song actually went to Number Eight – Prine admits he tends to exaggerate.)

He likes the Wurlitzer because it reminds him of his dad. Bill Prine, a factory worker in Maywood, Illinois, a blue-collar suburb of Chicago, would take John and his brothers out to the honky-tonks and play the jukebox. "He was a big guy – six-two, 250 pounds," Prine says. "He would more or less go into bars and announce that if anybody thought about doing anything like fighting, that they should get it over with, so he could have a good time."

Though the Prine family grew up in Maywood, Bill Prine drilled into the kids that they were also from somewhere else: Paradise, Kentucky, a small coal-mining town where Bill grew up before moving north to find work. "One time I went to school and they asked us all to find out where our roots were," Prine says. "It's goin' around the class, and the kids were going, 'I'm Swedish-German' or 'I'm English-Irish.' They got to me and I said, 'Pure Kentuckian.'" (In 1971, Prine would release "Paradise," a song that became a country classic, covered by everyone from Roy Acuff to the Everly Brothers.)

The family spent its summers in Paradise, where bluegrass was big, leading John to study Doc Watson-style finger-picking with his older brother, Dave. It wasn't until John heard Dylan that he saw a future for himself as a songwriter. "By the time Bob Dylan and Johnny Cash hooked up [for *Nashville Skyline*], that's when I thought, 'Man, there's something

"I LOOK BUSY FOR A LIVING," Prine deadpans. "My wife knows better than to ask what I did today. She knows it's absolutely nothing."

Prine calls him, is the reason Prine came to Nashville. In 1977, after Prine's contract with Atlantic Records expired, Cowboy invited him out here to make a rockabilly album. "Cowboy's motto was, 'If we're not having fun, we're in the wrong business,'" Prine says. Backed by Nashville's best session players, they recorded in Cowboy's attic six days a week, around the clock. "We were high as dogs and playing some really good stuff," adds Prine. They had so much fun that they never finished the album, but Prine fell in love with Nashville anyway.

Prine lives a quieter life these days. Usually he wakes up late, eats lunch at one of his favorite greasy meat-and-threes, then maybe washes his car, shoots pool or takes a nap before browsing eBay for old cars late into the night. "I look busy for a living," Prine deadpans. "I leave the house so it appears I did something. Fiona knows to never ask me what I did today. She knows it's absolutely nothing."

Fiona is Prine's third wife; together with their son Jody, they run Prine's in-

with PEN New England's Song Lyrics of Literary Excellence Award, which had previously been given to Chuck Berry and Leonard Cohen. Simpson, Rosanne Cash and John Mellencamp showed up to pay tribute. "I can't help but think about a couple of my high school English teachers that are rolling in their graves," Prine said in his short acceptance speech. To capitalize on all the recent attention, Fiona convinced Prine to record *For Better or Worse*, a country covers album on which he sings with fans like Miranda Lambert, Kacey Musgraves and Amanda Shires. Prine says he's received three book-deal offers in the past year alone. "We've heard from all the big publishers," he says. "I think I'll wait a little bit. Till I make my big comeback."

PRINE'S OFFICE FEELS LIKE A clubhouse: There's a pool table, black-and-white family photos, a pinball machine and Christmas lights all over. Prine loves Christmas; back when he was single, he kept a tree in his house year-round. It's one in a long series of Prine's endearingly eccentric qualities. He'll also pack at least

Senior editor PATRICK DOYLE wrote about Phish in November.

there where their two paths crossed. My stuff belongs right in the middle.”

Before he could pursue songwriting, Prine was drafted into the Army in January 1966. He lucked out when he was sent to West Germany instead of Vietnam, working as a mechanical engineer, “drinking beer and pretending to fix trucks.” He often reminds himself that other draftees weren’t so fortunate: On his office table he spreads out a stack of small black-and-white photos of various boot-camp buddies who went to Vietnam and came home in a box. “Look how many of them are African-Americans,” he says. “And they tell me that that’s the lottery system?”

After coming back from Germany, Prine returned to his job as a mailman in Maywood. On his postal route, he worked out songs like “Your Flag Decal Won’t Get You Into Heaven Any-more” – a hilarious indictment of misguided patriotism – and “Sam Stone,” about a vet who gets hooked on morphine during his service and comes home a different person. The chorus: “There’s a hole in Daddy’s arm where all the money goes/Jesus Christ died for nothin’, I suppose.”

When Prine played “Sam Stone” at his first-ever performance, an open-mic night at Chicago’s Fifth Peg in 1969, he was greeted with icy silence. The “Jesus” line made many audiences angry. “They’d start to have an argument with me when I was onstage,” says Prine. (Johnny Cash had Prine rewrite the “Jesus” line when he covered “Sam Stone” in the Eighties, to “Daddy must have hurt a lot back then, I suppose.” “If it hadn’t have been Johnny Cash,” Prine says, “I would’ve said, ‘Are you nuts?’”)

Prine’s career took off fast: A couple of open-mic appearances got him a residency at the Fifth Peg, and then a \$1,000-a-week regular gig at Earl of Old Town, the center of the Chicago folk scene. The club was across the street from the Second City theater, and Bill Murray and John Belushi (who later helped Prine secure a slot as a musical guest during the second season of *Saturday Night Live*) frequented his sets. Roger Ebert, then a young *Chicago Sun-Times* staff writer, stopped by one night and wrote an article titled “Singing Mailman Who Delivers a Powerful Message in Few Words.” On another occasion, Steve Goodman brought Kris Kristofferson to



Great Days

Top: Prine with Bonnie Raitt in New York, 1973. Prine “was incredibly endearing and witty,” says Raitt, who covered “Angel From Montgomery,” one of Prine’s most famous songs. Above: With his wife, Fiona, circa 1991.

the Earl. “By the end of the first line, we knew we were hearing something else,” Kristofferson recalled later. “It must’ve been like stumbling onto Dylan when he first busted onto the Village scene.” Kristofferson soon invited Prine onstage in front of an industry-heavy audience at New York’s Bitter End. The next morning, Atlantic Records president Jerry Wexler offered Prine a \$25,000 contract. “This is my first night in New York, so it was like Oz to me,” Prine says.

Kristofferson would also introduce Prine to Dylan. One night Prine wound up

at Carly Simon’s apartment, where Dylan – largely off the grid after his 1966 motorcycle accident – shocked Prine by singing along with several songs from Prine’s not-yet-released debut album. “The album wasn’t even out and he knew the words because he had an early copy,” Prine says. “I’m thinking, ‘This is like a dream.’”

Prine became a fixture of the Seventies folk scene, smoking and drinking beer while spinning yarns between songs. “He was incredibly endearing and witty,” says Bonnie Raitt, who would cover one of Prine’s most famous songs, “Angel From Montgomery,” in 1974. “The combination of being that tender and that wise and that astute mixed with his homespun sense of humor – it was probably the closest thing for those of us that didn’t get the blessing of seeing Mark Twain in person.”

Though his record sales slowed down, Prine’s writing grew more adventurous and profound. “Jesus the Missing Years” theorizes what Christ might have done during the 18 years of his life unaccounted for in the Bible, while “Sabu Visits the Twin Cities Alone” uses the sad story of Sabu Dastagir – the Indian actor from 1937’s *Elephant Boy* – as a meditation on loneliness. “Who writes songs like that?” Mellencamp asked onstage at Prine’s PEN Award ceremony. “Two people come to mind: God and John Prine.... John taught me a lot, whether he knew it or not. He was a natural-born earthshaker. I know the record companies had no idea what to do with John Prine. ‘He’s not country, he’s not rock – what are we gonna do?’ And he said, ‘To hell with it. I’m gonna do what I’m gonna do.’ And he did.”

Prine calls the Eighties his “bachelor years.” “I was also married to my bass player in that time,” he clarifies, referring to his second marriage, which lasted from 1984 to 1988. “But I think our marriage was doomed from the get-go.” Back then, Prine would wake up around 3:30 in the afternoon and head to Brown’s Diner for fried eggs and his first beer of the day, then chat with fellow regulars Townes Van Zandt and Don Everly and play the poker machine. Brown’s didn’t serve liquor, so he’d go to Melrose Billiards (which he calls Chandler’s), one of many Nashville bars that still serve a Handsome Johnny – vodka and ginger ale. Then he’d hit the grocery store. “All my buddies knew that my dinner would be ready about one in the morning,” he says. “So when they were on their way home from the clubs, they’d all stop at my house and stay until about the time the sun came up.” [Cont. on 55]



The Dog Fac



DEADLY CONDITIONS
A puppy mill raided in Cabarrus County, North Carolina (bottom left); similar abuse has been uncovered in Mississippi, Tennessee and elsewhere.



story

An investigation into the underworld of America's puppy mills, the secret shame of the pet industry. By Paul Solotaroff



The house on Hilton Lake Road was unremarkable,

a brick one-story with an under-watered lawn and a scrim of patchy shrubs. It was flanked by bigger and smarter homes on a two-lane strip in Cabarrus County, 25 miles north of Charlotte, North Carolina, but nothing about it suggested to passersby that inconceivable cruelty lived at this address. It wasn't till we opened the side-yard entrance that the horror inside announced itself. A stench of complex poisons pushed out: cat piss and dog shit and mold and bleach commingled into a cloud of raw ammonia. Twenty of us – blue-shirted staffers from the Humane Society of the United States (HSUS); several members of their forensic camera crew; the sheriff of Cabarrus County and his deputies; and a contingent of veterinarians from a local animal hospital – tiptoed around the filth underfoot into a house caked in pet fur and waste. Damp laundry draped across every flat surface; the floor was a maze of cat crates and garbage. From somewhere in the house, we heard the howling of dogs, but they weren't in the bedrooms or the tumbledown john or the kitchen piled high with dishes.

