RIO 2016 OLYMPICS SPECIAL

Newsweek

12.08.2016

RUNNING MATE

CAN JAMAICA'S YOHAN BLAKE TAKE THE OLYMPIC SPRINTING CROWN FROM HIS FRIEND USAIN BOLT?

ISSN 2052-1081

33

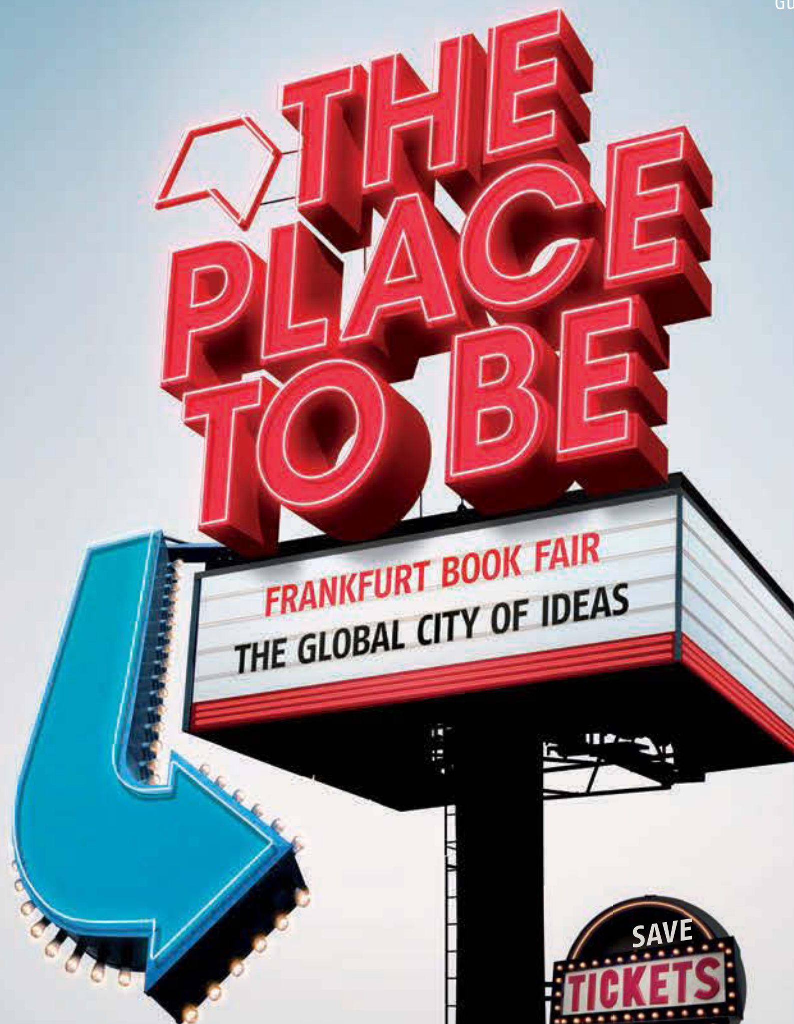
9 772052 108010

ABU DHABI DH35
ALBANIA €6.25
AUSTRIA €6.25
BAHRAIN BD3.5
BELGIUM €6.50
CROATIA HKR70
CYPRUS €6.50
CZECH REP CZK180
DENMARK DKR50
DUBAI DH35
EGYPT £50.00
FINLAND €7.60
FRANCE €6.50
GERMANY €6.50
GIBRALTAR £6.05
GREECE €6.25
HOLLAND €6.50
HONG KONG $80.00
HUNGARY FT1,800
INDONESIA IDR175.00
IRELAND €6.25
ISRAEL NIS35
ITALY €6.50
JORDAN JD5.95
KUWAIT KD3.00
LATVIA €6.50
LEBANON LL10,000
LITHUANIA €8.99
LUXEMBOURG €6.25
MALTA €6.25
MONTENEGRO €8.30
MOROCCO MDH70
NIGERIA $3.40
NORWAY NKR45
OMAN OR 3.250
POLAND PLN28
PORTUGAL €6.50
QATAR QR35
MALAYSIA RM29.50
ROMANIA LEI 42.00
SAUDI ARABIA SR35.00
SERBIA RSD1035
S LEONE SLL30,000
SINGAPORE $11.95
SLOVAKIA €6.50
SLOVENIA €8.50
SOUTH AFRICA R45.00
SPAIN €6.50
SWEDEN SKR60
SWITZERLAND CHF8.50
TURKEY TL17
UK £4.95
US $7.99
ZIMBABWE ZWD4.00

19–23 October 2016

FRANKFURTER BUCHMESSE

Guest of Honour **Flanders | Netherlands**



Plan your time in Frankfurt now

www.book-fair.com

- Be part of the most important industry event in the world
- Meet the relevant decision makers in publishing
- Lay the groundwork for your next year of business
- Discover the latest trends in more than 100 countries

www.book-fair.com/trade-visitors-tickets

Contact:
Dorothea Grimberg
Phone: +49 (0) 69 2102 128
Mail: grimberg@book-fair.com

countdown.book-fair.com | www.book-fair.com/businessclub | #fbm16

Newsweek

AUGUST 12, 2016 / VOL.167 / NO.05

+ **HOPES ARE HIGH: When Fiji's sevens team earned a second straight World Rugby Sevens Series title in May, there was much celebration. An Olympic gold would likely spark a massive, countrywide party.**

ANDY HOOPER FOR NEWSWEEK

2016 OLYMPICS

24 **Rio's Got Games**
Rio de Janeiro is hosting the Summer Olympics and Paralympics at a difficult time in Brazil's history. The carnival city is about to give the country something to smile about

26 **By the Numbers** › City of Gold

28 **Fast Friend** › For years, Jamaican sprinter Yohan Blake has trained alongside the world's fastest man, Usain Bolt. Now his friend may be the only person standing between him and Olympic glory. *by Mirren Gidda*

39 **Athletes** › Very Superstitious

40 **Sevens Heaven** › The introduction of rugby sevens into the Olympics has given the tiny nation of Fiji its first realistic chance of a medal. *by Teddy Cutler*

COVER CREDIT: PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINA EMRICH FOR NEWSWEEK

Newsweek (ISSN2052-1081), is published weekly except one week in January, July, August and October. Newsweek (EMEA) is published by Newsweek Ltd (part of the IBT Media Group Ltd), 25 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5LQ, UK. Printed by Quad/Graphics Europe Sp z o.o., Wyszkow, Poland
For Article Reprints, Permissions and Licensing **www.IBTreprints.com/Newsweek**

DEPARTMENTS

BIG SHOTS

4 **Philadelphia** Pumped Up

6 **Brasilia, Brazil** Ready or Not

8 **Auschwitz, Poland** Never Forget

10 **Philadelphia** American Hero

PAGE ONE

12 **Intelligence** Strongmen in Love

16 **Russia** Burying the 'Undesirables'

19 **Crime** Early Withdrawal Discouraged

20 **Deals** AOL's LOL Moment

22 **Refugees** In and Out of Africa

NEW WORLD

46 **Olympics** Ligament, Heal Thyself

48 **VR** The Crowd, Uncowed

50 **Disease** The Itch in Time

DOWNTIME

54 **Art** John, I'm Only Painting

58 **Travel** Dublin Up

61 **Games** Make Pokémon, Not Wars

62 **Hotel** The Prince in the Lobby

64 **To-Do List** Your Week Made Better

FOR MORE HEADLINES, GO TO **NEWSWEEK.COM**

Newsweek

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Jim Impoco

DEPUTY EDITOR **Bob Roe**
MANAGING EDITOR **Kenneth Li**
EUROPEAN EDITOR **Matt McAllester**
CONTRIBUTING DESIGN DIRECTOR **Priest + Grace**
INTERNATIONAL EDITOR **Claudia Parsons**

CO-FOUNDER, CHAIRMAN **Etienne Uzac**
CO-FOUNDER, CHIEF CONTENT OFFICER **Johnathan Davis**
CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER **Dev Pragad**

EUROPEAN EDITION

EDITORIAL

ASSOCIATE EDITOR **Naina Bajekal**
CULTURE EDITOR **Isabel Lloyd**
TRAVEL EDITOR **Graham Boynton**
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR **Owen Matthews**
DIGITAL EDITOR **Serena Kutchinsky**
DEPUTY ONLINE NEWS EDITOR **Graham Smith**
SUB-EDITOR **Siobhán Morrin**
SOCIAL MEDIA PRODUCER **Valeriia Voshchevska**
REPORTERS **Tufayel Ahmed**
Lucy Clarke-Billings **Anthony Cuthbertson**
Teddy Cutler **Conor Gaffey**
Mirren Gidda **Josh Lowe**
Jack Moore **Tom Roddy**
Damien Sharkov
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS **Nicholas Foulkes**
Adam LeBor
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS **Joanna Brenner**
Matt Cooper **Nicholas Loffredo**
Margarita Noriega **R.M. Schneiderman**
John Seeley **Teri Wagner Flynn**

ART + PHOTO

ART DIRECTOR **Michael Friel**
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR **Dwayne Bernard**
DESIGNER **Jessica Fitzgerald**
PHOTO DIRECTOR **Shaminder Dulai**
PHOTO EDITOR **Jen Tse**
CONTRIBUTING DIGITAL IMAGING SPECIALIST **Katy Lyness**

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

Ryan Bort
Nina Burleigh
Janine Di Giovanni
Kurt Eichenwald
Jessica Firger
Michele Gorman
Abigail Jones
Max Kutner
Douglas Main
Leah McGrath Goodman
Alexander Nazaryan
Bill Powell
Josh Saul
Roberto Saviano
Zoë Schlanger
Zach Schonfeld
Jeff Stein
John Walters
Lucy Westcott
Stav Ziv

PUBLISHED BY
Newsweek LTD,
A DIVISION OF
IBT Media Group LTD

CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER **Gregory Witham**
GENERAL MANAGER **Dave Martin**
GENERAL COUNSEL, EMEA **Rosie McKimmie**

ADVERTISING

COMMERCIAL DIRECTOR **Jeremy Makin**
SENIOR SALES DIRECTOR **Chantal Mamboury**
GROUP ADVERTISING DIRECTOR **Una Reynolds**
SALES DIRECTOR **Gemma Bell**

MARKETING + CIRCULATION

SUBSCRIPTION MARKETING MANAGER **Tom Nichols**
SUBSCRIPTION FULFILMENT MANAGER **Samantha Rhodes**
NEWSSTAND MANAGER **Kim Sermon**

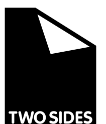
Did you know that European forests, which provide wood for making paper and many other products, have grown by 44,000km^2 over the past 10 years? That's more than 1,500 football pitches every day![†]

Love magazines? You'll love them even more knowing they're made from natural, renewable and recyclable wood

[†] UNFAO, Global Forest Resources Assessment 2005-2015.

Two Sides is a global initiative promoting the responsible use of print and paper which, when sourced from certified or sustainably managed forests, is a uniquely powerful and natural communications medium.

There are some great reasons to #LovePaper
Discover them now,
twosides.info



USA

Pumped Up

Philadelphia—Democratic presidential nominee Hillary Clinton and vice presidential nominee Senator Tim Kaine wade through a sea of balloons at the conclusion of the Democratic National Convention in Philadelphia on July 28. After a rough primary fight with Senator Bernie Sanders, Clinton became the first woman to be nominated as the U.S. presidential candidate for a major party. “I can’t believe we just put the biggest crack in that glass ceiling yet,” Clinton said earlier in the convention.

MARK J. TERRILL

MARK J. TERRILL/AP

BRAZIL

Ready or Not

Brasilia, Brazil—Soldiers in hazardous materials suits conduct a chemical attack drill on July 28 outside the National Stadium, which will host some 2016 Summer Olympics soccer matches. Just a week before the opening ceremony for the games on August 5, the government said it would bring in an extra 3,000 National Guard troops, including retired police officers, after a private security company said it had failed to hire enough workers to provide security checks at the gates of venues. Security concerns are high after recent attacks in France and the United States.

ERALDO PERES

ERALDO PERES/AP

BIG SHOTS

POLAND

Never Forget

Auschwitz, Poland—Pope Francis walks through Auschwitz's notorious gate with the sign *"Arbeit macht frei"* (work sets you free) during his visit to the former Nazi death camp on July 29. After praying in silence at the site where 1.5 million people were slaughtered, most of them Jews, the pope said the same things were still happening in wars around the world today. "Lord, have pity on your people. Lord, forgive so much cruelty," he wrote in a commemorative book at the camp.

FILIPPO MONTEFORTE

FILIPPO MONTEFORTE/REUTERS

BIG SHOTS

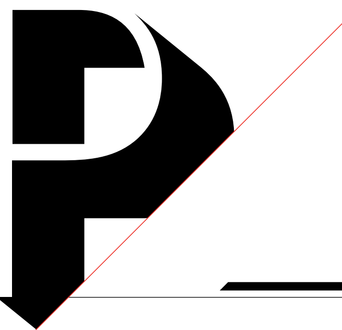
USA

American Hero

Philadelphia—Khizr Khan, whose son Humayun, left, was killed serving in the U.S. Army, challenges Republican presidential nominee Donald Trump to read his copy of the U.S. Constitution, at the Democratic National Convention on July 28. Trump responded by suggesting Khan's wife, a Muslim, may not have been allowed to speak at the convention and insisting that he too had made sacrifices. Fellow Republicans, including Vietnam War veteran Senator John McCain, joined those who criticized Trump for a lack of empathy and respect toward the parents of a fallen soldier. Trump said the bigger issue was radical Islamic terrorism.

LUCY NICHOLSON

LUCY NICHOLSON/REUTERS



STRONGMEN IN LOVE

A failed coup is pushing Turkish President Erdogan back into Putin's arms

BY
OWEN MATTHEWS
@owenmatth

DID VLADIMIR PUTIN'S spies save Turkish President Recep Tayyip Erdogan's life in the recent attempted coup? The theory first surfaced when Iran's official Fars News Agency claimed that Russian security services tipped off their Turkish counterparts after picking up "highly sensitive army exchanges and encoded radio messages showing that the Turkish army was readying to stage a coup." The electronic intelligence was gathered, according to the report, by a Russian listening station at Hmeymim Airport near Latakia, Syria, operated by the Sixth Directorate of GRU military intelligence. The Russians reportedly overheard the Turkish military "discussing plans to dispatch several army helicopters to the hotel [in the resort of Marmaris] where Erdogan was staying to arrest or kill him."

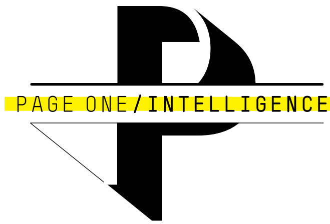
That tracks at least in part with a recent briefing by a senior Turkish security official who said the country's National Intelligence Organization, also known as MIT, received reports of "unusual activity" at the Air-Land School Command in Guvercinlik near Ankara at around 3 p.m. on July 15. The origin of these reports isn't clear. But they were serious enough to prompt MIT head Hakan Fidan to warn Chief of the General Staff Hulusi Akar—panicking the coup plotters into moving their plans forward 12 hours. Erdogan, by his own account, left Marmaris just 15 minutes ahead of a team of commandos sent to capture him.

Both the Turks and Russians have officially denied that Russian spies tipped off their counterparts at MIT. But it is at least technically possible that the fateful first word came from a listening station in Latakia, experts say.

Since the beginning of Russia's official intervention in Syria last year, Moscow's military engineers have installed state-of-the-art electronic interception and jamming equipment at Hmeymim, as well as air traffic control systems. Russia has made a point of showcasing all of its most sophisticated new military technology in Syria, from cruise missiles to Ka-52 Alligator helicopter gunships to T-90M tanks, says Justin

ALEXANDRA HOWLAND FOR NEWSWEEK

FLAGGING DEMOCRACY: Thousands of Turks responded to Erdogan's call to take to the streets to reject the attempted coup.



Bronk of the Royal United Services Institute. And signals intelligence has been no exception. As early as February 2014, Russia's Osnaz (Special Tasks) GRU radio electronic intelligence agency has been assisting Bashar al-Assad's military in setting up listening stations all over Syria (one, near Al-Hara, was captured by the Free Syrian Army in October 2014). According to the Israeli security-related blog Debkafile, the extensive radar and electronic surveillance systems set up by Russia on Syrian territory cover Israel and Jordan and a large part of Saudi Arabia and Turkey, providing "Syria and Iran with situational awareness of the Middle East." In other words, Moscow has been sharing its electronic intelligence with Damascus and Tehran for years.

That makes the story about Russia's role in warning Erdogan credible, but the main problem with the tip-off narrative is timing. While it's conceivable that Russians eavesdropped on traitorous chatter at Guvercinlik, "there is no direct channel of communication between Russian military intelligence and Turkish military intelligence" for such a warning to be transmitted, says Pavel Felgenhauer, a veteran defense affairs correspondent for the Moscow-based newspaper *Novaya Gazeta*. Furthermore, "if the Russians warned the Turks, they would be disclosing their technical capabilities of monitoring [Turkish military] movements and communications. That is usually a no-no as far as intelligence services are concerned. It would take a political decision on the level of Putin to make such a disclosure."

Turkey is a member of NATO, and relations between Ankara and Moscow are only just recovering after Turkish warplanes shot down a Russian bomber last November. In short, concludes Felgenhauer, it's "pretty unlikely" that such a momentous decision—to warn Erdogan—could have been made in a matter of minutes on the afternoon of the attempted coup.

The real significance of the story is its hints that Russia and Turkey are patching up their strategic alliance after the recent falling-out.

