

Ebola's Quiet Heroes / Sculpting With Flowers

Newsweek

26.08.2016

Inside Hillary's Old Girls' Network

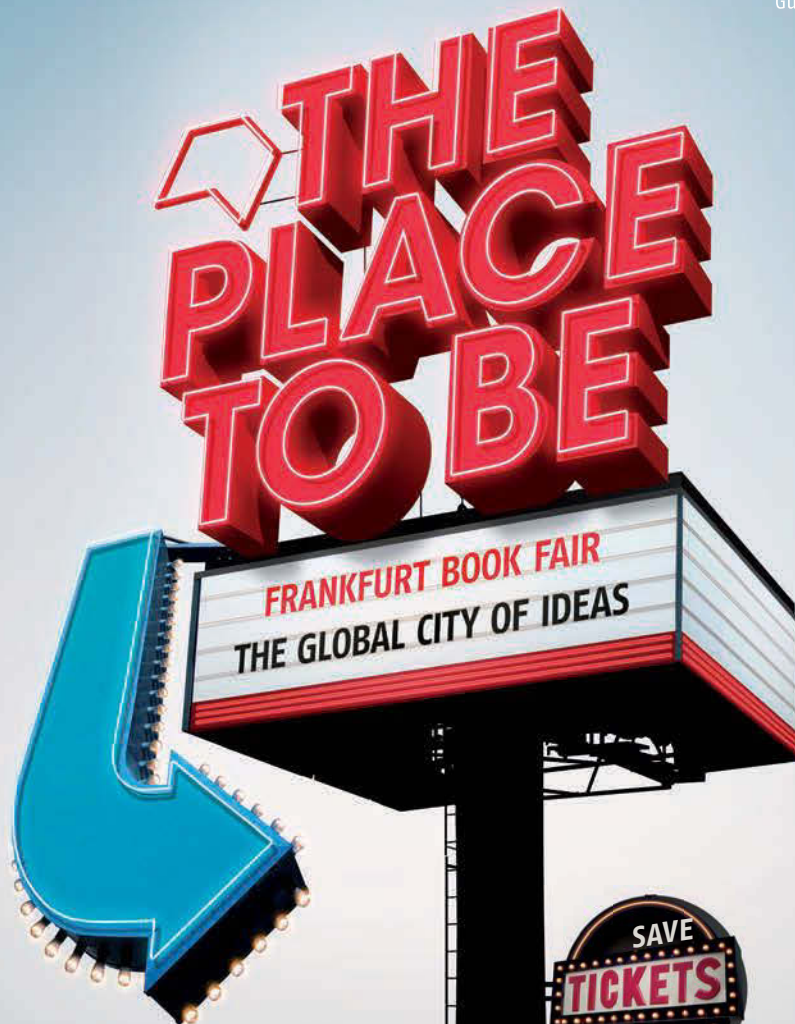
MEET THE WOMEN WHO SPENT DECADES
AND MILLIONS TO MAKE HISTORY

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Nina Burleigh
Janine Di Giovanni
Kurt Eichenwald
Jessica Firger
Michele Gorman
Abigail Jones

Max Kutner
Douglas Main
Leah McGrath Goodman
Alexander Nazaryan
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Roberto Saviano
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BIG SHOTS

SYRIA

Shorn Again

Manbij, Syria—A man has his beard cut off on August 12 after the U.S.-backed Syrian Democratic Forces took back Manbij from the Islamic State militant group, which had been using civilians as human shields in the city near the Turkish border. Reuters pictures and video showed residents celebrating their release by smoking, cutting off their beards and burning their niqabs in defiance of the strict interpretation of Islam imposed by ISIS.

The capture of the city was strategically important, as it lies on the supply route from Raqqa, ISIS's de facto capital, and Turkey.



RODI SAID





USA

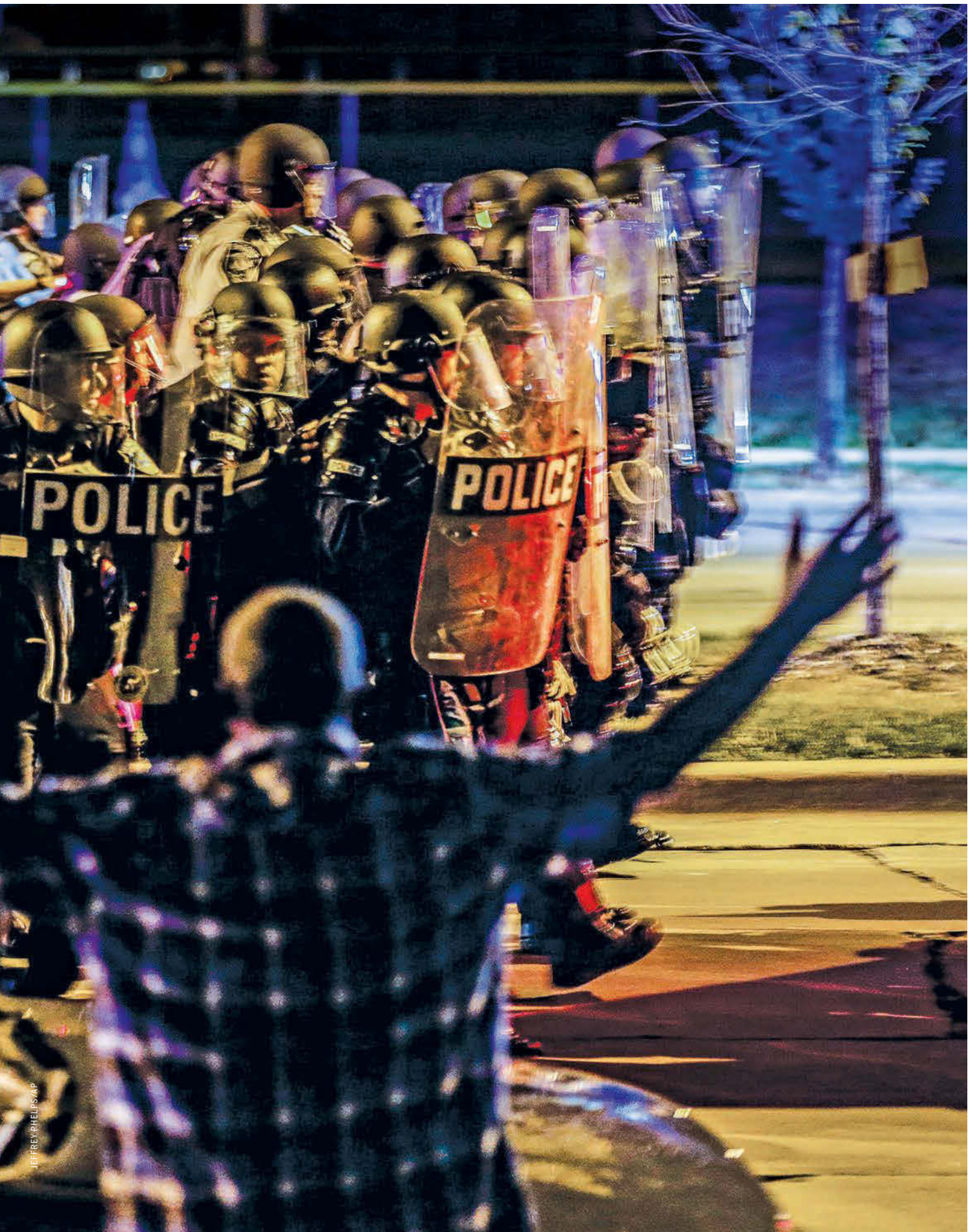
Paper, Rock, Gun

Milwaukee—Police move on protesters throwing rocks at them on August 14 during unrest following the shooting of a black man who was fleeing police. The incident reignited tensions over police relations with the black community, although the officer who shot the man was black and authorities said video showed the man had a handgun. Wisconsin Governor Scott Walker declared a state of emergency and activated the National Guard after two nights of street protests that left several businesses destroyed.



JEFFREY PHELPS





UKRAINE

Putin Roulette

Krasnogorivka, Ukraine—A Ukrainian soldier waits on the front line near Donetsk, Ukraine, on August 12. Russia said it had foiled an attack in Crimea by “sabotage-terrorist groups” backed by Ukraine, raising fears of escalating tensions between Russia-backed separatists and the government in Kiev. Russia has recently increased its military presence in Crimea, which it annexed from Ukraine in 2014, prompting Western sanctions. Ukraine denied backing a plot in Crimea, and some analysts saw Russia’s accusations as a ploy to strengthen its hand before planned talks next month on the status of the Donetsk and Luhansk regions.



GLEB GARANICH



GLEB GARANICH/REUTERS





BIG
SHOTS



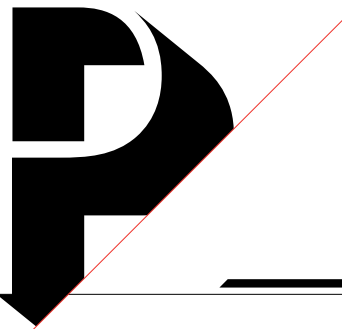
BRAZIL

Quick Smile

Rio de Janeiro—Jamaica's Usain Bolt takes a moment to look around as he cruises to victory in the men's 100-meter semifinal at the Rio Olympic Games on August 14. Bolt went on to win the final, making him the first man to take 100-meter gold in three successive Olympic Games. While the games have been plagued by crime, pollution and a diving pool that turned a murky green, there were also plenty of stories of triumph, including U.S. swimmer Michael Phelps winning his 23rd gold medal and U.S. gymnast Simone Biles being anointed the best gymnast in history.



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HERE LIES DONALD TRUMP

An open letter to Speaker Paul Ryan on why the Republican presidential nominee's profligate dishonesty makes him a danger to all of us

MR. SPEAKER,

When Donald Trump suggested on August 9 that Hillary Clinton could be stopped from nominating judges only by “Second Amendment people,” most of the world gasped, realizing he was inciting violence against his opponent for the presidency. It was unprecedented, beneath contempt. But he didn’t apologize. Given my long experiences with Trump, I knew he would soon string together a babble of words in hopes of twisting his statement beyond recognition. And so he did, with an assist from sycophants like Sean Hannity of Fox News, who nodded like a bobblehead doll as Trump told him he didn’t mean that gun lovers should assassinate Clinton. He only meant they should be voting for him to keep her out of the White House.

That makes no sense, and here’s a crucial thing to know about Trump: He never tries to make his lies or delusions or fantasies make sense. He just spews to explain away the inexplicable.

Let’s examine the words that got him into so much trouble: “If she gets to pick her judges, nothing you can do, folks. Although the Second Amendment people, maybe there is, I don’t know. But I’ll tell you what, that will be a horrible day.”

Trump’s post hoc interpretation: He doesn’t know if gun lovers will vote to keep Clinton out of office. Or he hopes gun owners will vote for him. Or only Trump voters with guns could keep Clinton out of office. None of that makes sense.

Read the original statement again. Did he mean it will be a horrible day when Second Amendment people stop her from picking judges? That’s a call for assassination. Or did he mean it will be a horrible day when a President Clinton picks judges, and only Second Amendment people might be able to stop it? Another call for assassination.

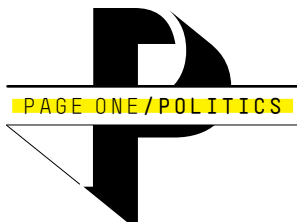
Trump then blamed the media for applying the rules of grammar and sentence structure to him, instead of being like his acolytes, for

BY
KURT EICHENWALD
@kurteichenwald





DEPOSED LEADER:
Trump's copious testimony under oath in depositions suggests he believes the truth is whatever makes him look good.



whom words and sentences no longer have agreed-upon meanings.

This, Mr. Speaker, is what you would be dealing with in a Trump presidency, and this flagrant disregard for the facts, for the truth, is why I am writing this, my second open letter to you. Trump must be stopped. Let the GOP lose this election. It is the only way to save the Republican Party, and the nation. Even some of his most deranged supporters recognize the danger he poses—one caller into C-SPAN last week said he knew his candidate might start a nuclear war, but at least America would win.

I don't believe Trump intended to incite his followers to shoot Clinton, but that is exactly his problem, the one I have seen since I first started covering him three decades ago. He just *says things*. His tongue moves so fast, it's out the door before he's out of bed. He says what he hopes is true. He attributes his biggest whoppers to anonymous others whispering things in his ears that no one else hears. (Many people are saying an Iranian scientist was killed because of Clinton's emails; some people say Barack Obama's birth certificate was a forgery; many people say he should host *Meet the Press*; a lot of people say a book of the Bible whose name he flubbed is called Two Corinthians rather than Second Corinthians.) He blusters and fumes and attacks when people challenge his nonsense, and he doesn't even try to sound credible. He has spent too much time in business blustering, bullying and lying, and he isn't about to stop now.

That's why anyone considering voting for Trump should read some of the depositions he has given over the years. Remember, this was testimony under oath. Either he consistently lies when under oath or his inability to recognize the truth is a symptom of a psychiatric disorder. I described in my previous letter to you how Trump lied in testimony before Congress. He explicitly stated he had held no discussions with anyone associated with Indian casinos about doing business with them...and then a congressman produced an affidavit, telephone

records and letters proving that was a lie.

What is most disturbing in Trump's sworn statements is the amount of nonsense he spouts as he mangles the English language into meanings no rational person could accept. An unsuccessful "development by Donald Trump" is not a "development by Donald Trump." A successful project built by another developer who paid to have Trump's name on the building is a "Donald Trump development." A payment of \$400,000 equals a payment of \$1 million. An ownership stake of 30 percent is actually a 50 percent stake. In a single sentence, he says he knows some people's names but not their identities, as if talking about Batman and Superman. He studied résumés, but he only glanced at them. The list goes on, with one point in common: Every one of his answers, while under oath, depends not on the truth but on whether it makes him look good.

In December 2008, just after the Democrats won the White House, Trump wrote on his personal blog, "Hillary is smart, tough and a very nice person and so is her husband." He then added, "Bill Clinton was a great president." The words are simple and clear. Earlier this year, in a deposition given in a lawsuit against Trump involving allegations of fraud regarding his real estate courses (called Trump University), the

TRUMP'S TONGUE MOVES SO FAST, IT'S OUT THE DOOR BEFORE HE'S OUT OF BED.

plaintiff's lawyer asked Trump if he had ever called Bill Clinton a great president. Trump refused to answer directly, saying the scandal involving Clinton's affair with Monica Lewinsky had damaged his presidency. Finally, the lawyer showed Trump the blog post in which he had praised Bill Clinton as president and asked if Trump believed what he wrote.

"I was fine with it at the time," Trump replied. "I think in retrospect, looking back, it was not a great presidency because of his scandals." In other words, in 2008 Trump thought Clinton was a great president, but then because of the Lewinsky scandal—something that occurred *a decade* before that blog post—he changed his mind. How did he explain the obvious lie? "It's not something I gave very much thought to then because I wasn't in politics," he said.

That—surprise!—was also a lie. Trump had

been giving plenty of thought to politics for more than a decade. In fact, in 1999, in the middle of the Lewinsky scandal, he said, “While I have not decided to become a candidate at this time, if the Reform Party nominated me, I would probably run and probably win.” Not only that, but Trump’s staff that year contacted dozens of officials to ask about his running as the Reform Party candidate and had examined the ballot requirements for the 29 states where the party was not yet on the ballot. He also announced his position on a number of issues, including his support for abortion rights.

And yet, come 2016, Trump said—under

oath—that he hadn’t thought about politics “much” as late as 2008, nine years after his first planned run for the presidency.

In that same deposition, Trump was asked if he had ever said Hillary Clinton would be a great vice president or president. After receiving an assurance that the exhibit being held by the plaintiff’s lawyer did not contain that statement, Trump said he didn’t think he had ever said it. Then the plaintiff’s lawyer produced a new exhibit, another 2008 blog post by Trump: “I know Hillary, and I think she would make a great president or vice president.”

How could Trump now be claiming Hillary

SHOT FROM THE HIP: Trump’s recklessness could easily lead to nuclear war, but one supporter says that’s OK, because America would win.

