

Bob Dylan's Revelations / Confessions of a Viet Cong Spymaster

# Newsweek

10.27.2017-11.03.2017

Capturing **El Chapo** was supposed to hobble the cartels waging the bloody drug war. Why are the bodies still piling up?

## The Last Kingpin



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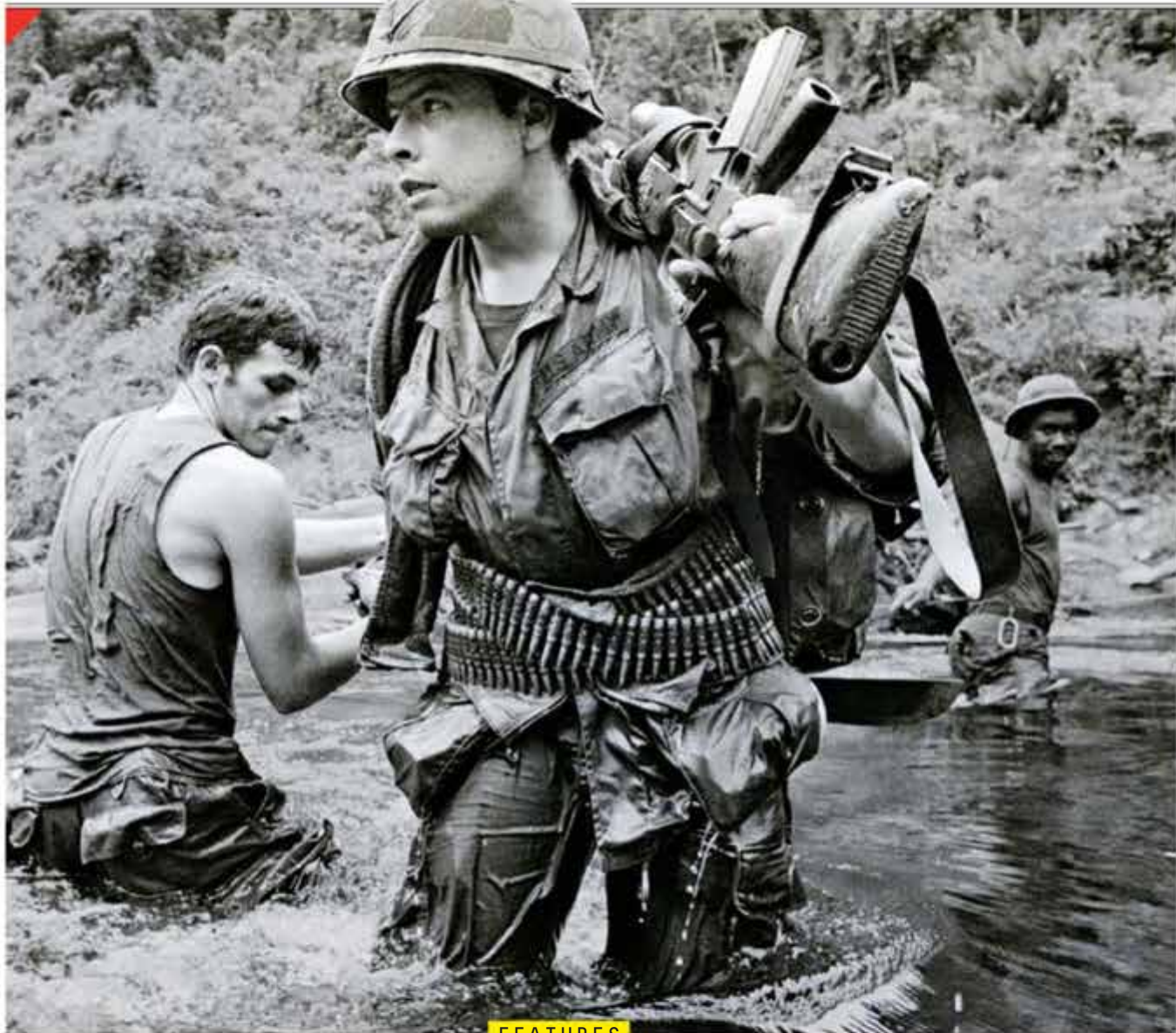


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FEATURES

**MUDDY WATERS**

While on patrol, members of Bravo Company, 4th Battalion, 31st Infantry, ford a river about 11 miles west of Danang, Vietnam.

**COVER CREDIT**

Photo illustration by Jesse Lenz for Newsweek.



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**The Last Kingpin**

El Chapo is going down. How many drug lords, assassins and politicians will he take with him?

BY MALCOLM BEITH AND JAN-ALBERT HOOTSEN

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BY JEFF STEIN

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# In Focus

— THE NEWS IN PICTURES



SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA

# Fire on the Vine

A man watches a neighborhood burn on October 9. Wildfires fueled by powerful winds turned California's wine country into a cauldron of ash and flames. More than 30 have died, and thousands were forced to flee as the blazes reportedly destroyed at least 1,500 homes and businesses.

📷 → KENT PORTER

KENT PORTER/THE PRESS DEMOCRAT/AP

## In Focus



JAMMU AND KASHMIR, INDIA

### Raising the Dead

A crowd holds up the body of a suspected militant as a woman clings to his corpse on October 11. Local media reported that Indian security forces shot and killed the man in a gun battle in the Bandipora district, a disputed part of the country. Two Indian commandos and another militant also died in the melee.

→ DANISH ISMAIL



HOA BINH, VIETNAM

### Daaaaaaaamn

After heavy rains pounded this province near Hanoi, the Hoa Binh hydroelectric power plant opened its floodgates on October 12. The rains led to flooding and landslides, which destroyed at least 30,000 homes and killed at least 54 people. As of publication, dozens remained missing.

→ NGUYEN HUY KHAM



NAIROBI, KENYA

### New Car Smell

Police fired a tear gas canister into this car on October 13 after the man inside defied a government ban on demonstrations in certain parts of the country. Since Kenya's presidential election in August, violence and protests have rocked this East African nation. That election was tainted, according to Kenya's Supreme Court, and a new vote is set for October 26.

→ BAZ RATNER







CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: DANISH ISMAIL/REUTERS; NGUYEN HUY KHAM/REUTERS; BAZ RATNER/GETTY IMAGES



**FRIENDS WITH BENEFITS?**  
Trump's bellicose rhetoric has unnerved Beijing. But some think he can work out an agreement with Chinese President Xi Jinping over North Korea.

JIM WATSON/GETTY; TOP RIGHT: AMIE MCCARTHY/NBC/GETTY

So who penned the “intercourse with Harvey Weinstein” joke for *30 Rock*? » P.11



CHINA

# The Art of the Nuclear Deal

On the brink of war with North Korea, will Donald Trump make a historic pact with Beijing?

**IT WAS AN AUDACIOUS MOVE, ONE OF THE riskiest in the history of modern diplomacy.**

In 1972, when China was desperately poor and largely insular, President Richard Nixon, a staunch Cold Warrior, traveled to Beijing for historic meetings with Mao Zedong, the father of the Communist revolution there. At the time, the U.S. recognized neighboring Taiwan and its leaders, whom Mao had vanquished, as the true rulers of China. But the goal of Nixon’s visit was to change course. As Henry Kissinger, the architect of the president’s strategy later put it, “We wanted to see whether the beginning of reconciliation was possible.”

So it was telling that Kissinger, now old and frail, was in the White House in October to meet with Donald Trump. The administration is in the middle of a monthlong review of its China policy—one it will complete before the president embarks on a trip to East Asia in November. The timing is important. China, the United States, Japan and South Korea are all gravely concerned about

North Korea and its growing arsenal of nuclear weapons, and the progress it has made in delivering them on missiles.

Trump’s bellicose “fire and fury” rhetoric and cryptic warnings (this is “the calm before the storm” he told a military gathering in early October) have unnerved not only U.S. allies but also Beijing. (The aggressive North Korean responses have had a similar effect.) Secretary of State Rex Tillerson and Defense Secretary James Mattis have been far more diplomatic than their boss, leaving the Chinese wondering, Is this a good cop–bad cop strategy? Or is the new president just nuts?

Insiders say Kissinger, who has spoken with Trump about foreign policy before, was invited to the White House to send a signal to Beijing that Trump is, in fact, sane. The leadership in China considers Kissinger an old friend, someone who understands the country and sees its challenges in the right historical context.

But there was more to Kissinger’s

BY

BILL POWELL

visit. Given the growing threat of North Korea's nukes, the Trump team is considering a grand bargain with China—one almost as audacious as Nixon's: If Beijing will use all its diplomatic and economic leverage to pressure Kim Jong Un's regime to give up its nuclear program—and if Kim follows through in a way that could be verified—the United States would agree to recognize the North diplomatically, supply it with economic aid and, eventually, draw down its 29,000 troops in South Korea. That has long been one of Pyongyang's core demands of the U.S.

The idea builds on a policy laid out by Tillerson earlier this year. As he put it, "We do not seek regime change [in North Korea], we do not seek regime collapse, we do not seek an accelerated reunification of the peninsula, and we do not seek a reason to send our forces north of the demilitarized zone."

Tillerson's statement—he called them the "Four No's"—got Beijing's attention. Some in China's Communist Party believe the U.S. does seek all of the above—and would use a nuclear crisis with Kim to destroy his regime. But party leaders have told their U.S. counterparts that Tillerson's ideas are something the two sides can build on. Dennis Wilder, who ran Asia policy on the National Security Council under President George W. Bush, says that on a recent trip to Beijing, the officials he met with wanted to know if the administration was serious, whether Tillerson had persuaded Trump to make his statement official policy. "They were all about the Four No's," he says. State Department spokeswoman Heather Nauert has said that if Pyongyang would "verifiably and completely" denuclearize, the administration was committed to the ideas Tillerson outlined.

The U.S. and China are still a long way from a deal on this, and the administration would not say if that's what Trump and Kissinger spoke about. But Trump loves making bold moves, and if he wants to make one now on North Korea, diplomacy might be a better option than a potentially brutal and bloody war. Kissinger also argued for something approaching a grand bargain late this summer in an op-ed in *The Wall Street Journal*. "Denuclearization," he wrote, "cannot be achieved by economic pressure alone." It requires "an understanding with China that's

needed for maximum pressure and workable guarantees."

There's no guarantee this possible deal would work. Some argue that China doesn't have as much influence over Pyongyang as many believe, and Kim might perceive a bargain struck between Washington and Beijing as a hostile act, causing him to cling even more tightly to his nukes. Others say any significant reduction of American soldiers in South Korea while the regime in Pyongyang remains in power is unthinkable, even though the South Korean military has grown into a potent force. This camp believes the most the U.S. can do without frightening Japan and Seoul is commit to "no troops" north of the DMZ.

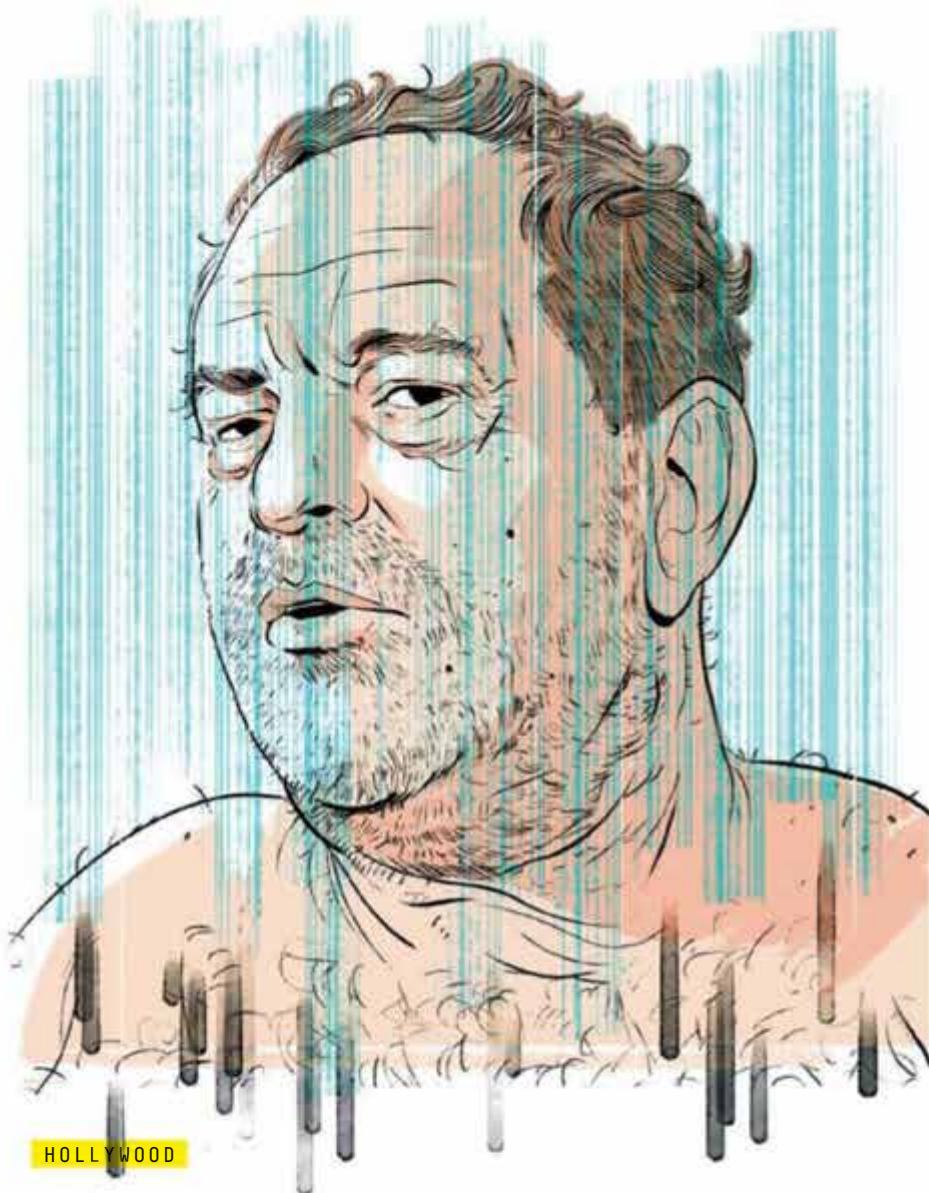
Another problem: economics. Steve Bannon, Trump's former senior adviser and resident China hawk, has been booted from the White House, but the president is still inclined to confront Beijing more directly on trade, and he's already stepped up sanctions on Chinese companies dealing with Pyongyang. Some of the president's advisers are skeptical that any grand bargain with Beijing is possible so long as the two sides are headed toward a more confrontational economic relationship.