One major consequence of the failed coup is likely to be that Erdogan will turn to his erstwhile ally Putin for strategic support. Two weeks before the coup, Erdogan offered a major reset in Russian-Turkish relations, apologizing for the downing of the bomber and calling it "a mistake." Russia, in return, lifted a ban on charter flights to Turkey. Talks have resumed too on the South Stream gas pipeline project that would bring Russian gas to southern Europe via Turkey, bypassing Ukraine. In the aftermath of the coup, the two strongmen of Europe's fringe agreed to a summit meeting in Moscow on August 6.

Putin and Erdogan have a lot in common. Both have pioneered a kind of populist authoritarianism. And both share a deep suspicion of the United States. In one of his first addresses after the coup's failure, Erdogan hurled thinly veiled accusations that the Obama administration was protecting the man he sees as the coup's instigator, reclusive Islamist preacher Fethullah Gulen, who has been living in exile in Pennsylvania since 1999. "Whoever protects the enemies of Turkey cannot be a friend," Erdogan said.

That fits a narrative Putin's media trots out often: that the United States preaches partnership with nations while looking for the first available opportunity to overturn any government that dares to defy Washington's hegemony. In 2011, when mass demonstrations against Putin's return to the presidency seriously challenged his authority, Putin accused then-Secretary of State Hillary Clinton of giving a "signal" to opponents to rise against him.

MOSCOW HAS BEEN SHARING ITS ELECTRONIC INTELLIGENCE WITH DAMASCUS AND TEHRAN FOR YEARS.

The ruling style of the two leaders is also growing similar. Since the coup attempt, Erdogan has become more like Putin as he cracks down on opponents at home—not only on rebel soldiers and generals but on journalists, academics, teachers and judges too. Around 60,000 Turks have been suspended from or lost their jobs in the post-coup purge, and over 6,000 jailed. Human Rights Watch says many of those have been tortured.

Then there's Syria, where Moscow and Ankara have been on opposite sides since Erdogan's government gave up on Assad in 2013 and began backing the opposition. Now the ground has shifted against Turkey: Russia's military intervention in

ALEXEY NIKOLSKY/RIA NOVOSTI/EPA

SEEING EYE TO EYE: Putin and Erdogan have both pioneered a kind of populist authoritarianism, and they share a deep suspicion of the United States.

Syria has strengthened Assad's position, while U.S. backing has boosted Syria's Kurds—allies in the fight against ISIS but enemies of the Turkish government. Finally, in the aftermath of Turkey's downing of the Russian plane, Moscow also reached out to Syria's Kurds, supplying them with equipment, and even allowed them to open their first "embassy" in the Russian capital. Suddenly, Turkey's backing of Syria's hapless rebels is looking like a bad bet, and Erdogan needs Putin's help to prevent the birth of a Kurdish state in northern Syria, which would encourage Turkey's separatist Kurds to escalate their insurgency.

All that means Erdogan and Putin have strong incentives to resume their interrupted love-in. Russian TV reported, triumphantly, that the pilot of the Turkish F-16 that had shot down the Su-24 had been arrested as an anti-Erdogan coup suspect, drawing a symbolic line under the incident.

Closer ties between the two would certainly please many in both Russia and Turkey. Veteran nationalist Alexander Dugin was in Turkey on the day of the putsch and met with Ankara's mayor, Melih Gokcek, a close Erdogan ally. According to a video blog on Dugin's website, Gokcek explained that Turkey was split between "patriots" and "Gulenist-American agents" and that the shooting down of the Russian plane was a CIA-Gulenist conspiracy to split Turkey and Russia's natural alliance. "We underestimated the power of the parallel state, which Gulen's followers and Americans created inside Turkey," Gokcek told Dugin. "It was our mistake. But we are going to make it right now. The first step will be a new rapprochement with Moscow." Dugin has repeatedly called for Turkey to leave NATO and for joint Russian-Turkish action to push NATO from the Black Sea. Dugin's opinions aren't official Kremlin policy, but he is close to Putin.

Even if Erdogan does not owe his life—literally or politically—to a Russian intelligence tip-off, the attempted coup has deepened Erdogan's suspicions of the West, strengthened his authoritarian instincts—and pushed him closer to the man who is increasingly looking like his political alter ego, Putin.

BURYING THE 'UNDESIRABLES'

Russia's 12.5 million disabled people are rarely seen in public—and some Russians prefer it that way

"**I DON'T WANT** to look at children in wheelchairs!" shouted one distraught woman at a tense public meeting in eastern Siberia late last year. "I can't do anything to help them, and I can't look at them and cry every night over this, you understand? I don't want to do this, and I have the right not to!"

The local meeting was aired by Russian state-controlled TV after disability campaigners in the city of Krasnoyarsk sparked uproar when they applied for permission to install a wheelchair ramp at the entrance to a residential building due to house an inclusive child-development center. Under Russian law, tenants must give permission before any work can be carried out on the exterior of a residential building.

"Where are they going to play? Here?" sneered one elderly local woman, gesturing furiously at a nearby playground. Another woman at the meeting insisted that "sick" and "healthy" children should not mix, while another said she was concerned that the disabled children could be "infectious." Others objected to the wheelchair ramp on more prosaic grounds: They were concerned it would interfere with their parking.

Permission for the wheelchair ramp was eventually granted after a concerted campaign involving disability campaigners, city administration officials and even a famous pop singer. But the dispute highlights the challenges facing disabled people in Russia, which has a long history of institutional repression and discrimination against the physically and mentally disabled.

Unlike in Western Europe and the United States, where disabled people are a highly visible part of society, Russian's 12.5 million citizens with disabilities are a relatively rare sight in public, especially in provincial regions with less developed infrastructure. Nearly 30 percent of Russian children with disabilities such as cerebral palsy, muscular dystrophy and Down syndrome live in state-run orphanages, although most of them have at least one living parent.

"Russia is just beginning on the path towards the integration of people with physical and developmental disabilities into mainstream society," says Elena Alshanskaya, head of the Volunteers to Help Orphans organization, which seeks to improve the lives of both disabled and able-bodied children abandoned by their parents. "But people are afraid of what they don't know, of what they don't see every day."

Many of those abandoned have Down syndrome. While there are no official statistics, experts estimate that up to four out of every five babies with the chromosomal disorder are abandoned by their parents shortly after birth. In Moscow, the figure is one in two.

Valeriya Bulgakova knows she was lucky. "The doctors at the maternity hospital didn't even try to talk us into giving him up when they realized that he had Down syndrome," she says, gesturing at her 5-year-old son, Vasya, who is

BY
MARC BENNETTS
@marcbennetts1

KIRILL KUDRYAVTSEV/AFP/GETTY

HAPPY BABY: Actress Evelina Bledans ignored medical advice to give up her Down syndrome child to the state and regularly posts on social media about raising him.

busy tucking into a slice of his favorite fruit pie at the family's apartment in Balashikha, a small town near Moscow. "The midwife said straight off, 'Look how nice he is!'"

Yulia Kolesnichenko, a spokeswoman for Moscow's Downside Up charity, which provides support and advice for families raising children with Down syndrome, says there is little official guidance for medical staff on how to deal with parents who have given birth to Down syndrome children. "Staff at maternity hospitals often say things like 'What have you given birth to?' or 'Give the child up. Have another baby—forget about this one.'"

For those children with Down syndrome who reside in often violent state orphanages, life is bleak. In Russia, all forms of developmental disability are considered a psychiatric illness, so when these children turn 18, they are frequently sent to state-run "psychoneurological" institutions. These residential care homes often house patients with serious psychiatric problems, such as schizophrenia. For those who are fortunate enough to avoid being institutionalized, employment opportunities are almost nonexistent. Strict labor laws prohibit "invalids" from doing the vast majority of jobs, and consequently only two people with Down syndrome are officially employed in Russia.

Outside central Moscow's liberal strongholds,

"WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN BIRTH TO? HAVE ANOTHER BABY—FORGET ABOUT THIS ONE."

attitudes toward the disabled, especially those with developmental disabilities, all too often remain a mixture of suspicion and hostility. In April, a regional lawmaker with the ruling United Russia party proposed removing children with autism or other learning difficulties from classrooms because, he said, they spend much of their time "meowing under the table."

"In any authoritarian state, there is no tolerance for anything or anyone that differs from the norm," says Anna Varga, an associate professor at the National Research University's Higher School of Economics, in Moscow. "Russian society is in a state of stress, fear and depression. As a result, most people have no capacity for tolerance or compassion toward anyone."

Shortly before the dispute over the wheelchair ramp in Krasnoyarsk, Oksana Vodianova,

a 27-year-old woman with cerebral palsy, was thrown out of a café in Nizhny Novgorod, a city in central Russia. The furious owner said she had been "scaring all the customers away." He also told her carer to "go and get medical help for you and your child. And then go out in public."

Similar scenes are common in Russia, disability campaigners tell *Newsweek*. The majority, however, go unreported. The incident in Nizhny Novgorod would have likely gone unnoticed were it not for the fact that Oksana's elder sister is Natalia Vodianova, a supermodel who has appeared on the cover of *Vogue*. She also runs the Naked Heart Foundation, which is aimed at helping underprivileged and disabled children in Russia. "What happened to my sister Oksana...is not an isolated case," Vodianova wrote in a Facebook post that quickly went viral. "It's difficult for me to talk about this, but I understand that this is an alarm bell for society that must be heard."

After the row made international news, investigators brought charges against the owner of the café. But plenty of Russians sided with him. Eduard Limonov, a former opposition leader who now writes a column for the pro-Kremlin newspaper *Izvestia*, urged his Twitter followers to "admit" it was "unpleasant" to look at disabled people and said they should be barred from cafés and restaurants.

Such attitudes have their origins in the Soviet era, when people with physical and developmental disabilities were often hidden away. After World War II, soldiers who suffered crippling injuries while fighting Nazi Germany were forcibly taken from large cities such as Moscow and St. Petersburg and sent to labor camps in Central Asia or remote areas of northern Russia. Ahead of the 1980 Moscow Olympics, "undesirables" of all types, including disabled people, were taken beyond the city's borders, so as to not tarnish the Kremlin-promoted image of a "perfect" Soviet society for foreign visitors.

It would be disingenuous, however, to say that modern Russia has made no progress on rights for the disabled. The existence of multiple disability-pressure groups, unthinkable under Soviet rule, is a testament to this. Recent legislation, including prohibitions on disability-based discrimination, has sought to improve the lives of Russia's disabled, while massive government investment has made Moscow's transport system far more accessible for wheelchair users. The past 15 years have also seen a steady increase in the number of children with developmental disabilities, including Down syndrome, who attend kindergarten and high school, something that was unimaginable in Russia in the 1990s.

"We are taking baby steps toward an improvement in attitudes," says Downside Up's Kolesnichenko. "Right now, Russia lags behind Western countries by around 40 to 50 years. But anything that we or the families can do to change attitudes fades besides what the children can do themselves by simply appearing in public, on playgrounds, in the streets, in schools and nurseries."

Celebrities have begun to lead by example. When Evelina Bledans, a popular actress and TV presenter, gave birth to a son, Semyon Syomin, with Down syndrome in 2012, she ignored medical advice to give up her child to the state. She now posts regular updates about his progress on a dedicated Instagram account. "Some people considered us almost saints, while others said we are idiots and asked why we were 'showing these freaks to the whole country,'" Bledans told Russian media this year.

EXPERTS ESTIMATE UP TO FOUR OF FIVE BABIES WITH DOWN SYNDROME ARE ABANDONED BY THEIR PARENTS SHORTLY AFTER BIRTH.

Back in Balashikha, Vasya Bulgakov finishes off his fruit pie and heads into the family living room to show off his dance moves. "Attitudes are slowly changing in Russia, there's no doubt about that," says his father, Denis, as the sounds of pop music fill the apartment. "Of course, we hope that by the time Vasya is an adult, the situation here for people with disabilities will be like it is in the West. But why make big plans, especially in a country where everything is so unstable? We are happy, we love our son, and we realize that everything is up to us."

DIY ATM: Instead of staging an armed heist, some bank robbers find it safer to hack through the roof and drop into a vault.

U.S. ATTORNEY

Early Withdrawal Discouraged

THEY EARN THEIR MONEY THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY: THEY STEAL IT FROM BANKS

BY **JOSH SAUL** @joshfromalaska

FOR THE past 20 years, whenever Benny and Betty Esposito had a weekend wedding, they would drive to Maspeth Federal Savings, enter the vault with a bank employee, unlock their safety deposit box and take out the jewelry they planned to wear. The following Monday, the landscaper and teacher's aide would put the jewelry back in their safety deposit box, where it sat alongside their bonds and deeds.

In late May, the Espositos learned their safety deposit box wasn't safe. Thieves cut a hole through the roof of their Queens, New York, bank, disabled surveillance video and dropped into the vault. They left dozens of emptied boxes on the roof and a black ladder leaning against the bank.

On July 26, authorities announced the arrest of three men for robbing that bank and one in Brooklyn, charging that they stole $5 million in cash, jewelry and diamonds. "These heists reminded me of one of my favorite movies, *Heat*," New York Police Commissioner William Bratton said at the press conference. "This crew was nearly perfect, but they left behind small pieces of evidence: plywood purchased at a nearby Home Depot and torches from a Brooklyn welder used to muscle into the vault." Police tracked the crew for almost two years.

The heist that robbed Betty Esposito of the engagement ring Benny gave her 46 years ago is similar to other recent bank jobs in New York City, in which criminals either cut through the roof or broke into an adjacent business and tunneled through a wall. Authorities say the pace of break-ins picked up last year, which means more business for the lawyers who represent victims. "We've had crisis counselors in our office," says Vincent Ancona of his often distraught clients. "They don't want to be compensated. They want the item." Ancona and his partner have represented a wide range of victims, from an Orthodox Jewish man who lost an antique Torah to a woman whose son worked at the World Trade Center and was killed in the September 11 attacks. She stored her cash and jewelry at home but kept drawings her son made as a child in her safety deposit box.

"When a lot of these thieves rob, they take the items in the box that are valuable and throw them in a bag...and then the rest of the items they just dump on the floor," Ancona says. "The MO of the last 10 years has been they take a fire extinguisher and they spray the room to get rid of all the biological evidence. So most likely those pictures were on the floor, but they got destroyed." (Two fire extinguishers were left behind in the Maspeth job.)

Investigators have told Ancona that sometimes the crooks are in the bank so long they eat there, leaving pizza boxes and McDonald's wrappers in the vault.

"I'm just a landscaper, but there should have been a little bit better security if they knew these banks were getting broken into," says Benny Esposito, whose safety deposit box was emptied in the Maspeth burglary. "We want to know if the president of the bank had a safe deposit box in there."

His wife adds, "I have more security in my school." N

AOL'S LOL MOMENT

The Verizon-Yahoo deal is a victory for AOL's Tim Armstrong over cool-kid rival Marissa Mayer

BY
ALEXANDER NAZARYAN
@alexnazaryan

MARISSA MAYER was Google's 20th employee; Tim Armstrong came about 80 employees later, which in Silicon Valley is a gap of several generations. Mayer was a Stanford-educated engineer; Armstrong was an ad salesman who'd played lacrosse and rowed crew at Connecticut College.

To 99.3 percent of us, those academic and professional differences would be insignificant. Mayer, though, was as acutely aware of status as the protagonist of a Victorian novel. "[Armstrong] did not penetrate Mayer's ivory-towered product world, and no number of promotions would ever change that," Sarah Ellison recently wrote in *Vanity Fair*, noting that "the two regularly faced off in debates" over Google's future.

Both eventually left Google—Mayer in 2012 to run Yahoo and Armstrong in 2009 to run AOL, which was bought by Verizon last year. Mayer became one of the most visible chief executives in Silicon Valley, while Armstrong remained essentially an ad guy largely unknown outside the tech and media industries. In 2014, the two rivals met for a late-night drink during a conference in Sun Valley, Idaho. For those who cover the tech world, this was tantamount to Taylor Swift and Kim Kardashian taking a spin class together. Some thought a merger was coming, but that would have probably required many more drinks.

Now the Google veterans meet again, though celebratory champagne is unlikely. Verizon has bought Yahoo (well, most of it) for $4.8 billion,

and just about everyone expects that Mayer will either relinquish or lose her job. After all, if she'd performed remotely as well as was hoped, there would have been no push for a sale. At the same time, Armstrong is likely to see his influence grow

as Verizon continues its shift from a phone company to a media conglomerate, one that will need his ad-selling and content-generating expertise. "A Verizon-Yahoo combination would thrust Mr. Armstrong into the role of overseer for the combined company's digital media assets," *The Wall Street Journal* mused this spring, as a sale seemed to be approaching. That would mean, among other things, that in his yearslong competition with Mayer, Armstrong has emerged victorious.

When Mayer arrived at rudderless Yahoo in 2012—the company's fifth chief executive in five years—her appointment was seen as something equivalent to the elevation of a new Dalai Lama. Here was an obviously brilliant, relatively young woman, rising to the top in an industry dominated by antisocial coding geeks.

"A major coup," *Forbes* gushed.

VentureBeat doubled down on the love: "Money, beauty, love, and a fabulous career—is there anything Mayer doesn't have?"

Yahoo, like AOL, was a Silicon Valley pioneer. As the dot-com boom was ravaging the tech industry, AOL merged with Time Warner, a $165 billion deal that is routinely taught in business schools as an unqualified disaster. In the ensuing years, as a new generation of tech companies arose, AOL became the butt of jokes—its ubiquitous promotional CDs the relics of an earlier era, its email addresses used only by the old and the ironic. Yahoo, meanwhile, soldiered on, its online advertising strong enough for Microsoft to offer $44.6 billion in 2008. Yahoo rejected that deal. Today, Verizon is acquiring the company for roughly a 10th of that price.