+

PATRICK SEMANSKY/AP



Clinton was too incompetent to be president? “Well, I didn’t think too much about it,” he said again. In other words, Trump claimed in sworn testimony that he was writing blog posts without thinking and said many things he did not believe. (He made the same claim when confronted with his praise of men who were then his rivals for the Republican presidential nomination, including former Florida Governor Jeb Bush, former New York Governor George Pataki and former Texas Governor Rick Perry.)

In that same 2016 deposition, Trump was confronted with a marketing video in which he said professors and adjunct professors would be teaching the classes for Trump University. He was then asked if he knew the identities of the adjunct professors. “I know names, but I really don’t know the identities,” he said. As with many of Trump’s dismissals of evidence

when he is caught, the answer makes no sense. P.S.: He never gave the names “he knew” of the adjunct professors; that would have been a challenge, since those people did not exist.

Trump often doesn’t even try to make sense when explaining away a lie. In 2011, he was deposed about a failed Florida condo project. The building’s developer had paid a licensing fee to slap the Trump name on it, but—other than allowing his name to be used in marketing to deceive potential buyers—Trump had nothing to do with the project, which closed after taking hundreds of thousands of dollars in non-refundable deposits. During Trump’s testimony under oath, the plaintiff’s lawyer confronted him with marketing material in which he had boasted that the building would be a “signature development by Donald J. Trump.” Despite the indisputable meaning of those words, Trump

HOUSE ON FIRE: Trump’s long and sordid career in business suggests that no one can control him or even temper his excesses, an ominous sign for Speaker Ryan.

JEFF SWENSEN/GETTY



disputed them: When the advertising says the building is a development by Donald Trump, “in some cases they’re developed by me, and in some cases they’re not.” He never explained how “developed by Trump” can mean “not developed by Trump” but pointed out that the lengthy legal documents signed by those unfortunate buyers disclosed in the fine print that he was not the builder. Why, then, the plaintiff’s lawyer asked, didn’t he include that disclosure in the advertising rather than the misleading “signature development” clause? “You can’t put it in the advertising because there’s not enough room,” Trump replied.

Clearly perplexed, the plaintiff’s lawyer tried to get Trump to explain how the same words could mean different things. “It’s your testimony that the statement ‘this signature development by Donald J. Trump’ is consistent with the position that Donald J. Trump is not a developer of this project?”

“Absolutely,” Trump testified.

The all-time classic Trump deposition is the one he gave in 2007 in a libel lawsuit he brought against Timothy O’Brien, author of *TrumpNation*, because the book stated that Trump’s net worth was far less than he claimed. (It was. Just ask Deutsche Bank.) Throughout this deposition, Trump sounded delusional, in what some might dismiss as compulsive lying. But knowing Trump, I don’t think he was lying; he believed what he was saying, but the facts just kept getting in his way.

Trump needed to prove he was damaged by the purported libel, but he wasn’t content with just saying he had lost some specific bit of business. Instead, he claimed to have lost business he never knew existed. “The fact is that a lot of people who would have done deals with me didn’t come to do deals with me,” he testified. “I can’t tell you who they are because they never came to me.”

Then there were the questions about what he owns. Trump was shown a nasty note he had written to a reporter in which he claimed to own 50 percent of a Manhattan property called the West Side Yards. In fact, he owned 30 percent, but rather than simply say he’d made a mistake, Trump claimed 30 percent equals 50 percent. “I own 30 percent,” he testified. “And I’ve always felt I owned 50 percent.” The reason, Trump explained, was that he didn’t put up any of his money in the deal, an explanation that makes no sense and does not change the fact that 30 percent is not, nor never will be, 50 percent.

His flexibility with numbers showed up later in the deposition, when confronted with public statements he had made about being paid \$1 million to make a particular speech; he had

received only \$400,000—a huge sum that he still felt compelled to more than double. Well, Trump explained, the marketing he received in advertisements for the speech was worth so much to him that the amount of money he received was equal to \$1 million. (Don’t try to understand that. It will make your brain melt.)

Trump was later shown a letter he wrote to *The Wall Street Journal*, which mentioned two of “his” developments, including Trump Tower in Waikiki. Just like in the failed Florida project, Trump had simply sold his name to the developer. This time, though, the building was a success, so Trump claimed the Hawaiian development as his own. How? “It really is a form of ownership, because this is such a strong licensing agreement that I consider it to be a form of ownership,” he testified. That is hogwash; ownership entails a series of obligations and liabilities. Through the licensing agreement, Trump assumed none

**“I KNOW HILLARY,”
TRUMP WROTE,
“AND I THINK SHE
WOULD MAKE A
GREAT PRESIDENT
OR VICE PRESIDENT.”**

of those, with the exception of making sure the company building the project *did not* market it by claiming Trump was the developer.

The rationalizations go on page after page in his depositions, Mr. Speaker, but you get the point. The man running as the Republican Party’s nominee for president is either a liar or—what I think is more likely—has no idea what the truth is and will say anything.

Mr. Speaker, do not let your pride or party loyalty put us all at risk. As the most important Republican out there, you must condemn Trump and withdraw your endorsement of him. **N**

THE HOT COLD WAR

Former NATO general says war with Russia is coming

THE FIRST female president of the United States faces her first major international conflict: Seeking to consolidate the Slavic nations of Eastern Europe, Russia has seized the three Baltic states—Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia—all members of NATO. That requires a response beyond just a caustic tweet or sharply worded press release. For the first time since the Cuban missile crisis, there is serious talk of nuclear war.

This is the basis of *2017 War With Russia*, the unsettling new book by General Sir Richard Shirreff, who retired in 2014 as NATO's deputy supreme commander of Europe, as well as its highest-ranking British officer. Although *2017* is technically a novel, this "future history" is really just a war game on the printed page, its preoccupations much closer to those of Carl von Clausewitz and Winston Churchill than those of Virginia Woolf or William Wordsworth. Shirreff's book is subtitled "An urgent warning from senior military command," and he makes plain in his introduction that the novel's primary intention is to convey the urgency of containing Russian President Vladimir Putin. He likens today's Mother Russia to Germany in the late 1930s, when it annexed the Sudetenland in brazen contravention of established borders. War-weary Europe let the matter slide, hoping that talk of a thousand-year Reich was just bluster.

"I'm worried, very worried, that we're sleepwalking into something absolutely catastrophic," Shirreff tells me, speaking on a Friday evening from his home in Hampshire, in the bucolic

country outside of London. A graduate of Oxford who served in the British army, with deployments in the Middle East and the Balkans, he is not a natural writer, so the judgment of the *Financial Times*—that this is a "literary disaster"—is not as stinging as it might otherwise be, since that same review praised Shirreff's grim geopolitical vision as one of "profound importance." *2017* is an unabashedly didactic work, a real-life warning with the bold-faced names changed.

The novel opens with the Russians staging an attack on a school in Donetsk, the breakaway region of the Ukraine controlled by pro-Kremlin separatists since 2014. Close to 100 children are killed, and Ukrainian forces are blamed, thus giving the Russians the perfect pretext for further aggression. Russia used a similar ploy—the bombing of several apartment buildings in Moscow in 1999—to begin the first Chechen War. But let's not give Putin too much credit: He likely learned the tactic from Hitler, who was probably behind the Reichstag fire of 1933, which allowed the Nazis to eliminate political opponents before moving on to more grandiose aims.

The Ukrainian operation is only the start. Putin—his identity is very lightly disguised by Shirreff, as is that of Hillary Clinton, though he says she wasn't necessarily his model for the American president—has his eyes on the Baltics, which Russia has long regarded as its birthright. The Kremlin is bolstered by a conviction that Western Europe and the United States will do anything to avoid the use of force. "The West may



BY
**ALEXANDER
NAZARYAN**
@alexnazaryan



IN AN EXPANSIVE MOOD: This Russian tank rolling past the grave of a Ukrainian soldier last year could be a harbinger of a bigger, and far deadlier war.

have great economic capability, but they think only of social welfare,” one Kremlin adviser says in 2017. “They have forgotten to stand up for themselves.”

When I spoke to Shirreff, he lamented the ease with which Russia invaded both Georgia (2008) and Ukraine (2014). “That was a slick, very professionally executed operation,” he says of the conquest of Crimea, one that Putin may well try to replicate in the Baltics, given how little genuine resistance he encountered from the West two years ago. “Russia despises weakness and respects strength,” Shirreff tells me. It’s no accident that, every few months, the nation goes agog over images of Putin, stolid and shirtless,

—
“I’M WORRIED, VERY WORRIED, THAT WE’RE SLEEPWALKING INTO SOMETHING ABSOLUTELY CATASTROPHIC.”

wrestling a bear or cuddling with a Siberian tiger.

Until a few weeks ago, most American readers of 2017 would not have thought twice about the preface by James Stavridis, the now-retired American admiral who served as the NATO Supreme



Commander of Europe. But in July, media outlets reported that Clinton was seriously considering Stavridis as her vice presidential candidate. If he is to serve in an advisory role in her presidency, his view of Russia would be useful. And as presented here, that view is utterly unambiguous: “Of all the challenges America faces on the geopolitical scene in the second decade of the 21st century, the most dangerous is the resurgence of Russia under President Putin.” When Mitt Romney said as much during his 2012 presidential bid, he was mocked for stoking anachronistic Cold War fears. “The 1980s are now calling to ask for their foreign policy back,” President Barack Obama said glibly of Romney’s warning.

But the 1980s actually saw the rise of nuclear disarmament, as well as a broader thawing of Russo-American relations. This moment, the one we live in, feels closer to the 1960s, with American missile defense shields rising in the former Soviet bloc countries of Romania and Poland, as well as military exercises that seem like preparations for the real deal. Annoyed by such exercises in Eastern Europe conducted by NATO, a Kremlin senior official put the matter as bluntly as one of Shirreff’s characters: “If NATO initiates an encroachment—against a nuclear power like ourselves—it will be punished.” This kind of bluster could easily have come from the Kremlin of Khrushchev, as both sides prepared for mutual assured destruction.

I spoke to Shirreff just days after hackers universally believed to be associated with the Kremlin broke into the servers of the Democratic National Committee, a breach the director of national intelligence called “a version of war” (though he also tried to temper charges that Russia was at fault). Donald Trump openly encouraged further such incursions, as long they helped his quest for the White House.

When I first spoke with Shirreff, he declined to comment on Trump’s overtures to the Kremlin, but by the next morning, he’d changed his mind and sent me an email that says, in part: “What could suit Putin better than to embarrass the Democrats and so propel into the White House a candidate who has undermined NATO’s doctrine of collective defence by raising questions

over America’s willingness to support an ally if attacked?” He was referring to Trump’s suggestion that the United States would not come to the aid of NATO allies who hadn’t made the requisite defense expenditures.

It is far more likely, according to most projections, that the next president will be Clinton, a longtime foe of Putin who has shown a willingness to use American force abroad. Shirreff believes that nuclear war with Russia is a possibility: Kaliningrad, a region of Russia that borders the Baltic States, now serves as a growing repository for both conventional and nuclear weapons, including Iskander missile systems that have nuclear capability and a range of 300 miles. These could be fired at the West—and will be, if Putin finds Russia’s borders with Europe threatened. Of course, if he invades the Baltics, such a counterattack would be required by the “collective defense” doctrine

“THE WEST MAY HAVE GREAT ECONOMIC CAPABILITY, BUT THEY HAVE FORGOTTEN HOW TO STAND UP FOR THEMSELVES.”

of the North Atlantic Treaty, known as Article 5. “If NATO goes to war with Russia,” Shirreff says, “that means nuclear war.”

His solution is paradoxical: a show of strength and unity by NATO that would discourage any offensive moves on Russia’s part, so that NATO’s strength would never be tested. In other words, frighten Russia into acceptable, rational-actor behavior. Shirreff adds that Trump is “absolutely right” about many European nations failing to meet their financial obligations to NATO, even if the failed casino magnate couched his criticism in undue threats about abandoning treaty commitments. “Europe needs to step up to the mark,” Shirreff says.

He also says the West needs to commit once more to a dialogue with Russia. That’s made harder by the fact that Russia is always sensitive to lectures from the West, resentful about perceived condescension from Europe and the U.S. Still, stony silence is unlikely to bring a resolution. “Communication” is what Shirreff hopes for, not war. “But it’s gotta be backed up by strength.” ■



AGING: Emperor Akihito had heart surgery in 2012 and has been treated for prostate cancer. In his televised address, he said his fitness level was gradually declining.

Bowing Out

WHY IT MATTERS IF JAPAN'S EMPEROR ABDICATES

AT AGE 82, and in declining health, the emperor of Japan, Akihito, indicated in a televised address on August 9 that he is contemplating abdication from the world's oldest hereditary monarchy. In itself, that would seem unremarkable news, particularly outside Japan. In the postwar era, the Chrysanthemum Throne has been drained of almost all of its political potency, thanks largely to a constitution written by the Americans after World War II. Thus was Akihito's father, Emperor Hirohito, transformed before the world from a symbol of Japanese militarism—and, to the Japanese, a living god—to a quiet, meek old man with an interest in marine biology.

Akihito has largely maintained that apolitical image, and he is widely respected. For that reason, in a society that is also aging, his desire to step down at some point will probably be viewed as reasonable, though Japanese law doesn't deal with the prospect of imperial abdication. Prime Minister Shinzo Abe said "considering his majesty's age, the burden of his official duties and his anxieties, we must think carefully about what can be done."

The timing of Akihito's desire to hand over to his son, 56-year-

old Naruhito, is delicate for Japan. Abe is popular, conservative and in favor of reforms to Tokyo's "pacifist" constitution that would allow a more robust role for the military. Abe has a parliamentary supermajority in support of constitutional change, and he may well seek a referendum.

Japan's left is deeply suspicious of Abe's desire for constitutional change. Many see him as a dangerous nationalist eager to build up Japan's military, particularly in response to China. In his three decades as emperor, Akihito has made it fairly plain that he supports Japan's so-called peace constitution, and over the years, he has expressed more directly than his father and several Japanese prime ministers regret over Japan's role in World War II.

Last August, marking the 70th anniversary of the war's end, the emperor said, "Looking back at the past, together with deep remorse over the war, I pray that this tragedy of war will not be repeated and together with the

people express my deep condolences for those who fell in battle and in the ravages of war." Interpreters of the imperial utterances in Japan believe that Akihito thus opposes constitutional change.

So too, it is thought, does his heir apparent. A year ago, the crown prince said that though he didn't "experience the war, I think that it is important today, when memories of the war are fading, to look back humbly on the past and correctly pass on the tragic experiences and history Japan pursued from the generation which experienced the war to those without direct knowledge." Again, imperial-watchers took that as a shot at those pushing for constitutional change.

It's not likely Abe will back off; so the stage may be set for a historic debate—one that would have enormous regional implications—with the political establishment on one side and the ostensibly apolitical Chrysanthemum Throne on the other. **N**



THE GHOSTS OF EBOLA

Women on the front lines of the Ebola crisis are still being shunned

ESTHER KINE'S nightmares don't require much imagination. What she sees when she closes her eyes is what she used to see when they were open: twisted bodies, screaming families, a thousand gaping graves all waiting to be filled—by her.

From June 2014 until last November, she rose each morning to do what was perhaps the most

thankless job of the Ebola outbreak in Africa: collecting and burying the bodies of its victims. And when she went home, their faces followed her. At night, she lay awake thinking of the dead mothers she found still clutching their babies, and of the children the same age as her own. In one house on the outskirts of Freetown, Sierra Leone's capi-

BY
**RYAN LENORA
BROWN**
[@ryanlenorabrown](https://twitter.com/ryanlenorabrown)



+ **PLAYING WITH DEATH: Fatmata Barrie was the first woman in Sierra Leone to join a burial team.**

tal, she opened the door to find 18 bodies—a family so completely obliterated that no one around could think of whom to call as the next of kin. “All of them stayed with me,” she says.

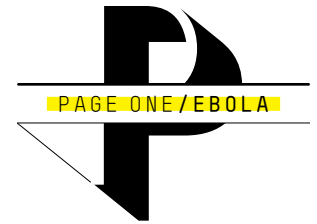
The worst Ebola epidemic in history began in Guinea in December 2013 before spreading to Liberia and Sierra Leone. As governments and the World Health Organization struggled to respond, the virus struck down doctors and nurses in high numbers. Few understood the disease—which causes fever, aches, vomiting and diarrhea—and it brought immense social stigma to victims and caregivers alike. Shame and denial allowed Ebola to simmer unnoticed and spread quickly. The outbreak claimed the lives of more than 11,000 people.