But administration officials—from Mattis and Tillerson to National Security Adviser H.R. McMaster—have repeatedly said there isn't much time to make a deal with North Korea—and the same goes for Beijing. Doing more of the same with China—cajoling it to help while threatening to punish its companies that do business with Pyongyang—isn't working.

Trump's instincts, from real estate to television to politics, have always tilted toward audacity. With Kissinger whispering in his ear, those instincts may kick in again—and lead him to pursue an unexpected deal. ■

**THE GREAT THAW OF CHINA** Nixon, right, was able to work out a deal with Mao, left. But some say Tillerson, below, won't be able to make a pact because of the economic competition between the U.S. and China.





HOLLYWOOD

# Dirty Harvey

Hollywood has finally admitted what so many—from Seth MacFarlane to Tina Fey—already knew about Harvey Weinstein

**H**ARVEY WEINSTEIN'S PREDATORY ABUSE WAS ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S worst-kept secrets. For many years, he harassed women, using his wealth and power to coerce them into sex. Some even say he raped them (which he denies). Now, due to investigations by *The New York Times* and *The New Yorker*, Weinstein has been disgraced and fired from his eponymous studio. In retrospect, the bevy of awkward jokes and knowing looks that actors and comedians exchanged over the years takes on a new, sometimes chilling significance.

BY

ANNA MENTA

[@annalikestweets](#)

## → Gwyneth Paltrow

In a 1998 interview with David Letterman, Paltrow made an awkward joke. "I do all my movies for Harvey Weinstein... and I'm lucky to do them there, but he will coerce you to do a thing or two." When Letterman asked what Paltrow got in return, she said, "Nothing."

Almost two decades later, Paltrow joined the list of Weinstein accusers to go public. She told *The New York Times* that Weinstein would bring her to his bedroom, place hands on her and ask for massages. "I was a kid," Paltrow said. "I was petrified." After an encounter with Weinstein, she says, she told then-boyfriend Brad Pitt about what happened, and he confronted the Hollywood mogul, warning him never to touch Paltrow again.

## → Asia Argento

She told *The New Yorker* that a scene from *Scarlet Diva*, her 2000 film in which a movie producer attempts to sexually assault a woman, is based on an encounter with Weinstein, with one crucial change: "In the movie," she said, "I ran away."

## → Doug Ellin

In Season 2 of Ellin's *Entourage*, which aired in 2005, a character named Harvey Weingard is a volatile film producer who verbally abuses his staff. Sound familiar?

## → Tina Fey

In *30 Rock*'s sixth season, which aired 2012, Jenna (Jane Krakowski) tells Tracy (Tracy Morgan) she's "not afraid of anyone in show business" because she "turned down intercourse with Harvey Weinstein on no less than three occasions, out of five." Hard to say which writer pitched that joke, but the credits list Fey as the episode's lead writer.

## → Seth MacFarlane

After MacFarlane announced the nominees for best supporting actress at the 2013 Oscars, he said, "Congratulations, you five ladies no longer have to pretend to be attracted to Harvey Weinstein."


On Twitter in October, MacFarlane said the joke "came from a place of loathing and anger" after his friend Jessica Barth told him about her experience with Weinstein. Barth was one of the Weinstein accusers in *The New Yorker*. [□](#)



DISRUPTIVE

# Social Suicide

Using your Social Security number for identification is a really bad ID

 ALBANIANS ARE ISSUED A HACK-resistant, digital national ID card called the Letërnjoftimi. It comes with a cool hologram and a biometric chip that can be read wirelessly.

At the bottom of some drawer in my New York City apartment, I have a rotting white cardboard rectangle that shows my nine-digit Social Security number in a typeface that looks

like it came from a Smith-Corona typewriter. It's supposed to serve as my all-purpose identifier for life. So, yeah, when it comes to an ID that serves as a gateway to modern economic activity, the U.S. is 80 years behind a nation where nearly half the population is employed growing olives and figs.

The federal government and pretty much all of industry have known for

decades that the Social Security number needs to be put out of our misery. You can find reports from the 1970s that document concern about using SSNs for identification. Over the past 10 years, as mobile phones, social media and cloud computing have opened up every aspect of our lives to potential privacy invasion, experts and activists have grown more vociferous on the topic. Then, over the summer, the Equifax data breach released 143 million SSNs into the wild, like dandelion spores wafting off a hilltop.

After the Equifax screwup, anyone with a cerebrum realized an SSN is about as secret as Kim Kardashian's sex life. And we all know Equifax will not be the end of such disasters. It's not as if we've got hacking under control the way we do smallpox.

Think of the insanity of our Mister Rogers-worthy identification scheme when we have robots that can do brain surgery and artificial intelligence software that can run hedge funds better than hedge fund managers. You get assigned nine numbers that allegedly prove you are you for your average American life expectancy of 78.8 years. Too bad if the number gets stolen or abused. It's less hassle to change your sex than to change your SSN.

Social Security was created in 1935—and the first card issued a year later—when electronic computers seemed about as feasible to most people as time travel through wormholes. The cutting-edge technology of the day was the IBM tabulating machine, which stored data on cards punched with holes. To track citizens' pay and benefits, the Social Security system

needed to identify every person while using as little data as possible. Turned out nine numbers would do it—three digits indicating the

BY

KEVIN MANEY

 @kmaney

## The Alex Jones crowd thinks a government-issued ID would be the first step toward mass mind control and, ultimately, enslavement.

person's geographic location, a two-digit "group number" that helped sort the information and a four-digit serial number. (This later changed to nine random digits.)

The number was never intended to do anything but track Social Security benefits. Yet the government passed no laws restricting use of SSNs. In the 1940s, according to the Social Security Administration (SSA), the government started the mission creep of the SSN by encouraging other federal agencies to use it to identify people. In 1962, the IRS made it your identity number for taxes. Legislation in 1970 made banks and securities dealers obtain SSNs for customers, so the IRS could track transactions. By that point, all sorts of businesses began asking for SSNs because it was an established way to identify individuals. Now, it seems like you give out your SSN for everything short of buying Pop-Tarts at the corner store.

The SSA never wanted this. In 1971, says its website, a "task force studied issues raised by nonprogram use of the SSN and proposed that SSA take a 'cautious and conservative' position and do nothing to promote its use as an identifier." Still, no one stopped the widespread adoption of SSNs as America's ID.

The problem, of course, is that a nine-digit permanent number is easily stolen or copied, and it says nothing tangible about the person it's attached

to. That means someone can take your number and claim they're you with impunity. The Albanian card combats this with data such as fingerprints and a signature. More data about a person makes identity theft even harder.

But here we get to a big political reason it's been difficult for the U.S. to swap out the SSN for something that uses more robust data. Even a hint at such a program gets the Alex Jones crowd riled up about a government-issued ID that of course would be the first step toward mass mind control and, ultimately, enslavement.

Technology offers some tantalizing solutions that might get around those Big Brother fears. Blockchain technology—the stuff behind bitcoin and other cryptocurrencies—could store identity data about you in an encrypted digital lockbox you control. If a bank wants to verify who you are, you get to decide what information the bank can see and give the bank a one-time software key, so a loan officer can take a look. Your ledger on the blockchain would track every time anyone accesses your information, so you could always check to see if there's a problem. Estonia has operated a blockchain-based national ID system

**WHAT A CARD** Albania's national identity card—plastic, and about the size of a credit card—is compulsory for all citizens over the age of 16. It's waterproof, unlike the U.S. Social Security card.



since 2007, noted Michael Mainelli, co-author of *The Price of Fish: A New Approach to Wicked Economics and Better Decisions*. "The scheme is so useful that non-nationals use it for their personal digital signatures elsewhere in Europe," Mainelli wrote in *Harvard Business Review*.

A little further out, AI software could mimic the way people identified one another for thousands of years prior to 1935: We simply recognized someone because we knew that person. How do you recognize a college classmate who's lost 90 pounds since you last saw her 30 years ago? It's a combination of facial recognition, voice recognition and shared information—like both of you knowing the name of a skeezy professor or that the cafeteria mac and cheese tasted like plaster. Of course, the new iPhone now comes with facial recognition, and before long, technologies like Alexa and Siri will be able to distinguish your voice from others.

AI should be able to handle that last piece about shared information. These days, much of our lives is online, where we constantly generate data about significant events. We post on social media, buy stuff, keep our calendars, make travel plans. A third-party AI could watch all of that and understand a lot about you. If a bank wanted to verify your identity, it could ask the third-party AI to have a conversation with you. Hey, remember that hike around the lake last year—where was that? Did you have Mrs. Silfer in first grade? In a minute, it could know if the person is an impostor.

Still, a real solution for the SSN problem seems far off. There are no serious efforts in the works. It might take a few more Equifaxes before the U.S. finally decides to catch up to a nation that didn't have a modern telecommunications system until 1990. ■

# DESERT WARRIORS

The creation of the world's largest artificial forest from a barren tract of land provides inspiration for ecological progress



Saihanba in north China's Hebei Province is now an ecotourism destination

**A** giant tree rules the large fields dotted with wildflowers in the Saihanba Jixie Forest Farm. Planted in the Qing Dynasty (1644-1911) period, the nearly 20-meter larch is said to have survived 200 years of vicissitudes. Belying its age, it still looks vigorous and indefatigable with branches stretching out and its strong trunk wrapped with red ribbons.

The locals in Weichang Manchu and Mongolian Autonomous County in north China's Hebei Province, where the farm is located, have tied these ribbons. The act is to express their gratitude. The immense tree has been the savior of the area, rekindling hope of transforming a once barren land into lush green forest.

"We call it the blessing tree. Without it, today's Saihanba would not have been possible," Zhao Yunguo, an administrator of the forest farm, said.

The Saihanba Jixie Forest Farm is the largest artificial forest on earth. Its forest area of 74,700 hectares means the green cover ratio has soared from 11.4 percent approximately half a century ago to 80 percent today.

It is not only a gigantic windbreaker that shelters Beijing and its adjacent areas from wind and encroaching sand, but also a popular tourist destination. Larch and other tree species have added

various shades of green to the landscape, while blooming wildflowers create different gaily colored patterns to the fields, creating picturesque scenes that draw admiring visitors from far and near.

Saihanba's achievements have won national recognition. On August 28, commenting on the feat of the builders of the forest farm, Chinese President Xi Jinping said that in 55 years, they have transformed a wasteland of yellow sand, where birds had no tree to perch on, into a green sea. With this feat, they have demonstrated that green mountains are mountains of gold and clear water

By Wang Hairong



streams of silver. Their story is inspirational and a vivid example for promoting ecological progress.

## Witness to change

The area where the trees stand was a royal hunting ground during the Qing Dynasty, where trees luxuriated with an abundance of green grass. It teemed with game animals and the aristocracy came to demonstrate their hunting skills. It is said that it was here where Emperor Kangxi (1654-1722), one of the most revered rulers in Chinese history, once welcomed triumphant soldiers returning from a victorious battle in the north.

At the end of the Qing Dynasty, the trees in the forest began to be chopped down and the land was farmed to produce more food. It resulted in deforestation and gradually, the fields were reduced to wasteland. With the forest having disappeared, the local weather became drier.

In the 1950s, the Saihanba area, lying about 400 km from Beijing, was ravaged by sand. Northern winds then swept the sand farther, dumping it in Beijing. Data from the China Meteorological Administration show that during this period, Beijing suffered 56.2 days of sandstorm in a year, on an average.

In the 1960s, the government decided to restore Saihanba's lost greenery. Liu Kun, then Deputy Director of the bureau administering state-owned forest farms under the Ministry of Forestry, was assigned to conduct a feasibility study for establishing a forest farm in Saihanba.

Liu arrived in Saihanba with six other experts in October 1961. They examined the area to determine which types of plants would be suitable to grow there. On the first two days, the team could find no trees except for some withered larch roots beside some rocks.

On the third day, they spotted the giant larch standing upright against the biting cold wind. They were so excited by the sight that they hugged it in relief. It indicated that at least one tree species could survive the harsh weather condition there.