Yahoo brought in Mayer to compete with Google and Facebook, and she hired journalists whose defections made news: David Pogue from *The New York Times*, Matt Bai from *The New York Times Magazine* and Katie Couric, who became Yahoo's "global anchor." Mayer also started "digital magazines" while acquiring other properties: 49 in all, for a total cost of $2.2 billion, according to VentureBeat. The most notable was Tumblr, bought in 2013 for $1.1 billion. Today, its value is believed to be a small fraction of that and still tumbling. Another bad move, far less costly but more embarrassing, came during last year's holiday season, when Mayer threw a $7 million party at which she sat behind a velvet rope, posing for photos with employees (she has disputed the cost, but she can't dispute the damning images).

When Armstrong took over AOL, there was no adulatory coverage of the kind that heralded Mayer's arrival at Yahoo. Armstrong, to most, was an unknown, and AOL was a has-been. When he did make news, it was for errors that seemed to reinforce Mayer's reportedly low opinion of him. In 2013, during a call with employees at Patch, an AOL microblogging subsidiary Armstrong founded, he fired its creative director, Abel Lenz, for photographing him as he spoke, an outburst of fury that, captured on audio, quickly went viral. The following year, he justified cuts in benefits by telling his employees, "We had two AOL-ers that had distressed babies that were born that we paid a million dollars each to make sure those babies were OK in general. And those are the things that add up into our benefits cost." This seemed to many preposterous, offensive illogic, and Armstrong was flayed in the media for days.

MAYER'S ARRIVAL AT YAHOO WAS SEEN AS SOMETHING LIKE THE ELEVATION OF A NEW DALAI LAMA.

But these episodes obscured the fact that his savvy in advertising was keeping AOL afloat. By absorbing The Huffington Post and TechCrunch, AOL expanded its media holdings while retaining 2.1 million users of its dial-up service, and Verizon bought it in the spring of 2015 for $4.4 billion. Verizon wanted the content created by AOL properties. More important, though, it wanted the powerful advertising mechanism Armstrong had constructed. At the time of the sale, *Fortune* praised AOL for having "put together a sophisticated suite of advertising technologies for online and traditional media that no other company (aside from Google and Facebook) can match."

Yahoo did many things, but there was never one thing it did exceptionally well, so well that it could justify (and pay for) all of its ancillary activities. As a withering case study by the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania argued earlier this year, "When Marissa Mayer took the reins at Yahoo, she was hailed as a visionary leader who would rescue the floundering company. But she failed her most important task: explaining—to investors, customers, employees and the world, really—why Yahoo should continue to exist."

The merger will take some time, but Mayer will also likely depart Yahoo. Before she goes, maybe Armstrong will offer to buy her a drink. ■

BRENDAN MCDERMID/REUTERS

TIM-BER! Mayer had the glamour, but Armstrong has the robust ad revenue machine, so the nerd won this round.

IN AND OUT OF AFRICA

When Yemenis fleeing war make it to Djibouti, they often find Ethiopians heading in the other direction

A CORPSE LIES by the side of the road. The man, likely an Ethiopian in his late 20s, is facedown under a bush with his arms stretched out in front of him. He is wearing only shorts and a bright yellow tank top marred by dust and blood. No shoes, no money, no ID. Passers-by heading to Friday prayer are saddened but not surprised.

The man is assumed to be one of thousands fleeing drought in Ethiopia and heading for Saudi Arabia. The journey takes them to Djibouti on foot, then by boat to Yemen, the nearest point on the Arabian Peninsula. From Yemen, they pay smugglers to get them into Saudi Arabia. "The worst part is the heat," says Zeynaba Kamil, an Ethiopian girl who walked for 15 days through the Djiboutian desert, where temperatures sometimes reach 130 degrees.

Zeynaba has made it as far as Obock, a sleepy port town in northern Djibouti that has become a hub for people fleeing both into and out of a war zone. While Ethiopians want to travel from here to Yemen, thousands of Yemeni refugees coming the other way have landed on Djiboutian shores in the last year, escaping the conflict in their country.

Ethiopians seek shade under parched juniper trees and beg for food by the local mosque. There are about 1,000 of them here, according to the International Organization for Migration (IOM). A few miles from town, 1,400 Yemenis live in the Markazi refugee camp, a fenced compound surrounded by vast stretches of desert.

The war in Yemen has been raging since March 2015, when Houthi insurgents ousted the government, prompting an airstrike campaign by a Saudi-led coalition. So far, 2.7 million Yemenis have been internally displaced, and over 19,000 have fled to Djibouti. Since the start of the year, the Regional Mixed Migration Secretariat (RMMS) estimates, 40,000 Ethiopians fleeing poverty and the country's worst drought in 50 years have passed through Obock.

Miftahou Kalil, an Ethiopian on his way to Saudi Arabia, says he knows about the conflict in Yemen, but he's determined to go anyway. Kalil was a farmer, but the drought ruined his crop. "Nothing can be worse than it is at home," he says. Kalil and a dozen others from his village sleep under a tree on the town's outskirts while they wait for smugglers to load them on boats. Ethiopians pay $100 for a ride to Yemen. If they survive the voyage, they will pay $250 to cross the highly patrolled border with Saudi Arabia.

The man found by the side of the road just a few miles from Obock is hardly the first to die on the trek. Kalil and other Ethiopians bury him in the local cemetery, beside the unmarked graves of three other migrants. They take turns digging in silence, then lower the body into the ground and quickly scatter back to the trees.

Few of these migrants or refugees want to stay in Djibouti. This desert nation bordering Ethiopia, Eritrea and Somalia is best known for

BY
LAURA SECORUN
@LauraSecorun

hosting American military bases and has little to offer foreigners besides harsh weather.

Some of the Ethiopians hope the conflict in Yemen will make their trip easier, as Yemeni authorities are preoccupied, but the IOM warns that it's the opposite. "We're having to repatriate hundreds of Ethiopians," says Ali al-Jefri, the IOM's project officer in Obock, "and many come back with bullet wounds." Ziad, a recently retired Ethiopian smuggler, claims passage is now more dangerous than ever. He stopped shipping migrants after one of his boats sank and he saw his clients' bodies wash ashore. Now Ziad works as a fisherman. His advice to those heading to Yemen: "Carry a knife."

Yemeni refugees, who often see migrants walk past their camp, can't fathom why anyone would willingly enter the nightmare they just escaped. "These Ethiopians are mad!" says Rania Dheya. Her family came to Djibouti a year ago after Houthi forces took over their hometown, Aden, and "covered the streets in blood."

Dheya is grateful for Djibouti's generosity but says living conditions in Obock are too harsh. The camp is fenced to protect refugees from wild animals, but snakes and scorpions often sneak into their homes. In summer, sandstorms blow tents over, and it gets so hot they can fry eggs on the ground. The unrelenting heat is one of the reasons almost 1,000 refugees have left the camp since February for Djibouti's eponymous, and pricey, capital or relatively safe corners of Yemen.

Djibouti has long been a haven for those fleeing conflict; Somali refugees have been in the country since the early '90s. Unlike Yemen's other neighbors, Oman and Saudi Arabia, Djibouti gives refugees the right to health care, education and work. But with limited public services and a 60 percent unemployment rate, hosting refugees is a strain on the nation's scarce resources. "We won't turn anyone away," says Obock's prefect, Hassan Gabaleh Ahmed, "but we need help."

"IF WAR DOESN'T STOP THEM, WHAT WILL?"

Ahmed Houmed, a camp administrator for the Djiboutian refugee agency, says refugees are boosting Obock's emaciated economy. Yemenis buy from local shops and spend hours in the town's only cybercafé. There's even a popular restaurant run by refugees where locals and U.N. workers eat *malooga*, traditional Yemeni flatbread, under the despairing watch of hungry Ethiopian migrants who pick up the leftovers.

As the Ethiopian drought continues, Bram Frouws, RMMS coordinator, warns that "the flow [from Ethiopia] won't cease anytime soon. If war doesn't stop them, what will?" Refugee arrivals in Djibouti from Yemen have dropped, in part due to the current cease-fire. But peace negotiations have made little progress, and experts fear this fragile truce may fail like the previous three.

Everyone is in limbo here. Yemenis text family back home, asking if it's safe to return, while Ethiopians debate which smuggler to trust with their lives. After laying the headstone on his fellow migrant's grave, Kalil approaches an IOM worker. "I want to go back home," he says. "Can you help me?" But the IOM doesn't have funding for voluntary repatriations from Djibouti—all the worker can do is tell him to wait. The translator asks how many others want to return. "All of us," Kalil says. The 20 men around him nod in agreement.

As the sun begins to set, five of them decide to start the long walk back to Ethiopia. N

EXODUS: The fighting in Yemen has displaced around 2.7 million people within the country and forced more than 19,600 to flee to Djibouti on crowded boats like this one.

JACOB SIMKIN/NURPHOTO/AP

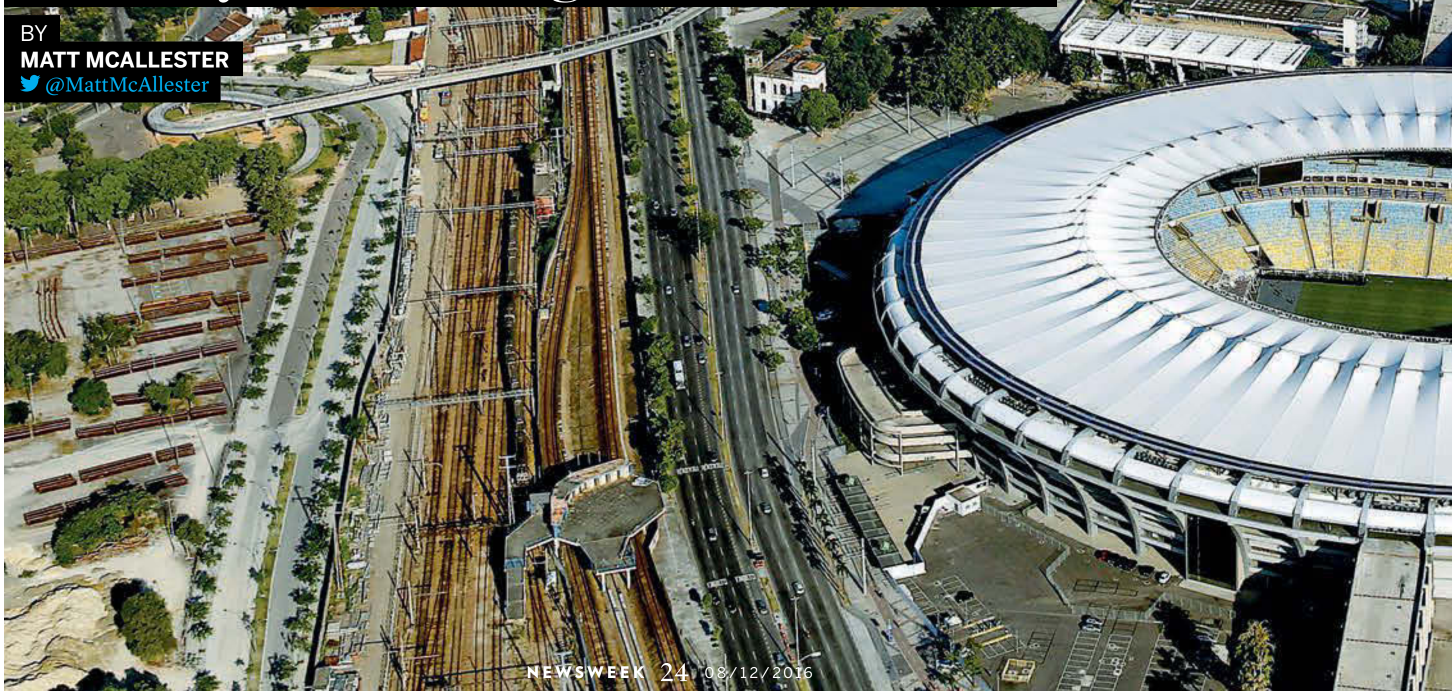
2016 OLYMPICS

P.26 BY THE NUMBERS P.28 YOHAN BLAKE P.39 SUPERSTITIONS P.40 FIJI RUGBY

RIO'S GOT GAMES

Rio de Janeiro is hosting the Summer Olympics and Paralympics at a difficult time in Brazil's history. The carnival city is about to give the country something to smile about

BY
MATT MCALLESTER
@MattMcAllester



BRITAIN FELT LIKE a rather tired and battered place in the first half of 2012. The global financial crisis had hit the U.K. economy hard, and the government had implemented deep cuts in public services. Even the weather was awful. Britain did not seem like a country in the mood to throw a party.

Too bad; it had to. Seven years earlier, London had won the right to host the Summer Olympics. To many, the games seemed like the wrong event at the wrong time. Cash-strapped Austerity Britain, as it had become commonly known, surely had no hope of hosting a games as spectacular as Beijing 2008. That was Communist China's great opportunity to show off to the world. Its showcase venue was an astonishing building—the crisscross concrete and steel mesh of the Bird's Nest Stadium, designed by superstar Swiss architects Herzog & de Meuron and China's leading contemporary artist, Ai Weiwei. China's athletes excelled, winning 51 golds, 15 more than the second-placed United States. In the opening ceremony, performers seemed to fly through the air. Good luck matching that, London.

But it did. A few days before the ceremony, I first visited London's Olympic Park. I walked through this former marshland and slum area and found myself moved by what I saw. Olympic Park was huge but somehow cozy. It was beautiful—banks of wildflowers sprouted in unexpected places—and elegant. And over the next two weeks, it was the site of an event that turned out to be thrilling and joyful.

So don't sweat it, Rio. Brazil certainly has challenges. The mosquito-borne Zika virus is scaring some athletes and visitors away. Builders are racing to finish accommodations for the athletes. The budget has run way over. The government is in crisis. Poverty and crime still plague the city. But we see a version of this every four years; pre-games complaining is almost an Olympic sport itself. And then the opening ceremony happens. The first medals are awarded. Complaints fade, and the world falls in love with an event that seems improbably pure and uplifting.

In this special Olympics issue, we look at two of the great stories of the games: Jamaican sprinter Yohan Blake's second try at beating Usain Bolt, his friend and rival, in Olympic competition and tiny Fiji's first realistic chance of winning gold. We offer a guide by numbers to the games, and, in a reminder that these supreme athletes have very human sides, we look at some of their many superstitions. We'll also be covering the games extensively on Newsweek.com.

It all ends on August 21. But on September 7, another group of athletes takes to the field for the Rio 2016 Summer Paralympics. "We're the superhumans" is the tagline of a promo for the TV coverage of the Paralympics in the U.K. That seems about right. Rio, the carnival city, is about to host two amazing parties in a row. N

OH RIO: Massive spending on Brazil's Olympic stadiums and other facilities has angered some at a time of economic gloom and political corruption.

MATTHEW STOCKMAN/GETTY

CITY OF GOLD

THE OLYMPICS BY THE NUMBERS—FROM MEDALS TO MATTRESSES

4 AREAS WHERE THE EVENTS WILL TAKE PLACE

60,000 MEALS SERVED EVERY DAY IN THE ATHLETES' VILLAGE

50 PERCENTAGE OF BRAZILIANS WHO OPPOSE HOSTING THE GAMES

124 MILES OF SECURITY FENCING TO KEEP THE GAMES SECURE

0 TIMES THE BRAZILIAN SOCCER TEAM HAS WON GOLD IN THE OLYMPICS

95 DAYS THE TORCH SPENT TRAVELING THROUGH BRAZIL TO RIO

306 MEDAL EVENTS TAKING PLACE

180,000 UNOFFICIAL ESTIMATE FOR THE NUMBER OF PEOPLE LIVING IN RIO'S LARGEST FAVELA

32 VENUES WILL HOST THE GAMES

812 GOLD MEDALS PRODUCED BY THE BRAZILIAN MINT

230 HOLES AT THE TOP OF THE OLYMPIC TORCH

315 HORSES PARTICIPATING IN THE GAMES

40 billion reais
TOTAL COST ($12.3 BILLION) OF THE RIO OLYMPICS

17
DAYS THE OLYMPICS WILL RUN (FROM AUGUST 5 TO AUGUST 21)

42
DIFFERENT SPORTS FEATURED

250
GOLF CARTS TO TRANSPORT GOLFERS

8,400
SHUTTLECOCKS WILL BE USED FOR BADMINTON MATCHES

450,000
CONDOMS DISTRIBUTED TO ATHLETES

10
MILES ADDED TO RIO'S METRO SYSTEM

25,000
NUMBER OF JOURNALISTS THE PRESS CENTER CAN HOLD

31st
SUMMER OLYMPICS SINCE THE FIRST MODERN GAMES OF 1896

COPACABANA

50,000
VOLUNTEERS TO HELP RUN THE GAMES

7.5 million
APPROXIMATE NUMBER OF TICKETS ON SALE

206
COUNTRIES REPRESENTED AT THE OLYMPICS

85,000
SOLDIERS AND POLICEMEN WILL BE DEPLOYED, ROUGHLY TWICE AS MANY AS IN LONDON

10,500
ATHLETES PARTICIPATING IN THE TOURNAMENT

50
TONS OF DEAD FISH REMOVED FROM THE ROWING AND CANOEING LAGOON

1st
SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRY TO HOST THE GAMES

173,850
NUMBER OF FANS THAT CRAMMED INTO THE MARACANÃ FOR THE 1950 WORLD CUP FINAL

29,000
MATTRESSES NEEDED TO KEEP THE ATHLETES' VILLAGE WELL RESTED

78,000
CAPACITY OF RIO'S FAMOUS MARACANÃ STADIUM

3.6 billion
ESTIMATED GLOBAL VIEWERS

ILLUSTRATION BY SINELAB

FAST FRIEND

FOR YEARS, JAMAICAN SPRINTER **YOHAN BLAKE** HAS TRAINED ALONGSIDE THE WORLD'S FASTEST MAN, USAIN BOLT. NOW HIS FRIEND MAY BE THE ONLY PERSON STANDING BETWEEN HIM AND OLYMPIC GLORY

BY MIRREN GIDDA
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALINA EMRICH

2016
OLYMPICS
RIO 2016

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MEN'S 100-METER FINAL AT THE 2012 LONDON OLYMPICS, 22-YEAR-OLD YOHAN BLAKE COULD NOT SLEEP. THE FOLLOWING DAY'S RACE WOULD BE

the most important of his life: The young Jamaican was about to compete in his first Olympic final. Billions of people would be watching him try to beat his rivals in a burst of speed and power that would last less than 10 seconds. Blake kept getting up from his single bed and going to the bathroom, thinking over and over again, "Jesus, big race tomorrow."