Then we found the door that led to the basement. Down there, dozens of puppies in wire cages stood on their hind legs and bawled. There were Yorkies and poodles and Maltese mixes, but their fur was so matted and excrement-mottled it was hard to tell one breed from another.

Contributing editor PAUL SOLOTAROFF profiled Kevin Durant in November.

Bred for profit, most of them would have been sold in pet stores or on websites by their third or fourth month of life.

HSUS had collected evidence that the breeder, Patricia Yates, was selling pups on several websites and had a stack of complaints against her. But the Cabarrus Sheriff's Office only became aware of the size of her operation through an anonymous tip. "We had no idea it was this severe," says Lt. David Taylor, an animal-control cop. Taylor had gotten the go-ahead to launch an investigation, but obtaining an arrest warrant was the least of it: When you bust an illegal kennel, you're suddenly swamped with sick dogs, often many more than had been reported.

It took Taylor a month to coordinate with HSUS, one of very few nonprofits with the money and equipment to house and treat puppy-mill rescues, before launching the raid.

Back up the stairs, we followed more barking to a bricked-in porch. It was pitch-black inside, and the smell was a hammer. Here were the parent dogs in desperate shape: blinded by cataracts and corneal ulcers; their jaws half-gone or missing entirely after their teeth had rotted away. Some were so feeble they couldn't stand erect; their paws

were urine-scalded and their wrists were deformed from squatting on wire their entire lives.

Out the back door and up a dirt trail, the worst was yet to come. A cinder-block kennel, hidden from the street, housed the bulk of this puppy-mill stock: 50 or 60 more parent dogs who'd likely never

seen sunlight or spent a day outside this toxic room. They wept and bayed and spun in crazed circles as we toured the maze of cages. Some went limp as the rescuers knelt to scoop them. Each was photographed, then carried downhill to the giant rig at the curb. There, teams of vets from the Cabarrus Animal Hospital worked briskly to assess each rescue. Once triaged and tagged, they were loaded into crates on the Humane Society's mammoth truck, an 80-foot land-ship with clean-room conditions, and taken to a staging shelter. One hundred and five dogs came out of that house, many of them pregnant or in heat. I turned to John Goodwin, the director of the puppy-mills campaign for HSUS, and asked him how many puppies sold in this country – at Petland and Citipups and a thousand other pet stores – come from puppy mills as dire as this one.

"Most every pup sold in stores in America comes from this kind of suffering – or worse," he insists. "If you buy a puppy from a pet store, this is what you're paying for and nothing else: a dog raised in puppy-mill evil." The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals posts a database of pet shops for consumers to check before they buy. Input any ZIP code and you'll see the list of stores that sell dogs rather than offering them for adoption, increasing the likelihood that their stock are from mills. Another click shows you ghastly shots of breeding kennels where many stores buy their dogs. Those pictures weren't taken by animal-rights zealots, but by United States Department of Agriculture agents who inspect breeding kennels. Pet stores usually buy their dogs from federally licensed breeders, meaning kennels with five or more breeding females that breed a lot of pups. "Puppy mills house breeding dogs in small, wire-floored cages, separate puppies from their mothers at a very young age, and ship them hundreds of miles to pet stores around the country," says Matt Bershadker, president and CEO of the ASPCA. (Both Petland and Citipups deny they sell mill dogs.)

Yates was arrested and charged with animal cruelty. (Twelve counts were filed against her; a hearing is scheduled for February.) Yates was outraged; I heard her exclaim that "these dogs are the love of my life!" That evening, I caught up with Sára Varsa, the senior director of operations for animal rescue at HSUS. Varsa, a veteran of 50 animal-welfare raids, was quarterbacking the care of those hundred-plus dogs at a temporary shelter in a warehouse. When told what Yates had said, Varsa pointed to two poodles, both of them desperately underfed. Delicately, she lifted the male from the crate and put him, trembling, in my arms. He was

"Most every pup sold comes from this kind of suffering – you're paying for a dog raised in evil."

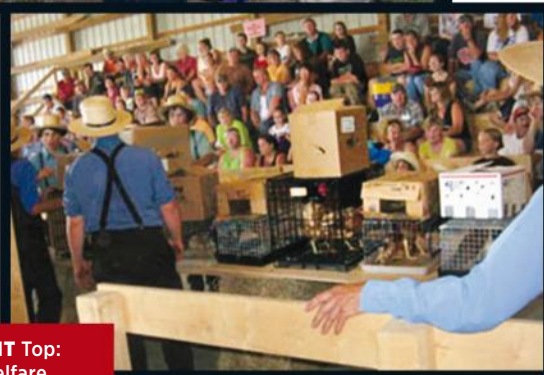


blind in both eyes and had thumb-size infections where his molars used to be. "Is this how you treat the dogs you love?" said Varsa. "Is this how you raise your beautiful babies?"

Since dogs first crossed

the Siberian land bridge and set foot in human encampments in North America, they have been much more than pets and companions to us – they made life tenable in this primal place. They chased off wolves and bears while we slept, caught and retrieved the game we ate, and dined on the garbage we left behind. Over the course of 10 millennia, a bond was forged between species that hunted together for survival. (Early tribes survived subzero cold by sleeping beneath their dogs – hence the term "three-dog night.") It took most of those millennia to truly domesticate dogs – they lived largely outdoors till the 1970s, in those quaint addenda called doghouses. Once inside the door, though, they were in for good, to be loved and spoiled like toddlers. The number of pet dogs in America boomed between 1970 and today, tripling to almost 80 million. Pet-shop commerce boomed in tandem, from practically nothing in the Fifties to nearly \$65 billion last year. Where once you adopted your pup from the neighbors, now there is a Furry Paws down the block with dozens of designer puppies in the window.

Of course, in America, we industrialize anything that turns a profit. Beginning in the 1950s, struggling pig and poultry farmers began breeding puppies for



DOG FIGHT Top: Animal-welfare advocates and local law enforcement rescue dogs at a puppy mill in Pender County, N.C. Above: A puppy auction, circa 2014.

extra income. "It was a cheap and easy fix: You just converted your coops into indoor-outdoor kennels," says Bob Baker, the executive director of the Missouri Alliance for Animal Legislation.

Baker, an animal activist for 40 years and a walking encyclopedia on the commercial dog business – he's been a senior investigator for the ASPCA and the HSUS – watched the trade evolve from a mom-and-pop sideline into a multinational behemoth. "Pups cost nothing to raise, you'd sell them for \$50 a head in town, and every five months you had a whole new litter – then dozens, as the puppies began breeding," he says. What followed was a 40-year explosion of puppy mills, which are defined by HSUS as commercial kennels where profit counts more than the dogs' well-being.

There are, by HSUS's estimate, about 10,000 puppy mills in America, though the organization concedes that no one knows the real number: It's an industry born and raised in shadows. The USDA only licenses a fraction of all kennels, about 2,500 of various sizes, which can

range from five adult breed dogs to more than a thousand. States also license and inspect kennels, accounting for another 2,500 breed sites that aren't registered with the feds, says Kathleen Summers, the director of outreach and research for HSUS's puppy-mills campaign. "But in rural communities, there are thousands of backyard kennels selling online and evading government regulation." A breeder only needs a federal license if he or she sells the dogs sight unseen, i.e., through a middleman like a pet store or a puppy broker. But if the seller deals directly with the puppy's buyer, either selling face to face, through classified ads or, increasingly, via pop-up websites, there is little or no oversight of their business.