Then the Saihanba Jixie Forest Farm began to take shape. The next year, over 300 people from across the country, including fresh graduates, arrived to plant trees there. In two years, these planters, whose average age was 24, planted larch saplings on more than 400 hectares. However, to their dismay, fewer than 8 percent of the saplings survived.

"It was not because they chose the wrong species," recalled Zhang Xing, a retired worker on the farm. "The problem was that the saplings were shipped from northeastern China. So

after the long journey, the roots withered from water loss. How could they live?"

To overcome this problem, the planters decided to grow seedlings locally by themselves. They sowed seeds in early spring, and then carefully nurtured the sun-loving saplings, which became stout and sturdy. In the spring of 1964, these saplings were planted and the toilers were delighted to see that this time, more than 90 percent had survived. Thereafter, year after year, they planted more trees, turning the whole area into forested land.

## A breath of fresh air

As the larch trees grew, they shed their needle-shaped leaves, which decomposed over the course of time, providing nutrients to nourish other vegetation such as shrubs and flowers. As the forest grew denser with more varieties of vegetation, it attracted wild animals such as boars, badgers, deer and birds, who settled there, filling the woods with vitality and restoring the ecological system.

Now, Saihanba has 261 invertebrate species, 660 insect species, 179 fungus species and 625 plant species.

The forest ecosystem provides huge environmental benefits. The Chinese Academy of Forestry has estimated that the forest can absorb 747,000 tons of carbon dioxide, release 545,000 tons of oxygen, and conserve and purify 137 million cubic meters of water.

"Left to nature, it would have taken at least 100 years to restore the barren sandy land, while Saihanba regained its forest ecosystem in only 50-plus years, making an important contribution to China's ecological progress," said Huang Xuanrui, President of the College of Forestry, Agricultural University of Hebei.

The desertification and sandification monitoring report released by the province in 2009 showed that in the previous five years, the sandified land near Beijing and Tianjin had shrank by 74,700 hectares.

Data from the China Meteorological Administration show that the annual average sandstorm days in Beijing have now been reduced to about 7.5 days and the annual average precipitation increased by 66.3 mm. The number of strongly windy days has been reduced by 30 days.

As the farm went into operation with large-scale tree planting mostly completed in the 1980s, the question was how to make it sustainable and profitable.

With logging being the traditional business model for state-owned forest farms, a hard fiberboard plant was set up in Saihanba in 1981 to process the inferior-quality trees rejected for

farm use. This became a major revenue source. In 2000, income from logging accounted for more than 90 percent of the farm's total earnings. To conserve forest resources, since 2012, the farm has almost halved the amount of timber harvested and the share of timber income has been slashed to 40 percent of the total.

Today, a more profitable business than logging is selling saplings of spruce, larch and Mongolian scotch pine. A 15-year-old spruce tree, that is usually around 7 meters tall, can fetch the same amount of money as timber from 30 trees of the same age, according to Wang Liming, who is in charge of the farm's plant nursery.

The farm has become an important sapling nursery in north China. In 2016, sapling sales generated an income of more than 11.95 million yuan (\$1.82 million). By reducing logging and expanding the sapling nursery, the farm has also increased the forest volume and area.

A side business of the farm is ecotourism. According to the county's Culture and Tourism Bureau, there are over 500,000 visits to Saihanba annually, yielding ticket revenue of more than 40 million yuan (\$6 million) and creating 15,000 direct jobs. Local residents benefit from this by providing lodging, catering and transportation services and selling artifacts and other specialty products. Every year, tourism adds more than 600 million yuan (\$90 million) to the local economy.

Saihanba has also launched a carbon sequestration project. Liu Haiying, head of the forest farm, told the media that the farm's total volume of sequestered carbon is equivalent to 4.75 million tons of carbon dioxide. So far, 183,000 tons of sequestered carbon had been listed for sale. If all the sequestered carbon is sold, it will generate at least \$15.19 million of revenue.

The whole society should adhere to the concept of green development, carry forward the spirit of Saihanba, and persevere in promoting ecological progress, generation after generation, President Xi said on August 28. He called for leaving a legacy for future generations: "Efforts should be made to promote the harmonious development of man and nature... make our great motherland more beautiful, and leave a bluer sky, greener mountains and clearer water for the future generations." ■



THE

KING

EL CHAPO IS GOING DOWN.

→

HOW MANY DRUG LORDS,

**LAST**

**PLAN**

BY  
**Malcolm  
Beith**  
AND  
**Jan-Albert  
Hootsen**

**POLITICIANS AND POLICEMEN**



**WILL HE TAKE WITH HIM?**

**O**NCE MEXICO'S MOST POWERFUL drug lord, El Chapo now spends his days alone, in a wing of the Manhattan Metropolitan Correctional Center. The lights are on at least 23 hours a day, and 60-year-old Joaquin Archivaldo Guzmán Loera is allowed out of his cell for just one hour of every 24. Plexiglass separates him from his lawyers every time they meet. And the authorities permitted just one visit—from his wife and their 5-year-old twins (his sister was barred from attending on that occasion because of fears she might pass on information to his cartel). In his court appearances, Guzmán has said little more than “Yes, sir,” in response to the judge’s questions.

If he takes the stand at his trial next April and decides to say anything more than that, some powerful people will be worried. And even if he remains silent, the evidence presented will likely inflame tensions between U.S. and Mexican law enforcement agencies and the two governments. Guzmán may know more about the endemic, crippling and murderous corruption in Mexico than anyone else.

How much Chapo will reveal and what will become of his cartel are two outstanding questions now that his fate—life behind bars—is all but guaranteed. Already convicted in Mexico of drug trafficking, homicide and illegal possession and use of firearms, Guzmán now faces U.S. prosecution on similar charges. When he was imprisoned in Mexico, Chapo ran his drug enterprise from inside his cell, and escaped. Twice. That’s why U.S. officials are taking extraordinary precautions to make certain he won’t break out again. Judge Brian Cogan, presiding over the case, has rejected attempts to grant Guzmán more flexible living conditions, to prevent him “from running the Sinaloa cartel from prison, coordinating any escape from prison or directing any attack on individuals that he may believe are cooperating with the government.”

It’s possible that this is all wasted effort, that Guzmán can no longer target enemies from his cell. The Sinaloa cartel—which just a few years ago spanned every continent—is collapsing. Two of Guzmán’s sons, Ivan Archivaldo and Jesus Alfredo, are struggling to keep the organization under the family name, fighting off constant threats from rivals and law enforcement.

It has been 11 years since then-President Felipe



Calderón launched an all-out war on drug trafficking and corruption in Mexico. Around 100,000 people have been killed in the process, but the government appears to have achieved its primary goal: breaking down the cartels by targeting the men at the top. Guzmán is the latest of more than a dozen cartel leaders who have been caught or killed since 2006. “I’m not a big believer of [that] kingpin strategy,” says Mike Vigil, a former chief of international operations for the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA). “But it does have an impact.”

Unfortunately, that impact includes a rapidly climbing body count. And both U.S. and Mexican officials now admit that splintering the cartels has led to more violence, not less. Traditionally, Mexican drug trafficking groups, much like the Italian Mafia, operated under unwritten codes that decreed family members, including wives, girlfriends and children, are off-limits unless they are directly involved in the drug trade. Under Guzmán’s leadership, disputes were usually handled as diplomatically as possible, with violence as a last resort. Everything changed in Mexico with the killing of Guzmán’s son Edgar in 2008 and the arrest of Vicente Zambada-Niebla, the son of Ismael “El Mayo”



**ONE OF THE PROBLEMS WITH TRACKING CHAPO'S CASH, MONEY LAUNDERING EXPERTS SAY, IS THAT MOST OF IT WAS QUICKLY RINSED IN THE LEGAL GLOBAL ECONOMY.**

Zambada, long regarded as Guzmán's top crony. Edgar was the son who was never supposed to go into the trade, yet cartel rivals gunned him down in the center of Culiacán, the capital of Sinaloa. With that, says Vigil, "the codebook was thrown in the toilet."

Before Zambada-Niebla was cuffed, he tried to cut a deal in April 2009 with DEA agents in Mexico City by offering information on rival cartels, but higher-ups in Washington, D.C., shot down his request. The Mexican military arrested him just hours after he met with the DEA in the Mexican capital and handed him over to the U.S. Once he was imprisoned in Chicago, he finally made a deal: He got a lighter sentence for providing information that helped lead to Guzmán's second capture, in 2014.

Since Zambada-Niebla's arrest, dozens of high-ranking members of the Sinaloa cartel have been caught or killed, and paranoia seems to have infected

the drug dealers. Such a climate of distrust is just what the authorities want. "When you take someone down like [Guzmán], that's when you need to pile on," says Michael Braun, a former chief of operations for the DEA. "When they become vulnerable, you can exploit them and tear an organization like that apart in two to three years."

### **Burned Cars in the Street**

IN MEXICO'S SIERRA, MUCH HAS CHANGED SINCE El Chapo was at the apex of his power, from 2001 to 2011. On a peak above Guzmán's birthplace, La Tuna, his loyal henchmen once alerted their cohorts if they saw the military coming, from a lofty perch known as "El Cielo"—the sky. Smoke would billow from the peak as soldiers neared, and anyone connected to Guzmán would flee long before the troops rolled in. Last year, soldiers took control of El Cielo. Now, says Angel Zepeda, a cousin of Guzmán's who lives in La Tuna, there's one lone watchman up on El Cielo. "Just a caretaker."

The Mexican military now has a permanent post in Badiraguato, the county seat, and the state police have a checkpoint just outside it, but *Newsweek* didn't see a single soldier on the seven-hour drive through winding hills to La Tuna, a road surveilled by military helicopters and patrols in the past. There are still signs of the cartel's presence—small groups of gunmen in some of the hamlets en route to Chapo's hometown, teenagers walking around toting automatic weapons—but it's not clear whom they're working for. In June 2016, masked gunmen attacked three towns in the heart of Sinaloa cartel territory: Arroyo Seco, Huixiopa and La Tuna. The consensus among residents, local journalists and officials: The attack was a show

of force by Guzmán's old allies turned rivals. A handful of houses were burned to the ground in Arroyo Seco, and according to one resident, nearly half the population has since fled. "The incursion was scary," says Zepeda. The attackers stormed into the village on motorcycles and went from house to house. It wasn't clear who or what they were looking for, but they raided the villa Guzmán built for

his mother, María Consuelo Loera Perez, stealing several vehicles before moving on to the next town. “They killed three teenagers—just like that,” Zepeda says. “They didn’t have anything to do with the [drug trade]. People were afraid. They still are.”

Accounts by other residents of the Sierra support Zepeda’s claims. Luis, an elderly farmer from Huixiopa, described burned cars in his town’s streets and seemingly random killings. He asked that only his first name be used; he has feared for his safety since May 2016, when a group of gunmen stopped him on a hilltop and threatened to hang him for no apparent reason. “These are all bad people,” he says.

A couple who work the local poppy fields say there were several murders over the summer. “We’ve been going from wake to wake,” one of them says. Dámaso López Núñez, a long-standing ally of Guzmán’s who helped him escape from a Mexican prison in 2001 and then became a plaza boss, led another raid on the towns in the Sierra in May. Around 1,300 people fled their homes due to the violence in July, according to Oscar Loza, head of Sinaloa’s nongovernmental human rights commission. The cartel war is creating “ghost towns,” he says. Over 1,000 homicides have occurred so far in 2017—there were about 1,600 in 2016—and nearly 2,000 forced disappearances, according to the commission.

Officials admit there is little they can do to stanch the blood and fear. Gonzalo Gómez Flores, Sinaloa’s secretary of the interior, says the state does not have effective local police forces and relies on 8,000 state and municipal cops to serve nearly 3 million inhabitants. Sixteen state police officers have been killed this year so far. The military, Gómez says, is focused on destroying poppy plantations and going after major traffickers; it isn’t willing or able to protect the innocent.

In April 2011, then-Mexican Police Chief Genaro García Luna said it would take “at least seven years” for the violence to decrease. That now looks optimistic; June registered the most violent homicides in 20 years. The Jalisco New Generation cartel, formed around 2009 in Guadalajara by remnants of Guzmán’s organization, has expanded quickly

and brutally. It claimed responsibility for a 2015 killing of 15 police officers and was responsible for a rocket-propelled grenade attack on a military helicopter.

Optimists point to the rise and fall of Los Zetas, a group of paramilitaries who started working for the Gulf cartel in northeastern Mexico. In the early 2000s, as their cartel bosses fell, they spread rapidly across the country, setting up their own communications towers and using their training to expand into new turf. But they lacked the kind of corruption network among authorities that allowed their predecessors to flourish, and their profligate violence attracted too much law enforcement attention. As their leaders got picked off, their clout dwindled. “I don’t think that the Jalisco New Generation cartel would be able to take the place of the Sinaloa cartel,” says Alejandro Hope, a security analyst and former Mexican intelligence official. He predicts the cartel will fall once its leader, Nemesio Oseguera Cervantes, known as “El Mencho,” is captured.

In May, Guzmán associate López Núñez was arrested. Just a month later, his son, Dámaso López Serrano, aka “El Mini Lic,” turned himself over to U.S. authorities. On August 7, López Núñez’s brother was arrested at the U.S. border.