By the time the sun rose on August 5, he was bleary-eyed and still had a whole day to get through until the race that evening. He watched a cricket match on TV, sitting alone amid the clothes and food cartons strewn across his room in the athletes' village.

A shuttle bus came later that evening and took him to the main stadium, which was packed with tens of thousands of spectators. Blake had run here before, for the heats, but now, as the finalists stepped onto the track, the noise was deafening.

With the start of the race moments away, Blake and seven of the fastest men on the planet began stripping off their tracksuits. Blake, the youngest of the pack, looked tired, and the stadium's floodlights illuminated the dark circles under his eyes.

The announcer began calling out the names of the sprinters as the TV cameras zoomed in on each of them. "Richard Thompson, Asafa Powell, Tyson Gay...." Blake was bending over, adjusting his torn shorts; he had cut them with scissors, so they looked as if he had slashed them with his long fingernails—all part of an image intended to match his nickname, the Beast. As his name echoed around the stadium, he straightened up with a shoulder ripple he had cribbed from Michael Jackson's "Thriller" music video, then clawed at the camera, mouthing a roar. He glanced to his right and looked at his fellow Jamaican, Usain Bolt—the king of crowd-pleasers. This was the man everyone had come to see, not some nervous, young hopeful.

But Blake had reason to believe that, within the next few minutes, he could be the Olympic men's 100-meter champion, snatching the title from Bolt. Less than two months earlier, he had beaten him in the Jamaican team trials in both the 100-meter and 200-meter sprints. Bolt, who had won gold at both distances at the Beijing Games in 2008, held the world 100-meter and 200-meter records. But in 2012, Blake had run faster than anyone in the world.

The eight men stood behind their blocks. Blake stared down the track, swinging his arms to loosen up. The hushed crowd waited for the announcer to speak. "On your marks." The men crouched down, placing their feet on the blocks. "Set." They lifted up their backs. The starting gun fired.

For the best sprinters, the time between the crack of the gun and their spikes exploding off the block is 0.1 seconds; the ear hears,

the brain sends a signal, and the body reacts. Blake sprang from his blocks, head down, body tilted forward at such an acute angle he looked like he might fall. His feet hammered into the ground, pushing each knee in turn up to his chest. His arms pumped as he began to raise himself into an upright position.

The U.S. sprinter Justin Gatlin was leading the pack, but Blake was gaining on him, pounding down the track, with Bolt close behind him.

At the 60-meter mark, Blake was at maximum velocity, his body upright, his strides lengthening. His breaths burned in his chest, the veins in his neck bulged, and the corners of his mouth stretched back, so it looked like he was grimacing in pain.

That's when he saw Bolt, two lanes over, draw level and then pull ahead. Blake urged his body to go faster, make longer strides, but he was running out of time. His body tightened under the strain as he attempted a final burst of speed, but he could not do it. Bolt widened the gap between them, powering over the line a full stride ahead of Blake, who came in second.

Four days later, Blake was again beaten by Bolt, this time in the Olympic 200-meter final. That race had been his last hope for an individual gold medal. He now had four years to wait for another shot at Olympic glory.

FAST AND FASTEST

BLAKE, WHO shares the title of the world's second-fastest man with the American sprinter Tyson Gay, has had to spend much of his career watching the world's fastest man, often in the next lane. He watches Bolt as they train together; he watches Bolt as crowds mob him at every opportunity; he watches as Bolt regularly lopes past him toward the finish line.

He watches Bolt because, like most of us, he finds it hard to look away. Bolt is a born entertainer, a giant of a man, who is confident, charming and preternaturally fast. Somehow, Bolt—who calls himself lazy, even if that's something of a ploy to make his remarkable athletic achievements seem even more amazing—makes running at superhuman speeds seem easy, something that he fits in around his playboy lifestyle. (After his 100-meter victory in London, he tweeted a photo of himself with three members of the Swedish women's handball team. In his bedroom. At 3 a.m.)

"I BELIEVE IF I'M SLEEPING, THERE IS THIS NEXT GUY WORKING HARDER THAN ME."

Blake offers no such illusions. Sprinting was his way out of poverty, and he does not pretend to take it lightly. He trains relentlessly, convinced that time away from the gym or the track is time wasted. "I believe if I'm sleeping, there is this next guy working harder than me," he says, when we meet in May at the Adidas headquarters in Herzogenaurach, Germany. "I can't have him doing that. I always want to be the best. I have to work for that. Nothing in life come easy."

Blake and Bolt are friendly, and they support each other—but when they're on the track, all that vanishes. Three years older than Blake, Bolt is the cool older brother; Blake, shorter and stockier, is his awkward kid brother, forever trying to catch up.

But the older brother is nearly 30 now. Bolt has already said the games in Rio de Janeiro will be his last Olympics, so in 2020 Blake will no longer have to

compete against the man who has dominated sprinting for the past eight years.

Blake isn't prepared to wait for Bolt to step aside. He has trained tirelessly since those two losses in the London finals. On August 14, if all goes as expected, Blake will face off against Bolt once again in the men's 100-meter final. It'll be his last chance to best the world's greatest sprinter on the Olympic stage.

THE BEAST IS BORN

BLAKE WAS born on December 26, 1989, the sixth of Shirley and Veda Blake's seven children, in the city of Montego Bay on the northwest coast of the island. Blake's early years were spent crammed into a two-bedroom house, sharing an outside bathroom with neighbors. The family's electricity came from an illegal connection Blake describes as "hustled."

"It was rough because there were only two beds in the house and, you know, windows were smashed, the floor was [rotten]," says Blake, who made up to $150,000 per race the year after the 2012 Olympics. "All of us bundled up in one bed, rain is falling [through the roof]. It was crazy."

Blake's father worked as a bartender and a tailor, but money was still tight, so Blake often skipped school to try to bring in a few dollars to help his parents pay for food. Sometimes, he would collect discarded bottles and redeem them at a local shop; sometimes, he did yard work for his neighbors; sometimes, he had to ask his church for money.

In elementary school, he was mocked because he was so poor. Blake remembers his mother would send him to school wearing a cheap pair of red shoes with a heel, which was all she could afford. "I used to take off my shoes, because they were so ugly," he says. "I couldn't let my friends see me in that. I was so ashamed."

His classmates laughed at him, but Blake had something none of them had—an almost freakish ability to run fast.

When Blake was in middle school, his principal, O'Neil Ankle, stepped outside one day to watch some of the boys at the school play cricket. Blake was bowling. In cricket, a bowler often takes a long run-up before releasing the ball toward the batsman.

In that brief moment as Blake ran up, Ankle realized that the 13-year-old was wasted on the game. He had talent that could be transcendent in sprinting—that pure discipline of running as fast as humanly possible. He told Blake to enroll at St. Jago's, a high school with an excellent athletic program, 99 miles away on the other side of the island.

Blake left home and went to live with Danny Hawthorne, a coach at the school, and quickly showed he was exceptional. In 2007, aged 17, he posted the fastest 100-meter time for a Jamaican junior sprinter, 10.11 seconds. (The world record at the time, set the year before by Blake's fellow Jamaican Asafa Powell, was 9.762 seconds.)

The next year—his final one at high school—Blake competed at the Inter-Secondary Schools Boys and Girls Championships, the country's biggest athletics tournament. Champs, as it is known, might sound like countless other events around the world for high school athletes, but in Jamaica it is treated with almost the same reverence as the Olympics. It makes the front pages of the country's newspapers, and during the competition the 35,000-seat National Stadium is regularly filled to capacity.

BLAKE REMEMBERS WATCHING BOLT AND THINKING, "DAMN, HE'S FAST."

The crowds are mostly there to watch the sprinters. It is a sport at which Jamaica, despite having a population of less than 3 million, excels. At the 2008 and 2012 Olympics, Jamaican athletes took gold in all the 100-meter and 200-meter races—with the exception of the women's 200 meters in 2012.

On March 14, 2008, Blake won the 16s-to-19s 100-meter race at Champs. In the crowd that day was Usain Bolt, a former winner at the tournament who had become the country's most famous athlete and was then the world's second-fastest man. After Blake's race, Bolt offered him some advice. "'Yohan, do not burn out yourself,'" Blake says Bolt told him. "'Leave it, because you still have the big career to come.'"

Blake could not believe Bolt knew who he was. "I was just so appreciative [of his advice]," he says. "You know, that's just the kind of guy that he is."

Not long after Champs, Bolt's coach, Glen Mills, offered Blake the chance to train alongside Bolt and many of Jamaica's other top sprinters. Five months later, he started working with some of the fastest men in the world.

But he was still a shy, insecure teenager and was intimidated by Bolt, his new training partner. Blake remembers watching him and thinking, Damn, he's fast. He began to wonder if he could ever beat a sprinter who was so much taller than he was, and who had such long strides.

Blake's first year on the international circuit in 2008 was a disaster. At races in Los Angeles and New York, he was too nervous to run well. "I froze in the blocks. I couldn't move," he says. "When the starter say go, I was still on my set." Bolt tried to help him with his start. "No, man, wake up. Get out of it," Bolt would urge him—encouraging him, as he still does. The advice didn't help much. Blake kept losing.

The following year, Mills tried a new approach. He entered Blake in several B-races, hoping he would regain his confidence running against weaker competitors. It worked. On July 10, 2009, Blake ran 9.96 seconds in Rome, becoming at the time the youngest person to run the 100 meters in under 10 seconds. A week later, at a meet in Paris, he shaved his time down to 9.93 seconds. All of a sudden, Blake belonged to the sprinting elite.

That gave him confidence, as well as a fresh image, inspired by Bolt, who had once mentioned Blake during an interview on Jamaican television by saying: "Watch out for Yohan Blake. He works like a beast. He's there with me step-for-step in training." For the 19-year-old, that line from the world-famous sprinter was a gift, offering the naturally shy youth a tough mask to hide behind. He took to calling himself the Beast, and at big international races he unleashed a now-familiar silent roar. "I loved it," he says. "It brings so much flair. It makes you stand out."

Crowds began to recognize the stocky Jamaican who sometimes lined up against his long-legged countryman, Bolt—and they started to root for

him. Blake fully embraced his new persona, growing his hair and nails long, and bulking up until he had stretch marks on the skin around his rounded shoulders. At one race in Switzerland in 2014, he took to the track with black stripes painted on his face and false fangs in his mouth.

His manager, Cubie Seegobin, says he kept asking Blake to cut his nails and told him he looked ridiculous, but Blake refused to abandon his new persona. For the first time in his career, people were no longer dismissing him as Bolt's understudy. As the Beast, he believed he was invincible.

HAMSTRUNG

ON A GRAY Monday in May, Blake and his physiotherapist and friend Shaun Kettle are in a minivan on the German autobahn being driven toward Munich. Rain is pounding on the windshield. The two men and I are halfway through a six-day trip in Germany; two days earlier, Blake ran a 100-meter race in the town of Herzogenaurach.

Blake is in a good mood. Though that race was small and his competitors weak, he ran well, given the cold temperature, coming in at 10.03 seconds. As Kettle tries to study a book on the body's muscles, Blake keeps up a stream of teasing questions. "What kind of muscle is in the penis?" he asks, collapsing into laughter as Kettle rolls his eyes.

Resigned to not getting any work done, Kettle begins teaching Blake about the *quadriceps femoris*, the four thick muscles that cover the front and sides of the thigh bone. Elite sprinters like Blake have very powerful quads. They're the most important muscles in the drive phase—the first part of a sprint that looks like an airplane takeoff as a runner springs out of the starting blocks. Those muscles help throw the leg forward and absorb the shock as the foot slams into the ground. They also put considerable strain on the hamstrings, the muscles that run down the back of the thigh, abruptly contracting them as the quadriceps bend the leg. "There are two main injuries [for sprinters]," Kettle says. "Hamstring and back." For the first time since leaving Herzogenaurach, Blake is quiet; he seems to be thinking about his past hamstring tears.

"WATCH OUT FOR YOHAN BLAKE," BOLT SAID. "HE WORKS LIKE A BEAST."

The first came during a race in Jamaica in 2013. The hamstring in Blake's right leg tore, forcing him onto crutches and out of training for several weeks. Not training was anathema to Blake, so he continued to work out, against his doctor's orders. Even if one leg was injured, he thought, he could still strengthen the other one.

His team now says the extra strengthening of that one leg might have put too much strain on it. On July 11, 2014—having missed much of the 2013 season because of his muscle tear—Blake ran in the Glasgow Grand Prix, a relatively minor tournament in Scotland. He was slow off the blocks and quickly fell behind. At 60 meters, he began to lean back, his legs still pumping furiously as he fought to slow his body's propulsion. His right leg kicked out and planted itself, and his body pitched over it, his arms flailing as he landed facedown in his lane. "I felt the muscle coming off the bone, and I had to drop myself because I was going so fast," Blake says softly. "I had to use this foot," he says, pointing to his right leg, "and drop myself and try and roll over. But that pain was devastating. It pained me so much, man. Couldn't even imagine."

Blake had suffered an injury known as a proximal tendon avulsion. An MRI scan revealed that his hamstring had ripped off his sitz bone (at the base of the pelvis). He would need surgery to reattach it.

A few days later, in Luxembourg, doctors performed an

operation on Blake's leg. They warned him his rehabilitation would take months. A Grade 3 hamstring tear, like the one Blake had, is the most serious sort of hamstring injury. Blake's team worried that his career might be over, though they did not tell him that. "We would do anything to make him happy," says Garth Garvey, a childhood friend and assistant who lives with Blake. "We kept telling him the best was yet to come."

Most of the time Blake has the exuberance of a young child, cracking jokes and breaking into song. But when he recalls the support of his team during this difficult period, he starts to cry, suddenly self-conscious and hiding his face behind his hands. "[I knew] that I wasn't forsaken," he says. "The team I have around me, they would call, they would check up on me."

Despite their attempts to reassure him, Blake wasn't sure he'd ever return. Months after the injury,

he still felt its effects. "The guy I was running with in training was tearing me apart," he says. "Some days I would feel good, but some days I would run and feel myself hopping. I wasn't strong enough."

Blake is not just talking about his leg. "When your mind is shattered by what has happened to you, it leaves this dent that [you] just have to try and straighten," he says. When he tried to run, he held back—terrified that his hamstring might snap again.

While Blake battled to regain faith in his body, Bolt was adding to his collection of gold medals. In August 2014, Bolt, along with the rest of the Jamaican men's 100-meter relay team—which, with Blake running the third leg, had won gold at the London Olympics—set a tournament record at the Commonwealth Games with a time of 37.58 seconds. In Poland later that month, Bolt set an unofficial world record for the indoor 100-meter sprint: 9.98 seconds. A year later, he took gold in both the 100-meter and 200-meter races at the world championships in Beijing.

Blake didn't even make the Jamaican team that traveled to China.

TO WATCH YOHAN BLAKE IN ACTION, GO TO NEWSWEEK.COM/BLAKE

THE BEAST MUST DIE

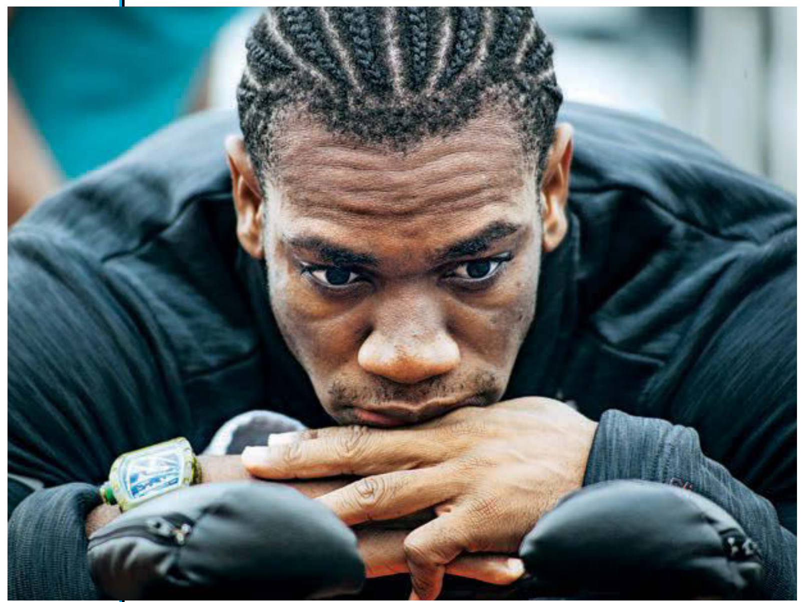
BLAKE BELIEVED then, and believes now, that a body as strong his simply doesn't break down on its own. "My hamstring was fit and strong; I'd done so much work on it," he says, talking about his injury in 2014. As he sought an explanation for why it happened; the answer came in what he considers a divine revelation. "[God's] voice, it's like when he speaks to you, you sit and you reflect, and things come to your mind," says Blake, who was brought up Christian. He says God told him that he was being punished for no longer praising him. Preoccupied with his career, Blake had stopped going to church and let his devotion slip. Both hamstring injuries were a rebuke from the Almighty, Blake

concluded. "God say: 'Yohan, I can make you, and I can break you,' and that's what happened."

Though Blake concedes he might have laid the groundwork for the hamstring tear—"I was compensating on one leg more than the other"—as far as he's concerned, it was all part of God's plan. But it wasn't until he met Jamaican preacher Andrew Scott in April of this year that the plan finally became clear.