Three years ago, the USDA passed an amendment requiring online sellers to get federally licensed, which would submit them to annual inspections and standard-of-care rules. At

the time, the department expected thousands of breeders to step forward and comply with the law; to date, less than 300 have. When asked about sellers who disregard the law, Tanya Espinosa, a USDA spokeswoman, says, "It is virtually impossible for us to monitor the Internet for breeders.... [We] rely heavily on the public and their complaints." Good luck with that: Open your browser, type a breed in your state, and thou-

sands of websites appear. All claim to be local, loving and humane. All too often, they are none of the above.

"If you ask to see their property and they say, 'Let's meet in a parking lot,' you're likely dealing with a puppy-miller," says Kathy McGriff, a reputable ex-breeder of clumber spaniels who kept a close eye on her trade while she was breeding. "And if you want to write a check but they only take PayPal, you're dealing with a puppy-miller." As a rule, she says, breeders who are even the least bit evasive are millers raising dogs in deplorable places. "Reputable breeders don't deal in volume, and we only sell to people we've checked out. It's the most basic rule in our code of ethics: Never sell a puppy sight unseen."

With dog sales, as with any commodity of late, the Internet has been the great disrupter. The HSUS estimates that roughly half of the 2 million pups bred in mills are sold in stores these days; the rest are trafficked online. The number of stores that still sell puppies has cratered over the course of the past decade, as groups like HSUS, the ASPCA and CAPS (Companion Animal Protection Society) have conducted stings of high-priced stores across the

country and found them packed with sick puppies from Midwest mills. “We filmed undercover, got endless tape of purebreds in terrible shape, and followed up on buyer complaints,” says Deborah Howard, the founder and president of CAPS. Howard sends investigators out to infiltrate mills, exposes the stores that do business with those breeders, and coordinates with advocates across the country to ban the retail sale of puppies in big cities. “We’ve got reams of complaints from people with sick puppies, and they all say it was an impulse buy,” says Howard. “I mean, a dog is a commitment for 15 years – at least Google-search the seller for complaints.”

Given the duress in which

mill pups enter the world and make their way to the stores – birthed by sick and stressed-out moms; snatched from their litters at eight weeks of age and loaded onto trucks for the hours-long drive to the next stop in the supply chain, puppy brokers; kept in a warehouse with hundreds of other pups, many of them sick with respiratory problems or infections of the eyes and ears; then again trucked with dozens of those dogs for the one- or two-day drive to distant states – it’s remarkable that any of them survive the gantlet, let alone turn up well. Puppy brokers are wholesalers who buy from breeders, keep a running stock of dozens of breeds, then sell and ship the pups for a hefty markup.

The biggest of those brokers, the now-defunct Hunte Corporation, professionalized the trade in the Nineties. They bought up other brokers, made large investments in equipment, trucks and drivers, and moved thousands of dogs a month from their facility in Goodman, Missouri. “I saw tons of sick puppies – vomiting blood, blowing diarrhea – that Hunte bought in that condition from breeders,” says “Pete,” an undercover investigator for CAPS who worked at Hunte in 2004. “Of the 2,000 pups they’d have on-site, hundreds were in their ‘hospital’ getting antibiotics. A day or two later, they’d load ‘em on 18-wheelers and send them, still sick, to the stores.”

According to a CAPS report, the dogs who proved too sick to sell went back on a truck to Missouri; Hunte buried the dead ones out behind its plant. In 2003, state inspectors in Missouri cited Hunte for

dumping more than 1,000 pounds of dead puppies per year – the maximum allowed under Missouri law – in its back yard. Laws for the euthanization and disposal of dead dogs are similarly lax elsewhere. In Pennsylvania, two breeders shot 80 Shih Tzus and cocker spaniels rather than provide veterinary care. (Many millers prefer small breeds now; they’re popular in cities, sell for top dollar, and are cheaper to feed, house and ship.) In Kansas, a breeder had to put down 1,200 dogs after failing to inoculate them for distemper.

The USDA has exactly one law to govern the care and housing of commercial dogs. The Animal Welfare Act (AWA), enacted in 1966, sets down the barest standards for breeders. Dogs, per the AWA, can be kept their entire lives in crates inches bigger than their bodies. They can be denied social contact with other dogs, bred as many times as they enter heat, then killed and dumped in a ditch whenever their uterus shrivels. With millions of dogs on our streets, and 2 million that are put down each year, there are no limits on the number of dogs millers can breed – “where in England, you need a license to breed *one* dog,” says HSUS’s Summers.

“There’s this gross disconnect between our feelings for dogs and the way we guard them from abuse,” says Wayne Pacelle, the president and CEO of HSUS. “The USDA has a total of 100 inspectors to inspect thousands of breeders in 50 states.” And they also have to inspect every zoo, circus and lab that uses animals for research testing. “We’ve been petitioning them for decades to improve the law – impose regulations for Internet sales and imports, require bigger crates for breed dogs, give them access to outdoor dog runs and much prompter vet care when they’re sick – but they can’t even enforce the bad law on their

books,” says Pacelle. An internal audit in the USDA indicated as much. Per a scathing report in 2010 by its Office of Inspector General, the department chose to prioritize “education,” “took little or no enforcement action against most violators,” failed to respond to “repeat violations,” and collected insufficient evidence in the few prosecutions it brought against criminal breeders.

The USDA oversees thousands of licensees nationwide with a yearly budget of about \$28 million. “For perspective, the Defense Department spends the equivalent of our budget every 25 minutes,”

says Espinosa, the USDA spokeswoman. “Our dedicated personnel conduct roughly 10,000 unannounced inspections annually and work diligently to enforce the AWA.” And what has that enforcement produced by way of penalties? Less than \$4 million in fines over the past two years, a dozen or so breeders forced to turn in their licenses – and exactly none handed over for prosecution. Not the miller in Iowa who threatened to stab an inspector with a syringe and confessed that he shot a dog in the head while his girlfriend held it down. Not a fellow Iowan who threw a bag of dead puppies at an inspector. In fact, just a few breeders on HSUS’s Horrible Hundred list – compiled every year from public records of chronic offenders – have been put out of business by the feds. And none of them have been made to answer in court for their mistreatment of dogs.

For weeks after the raid, I

kept in touch with Sára Varsa, HSUS’s rescue team director, for updates on the poodle she’d let me hold. Pollo, as the staff called him (he high-stepped like a chicken), had somehow pulled through after multiple surgeries at the Cabarrus Animal Clinic. The vet removed his right eye, which was all but useless after a long-untreated rupture; pulled his few remaining teeth; and sealed a gaping fissure in what was left of his upper jaw. Even after all that, though, Pollo bounced right up, relieved to suddenly be in less pain. “The only time he cried was when we took his little girlfriend to be seen by the vet,” says Varsa, referring to the toy poodle who’d shared his cage. “They’d been together so long, they were like an old couple. He sobbed and shook while she was gone.”

Heather Seifel, the clinic administrator, brought him home till she could match him with an adopter. She took him outside and set him down in her yard; he’d no clue what to do with himself on grass. That trepidation is common to mill survivors, she says, the “weirdness of ‘What do I do now, now that I can finally be a dog?’”

Weeks before, I’d heard essentially the same words from a man named Wes Eden, whose family runs a boarding barn, the Lone Star Dog Ranch, near McKinney, Texas. Eden is a fiercely devoted – and controversial – rescuer of dogs. Each year, he saves dozens of breeding dogs by buying them, for top dollar, at puppy auctions, where millers “sell each other their trash,” says Eden. There used to be dozens of places to get unwanted dogs for a price. But after HSUS staged raids in several states, the ranks of the auction sites shrank to just a handful – two of them in the state of Missouri. It was at the bigger of the two, Southwest Auction Services, that I observed

“There’s this disconnect between our feelings for dogs and the way we guard them from abuse.”

Eden in action in early September. A tall young man with a crown of kohl-black hair and a beard, he was bidding aggressively on French bulldogs that were battered and sick after eight or nine years of being bred. Not that they came cheap: Bulldogs are prized these days, and as long as “they’ve still got a couple of litters left,” someone was going to bid them up, Eden says.

The auction was held in a hangar-size warehouse in the blink-and-you’ve-missed-it town of Wheaton, Missouri. HSUS’s Goodwin and I had flown in that weekend to watch several hundred people buy and sell breed stock to one another. Everyone was white, and almost everyone middle-aged. The mood in the room was church-fair festive; the breeders chatted convivially when not engaged in the bidding. One by one, some 300 dogs were placed on a table and sold. Their crates were stacked in an uncooled space in the walled-off half of the warehouse. It was stifling back there, and the air unbreathable from the waste of unwell dogs. “I saw dogs

with stomach hernias and bleeding rectums and ears rotted off from hematomas,” says Eden. From a dais, two auctioneers called out bids while touting the dogs’ untapped value. “She’s a 2012 model and showin’ a belly; she’ll work hard for you!”