The nurses, doctors, ambulance drivers and burial crews who tried to manage the outbreak hurled themselves into the path of this fearsome virus when nearly everyone else was running away. But they were rewarded with suspicion and fear from their families, friends and wider communities, and they often suffered long-lasting trauma from witnessing the horrors of the disease.

Burial workers earned a particularly cruel stigma. “They say we were playing with death,” says Janet Lahai, a former burial worker in the town of Kailahun, the rural eastern district bordering Guinea that was one of Sierra Leone’s first Ebola hot spots in 2013. Many burial workers, who worked in close-knit teams of about 10 people, now suffer common aftershocks—post-traumatic stress disorder, anxiety, depression—and self-medicate with alcohol or hard drugs. Beyond the understanding of other burial workers, they find few formal support systems.

Like many who worked on the front lines of the crisis, Kine has stuttered back into normal life largely unprepared and unassisted. Before the Ebola outbreak, she worked hawking small goods—mostly used clothes and shoes imported from the West—in Freetown’s markets. With little in the way of either money or motivation, she has struggled to rebuild her business.

And for more than seven months after burying her last body, the nightmares didn’t stop. And the days are hardly easier. Like many women who worked on burial teams, Kine took the job to give the women who died of Ebola a more dignified death. Her family reacted harshly—but their response was typical of the kind that many Ebola health workers faced at the time. Kine’s husband kicked her out of their house, forcing



her to rent a cramped room on the edge of Freetown, where she still lives. Today, her marriage is broken, and her three children live with their father and visit only occasionally.

“We can talk about infected communities, but there are also the affected communities,” says Tina Davies, formerly the coordinator for Ebola survivors at Sierra Leone’s Ministry of Social Welfare, Gender and Children’s Affairs. Far beyond the ranks of the sick, she notes, Ebola touched the lives of tens of thousands of Sierra Leoneans, and few as significantly as burial workers.

Added to that, Kine and Lahai carry the burden of their gender. Between 7 and 8 percent of the couple of thousand workers in Sierra Leone’s Ebola burial teams were women, according to the Red Cross and Concern Worldwide, two of the major nongovernmental organizations (NGOs) that employed them. (The Sierra Leo-

SHE WAS HELPING TO BURY AS MANY AS 30 PEOPLE A DAY—HALF OF WHOM WERE SO SMALL THAT SHE COULD CRADLE THEIR TINY BODY BAGS IN HER ARMS.

nean government didn’t keep any official statistics on this, but so invisible was their presence that many people here still refer to burial crews—those anonymous figures in puffy white protective gear who became the outbreak’s macabre mascots—as the “burial boys.”)

“Taking that job went against tradition,” says Fatmata Jalloh, a woman in her 40s who helped bury the dead in Kailahun. Carrying bodies, hauling them into graves—“people told me this wasn’t a job that a woman should do.”

Many women, however, joined Ebola burial teams not to subvert gender roles but to maintain the traditions for their communities. They

wanted to restore a tiny semblance of normalcy to a mourning process that seemed to have been warped beyond recognition by medical protocols—ones that prevented locals from performing traditional burial ceremonies for the dead. (At one point, unsafe contact with dead bodies was responsible for as many as 80 percent of new infections, according to Concern Worldwide.) Women

who died of Ebola, they reasoned, shouldn't then have to face the humiliating indignity of having their bodies handled by strange men.

"I felt called to do this job," says Betty Sombi, who decided to join a burial team after hearing the shrieks of her neighbors one day in June 2014. Halfway down the hill outside her home, which tumbles steeply toward Freetown's har-

BAZ RATNER/REUTERS



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ANONYMOUS ANGELS: Between 7 and 8 percent of the couple of thousand workers in Sierra Leone's Ebola burial teams were women.

bor, a body bag was being hauled from a house by an all-male burial team, as anguished family members pelted them with stones. Sombi later learned that they had forced their way inside the house, where the woman who had died was naked on the floor.

“Imagine,” she says, her eyes cold.

But when she first visited the Red Cross to enlist that month, the supervisor turned her away. “This isn’t a nice job for a lady,” she remembers him telling her. But she came back, again and again, until on her sixth visit he finally relented.

For the next year and a half, that burst of stubbornness often haunted her. At the height of the crisis, she was helping to bury as many as 30 people a day—half of whom were so small that she could cradle their tiny body bags in her arms. (In Sierra Leone alone, some 2,000 reported Ebola cases were among children under the age of 14.)

“If there was a woman in the house, I went in first and cleaned her face and dressed her,” she says. “You imagined all the time, What if this was your mother? Your sister? How would you want her treated?”

And while burial workers were paid well by national standards, the money brought its own problems. Burial workers received a princely sum of at least 2 million leones (about \$330) every month, four times the country’s minimum wage. But as soon as the cash arrived, so did the requests for help—a sister’s school fees here, a father’s medical expenses there. Many burial workers who spoke to *Newsweek* say that although their families were afraid to see them while the disease was raging, they weren’t afraid to call on them for financial assistance.

And so before they knew it, the money was gone. And then, very quickly, so was the job itself. At the end of 2015, with the country’s cases of Ebola dwindling to single digits, Sierra Leone decommissioned nearly all of its burial teams. Kine, Jalloh, Sombi, Lahai and the others returned home.

Normal life was slow to return for them. “We just sit and think a lot,” says Lahai. They think of the dead, of the family members they can no longer help, of their futures.

Sierra Leone has just two working psychiatrists and one antiquated mental hospital, where most patients are still kept in chains and treatment consists largely of a dwindling stash of expired antipsychotics. For most front-line health care workers suffering the aftershocks of Ebola, that system is neither accessible nor desirable.

They have few options. There is little support, they say, from the government or the NGOs that once employed them. For instance, the U.N. Development Program, along with the International Federation of the Red Cross, promised assistance to help ease the transition for front-line Ebola workers back into everyday life. The Red Cross tells *Newsweek* that it has provided this reintegration help to nearly all of its burial teams, while Kine and Sombi say they and the other burial workers they know have yet to receive any.

For Sierra Leoneans, however, radical self-sufficiency is nothing new. Still reeling from the aftermath of the decade-long civil war that ended in 2002, Sierra Leone has few functioning institutions and infrastructure. Most people learned long ago that in the aftermath of tragedy, life goes on, however it can.

On a recent morning, Kine and I are sitting outside her bright green house when she sees a friend from her old burial team strolling toward

A BODY BAG WAS BEING HAULED FROM A HOUSE BY A BURIAL TEAM AS FAMILY MEMBERS PELTED THEM WITH STONES.

her. His eyes are glossy and bloodshot, but his smile is warm. His speech slow, he tells her he has just come from a nearby bar, where he spends most days now.

His nightmares are so bad, he says, that “unless I drink or take marijuana, I won’t sleep.” He wants to be a mechanic, but without the money for training, this is how he gets by. When he is gone, Kine sighs.

“We did this job to help our country,” she says. “And in return we get this.” **N**

RYAN LENORA BROWN was a fellow of the International Reporting Project in Sierra Leone. **SILAS GBANDIA** contributed reporting.



PROTECT YA NECK

Even in exile, Iranian rappers are still chessboxin' with the ayatollah

IT COULD HAVE happened almost anywhere in the world. Sporting sunglasses and fluorescent sneakers, a small group of men and women danced on a rooftop to “Happy,” the hit single by Pharrell Williams. They filmed the party and uploaded the video to YouTube, where it received more than a million hits. But what makes that little scene unique, and dangerous, is that it happened in Tehran, the capital of the Islamic Republic of Iran, a country governed by a strict interpretation of religious laws.

In the spring of 2014, not long after the video was released, Iranian authorities put the young dancers behind bars. They were forced to repent on state television and threatened with 91 lashes, along with six months in prison. The authorities let the dancers go, but next time, they warned, they wouldn't be so lenient.

Now, roughly six months after the U.S. lifted economic sanctions, young Iranians are euphoric about rejoining the rest of the world. But many are still frustrated with the lack of jobs and resentful of laws that prohibit criticizing the government in public, smoking marijuana or even drinking alcohol. Despite these strict rules, or perhaps because of them, underground music is flourishing, especially hip-hop.

Known as Rap-i-Farsi or 021 music (after the telephone city code for Tehran), Iranian hip-hop grew out of the same alienation and despair as its American precursor. But Iranian rappers have long spit from the shadows, selling their music clandestinely and holding secret concerts. “We

don't have clubs,” says Mahdyar Aghajani, 27, a producer known to his fans by his first name. “But if you go to a party, people are playing rap.”

Six years ago, Tehran's police chief, Hossein Sajedinia, deemed 021 music “morally deviant” and arrested scores of young rappers. That prompted some of Iran's most popular MCs to leave the country. At the time, the authorities were still dealing with the fallout from the Green Movement, the mass demonstrations against then-President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad. But as the specter of new protests faded, so too did the mullahs' hip-hop crackdown. Today, despite laws prohibiting rap, exiled artists are trying to change their country from afar, sharing beats and rhymes over Skype while introducing Rap-i-Farsi to new audiences outside of Iran. “We started as a small community of rappers,” says Mahdyar. “Now...it is the most popular thing young Iranians listen to.”

Mahdyar's story is typical of many middle-class rappers in Tehran. As a kid growing up after the Islamic Revolution, he watched Western television on his parents' illegal satellite dish. His favorite music video: Pink Floyd's *Another Brick in the Wall*. “My parents were always working, so I went to kindergarten when I was 3,” he says. “The teacher told us we were going to play an instrument. I wanted an electric guitar like Pink Floyd. She gave me a violin.”

He learned Bach, Beethoven and Mozart, and he played in a children's orchestra. But at the age of 11, he started dabbling with graffiti. Two years later, a chance meeting with some

BY
JANINE DIGIOVANNI
 @janinedigi



PERSIAN CATS: Rappers Soroush Lashgari, left, and Mahdyar in an underground recording studio in Tehran, 2008. The hand gesture signifies O21, the city code for Tehran.

of Tehran's burgeoning hip-hop artists got him started making beats. Under his tutelage, the Rap-i-Farsi movement soon expanded, with artists like Hichkas, Yas, Irfan and Salome MC, one of the country's first female rappers. Today, Iranians liken him to RZA, the legendary producer and de facto leader of the Wu-Tang Clan.

In those early days, Iranian rap was subversive but subpar. Mahdyar moved them away from imitating American rap and into "a more Middle Eastern, bouncy" style. Drawing on traditional Iranian pop, ancient Persian music, Farsi poetry, Islamic mysticism and his knowledge of classical strings, he created something stirring and uniquely Persian.

Just ask Hichkas (Persian for "nobody"), aka Soroush Lashkary, 30, perhaps the most popular Farsi MC. About 10 years ago, he reached out to Mahdyar. They quickly bonded and started working on *The Asphalt Jungle*, released in 2006. Dark and provocative by Iranian standards, the album delves into politics, street cred, racism, sexism and repression. But there's no swearing or glorifying money, drugs or sex. The duo made 2,000 copies of *Asphalt Jungle* and sold out in two

days. But the album caught the attention of the authorities. In 2006, Hichkas was arrested on charges of "rapping." He spent a week behind bars, and the police confiscated his passport. He didn't get it back for four years.

The government pressure became so intense Mahdyar and Hichkas fled, in 2009 and 2010, respectively. Today, Hichkas is in London, studying to be an accountant. Mahdyar lives in Paris and works as a composer for film and television. They are still making music, but living abroad makes it easier for them to circulate their work. "Trying to avoid censors is like playing cat and mouse," says Mahdyar. "But the youth are always one step ahead. If the government blocks something, there is always a new app."

Like many Iranian rappers, both at home and in exile, neither has gotten rich from hip-hop. Most of their fans are in Iran and still don't have international credit cards, a legacy of the sanctions. And since rap is illegal in Iran, any money artists do get has to be handled in creative ways to manipulate the country's banking system, which sometimes involves using charities or random bank accounts as fronts. Most O21 fans, however, don't pay for rap. "It started as a free underground music, and people got used to that," Mahdyar says. "We always put our songs on SoundCloud, YouTube, Telegram, etc., for free streaming."

Both Mahdyar and Hichkas have had some success in Europe, headlining shows for more than 10,000 people. But being far from the O21 has changed their music, made it more global and less focused on what's happening in Iran. "But it's still about injustice," says Hichkas. "Injustice about anything—sexism, racism,

"THE YOUTH ARE ALWAYS ONE STEP AHEAD. IF THE GOVERNMENT BLOCKS SOMETHING, THERE IS ALWAYS A NEW APP."

homophobia." Both men would love to return home. But if they did, they could wind up like the revelers on that spring night in Tehran, arrested for doing nothing more than singing and dancing to a popular Western song. "I haven't been home in six years," says Mahdyar. "But at least I can sleep at night and make music and not think someone's going to kick down the door." **N**

A large crowd of people is gathered for a political rally in New York City. The crowd is dense, with many people holding up their smartphones to take photos or videos. In the background, the New York City skyline is visible, featuring several prominent skyscrapers, including the Empire State Building and the Chrysler Building. The scene is set outdoors with green trees in the foreground and a clear blue sky.

THE QUEENMAKERS

THE WOMEN OF HILLARY CLINTON'S INNER CIRCLE BELIEVE SHE'S THE IDEAL FIRST FEMALE PRESIDENT, AND THEY'VE SPENT DECADES (AND MILLIONS) TO MAKE IT HAPPEN

BY NINA BURLEIGH



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THEY CAME FOR BILL BUT LEFT WITH HILLARY.

San Francisco philanthropist Susie Tompkins Buell says the first time she was in the same room with Hillary Clinton was at a Bay Area fundraiser for Bill Clinton, in the early 1990s. Hillary was there to deliver the introduction for her husband, and Buell was instantly smitten—but not by the candidate. “I remember thinking, She is going to run for president someday—it should be *her*,” Buell, the founder of Esprit clothing, recalls. “It wasn’t that I was turned off by him, I was just so attracted to her. I could feel her dedication.”

Philanthropist Swanee Hunt, who spends much of the money she inherited from her Texas oilfield magnate father, H.L. Hunt, a conservative, on progressive causes and candidates, has a similar memory. In October 1992, she organized a fundraiser in Denver called “Serious Women, Serious Issues and Serious Money,” aiming to raise a million dollars for Bill Clinton’s presidential campaign. Hillary was one of the key speakers. “I sat there in the audience listening to Hillary talking about the economy, and I thought, Holy Toledo, how can someone stand up there with no notes and sound like the head of the World Bank or Federal Reserve?” Later, Hillary called to thank Hunt for her contribution, Hunt recalls. “I said, ‘Oh, actually it isn’t for him, it’s for you.’”

Judith Hope, who was New York state Democratic chairwoman at the time, first realized Clinton’s potential at a Manhattan women’s leadership luncheon in 1996. “I looked at the women in the room, and I saw that she absolutely captivated them with her intelligence and her humor. She just had it altogether. And I thought to myself, This woman would make a terrific candidate.”

Buell and Hunt went on to become top Hillary Clinton donors, and Hope helped launch and organize her 2000 Senate campaign—her first foray into electoral politics. The three now belong to a small circle—all women, all around her age—who have road-tripped with her and slumber-partied with her, quaffed marti-



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: PAUL SAKUMA/AP; RUDI BLAU/AP; AARON P. BERNIS/GETTY IMAGES; PREVIOUS SPREAD: JOHN ANGELLINO/AP/NEWSCOM

nis with her, cried with her and laughed at the sarcastic jokes she never shares in public. They've been the recipients of her emailed snippets of poetry and flattered by her keen memory for their ideas and input. And they have been waiting and planning and spending for years to put her in the White House.



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GOING PLACES: Clockwise from top left, Clinton at a fundraiser with Esprit co-founder Susie Tompkins Buell; greeted in 1997 by U.S. Ambassador to Austria Swanee Hunt, after the first lady flew to a "Vital Voices: Women in Democracy" conference, left; addressing the Democratic National Convention after officially being named the party's candidate.