Like Blake, Scott is based in the Jamaican capital of Kingston, where he uses the auditorium of a primary school as a church. Scott claims he can predict the future, heal the sick and deliver people from evil spirits. Since meeting him, Blake has become a devoted follower.

Scott encouraged Blake to read the Bible, attend church regularly and praise God. If he did all that, Blake thought, then victory at Rio would surely be his.



The pastor had one final commandment for him: Blake had to kill the Beast. Scott was worried, Blake says, because the apocalyptic Book of Revelation in the New Testament tells of two beasts that come to ruin humankind. The first beast blasphemes against God and wages war against his people. The second, according to the Bible, forces people to carry a mark on their right hand or their forehead: "The name of the beast or the number of its name." Blake, the pastor said, had willingly taken the name of the beast and in doing so had called evil onto himself.

AT ONE RACE IN SWITZERLAND IN 2014, HE TOOK TO THE TRACK WITH BLACK STRIPES PAINTED ON HIS FACE AND FALSE FANGS IN HIS MOUTH.

All that terrified Blake. He began to believe that calling himself the Beast had slowed him down, cost him gold in London and estranged him from God. He dropped the nickname, cut his nails and stopped showboating. He knows that many of his fans in Rio will not have heard of this conversion and will be surprised when he doesn't snarl and claw at the cameras; he knows many will be disappointed that the theatrics are gone. But he is adamant that it was the right thing to do. "[Pastor Scott] break the spell off," he says. "If you don't believe, it don't make sense. But when he break the spell, I could feel a burden lifting off of me. I feel light."

HEALING HANS

IT'S 12 WEEKS until the start of the Olympics, and Blake, Kettle and I have been in Munich for a day. Blake may have got right with his God, but his body still needs work and his team isn't going to rely on faith alone to protect it. So we drive to the office of one of the sporting world's most popular doctors, Hans-Wilhelm Müller-Wohlfahrt. "Healing Hans," as he's sometimes known, has treated some of the world's greatest athletes and celebrities, including boxer Wladimir Klitschko, U2's Bono and Usain Bolt. Müller-Wohlfahrt treats many of his patients, Blake included, with what he calls "infiltrations"—injections of substances into the injured body part. The shots tend to include biological or homeopathic liquids. Blake, a regular visitor to Müller-Wohlfahrt's clinic, never knows exactly what is in them.

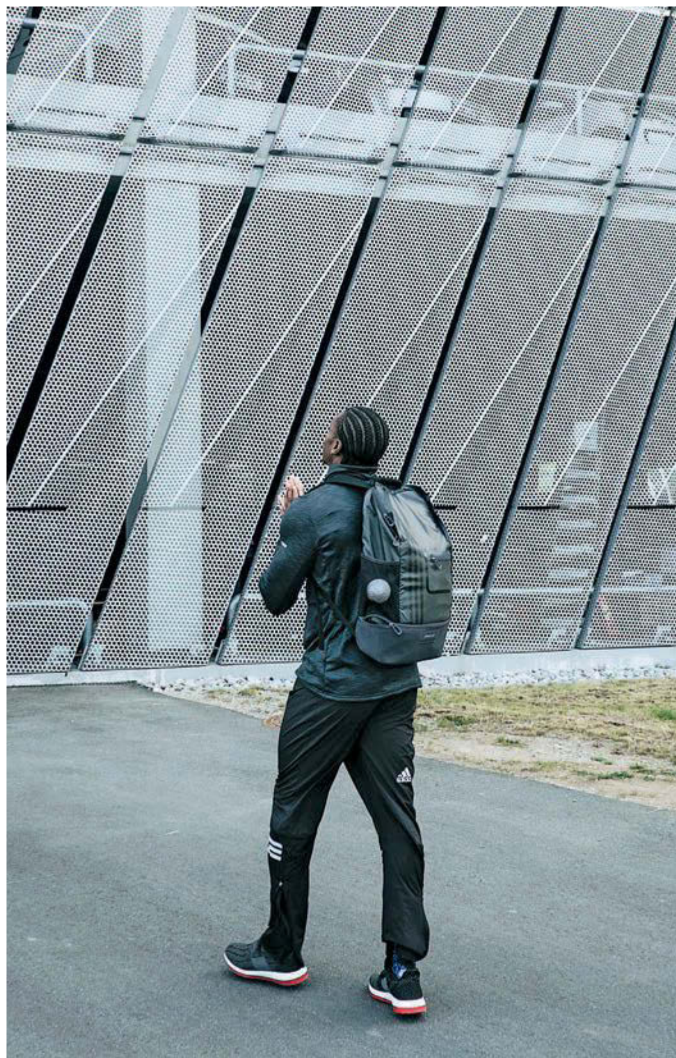
In his office, Healing Hans clasps Blake's hand with one hand and warmly slaps him on the forearm with the other. He asks the sprinter to strip to his running shorts, and once Blake is undressed Müller-Wohlfahrt sits behind him in a swivel chair. Resting on some medical books in the doctor's office is an autographed pair of Bolt's spikes. Müller-Wohlfahrt hasn't put anything of Blake's on display.

The doctor closes his eyes and begins to feel across Blake's shoulder blades and down his back. "Wow! You're in good shape," he says. But he could be in better shape, apparently. After examining him on the bed, Müller-Wohlfahrt says Blake's left knee is too stiff; he is unable to rotate it properly. Blake also complains of soreness in his back. Soon after, I am asked to step out of the room. Müller-Wohlfahrt doesn't want someone outside of Blake's team watching him administer the "infiltrations."

Blake tells me later that the doctor gave him seven injections, six in his back and one in his knee. He didn't ask what was in them. "He knows what the treatment is. He doesn't have to explain," Blake says. "I don't know the name [of what he injects]."

It is likely that at least one of the shots would have included Actovegin, an extract taken from calf blood, which Müller-Wohlfahrt says nearly all of his infiltrations contain. The substance is not approved for use in either the U.S. or Canada, and the International Olympic Committee briefly banned it in 2000, believing that cyclists were using it to enhance their performance.

The IOC now permits the use of Actovegin, mainly because there is not enough evidence to prove it enhances athletic performance. But many



anti-doping bodies remain suspicious of it. Some medical professionals worry that diseases could be transmitted in the blood extract. Others say it's little more than a placebo. Blake tells me he's never heard of Actovegin.

In 2009, Blake's trusting approach to his medical care led to a three-month suspension from competitive sprinting, after he tested positive for the stimulant 4-Methyl-2-hexanamine. It wasn't a banned substance, but the Jamaican Anti-Doping Commission ruled that it was too similar to tuaminoheptane, which *is* banned. Blake had ingested it, he says, as part of a supplement someone in his team gave to him.

Blake's willing blindness to what is being injected into his body doesn't surprise Michele Verroken, the founding director of the sports business consultancy Sporting Integrity and the former director of ethics and anti-doping at U.K. Sport, an agency that invests in Olympic and Paralympic sport. "Athletes are extremely vulnerable to the suggestion that something is a miracle cure, particularly when they're struggling with injury," Verroken says. "There is a whole sort of pseudo-science that exists around elite performance. It's become part of the culture of optimizing performance."

But if Blake is placing a remarkable amount of faith in the people who administer his medications, so too is his greatest rival. As we leave the doctor's office, with Blake screwing up his face in pain, we hear laughter and a deep, familiar voice coming from the reception area. Blake had told me earlier that Bolt might show up at the clinic, and sitting there on a window ledge cut into one of the walls of the bright, white reception area is the only man in history to have run faster than Blake.

Blake walks over to Bolt and embraces him. Throughout their conversation, the two men laugh and crack jokes; they talk about jet lag and their training regimens. For all the time and energy each man spends trying to dash the hopes of the other, they seem genuinely close.

When you see the two sprinters together, one difference between them is obvious: Bolt towers a full 7 inches above Blake. And that could prove to be the difference between gold and silver in Rio.

TALL ORDER

IT'S HARD to imagine what more Blake could do to make himself faster. For the three days we are in Munich, Blake's regime is unremitting. On the second day, he takes a car out to the Olympic stadium—the city hosted the games in 1972—and commandeers a section of the indoor track. Via WhatsApp, his coach tells him to run 18 60-meter sprints with short rest breaks in between. With Kettle timing him, Blake runs sprint after sprint. When he finishes after about an hour, parts of the track are soaked with his sweat and water he has spat out.

"GOD SAY: 'YOHAN, I CAN MAKE YOU AND I CAN BREAK YOU,' AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED."

Later, Blake picks up a 9-pound rubber ball. He holds it in front of him, at hip height, and lobs it back over his head, building power in his upper body with each repetition. Next, Blake places a gymnastics mat in front of a starting block. Clutching the ball, he pushes himself off the blocks, throwing it ahead of him as he thuds onto the mat. Then Kettle, using both hands, pushes a massive tractor tire at him. Blake pushes it back with one hand, over and over. At the end of all this, he goes to the gym for an hour of resistance-based exercises.

But he can pray and train and visit famous doctors all he wants; he's still not going to get any taller. Bolt is 6 feet 5 inches tall, an unusual height for a sprinter. His long legs should prevent him from being able to accelerate quickly, but somehow they do not. Bolt's stride frequency remains as quick as his shorter-legged competitors, while his strides are much longer than theirs. Typically, he runs the 100 meter in 41 steps, three or four fewer than other elite sprinters. For Blake to beat Bolt in Rio, he will have to be so fast off the blocks, in the first half of the race, that his long-legged training partner can't catch up, can't run him down.

Blake vows that on August 14, he will do just that, that he'll finally be fast enough. "I've waited four years for this," he says. "I've waited all my life for this. This is my time." N

Very Superstitious

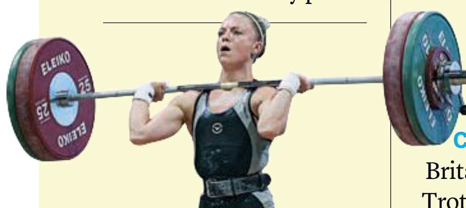
HOW SOME OLYMPIC ATHLETES TRY TO GIVE THEMSELVES A LITTLE EXTRA LUCK

SWIMMING

Canada's Santo Condorelli, ranked No. 10 in men's 100-meter freestyle, **RAISES HIS MIDDLE FINGER** at his watching father before diving in

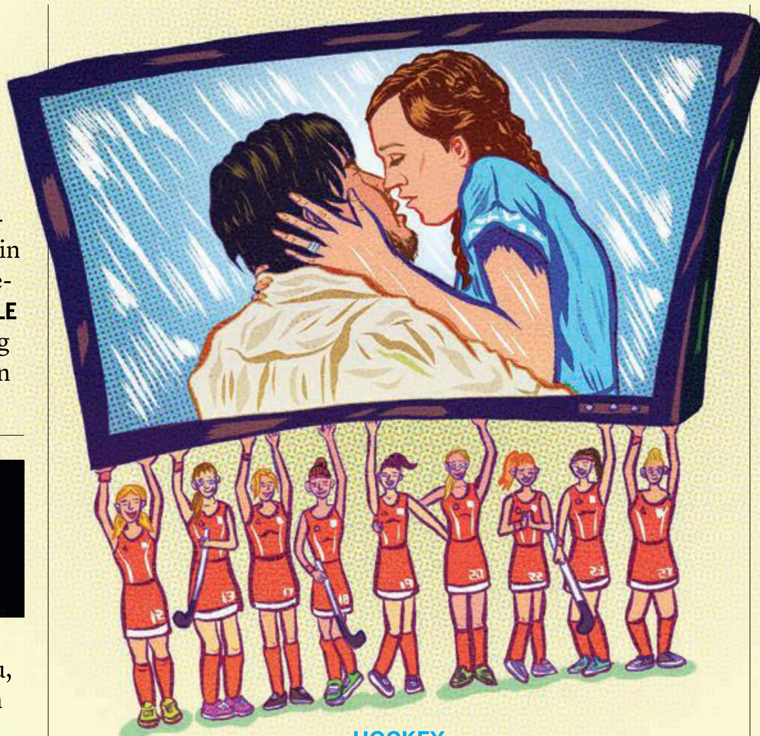
TABLE TENNIS

Australia's Heming Hu, who is yet to medal in a major tournament, **WIPES HIS HAND ON THE TABLE** before every point



WEIGHTLIFTING

American lifter Morghan King has said she **WEARS THE SAME UNDERWEAR AND SOCKS** that she did when she first started competing



HOCKEY

Players on the Netherlands women's team, who took gold in the London Olympics, **WATCH *THE NOTEBOOK*** before their first match, the semifinals and the final

CYCLING

Britain's Laura Trott, who won two gold medals in the London Olympics, **STEPS ON A WET TOWEL** before every race and rides with damp socks

EQUESTRIAN

Japan's Yoshiaki Oiwa, who is ranked 76 in the world for eventing, **SPRINKLES SALT** over himself and his horse before competing

MARATHON

Kenyan runner Wesley Korir, who is the world No. 88, **EATS A TUNA FISH SANDWICH FROM SUBWAY** before setting off on his 26-mile race

GYMNASTICS

Danell Leyva, who won bronze in 2012 for the U.S., used **THE SAME TOWEL** from 2007 until it was stolen this year

JUDO

Slovenia's Rok Draksic, ranked 14 in the world for his weight category, **EATS SCRAMBLED EGGS** before competing

RUNNING

Caster Semenya, a South African middle-distance runner who won silver in 2012, wears a **BRACELET FROM HER WIFE** reading, "I love you Caster"

SAILING

Luke Patience, who represents Britain and took a silver medal at London 2012, **SMELLS AND TASTES THE WATER** before a competition. That could prove dangerous, given Rio's polluted waters

TENNIS

Spanish player Rafael Nadal, the men's world No. 4, is one of the sport's most superstitious players. His many rituals include **TAKING A COLD SHOWER** just before a match and **WIPING HIMSELF WITH A TOWEL** after each point

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: ERICH SCHLEGEL/USA TODAY SPORTS/REUTERS; ILLUSTRATION BY JUNGYEON ROH; IMRE FOLDI/MTI/AP; MIKE HUTCHINGS/REUTERS; ERIC GAILLARD/REUTERS; GEOFF MOORE/REX/SHUTTERSTOCK/AP; MELISSA MAJCHRZAK/GETTY; JEFF J. MITCHELL/GETTY

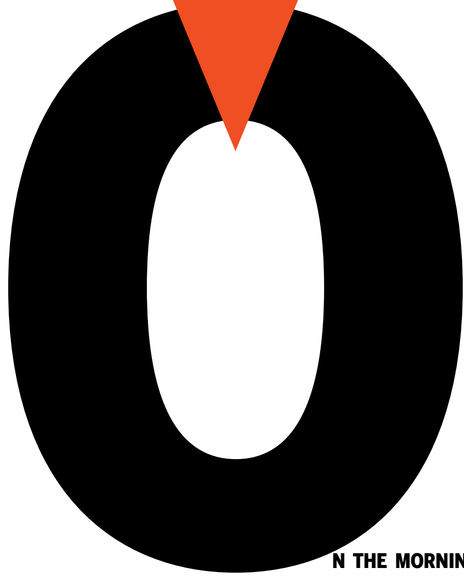
SEVENS

THE INTRODUCTION OF RUGBY SEVENS INTO THE OLYMPICS HAS GIVEN THE TINY NATION OF FIJI ITS FIRST REALISTIC CHANCE OF A MEDAL

BY TEDDY CUTLER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDY HOOPER

HEAT IS ON: The Fiji team warmed up for its Olympics debut with a match in London.

HEAVEN



N THE MORNING OF October 9, 2009, 89 members of the International Olympic Committee sat in a conference center in Copenhagen. The committee members, who shape policy at the IOC, had come together in the Danish capital to make a decision about an Olympic Games that was then seven years in the future. Nearly 10,000 miles away, people across the 110 inhabited islands of the Pacific archipelago nation of Fiji, population 900,000, anxiously awaited the committee's verdict. Would it rule that rugby sevens—regular rugby's faster, more elegant, more explosive cousin—belonged at the 2016 Rio Olympics?

The reasons for adding a sport to the Olympics vary: Sometimes a sport is already popular in the host country; sometimes a sport is just catching on but has potential for worldwide growth; sometimes its lobbyists are particularly persuasive. Rugby sevens, its supporters and advocates knew, was growing in popularity in Brazil and Latin America, and its worldwide television audience was also on the rise. They also knew Jacques Rogge, then the IOC president, was a former Belgian international rugby player and a fan of the game. They figured it had a good shot.

The decision was expected by noon, local time, but haggling delayed the vote. Finally, about an hour late, Rogge made the announcement: Sevens was in. In Fiji, the news spread via radio, TV and word-of-mouth. "Everyone was saying, 'Well, there will be new players coming up now. Maybe it could be us in the Olympics,'" says Vili Navia, a teenager at the time who went on to play professional rugby in New Zealand and eventually settled in England. "There was an excitement that you might know people who were going to be playing, but also for the country as a whole that we might get an opportunity to have a gold on the world stage."

Fiji has competed in the Olympics since 1956, but, with two exceptions, its athletes have appeared as wild cards, not qualifiers. The country's most successful Olympian is Maria Liku, who competed in the women's under-63-kilogram weightlifting category at London 2012. She came in eighth. This year, that could change. The Fiji tourism board estimates that 80,000 Fijians play rugby—around 10 percent of the population. In 15-a-side rugby, Fiji ranks 10th in the world. In sevens, Fiji is ranked first.

Fijians know their window for winning Olympic gold could be slim; the IOC has promised sevens a second outing at Tokyo 2020—so this isn't Fiji's only chance—but the committee could decide to drop sevens from the 2024 Games. When Fiji's sevens team brought home its second consecutive World Rugby Sevens Series title in May of this year, thousands of people gathered to celebrate on the waterfront in Suva, the capital. An Olympic gold would probably turn the whole country into a party zone.