(One of those auctioneers – Southwest’s owner, Bob Hughes – defended the dogs’ health over the phone to me, saying they had “imperfections like all of us do,” but had been cross-checked by Hughes’ vet before he sold them. “If [the vet] thinks they’re at risk of suffering, we return them to their breeder or give them to rescue groups, free of charge,” he said.)

On that day, at least, all 300 dogs were sold. “I spent everything I brought there – \$60,000 – and cleared three tables of dogs,” says Eden, who raises all his buy money from small donations online. Twenty-one dogs went off in his van for the six-hour ride back to Texas. Once back at his boarding barn, they were swiftly seen by vets; many required costly operations. All the money for those surgeries – \$1,000 to fix a hernia; a couple of thousand dollars for sedation and an MRI – came from Lone Star’s donors. Eden has a waiting list for every rescue, a pool of people ready to roll up their sleeves for the complex needs

these dogs present. “Some of ‘em have to be taught to walk and climb stairs – they’ve never taken a full stride in those cages,” says Eden. Asked why he seeks out the oldest, saddest dogs, he says, “If they don’t deserve happy endings, who does?”

Eden is regarded with some derision by animal-welfare groups. They accuse outfits like his – I counted at least three at the auction – of putting blood money into the pockets of the breeders. “That 60 grand he spent will buy a lot of new breed stock – for every dog he saved, dozens will suffer,”



HELD CAPTIVE
Kip, a breed dog rescued during the raid in Cabarrus County, N.C., has since died.

grouched Goodwin. Eden concedes the point, but won’t back up an inch. “Look at the faces of these dogs,” he says. “How can you deny them?”

Eden isn’t the only grassroots advocate fighting the mills.

Other groups are on social media, building Facebook pages around graphic photos and pleas to spread the word. Then there are street warriors who picket pet stores, some with stunning results. Mindi Callison, a young schoolteacher in Ames, Iowa, formed Bailing Out Benji six years ago, and has recruited countless students from Iowa State to protest with her. Callison tells me about a local pet-shop owner who “used to have dozens of pups in his window; now he sells two or three a month.” At first, she got flamed by furious millers. Then, to her shock, a few quietly reached out, asking if she’d take their used-up dogs. “This year alone, they’ve given up almost 100, and we don’t pay a cent,” says Callison. They call her, she says, to avoid the cost of euthanizing them.

For better than 50 years,

the state of Missouri has been the Bermuda Triangle of dogs. The perfect landscape for breeders – small farms that weren’t

bought by agri-giants; vast swaths of plains between its two major cities; and a live-and-let-live ethos in flyspeck towns – it has long been the number-one state in the nation for licensed operators. It also has one of America’s strictest dog laws: the Canine Cruelty Prevention Act of 2011. Enacted after a bitter, and expensive, battle over a ballot measure called Prop B, the law shines a light on the intractable problem of policing puppy-millers. When the act came in, it improved the lot of breed dogs – tripling their crate size, granting them annual vet checks, and providing money for stricter enforcement by state agents. Its rules have driven hundreds of commercial breeders out of business. There were 1,414 in 2010; now, there are 844.

With no movement in Washington to toughen federal rules, the law suggested a possible path forward: to mount ballot drives in farm states. But just five years after it took effect, Missouri’s dog law seems to have lost its teeth. Prosecutions have fallen, the number of licenses pulled has tanked, and

egregious breeders are breaking the rules and paying little or nothing in fines. Although a spokeswoman for the Missouri Department of Agriculture insists that “the number of [disciplinary] referrals has decreased because the majority of breeders have fallen under compliance,” the state predominates the HSUS Horrible Hundred list; this year, almost a third of the kennels that made the list were located in Missouri.

Six months ago, Kristin Akin bought a goldendoodle that came from a notorious puppy mill called Cornerstone Farms. Akin is a St. Louis mom who’d lost two small children to a rare immune disorder eight months apart. Last June, she went online to find a puppy companion for her young dog. She found a website that sold puppies from Cornerstone; it purported to be a local and loving kennel that bred show dogs and kept high standards. Akin asked about a puppy depicted wearing a pink bow. She was told, via text, to make a deposit. “It was a total impulse buy – I offered to drive right over,” says Akin. “They texted, ‘No, we’re coming up your way tomorrow.’” The next morning, she sat in a mall parking lot; a brown conversion van pulled up alongside her. A door slid open, but instead of a four-month pup, out came a cowering, full-grown dog [Cont. on 56]

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Reviews

"Your touch stays on my skin.
I feel it start sinking in.
Here come my insecurities.
I almost expect you to leave."
—THE xx, "Say Something Loving"

The xx's Dreamy Late- Night Rapture

The U.K. trio create torch songs from the dark side of the club on their epic third LP



The xx

I See You Young Turks

★★★★½

BY JON DOLAN

For a band that often gets described as "minimal," the xx pack a massive amount of drama and emotion into their subtle music. The U.K. trio specialize in Zen restraint, blurring the line between indie guitar pop, R&B and dance music in stripped-down songs that are as sleek and eerie as they are weirdly inviting. It's the perfect stark backdrop for the way bassist-vocalist Oliver Sim and guitarist-vocalist Romy Madley Croft build thick tension out of minute intimacy, doing more with awkward eye contact, muttered confessions or mid-breakup negotiations than most bands do with a whole love affair.

On the first two xx albums, 2009's *xx* and 2012's *Coeexist*, every bit of music – be it a ripple of reverb-heavy guitar or a dubby bass line or a distant drum hit – seemed organized for maximum less-is-more impact. Credit for that goes



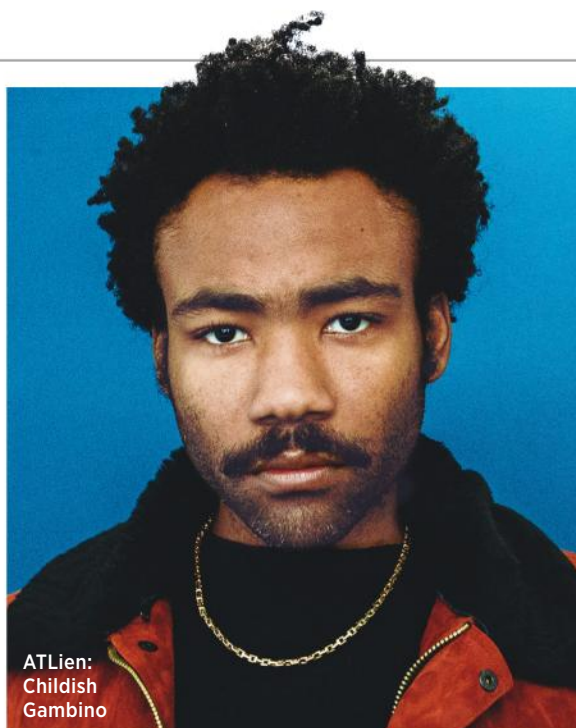
Reviews

to the band's producer-drummer Jamie Smith (a.k.a. Jamie xx), who also moonlights as one of the best dance-music artists in the world (see the laid-back, highbrow house tracks on his 2015 solo LP *In Colour*). He really kicks up his game on the xx's third album, with a more expansive sound that's thick with disco throb, eclectic pop grandeur and big-ballad hunger.

The way the vocals are strung between hope and hurt feels especially intense, as if the singers are characters in a modern noir romance. The opening track, "Dangerous," begins with heraldic trumpet flares before settling into a skittering, dark-lit groove; Croft and Sim sing together, "I won't shy away should it all fall down," like their relationship is a house of cards they're willing into something stronger. The single "On Hold" recalls the Human League with its brooding boy-girl back-and-forth: "Every time I let you leave/I always saw you coming back to me," Sim sings, as a brittle electro-burble pushes against a cleverly flipped sample of Hall and Oates' "I Can't Go for That (No Can Do)." Croft is especially potent, further cementing her place in the great tradition of introspective English synth-pop divas, from Yaz's Alison Moyet to Everything But the Girl's Tracey Thorn; she can make a line like "here come my insecurities" feel like a late-night battle cry.

At times, the sonic settings are almost spacious enough to hold an Adele song; on "Performance," Croft croons about having to imagine a whole new persona for herself because the reality of heartbreak is just too brutal. It's ironic, though, because the xx have never been so unguarded, either emotionally or in their musical ambitions. The result is as haunting as ever. **C**

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ATLien:
Childish
Gambino

Gambino's Tripped-Out Funk Odyssey

Actor Donald Glover keeps killing it in his role as hip-hop outlier Childish Gambino

Childish Gambino *Awaken, My Love* Glassnote
★★★★½



Over the course of two albums and a handful of mixtapes, *Community* and *Atlanta* star Donald Glover has made the actor-to-rapper transition with surprising ease. Yet the best moments on his records were when he dispensed with hip-hop convention; 2013's *Because the Internet* featured his wistful harmonizing on the hit single "3005," and on his 2014 EP, *Kauai*, he barely rapped at all, offering a suite of charming pop meditations on summer romance.