'This Serious Sisterhood'

For the past 40 years, Hillary Clinton has surrounded herself with deeply loyal women—political pros, many of them a little younger than her—and they often seem to have been selected for their diversity—black, brown, Latino, Muslim, Jewish—as much as their gender and brains. Among the closest longtime female politicians are ad guru Mandy Grunwald, lawyer Cheryl Mills, former Chief of Staff Maggie Williams and aide Huma Abedin.

In addition to the swarm of strategists and pollsters constantly calibrating her look and message, Hillary relies for advice—and unconditional love and money—on a kitchen cabinet of close friends who idolize her, who believe she is a force for moral good in American politics and who dearly want to see a female president. "Here is a generation of women who truly

believed that in their lifetime they would never see a woman elected president," says Debbie Walsh, head of Rutgers University's Center for American Women and Politics.

Like their candidate, most came of age in the 1960s. Leaf through their yearbooks and wedding albums and you find bell-bottoms, long hair and granny glasses—the same look Hilary rocked at Wellesley. Flip forward a few pages and there they are

in shoulder pads, often the only woman in sight at the law firm or corporate office. They started getting jobs before 1980, when more women identified as housewives than as workers, and were part of the social revolution that has led to women now making up almost 50 percent of the American workforce.

Many in the Clinton circle were, like her, "firsts." A close high school buddy was the flight attendant who led the fight against airline gender discrimination. Another was the first in her business school.

Some made their own fortunes, some inherited money or married rich, but all started writing big checks at a time—not that long ago—when men handled that dirty business. Clinton's top female donors now rank among the 150 most generous givers—who are still mostly male—to Clinton super PACs. That is a mark of dubious distinction in the era of *Citizens United*, but a milestone in the rise of female political power.

If they were men, they might be called kingmakers. Reporters would have encountered them in hotel lobby bars, tossing back scotch as they tried to spin the sto-

"HERE IS A GENERATION OF WOMEN WHO TRULY BELIEVED THEY WOULD NEVER SEE A WOMAN ELECTED PRESIDENT."

ries. But these queenmakers drink herbal tea (and the occasional martini) and pepper their talk with New Age-isms like “our journey” and “the goddess of light.”

“We are the wind beneath her wings,” sighs Buell, a graduate of the very ’60s, very New Age Esalen Institute, in Big Sur, California. “We will do anything for her, and she knows it.”

No Sex and the City in the VIP Room

Hillary Clinton has been a prominent part of the national scene since 1991, but her political career only kicked off in 1999, in New York, where a clique of women were eager to take a humiliated first lady with great ambitions and put her in the U.S. Senate. In the course of that transformation, Clinton headed the first major campaign launched, fueled and steered by women.

After meeting Hillary in 1996, Judith Hope had been hoping she would move to New York and make a run at one of that state’s Senate seats. Hope knew something about firsts—she had been elected the first female town supervisor of East Hampton, New York, and then the first female chairwoman of the state Democratic Party. She wanted Clinton to become the first woman elected to statewide office in New York.

Many women come to New York City and live its *Sex and the City* side in their 20s and 30s. Hillary arrived in Gotham on the other side of 50, and the kind of gossip that kept her up involved Cabinet members and congressmen, not Manolo Blahniks. She was internationally famous, a bright policy-wonk who’d spent her adult life in Arkansas and D.C. And she had spent the previous eight years in the East Wing, in an increasingly defensive crouch, fending off attacks on everything from her botched push for health care reform to her ever-changing hairstyles.

She had also just endured the humiliations of a faithful wife to a serially unfaithful president. What many New York women saw when they looked at Hillary Clinton was a woman who still sometimes slipped into the syrupy, Southern-fried accent she’d picked up in Little Rock, standing by a man they would have turfed long ago. Now they were being asked to crown her a senator.

Hope accompanied Clinton on her first statewide “listening tour” and was encouraged. Upstate women—grandmothers with granddaughters, working women, mothers—poured into town squares from Oswego to Cooperstown to meet the first lady. But suburban and city women were not so starstruck. “To my great surprise, there was a lot of resistance,” Hope says. “They just didn’t like her, and they didn’t know why.”

Hope and a few fervent Clinton fans in New York

THEY
PEPPER THEIR
TALK WITH
NEW AGE-ISMS
LIKE “OUR
JOURNEY” AND
“THE GODDESS
OF LIGHT.”

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THE LONG ROAD: Judith Hope, bottom right, accompanied Clinton on her statewide “listening tour” as she prepared for her first campaign, a run for a Senate seat representing New York. That win set up her first run for the White House in 2008.



City began hosting meetings in apartments and townhouses for other women—to answer questions and concerns about their candidate. The message they were delivering was “Let me tell you about the Hillary I know,” Hope recalls. “Let me tell you how she drove through a rainstorm to my husband’s funeral, or how she helped me when my child was sick. This woman has committed so many acts of kindness in her life to friends and strangers. People are stunned when they hear these things, because she doesn’t communicate it. She keeps that side of her closed off.”

Philanthropist Jill Iscol was among those who opened her living room for the political version of a book club and also went evangelizing to other homes. “It was very difficult,” she recalls. “Women who were not behind her were drinking the [opposition] Kool-Aid. We would go in, and they would have dug up ugly info. These are smart Upper West Side women, and they thought they were *so* informed.... Everybody

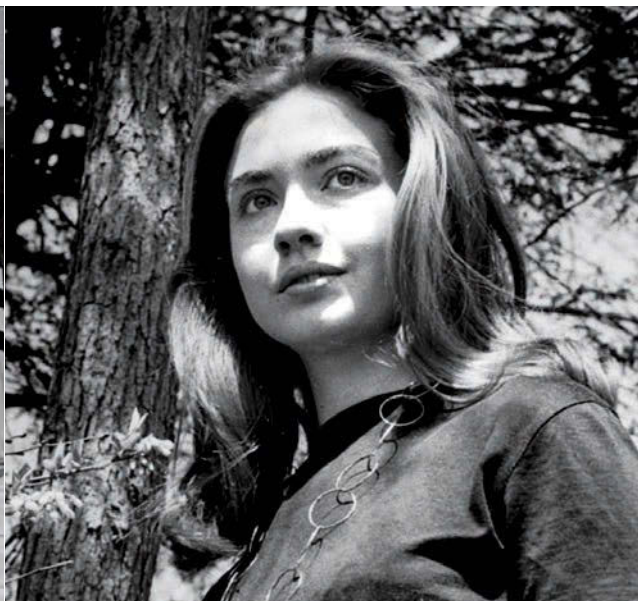


was bombarded with falsehoods. We tried to change minds, and we did.”

Iscol had met the Clintons on Martha’s Vineyard in the early 1990s and commenced what she calls a “journey” by writing her first “very large” check to the Democratic National Committee in 1994—when it was still unusual for women to do that. She and her

husband have since donated millions more. She says she was “obsessed” with Hillary from the start. “The work she did over time was so inspirational that it motivated me.”

Iscol ticks off the examples—a home instruction program for parents of preschoolers in Arkansas; going door to door in 1973 in New Bedford, Massachusetts,



for the Children's Defense Fund; registering disabled children who were being kept out of the public schools, work that led to the Americans With Disabilities Act; her leadership on global women's rights at the 1995 World Conference on Women, in Beijing. "I thought, I might not be able to do what she can, but I can do what I can."

Those living room sessions paid off. Exit polls showed 60 percent of women voted for Clinton in the 2000 Senate election. It was an unexpected result—she had been polling poorly with white and suburban women throughout the campaign—and big news.

To female politicians, that campaign—mounted by women and aimed at women to elect a woman—represented a new kind of politics, the kind that they'd been seeking for years. "It was a flat organization: You didn't need to go up through any kind of campaign hierarchy," says Ann Lewis, Clinton's Senate campaign senior adviser. "And it was title-less, which is also very different from most campaigns. And third, it was based on mutual communication, with more back and forth, more 'Here's what we think—what do you think?'"

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HER TURN NOW? *Hillary Rodham at Wellesley, top; visiting her old high school in Chicago with her husband during his presidential campaign in 1992, center; onstage at the Democratic National Convention.*

FROM TOP LEFT: WELLESLEY COLLEGE ARCHIVES (2); MARK ELIAS/AP; JUSTIN SULLIVAN/GETTY

Purse vs. Wallet

In her runs for the Senate and the presidency, Clinton has needed pallets of money, and she has always managed to rake it in—over the past 20 years, she has collected enough to finance the government of a middle-sized African nation for a few years. Men have been the biggest givers by far, but her 2016 campaign has set a record in female political fundraising: As of June, she had raised a higher percentage of her campaign funds from women than any major party presidential candidate in recent history, according to the Center for Responsive Politics. And the total amount of money from women is higher for her than for any other candidate this year.

Her female donors cannot approach the wallet wallop of the major financiers of American politics, men like Haim Saban, Sheldon Adelson or the Koch brothers. But they have one thing in common with those mega-donors: They are single-issue donors. Their goal is to elect more women.

Boston philanthropist Barbar Lee has donated \$1.1 million to Clinton's 2016 campaign, making her its third-most generous female donor. Back when Hillary was considering her Senate run in New York, Lee was pouring money into the White House Project, designed to encourage women to run for office. She urged Clinton to run for the Senate has donated to all her campaigns since.

The appeal to women's purses began in New York. Hope and Lewis and other early Clinton supporters buzzed through the Manhattan and Westchester County living room circuits and slowly coaxed out wealthy New York women who had never before been political donors. "It was unusual for a woman alone to write a check for 50 grand back then," recalls Iscol, who now serves as co-chair of the Ready for Hillary national finance council. Some of the early Hillary donors, like designer Lisa Perry and art collector Ann Tenenbaum, were married to Wall Street millionaires. Others, like retired broker Margo Alexander (one of 24 women in a Harvard Business School class of 800 students in 1970), had made their own fortunes. Perry and Alexander soon joined Iscol as members of Hillary's inner circle and have hosted some of her biggest fundraisers. The motive, again, was Hillary and beyond.

"In 1998, when I first became interested in politics, the breakdown in the Senate was 91 men and nine women," Perry says. "I just didn't understand how it was possible that a large group of men was making very crucial decisions about women's bodies." When she met Clinton in 1998, she was, she says, "completely enamored."

Ellen Malcolm, the political activist who founded Emily's List in 1985 to encourage women to donate more money to elect female candidates, says Clinton's presidential nomination is the culmination of decades of work. "Women went from bake sales to making his-

tory in every election cycle," she says. "We are seeing this incredible outpouring of support from women. Many of those people have been doing the most difficult task, which is writing that first political check. They will write more once you get them over that first hurdle."

Buell has spent \$15 million on the Clintons and their causes, according to the *Los Angeles Times*. She says she doesn't want an official job in a Clinton administration but believes Hillary will surround herself with women if elected—something she'd consider another important achievement. "I don't think she will pack the Oval Office with women to make a point," Buell says. "But she knows some great women. I don't want to say she goes out of her way to find women, but she does. I know in my business I'd rather work with women."

She Knows We've Got Her Back

A week after the 2016 Democratic Convention in Philadelphia, four of Hillary Clinton's oldest and closest pals, who along with Clinton are all from the Class of 1965 at a high school in Park Ridge, Illinois, agreed to meet a reporter for lunch at Petro's Restaurant in downtown Chicago. The leader of this pack of lifelong Clinton intimates, Betsy Ebeling, works for the state of Illinois in enforcing LGBT human rights and thus is more involved in politics than the others. As an Illinois

delegate to the convention, she was given the job of declaring Illinois's votes, making the nomination of her childhood buddy official.

Ebeling has taken to calling Hillary "Gertie," a nickname they invented after laughing about how former Illinois Governor Rod Blagojevich mistakenly called Ebeling "Nancy" and told her he thought

"your friend"—Hillary—was great. Other high school pals at the lunch were Kathy Burgess, the former airline attendant, who is now a child support collection officer; Bonnie Klehr, an artist and jewelry designer; and businesswoman Ann Drake. Each woman is 70 or about to get there. As girls growing up in the Eisenhower-era utopia of white, suburban Chicago, they scampered in and out of each other's houses, knew each other's mothers and fathers and siblings, and mocked each other's prom dates. Eventually, they attended each other's weddings and parents' funerals.

For years, they have been getting together for a "girls' weekend" at a remote cabin in Indiana one of them owns, and they've grown used to Secret Service agents lurking just beyond the campfire, in the woods. They are planning to convene in New York City with their old pal on election night.

They don't talk politics when they are with "Hill."

"I DON'T THINK SHE WILL PACK THE OVAL OFFICE WITH WOMEN...BUT SHE KNOWS SOME GREAT WOMEN."

They do spend a lot of time laughing about silly stuff, like the time their mothers signed them up for piano lessons from a strange neighbor who kept taxidermied Pomeranians—her deceased pets—in a glass case in her house, while her living pet under the piano nipped at the feet of the children. “That was the beginning and the end of our musical education,” Ebeling says.

Throughout Clinton’s years in public life, the Park Ridge pals have privately supplied their famous friend with hometown updates and giggles. The State Department’s public email dump of tens of thousands of pieces of then-Secretary of State Clinton’s private and professional correspondence—obtained via a conservative legal watchdog’s lawsuit—includes dozens of emails with Ebeling. She corresponded frequently and casually with Clinton, sending jokes, local news and sometimes intimate praise. (“Hair, jewelry, sweet look. Very natural,” read one from January 2013.) Unlike many of the emails from friends and acquaintances, Ebeling’s don’t include the usual requests for favors, photo ops for third parties, sometimes more. In turn, Clinton sometimes vented with her. When Hasidic Jews in Israel erased her from a photograph published in a newspaper in 2011, she fired off a mention of it to Ebeling, among others, under the heading “Unbelievable.”

Although they came of age in the 1960s, their decade was not the psychedelic one represented by rock bands like the Grateful Dead; it was the sock hop and the prom queen mourned in the song “American Pie.” They were good girls deeply involved in student government and in decorating the gym for high school dances. They did their homework on time and got good grades, and they all remember Hillary Rodham standing out as the most organized kid in homeroom. She was the one who always asked the teacher to repeat and explain instructions, because she wanted to get it right.

Back then, they say, no one would have predicted that “Hill” would run for president. Their ambitions were muted. Listings for women’s jobs were still on a separate page in the classified ads section, and only certain careers were seen as “fitting.” “If you hesitated, they sent you to nursing school,” says Ebeling. When she was about 22, Burgess was given a book called *How to Be Assertive, Not Aggressive*. She says she forgot about it until she noticed commenters criticizing Clinton for shouting during a rally earlier this year.

In high school, they didn’t sit around plotting to topple the patriarchy. That they would get married was absolutely assumed, but after that, maybe they would work. But by the 1980s, their friend, now the first lady of Arkansas (and a working lawyer), had become a symbol to many in the country—and to them too. She is a presence in their lives in many ways. Burgess named her first-born daughter after Hillary. Klehr sometimes sees necklaces she designed and gave Hillary around the

candidate’s neck in TV appearances. In return, the high school pals offer unconditional friendship. “She knows we always have her back,” says Klehr.

The Love Generation

For her inner circle, Clinton’s official nomination as the Democratic presidential candidate this summer was an emotional event. There they were in Philadelphia, wiping away tears and talking about—what else?—love. The word was emblazoned on official merchandise at the convention and uttered in almost every speech. It might have looked like a calculated contrast to the hate-fest the Republicans had put on during their convention in Cleveland, but it reflects something authentically Hillary: Earlier this year, she granted a remarkable interview to a young reporter from BuzzFeed in which she encapsulated her political theme as “I am talking about love and kindness.” She admitted that she stopped talking about “that stuff” publicly when she got savaged for calling for such things as “a politics of meaning” early in her tenure as first lady, but she said it remained her theme—in private, with the girls.

“I think that there are life experiences and, you know when I talk about this stuff, I talk about this with my friends, my girlfriends, right?” she told BuzzFeed. “I mean, we have these conversations. We trade quotes. We trade books. We trade ideas. And it’s totally normal for us. We’ve gone through so much together: deaths, divorce, illness and good things like grandchildren. So people in those settings, it’s very natural to have these kinds of conversations, right? And it’s just not in the public discourse very much—so now whether what I am trying to do will have any impact or not, we will see.”