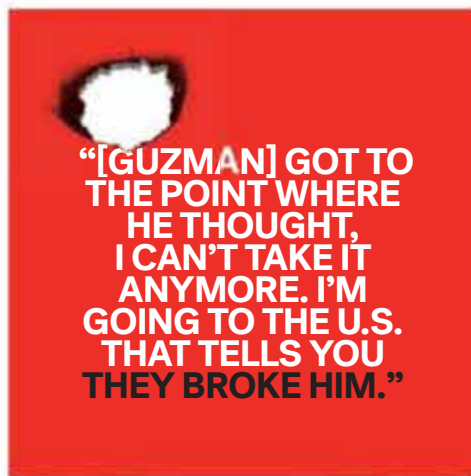
The fact that López Serrano turned himself in “had more to do with if he didn’t do that, he would get killed” than any desire to reduce potential prison time, Vigil says. A local journalist who covers crime in Culiacán and the Sierra, and who has not been named here for his own safety, believes Guzmán’s sons have the advantage in this treacherous turf war but warns that a family feud could cause more mayhem. “There’s a war in the Sierra, and family relations are no longer sacred,” the journalist says. “[Guzmán] won’t come back, so everyone is fighting everyone.”

Local reporters and former officials believe “El Mayo” Zambada

might still be able to regain control of Guzmán’s cartel, though he is said to be semi-retired, tending to his ranch. But former U.S. officials say the extradition of his son—who is likely to testify against Guzmán, according to Vigil—must have put a strain on the 69-year-old.

“There’s no order, no discipline, now that Chapo is gone,” says a Culiacán-based hit man, or *sicario*, who says he works for the Sinaloa cartel. (A local journalist helped corroborate his story.) The man, who uses the alias “Drako,” says he has mixed feelings about a post-Guzmán Sinaloa: “It would be better if these wars—this infighting—ended. Sometimes I think, I wish I was just dead or retired, or not in this place anymore.” He says he has met Guzmán’s sons a few times. “[The] sons are supposed to be in charge here, but to be honest, I don’t actually know who is,” he says. “[Guzmán] won’t come back, so everyone is fighting everyone.”

Chapo’s sons are not known for having inherited their father’s caution or common sense. In August 2016, they were kidnapped by a group of gunmen



from a restaurant in the coastal resort of Puerto Vallarta. They were released in exchange for captives held by the Sinaloa cartel, but the incident left little doubt in the minds of officials. “How stupid do you have to be to walk into Jalisco when there’s a conflict between your father’s cartel and Jalisco?” asks Vigil. “They were lucky they weren’t killed.”

In another sign of how attitudes have changed, locals now speak derisively of a man who used to terrify them: Rafael Caro Quintero—a 63-year-old Sinaloan trafficker who was released on a technicality after serving 28 years behind bars in Mexico for his role in the killing of DEA agent Enrique Camarena. Still wanted by U.S. authorities, Caro Quintero is described as a paranoid so worried about surveillance drones that he speaks only in whispers. “He doesn’t want ...anything to do with the drug trade,” the adult son of a poppy-farming family in the Sierra hamlet of Tameapa says. “The old man is really scared of drones.”

### The Homicidal Farmer

EL CHAPO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR HORRIFIC VIOLENCE, BUT HE WAS A WILDLY successful kingpin because he relied on his intelligence and his ability to do deals—with both other drug lords but also corrupt officials on both sides of the border. “I think Chapo understood that the threat of violence is crucially important to keeping [the] competition in fluid motion, but not to overuse it,” says former DEA agent Jack Riley.

He didn’t always get it right. In 1993, Guzmán appears to have sought more turf and power than he was allotted under the uneasy truce among the various cartels. He entered a war with the Tijuana-based Arellano Félix brothers that culminated in a wild shootout at the Guadalajara airport in which the archbishop of that city was killed—apparently by accident. Guzmán fled to Guatemala, but he was quickly caught with the help of U.S. intelligence. Upon his arrest in 1993, he coyly told reporters he didn’t know anything about a cartel and was “just a farmer.” He was convicted of homicide, illegal possession of firearms and drug trafficking, and was in prison until 2001, when he escaped thanks to the corruption network he’d built while inside.

That wasn’t his only escape plan: In 1998, Guzmán tried to negotiate a deal with U.S. officials but was peddling something Mexican authorities were desperate to keep from their allies in the drug war. The U.S. arranged for a DEA agent and intelligence analyst to visit the prison, posing as social workers. He offered them information about drug routes in exchange for not being extradited; they declined this offer because he was only willing to rat out subordinates. Joe Bond, the DEA agent who met with Guzmán then, says the Mexican attorney general’s office told him specifically not to ask the narco questions or accept information from him about political corruption. “Chapo wanted to

talk about corruption. We had to stop [him]—say, ‘We’re sorry. We have no authorization,’” he recalls. “It was a lot of bullshit.”

Guzmán escaped before he could be extradited, and when he got home, he continued to expand the Sinaloa cartel. In 2004, he went to war in Ciudad Juárez—one of the most lucrative trafficking routes along the border—and attacked the Gulf cartel. While he was doing all this, Chapo continued to reach out to the DEA’s Bond through one of his brothers, Arturo, saying he wanted to offer information. Bond says he was still not authorized to meet with Guzmán or do a deal.

By 2008, Chapo’s organization operated in 54 countries, on every continent, and was the primary cartel in the U.S., according to National Drug Intelligence Center estimates and Mexican authorities. But over the next four years, the DEA and Mexican authorities pummeled the Sinaloa cartel’s hierarchy, arresting or killing dozens of top lieutenants and bodyguards, as well as several of Guzmán’s relatives, on charges of drug trafficking.



### The Women Behind the Scenes

FAMILY HAS ALWAYS BEEN IMPORTANT in the cartel world—as have women. Their role has traditionally been a quiet one in what remains a macho society. There are still many trophy wives, princesses and doting mothers in denial about what their sons and husbands do. But in recent years, of-

ficials have noticed that some women in the narco world now control the money. Guzmán has been married at least three times and remained close with his former wives and partners. He is so close to two of them that U.S. authorities named them as accomplices: María Alejandrina Salazar Hernández and Griselda López Pérez are both on the U.S. Treasury’s Office of Foreign Assets Control List, which bars them from doing business with U.S. businesses and banks. (His current wife, Emma Coronel, is not named in any indictments, although her father, Inés Coronel Barreras, is wanted in the U.S. on multiple drug trafficking-related charges.)

One woman, a former mistress of “El Mayo” Zambada, appears to stand above all others in



Sinaloa: Blanca Cázares Salazar, known as “La Emperatriz.” She has been tabbed by the U.S. Treasury as one of the Sinaloa cartel’s main financial operatives since 2007. She owns and controls businesses—in Culiacán, Guadalajara, Tijuana and Mexico City, as well as across the border—that allegedly operate as fronts for the cartel. Cázares, who is wanted in the U.S. for drug trafficking and money laundering, may play a bigger role in the cartel now that Guzmán is gone. “You have to be able to project [violence], but you never want to overdo it,” says Riley. “I think she’s one of the people who sees that and sees how important the flow of profit is.”

Hope, the security analyst, believes most of Guzmán’s assets—perhaps billions of dollars—are invested in real estate or have been distributed among family, wives and ex-wives. Over the past decade, properties purportedly belonging to Chapo have been seized in Mexico and Colombia, a sign that he has been diversifying. At least half a dozen alleged Sinaloa cartel “financial operators” have been arrested in recent years, including Humberto Rafael Celaya Valenzuela, who identified himself as one of Guzmán’s attorneys.

One of the problems with tracking Chapo’s cash, money laundering experts say, is that most of it was quickly rinsed in the legal global economy. Drug traffickers tend to start small—investing in local businesses, restaurants or shopping malls, before moving money overseas. One Culiacán entrepre-

neur, who asked not to be named for safety reasons, explained how it works: “They offer you, for example, \$100,000 to invest in an agricultural business. They’re a silent investor. You buy the land, the machinery, everything, and you’re supposed to give them a certain amount back in a certain time as a legal payback of invested money. Their money is now clean, [and] you can keep a percentage yourself, which can be very profitable. The business is established in your name as a legal business, but the money is theirs.”

This may be how Guzmán’s financial operators wormed their way into at least one multinational bank. Between 2006—when the first warnings of the financial crisis sounded—and 2010, the Sinaloa cartel laundered at least \$881 million in drug trafficking proceeds through HSBC in the U.S. In 2012, HSBC Holdings PLC admitted in a deferred prosecution agreement with the U.S. Department of Justice that it had been negligent in the mid-2000s, allowing the Sinaloa cartel to launder money through its Mexican branches; it paid a settlement of \$1.9 billion. The Department of Justice found that HSBC had repeatedly ignored risk assessments about Sinaloa in particular.

It’s not just banks that ignored risks and rules, and colluded with or abetted the cartels. Government officials and law enforcement also did it. Local police in Mexico are largely considered too inept or corrupt to take on the drug traffickers, so federal police do the majority of their work. U.S. agencies cooperate with Mexican law enforcement, but the relationship is tense, with both sides wary of the other. This means that Guzmán’s trial could cause embarrassment on many fronts.

### Secrets and Lies

AFTER HIS LATEST ARREST, GUZMÁN WAS HELD IN CIUDAD JUÁREZ FOR A YEAR, until he instructed his lawyers to stop fighting extradition. He was likely subjected to rough treatment there, according to two former U.S. officials. “All that time he spent in Mexico—he was thoroughly debriefed using intense psychological methods,” says former DEA agent Gilbert Gonzalez. “I’m not



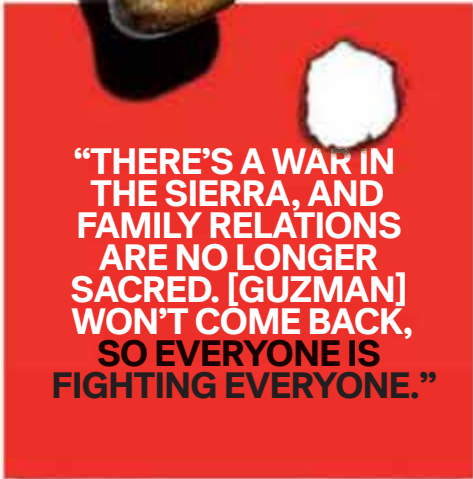


saying waterboarding... but [Guzmán] got to the point where he thought, I can't take it anymore; I'm going to the U.S. That tells you they broke him." The Mexican government did not comment in time for publication.

Broken but still dangerous, which is why so many people want him locked up, silenced or even dead. Prosecutors in the Eastern District of New York have nearly 10,000 pages of documents and 1,500 audio recordings as evidence against Guzmán, and as many as 40 witnesses could testify. (Prosecutors from the U.S. Attorney's Office were not authorized to speak to *Newsweek* about this matter. Requests to interview Guzmán were declined by the court.)

Prosecutors say the trial won't start until April because of the amount of evidence they have to submit. But the timing of this trial is crucial in Mexico, because any testimony regarding political corruption could affect the next national election there, scheduled for June 2, 2018. One former Mexican intelligence official, speaking on condition of anonymity, says that's why the trial is not being conducted swiftly, like those of so many other drug trafficking trials. He says, "The information [Guzmán will] give to the U.S. government...can be used to put political pressure on the current government and the next—and even influence the elections."

Guzmán could also make the DEA squirm. While Calderón was president, from 2006 to 2012, critics accused the U.S. agency of colluding with the Sinaloa



**“THERE'S A WAR IN THE SIERRA, AND FAMILY RELATIONS ARE NO LONGER SACRED. [GUZMAN] WON'T COME BACK, SO EVERYONE IS FIGHTING EVERYONE.”**

cartel while its agents focused on Mexico's more violent groups. Those allegations failed to gain real traction but did generate public distrust in Mexico of the U.S. narcs. According to one former Mexican intelligence official who asked not to be identified, some resentment remains. "During the Calderón administration, the DEA was leaking to the press that the [Mexican] government was in bed with the Sinaloa cartel," he says. "And look who turned out to be in bed with the Sinaloa cartel."

Which brings all this back to why so many people don't want Guzmán to testify. When he was arrested in

2014 in the coastal city of Los Mochis, many were surprised that the Mexican marines who nabbed him hadn't gunned him down. According to two former U.S. officials who spoke on condition of anonymity, the Mexican marines handed Guzmán over to the government in a bid to force its hand to prove it was actually serious about smashing the cartels. Says one, "It would have been so easy for them to shoot that son of a bitch."

One bullet would have buried a multitude of sins—those committed by Guzmán and his associates, as well as by the people charged with stopping them. —*With Josh Saul in New York* ■

# ACHIEVING RESULTS: DIVERSITY & INCLUSION ACTIONS WITH IMPACT

Veronika Hucke, D&I Strategy and Solutions | Lisa Kepinski, Inclusion Institute

**Although stated as a business priority, there is a stuck pattern with the Diversity and Inclusion (D&I) and gender equity efforts of many organizations that struggle to reach their goals. A new Newsweek Vantage Report uncovers what sets successful organizations apart, and provides insights and advice for D&I strategy focusing on actions that have impact.**

One key finding of the report: D&I programs in many organizations don't have the same rigorous follow through seen with other business critical initiatives. Although 7 in 10 say the topic is clearly visibly on the strategy of their organization, only every second has defined measures directly linked with their set ambitions and even slightly less are clear who is accountable. Finally, only every third will take action in case goals are not met. Not surprising, an inconsistent approach is less likely to deliver. For outcomes, a D&I strategy needs the same follow through as other change programs, which can be seen from organizations on track with their goals.