His third LP often recalls the grungy explorations of *Stankonia*-era Outkast. The six-minute "Me and Your Mama" soars with a gospel chorus and a raggedly intense earnestness, and Gambino rocks a sterling George Clinton impression over the platform-boot stomp of "Boogie-man." The mood is playful, but there's an urgency here too: "Stay woke/Now don't you close your eyes," he cries in a high, Prince-like falsetto on "Redbone," a spacey exploration that thumps with lowrider bass. At times, the album's psychedelic realism isn't far from the feel of *Atlanta*; the Sly Stone-esque plea from a conflicted father, "Baby Boy," could be sung by the Princeton dropout/baby daddy/struggling rap manager Glover plays on the show. But in any role he steps into, Glover/Gambino is a brilliantly weird guide through the land of funk.

MOSI REEVES



John Legend

Darkness and Light Columbia

★★★★½

Sensitive soul star ups the politics and deepens his groove

The R&B lovelorn's latest LP mixes some *What's Going On* with its *Let's Get It On*. When John Legend sets a scene stocked with bubbly and wine on "Penthouse Floor," he's not in the mood for romance, he's decrying income inequality. His politics come with a light touch; on "How Can I Blame You," getting pulled over for speeding evolves into a soaring prayer to take life slower. The real fire is in the music itself, with Alabama Shakes producer Blake Mills toughening Legend's plush balladry. The Shakes' Brittany Howard brings backwoods grit to the title track, a Southern-soul banger as explosive as any protest anthem.

JON DOLAN



Neil Young

Peace Trail Reprise

★★★★

Young stares down tough times — both his own and the planet's

"Well, I can't stop workin'," Neil Young sings on his second record of 2016, following the live set *Earth*. Recorded in four days, with drummer Jim Keltner and bassist Paul Bushnell, it continues the topical tone of Young's recent LPs, taking on the Dakota Access Pipeline, trigger-happy cops, environmental malfeasance and smartphone zombies. Young addresses his recent divorce on "Glass Accident," wherein he refuses to pick up the pieces. The album concludes with "My New Robot," trans-style dystopia with vocoder singing. His grizzled jeremiads can be endearing, but this is Neil for the news cycle, not the ages.

RICHARD GEHR

IBRA AKE



The Flaming Lips

Oczy Młody Warner Bros.

★★★★★

Unicorns and Miley Cyrus inhabit a minimalist rock opera

The Lips' new opus is a rock opera about a fictional drug called "oczy mlody" that makes people sleep for three months and dream of having sex on unicorns. The group's cold, minimalist electronic soundscapes incorporate spaghetti-Western guitar, cinematic strings, tribal drumming and fuzzy synths. The first half is a little slow, but things pick up, ending with the resplendent closer, "We a Family," which finds Miley Cyrus singing an uplifting melody about "Jesus and the spaceships comin' down." She takes the trip to a higher level. **KORY GROW**

KORY GROW



Deadmau5

W:/2016ALBUM mau5trap

★★★★½

The EDM star takes a Canadian vacation and revamps his sound

EDM superstar Deadmau5 wrote the bulk of his eighth album after moving to the Canadian countryside. You can hear it in the expansive, rippling tracks. There's plenty of his signature squishy four-on-the-floor house music here. But for the most part, this isn't an album designed to blow away huge festivals. "Snowcone" is a trip-hoppy boom-bap ripe for a Brooklyn yoga class, and "Let Go," the LP's lone track with vocals, is about sharing a hug in the face of apocalypse, imagining the End Times as a massive chill-out room.

ARIELLE CASTILLO

ARIELLE CASTILLO



Tanya Tagaq

Retribution Six Shooter

★★★★

An environmental wake-up call with art-rock bite

Forty-one-year-old Tanya Tagaq became an unlikely alt-rock star with 2014's *Animism*, thanks to her unique blend of Inuit throat singing, PJ Harvey-style avant-yowling and political bloodletting. Her fourth LP is her strongest outing yet. Her guttural explorations explode like a distorted bass guitar as she rages about the global warming ravaging her native Northern Canada. *Retribution* ends with a desolate cover of Nirvana's "Rape Me," closing an album about the planet's metaphorical rape with a shudder.

CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN



Sheer Mag

Compilation Wilsuns RC

★ ★ ★ 1/2

Punk rockers serve up their excellent EPs in one place

Over the past three years, Philly punks Sheer Mag have released a trio of near-perfect four-song EPs. This set compiles those 12 songs and magnifies the scrappy brilliance of their no-filler MO. Guitarist Kyle Seely's chiseled riffs combine arena rock with street punk, revving up vocalist Tina Halladay's defiantly belted hard-luck tales. Low-fi sonics aside, these songs flash with musical invention, from the strutting garage-soul anthem "Fan the Flames" to "Worth the Tears," a stinging yet surprisingly sweet ode to love gone wrong.

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A woman with dark hair and red lipstick is reclining on a plush red surface. She is wearing a black, shiny, lace-trimmed bra and matching black garter straps. Her legs are bent and raised. The background is a solid teal color. At the bottom of the frame, a black leather strap with metal buckles is visible.

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By Peter Travers

Scorsese's Passion

Silence

Andrew Garfield

Directed by Martin Scorsese

★★★★½

IS GOD DEAD, AND IF NOT, why is he silent in the face of human suffering? Martin Scorsese's *Silence* offers frustratingly few answers but all the right questions. It's an astounding achievement. Scorsese, raised Roman Catholic, has tackled the issue of faith before, directly in *The Last Temptation of Christ* and *Kundun* and implicitly in contemporary films where belief erupts in bloodshed. *Silence* has been a passion project for the director since 1989, when he read the novel by Shusaku Endo, who found profundity in the tale of Portuguese Jesuits who risked death to bring the word of God to 17th-century Japan.

Andrew Garfield, his eyes alive with fervor, plays Father Rodrigues. Adam Driver, his starved body resembling that of an ascetic saint, co-stars as Father Garupe. Both actors are superb, taking us deep into their search for their missing mentor, Father Ferreira (Liam



Garfield in Japan with a convert

Neeson). Is he in hiding, executed, or married and living in sin as a Buddhist? Both priests find Japan a shock to their system. The ruling samurai diligently flush out hidden Christians, who can save themselves only by stepping on a crudely carved image of Christ. Resistance can result in drowning, burning, crucifixion or being hung upside down and slowly bled to death. All it takes for the priests to save the lives of others is the renouncing of their faith. Will they? Should they?

Doubt propels the film – two hours and 40 minutes of spiritual challenge that speak urgently to a modern world of rising religious extremism. Scorsese refuses to temper the film's blows with sermonizing or easy sentiment. Heaven and hell, brute nature and healing grace all have a place in forging faith, as Scorsese sees it. Sure, he's overreaching. Most visionaries do. But no one who shares Scorsese's passion for life and art should turn away from the provocations of *Silence*. **B+**

Denzel's Master Class

Fences

Denzel Washington

Directed by Denzel Washington

★★★★½

LIKE BEING HIT BY LIGHTNING. That's how you feel watching *Fences*, the Pulitzer-winning play by August Wilson that director-star Denzel Washington brings to the screen with all its flamethrowing ferocity and feeling. The year is 1957. The place is Pittsburgh, where Wilson wanted to illuminate "the poetry in the everyday language of black America." Washington plays Troy Maxson, a garbage collector with the chip



Washington, Davis

of broken dreams on his shoulder. Troy made it into baseball's Negro Leagues, but no further. His bitterness touches his two sons, Cory (Jovan Adepo) and Lyons (Russell Hornsby), and his mentally challenged brother, Gabriel (Mykelti Williamson). Troy can swill gin and play king while jawing with his pal Bono (the outstanding Stephen Henderson). But the only one who can temper Troy's rage is his wife, Rose (Viola Davis).

Washington and Davis both won Tonys for these roles on Broadway and should soon have Oscar voters in equal thrall. In bringing Wilson's work to film for the first time, Washington does the late playwright proud by not going for Hollywood flash. Wilson's language coupled with the dazzling acting duet of Washington and Davis are all you need for a movie experience you won't forget. **B+**

The Force Is Strong With This One

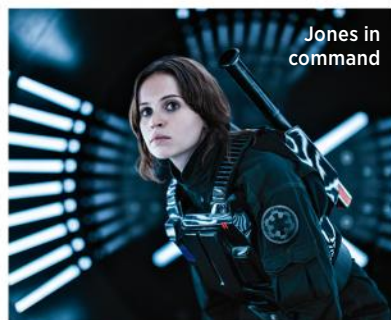
Rogue One: A Star Wars Story

Felicity Jones

Directed by Gareth Edwards

★★★★½

THE FIRST STAND-ALONE chapter in the *Star Wars* franchise is a true blast from the past. Set just before the events of 1977's first-released *Star Wars* movie, *Rogue One* can feel both slow and rushed. But it's packed with the same primitive, lived-in, emotional, loopy, let's-put-on-a-show spirit that made us fall in love



Jones in command

with the original trilogy, before George Lucas slicked up the prequels. Director Gareth Edwards keeps the plot spin-

ning with new characters. High-fives for Felicity Jones as Jyn Erso, a rebel out to steal plans for the Death Star. Also dynamite are Donnie Yen as a blind warrior monk, Ben Mendelsohn as a villain and Alan Tudyk as the hilariously snotty droid.