In Philadelphia, temporarily the City of Sisterly Love, some of the girlfriends who trade books with her and talk about “this stuff” reconnected. Buell says she was certain Clinton “masterminded” the theme of the convention. “She was very open to the love that she wanted to project,” Buell says. “I think she made sure that was communicated.” The inner circle is convinced Clinton really is all about love and kindness, and gloss over or ignore things that obsess the detractors: Benghazi, the emails, the Iraq War vote, the Goldman Sachs speeches, the occasional position flip-flops. Their Hillary is devoted to helping women, children and the poor but is also the best of friends—one who never forgets when someone’s mom or kid is sick, shows up for weddings and funerals, and invites them inside the White House or even, maybe, to that party with George Clooney.

The queenmakers don’t understand why Clinton hasn’t ignited the passions of younger women. Like her high school pals, who see the 14-year-old “Hill” when they look at the presidential candidate, her more

**“WE WILL DO
ANYTHING FOR
HER, AND SHE
KNOWS IT.”**





recently minted friends, sisters in arms from New York, also see the fighter for women and children, the global feminist who has historically linked women's and human rights—and not the woman who has amassed, with her husband, a fortune of \$50 million and has been ensconced in the global elite for decades.

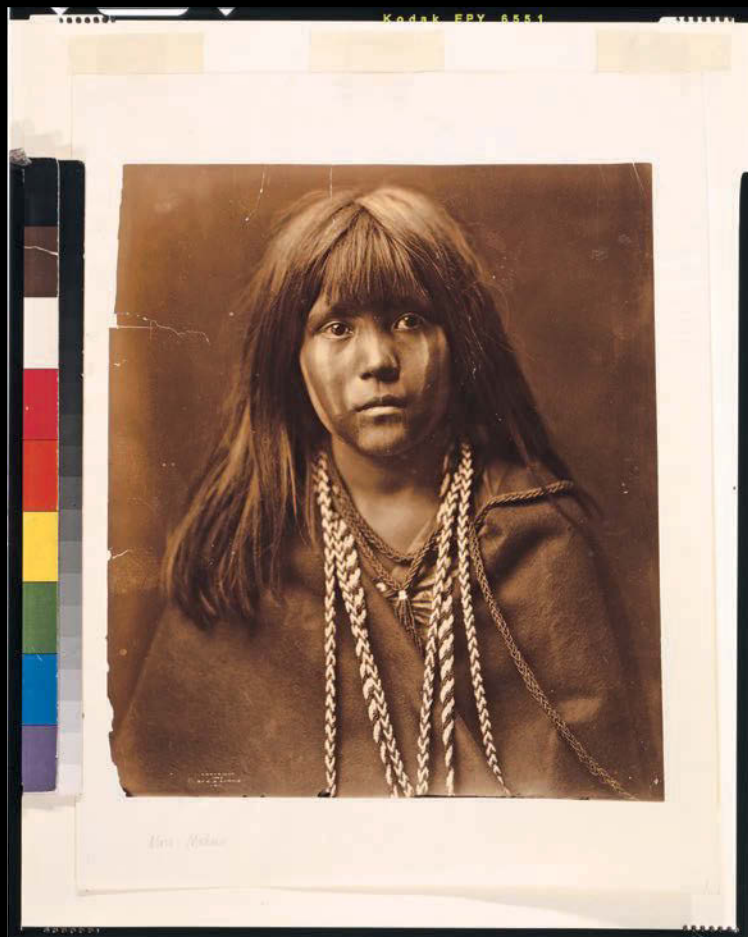
They are baffled that many young women don't realize that Hillary Clinton is a revolutionary. Her circle knows her as a living link to an era of oppression and humiliation, but to younger women—accustomed to outnumbering men in college and to working alongside them, taking for granted access to abortion on demand and, yes, to having a woman run for president—she's just another wealthy, white member of the establishment. But the women inside the Clinton bunker are

SUFFRAGETTE PITY: Most of the members of Clinton's inner circle fought the wars of the first wave of feminism and are baffled that some younger women don't see her as an icon of the movement.

certain that's wrong and believe this election could be the triumph of feminism's second wave. Hillary Clinton on the campaign trail may look like yet another grandmother in a pantsuit, but they still see her as she was back at Wellesley, fired up and fighting an establishment to which they now all, for better or worse, belong.

At the moment, with her poll numbers nudging higher every time Donald Trump launches another fact-challenged broadside, Clinton's inner circle is warily optimistic. But they expect an ugly three months leading up to Election Day. Says one of them, "You don't overthrow 5,000 years of patriarchy without a fight." **N**





CALIFORNIA GENOCIDE

THERE'D BE NO GOLDEN STATE
WITHOUT THE CALCULATED,
RELENTLESS AND OFFICIALLY
SANCTIONED SLAUGHTER
OF **NATIVE AMERICANS**

BY ALEXANDER NAZARYAN

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HE TALLY is relentlessly grim: a whole settlement wiped out in Trinity County “excepting a few children”; an Indian girl raped and left to die somewhere near Mendocino; as many as 50 killed at Goose Lake; and, two months later, as many as 257 murdered at Grouse Creek, scores of them women and children. There were the four white ranchers who tracked down a band of Yana to a cave, butchering 30. “In the cave with the meat were some Indian children,” reported a chronicle published later. One of the whites “could not bear to kill these children with his 56-calibre Spencer rifle. ‘It tore them up so bad.’ So he did it with his 38-calibre Smith and Wesson revolver.”

There have been books written about the systematic slaughter of California Indians, but none as



SAINTS OR SINNERS: Junípero Serra, an 18th-century Franciscan missionary from Spain, was canonized by Pope Francis last year, while John C. Frémont, left, is commemorated in street names across California.

gruesomely thorough as Benjamin Madley’s *An American Genocide*, from which the above accounts come. He estimates that between 9,000 and 16,000 Indians, though probably many more, were killed by vigilantes, state militiamen and federal soldiers between 1846 and 1873, in what he calls an “organized destruction” of the state’s largely peaceful indigenous peoples.

“I calculated the death toll using conservative estimates,” Madley tells me. “I did not want to be accused of exaggeration.” His book shows that the intent to rid California of its indigenous inhabitants was openly and repeatedly voiced, and that the means to achieve these ends were unambiguously brutal: mass deportations, slavery, massacres. He argues that what happened to California Indians was, according to the most widely accepted definition of *genocide*, not all that different from what happened to Jews, Armenians or Rwandans.

The debate over genocide in Native American history often turns to California, where the Native American population fell dramatically, from about 150,000 to 30,000, in the middle decades of the 19th century. It has since rebounded, so that California has the largest Native population in the United States today, with about 723,000 Indians, including many who belong to the state’s 110 federally recognized tribes. The state is a microcosm of Indian country—and it is there, many believe, that Manifest Destiny culminated in the only way possible, with historians Robert Hine and John Faragher calling it “the clearest case of genocide in the history of the American frontier.”

WHERE'D THEY ALL GO?

A NEATLY dressed 44-year-old, Madley looks less like a genocide scholar than a promising “Silicon Beach” junior executive. As we eat dinner at a crowded Santa Monica steakhouse, we might pass for two members of the local tech scene, though the waitress who brings our victuals catches alarming bits of conversation about massacres and mass graves that suggest we are not working on a data compression algorithm.

I first met Madley, a history professor at the University of California, Los Angeles, on a warm spring day on the grounds of University High School in West Los Angeles, which is also a sacred site for the Tongva people, native to this region; their sacred springs sit on the UHS grounds, fenced off. The main spring remains active, and though I was told by my guide that pollutants have dirtied the water, this did nothing to disturb the surreally peaceful mood of the place. That was broken, however, by frequent sounds that very much resembled gunshots: A school track meet was taking place on the other side of the chain-link fence.

Today, the plain one-story building on the Kuruvungna Springs grounds functions as a museum and community center; 20 years ago, it was a classroom, and a significantly younger Ben





“A MASSACRE, A LYNCHING OR A WHOLE KILLING CAMPAIGN—THESE THINGS WERE HIDDEN IN PLAIN SIGHT.”

Madley took German classes there. Back then, the UHS mascot was an Indian, adorned as such mascots often are, with a war bonnet. Madley had grown up around Indians—his father had been a psychotherapist on the California-Oregon border, working with the Karuk people there—so he knew that California Indians did not wear war bonnets, that these were the regalia of Plains tribes. He also knew that the spring, then overgrown, bore some significance to the people who had been there before, the people who were ostensibly memorialized by the school’s mascot. He tells me, “I started to wonder, ‘Where are all the Indian people?’”

As an undergraduate at Yale, he studied the slaughter of Tasmanian Aborigines by British colonists in Australia. Returning to New Haven as a graduate student years later—after forays into venture capital, online philanthropy, fish farming and, briefly, selling industrial equipment to the Japanese—he turned his focus to his native state. In the morning, he would walk through the Woolsey Hall rotunda, with its tally of Yale men who’d died

in conflicts throughout American history.

“I need to have something like that for California Indians,” Madley decided.

He spent the next decade trying to compile a record of every single act of deadly violence perpetrated against the Native American people of California during the Gold Rush and its aftermath. Although the resources were scattered, they were plainly available in state and federal archives, as well as in university libraries from Berkeley, California, to Hanover, New Hampshire. There was no attempt to conceal what was done to the Indians in California. “A massacre, a lynching or a whole killing campaign—these things were hidden in plain sight.”

Madley found the murderers acted under the sanction of state and federal government. Feelings of racial superiority were deployed to justify the killing; greed supplied the sense of urgency. Cali-



I ASKED MADLEY IF HE WAS PREPARED TO BE BRANDED “UN-AMERICAN” FOR SUGGESTING THE NATION HAD COMMITTED ATROCITIES ON A PAR WITH NAZI GERMANY.

California's statehood, in 1850, came two years after the discovery of gold. This was also the decade when the slaughter reached its apogee. Three hundred thousand came seeking gold. It happened that many of the goldfields in Northern California lay in the ancestral lands of tribes like the Karuk, the Wintu and the Miwok—all of which remain in California, diminished survivors of an unwholesome past.

It was a widely held belief in 19th-century California that all of the Indians had to be exterminated. Reported the *Daily Alta California*, “Whites are becoming impressed with the belief that it will be absolutely necessary to exterminate the savages

before they can labor much longer in the mines with security.”

The killing of Indians was performed for reasons that seem, today, pathetically feeble. Madley describes how one vigilante gang, called the California Blades, set about destroying Nisenan villages over several missing mules.

The United States Army often participated in the mass killing, making Capitol Hill complicit in what was happening in the goldfields of the Sierra Nevada and elsewhere in California. In the winter of 1849, Indians wanting freedom killed Andrew Kelsey and Charles Stone, two slavers in what is today Lake County. In revenge, federal infantry and cavalry detachments attacked a village at Clear Lake. On May 15, 1850, they “poured in destructive fire indiscriminately upon men, women and chil-



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GOLDEN STATE: Violence against Native Americans reached its peak during the Gold Rush, left. Below right, Kathleen Navels and Delphina Garcia Perrod honor their ancestors at a Carmel cemetery.

dren,” according to one account. As many as 800 members of the Pomo tribe were killed at what has come to be known as Bloody Island. “It took them four or five days to gather up the dead,” one survivor remembered.

A village of Yokayas on the Russian River was attacked by U.S. troops just days later, in what their commander deemed “a perfect slaughter pen.” Yokaya casualties may have been as high as 100. The U.S. troops lost no men, though two suffered wounds.

Much of the slaughter was carried out by state militias, which enjoyed financial support from both Sacramento and Washington, D.C. In Round Valley, north of San Francisco, the Eel River Rangers were so prolific in their murder of the Yuki that even some white observers became alarmed. “The killing of Indians is a daily occurrence,” reported California’s head of Indian affairs. “If some means be not speedily devised, by which the unauthorized expeditions that are constantly out in search of them can be restrained, they will soon be exterminated.”

One of the killers sent a bill to California: \$11,143. The state paid it nearly in full. Madley notes that of the \$1.5 million that California spent on 24 different Indian-killing militia campaigns between 1850 and 1861, Congress paid the state back all but \$200,000.

Others have described some of these campaigns, but never in such strong terms and with so much blame placed directly on the United States government. Detractors of the Indian genocide version of history tend to portray historians like Madley as left-wing revisionists informed more

by guilt than fact. The foremost of these critics is Gary Clayton Anderson, a professor at the University of Oklahoma. Anderson insists that what happened to Native Americans during colonization was ethnic cleansing, not genocide. “If we get to the point where the mass murder of 50 Indians in California is considered genocide, then *genocide* has no more meaning,” he says. Anderson tells me that, by his estimate, no more than 2,000 Native Americans were killed in California.

“I have no idea where he got that number,” Madley says.

I ask Madley if he was prepared to be branded “un-American” for suggesting the nation had committed atrocities on a par with Nazi Germany. Though he grasped that I was being intentionally provocative, he gave me a look split equally between astonishment and dismay. “What is un-American,” he says, “is skewering babies on bayonets, using the butt of the rifle to bash their parents’ heads apart and then shooting anybody who’s still alive.

“That’s what’s un-American.”

ANOTHER FINAL SOLUTION

AROUND THE time Madley was finishing his manuscript, in the fall of 2015, Pope Francis arrived in the United States. During his first stateside visit, the pope canonized Junípero Serra, the 18th-century Franciscan missionary from Spain responsible for the first nine of California’s famous Catholic missions, of which 21 still stand. During the canonization, the pope praised Serra’s devotion and evangelism while also noting that Serra “sought to defend the dignity of the native community, to protect it from those who had mistreated and abused it.”

Three days later, Mission Carmel, where Serra is buried, was struck by vandals who apparently disagreed with the pope’s generous assessment. They toppled a statue of the newly minted saint, splashed paint on walls and defaced surfaces with graffiti. “Saint of genocide,” one scrawled message said.

The Gold Rush and the years that followed may have marked the bloodiest period of white-Indian relations, but there was plenty of cruelty before—and after. The Mexicans ceded control of California to the United States in 1846, which is why Madley begins *An American Genocide* in that year. He ends it in 1873, with the Modoc War, which concluded with four Modoc leaders hanged and beheaded, their heads sent to the Army Medical Museum in Washington. After that, organized mass killings became less frequent.

But that hardly meant the suffering was over for Indians, in California and elsewhere in the United States. Reservations were established in the mid-19th century, and the conditions there were so brutal, Adolf Hitler is said to have used them in part as a blueprint for his Final Solution. On the Round Valley Reservation, Native Americans were getting only between 160 and 390 calories a day from federal officials, as part of what Madley calls “institutionalized starvation conditions.” Eighty years



later, the daily ration for prisoners at Auschwitz was 1,300 calories.

THE SUGAR-CUBE MISSIONS

WHEN MY wife was a young girl, she, her mother and grandmother toured the California missions, the very ones founded by Serra and his fellow missionaries. Like just about every fourth-grader in the California public school system, she also built a model mission out of sugar cubes, during a standard curriculum unit on California history. The state's practice is to portray the missions as quaint symbols of a benign institution that marked the true beginning of California, which is to say the beginning of white California.

Almost everyone I spoke to for this story mentioned the sugar cube missions, for they reveal much about how we teach American history, sweetening depredations until the bitterness is gone. Of course, there is a limit to how much depravity a 9-year-old can grasp. Which may be the point. Consigning the history of California Indians to the fourth grade is a convenient means of forgetting it. And yet the same state that now teaches the Armenian genocide and, earlier this year, amended history textbooks after complaints from some South Asians is hesitant to look deeply into its own history.

My wife went to a middle school in Sacramento named after John Sutter, the celebrated Swiss colonist who was also an Indian slaver. Nearby is a middle school named after Kit Carson, who served as a scout for John C. Frémont and participated in some of Frémont's most notorious massacres. Frémont's name is all over California: a street in San Francisco, a city in the Bay Area. Countless place-names in California include the word *squaw*, an obscene term for Native American women. The most famous of these is the ski resort at Squaw Valley, near Lake Tahoe, but there is also Squaw Creek, Squaw Canyon and many others.



SURVIVORS: The Native American population of California fell from about 150,000 to 30,000 in the middle decades of the 19th century due to mass slaughters often sanctioned by state and federal government.