FIT FOR PURPOSE

MODERN RUGBY, in its best-known 15-a-side format, has become a game characterized by the physical strength of its players. Thirty years ago, many rugby players were wiry, lithe runners. These days, even the players who perform the same fast-running roles—the backs—are walls of muscle. And as players have become bigger, fitter and faster, the importance of the "breakdown"—the scrap for the ball on the turf—has increased exponentially. International rugby games are now often gladiatorial rather than exhibitions of swerving, feint and subtlety. You have to go to YouTube for that version of rugby.

Sevens is something of a throwback to the rugby of old. Pace and a sense for where space could open

up are crucial. The 280-pound prop forwards of the 15-man game have no place in sevens. With each team only have seven players on the field, there's no need for the manbeasts who pile against one another in a bid to wrest the ball back or drive it forward a few feet. Sevens players are fast and skilled. The games last only seven minutes per half—compared with the 40-minute halves of 15s rugby—and feature few stoppages. With half the number of players having to cover a pitch of the same size in multiple games a day, sevens demands extreme levels of fitness. "It's absolutely horrendous, the demands these players put on their bodies," says

AN OLYMPIC GOLD WOULD PROBABLY TURN THE WHOLE COUNTRY INTO A PARTY ZONE.

WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS: Fiji defeated New Zealand to win the Hong Kong Sevens last year, continuing its dominance of that Pan-Asian tournament.

FROM LEFT: AP; ANDY HOOPER FOR NEWSWEEK; PREVIOUS SPREAD: ANDY HOOPER FOR NEWSWEEK

Brian O'Driscoll, the Irish 15-a-side icon who now works as a brand ambassador for HSBC, which sponsors the World Series. "Not only from an aerobic point of view but with the contact too."

The sport caught on in Fiji in the late 1970s. Before then, the country focused on regular rugby and had remained a second-tier team. In 1977, the national 15-a-side team scored a miraculous victory that further boosted interest in rugby, which was already the country's favorite sport. "As I was growing up, one afternoon everybody was shouting, and they were happy," says Waisale Serevi, a former captain of the country's sevens team, who was just 9 years old at the time. "I asked my mum and dad why, and she said, 'Fiji has just beaten the British Lions.'" The British Lions are an occasional team made up of the best players from the national sides of Wales, Ireland, Scotland and England; they come together every four years to tour countries in the Southern

PLAY AS WORK: Rugby sevens is a more physically demanding game than the sport's 15-a-side version, because there are fewer players covering the field and the action is almost nonstop.

Hemisphere, home to the three strongest rugby nations—Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.

For many Fijians who were too slight or short to compete at the top level in 15s, sevens provided an opportunity to shine. Sevens was already very popular, and Fiji was becoming a force in the international arena, but that same year, another big win helped push the country firmly in the direction of sevens rather than 15s, explains Fred Wesley, editor-in-chief of *The Fiji Times* newspaper. In 1976, Hong Kong hosted a new Pan-Asian sevens tournament. All the big national teams came. Fiji won in 1977, repeating the next year and then in 1980. It now has the most titles of any country, with a total of 16. "The Hong Kong Sevens made me want to try the sport because of my size," says Serevi, who is 5-foot-7.

There is no one reason sevens is so big in Fiji. Ben Ryan, Fiji's English coach, believes the game fits with what he perceives to be the Fijian personality. "The unstructured aspect, the small-sided nature took hold of the nation perhaps a bit better than the technical aspect needed in 15s," says Ryan, who relocated from London to the South Pacific three years ago. "It's a bit like the Pacific Island weather—blue skies and blue seas, then suddenly bang! A cyclone hits."

The maul and its sister, the ruck, form two of the 15-man game's crucial elements. In 15s, contact is inevitable and even encouraged. Navia says he grew up playing on gravel, due to the paucity of playing fields. No kid wants to fall down or be tackled on that. So Fijian children learn to evade, sevens-style, rather than blast their opponents away, which is more the 15-a-side way. "Barefoot, we had a lot of injuries," Osea Kolinisau, who will captain Fiji in Rio, tells *Newsweek*. "But you learn a lot like that."

LOVE, NOT MONEY

THE FIJI SEVENS squad players that step off the team bus on a muggy late May afternoon in west London have been winning regularly enough and playing ruthlessly enough to convince rugby aficionados that they are the gold medal favorite. Before heading to Rio, however, they are in London to take another crown—the team's second successive World Series title, which they have never won twice in a row before. All they need to do to win the World Series—which is made up of several separate sevens

"IT'S ABSOLUTELY HORRENDOUS, THE DEMANDS THESE PLAYERS PUT ON THEIR BODIES."

tournaments, with the best team overall taking the crown—is make it to the quarterfinals of the HSBC London Sevens tournament.

Much of Fiji's recent success, including a 2015 victory in the World Series—sevens' annual globe-trotting tournament—has come thanks to the increased discipline, focus on diet and fitness, and fixed contracts introduced by Ryan and Ropate Kauvesi, the team's manager, a Fijian who joined the setup at the same time as Ryan. An influx of money has helped too. In 2014, Fiji signed a deal with a consortium fronted by Vodafone to sponsor the team for five years, the same year World Rugby, then the International Rugby Board, suspended its annual grant of $1.4 million until the Fiji Rugby Union (the sport's governing body

in Fiji) implemented governance reforms. Concerns eased in late 2015, when the Fijian government put up $1.15 million so more of Ryan's players could go professional full time. It's still not enough to allow Fiji to compete on the financial level of Australia, New Zealand or South Africa; in 2014, Ryan's budget for the entire squad was around $143,900, and in 2015, Fiji's players earned the equivalent of $6,500 a year. But the money has helped provide stability. One Fijian player, Jarryd Hayne, took a massive pay cut to join the national team. Hayne spent a year in the NFL, playing for the San Francisco 49ers, but in the week we meet he has just chosen to switch back to rugby and reassign to the country of his birth in time for the Olympics. Hayne's salary, as a rookie, was $435,000, rising to $525,000 in what would have been his second year with the 49ers.

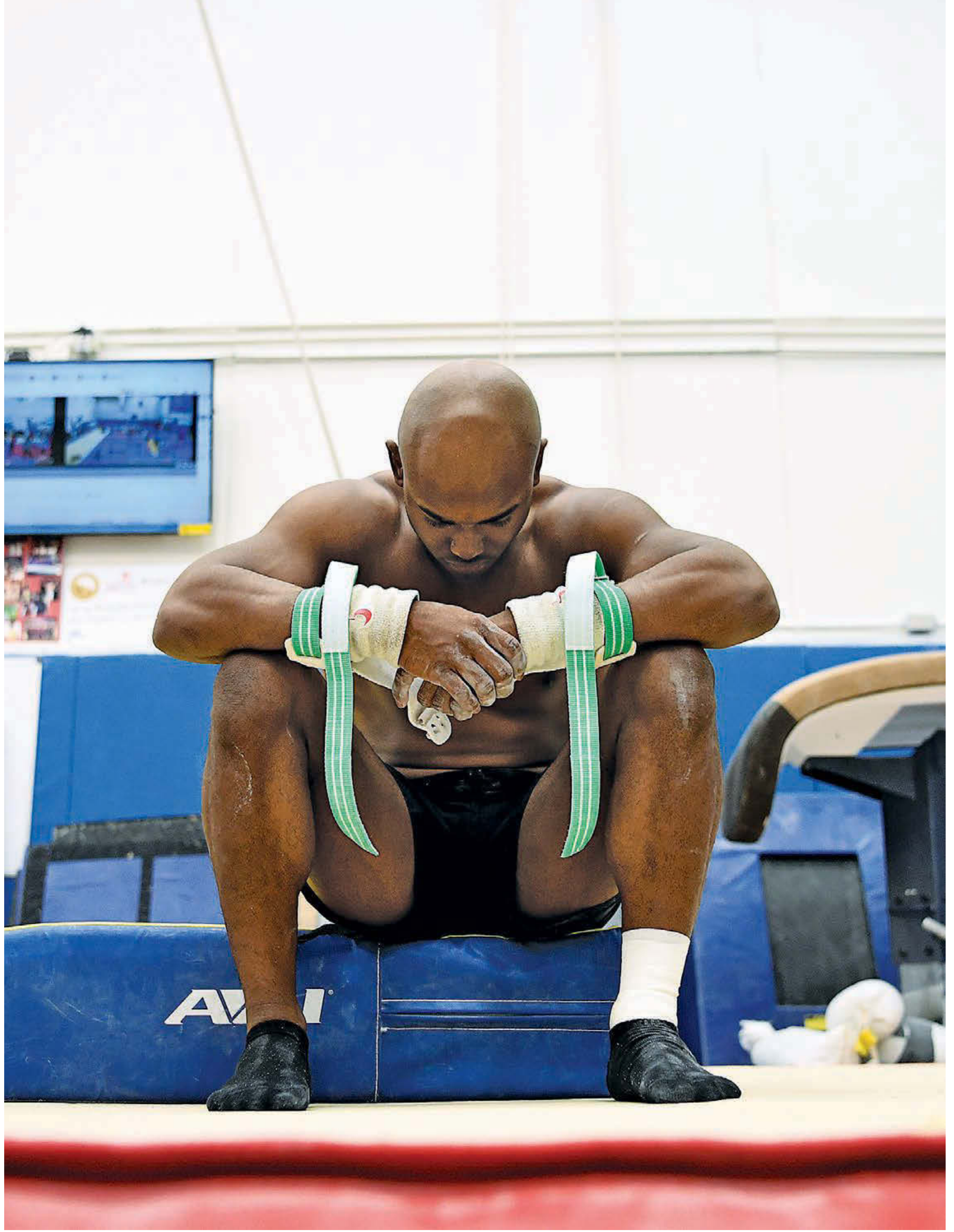
To everyone's surprise, at the London tournament, which takes place at Twickenham Stadium, Hayne disappoints, as does the whole team. Fiji loses to South Africa in the semifinal, though by reaching the quarters it clinches the World Series. Underdog Scotland goes on to celebrate its first-ever tournament victory.

The defeat and subsequent cutting of Hayne from the final Olympic squad are reminders to Fiji's players that reputations will matter little in Rio. And Fiji's challengers—Australia, South Africa, New Zealand and the new upstart, the United States—do not face the same pressure as Fiji. The Fijians know that nearly the entire country will be watching their every move.

In O'Reilly's Bar on Suva, which hosts live television coverage of the sevens team, staff have been preparing a series of Olympic-themed events. They expect the bar to be packed. All over the archipelago, work will stop as families gather around their TVs. Navia, half a world away in England, plans to watch many of the matches in a pub in Essex, where he will cheer for his heroes on TV alongside his English wife, Sarah, and a friend, who also knows Ryan. "We're not going to settle for anything less than Olympic gold. And from that comes lots of pressure for the boys," Navia says. "People expect big things."

For the other countries, Olympic medals will likely come in other sports. A failure to win at sevens would be a disappointment for rugby titans like New Zealand, but little more than that. Not so for Fiji. Wesley is sending three senior reporters to Brazil, a round trip from Suva of 16,880 miles, conscious of the need to preserve an extraordinary moment. "We are planning to cover every sport in which Fiji is represented," he says—but sevens will get the most attention. "You can see the hunger in the players. You can sense the pride at being part of history. Here we are, a dot on the world map. We're turning heads. And our people love it." N

FROM LEFT: ANDY HOOPER FOR NEWSWEEK; AP



GOOD SCIENCE

LIGAMENT, HEAL THYSELF

Athletes eye a new technique for repairing torn ACLs

+
TORN HOPES: Gymnast John Orozco was attempting a horizontal bar dismount when he tore his ACL, ruling him out of the Rio Olympics.

AARON ONTIVEROZ/THE DENVER POST/GETTY

BY
STAV ZIV
@stavziv

JOHN OROZCO broke down in tears when he earned a spot on the U.S. Olympic gymnastics team in June. In the previous 18 months, his mother had died suddenly and he had come back from a torn Achilles tendon. Just a few weeks later, he tore the anterior cruciate ligament (ACL) and meniscus in his left knee at an Olympic team training camp. He won't be going to Rio after all.

The ACL is the ligament that connects the femur to the tibia and provides most of the knee's stability. There are an estimated 200,000 ACL tears in the U.S. every year, with the majority affecting those who play sports, especially basketball, football, skiing and soccer. "I don't think you can underestimate the impact of an ACL injury," says Dr. Martha Murray, an orthopedic surgeon and researcher at Boston Children's Hospital.

Murray has spent years studying the ACL, trying to understand why it doesn't heal on its own and working on a new way to treat tears. Currently, the standard is reconstruction: Surgeons remove a patient's torn ACL and use a tissue graft from the patellar or hamstring tendons or from a cadaver to replace the ligament. But Murray wondered if there was a way to help the ACL heal itself. Years of studies in pigs have led to the first human trials of what she calls the Bridge-Enhanced ACL Repair technique. Surgeons use a suture to connect the thigh and shin bones and move them into the proper position. Next, they stitch in a special sponge made of collagen and other proteins found in ligaments. Another stitch is used to pull up the bottom stump of the ACL into the sponge, which is injected with a small amount of the patient's own blood. With BEAR, only one spot in the body needs to heal, which could allow for a quicker return of strength around the knee.

Ten humans have had their knees repaired with the BEAR technique so far, and Murray's team is now recruiting 100 patients for a second, randomized trial. She says it will take at least five years before the procedure could become widely available. "To see something that looked so promising," she says of the healing tissue on the three-month MRI of the first patient to ever undergo BEAR, "it was a huge relief." N

DISRUPTIVE

THE CROWD, UNCOWED

Terrorists are making large public gatherings scary, but tech has a bulletproof solution

TERRORISM and technology will make joining a crowd seem as outmoded and perilous as getting in a fistfight, or having sex for the first time on your wedding night. To be clear, we're talking about actual crowds—when hundreds or thousands of people converge on a place for fun or to make a point. But if crowds end up in the dustbin with coffee percolators and cloth diapers, it will happen because the risk and cost of joining one are forcing us to consider alternatives. And that moment is imminent. Crowds will soon be replaced by what we might call distributed crowds.

Emerging virtual and augmented reality technologies will make that possible—like the way big-screen TVs and streaming movies have made it possible to enjoy films yet never go to a theater.

In most of the world, deaths from wars are at historic lows, but it increasingly seems like the battle is coming to us, and crowds are a preferred target. Terrorism and the spread of random mass killings are raising the perceived risk of joining a crowd. As thousands gathered to watch Bastille Day fireworks in Nice, France, a lone nutjob plowed through with a truck, killing 84. In Orlando, Florida, hundreds were dancing in a nightclub when another nutjob opened fire with automatic weapons, killing 49. This kind of news seems relentless, and the targets could be anyplace, whether it's as high-profile as New Year's Eve in New York's Times Square or just a concert or sporting event or mall or parade in a small town. As authorities

BY
KEVIN MANEY
@kmaney

insist on heightening security by setting up safety stops, roadblocks and metal detectors, they make joining a crowd time-consuming and difficult—yet more reasons to stay away.

If such trends continue—and there's no reason to think they won't—more people will start avoiding crowds. This is where technology comes in. Not long ago, virtual reality and augmented reality was the stuff of *Star Trek* movies and the geekiest of geeks. But Oculus Rift released its first VR headset in March. For the first time, VR was good enough to make you feel like you're in another place, like on a frozen tundra or aboard a spaceship. An Oculus adventure still looks like a videogame, but technologists can see a pathway to realistic virtual worlds. Now money and talent are avalanching into VR. By one estimate, startups and major companies such as Facebook, Microsoft, HTC and Google have spent more than $2 billion developing VR in the past year, and the advances are coming quickly. "What I thought would take 10 years got condensed into something like one or two," says Eugene Chung, who left Oculus to launch VR startup Penrose Studios.

I've talked to sports team owners who think this is the future of pro sports. Don a headset and watch a baseball game from the dugout. Move your eyes or head to follow the action, and it will seem little different from real life, except that cold beer won't cost $14. If you could watch a game that way, why go to the stadium to sit in sky-high seats on a 90-degree day?

Imagine VR versions of a Kendrick Lamar concert or the Bastille Day fireworks. And there's a social element coming in VR. Soon you'll look around and see other people at the same event and be able to talk to them. The shared experience will come to you instead of you going to it. Instead of wondering if a crazed gunman is in your midst, you'd just have to worry about tripping over your cat.

Some believe augmented reality will have an even bigger impact. AR blends your real world with virtual images or information. Pokémon Go is a crude version of AR, but it's introducing millions to the concept. The game, played on a smartphone, places Pokémon characters in real-world settings, so you might look at your screen and see a Squirtle in a nearby hotel's pool. The truly amazing AR will come from companies like Magic Leap. Its technology is how you'll eventually sit at a conference table, put on a pair of AR glasses and have a meeting with beautifully rendered full-size versions of your colleagues from around the world as they appear to sit in the other chairs pretending to pay attention while texting under the table, just like in real life.

VR and AR can change the nature of protest. In 1989, thousands gathered in Beijing's Tiananmen Square to protest authoritarian rule. While that mass of people got the world's attention, it also made the protesters an easy, concentrated target when Chinese troops moved in. With AR, millions of people—alone or in small groups—might go to their town squares at the same time and through AR see and interact with throngs of others seeming to stand in that same place. Sympathizers from all over the planet could stand with them. The crowd could be gigantic, yet distributed so that no head-on attack could take it down.

Would a virtual crowd have the same level of emotional and political impact? Some experts think so, because the key to such an event is not occupying a space but rallying passions and getting attention. All that's required, wrote Robert Kaplan in *Global Affairs*, is "the knowledge that you are not alone against a hated regime." That brings "a lift in morale that, in turn, brings along with it courage and a sense of empowerment. Inside a crowd you are protected, for your passions are those of the person next to you, and the next, all flowing together." The person next to you has to be able to connect with you just as he or she might in a real setting, but if the technology makes that work, then there might not be any reason the protesters have to physically be in the same place.