Rogue One gets better as it goes along, and the climactic battle is pure pow with a cherry on top. **B+**



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EMMA STONE

[Cont. from 37] move was ostensibly temporary, Stone says, “Like, ‘We’re going to be there through pilot season, not forever.’ I auditioned for three months pretty steadily, got absolutely nothing, and then they stopped sending me out.” Not ready to give up, she got hired making treats at a bakery for dogs – a ridiculous gig that she clung to “because I was like, ‘Now I’m working, see? I’m not getting auditions, but I gotta stay here.’”

She booked just enough work to keep hope alive. “I did an episode of *Malcolm in the Middle*,” she says. “And an episode of *Medium*.” Somewhat less glamorously: “I was the voice of a dog on *The Suite Life of Zach and Cody*.” Stone also landed a one-episode part on Louis C.K.’s fantastic, little-seen HBO sitcom *Lucky Louie*, playing a troubled kid. “He was incredibly sweet to me,” she recalls. “And very protective, because I was 16 and my character was, like, offering to blow him. I’ve bumped into Louis since and we’re always like, ‘Heyyy, soooo, remember that?’”

Stone got crucial encouragement from casting director Allison Jones, a veteran comedy talent-spotter who helped launch the careers of James Franco, Jonah Hill and Seth Rogen. “I auditioned for Allison for three years,” Stone says. “She would bring me in for things and they’d never work, but then one Friday evening she called me and said, ‘Hey, my office isn’t even open tomorrow, but I want to put you on tape for something.’ It was *Superbad*.” Stone got the part, playing Hill’s high-school crush Jules, a popular beauty who slings orgasm jokes with the best of them.

Ever since, Stone has steadily broadened her range, pushing, like Hill, into serious dramas. The unifying trait across her portrayals is a core decency – on display from *The Help*, where she played a privileged white woman in the Sixties-era South, to the Best Picture winner *Birdman*, where she got a Best Supporting Actress nomination playing Michael Keaton’s daughter, fresh out of rehab. This part is one of the very few times that Stone has portrayed a fuck-up (since offering to blow Louis C.K., anyway). She describes herself as having an eager-to-please side, and she concedes that it’s hard to imagine her getting cast as a villain anytime soon. “If part of what you’ve craved in your life is to not upset anybody,” Stone says, “it’s easy to be drawn to characters that aren’t gonna upset anybody.”

One night in 2013, though, while shooting *Birdman*, Stone lost her shit – and it felt fantastic. The film, which director Alejandro González Iñárritu wove together from a series of extremely long takes, demanded not just emotional rawness from Stone but technical exactitude. “I had to

come in at the very end of this one scene, and it was so scary, because everything was timed out.” She botched a take. “Alejandro told me, ‘Emma, you have to go faster around the corner or it’s going to ruin the movie!’ And I was like, ‘This is a horror, this is so hard, it’s actually insane.’ Later that night, Edward Norton and I were shooting on a rooftop at, like, 2 a.m. We’d done this scene 30 times, and Alejandro wasn’t getting what he wanted. He said, ‘Maybe it’s not going to work.’ I went to my dressing room, pacing, like, ‘I can’t do it. I’m losing my fucking mind.’ This thing came over me. I’m usually a people-pleaser, but I felt like, ‘Fuck it. I don’t even care anymore.’ So when we went back to do the scene, I was crazy, spitting. And Alejandro goes, ‘Beautiful – there it is!’” Stone shakes her head at the memory. “I wasn’t trying to make it perfect anymore.”

La La Land, like *Birdman*, depended not only on an emotionally authentic performance from Stone, who is onscreen for almost the entire movie, but precise cho-

“There are times in the past, making a movie, when I’ve been told I’m hindering the process by bringing up an opinion.”

reography, too, which she had to nail over a daunting series of uninterrupted takes. When she was first considering the role, Chazelle recalls, “She said, ‘How much prep time do you have? Because I don’t wanna half-ass this – if I’m gonna tap-dance, I wanna learn how to tap-dance. I don’t want to cheat it’ [with forgiving camera angles and misleading close-ups]. That’s not normal for actors, or for people, period: wanting to make something harder for yourself.”

Stone describes the film as a breakthrough in another way. “There are times in the past, making a movie, when I’ve been told that I’m hindering the process by bringing up an opinion or an idea,” Stone says. “I hesitate to make it about being a woman, but there have been times when I’ve improvised, they’ve laughed at my joke and then given it to my male co-star. Given my joke away. Or it’s been me saying, ‘I really don’t think this line is gonna work,’ and being told, ‘Just say it, just say it, if it doesn’t work we’ll cut it out’ – and they didn’t cut it out, and it really didn’t work!” (Stone goes off the record before elaborating further.)

When I ask if she’s considered writing a script herself, or directing one, Stone’s eyes widen. “Writing’s interesting, but I’ve never done it in any way,” she says. “And directing, God, that’s a hard job. It’s all the things you don’t think about as an actor. ‘We lost a location.’ ‘That costume is wrong.’ ‘That actor won’t leave their trailer.’”

“Coming out of improv,” she continues, “where everything’s so reliant on the team, it’s still hard for me to be out front – even when it’s a big role. I like being a cog in the machine.”

STONE IS RIDING SHOTGUN IN MY rental Nissan compact, cruising through Hollywood. The valet at her hotel raised his eyebrows an extremely dignified millimeter when Stone came through the front doors and hopped aboard. “This is definitely the first interview I’ve done in a Sentra,” she says as we head east. It’s a couple of days after our dinner, and we’ve decided to go for a morning hike at Griffith Park. She’s not dressed for the trails, exactly, wearing a felted-wool riding cap with its brim pulled low over dark-tinted shades, a thin-gauge sweater with a small hole in the back, skinny jeans and a pair of Velcro-strapped Acne sneakers. “All black,” I observe. “Incognito,” she replies, nodding.

The fact that her red hair is almost entirely tucked into the hat does wonders for her, stealthiness-wise. At the park, the only guy who stops Stone seemingly has no idea who she is – he just wants directions to the Griffith Observatory. We duck into public bathrooms. “There was so much piss on the floor,” Stone says when she emerges from the women’s side, shuddering, then deadpans, “and not *all* of it was mine.”

We amble up a dusty hill and are breathing hard embarrassingly soon. Barely a quarter-mile in, Stone doubles over at a switchback as though she’s about to barf on the trail. She points at a ridge above us, shoulders heaving for comic effect: “Are we going up there? Are you fucking kidding me?” She was in good shape for *La La Land*, she says, and got straight-up buff for her next gig, the Billie Jean King biopic *Battle of the Sexes*, in which she “put on 15 pounds of muscle” thanks to hardcore weight training. “But,” Stone adds, holding up a nonexistent bicep, “I lost it so fast.”

We find a spot to sit. Fitter hikers pass us. Ants march across our legs. Far out in front of us is the Pacific, waves shimmering; to our right is the HOLLYWOOD sign; the observatory juts out from a cliff behind our heads. If it weren’t for the dust-caked piss on our sneakers, it could almost be a scene in an old-time musical. “Does anyone ever get sick of this?” Stone asks, catching her breath and taking in the view. “I mean, who could ever get sick of this?”

JOHN PRINE

[Cont. from 41] “He was on the night shift for a long time,” says Ferguson, who remembers sitting at Prine’s Fifties Formica table and playing Hank Williams and Merle Haggard records as friends like Van Zandt and Guy Clark dropped by to play cards. Cocaine and quaaludes were rampant. Prine wasn’t much of a weed guy: “If you smoke hash, it was kinda like buying a train ticket. You just run a straight train ride and you know what town you were getting off at. With some of the weed going around, you don’t know where you’re goin’.”

Today, Chandler’s is empty, apart from a smoking bartender and a few grizzled locals here to gamble on a horse race. One of them is Hooter, a friendly, ponytailed character who worked for decades as the Everly Brothers’ tour manager. “Hooter was there in my wild years,” Prine says.