Another derogatory term for California Indians, *digger*, is attached to the *Pinus sabiniana* tree, commonly known as the “digger pine.” Last year, Governor Jerry Brown signed a bill that prevented public schools from using Redskins as a team name or mascot. That step is laudable but slight, especially in a nationwide context: A 2014 analysis by the polling site FiveThirtyEight found more than 2,100 sports teams in the United States using Indian team names like Redmen and Warriors. Plenty of such teams still play in the Golden State.

Madley concludes *An American Genocide* with a discussion of place-names, which he says raise “awkward questions.” If we spurn the name of Robert E. Lee, why do we accept that of John C. Frémont? Don't red lives matter as much as black ones? “If we call it genocide, then something has to be done,” he says. “We have to speak about it, we need to remember it, we need to memorialize it. And we need to teach it.”

Presumably, this would be a lesson without sugar cubes.

THE RAVAGES

ON A hot spring afternoon, I drove south from the Bay Area, past the office parks of Silicon Valley, into an inland golden country untouched by ocean breezes. Less than an hour's drive south of San Jose, the Hollister Hills felt somehow primeval, raw. The roads got thinner and more sinuous, until I was on a dusty one-lane path winding past a vineyard, fearing I'd missed my turnoff for Indian Canyon.

It makes sense that Indian Canyon would be so remote: It was even more so when Cienega Road was a swamp, not just a thoroughfare named for one. This is where the Costanoan/Ohlone people escaped from the nearby Mission San Juan Bautista, knowing that whites would not pursue them into the hilly wilderness. Indian Canyon thus became a long-standing sanctuary from the ravages of colonialism.

Today, Indian Canyon remains in Indian hands: Though it is not a reservation, it is a federally recognized tribal land, which gives it some of the same sovereignty. It is run as a sort of spiritual retreat by Ann Marie Sayers, an energetic woman with a penchant for fragrant Benson & Hedges cigarettes. Sayers grew up here, on land her predecessors reclaimed from the federal government. After living in Southern California, she returned to Indian Canyon and further expanded its land holdings by adeptly citing historical claims. Today, she lives with her daughter and several dogs of varying ferocity on 300 minimally tamed square acres. Poison oak grows with alarming fecundity.

Sayers took me on a tour of Indian Canyon, a gash in the mountains about a mile long. Wilderness hemmed us in, threatening to close up this little stream of



FROM LEFT: EDWARD S. CURTIS/LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; UNITED STATES FOREST SERVICE



“I STARTED TO WONDER, ‘WHERE ARE ALL THE INDIAN PEOPLE?’”

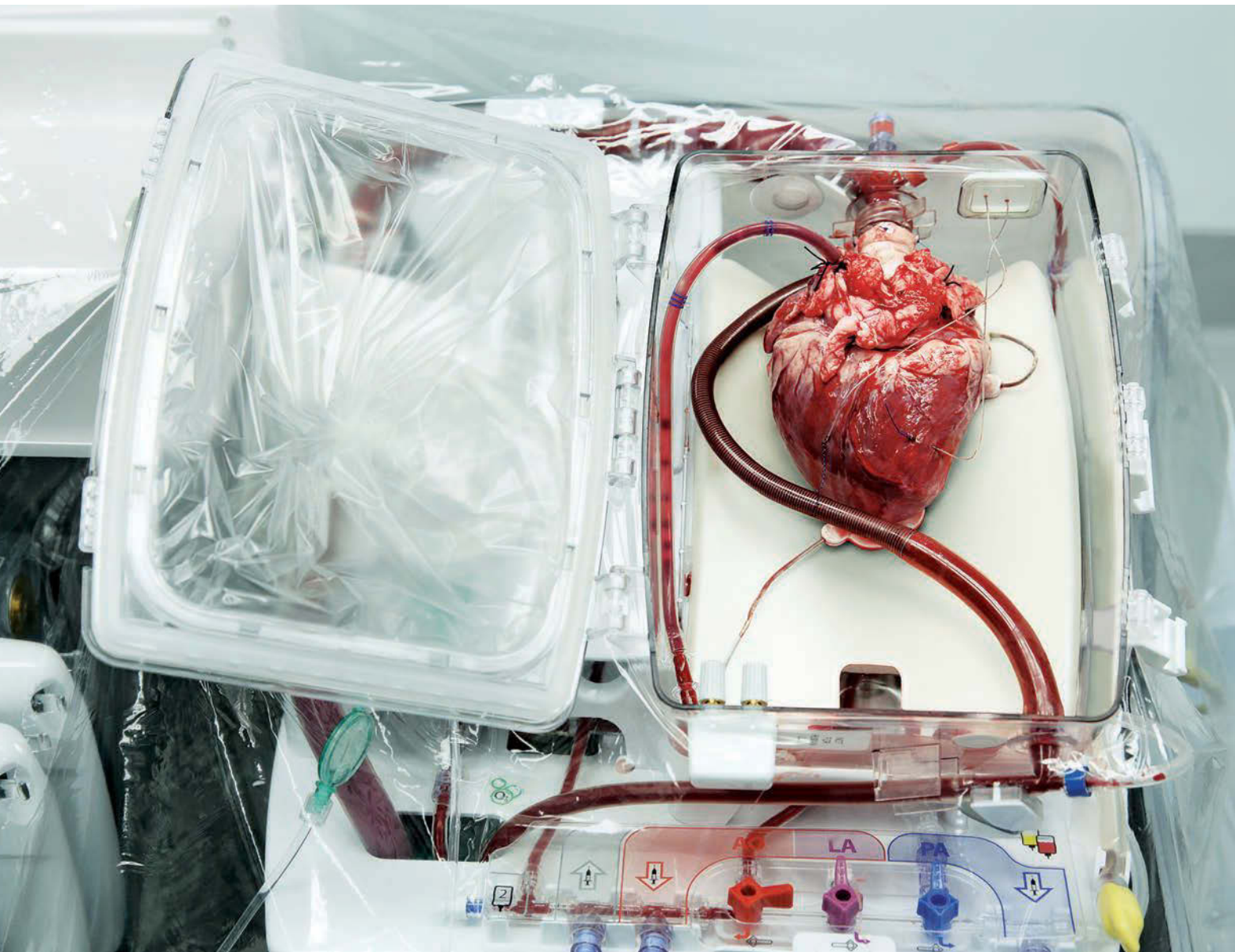
civilization. In glades, there were sweat lodges and gathering places: Tribes often come here to perform ceremonies they can't host elsewhere. Recently, a holocaust ceremony had been held; Indian Canyon also hosts a run from Mission San Juan Bautista, to honor the path ancestors took to freedom.

As we walked the grounds, Sayers picked leaves of poison oak, utterly unafraid of its infamous effects. She could always rub a little mugwort, if need be. Her one-with-earth attitude, part Ohlone and part Beverly Hills, reminded me that much of the green thinking popular today reworks Native American attitudes about the land, its sanctity and its wisdom. The farm-to-table movement is, in part, a repudiation of Big Agra and a return to the kind of season- and climate-aware cooking that Native Americans prized long before the culinary wizards of New York and San Francisco put raw kale on a plate. Holistic medicine has its roots in Eastern practices but also Native ones. Perhaps instead of merely celebrating Native Americans we can finally learn from them.

Then I drove home, through the town of Hollister, which was once Mutsun Ohlone land, and past Fremont, the Bay Area city named for the famed Indian killer. Then Oakland, which has a health center dedicated to Natives, and Berkeley, where the famous university's Hearst Gymnasium pool has been thought to be haunted because of the 12,000 Native remains stored beneath it. Recent construction in West Berkeley, on the waterfront, unearthed an Ohlone burial site, a reminder that there were people here before the whites came and decided that these golden hills, and this sparkling bay, were going to be the last and greatest acquisition of their empire.

Those people, the Indians, survive in part as place-names: Yosemite National Park, Mojave Desert, Ohlone Greenway. But so do the people who brought about their destruction: Frémont, Carson, Sutter.

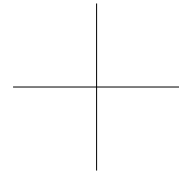
The blood has dried. The battles continue. **N**



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NEW WORLD



CLIMATE

—INNOVATION—

PRISON

DOCTORS

AGING

ECONOMY

GOOD SCIENCE

A HEARTWARMING STORY

A better way to transport organs could mean more transplants

THERE ARE ROUGHLY 120,000 people waiting for organ transplants in the United States. On average, 79 patients get the transplants they need each day, while 22 die waiting because of a shortage of donated organs.

This is in part because not all donated organs can be used. For example, only about a third of 82,053 potential donor hearts were accepted for transplant between 1995 and 2010, a study from the Stanford University School of Medicine found last year. One factor is the standard method of transport. Cold storage offers a very short window of time to get the organ from donor to recipient—typically less than four hours for a heart, six for lungs and slightly longer for others.

“Since the dawn of organ transplantation until today, every aspect of organ transplant therapy has seen advancement...except one area: organ preservation for transplant,” says Dr. Waleed Hassanein, president and CEO of TransMedics Inc. Hassanein, who completed a surgery residency and a cardiac surgery research fellowship, developed the Organ Care System to change that.

Storing an organ on ice causes injury to it over time. “The longer an organ spends in that environment, the worse it becomes,” Hassanein says. The OCS—used thus far for heart, lungs and liver—flips cold storage on its head. Instead of chilling an organ and racing against the clock as it begins to decay, the system keeps it warm (roughly at body temperature), perfused with oxygenated blood and functioning as it would inside the body. In other words, a heart beats, lungs expand and contract with air, and a liver creates bile en route to transplant. Theoretically, there is no limit to how long an organ could spend in the OCS.

The compact portable console has a universal power system, a battery, a pump, a wireless monitor, embedded software and an organ-specific perfusion module, which is a sterile single-use cassette with sensors to monitor the organ it holds.

The OCS is in commercial use in Europe, Canada, Australia and parts of Asia, but TransMedics is still securing Food and Drug Administration approval in the U.S., with three clinical trials underway. **N**

BY
STAV ZIV
 @stavziv

TRANSMEDICS

WEIRD MEDICINE

Don't page Dr. Google. Seriously. Don't

"HEY, DOC, should I drink cockroach milk?" a patient asks.

"After the birth of my newborn, will I digest the placenta better if it is pulverized and put in pill form, or freeze-dried and used as a pizza topping?" asks another.

While sometimes questions like these seem "cultural," it's often difficult to fathom that a physician or any health care professional would have recommended the treatment in question. The phrase "Nine out of 10 doctors recommend..." is often used to promote widely accepted treatments, so that one outlier doctor must be responsible for all the rather wacky treatments that we other physicians get asked about every week. And although some of these treatments seem beyond bizarre, they can also be incredibly interesting.

At least they were to the three physicians listed in this article's byline, including Dr. H. Eric Bender, who says his fascination with peculiar medical practices started in medical school. During one of his early rotations, he was shocked to learn that not only could he order leeches for a patient in the hospital but he could specify where they were to be placed as well: left leg, right arm or whole body. (In case you're wondering, to precisely "aim" a leech, place it in a small cup with a very small hole cut in the bottom. That hole is then aligned with the area on the patient requiring blood removal and voilà! Bloodthirsty segmented worms are suddenly hard at work. Bender does not recommend trying this at home.)

Now, thanks to our internet-sparked society of do-it-yourselfers, Bender's fascination with the unconventional has grown as he has researched



a wide range of (seemingly) ridiculous but sometimes effective remedies. Unfortunately, the physician's oath to "do no harm" has been replaced in many clinics with "do clean up this mess."

For example, a physician or two in the not so distant past recommended that children smoke tobacco to treat pica, a condition in which people feel compelled to chew on nonnutritious substances like rocks, sand or glass. Some doctors

BY
DR. H. ERIC BENDER
DR. MURDOC KHALEGHI
DR. BOBBY SINGH

over the years suggested that patients use cocaine and heroin to remedy toothaches and persistent cough, respectively. (In addition to references, the book includes pictures as evidence.) Alcohol has been recommended to pregnant women for its health benefits—Guinness beer is rich in iron—and not just by Irish physicians. Others practicing medicine have suggested using hookworms to cure asthma (causing dangerous infections).

The list of dangerous substances, organisms and animal byproducts that people have used to treat everything from low libido to sexually transmitted diseases goes on and on. Fortunately, most of these practices did not, as further research demonstrated the dangers of many of them.

“Weird medicine” is not limited to just medical practices and treatments. A look into the literature shows it is replete with research and studies that aren’t particularly well-designed or are far-fetched to the point of absurdity. For example, some research suggests cocaine might protect you from head injuries and alcohol might improve cognition. Other studies were simply self-evident. Did you know skydiving is dangerous? Would you believe that stock market crashes are associated with increased depression? Clearly, some of this research must have been conducted at the University of the Obvious.

Some fascinating practices seemed like terrible ideas but are so well-supported by research that they are considered the gold standard for treatment of certain illnesses. Enticing theories that turn out to be bad ideas (think bacon-stuffed pizza) are not unique, but seemingly odd ideas that turn out to be great ideas, such as having complete strangers stay in your house while you’re not there—kudos, Airbnb!—are as rare as spinoffs being as good as the original.

As an example, consider that antibiotics frequently kill good bacteria while also killing the bad bacteria doctors are trying to eliminate. “Good” bacteria suppress the growth of bad bacteria. So when the good bacteria are wiped out, many individuals develop a type of intestinal infection known as *Clostridium difficile*. *C. diff* is often difficult to treat with antibiotics, since they typically caused the problem in the first place. Fortunately, one treatment has a very high rate of success: fecal transplantation. Yes, doctors place stool from a donor inside the patient’s gastrointestinal system. You might think putting my feces into your gut would cause infections, but the donated good bacteria help eradicate infection.

If you think using excrement is an odd way to

fight infection, how about maggots? Maggot therapy aims to prevent a wound infection. Maggots selectively target and eat dead tissue that is difficult to remove surgically without taking healthy tissue with it. Although doctors have been aware of this since at least the 1930s, the treatment was not regularly used for decades, as antibiotic use rose in popularity. However, after a recent “rediscovery” of maggot therapy, more than 800 health care institutions use it today. You can be sure pharmaceutical companies are working on a way to charge exorbitant prices for the little larvae.

Medicine, like all science, is dynamic and evolving—that’s why it is referred to as “the practice of medicine.” Accepted treatments of one era might be discarded later as “pseudoscience.” What is considered “experimental” today might become the standard of treatment tomorrow. Fortunately, there is something called peer review and scientific standards. Also, most

THE PHYSICIAN’S OATH TO “DO NO HARM” HAS BEEN REPLACED WITH “DO CLEAN UP THIS MESS.”

health care providers have embraced the process of gathering as much evidence as possible instead of treating patients like lab rats.

Patients performing their own research online can spark informative conversations with their doctors, even if they do sometimes suggest things that make a person want to scream, or puke. Nevertheless, although “Dr. Google” is punctual and doesn’t require a co-pay, it is not qualified to diagnose and treat. There is no safe substitute for the intimate, one-on-one relationship between a patient and a physician. This will continue to be true as long as doctors remember that medicine is a science *and* an art, full of both expected outcomes and surprising solutions.

So to our patients: Be wary of charlatans but keep an open mind. Bring all your questions to a physician and ask away. To our fellow physicians: Listen to your patients. Talk with them, not to them. And remember: If you can’t do any good, at least do no harm. **N**

H. ERIC BENDER, MURDOC KHALEGI and BOBBY SINGH are the authors of *1 Out of 10 Doctors Recommends: Drinking Urine, Eating Worms, and Other Weird Cures, Cases, and Research from the Annals of Medicine*.

PIN THERE, DONE THAT: Acupuncture has long been a highly respected mainstay of Chinese medicine, but is still considered alternative therapy in most Western countries.

REUTERS



DOING DOUBLE TIME

Chronic diseases are a dangerous problem in prison

GREGORY FINNEY, then 37, felt extremely unlucky but in good physical condition when he arrived at Louisiana State Penitentiary in 2001. He had been shipped to the notorious maximum-security prison in Angola to serve 15 years for drug possession and shoplifting. Up to that point in his life, Finney hadn't worried much about his health, in part because he was too busy scrambling to hold a job and avoid getting arrested.