### Not sufficient to call out importance of D&I as part of strategy

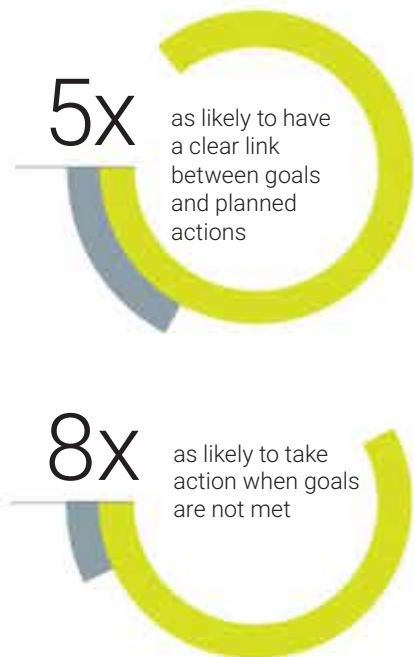
Just **1/2** saying "it is a business priority" are on track with their D&I goals



### Integration drives results

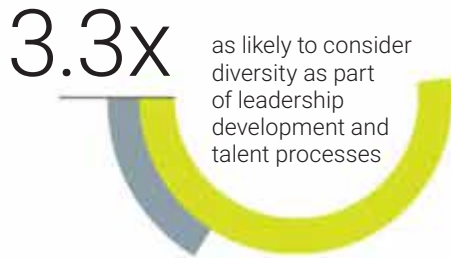
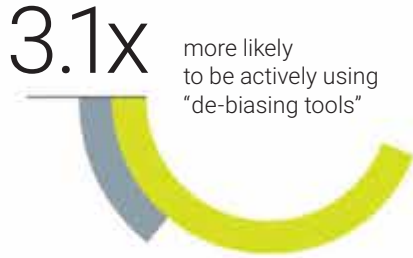
The second aspect that matters is the kind of actions taken. Reshaping the composition of an organization up to its most senior level and driving culture change requires more than stand-alone initiatives supporting – and often targeted at – under-represented groups. Instead, broad focus and support is required to address cultural as-

### Organizations on track with their D&I goals are ...



pects that can disadvantage some employees. Organizations on track to their goals were much more likely to consider diversity and inclusion in key people processes – like hiring and leadership development. Also, they use insights from behavioral economics to de-bias their processes. In contrast to the highly popular unconscious bias trainings, this enables them to lessen the impact of bias vs. just creating awareness with no behavioral change.

**Organizations on track with their D&I goals are ...**



**Lost opportunities**

Additionally, the research shows that surprisingly few respondents leverage the full potential of their organization.

**Most organizations don't fully tap into workforce capabilities**



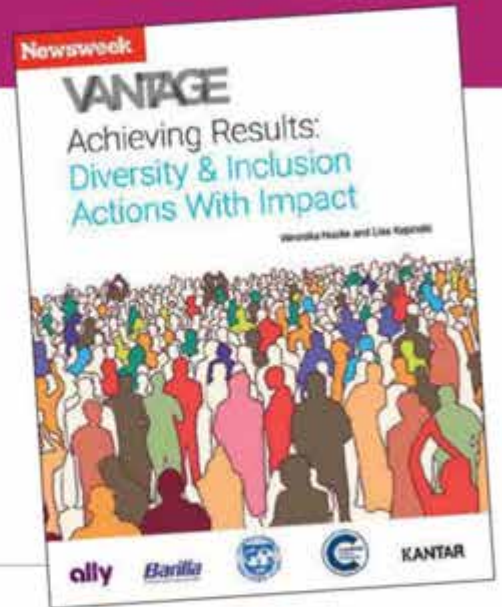
Despite a vast amount of research, clearly demonstrating the business benefits of diversity and inclusion, most apparently support it to do the "right" thing and miss out on being "smart" about it. Yet, reaping the benefits of a diverse and inclusive organization not only makes business sense, organizations that actively leverage diversity for business outcomes are also considerably more successful with their D&I goals.

**Organizations meeting their D&I goals do this by:**

1. Using a coherent approach to drive their D&I strategy
2. Redesigning processes to support an inclusive organization
3. Actively leveraging diversity to drive business outcomes

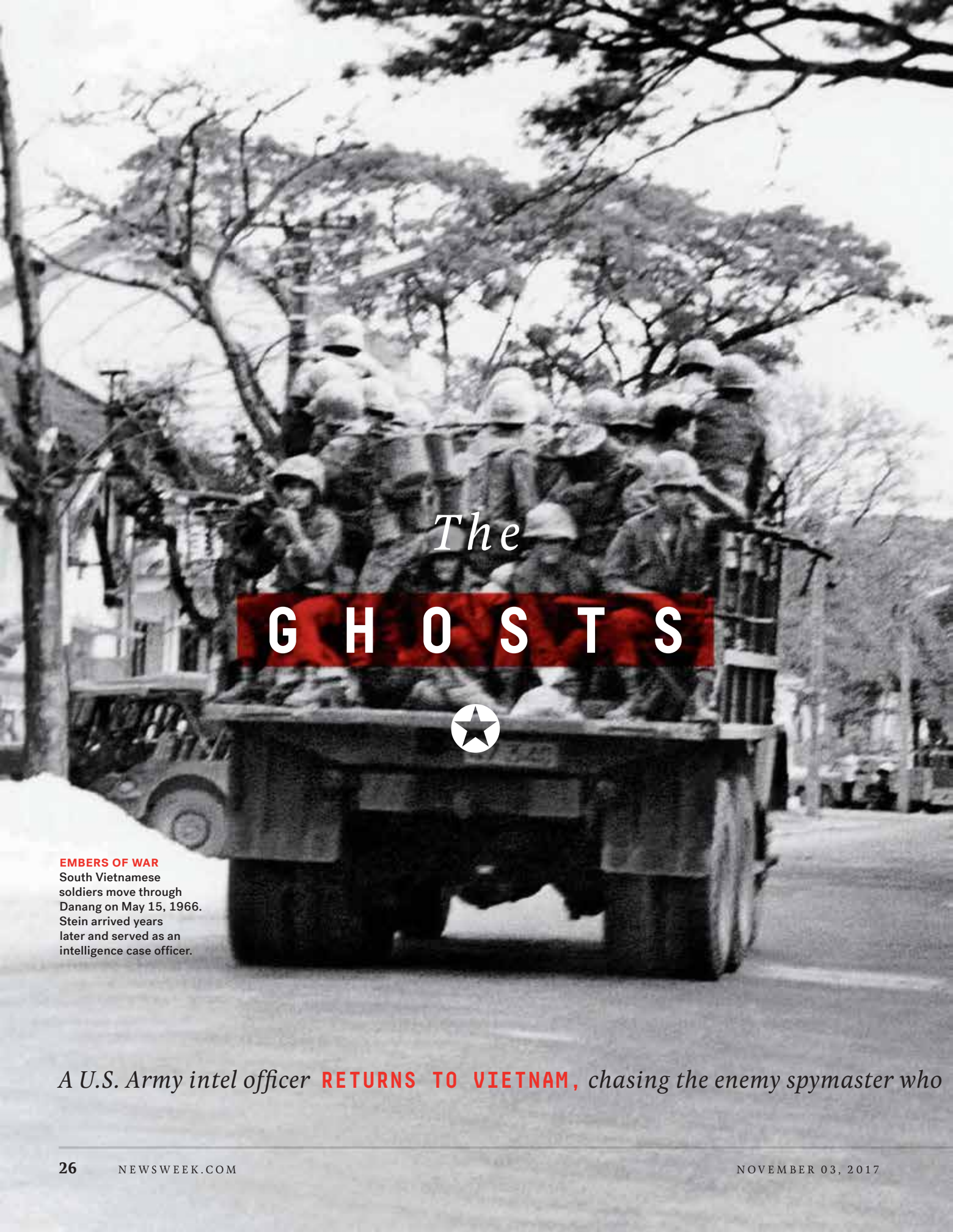
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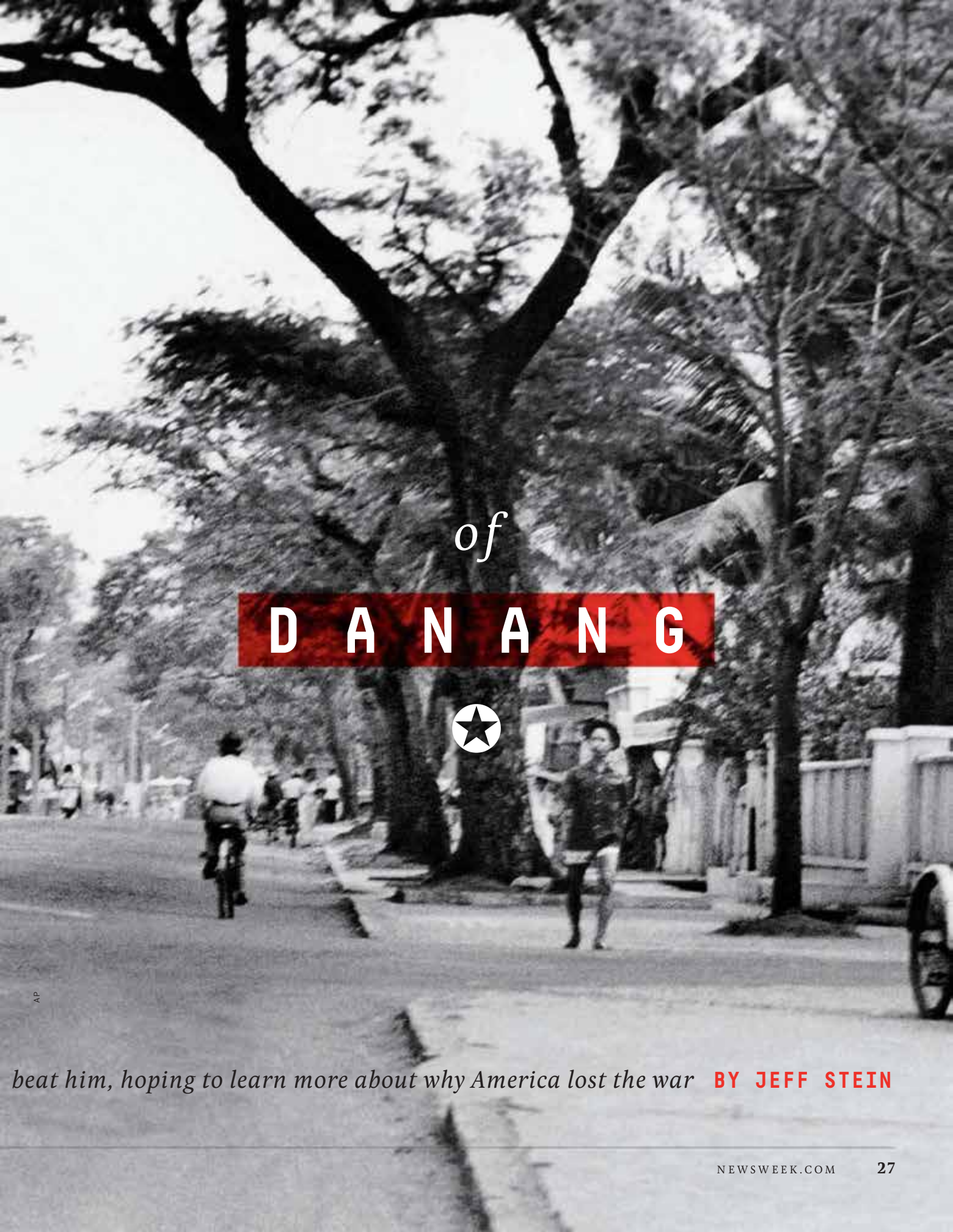
**G H O S T S**



**EMBERS OF WAR**

South Vietnamese soldiers move through Danang on May 15, 1966. Stein arrived years later and served as an intelligence case officer.

*A U.S. Army intel officer RETURNS TO VIETNAM, chasing the enemy spymaster who*



*of*

**DANANG**



AP

*beat him, hoping to learn more about why America lost the war* **BY JEFF STEIN**

**THE BLACK MERCEDES WEAVES THROUGH THE SWARMS OF MOTORBIKES IN DANANG,** Vietnam. At the wheel is a former Viet Cong guerrilla fighter with a combat ribbon on the lapel of his suit jacket. He takes me along the harbor, once a major port for U.S. Navy ships, then past the site of the former U.S. military command, now occupied by the towering regional headquarters of the Vietnamese Communist Party. Beside him is my minder from the Foreign Ministry in Hanoi, a worldly young man named Duc. I'm in the back seat, next to another former VC fighter, who is regaling me with a tale of ambushing U.S. Marines just north of the city in 1969. Smiling, he raises a trouser leg to show me a bullet wound. I ask him the name of his unit. When he tells me, I nod in recognition.

A half-century ago, I was a U.S. Army intelligence operative here, controlling a network of Vietnamese spies, tracking the movement of enemy forces. I have come back to speak with my former nemesis—the man who ran agents against me, then retired decades later as deputy commander of North Vietnamese military intelligence—Major General Tran Tien Cung.