“I was totally involved in his wild years,” Hooter corroborates. Hooter shares a few stories, like the one about Prine’s tropical-fish tank. One night, while they were out barhopping, Prine’s heater shorted out and killed all of his fish. Prine was distraught. He had become attached to a goldfish that had grown to a pound and a half. After storing it in the freezer for months, Prine took the fish to a taxidermist and had it mounted, explaining it was the family’s favorite pet. “I said, ‘The kids miss it,’” says Prine, who had no children at the time.

Prine admits he was basically a child himself back then. All that changed when he met Fiona in 1988 at an afterparty in Dublin, where she was working as a recording-studio business manager. They kept in touch for years before she left Ireland for Nashville in 1993. (The Prines still keep a summer home near Galway.) “There were a lot of things stacked against us,” Fiona says later. “He was on the road and had been through two marriages.”

“I was a high risk,” Prine says. At 48, Prine became a father for the first time when their son Jack was born. Tommy followed the next year, and Prine also adopted another son, Jody, from Fiona’s previous relationship. “It put my feet right on the ground,” he says. “I didn’t know that I was missing that until I found it. All of a sudden I felt normal with a capital N. I didn’t realize it, but it was something that I was striving for after years and years of being a total daydreamer.”

The honeymoon ended in 1996, when Prine visited a doctor about a lump on his neck. He’d been shaving around it for a while, thinking it was a blood vessel; it was actually stage-three neck cancer. Prine was dumbfounded. “I felt fine,” he says. “It doesn’t hit you until you pull up to the hospital and you see ‘cancer’ in big letters,

and you’re the patient. Then it all kind of comes home.”

Surgeons removed the tumor, taking a chunk of Prine’s neck with it. The surgery left his head permanently slumped, which means he spends a lot of time staring at his shoes when he walks. It also makes him stick out in public – he’s used to getting stared at, especially by curious children. “I didn’t think there was any use in me wearing a turtleneck sweater,” he says.

In the wake of the surgery, he felt weak and his voice lost a lot of its power. He took a year and a half off before booking a small theater show in Bristol, Tennessee, as a test. He was nervous. “The crowd was with me. Boy, were they with me,” he says, his eyes tearing up. “And I think I shook everybody’s hand afterward. I knew right then and there that I could do it.”

“It sounds a little cliché, or Pollyannaish,” says Fiona. “But John and I don’t laugh at this: That neck is proof there is a God. That neck is the hand of God, because it gave him more than was taken away. Not to say it wasn’t hard. It was very hard for him.”

It could be hard for his kids, too. According to Fiona, Prine’s physical ailments made it difficult for him to keep up with the boys. They also struggled with the fact that he was on the road a lot. “He wasn’t a PTA dad, but he did what he could,” she says. But lately, their relationship has improved, especially with Jack starting to write songs and Tommy studying music management and hoping to work at Oh Boy. When Fiona recently asked Tommy how he felt about his father’s absence when he was younger, his response was definitive. “Mom,” he said, “my dad’s a freakin’ legend.”

P RINE SAYS THERE’S ONE downside to finding happiness late in life: His writing has slowed down. “The one thing I can’t remember about writing songs is just how fucking simple it is,” he says. The Black Keys’ Dan Auerbach, who’s been co-writing with Prine, says Prine can write when he wants to: “These phrases you’re looking for – they just pop out of his mouth,” Auerbach says. “Like it’s magic or something.”

This year, Prine is hoping to release his first album of new songs since 2005, but he’s finding it to be a torturous process. “I don’t wanna just sit down and write a little couplet that’s kind of witty, or something. I’ve done that,” he says. Occasionally, he stumbles upon an idea he can hang onto. At Chandler’s, we end up discussing religion. Prine believes in God, but he’s sick of the way evangelical Christians use the Bible as a political weapon against gays and transgender people. “I think of the Bible as an unauthorized biography,” says Prine. “I think that the disciples were all trying to

vie for their personal time that they spent around Jesus. If I wrote anything, I would go toward that. I think I would make the center of it like, ‘Kitty Kelley Wrote the Bible.’ That’s a little marble that’s rolling around in my head right now. And that marble gets bigger every day.”

A FTER A COUPLE OF BEERS AT Chandler’s, we head to Prine’s house and sit on a porch overlooking his pool and Fiona’s large garden. Fiona comes by to ask if salmon is OK for dinner. Prine yawns – he’s not used to drinking beer during the day anymore, and it’s made him a little tired. “I can tell,” Fiona says.

At dinner, Prine sits at the head of the table, next to Tommy and his college friends, chiming in on matters from college hockey to whether Tommy should get his real-estate license. “Not a bad idea,” Prine says. “You’d make a killing in one summer. You just smile a lot. When the doorknob breaks, or the plumbing, you just go, ‘It’s very fixable.’” After dinner, Tommy and his friends make their escape, promising Fiona on their way out that they won’t be drinking. She’s skeptical. “Youth,” Prine grumbles when they leave.

He and Fiona look over a proof of a coffee-table book that includes guitar chords, lyrics and photos from throughout Prine’s life. She points out lyrics to various songs, like “Space Monkey” – written about one of the monkeys the Soviet Union sent into space in the Fifties – and 1972’s amiably apocalyptic “The Late John Garfield Blues.” “Your handwriting was a lot better then,” says Fiona. “I was a lot more together,” he replies. “You should’ve known me back then.”

Next is a picture from around the time of Prine’s 1978 album *Bruised Orange*. As part of the promotional campaign, three twentysomething girls in a record store dressed in big round costumes meant to look like oranges, though they ended up looking like pumpkins. “We invited them back to the hotel, actually,” Prine says. “And it turns out they were stuffed with old pages of *ROLLING STONE* inside their costumes.”

“We won’t ask how you found that out,” Fiona says with an eye roll.

As I prepare to leave, Prine disappears and comes back with two more items to show off. One is a gift Jody got him for Christmas last year, a custom painting of Prine with the characters from *Archie*, titled “John Prine Plays Riverdale.” He looks at it and lets out a big, whooping laugh, despite having seen it countless times. The second is the mounted goldfish, which he displays outside, overlooking the pool. “I like hanging it somewhere prominent,” Prine says. “So people go, ‘What’s this?’ Then I get to tell the story.”

DOG FACTORY

[Cont. from 47] that wouldn't look up when Akin stroked her.

Stunned, Akin took the dog home for a bath. Her legs were covered with scabs and both ears were badly infected; she had explosive diarrhea for a week. Akin kept the dog, filed a complaint with the state, and went public with her story about the breeder, Debra Ritter. "We found 11 straight years of state violations, including a bunch that were issued just before we drove out there – but zero fines paid to the [Missouri] Department of Ag," says Chris Hayes, a Fox reporter who interviewed Ritter and aired two stories in St. Louis. Ritter, in a rambling phone conversation in which she praises the Lord for calling on her to adopt 26 foster kids, some with special needs, denies to me that she sold sick dogs, just the "occasional" puppy with worms. She explains that she and her husband had quit jobs to become breeders so they could stay home with their kids

who were chronically ill. "These animal-rights crazies say we abuse our dogs – but I don't see them adopting kids," she says.

As for the violations, those were "nuisance charges" that she resolved before the inspector drove away, she says. "We Ritters aren't perfect, but I have a great reputation for never cheating customers or causing vet bills." Not according to Yelp, which is littered with posts from people who bought her sick pups, or the Horrible Hundred list, where Cornerstone Farms made the 2015 edition. Meanwhile, the website is still posting photos of the "puppy" Ritter sold to Akin. "I had two friends contact her by text," says Akin. "They were told she was available."

What sets Ritter apart isn't her brazen conduct or a trail of heartsick buyers; the difference between her and most online sellers is you can actually find her on a map. "Websites give no clue about where a breeder's based – a lot of the time, you can't even get their name," says

the HSUS's Summers. They hide behind sites like puppyspot.com, a huge Web broker that sells many breeders' dogs out of its call-center office in Florida. In 2011, a lawsuit filed in part by HSUS claimed that the company (which was then called purebredbreeders.com) used roughly 800 domain names to lure buyers into thinking they were purchasing puppies "from quality, responsible breeders." Instead, "we found puppy-millers with USDA violations," says Kimberly Ockene, an attorney for HSUS. A Florida judge dismissed it as a jointly filed suit. A subsequent ruling held that the buyers of sick puppies could re-file individually or let the matter drop. But, says Ockene, "we've had success in some cases. Litigation can be [an] effective tool for combating the puppy-mill problem." (Calls to puppyspot.com for comment were not returned.)