It turned out his health should have been a main concern. Not long after he got there, the prison clinic informed Finney he was on a fast track to heart disease that could kill him—he was diabetic and had hypertension. Angola is the largest maximum-security prison in the U.S. and one of the most dangerous, so Finney suddenly realized he would now be fighting for his life in more ways than one. “I didn't want to die in Angola,” he says.

In the years that followed, Finney struggled to get decent health care. The prison doctors prescribed insulin shots and gave him pills to manage his diabetes and high blood pressure, but two to three months might pass before he was able to see a physician for a follow-up exam. The clinic had too many patients and too many with far more serious illnesses. If Finney's blood pressure happened to be too high on a day when he finally got an exam, the doctor would simply give him more medications instead of conducting further evaluation to determine how best to adjust his treatment. By the time he was released 15 years later, he was taking 13

different medications, and the treatment plan hadn't done much to improve his condition.

The health care system at Angola was tragically slow and mostly useless, says Finney. “In prison, you won't be seen when you have the illness; you get seen when they have the time.”

THE OTHER LIFE SENTENCE

In the U.S., the only citizens constitutionally guaranteed to have access to health care are prisoners, but experts agree that the treatment of serious chronic illnesses in prisons is a disgrace.

The U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention recently released its first-ever national study on the state of prison health systems throughout the U.S. It suggests that most state prisons are well aware that chronic medical conditions are a serious threat to this population, but the care after an inmate is diagnosed is inconsistent and sometimes does more harm than good.

Staffing is a problem. In addition to medical emergencies, health care services in prison tend to focus on conditions that could have an immediate and widespread impact, such as infectious diseases like HIV and tuberculosis that could affect the larger population—both in prison and upon release. Psychiatric illness and addiction are also top priorities, since these disorders can result in suicide or even homicide.

Halting the slow killers that afflict the general U.S. population in epic numbers is usually at the bottom of a prison clinic's to-do list. According to a study published in the *American Journal of*

BY
JESSICA FIRGER
@jessfirger



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GET IN LINE:
Chronic conditions,
even serious ones,
are a low priority
in many prisons, as
the medical staff
focuses on ail-
ments that threat-
en the general
population.

Public Health, 43 percent of inmates in federal prisons and 39 percent of those in state prisons suffer from chronic medical conditions, such as hypertension, high cholesterol, diabetes and obesity, all of which contribute to cardiovascular disease—the leading cause of death in the U.S. One study by Harvard Medical School and the Cambridge Health Alliance suggests prisoners are 55 percent more likely than the general population to have diabetes and 90 percent more likely to have suffered a heart attack.

Chronic health conditions like cardiovascular disease have become a more significant problem in correctional facilities in part because the prison population is rapidly aging. The number of inmates in state prisons aged 55 serving more than a year increased from 26,300 to 131,500 between 1993 and 2013, according to the Bureau of Justice Statistics.

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“YOU WON’T BE SEEN
WHEN YOU HAVE THE
ILLNESS; YOU GET
SEEN WHEN THEY
HAVE THE TIME.”

The incarcerated are thrown into an inherently stressful, blood pressure-raising environment. Oftentimes, psychiatric problems increase the risk for physical ailments. A huge body of research links depression and anxiety to poor physical health, particularly in the elderly.

Remember too that prison ages a person. Dr. Brie Williams, associate professor of medicine at

the University of California at San Francisco and director of the UC Criminal Justice & Health Consortium, says chronological age rarely matches a prisoner's biological age. "In aging prison populations, you get more complexity at younger ages, and prisoners look like older adults 20 years their senior," says Williams. "Not only are there more 70-year-olds in prison, but some of the 50-year-olds are looking like 70-year-olds."

The challenges and cost of medical conditions poorly treated in prison don't go away when people are released from jail—they trickle

into the community health system. A study published in *The New England Journal of Medicine* finds heart disease is the second leading cause of death among the formerly incarcerated, right after accidental drug overdose. In the general population, heart disease is the leading cause of death, followed by cancer.

Dr. Emily Thomas, a general practitioner based at the University of California at San Francisco, interviewed more than two dozen patients about managing cardiovascular disease while behind bars. One man said he repeatedly



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YARD DUTY: David Barnhill, right, is part of a program in California in which healthy prisoners assist elderly prisoners with health issues.

ANDREW BURTON/GETTY



reported having chest pains but no one took his complaints seriously, even though he had a long history of heart disease. Two days after he was released, he went to a hospital and was scheduled for bypass surgery within two weeks.

FREE AT LAST...TO GET HELP

There are plenty of factors that make prison a horrible place to manage and prevent cardiovascular disease and related conditions. At some prisons, inmates are charged copays for medical care. An investigation by the Brennan Center for Justice at the New York University School of Law found that about 35 states have some sort of medical fees for care. A patient told Thomas he was charged \$3 for every visit with a doctor, while his prison job paid him only 75 cents a day.

Prisons also discourage some of the most simple and effective lifestyle habits. Poor sleep and diet, as well as sedentary behavior, are a standard existence for someone under incarceration. “If you are looking at fundamentally what will reduce your high blood pressure and improve your cardiovascular risk, in terms of a diet, you want something low-fat. You want something that’s low in sodium. That’s nothing that you’re going to get in prison,” says Thomas.

Disciplinary action is also an impediment. Williams recently received a grant to study the health impact of solitary confinement. Prisoners in solitary confinement—lock-down—are kept in their cells for up to 23 hours each day and permitted only three hours of exercise per week, often in a small cell, says Williams. To maintain good heart health, the American Heart Association recommends a person gets 30 minutes a day of exercise, five days a week.

Some patients told Dr. Emily Wang, associate professor at the Yale School of Medicine and co-founder of the Transitions Clinic Network for former prisoners, that refusing treatment or not taking prescribed drugs can land a prisoner in solitary confinement, which causes psychological trauma. A person who is punished for not taking medications may begin to develop negative associations with things that are necessary to maintain health, and that often translates to avoiding treatment once the person is released. “They see it as part of the system of punishment and control,” says Wang. “They don’t see the benefits in itself.”

This is a challenge for Dr. Anjali Niyogi, who opened the Formerly Incarcerated Transition Clinic in New Orleans about a year ago. FIT is a



federally qualified health center, which means it receives federal grant money and reimbursement from Medicare and Medicaid. Niyogi set up the clinic to serve the particular needs of the formerly incarcerated; everyone she sees has recently been released from prison. After talking with her patients, she has come to observe that most received a diagnosis for their chronic health condition while incarcerated.

She believes the care of prisoners with chronic health conditions could be improved with stricter public health policies. “There’s set protocol for how to do follow-up with things like HIV and other infectious diseases, but I think chronic disease needs to have the same type of follow-up protocol,” she says.

Niyogi says patients who visit her often are simply surviving without treatment because they don’t know what else to do. Newly released prisoners face the overwhelming task of navigating and accessing social services, including health

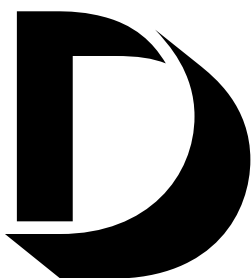
PRISONERS ARE 55 PERCENT MORE LIKELY TO HAVE DIABETES AND 90 PERCENT MORE LIKELY TO HAVE HAD A HEART ATTACK.

care. It’s a challenge all poor people face, except former inmates must do so while burdened with a far greater stigma. Niyogi says when patients visit her clinic, they often tell her it’s because they’re out of medication or don’t know what type of physician they should be seeing.

Finney, now 53, found FIT through the local hospital just a few days after being released from prison and has visited the clinic more than two dozen times. Doctors there managed to cut down his daily medications from 13 to five, and his blood pressure is no longer skyrocketing. “The doctor said, unless I have problem, I don’t need to come back,” he says. Free at last. ■



+ PETAL PUSHER:
Law sculpts with
flowers, creating
works big and
small that change
as the plants
wither.



DOWNTIME

TELEVISION

—ART—

SWIMWEAR

MOVIES

STYLE

THEATER



THE HANGING GARDENER

Rebecca Louise Law is an artist and sculptor with a growing international reputation—and an unusual choice of material

ONE SUMMER, when the British installation artist Rebecca Louise Law was not quite a teenager, her father—then an assistant head gardener at a stately home in Cambridgeshire, England, and a man who understood the business of growing flowers en masse—insisted that his whole family bus out to one of the flat, Fenland fields near the village where they lived. It must have been late June, early July at most, she recalls, because the field was brimful with the bright, airy faces of ox-eye daisies.

“I didn’t care,” says Law, a serene, fair-complexioned 35-year-old with artfully slipshod hair, as she sits in the back room of her tiny gallery in east London. “I was at the age where you’re seeing boys, and I didn’t care at all about gardening, or flowers.” While her father and younger sister were taking photos of the long-legged daisies, and her mother was drawing the daisies (it was an

artistic family), Law thunked down in the middle of the field in a full-on adolescent sulk.

And then something happened. “I was just sitting there, with all these flowers at head height around me, and I couldn’t see my family. And I thought, Oh my goodness, this is amazing. I knew from my father that the field would only be like this for one or two days; it was only now that it was that strong, and I thought, How can I re-create this? How do I share it?”

Law has been sharing some of the long-brewed results of that moment at her most recent exhibit, “The Beauty of Decay” at the Chandran Gallery in San Francisco, where visitors weaved between a rain of gleaming copper wires that ran from floor to ceiling, the wires strung with the heads of 8,000 fresh gerberas, roses and statice. She has been making three-dimensional works from flowers since 2003, buying them fresh in bulk

BY
ISABEL LLOYD
 @IsabelLloyd

INDIA HOBSON



and then paying assistants to thread the individual flower heads onto wire. Often, as at the San Francisco show, she suspends the flower-filled wires from the ceiling, creating an effect that can be either tender and ethereal or, if the wires are packed closer together, disconcertingly dense, as if the world has flipped and you're walking beneath an inverted meadow. The flowers then slowly dry and die, fading from what she calls their "poppy" reds, oranges and yellows into shades of cream, tan and pale rose, the emphasis of the piece moving gently from color to form, from vivid, superficial life to the more solid structure below: the skull beneath the skin.

Once the installation is over, the flowers are taken off their wires and stored in acid-free tissue, ready to be used again. "Absolutely nothing is wasted," Law says. "It all goes into my archive."

Works from this archive will make up her next show, a comprehensive, six-week presentation of existing pieces—along with a new installation made of "all the flowers I've ever collected"—starting August 25 at the Broadway gallery in Letchworth Garden City in southeast England. In December, an installation she made for Art Basel will move to Art Basel Miami, and early in 2017 she will be one of seven international artists exhibiting across Denmark as part of the city of Aarhus's program as the EU's European Capital of Culture for 2017. Law's flowers have bloomed in shows at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, Times Square in New York, and—her biggest venture yet—in a £100,000-plus semipermanent installation in the roof of a shopping mall in Melbourne, Australia. "It's intended to last for 10 years," she says. "Though if some massive spider takes up residence in it—well, we'll have to see."

Law's studio is also her home: two floors above a storefront in a row of early-Victorian conversions made up equally of galleries, tony vintage-clothing stores and 24-hour mini-marts. (And guess what? It's on the same road as London's most famous weekly flower market; her husband buys her a bunch every Sunday—"But the deal is, he has to arrange them.") The façade is brick, painted black to better show off the colors in the window, which in early August was filled with the fat ceru-

lean heads of inverted hydrangeas.

Inside, the gallery walls display editions from a series Law worked on with the photographer Tom Hartford, re-creations of Dutch Golden Age still lifes by Jan Davidsz. de Heem, Ambrosius Bosschaert and Balthasar van der Ast, but with subtle subversions, such as a modern-dressed statuette peering up into the flowers. At the rear of the studio, a three-foot plaster figurine of Christ suffering the little children is draped with garlands of minute, pinkish-white gypsophila interspersed with the iridescent green bodies of beetles. The dead insects are a typical Law move, a dainty, sly reminder that when it comes to the works of man, mortality always gets the upper hand. Still, the works of man—or rather, women—are much in evidence: At the table that almost fills the center of the room, four women, one wearing a floor-length caftan with a brightly embroidered hem, are stringing frilly orange helichrysum and laying each wire into long cardboard boxes marked "Nike"—part of a commission for the sportswear brand.

Nike is a little late to the party. The earliest adopters of Law's work were high-end fashion houses—fashion loves flowers, nature's own luxury brand—and a breakthrough moment came in

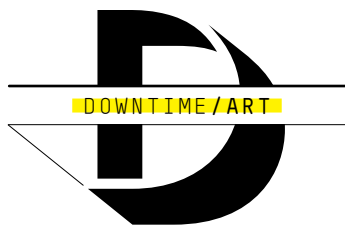
**"IT FELT LIKE I WAS
CREATING A PAINT-
ING IN THE AIR."**

2011 when Hermès commissioned Law to fill the glass roof of the Floral Hall at London's Royal Opera House. (If you have any illusions about how big brands sniff out new talent, abandon them now: They searched for "art with flowers" online.) This was eight years after Law had used flowers for the first time, in a "hideous" piece she made at the end of her third year studying fine art at Newcastle University. "I was trying to paint in 3-D. I had used food, sweets, wool, and some flowers in amongst it all," she says. "And I actually didn't even think of them as flowers. I was just trying to find any kind of materials I could use as my palette."

Frustrated, she went home for the summer, where her dad's nursery beds were full of "huge, stunning, colorful dahlias. I asked, 'What do you think about these drying? Do you think they'll dry well?' And he said, 'Yes! Of course they will, and they'll be brilliant!' So I took a whole carload back

+
**CLOCHE
ENCOUNTER:
"Hydrangea,
Gypsophila..."
was made
in 2015.**





to university that September.”

Once there, she spent a week hanging the dahlia heads on fishing line, in “an exact square, very precise,” from the ceiling of the university’s installation space. “It felt like I was creating [a] painting in the air. Then when I saw the interaction between the viewer and the work, I realized this was beyond color. My obsession with color suddenly became not the most important thing. Instead, it was about the interaction between human beings and nature, and, too, the transformation of the flowers, which dried into a whole other material.” It might have taken a while, but that field in the Fens had worked its way out.

Law’s father was not just responsible for giving her early inspiration and materials; he also introduced her to an art collection that continues to inspire her: the Golden Age still lifes at Cambridge’s Anglesey Abbey, the former priory where he worked. From the beginning, Law was fascinated by how these paintings “capture time”—by which she seems to mean arrest it as well as portray it. They are highly artificial constructs, almost the diametric opposite of the Van Gogh way of stuffing flowers in a vase and then painting them, fast and bright, there and then. The combination of flowers and fruit they show was aseasonal, outside time, and Law knows from trying to reconstruct it that “the balance is impossible—the flowers defy gravity.”

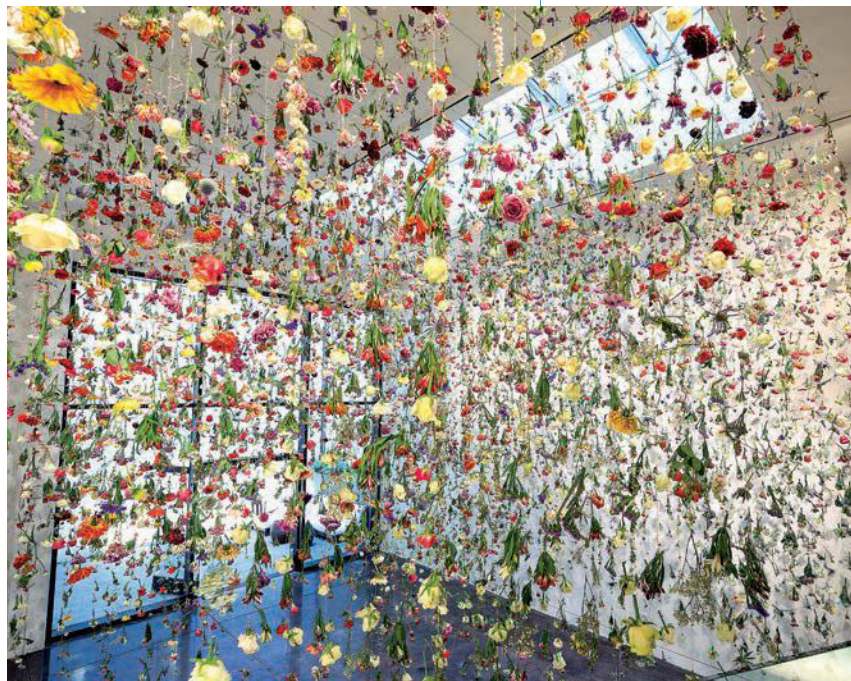
Those 17th-century paintings also had a job to do: advertising new varieties of flowers from Dutch growers. Today, Law buys much of her raw materials from the Dutch, often homing in on whichever variety might have been overgrown that year in order to reduce her environmental footprint: The Dutch glasshouses grow at such scale that, even when she was installing in Melbourne, there was a moment when she thought it might be greener to get her materials from Amsterdam. In the end, though, local growers won the day, and all 150,000 flower heads were antipodean.