INSTEAD OF WORRYING ABOUT A CRAZED GUNMAN, YOU'D JUST HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT TRIPPING OVER YOUR CAT.

Of course, if crowds become obsolete, it will raise challenges for the physical world. Would sports be the same if teams played in empty stadiums, all their fans virtually watching? What about the bonding function of crowds in cities? Going to the fireworks in Nice has long helped residents feel a part of their community and country. That kind of bonding is the critical role of events in towns around the world. Hard to see how organizers of the Clinton, Montana, Testicle Festival will manage to host their Undie 500 race in VR.

But then again, I'd be more likely to join in on their fun if they do. N

RUBEN SPRICH/REUTERS

ALL ALONE, TOGETHER: Virtual and augmented reality technology will soon be able to connect you to others, anywhere in the world, making crowds safer...and obsolete.

NEW WORLD/DISEASE

THE ITCH IN TIME

The surge of patients plagued by Morgellons has doctors stumped because they say it's not a real disease

IN 2012, 15 researchers from a range of medical fields tried to wipe a disease off the face of the earth with a stroke of the pen.

The team, brought together by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC), had spent the past six years attempting to answer a simple question: Was there any biological cause behind a long-controversial skin illness known as Morgellons? The bizarre ailment, according to its sufferers, caused incessant itching sensations, slowly healing lesions scattered across the body and mysterious brightly colored filaments that sprouted from underneath the skin.

The team interviewed 115 self-described Morgellons patients from Northern California and convinced 41 to undergo a battery of exams. It was a half-million-dollar effort that took two years to complete and four more to publish.

Try as they might, though, they couldn't find anything. The fibers were mostly made of cellulose—the basic building block of redwoods, algae and cotton T-shirts alike—supporting the common suspicion that bits of clothing had fallen into these patients' sores and been misidentified as something nefarious. And there was no evidence that infection caused the lesions or other commonly reported symptoms, like brain fog and fatigue. Politely implied by the researchers—but bluntly voiced by every outside observer—was that the only other likely cause of Morgellons was a delusional belief that manifests in self-inflicted wounds as the sufferers obsessively search for an affliction choking their body.

Less than a month after the study was released, the nonprofit Morgellons Research Foundation founded by Mary Leitao, the Pennsylvania woman who first named the condition after a cryptic reference to a 17th-century disease that caused "harsh hairs" to grow on a person's back, shut its doors. It had been just over a decade since she first spotted its symptoms in her 2-year-old son in 2001. Leitao disappeared from public view as well. But in the years since, the disease hasn't followed her lead. If anything, it's proliferating, thanks to the community-building power of the internet, and its sufferers have refused to go away, putting doctors in a delicate position.

"It seemed like it started along my elbow. My elbow kept itching and itching.... And then I got like little paper cuts underneath my fingernails. And, of course, with my hair, things were falling out," Debra Carver, 52, tells me over the phone in a harried, husky tone, describing her first experience with Morgellons this past November. "I guess it just feels like you have bugs underneath your skin, crawling around in these little tunnels."

After seeing a "red string or something red" fall from her hair while combing it one day, Carver was faintly reminded of something she had once heard: Morgellons. Soon, she found a private Facebook group for Morgellons sufferers. The forum confirmed her worst suspicions, but it also

BY
ED CARA
@EdCara4

FLESH AND MOAN: Verna Gallagher says she is tormented by a crawling sensation caused by bugs that emerge from under her skin.

RICH PEDRONCELLI/AP

gave her a sense of relief. "If I didn't have that forum to be able to let some of this out and be able to talk to someone else who had this—without being told I'm schizophrenic or have mental illness—I don't know what I'd do," she says. Carver's forum is one of many active Facebook groups focused on Morgellons; the largest have thousands of members. The groups are a contemporary update to the message boards of the past that first brought sufferers together.

"IT FEELS LIKE YOU HAVE BUGS UNDERNEATH YOUR SKIN, CRAWLING AROUND IN LITTLE TUNNELS."

"The internet allows people to quickly find one another, start to compare stories and coalesce into a narrative that 'this can't all be in our heads, because we're all experiencing the exact same thing,'" says Kristin Barker, a sociologist at the University of New Mexico who has explored other controversial illnesses, notably fibromyalgia.

Meanwhile, though Leitao's organization is gone, other outspoken advocates are working to legitimize the condition. Perhaps the most prominent is the Charles E. Holman Morgellons Disease Foundation, which recently held its ninth annual Morgellons conference in Austin, Texas, in April. Its director, Cindy Casey-Holman, developed symptoms in the mid-2000s, and she and her husband, Charles, joined Leitao's crusade after seeing a news report on the condition. Eventually, the pair launched their own nonprofit in 2006. Holman and others reject the CDC's conclusions, believing the government agency is biased. "The CDC was against the whole idea from the start, without examining all the evidence," she says.

Holman's foundation and its affiliated researchers believe the bacteria responsible for causing Lyme disease, *Borrelia burgdorferi*, is at least partly behind Morgellons. A 2015 study funded by them found bacteria belonging to the *Borrelia* family in 24 out of 25 Morgellons patients tested.

But Peter Lepping, a consultant psychiatrist at the Center for Mental Health and Society in Wrexham, Wales, disagrees. He's one of the few doctors in the world to have extensively studied and treated the psychological condition most doctors think makes patients believe they have Morgellons: delusional infestation. Early accounts of the disorder date back centuries, and the predominant theme of delusion has shifted from worms and mites to bacteria and

viruses in the 20th century. “But the essence is the same. You still think you’re infested by something that isn’t there,” explains Lepping, who firmly adds that Morgellons is only its latest flavor. And he warns against granting the research promoted by the Charles E. Holman Morgellons Disease Foundation any credibility.

For instance, advocates claim to have debunked the assertion that Morgellons filaments are simply clothing fibers, pointing to their findings made under a highly powered electron microscope. But Lepping notes that even if these held up, they still wouldn’t prove the disease is physical in nature. More recently, a March 2016 study by Italian researchers used the same technique to examine the filaments from a sufferer and echoed the CDC’s conclusions. Lepping also explains that the positive tests for Lyme touted by advocates don’t necessarily mean anything. “It just means that you’ve been exposed to Lyme at some point in your life. But most people who have been exposed don’t have any symptoms.” The CDC study, using the gold standard for Lyme detection, found zero concrete cases in its sample.

“The irony is that when patients come to us and they say they have an infestation, which is a medical problem, we say, ‘Yes, indeed, you do have a medical problem—it’s just not an infestation. It’s a change in your brain,’” he adds. “But that doesn’t reassure them.”

Lepping doubts that the increase in people claiming Morgellons corresponds to an increase in delusional infestation, a rare disorder that may afflict an estimated 29,000 Americans. In other words, it’s not that more people are coming down with delusions than usual. It’s that now more believe they have Morgellons instead. And the label’s enduring presence—there are at least 20,000 self-identified Morgellons sufferers, and the number of people contacting the Charles E. Holman Morgellons Disease Foundation has more than quadrupled in the past five years, according to Holman—has made getting through to delusional infestation patients harder, he says. Normally, a victim of delusion may reluctantly take antipsychotics after seeing a doctor or two, he explains, and heal. “But if you’ve spent days and weeks and months in certain chat rooms that convinced you that this is Morgellons, and it can’t be anything else, and all your doctors are stupid, then it’s much more difficult to reach you.”

The treatment studies of delusional infestation patients, small and scattered as they are, are incredibly positive. The vast majority of patients given second-generation antipsychotics (typically in much lower doses than needed for conditions like schizophrenia) experience relief. “Some people recover full insight and will come back to you and say, ‘OK, I understand that I had delusional infestation, and now I’m better.’ But that’s a minority,” Lepping says. “Most people will say, ‘Doctor, you know what? The bugs are gone, and they don’t seem to bother me anymore. I think I probably had an infestation, but it doesn’t seem to bother me now.’ And that’s OK for us because we just want people to be better.”

Barker notes that the discrimination faced by those suffering mental illness may partly explain why those with Morgellons struggle so mightily to avoid being thought of as delusional.

Like the patients the CDC examined a decade ago, Debra Carver is from California. And she too has felt ostracized by the doctors she’s seen. “She

> “YOU DO HAVE A MEDICAL PROBLEM—IT’S NOT AN INFESTATION. IT’S A CHANGE IN YOUR BRAIN.”

thinks I’m crazy, I’m delusional,” she says of her latest primary care physician. Her last visit left her fearful that she would soon be institutionalized. After divulging that the doctor prescribed her Zyprexa, the brand-name version of olanzapine, as well as an antibacterial skin cream, Carver asks me what she should do. Choosing my words carefully, I say that people who have a delusion typically get better after they finish taking those drugs, but she should work with her doctor to figure out what works best for her. She responds that she’s committed to taking them for at least two months, and that the cream has already made her feel much better.

“It’s all about hope. Hope. If you don’t have hope and faith, you’re not gonna make it,” she says at the end of our call, her voice starting to fade. “That’s the biggest key of this whole thing: Someone to listen and pay attention to what you’re saying. To believe you.” N

Newsweek

is back in print and it's better than ever!

SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

SUBSCRIBE TODAY AND **SAVE €130**, PLUS CLAIM YOUR COMPLIMENTARY **€20 AMAZON.CO.UK GIFT CARD**

ANNUAL COVER PRICE	SPECIAL OFFER PRICE
~~€300~~	€65 EVERY 6 MONTHS

- **Save €130** on an annual subscription
- **Claim your complimentary €20 Amazon.co.uk Gift Card** if you return your order in the next 7 days
- **Free access** to the website archive
- **Free access** to digital editions if you choose to buy the print and digital package – read Newsweek anywhere on any device including your computer
- **Exclusive access** to additional subscriber only content
- **Guaranteed future savings** – our subscribers always get the best possible prices

3 EASY WAYS TO SUBSCRIBE

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

Please return to: Newsweek SUBS, 24th Floor, 25 Canada Square, London, UK E14 5LQ

Please tick one: Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐ Amex

Card No: ____

Expiry Date: ____ CCV: ____

Price: €65 every 6 months – Save €130 + free gift

Name on Card ____

Signature ____ Date ____

Address ____

Email ____

To receive an email confirmation and other information please provide your email address.

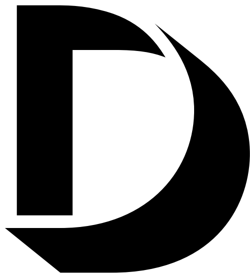
☐ Payment enclosed *(cheques made payable to Newsweek)*

☐ Invoice me later *(rates will vary to this offer)*

*Amazon.co.uk is not a sponsor of this promotion. Amazon.co.uk Gift Cards ("GCs") may be redeemed on the Amazon.co.uk website towards the purchase of eligible products listed in our online catalogue and sold by Amazon.co.uk or any other seller selling through Amazon.co.uk. GCs cannot be reloaded, resold, transferred for value, redeemed for cash or applied to any other account. Amazon.co.uk is not responsible if a GC is lost, stolen, destroyed or used without permission. See www.amazon.co.uk/gc-legal for complete terms and conditions. GCs are issued by Amazon EU S.à r.l. All Amazon ®, ™ & © are IP of Amazon.com, Inc. or its affiliates.

Please allow up to 28 days for delivery of the gift , which will be sent on a signed for service after payment has been received. We reserve the right to substitute the gift advertised for one of equal or greater value if circumstances require. We also reserve the right to provide an alternative gi of an 8 issues extension if stocks are exhausted of the original gift . Should you wish to cancel your subscription it will be cancelled on expiry of the current term and will not be refundable unless in exceptional circumstances and where the gift has been returned in good condition. When arranging your subscription over the phone or via post, we will understand that you have read and accepted our terms of sale - http://europe.newsweek.com/terms-service

+
BRUSH WITH FATE: A longtime pal says Bowie was rubbish as a painter but had an extraordinary eye for the work of other artists.



DOWNTIME

JOHN, I'M ONLY PAINTING

David Bowie's private collection, which goes on sale later this year, proves how closely art was entwined with his life and career

BY **TUFAYEL AHMED** @tufayel

TAKE A MAP of London. Draw a line north from the Royal Academy of Arts on Piccadilly, where visitors are lining up for a show of David Hockney self-portraits, up to the Wallace Collection, where the curators are preparing an exhibition of Tom Ellis's figurative paintings. On the way, your pencil will travel past Sotheby's, the august British auction house. It's busy there too, though perhaps for slightly less than pure artistic reasons. In two small rooms at Sotheby's rear, a group is standing in front of a splashy Damien Hirst painting. It's a psychedelic, circular piece, popping with oily, vibrant colors and named, with typical Hirstian understatement, *Beautiful, Shattering, Slashing, Violent, Pinky, Hacking, Sphincter Painting* (1995). These onlookers might be Hirst fans—or, then again, not, because this isn't just any Damien Hirst. This is a David Bowie Damien Hirst.

In early July, barely six months after Bowie's death from cancer, Sotheby's announced that it would be selling 400 works from his private collection later this year. Whether the auction covers the full extent of Bowie's collection, no one will say. Either way, the sale is expected to raise at least £10 million ($13 million). As an appetite whetter, Sotheby's has been showing a selection of the sale's highlights at its site on New Bond Street; in the fall, these will travel to Los Angeles, New York and Hong Kong. About 1,000 people a day have visited in London, and the show is likely to draw similar crowds elsewhere: Bowie's death has only increased public fascination with the fine details of his life.

It's a life that weaves through the collection. Though his fame was global, Bowie was a product of London, forged in its southern suburbs, tempered in its clubs and music venues. That lineage is clear in the art he collected; many of

STUDIOCANAL/SHUTTERSTOCK/REX

the paintings being auctioned are by postwar, London-centric British artists. They include Frank Auerbach, Auerbach's tutor David Bomberg and Harold Gilman. Though the highest-valued artwork is American—*Air Power*, by Jean-Michel Basquiat, is estimated to sell for between £2.5 million and £3.5 million—Bowie's link to the piece is still personal. In 1996, he played Basquiat's mentor Andy Warhol in the biopic *Basquiat*, directed by Julian Schnabel. Although Bowie was mostly out-acted by his wig, his excitement at being part of the New York art world—even just a version of it—was obvious. And the consideration put into his private collection suggests that buying art wasn't just a hobby, the sort of vanity project that tends to follow in the wake of immense wealth. "It's such an erudite and intellectual collection. There's a cohesiveness to it," says Tom Eddison, a contemporary art specialist at Sotheby's. "He's incredibly well-tuned into art and artists."

You could go further—for Bowie, art was a necessity. He always had a knack for spotting what was intriguing (and most marketable) about the avant-garde and weaving it into his narrative, once describing art as a "stable nourishment" in his life. "Art was," he told *The New York Times*, "seriously, the only thing I'd ever wanted to own."

To understand the genesis of this love affair, you need to travel south and east from Sotheby's, across the Thames to where London swells upward into the hills of Kent. This is Bromley. From 1958 to 1963, Bowie was a pupil at Bromley Technical High School, where the head of art was Owen Frampton. According to the artist George Underwood, a childhood friend and classmate of Bowie's, Frampton's graphic design lessons were free-ranging and designed to catch the imagination. "Owen was very special," Underwood says. "He wasn't like a teacher; he was like a friend. He commanded a lot of respect. He said we all had potential and if you wanted to do something bad enough, you could do it."

Brian Eacersall worked alongside Frampton in the art department for 14 years and also taught Bowie. He says Frampton led by example: He would use break times to work on his side project of designing wallpaper and would hang finished pieces in the classroom—where his students "saw we were very invested in our subjects and you can get success from these things." Bowie never forgot this early role model, even at the height of his fame. "Every time Bowie came to London," Eacersall says, "Owen and his wife were invited to his show and to meet him backstage."

But this didn't necessarily mean Bowie was good at making art. According to Underwood, he was "rubbish at painting." Eacersall agrees, saying that the young Bowie's uninspired drawings in his classes presented a perplexing contrast to

THE SPIN WHITE DUKE: Bowie favored postwar, London-centric artists, like Damien Hirst and his *Beautiful, Shattering, Slashing, Violent, Pinky, Hacking Sphincter Painting*.

SOTHEBY'S

the artfulness of his career. "I look at the songs that he wrote—they were so imaginative, and the personas he used to take on were out of this world.... Where did all that come from?"

Bowie admitted he lacked the proficiency of Underwood, whom he later commissioned to design the artwork for his *Space Oddity, Hunky Dory* and *Ziggy Stardust* albums. (Underwood also threw the punch that damaged Bowie's left eye, leaving its pupil permanently dilated and giving him that odd, bicolored stare—so he's a man who can fairly claim his part in creating the Bowie mystique.) In 2014, Underwood asked Bowie to write the foreword to the program for an exhibition of Underwood's work. "I've always loved George's work. I think he may have unconsciously tipped me towards music," Bowie wrote. "Sitting alongside him in art school convinced me (among others) that I would never achieve his fluidity of lines, his sense of rightness in relation to his subject, whatever it was."

Bowie's shortcomings as a painter didn't deter him from buying art. His collection began taking shape as his music career burgeoned, in the late 1960s and early 1970s. People who knew Bowie say he took great pride in his acquisitions. "He would tell you, 'I've bought that.' He was very proud of what he bought—but also a bit full of himself. But it was always tongue firmly in the cheek," Underwood says. The London gallerist Bernard Jacobson, who befriended Bowie in the early 1990s, says Bowie once cajoled him into selling him a portrait by Jacobson's favorite artist, the British painter William Tillyer, which hung on his bedroom wall. "I said, 'That's mine. I don't want to sell that.' He said, 'You're a shop. You've got to sell it. That's what you do.' We went on and on," Jacobson says. The painting eventually ended up in Bowie's collection.