In short, online dog sales is the perfect crime. Courts don't care about out-of-state victims, and the feds don't even fine breeders, much less arrest them, for selling sick pups on bogus sites. Any amateur can do this out of his or her basement and make good, steady money for years. A prime example: Patricia Yates, the miller in North Carolina whose dogs were seized in the Cabarrus County raid. With no license or bona fides from a purebred club, she'd supported herself for years on the profits from her kennel. She might have gone on indefinitely were it not for Lt. Taylor, the Cabarrus County cop who brought her down. "Unfortunately, the laws aren't what they could be in this state, so all we could charge were misdemeanors," says Taylor. (Yates' attorney, Benjamin Goff, says he is weighing "a plea deal that involves no jail time for my client.") "But our target," Taylor says, "is that she never has animals again, and pays back every dime the Humane Society spent to treat those dogs and find them homes."

The HSUS expects to spend at least \$100,000 on the raid – most of it for medical care – which is actually on the low side. Yates yielded custody

of her stock to HSUS, which allowed it to quickly disperse the dogs to animal-adoption groups around the state. "There are cases where we have to hold the dogs for months because they're bargaining chips for the miller – they trade them in exchange for dropped charges," says Goodwin. There's the occasional fine and suspended sentence; in rare cases, someone goes to jail. "These people should be in prison, but that won't end the problem," he says. "The only way you end it is choke its blood supply: Stop buying purebred dogs, and adopt one instead." Due to the effects of animal-welfare advocates, Petco and Petsmart – the twin behemoths of the trade, with roughly half its total income – have stopped doing in-store sales of dogs, and feature rescue adoptions instead. The website Petfinder.com offers thousands of rescue dogs up for adoption. You can find any breed there you would in a pet store. The difference, says Goodwin, is "these dogs are healthy."

OF THE 105 DOGS RELINQUISHED by Yates, all but two survived. Pollo, the tiny poodle, succumbed to a stroke just a month into his new lease on life. "I hand-fed him meals and wrapped him in a blanket, but he'd been through too much," says Brenda Tortoreo, a receptionist at the Cabarrus Animal Hospital, who'd adopted him and renamed him Kip. Tortoreo, who has a pair of older dogs, adopted a second poodle from the raid. Bebe is a couple of years younger than Kip, but no less hungry for affection. For the first two weeks, she wouldn't leave the bedroom except in her owner's arms. Now, she gobbles up the other dogs' breakfasts and steals their small stuffed toys. Dragging them to her daybed, she nuzzles and turns them like the puppies she's birthed and nursed. "We love her to pieces, but cry for Kip a lot," says Tortoreo. "I'm so sad I didn't save him years ago. He got to feel some kindness for those few short weeks. I just hope, wherever he is now, he'll forgive us."

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Iggy Pop

The singer on the importance of not growing up, all the drugs he did, and what's ahead in his seventies

What's the most important rule you live by?

Don't lose yourself. If you take enough dope, you lose your body, your mind or your life. Conversely, if you do everything everybody else tells you to do, you'll be miserable and lose your self-identity. At some point you gotta figure out the balance. "Am I the guy who's gonna relive the life of King Farouk, or am I more like a steelworker who got lucky?"

Who are your heroes?

Keith Richards and Bo Diddley. The primary thing is how they play. Each of them keeps it straight and plain, and they don't gild the lily. It feels like the real thing to me.

You and Keith have been called indestructible.

He's way more indestructible than me! I can't keep up with that guy anymore. I definitely can't smoke cigarettes anymore.

What's your favorite city in the world?

Miami, where I live now. That's for the water, but also a lot of the people are really sweet. It's not a pushy town.

You lived in New York for a long time. Do you miss it?

No. But I had a good 20 years. In Miami, I found a place near the water and it was much cheaper, in beauty, space and convenience, than what I could have gotten in New York, where I had a bedroom view of a dogshit window-well on Avenue B. Of course, that place is now worth many millions of dollars. Go figure.

Tell me about your fitness regimen.

The root of it is a series of exercises called qigong, which form the basis of tai chi. I learned it from a Korean tai chi master named Don Ahn, who had a place in Soho. You don't need a funny suit. You don't need to go to a gym. You don't build no muscle. It just gives you a good energy, good flexibility and good circulation.

What advice do you wish you could tell your younger self?

Don't grow up. Really, don't do that. At certain points in my life I said, "You know what? I need to grow up and do X or be Y or whatever." Most of the time, it was a mistake, though fortunately not all the time.

What's the most indulgent purchase you ever made?

In the 1990s, I bought a small but sporty car for a poor and beautiful immigrant who I barely knew. It was mostly because she was moaning about how she didn't have a car to get to work. The relationship didn't go anywhere.

Until the Stooges re-formed in 2003 and started headlining festivals, you never made much money. What's it like to become rich late in life?

I became barely solvent in the late 1980s and owned my first place, in the East Village.

I didn't have much in the 1990s. I remember spending the winter of 1990 freezing because there wasn't much heat. But everything changed in the 21st century. It's a nice story arc.

What was your favorite book as a child, and what does it say about you?

Jack and the Beanstalk. It says I wanted to go for it, because Jack was going for it. It had everything: threats of violence, drama and ambition.

You did lots of drugs back in the day. Are there any you miss?

Oh, God, no. No no no no no. I've had a wonderful relationship with my body late in life. Even the thought of smoking weed gives me the creeps. Going back, I had a binge on MDMA in the 1970s. And at a festival called Goose Lake in Michigan, I was snorting something they said was coke but I learned later was ketamine. I couldn't remember who I was for about 12 hours. I remember smoking crack before it was called crack. It was frightening.

Do you think drugs should be legal?

I'm not well-informed enough to answer that question, but I am curious about the idea that use and abuse might decline if they were legal. Some Scottish comedian was talking about Brexit and he said, "Asking a celebrity about Brexit is like asking Iggy Pop about a particle accelerator." I'm not your guy.

You turn 70 in April. How do you feel about that?

I'm excited. I hope I make it.
How are you going to celebrate?

I'll probably have dinner with my wife somewhere with low lighting where we can sit close to each other. And if I'm lucky, I'll go to the beach that day. That's my idea of a wild time.

What do you hope to accomplish in your seventies?

I don't expect to use the album form anytime soon, but I hope I can do some singing or talking or writing that appeals to me. I just want to continue working and reacting to the world around me and enjoying bearing witness to this beautiful Earth. I like the outdoors very much. And I hope to be of use to the people that depend on me.

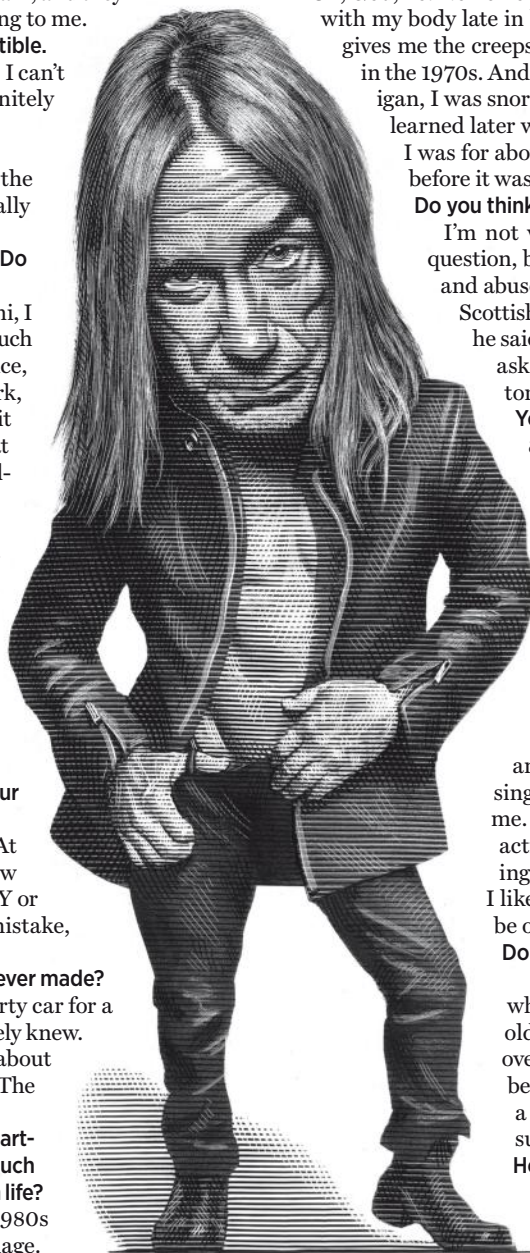
Do you fear extreme old age and death?

That's the creepiest question of this whole interview! But yes, I fear extreme old age. There is the possibility of being overreliant on others. Also, the worst would be the inability to enjoy life. I don't mind a little shit in my day, but I need some sugar on that.

How old is too old to be shirtless in public?

There's no age, and the public can kiss my sweet ass, bare.

INTERVIEW BY ANDY GREENE





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