Just as he had during the war, Cung was proving to be elusive. In their customary fashion, the Vietnamese had frustrated my efforts: Negotiations fell apart again and again. Now, almost 50 years after trying to catch him, I was suddenly getting a chance to meet him face-to-face—to compare notes from our secret side of the war.

As the streets narrow, we pass by the old American air base, once a major staging ground for U.S. Phantom jets taking off for secret bombing raids in Laos. Finally, the driver inches the car into a secluded lane and stops. Serious-looking men appear and open my door, and I step out into the brutal Vietnamese heat. “Wait here,” one says. He confers with my man from Hanoi. It's possible, Duc whispers to me, that the general, struggling with the aftereffects of a stroke, will not be able to see me after all.

I sag against the car, wipe the sweat from my forehead. Once again, I fear I will miss him, that he will die, taking the secrets of how he eluded the world's most advanced intelligence services to the grave.

### **‘Fucked Up Beyond All Repair’**

IN DECEMBER 1968, I ARRIVED IN DANANG AS AN intelligence case officer, fresh from a year of intense Vietnamese language study and six months at the Army's school for spies at Fort Holabird in Baltimore. The tradecraft we learned there—servicing dead drops, assessing potential recruits and dodging the Soviet-bloc secret police—was designed more for scenarios out of a John le Carré thriller than recruiting Vietnamese peddlers to track Communist units. But once I arrived in Danang, I quickly learned that one of those key techniques—maintaining my cover—could be far more difficult, and have far higher stakes, than posing as a civilian in Cold War Berlin.

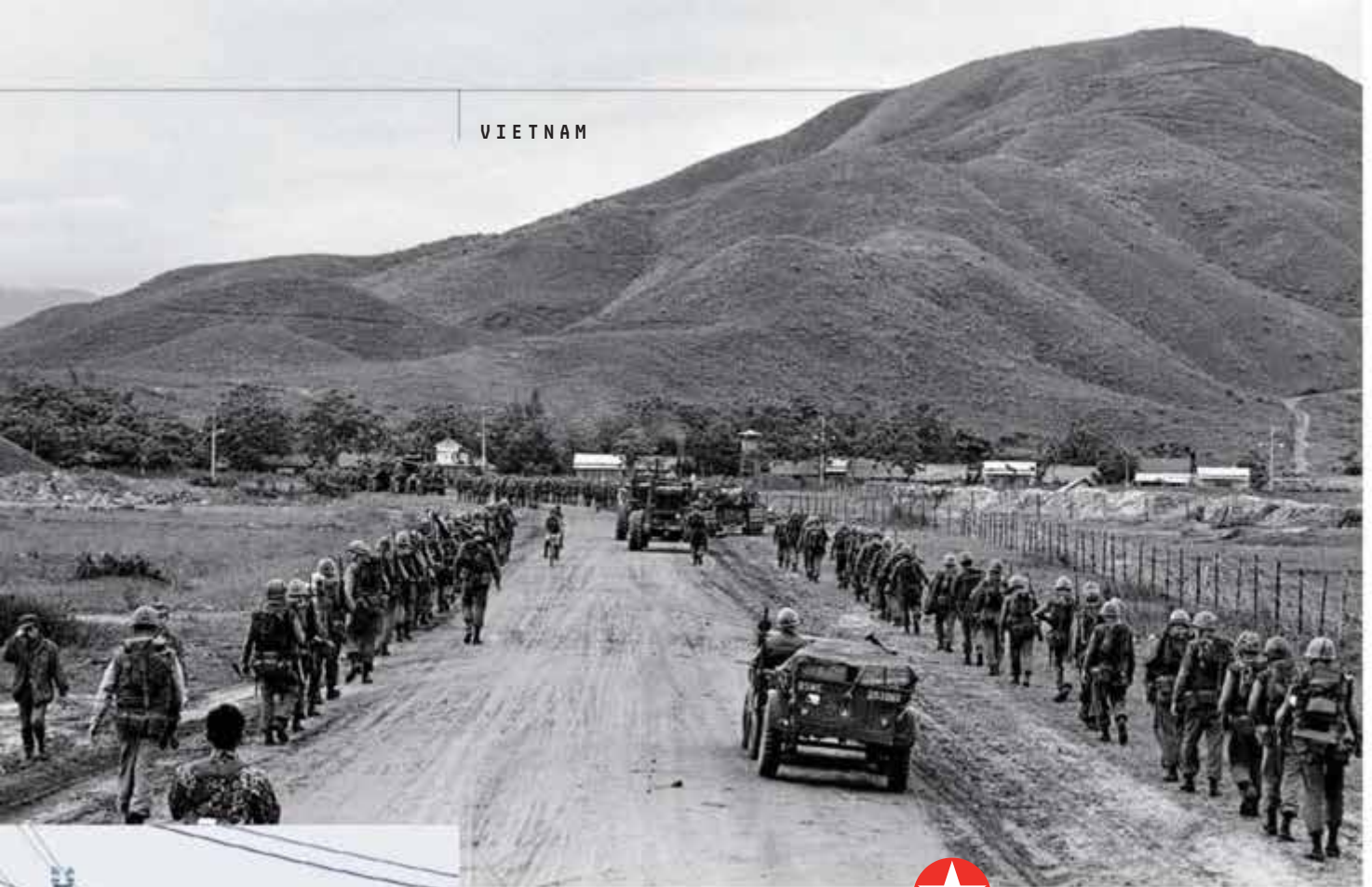
The challenges of real-war espionage became clear on my first night in the city, at a cocktail reception at the U.S. consulate in Danang, a former French colonial outpost. I was still memorizing my cover story when I took a glass from a waiter's tray. As I surveyed the room, a South Vietnamese officer strolled over and struck up a conversation. I was wary: I knew the South's officer corps was riddled with Communist spies. After a few minutes chatting in my newly minted Vietnamese, he asked, “What do you do?”

My heart thumped as I gave him my spiel: “I'm a civilian refugee assistance officer with the Department of Defense.” He smiled broadly and took a sip of his champagne. “So you're a spy,” he chortled.

On the way back to our high-walled villa in the old French quarter, I poured out my panic to two



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: AP; KEYSTONE-FRANCE/GAMMA-KEystone/GETTY; JOXEANKORET; STEVE CASIMIRO/GETTY



STRANGERS IN A  
**STRANGE LAND**, WE  
ALWAYS HAD A MARK  
ON OUR BACKS.



**THEY MARCHED  
INTO SUNLIGHT**

Above, U.S. Marines walk through Danang in 1965. They'd come to vanquish the Viet Cong, led by Ho Chi Minh, middle. Today, the Communist leader's body rests in a mausoleum in Hanoi, right, and Danang hardly resembles the city it was during the Vietnam War.



teammates. “Oh, that’s nothing,” one said. “The Green Berets captured a VC map six months ago with a big X on our place. It had ‘special intelligence house’ scrawled on it.” Alarmed, I asked why they hadn’t moved. They shrugged. “FUBAR,” one said—fucked up beyond all repair. “Welcome to Nam.” They were headed back to the States as part of the drawdown of U.S. troops. I’d be left alone to run the operation.

I quickly moved to a new house and arranged for a different cover. Soon, I had a steady stream of intelligence coming in from my agents. But none could answer my most nagging question: Who’s the spy chief running agents against me? We wanted to take him out—to kill him or, better yet, arrange for his capture and interrogation. But I never got a name.

A few days before Thanksgiving in 1969, I left Vietnam and the army. I was done with all that, except for the occasional article on the war’s aftermath and a book about Green Berets charged with murder after they executed one of their own spies, a suspected double agent.

Then, one day in early 2012, I got an email that rekindled my interest in my spymaster rival. It came from Merle Pribbenow, a former CIA officer who has spent his retirement years translating documents from Hanoi’s archives. Among them: A memoir written by General Tran Tien Cung, identified as the wartime deputy director of North Vietnamese military intelligence. No one else had taken notice of this extraordinary document. Pribbenow shipped me swatches of his English translations. Now, I had not only his name but a location: Cung was chairman of the Danang Veterans Association.

The book, *Home and Fellow Soldiers*—its anodyne title seemingly chosen to deflect attention—had few cloak-and-dagger details. But one story was shocking, even all these years later: In March 1975, as the Saigon army reeled and retreated in the last weeks of the war, Cung had led an intelligence team into the deserted U.S.–South Vietnamese command center in Danang and captured a huge cache of classified material, including documents identifying enemy agents. “Among the items that we recovered,” Cung wrote, “were six cryptographic machines” to make and break codes, plus “a number of machines” that could make foolproof ID cards—advanced gear

Hanoi undoubtedly passed along to its allies in Moscow, Beijing and Havana to manufacture counterfeit U.S. identity papers. “We recovered so many documents and so much equipment,” Cung added, “the Ministry of Defense had to send down two [Russian] AN-24 cargo aircraft to be able to carry it all back.”

That intelligence coup had no doubt helped vault Cung to the rank of general. And when the U.S.-backed Saigon government was defeated, Hanoi gave him a key role in its next great campaign: organizing Cambodian exiles to overthrow the genocidal Khmer Rouge regime next door in Phnom Penh. Vietnam’s lightning triumph elevated Cung to the equivalent of the CIA field generals who laid the groundwork for American coups d’états in Iran, the Congo, Guatemala and Panama. But he wasn’t through. In 1984, he was put in charge of snuffing out a U.S.-based plot to organize a counter-revolution in Vietnam. He “annihilated” a force of Vietnamese exiles trying to infiltrate the country through Laos, he wrote.

It was a remarkable career for someone who grew up in a “petit bourgeois family” in Goi Noi, a swampy Communist stronghold about 15 miles south of Danang, according to Cung’s official biography in Hanoi. He had joined the revolution as a seventh-grader in 1945, and during a short-lived uprising against the U.S.-backed French colonial regime three years later, he was captured and presumed dead, only to escape and fight again. When the revolutionary Viet Minh finally prevailed over the French at Dien Bien Phu in 1954, and the country was sawed in half at the Geneva peace conference, Hanoi brought him north for intense spy training, at one point shipping him to Moscow for more advanced courses. In 1965, with Viet Cong forces reeling around Danang from the invasion of U.S. Marines, he was sent back down to ramp up Hanoi’s espionage efforts. One of Cung’s most effective spies was a “major land owner,” he recalled in his memoir, who had two gold shops in the Chinese market. Another key agent was “a sympathizer” inside the U.S.–South Vietnamese military headquarters in Danang.

During the Communists’ countrywide Tet Offensive in January 1968, Cung’s spies managed to obtain “the enemy’s military plan” for the area. They did it again when the U. S. organized a major campaign



**COVERT THEATER**  
China Beach, right, was a favorite place for U.S. military personnel to catch a little R&R; it was also where Stein would meet couriers to pick up intelligence reports. The Furama, above, is one of the resorts that now sits on that beach.

**A LONG-BURIED HABIT KICKED IN: I STARTED DREAMING UP A**





against North Vietnamese units in Laos. That intelligence coup helped turn the assault into a stunning disaster for the U.S. “Certainly, there can be no argument that the Commies cleaned our clock, intel-wise,” says Pribbenow, who served five years in the CIA’s Saigon station, “although I do believe that a number of their claims in that area are a bit inflated.”

All this was academic to me until I found out that Cung—the man who had put the X on my supposedly secret safe house—was alive and in Danang. In 2013, I began angling for an interview. In the wildest corner of my imagination, I imagined us walking the streets together, visiting our old spy haunts and swapping war stories. After all, American and Viet Cong combat veterans had been revisiting their old battlefields together for years. Why not two old spies?

My first few inquiries to Hanoi got nowhere: The subject was too sensitive, Cung was too busy and then, in 2015, when he was 88-year-old, too ill. I almost gave up.

But suddenly last summer, when I told Vietnamese authorities that I would soon be nearby, in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, Hanoi said it might be possible to see him, if I could make it to Vietnam. No guarantees, they said, but we’ll see what we can do. I booked a ticket and headed to Danang.

### Dead Drops and Empty Beer Bottles

LIKE SO MUCH THAT HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN ABOUT the U.S. war in Vietnam, the origin of China Beach’s nickname seems lost to history. A ribbon of sugary sand stretching for miles south from Danang, it was uninhabited during the war except for the occasional fisherman and the large U.S. Naval base at Monkey Mountain, a crop of steep hills at its northern end. U.S. sailors and Marines would come for a swim and a few beers. Behind them in the quiet palm groves and rice paddies, the sight of young boys on water buffaloes offered an illusion of bucolic seclusion. Many, we knew, were VC lookouts. And from beyond the distant hills came the muffled thumps of outgoing U.S. artillery. In early 1969, I swung by to scout it for a possible dead drop or meeting place.

Decades later, on August 18, 2017, I checked into the Furama, one of the gated luxury resorts that now sit on the beach. Across from the entrance, the rice paddies that once graced the landscape were gone, replaced by a highway lined with bustling restaurants and amusement parks. I checked into my room, unpacked and waited for the call from the people who’d said they’d let me see Cung.

And waited. Through a back channel to Hanoi, I learned that my request had kicked up a bureaucratic battle among party officials and government ministries. The foreign minister was under attack, my informant said, for helping set up interviews with internal critics of Hanoi for the Ken Burns–Lynn Novick PBS TV series on Vietnam, which had displeased officials for its depiction of party purges, war weariness in the North and Communist massacres in the South. Plus, he said, Cung was infirm. He might not live much longer, much less wander the streets with me comparing notes on our secret war.