About 90 percent of Law’s work is large-scale work for public consumption, but her gallery sells limited, color-photograph editions at about £1,500 for a print. She also accepts private commissions, installing pieces in people’s homes for

between £3,000 and £8,000. No one has yet complained when the flower sculpture that cost thousands begins to die, seeming to accept Law’s contention that the fading is a way of showing flowers not as “purely ephemeral objects but as a beautiful sculptural material for you to enjoy for a lifetime.” According to Law, visitors to the Chandran have certainly enjoyed it: “People were walking through and getting tangled up in the flowers, and going, ‘Aaahh!’”

She dreams of spreading the joy even further, filling the Turbine Hall at London’s Tate Modern

FASHION LOVES FLOWERS, NATURE’S OWN LUXURY BRAND.



+ NATURE, FLIPPED: Law’s “rain” of flowers at the Chandran Gallery in San Francisco.

with an upside-down meadow made of flowers donated by the public from people’s gardens. You imagine that vast space filled with people, sighing with pleasure, modern Marvells ensnared by flowers. Wouldn’t that teenager, sitting awestruck in a field, be delighted? **N**

“Still Life: Sculpture and Prints by Rebecca Louise Law” is at Broadway Studio & Gallery (WWW.BROADWAY-LETCWORTH.COM), Letchworth Garden City, England, from August 25 to October 9. For commissions, contact Law’s studio at 100 Commercial Road, London E2 (WWW.REBECCALOUISELAW.COM).

MORE THAN NINE LIVES: An iconic '80s musical with big hair and big costumes, *Cats* has been produced in more than 30 countries and 15 languages.



Where Hell Hath No Furry

Cats returns to Broadway after 16 years, proving it's still a cultural milestone—and a punch line

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE to go into *Cats* without preconceived notions, but I managed to get pretty close. Having never seen the original Broadway run at the Winter Garden Theatre, where it played for almost 20 years before closing in 2000, my prior exposure to Andrew Lloyd Webber's feral Tony winner had been limited to occasional YouTube clips and vague childhood recollections of a low-budget TV commercial that played incessantly throughout the 1980s.

Those narrow reference points were still enough for me to form strong opinions about the revival that opened on July 31 at New York's Neil Simon Theatre, which I assumed fell somewhere between Blue Man Group and Carrot Top on the scale of theatrical hipness. Those assumptions weren't wrong: *Cats* is definitely not cool. It is essentially a cosplay convention set to music.

Under the expert direction of Trevor Nunn, who also helmed

the original, the new *Cats* is an amusing showcase—in a riverboat casino kind of way—with arresting dance elements and a sugary synthetic music score that proves to be unexpectedly contagious. The lyrics, based on poems by T.S. Eliot, are serviceable and clever at times. As for the story—well, let's face it, there is no story.

Leona Lewis, of *The X Factor* fame, bravely takes on the crucial role as Grizabella, a once-beautiful “glamour cat” who now pines for her youth. Tasked with singing “Memory,” the show's one standard, Lewis is able to hit the notes, but she can't do the same with her acting, which is stilted and self-conscious. She comes off less like a mournful old soul than a kid lost in a department store.

The sound crew does try to help by boosting Lewis's decibel levels when the all-important climax of “Memory” finally arrives, but the result feels artificial—a Broadway classic soaked

in reverb. Maybe Simon Cowell would have fallen for this bit of technical trickery. We don't.

There's a lot to like about *Cats*, however, including a large ensemble of talented performers who are ready and willing to give in to the show's ridiculousness. The dancing is spectacular, and Andy Blankenbuehler's choreography steals the show. Coming off a recent Tony win for *Hamilton*, Blankenbuehler based his work on the original from Gillian Lynne, because why mess with success?

Logistics aside, there's an unabashed bigness to *Cats* that makes it difficult to resist: dozens of nimble furries, paws flailing, dancing delightfully in unison and belting out Lloyd Webber's pop-infused show tunes with abandon. Your inner theater snob may tell you it's too silly a spectacle to bother with, but your loud and proud theater geek will fight for the right to enjoy it. Let the two of them claw it out. **D**



ITSY-BITSY, TEENY-WEENY OUTRAGE

Controversial, yes—but the burkini is this year's hottest swimsuit

AH, SUMMER...long days, blistering heat, cool dips in the pool.

And the burkini.

Yes, the burkini—a portmanteau for *burqa*, a robe-like garment, and *bikini*, a two-piece bathing suit that made its debut 70 years ago at the fashionable Parisian lido Molitor.

Like its predecessor, the burkini is a two-piece swimsuit for women. But unlike the bikini, which scandalized for showing too much skin when it first appeared in 1946, the burkini consists of a long-sleeve top and full-length trousers that cover the entire body, except for the hands, face and feet. (Women also have the option of concealing their hair with a covering redolent of a nun's head-piece, creating the look of a wetsuit with a hoodie.)

While the skin quotient of the two swimsuits could not be at further ends of the spectrum, both let women decide just how much skin they want to show at the pool or beach. And the introductions of both suits, although during different millennia, have been met with similarly strong reactions: fury, derision and international bans.

Yet the burkini, like its once-scandalous cousin, is fast gaining traction with a wide cross-section of women—not just Muslims but also women of other religious faiths, as well as those who simply wish to avoid a sunburn or not be ogled by passersby.

The British retailer Marks & Spencer, which this year went mainstream with a line of burkinis in two shades—blue and black—tells *Newsweek* it's already out of stock. "This is the first time we're



BY
**LEAH GOODMAN
MCGRATH**
@truth_eater

CHRIS CARLSON/AP

offering burkinis in the U.K., as well as globally on our website, and they're already sold out," says spokeswoman Emily Dimmock. She says the retailer is now selling them "in many of the 58 countries in which we operate, including the Middle East, China and Hong Kong."

The rising popularity of the burkini, however, hasn't stopped many from strenuously objecting on grounds ranging from the violation of personal freedom to social irresponsibility to concerns about hygiene.

In early July, the Austrian town of Hainfeld banned the burkini at its public pool. Peter Terzer, a town councillor and member of Austria's anti-immigrant and anti-Muslim Freedom Party, issued a statement saying he was "completely pleased" with the ban, as the burkini is "unsanitary." This would have been hard to believe, had it not already happened in June, when the German town of Neutraubling in Bavaria imposed a similar ban, also citing hygiene fears and putting up signs stating that the use of its public pool is "only allowed in usual swimming costumes."

Burkinis have also been banned in parts of France, Italy and Morocco, with the wearers subject to hundreds of dollars in fines. (These crackdowns echo the arduous path of the bikini, initially banned along the French coastline, as well as in Italy, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Australia and parts of the U.S., and finally denounced by Pope Pius XII in the 1950s.)

This summer, just as burkinis hit stores, France's minister for women's rights, Laurence Rossignol, condemned retailers like M&S and high-end labels like New York's DKNY and Italy's Dolce & Gabbana for selling full-coverage swimsuits and glamorous head-to-toe Islamic haute couture. She said the garments are not "socially responsible" and promote "the shutting away of women's bodies."

When the interviewer pointed out that certain women choose to keep themselves covered up, she replied, "Of course, they are women who make the choice," but then likened Muslims wearing burkinis to "American negroes who were in favor of slavery." Rossignol later apologized for use of the word "negro" but has maintained her position on burkinis.

It is highly unlikely the political grandstanding will have much effect, because—boom!—money. Spending on what's known as "modest fashion" is growing at an immodest rate: According to Thomson Reuters and New York research firm Dinar-Standard, spending on clothing and footwear by

Muslims is expected to skyrocket an estimated 82 percent from 2013 to 2019, reaching \$484 billion.

And one of those already benefiting is the woman who invented the burkini.

Aheda Zanetti, a 48-year-old Lebanese Muslim woman who lives in a suburb of Sydney, says she began working on designs for the burkini after watching her 11-year-old niece struggling to play sports in a long, flowing head scarf. "She looked like a tomato, her face was so red wearing all that clothing," she recalls.

She searched for Muslim swimsuits and sportswear online and found nothing. "When I thought back, I realized that we didn't really swim or play sports when I was growing up, not

THIS SUMMER, THE BRITISH RETAILER MARKS & SPENCER WENT MAIN-STREAM WITH BURKINIS. IT'S ALREADY OUT OF STOCK.

because we didn't want to but because we just didn't have the clothing!" she says. "So we never really enjoyed the summer life, the sports lifestyle that Australia has to offer."

She launched her burkini company, Ahiida Burqini Swimwear, 12 years ago. "It went bang. It did so well, I got orders right away," she says. "People went absolutely crazy. I wasn't prepared for it. Now we have sales all over the world, and whenever they ban it—like when they did in Morocco—it goes very well for me. People just buy more of them."

Zanetti, a married mother of three, says she and her two teen daughters all wear burkinis, but she notes 35 to 45 percent of her market is non-Muslim. "I have a lot of people who like them because they want the UV protection or prefer to cover more of themselves," she says. "Not all of us like to be naked. As for Muslims, wearing comfortable and flexible clothing for us is not something we are used to! Now we have Muslim women competing in swimming and marathons and becoming a lot more confident. I used to say, 'It's just a swimsuit for goodness sake!' but that's not true. It was confidence."

That said, Zanetti has detractors. "One Italian man wrote to me to say, 'I enjoy watching women in a bikini—why are you doing this to us?' And I wrote back, 'Use your imagination!'" **N**

+ BARE NECESSITIES: The designer of the burkini says wearing one is not just a religious choice. "Not all of us like to be naked."



THE CURATED LIFE

UPPER CASE

Elegant and virtually indestructible, a Fallon humidor is like first-class luggage for cigars

“A CIGAR is a sort of a thing, not exactly a pleasure, but the crown and outward sign of pleasure,” wrote the Russian author Leo Tolstoy in *Anna Karenina*. Of course, a cigar has never been just an instrument of pleasure; it’s also a cultural object, revered since its earliest days, when the Taíno people—the original inhabitants of Cuba—cultivated tobacco for religious purposes. They consumed it in such immense quantities that their shaman entered a trance, in which state he would receive whatever divine wisdom could make itself clear through the fug of tobacco smoke.

It was a highly ritualized affair, and although most modern cigar smokers have given up hoping for divine wisdom to emerge from the blue smoke and silvery ash of a good cigar, even today, part of the point of enjoying cigars is the reassuring ritual—and the opportunity to accessorize. And smokers do like to have the right accoutrements necessary to do a cigar justice: cutter, lighter and case among them.

Besides, it is a matter of practicality. Given Europe’s restrictive legislation, summer is the season of the al fresco smoke: Cigars need to be transported to the great outdoors, and to date the best way that I have found of doing this is to use one of the pocket humidors made by the French craftsman Patrick Fallon.

I first came across them in the Davidoff store on St. James’s Street in central London and was intrigued by their shape, their varied colors and

their surprising robustness. You could tell they were designed by someone who knew about cigars, as they were capable of accommodating the girth of the majestically dimensioned cigars popular today.

However, it was only when I paid a visit to the workshops of Falloncuir, Fallon’s leather goods business near Annecy, close to France’s border with Switzerland, that I realized just how fanatical he is about his cigars—and how much thought he has put into revolutionizing the design of the cigar case.

Fallon is an ardent traveler and motorcyclist. Both these passions were to play an important part in the genesis of his pocket humidor. The problem with most attractive cases is that if a cigar spends too long in one, it will dry out. The other is that, since the majority are made of leather, they provide enough protection to carry cigars in a briefcase or the pocket of a business suit—but they are not equal to the sort of life Fallon leads, which might include polar expeditions and a visit to a rain forest. In these situations, the only practical option was threaded plastic tubes that screw together; effective, but ugly.

Fallon’s genius was in finding a way to manufacture a cigar case that once closed becomes effectively airtight; on pulling the top and bottom apart, there is a slight pop as the air lock is broken. This is the key to keeping cigars in peak condition for days on end—Fallon claims a maximum



BY
NICHOLAS FOULKES



HOT SMOKED: A cigar protected by one of Fallon's range of cases, left, is a go-anywhere option.

storage time of five to seven days, but I know of someone who has left cigars in a Falloncuir case for a month and returned to find them in good condition.

Fallon makes the shell of his cases from a material similar to that which reinforces the protective gear worn by competition motorcyclists. As well as being light and robust, it will reform after all but the most calamitous impact, “remembering” its original shape. This high-tech chassis is lined with buffalo skin, then covered with either more buffalo or any one of a variety of exotic leathers—including python, stingray, ostrich leg and frog—that are further treated in a way to render them practically indestructible. I have a Fallon on which I have spilt an entire bottle of mineral water, while on another occasion I picked it up at the end of a dinner to find it encrusted in candlewax. Usually, leather would never be quite the same again, but my cigar case emerged unscathed from both trials.

I have seen Fallon stick his humidor under a running tap. More dramatically, he has dropped one in the Amazon, taken another on safari, and

HE HAS DROPPED ONE IN THE AMAZON AND BURIED YET ANOTHER FOR A WEEK UNDER THE SNOWS OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

buried yet another for a week under the snows of the Arctic Circle. On each occasion, the case suffered no damage, and the cigars remained in perfect condition. So they are more than up to a picnic, a visit to the beach or an accidental tumble into the swimming pool.

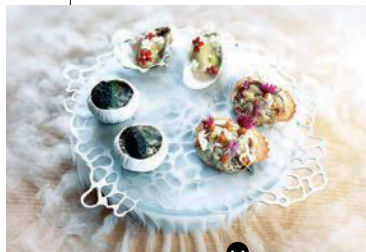
Much may have changed in the centuries since the native Taínos smoked themselves into religious ecstasies. But with Patrick Fallon's pocket humidors, the nomadic cigar-lover is able to look after his tobacco with the respect, bordering on reverence, the Taínos would have demanded. **N**

Stockists: FALLONCUIR.COM

To—the Do List



1 RIDE *The Eastern and Oriental Express starts its fall season, traveling between Thailand and Singapore. Book an en suite stateroom or presidential suite to make the most of the extraordinary views.*



2 EAT

His name might sound like a sneeze, but catch him anyway: Eneko Atxa, Spain's youngest Michelin three-star chef, brings top-flight Basque cuisine to London's One Aldwych hotel.

3 WEAR

Swiss-born jeweler Alexandra Jefford does not release collections often, so take notice. Pieces like this, from her geometric-influenced latest line, are available by appointment only.



4 BUY

Holly Hunt, a grande dame of modern American minimalist furniture, is showing new pieces at her London showroom. The most distinctive? These carved marble Bell Pepper side tables.

5

HEAR

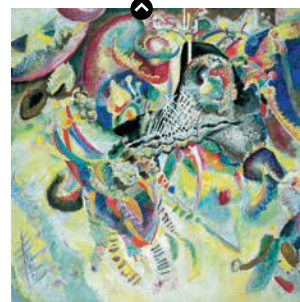
The virtuoso cellist Yo-Yo Ma opens the Hong Kong Philharmonic's season on September 9 and 10 with a program that includes *Duo*, a concerto written specially for him and sheng player Wu Tong.



6

SEE

Fill your head with color at the Beyeler Foundation in Basel, Switzerland, where masterpieces by Franz Marc, below, and Wassily Kandinsky join others from the Blaue Reiter collective.



1. BELMOND IMAGES; 2. ONE ALDWYCH HOTEL; 3. ALEXANDRA JEFFORD; 4. HOLLY HUNT; 5. JASON BELL; 6. ANTJE ZEIS-LOI/VON DER HEYDT-MUSEUM WUPPERTAL

SOMETIMES SLOW GETS YOU THERE FASTER



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