Jacobson says the musician bought more pieces from his gallery than any other between 1992 and the early 2000s—he guesses the number could be as high as 100. "We ended up being great friends. He hung out in my gallery a lot. One day, he actually worked on the front desk for two hours selling pictures," Jacobson says.

Bowie's close friendship with Jacobson led to the singer becoming still more immersed in the art world. In 1994, he joined the board of *Modern Painters*, a then-quarterly art magazine founded by Jacobson in 1987, and his role soon expanded into writing for the publication. Between 1994 and 1998, he interviewed artists including Hirst and Tracey Emin, even securing a scoop with the determinedly enigmatic and elusive Balthus. "He gave it a lot of time. He took it very seriously," says Jacobson, a former journalist. "I didn't cringe when I read the copy. I didn't think, Oh God, we can't use this. It came from a real passion for the subject."

Bowie later added another line to his artistic résumé: publisher. In 1997, Jacobson decided to move into art books—21 Publishing was formed by Jacobson, Bowie, *Modern Painters* editor Karen Wright and Timothy Sainsbury, of the supermarket family. "It was books that weren't going to get published by the more traditional publishers," says Jacobson. He adds with a laugh, "It lost an enormous amount of money. It was virtually charity."

Perhaps because of the depth of Bowie's love for his art, both Underwood and Jacobson are surprised that any of his collection is up for auction. "I'd like to think he said to [his wife] Iman and [his son] Duncan, 'If you don't like them, put them up for auction,'" Underwood says. "I'd like to hope that's what happened." The Bowie estate declined to comment. Jacobson adds, "I had heard rumors [about the sale] earlier this year, but I hoped they would change their minds. [This collection] was David's love affair, his passion."

BOWIE SAID, "ART WAS, SERIOUSLY, THE ONLY THING I'D EVER WANTED TO OWN."

Eddison of Sotheby's says Bowie had a history of loaning his work so others could enjoy his collection. "Every collector is essentially a custodian of that painting until it goes on its next journey and is loved by someone else," he says. "He would have wanted the art to be seen."

Bowie/Collector highlights continue at Sotheby's, London, until August 9, then tour to Los Angeles, September 20 to 21; New York, September 26 to 29; and Hong Kong, October 12 to 15. Full exhibition at Sotheby's, London, occurs November 1 to 10, with the sale November 11 to 12.

DUBLIN UP

Ireland's financial crisis hit the capital hard, but the city of Joyce, Wilde and the movie *Sing Street* is recovering

IT IS THE premiere of the 41-year-old Irish director John Carney's autobiographical film *Sing Street*, a musical set in Dublin in the mid-1980s, that brings me to the Irish capital. Carney tells me before the movie showing that he's nervous about how his hometown audience will react to his portrayal of their city in what was a very troubled decade. *Sing Street* is a charming, upbeat musical, but it portrays a bleak landscape that barely resembles the Dublin of today. At the time, many young people escaped the poverty and economic gloom by fleeing to Britain, the U.S. and Australia.

"The city's changed since the '80s, and I'm grateful for that," Carney says. "Dublin in the '80s felt like Britain in the '50s—emotionally, architecturally, aesthetically. The church still ran the schools. Everyone just wanted to get away. Today, the city is multicultural, cosmopolitan, international."

As the credits roll, the audience stands, claps and cheers, and Carney and his young cast (including my daughter Lucy, who plays the main female role) take to the stage. Dubliners, it seems, are fine with being reminded of how much their city has changed.

Sing Street is set long before the Celtic Tiger years, that decade starting in the mid-1990s when dramatic economic growth, fueled by European Union investment and ballooning house prices, transformed the republic from one of the poorest countries in Europe to one of the most economically dynamic. After the boom, however, came the bust—sparked in 2008 by the world financial crisis. By January 2009, Ireland's government debt had become the riskiest in the eurozone.

I decide to head out into the streets to see the changes for myself. When I was last here, in 2011, the ratings agency Moody's had just downgraded the Irish government's bond ratings to junk status. My friends who lived in and around the city were in shock and despair. Now Dublin and the Republic of Ireland are recovering. The country has become one of Europe's IT capitals; Google, Facebook, PayPal, Microsoft and eBay have their European headquarters here. And while Dublin may not rival London or Paris as a culinary capital, there are some excellent restaurants. The influx over the past few years of young people from the EU and beyond has given the city an international flavor that was absent in Carney's youth.

A stroll through the Broadstone neighborhood on the north bank of the River Liffey reveals a formerly run-down part of town that is now buzzing with bars and the cafés. There's a significant coffee culture here; most cafés are inexpensive spots run by enterprising 20-somethings, local and foreign. In restaurants such as the award-winning Brother Hubbard on Capel Street, the emphasis is on value-for-money fresh ingredients; its eggs *menemen*, a classic Turkish dish of soft scrambled eggs with whipped feta yogurt, roast peppers and red onion, is worth a visit alone.

BY
GRAHAM BOYNTON
@BoyntonTravels

TRAVSTOCK/ALAMY

SING FOR YOUR SUPPER: The influx of young people coming for tech jobs has brought with it a culinary renaissance in Dublin's pubs and restaurants.

Ketty Elisabeth, a young French food blogger and food tour guide, directs me to Brother Hubbard after a mutual friend introduces us. She arrived in Dublin during the Celtic Tiger days. Back in the middle of the boom, she says, "the food was terrible—there was just fast food and so-called fine dining, which meant expensive, predictable menus consisting of chicken, salmon or beef. Now the accent is on fresh, locally grown food at affordable prices."

She says Capel Street, previously known for its sex shops, is becoming one of the centers of the fine food industry, and she leads me a few doors down from Brother Hubbard to Camerino, a cake shop and bakery that an Italian-Canadian named Caryna Camerino opened at the end of 2014. "I was working in human resources and started baking cakes to sell at the weekend market. I got tired of firing people during the recession," Camerino explains from behind a counter piled with cakes and bread, all baked in the kitchen behind the shop. The shop now employs eight.

The restaurant and food boom has been accompanied by a sudden shift in tourism. Visitors to Ireland now come from a greater variety of countries: Thirty years ago, 70 percent of them were from Britain; today, that has fallen to 30 percent. The type of tourism has also changed; in the past, three-quarters of visiting Americans were identified as VFR (visiting friends and relatives), but most now have no ancestral connections and are thus more likely to book one of Dublin's 48,000 hotel rooms, rather than stay with the relatives in the suburbs.

Back on the south side of the Liffey, where most of Dublin's attractions lie, I head for the Liberties, once the heart of the city's tannery and woolen industries. I am here to meet Jack Teeling, who is so confident that Dublin's recovery is sustainable that last year he opened the first new whiskey distillery in the city in 125 years. Teeling comes from a long and uninterrupted line of Irish whiskey producers—one of his ancestors, Walter Teeling, opened the family's first distillery in Dublin in 1782. (His father, John, owned the Cooley Distillery in County Louth for almost 30 years and in 2012 sold it to the American whiskey company Jim Beam.) Today, the Teeling Whiskey Co. is both a distillery and a tourist attraction that, he says, brought in 40,000 visitors in its first year of operations. It features a restaurant, tasting rooms and a shop selling Teeling whiskey, as well as branded T-shirts, cooking aprons, hip flasks and marmalade.

Teeling says Irish whiskey at the turn of the 20th century was the most popular spirit in the world. "The combined effects of the Easter Rising [the armed insurrection by Irish republicans to end British rule], the Irish war of independence and civil war all weakened the domestic market," he says. "This was soon followed by Prohibition in the U.S., and that decimated the industry. It was a car crash, then we fell off the cliff."

Today, according to Scotch Whisky Association statistics, more than 95 million cases of scotch, 40 million cases of American whiskey and 21 million cases of Canadian whisky are sold worldwide. Ireland's annual global sales are just over 7 million cases, with Cork-based Jameson the major producer.

Teeling says his brand of small-production boutique whiskeys—the company produces nine different types—have an annual production of just 150,000 cases. Teeling says he used "inventory which I bought from Cooley" and made his own by maturing in barrels at this new distillery. The first whiskeys actually distilled here will come to the market in 2018.

"THE FOOD WAS TERRIBLE—THERE WAS JUST FAST FOOD AND SO-CALLED FINE DINING."

Teeling says he is following a global trend of urban liquor production that has flourished in cities such as New York, London and San Francisco. "That's why I wanted to start something that represented Dublin today—a sophisticated city, high-tech, cosmopolitan city. And we're just drilling down and taking water from the Liffey. We're starting to make real Dublin whiskey with real Dublin water," he says.

Carney is right. His city has changed dramatically since his *Sing Street* youth. And it's a fine thing to see. But a pint of Guinness on my final evening in Dublin at the Swan, one of the city's oldest Victorians pubs, reminds me: There is still much to be said for the Dublin of old. N

+

GO WHERE? In the best sense of augmenting, the game enhances players' lives by forcing them to go outside, to explore.

Make Pokémon, Not War

Face it: Reality is in dire need of some not-serious augmenting

BY **ALEXANDER NAZARYAN** @alexnazaryan

IT'S BEEN A HOT, evil summer. Each week brings a new hashtag, as unsettling as a blast of stale air from an oncoming subway train: #Istanbul, #AltonSterling, #PhilandoCastile, #Dallas, #Nice, #Munich. The mass killings suggest a collective unmooring, and it takes courage to turn on the news.

In early July, though, relief arrived like a temperate spell after a heat wave. It came from San Francisco, home of grandiloquent crazes—the Gold Rush, hoodies as professional attire—and started when Niantic, a smartphone-games developer, released something called Pokémon Go.

You have probably heard of Pokémon Go, so, I won't dwell on the particulars of the game. Basically, you capture Pokémon creatures, primarily by tossing balls at them, and then battle other players.

If Pokémon Go were just another phone game aimed at tech-savvy Japanese tweens or bored American middle managers, it might get an amused front-of-the-book write-up in *Wired* but not much more. There wouldn't be roadside signs advising people not to play *while driving*. There wouldn't be a soldier posting an image of himself capturing a Squirtle in Iraq, the fight against ISIS momentarily displaced. There wouldn't be hordes in Times Square, gathering like the diasporic members of the Pokémon tribe reconstituted at glorious last.

Pokémon Go's advantage over nearly all its predecessors is that it uses augmented reality. The landscape on your screen is borrowed from and informed by the real world, as understood by your phone's GPS. To play Pokémon Go is to enter a world that is kind of like ours, except with brighter color and clear objectives.

To augment is to add, but also to improve. Pokémon Go does not ask us to retreat fully from the real. You are tethered to your screen, but you must go out into the physical world—suddenly populated by strange but not especially frightening creatures—to accomplish the game's goals.

Some have been angered because Pokémon Go players have intruded on sacred ground: Auschwitz, Arlington National Cemetery, Ground Zero. I get the outrage, but I don't share it. Nothing deserves augmentation more than the horrors of the past. Politicians, revolutionaries and messiahs have had their chance; let's see what happens when little creatures from Japan rule the world.

Inevitably, Pokémon Go will be played on the site of a shooting or bombing. Some will call that desecration; they will have a point. But there will be another point, about the human imagination, its Houdini-like resilience. It is unlikely that Pokémon Go will save the world, but it has already tweaked reality. That is why millions have flocked to the game, why scores of articles have been written about it, why nearly everything I have read about it is touched not by outrage but by wonder, by a desire for more augmentation, not less.

When you open the Pokémon Go app, you are reminded to stay "aware of your surroundings." This point is illustrated by a picture of a young man walking over a bridge. Engrossed by the Poké-hunt, he doesn't see the dragon rising out of the water, ready to devour him. I am not worried for our distracted friend, though. He has Pokémon on his side. N

KOJI SASAHARA/AP

THE CURATED LIFE

THE PRINCE IN THE LOBBY

Grand family-run hotels offer unchanging pleasures. And some are very grand indeed

BY
NICHOLAS FOULKES

OURS IS A world that prizes novelty. Something is always the new something else. We want to be early adopters, explorers, pioneers, whether of the latest social media app or smartphone, diet fad or contemporary artist. But there are times when one craves the comfort of familiarity. We need landmarks to guide us through life, otherwise we would find ourselves adrift in a featureless ocean of neologisms, changing course as the siren song of the modern comes first from here and then from there.

That is one of the reasons I like family-owned hotels. The best of them stand like stoutly built lighthouses, against which the waves of fashion crash harmlessly. I am sure that a psychoanalyst would have fun unpacking my affection for these places, their links with a glamorous, elegant past, and their essentially unchanging nature.

Recently, I spent the night at the Château Saint-Martin, a hotel and spa in the almost-mountains of southeastern Provence, France. I had never been before but had been told it was rather nice, and so it was. But what struck me was the familiarity of the place: the marble, ormolu and tapestries seemed known to me. All became clear when I was told the hotel was under the same ownership as Le Bristol in Paris and the Hotel du Cap-Eden-Roc in Antibes. (I have yet to stay at the Hotel du Cap, but I have been to enough parties there to have absorbed the aesthetic.) All three hotels are owned by the Oetker family, and in the case of the Bristol, they are only the second family to do so.

It is the same with Switzerland's Gstaad Palace, where in the winter season it is standing room only in the famous lobby bar: The Scherz family has managed the hotel since 1938 and has owned it since 1947. Although it has changed to a certain extent, the hotel remains recognizable as its mid-1970s self, when it was the glamorous location for—and, I would argue, the co-star of—the film *The Return of the Pink Panther*.

My favorite family-owned hotel—perhaps my favorite hotel, full stop—is the Marbella Club in southern Spain. Here I must declare an interest. I wrote a book about the history of the Marbella Club, but then I also contributed a chapter to the history of the Gstaad Palace, so you could say I have a weakness for the genre.

The Marbella Club was founded just over 60 years ago, and the story of its creation has the ring of legend and fairy tale. Young, handsome and, if not penniless, then certainly down to his last family palace, Prince Alfonso von Hohenlohe-Langenburg built a small wayside inn, a little like the motels he had seen in the United States. He built it about halfway between Málaga and Gibraltar, along a rutted track of a coastal road on which donkeys were more numerous than cars. By the 1960s, pretty much anyone ever photographed by the society portraitist Slim Aarons was spending summers at the Marbella Club.

MODERN LUXURY: Guests at the Marbella Club used to revel in splendid isolation: The Cuban missile crisis of 1962 passed them by entirely. Now the hotel offers Wi-Fi in the pool, and everywhere else.

MARBELLA CLUB HOTEL

Alfonso was like a jet-set Prospero, conjuring an enchanted realm out of little more than an abundance of charm and a few monastic rooms with hip baths and painted headboards. Like Prospero's island, the Marbella Club was cut off from the world. A few years after the club opened, Alfonso did install a telephone, and sometimes it worked. But on the whole, guests were insulated from the less-agreeable realities of life. Some, such as the Cuban missile crisis, passed them by completely: They had not seen a newspaper, the club had neither radio nor television, and not a night had passed without a party.

PRINCE ALFONSO WAS A JET-SET PROSPERO, CONJURING AN ENCHANTED REALM OUT OF CHARM AND A FEW MONASTIC ROOMS.

Today, the hotel is owned by the Shamoon family, and they have, mercifully for those who stay here, upgraded the facilities to include a half-dozen bars and restaurants, a spa, a wellness center, a kids' club, a golf course, an equestrian center, some select shops, a real estate office, the mandatory blanket Wi-Fi coverage so one can check emails when swimming and all the other appurtenances of the modern hotel. But to Alfonso's son, Prince Hubertus, it is still recognizable as the old club where he grew up, and where he still returns every summer to run an open-air, late-night lounge on the patio.

Modernization is important, but family ownership of a hotel provides the continuity needed to ensure that facilities are not improved at the expense of charm and familiarity—the very things that made a resort popular in the first place. There is a personal connection that, however well-managed they may be, the chains of hotels that garland the world seldom offer. Too often such hotels lurch into change with the backing of focus groups and marketing studies, losing their authenticity and individual character, and alienating long-standing visitors without attracting new ones.

The genius of the great family-run hotels is to change imperceptibly, to give guests what they never knew they needed but are delighted to have. And all the while feeling that everything has stayed exactly, and splendidly, the same. N

the To-Do List

1 VACATION ***The Prince Gallery Tokyo Kioicho hotel has just opened in the Japanese capital. It offers views across the city, as well as an indoor pool and spa.***

2 VIEW

Beirut Art Fair runs from September 15 to 18 and features some of the best contemporary art from the Middle East and North Africa.

3 SPARKLE

Shinola has just unveiled its new Gomelsky collection of ladies' evening watches. Many of the faces are made from semi-precious stones.

4 DRESS UP

To celebrate the 10th anniversary of his signature Galaxy dress, designer Roland Mouret has released a limited-edition collection in seven colors.

5 LAUGH

Ian McKellen and Patrick Stewart are starring in Harold Pinter's comedy *No Man's Land* (from September 8) at Wyndham's Theatre in London.

6 EAT

Design studio Space Copenhagen has just opened its second restaurant, Lou Lou, in the Danish capital. Warm tones and soft lighting are meant to lull diners into a dreamlike state.

1. PRINCE GALLERY TOKYO KIOICHO HOTEL; 2. RAFAT ASAD/GALLERY ONE; 3. SHINOLA; 4. ROLAND MOURET; 5. LUKE FONTANA; 6. LOULOU

Tinalbarka wants to be a lawyer.
She and her family fled violence in Mali.

We stand together #WithRefugees

PHOTO: © UNHCR / A. DRAGAJ

worldrefugeeday
www.refugeeday.org

A STAR ALLIANCE MEMBER

CEO meeting in Silicon Valley.

Rediscover the world: from Frankfurt nonstop to San Jose

LH.com

Lufthansa

Bookings on LH.com for selected non-stop flights from Germany. Seat availability limited.