Another day passed. Then, I got an email from Duc, who had been assigned by Hanoi to accompany me during my visit. (Foreign reporters are

FROM TOP: ALLAN MORRISON/ALAMY, AP; MEGG IAPHOTO/GETTY

**COVER STORY** TO EXPLAIN WHERE WE WERE, WHAT I WAS DOING.

not allowed to roam alone in Vietnam.) He said he would be flying down to meet me the next day.

Free for 24 hours, I took off on my own.

### Confessions and Cover Stories

FIRST STOP WAS MY OLD SAFE HOUSE AT NO. 3 NGUYEN Thi Giang, once a sleepy street in the old French quarter. The only problem: The address didn't exist anymore. The Communists had stripped the streets of names honoring the imperial past and replaced them with homages to their revolutionary heroes. After the hotel concierge slipped me a prewar map, however, I was on my way.

As the taxi ferried me from China Beach across the Han River, I hoped I'd find some surviving remnant of the quiet old French Quarter where I'd lived. Behind the high walls of our villa, I'd spent the year hunched over a Royal typewriter, translating and typing up reports from my 13 Vietnamese spies, one of whom was a double agent commanding a Viet Cong rocket squadron. His urgent warnings of an impending attack on the city or nearby U.S. military bases were rarely wrong. "Dao," as I'll call him here, had been recruited out of a U.S. holding center for Viet Cong defectors. He'd expressed such disillusionment with the revolution that he said he'd be willing to go back as our spy, and we took him up on it. Next, we found a peddler who regularly traded with Dao's unit. That gave him cover to banter with the commander, who would whisper his unit's attack plans as they made a sale.

Cung had written of such betrayals in his memoir, how "some cadres who were not able to endure the challenges defected to the other side." And I had one of them. Yes, we had that big X on our house, but at least we were in the game.

Now, our safe house was gone. The old French quarter had been razed and replaced with a clutter of shops and apartment buildings. Rivers of motorbikes and Korean cars clogged the streets. I took a few pictures, got back into my cab and gave the driver a new destination: the city beach where I'd once had clandestine meetings to pick up reports.

During lunchtimes back then, I'd drive by a soccer stadium looking for a 5-inch scratch on one of its fading ochre walls. Horizontal meant I had reports to pick up, at a prearranged location. Vertical meant trouble, a signal for an emergency meeting.

The most common meeting place was a shaded

small beach about a mile away. I'd drive up in my jeep with U.S. diplomatic plates, give a cursory glance around to see if I'd been tailed, then walk down to the sand, unfurl a towel and strip down to take a swim. If I saw nobody suspicious-looking, I'd leave the water and shake out my towel as a "safety signal" to a courier hidden nearby. (Folding it meant abort.) A few minutes later, a young boy would come along selling ice cream from a wooden box slung over his shoulder, and I'd buy a cone. It would be wrapped with a thin sheaf of reports scribbled in very tiny handwriting. The tradecraft was as old as God's command to Moses to "send men to spy out the land of Canaan."

Intelligence trainers teach aspiring spies that they can't be too careful with such transactions. Enemy agents can bring down an entire spy network if they uncover a courier (as the CIA did when it was hunting Osama bin Laden). Cung thought their anonymity was so critical that he chose women for the job—less likely to be stopped by South Vietnamese police—and segregated them from his other spy trainees. "These women were not allowed to tell anyone anything, where they worked or what they did," he recalled in his memoir. "For that reason, nobody knew that, for example, this lady was an intelligence agent, or that that lady was preparing to be sent to South Vietnam."

Despite Cung's precautions, however, my spies, many of them small-time merchants, were regularly uncovering the arrival of Cung's women in the Danang area. A typical report would read that Miss So-and-So "has returned to Hoi An from a six-month absence and is working as an assistant tailor" at a certain shop. "She has told neighbors she was studying art in Saigon," an agent might report, "but since she has shown no aptitude for it, they are sure she has joined the Communists."

Such "raw intelligence" was passed along to the local office of the Phoenix Program, a highly classified CIA operation to "neutralize" Viet Cong agents in the countryside. Years later, Phoenix was exposed as a brutal, haphazard assassination program rife with corruption, but not long after my arrival in Danang, I'd learned an even deeper secret about it from an internal CIA document that came my way: Communist spies had managed to infiltrate that too. It was something I was eager to talk about with Cung. In his memoir, he wrote that in 1969 he had "carried out a number of plans to dispatch



COURTESY OF JEFF STEIN



#### ADDRESSES UNKNOWN

Stein tried to find some of his former haunts and safe houses in Danang, but the neighborhood had been razed and even the street names had been changed.

agents to penetrate the headquarters of the enemy's 1st Tactical Zone" and associated units.

That would be me. Had he gotten inside American intelligence? Such dark thoughts came back as I searched, prewar map in hand in the back of a taxi, for my old clandestine meeting spot on the beach. I urged my driver on through the narrow streets and alleyways, farther and farther from the tourist track. As we crept forward, peasant women toting straw baskets on their heads, and skinny children kicking soccer balls, stepped aside and stared at me. I got a whiff of charcoal smoke and fish sauce, which reminded me of my nervous travels to agent meetings a half-century ago.

The driver now chuckled nervously at our odd journey, perhaps thinking: What if we encounter a Vietnamese policeman who starts asking difficult questions? What is this American doing so far out of the way? A long-buried habit kicked in: I started dreaming up a cover story. I even glanced at the rearview mirrors of parked motorbikes to see if anyone was following us.

So, this is post-traumatic stress disorder, I laughed to myself. Then, the taxi turned a corner and abruptly stopped. An elevated highway loomed

## VIETNAM

in front of us. Beyond, I could see the beach, now shorn of its graceful palms. A sign warned of an off-limits military installation nearby. There would be no revisiting it today—or ever. My old world had been razed—the safe house, meeting places, the soccer stadium, the rickety hotel where, with sweaty palms, I first met my “principal agent” (the go-between for our spy network). A scheming Vietnamese man twice my age, he had worked for the French before us and chain-smoked his coal-like Gitanes all through my hours of debriefing him. All gone.

Except for Cung.

### Slipping Out Through the Bamboo

THE NEXT AFTERNOON, DUC CALLED FROM THE airport. He suggested we meet at a restaurant along the commercial strip not far from my hotel. A few hours later, we took a table under the bright fluorescent lights of its open-air patio, a place far off the tourist track. Surrounded by Vietnamese families, we ate and drank long into the night. Urbane and sophisticated, he probed me on my war experience and views. And I asked about his. As the empty beer bottles crowded the table, I learned he was connected to the highest levels of Hanoi's national security elite. His father had been an ambassador. An uncle was high up in the Internal Security Ministry. He had studied in China and done a stint at Hanoi's consulate in San Francisco.

I enjoyed his company, and he mine, I think, especially when we talked about the meaning of Vietnam's epic national poem, *The Tale of Kieu*, the 18th-century story of a beautiful young girl who sells herself into prostitution to save her family.

But I knew he was sizing me up. And that I was running out of time.

The next afternoon, the opening finally came. “It is a long shot,” Duc said, “but meet me at the Danang Veterans Association office.” Thirty minutes later, I was knocking on its second-story glass door on a quiet side street. A dour man behind a big desk at the far end of the room looked up, then stood slowly, clearly surprised to see a Western visitor at his out-of-the-way office. After a momentary hesitation, he walked over and half-opened the door. A military decoration hung from his jacket pocket told me I was face-to-face with a former enemy.

“I am an American journalist,” I offered in my rusty Vietnamese. “*Tôi là báo chí Mỹ.*” I tried on a

respectful smile. He assessed me without words. “Được,” he finally mumbled—all right, it meant, but not exactly OK. He invited me in, motioned me to sit and picked up his desk phone. I began trying to explain that an official from the Foreign Ministry in Hanoi was supposed to meet me there. He raised an eyebrow at that, spoke a few words into the phone and then slowly replaced the receiver. More silence. A few minutes later, two elderly men entered the room, followed by a third. From the looks of the ribbons on their chests, they were all former VC fighters from Danang. They had certainly shot at Americans during the war, I figured, dug booby traps and planted mines, maybe killed some GIs and Marines. And they, too, had suffered immense losses in the war—comrades and family obliterated by American attacks. They did not look pleased to see me. Why should they be?

Finally, Duc burst in, apologizing. With a deep deference to these elders of the revolution, he introduced me in the kindest light. He told them I had written about the lingering effects of Agent Orange, the defoliant afflicting yet another generation of Vietnamese—a major concern for these veterans—as well as the continuing casualties from wartime U.S. ordnance exploding in rice fields. They nodded. I responded with an expression of my sincere interest in reconciliation between both sides, and in my particular case, a meeting with General Cung. They began to soften. Two of the men got up and began to confer privately. One left and then came back with someone else: Cung’s son. They whispered, and then Duc turned to me with a big smile: We were going to see the general. The long and winding path that had brought me here was suddenly a short, straight line.

Twenty minutes later, we were driving into the alley behind his house. When I stepped out of the Mercedes and peered at the rear of an unremarkable, two-story cement home, pastel green, I thought, Of course: This spymaster would not live in a place that called attention to himself.

As I waited, Cung’s son disappeared into the house. When he emerged a few minutes later, he conferred with Duc. “He is very sick” Duc explained. “You will have only a few minutes.” When we were finally summoned by an aide, we passed through the back patio into a spacious, high-ceilinged room. Cung was lying on a tan rattan cot, thin and frail. His aide propped him up and served him a few pills. I glanced

at the framed and signed photographs on his wall: Cung with the legendary General Vo Nguyen Giap, the hero of Dien Bien Phu, Cung with Ho Chi Minh. The old man waved me to his bedside. Duc explained my presence. Cung nodded with a weak smile.

In a raspy voice, he said he appreciated how far I had come to see him. He was happy to meet an American. But he had to apologize: He couldn’t remember much. The stroke had damaged his brain. But go ahead and ask me a question, he said in Vietnamese. Duc nodded and whispered to me, “He maybe has only time for one.”

My mind raced. I had a long list: Had he ever managed to recruit anti-war Americans? How did he get spies inside U.S. bases? (We knew that scores of Vietnamese workers on U.S. bases were giving coordinates to VC artillery gunners.) I wanted to know more about the advanced spy training he had gotten in Moscow, the specifics of the Soviet-supplied “revolution in our intelligence activities” in 1969 that he described in his memoir. And so much more.

As I pondered my question, the general waved a fly from his brow. A fan turned slowly overhead. I told him I had great respect for someone who had managed to dodge the French colonial gendarmes, the Saigon police and then the Americans, from 1945 until 1975 and lived to tell about it.

He weakly smiled and nodded.

“What was your greatest espionage triumph against us?” I finally asked.

He lay in silence, his eyes sweeping the ceiling. His memory was weak, he apologized again. “*Lâu lắm rồi*”—So long ago. But he remembered one encounter with the Americans. It was in the mid-1960s, when he was operating out of his home region of Go Noi, about 15 miles south of Danang. He swiveled his head toward me and started rasping out the story in his paper-thin voice, speaking with the accents of the Central Vietnam dialect.

“One day, about a dozen American helicopters landed abruptly” near a house where he was meeting with agents. “Because it was so unexpected, my team did not have enough time to withdraw, so we ran down to the tunnel beneath the house.”



**NOW, THE IDEA  
WAS TO SHOOT,  
BOMB, SHELL  
AND BURN OUR  
WAY OUT. “KILL  
ANYTHING THAT  
MOVES” WAS  
THE NEW ORDER  
OF THE DAY.**



Duc waved for him to pause so he could translate. “Don’t stop him,” I said, “I’m getting the gist.” I turned on my recorder.

“The house owner was a woman,” Cung said. “Right after she took us down the tunnel, two American soldiers and an interpreter entered the house.” But Cung and his teammate suddenly realized in horror that “the radio in the house was still playing” a Radio Hanoi broadcast. If the American’s Vietnamese interpreter heard it, he wasn’t saying anything. “Where are the Viet Cong?” the Americans demanded. From beneath the floor, Cung overheard the woman saying, “They slipped out through the bamboo when you landed.”



#### WE ONCE WERE SPIES

Cung, left, was the wartime deputy director of North Vietnamese military intelligence. Stein, right, his American adversary then, returned to Danang to meet him, hoping to compare notes from the secret side of the war they both fought in.

Cung said the Americans threatened to burn her with lit cigarettes. “We were very frightened in that tunnel. We were afraid that she would say something about us.” But she didn’t. The GIs apparently ran out of patience and ran off to “chase the Viet Congs.”

Not much of a spy story, I thought. Except for this: “The local people were very protective of people like me and our activities,” Cung told me. It was clearly a warm memory. “After the Americans left, she invited us up for some sticky rice.”

I recalled my night at the consulate, when I was stripped of my cover in an instant, and the initial fear I felt when I learned the VC had put a big X on my

team’s house. Strangers in a strange land, we always had a mark on our backs. Who were we kidding?

And as Cung wrapped up his story, another one bubbled up in my mind, one that I’d carried in horror for a half a century. One night early in my tour, I’d delivered late-breaking intelligence to the 1st Marine Division headquarters on a hill outside Danang. On the way out, I stopped at a shack that served as an officers’ club, pulled up a seat at the rickety bar and asked for a beer. The guy next to me turned out to be a Navy doctor working with the Marines’ “hearts and minds” program in the hamlets. “How’s it going?” I asked. He stared into his glass. Finally, he turned to me and said, “It’s a fucking waste.”

I waited for more. After a brooding silence, the doctor told me how he spent his days in rural hamlets handing out medicine and giving shots while a Marine “civic action” unit distributed food, drilled wells and so on. “And then those guys,” he said, tearing up and nodding toward the distant thump of artillery, “blow them away.” This was the first I’d heard of free-fire zones, where gunners had license to loft shells into zones merely suspected of harboring VC guerrillas. The revelation threw me into a week of deep depression. Was I contributing to that? Prodded by my team chief, I finally got back to my spy work, rationalizing that the intelligence I delivered to the Marines was saving American lives. And by 1969, that was pretty much all it was about—saving our own hides. Protecting the lives of ordinary Vietnamese was no longer a primary factor in the U.S. exit strategy for the war. The delusional idea of “winning hearts and minds” that greased our way into Vietnam years before had been eclipsed by a new slogan making the rounds: “When you got ‘em by the balls, their hearts and minds will follow.” Now, the idea was to shoot, bomb, shell and burn our way out. “Kill anything that moves” was the new order of the day.

And of course, that’s why two generations of peasants gave sticky rice and protection to people like Cung and lied to people like us. As I listened to the one story he could remember from all his years as a spy, the exhilaration I’d felt from tracking him down melted into a deep sadness. The general seemed to sense it, but he was fading, and it was time to leave. “I’m happy you survived,” I said, packing my bag. I offered him my hand. He took it in his brittle grasp and managed a smile. “You also,” he said.

Our war was finally over. ■

**SCIENCE**

# Let's Get This Party Started

Mathematicians have some new ideas about how life on Earth began



**▶** LONG BEFORE THERE WERE HUMANS, OR EVEN single-celled creatures, something sparked life on Earth—but precisely what is far from settled. Some new clues have come from a surprising corner of this thriving planet: mathematics. The work begins with Charles Darwin's theory that life began when chemicals and electricity merged in "some warm little pond" in just the right way to form protein. Ben Pearce and colleagues at McMaster University recently modeled what would have happened in those ponds during Earth's earliest days.

The researchers wanted to know how likely it was for RNA, essential for the genetic encoding all of life, to form inside these ponds. They first estimated the number of meteorites hitting Earth carrying large quantities of nucleobases—a compound that contributes to RNA—into Darwin's ponds. They factored in the likelihood of chemicals forming new bonds as the ponds shrank and expanded with the seasons, and those new configurations being destroyed by ultraviolet light from the sun or slipping into pond soil.

Churning these possibilities through mathematical models led to their conclusion that after a meteorite struck, RNA could have formed within a few years. Pearce says that the calculations show this process would have been a common occurrence across the Earth. "There were thousands of opportunities" for life to begin, he says.

Not all scientists are convinced by the results, published in the October issue of *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*. The new study doesn't consider energy flow, but research has shown that hydrothermal vents are ideal incubators for creating life, says NASA geochemist Michael Russell. The new study also considers only one meteor-borne ingredient for RNA, assuming two other essential building blocks would have been plentiful on Earth, says Jan Amend, a geochemist at the University of Southern California, who doubts that was the case.

Understanding how life started on Earth could have implications that go far beyond our planet. Meteorites have

likely hit planets throughout the galaxy, and hydrothermal vents on Saturn's moon Enceladus have raised the prospect of finding life there. Find that one divine spark and we may find them all. **▶**

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BY

**MEGHAN BARTELS**

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A night sky filled with stars and shooting stars, with dark rock formations in the foreground. The sky is a deep blue and purple, with many bright stars and several long, white streaks of light representing shooting stars. The foreground shows dark, jagged rock formations, possibly a canyon or a rocky outcrop, silhouetted against the starry sky.

After a meteorite struck Earth,  
**RNA could have formed** within a few  
years in “some warm little pond.”



FITNESS

# Walk This Way... or That

A huge study dismantles our defeatist and elitist notions about exercise



**EXERCISE AND ITS BENEFITS** are not just for the wealthy anymore. In the U.S. and other Westernized nations, exercise is often seen as a luxury that requires the time and money that only the rich can afford.

New research demonstrates that you don't need to enjoy a life of leisure to squeeze in enough exercise. You also don't need to go to the gym to "feel the burn." Exercise and its benefits are for everyone.

An international team of researchers designed the Prospective Urban Rural Epidemiology (PURE) study to find out whether staying active for at least 30 minutes a day—the amount recommended by leading health authorities—significantly reduced cardiovascular disease. The study enrolled nearly 170,000 people from 17 middle- and low-income countries in Africa, Asia, Eastern and Northern Europe and the Middle

BY

**JESSICA FIRGER**

[@jessfirger](#)

TOP LEFT: AREF KARIMI/AFP/GETTY



## Exercise stemming from daily life had the most dramatic risk-reducing effects.

East. The researchers tracked participants—who were from varying socioeconomic backgrounds, as well as rural and urban areas—for six to nine years to see if 30 minutes of exercise a day, five days a week, reduced the risk of cardiovascular disease, even when those minutes were racked up simply by being active rather than exercising in the way many of us define it.

The results, published in September in *The Lancet*, showed that physical activity may cut the risk of death from chronic disease by up to 30 percent. In this case, life-saving activities included the mundane movements of daily life, like walking back and forth to the laundromat with a 20-pound bag of clothes, or running after your toddler in a playground.

The findings may seem like a subtle advance, but they are groundbreaking. In high-income countries, says Scott Lear, chair of cardiovascular prevention research at St. Paul's Hospital in Canada, who led the study, exercise is “a planned occurrence” in an otherwise sedentary daily life. But in lower-income countries, Lear says, people “get most of their activities through work or domestic chores, and maybe getting to and from work, and pretty much do next to nothing for recreational time activity.” In other words, for many people who are active as part of their jobs, simply living their life is also saving their life.

Exercise recommendations are evidence-based conclusions based on many large studies. So-called cohort studies like PURE, which follow a

large group of people over many years, have shaped health care. The Harvard Alumni Health Study (which followed the health of alums from their college years through adulthood for roughly three decades, through basic questionnaires and medical records), the Framingham Heart Study (an ongoing study of residents in Framingham, Massachusetts, that started in 1948) and the Nurses' Health Study (a study of more than 200,000 professional nurses since the 1970s that has provided some of the most significant information about women's health) are prime examples of how powerful cohort studies can be. The copious data generated by the large number of participants and the long span of time in which the research takes place make cohort studies like these a gold standard for formulating health recommendations.

But there's a problem. Many of these studies are based on a homogenous group of participants who may be wealthier than the general population, have better health care access

**DON'T SWEAT IT** You don't need yoga pants or a spin class to get the exercise that will increase your heart health; in fact, hoisting a pitchfork at work may be even better than time on a treadmill.



and live in places where resources are plentiful. Such limitations mean that even though we have plenty of studies linking exercise and health, there is room for more work, more questions. Researchers such as Lear want to keep testing the standard advice to see if it holds up when new variables are added to the mix.

The PURE study showed that regardless of how a person got exercise, the results were the same. In general, being active for 150 minutes a week decreased risk of death from any chronic health-related cause by 28 percent. People who were physically active 30 minutes a day were also 20 percent less likely to develop heart disease. The bonus here: Exercise stemming from daily life had the most dramatic risk-reducing effects. “The people who did the greatest amount of activity and got the greatest benefits were the ones who got their activity outside of the recreational, leisure-time type of activity,” says Lear.

In addition to debunking elitist conceptions about working out, the study expands our typically constrained definition of exercise, and that may be for the better. Nieca Goldberg, medical director of the Joan H. Tisch Center for Women's Health at the NYU Langone Medical Center, says the PURE study shows that for many people, not planning to exercise may be the best way to stay physically active. “Getting exercise equipment in your home is a good idea, but after several months, people start to use it as a clothes hanger.”

Goldberg says many of her patients (mostly New Yorkers who travel by foot several hours each day) underestimate how much exercise they're doing on a regular basis. “They don't associate walking with exercise,” she says. “So I always point out it that it may not be as bad as they think.”



RESEARCH

# Sight for Sore Eyes

A new gene therapy could restore vision for thousands of people

**T**HOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WITH A particular form of blindness could soon see again. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) is considering whether a gene therapy touted as a breakthrough for one genetic form of blindness is effective.

Approval of the treatment, which has the trade name Luxturna, would be a landmark event for gene therapy, says Stephen Rose, chief research officer of the Foundation Fighting Blindness, which funded some of the preliminary research. “It’s a proof of principle for gene replacement for all sorts of other inherited rare retinal degenerations.”

Gene replacement therapy is not gene editing. The treatment does not erase the mutation that causes a disease; instead, it puts copies of the normal gene into cells so they can work normally. In this case, the gene therapy treats a condition called retinal dystrophy. There are many kinds of retinal dystrophies, including Leber congenital amaurosis and retinitis pigmentosa. Some can be caused by a mutation in a gene called RPE65.

“The RPE65 gene produces the gasoline that the retina needs in order to function,” Rose

says, comparing the retina to a car engine. “So what happens in dystrophy is that the engine hasn’t even turned on. Those cells are being starved, and they’re going to die. But they don’t die immediately. They’re like a hybrid engine. They’re stopped but not turned off.”

The gene therapy allows the retina to start producing the gasoline it needs, which allows the cells to send the signals to the brain that make it possible for humans to see.

People with these conditions should need to be treated only once, Rose says, because, unlike drugs, genes aren’t broken down in the body. Retinal cells will use the genes like templates to produce the necessary proteins. Those genes should never be destroyed in the process.

The virus researchers used to get the healing gene into the eye is called an adeno-associated virus (AAV). It doesn’t cause disease in humans—in fact, most people already have some in their body.

The approach may sound eerily familiar. In 1999, Jesse Gelsinger died after being treated for a condition that affected his liver with a gene therapy using an adenovirus. But that virus was not AAV, which is different in many ways from the one used on Gelsinger, Rose says. “We’re using a virus that doesn’t cause disease, and with these different serotypes, we can target different cells within the retina.”

The FDA has questions before the treatment can be approved. Many revolve around the validity of tests used in clinical trials, the age at which patients could be treated and the likelihood that people might need more than one treatment. If the answers are satisfactory, the world could have its first treatment for reversing blindness before the end of the year. **Q**

BY

KATE SHERIDAN

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## KAVALAN WHISKY: MATURITY BEYOND ITS YEARS

*The incredible depth and smoothness of Kavalan Whisky takes many people by surprise. Especially when they find out how long it's been matured.*

Mr TT Lee is a man who has defied his critics countless times. He started manufacturing insecticides and then took on bottled drinks. He saw the Japanese succeed with canned coffee and then created the greatest Taiwanese coffee brand. But perhaps the most remarkable instance of his hardheadedness is using Taiwan's subtropical climate to make some of the world's smoothest whisky.

Before Kavalan came into being, Mr Lee was handing over the executive reins of his massive conglomerate to his son. Father and son knew their whisky could depend on Taiwan's purest water source from Snow Mountain, close to their bottled water factory in Yilan County.

The problem, or so they thought, was the climate. As luck would have it, Mr YT Lee discovered the heat did not, in fact, interfere with the maturation of whisky. It enhanced it. Master Blender Ian Chang calls Taiwan's climate the "sandpaper"

that "sands away the rough edges of the whisky," making it smoother and mellow than you would ever imagine possible.

YT Lee had earlier shown his smarts in hiring the "Einstein of Whisky," the late Dr Jim Swan. Dr Swan and Chang, whose burning potential it was hard to miss, had excitedly shown Mr YT Lee the results of their study: Taiwan's heat accelerated the aging of the whisky, and well, something even more profound. Speyside in Scotland and Yilan in Taiwan shared almost the exact same temperature profile, staggered 15 degrees apart.

If you had wanted to create a climate like Speyside where whisky with a similar distinct character could be made, only much faster, you couldn't have engineered somewhere much better than Yilan, Taiwan. And a contributing factor to that 15 degree variance holds the key for Kavalan.

Chang and Swan had found that this part of Taiwan's north eastern coast is the first place on the island to receive the Siberian winds of winter, which means Yilan experiences the bracing coolness and refreshing winds longer than anywhere else. Kavalan could therefore extend the crucial "breathing in" part of the maturation process.

Yilan County, then, was close to perfect for whisky maturation, holding the promise of an incredibly rich and complex whisky in just a few years. The

entire process, they dubbed, "Maturation Redefined."

Back in 2004 with their green light, the two whisky men saw to it that the 2-million-bottle-capacity distillery - Taiwan's first ever - became a reality faster than any other distillery on Earth. Indeed "fast" became the buzzword of "Operation Kavalan." The brand name was chosen not only because it paid homage to Yilan County, but because it contained a triple "A." Mr YT Lee did not want to make just "any whisky," he wanted to pioneer world-class Taiwanese whisky.

*\*Benefiting from the unique combination of intense summer heat and cool winter breezes, as well as the purest water source in Taiwan, Kavalan whisky has been pioneering the art of single malt whisky since 2006. Kavalan takes both the old name for Yilan County where it is based and the indigenous people who settled the land.*

*Named in 2015 and 2016 the "World's Best Single Malt" and the "World's Best Single Cask Single Malt" by the prestigious World Whiskies Awards, Kavalan also recently won four best-in-class trophies at the International Spirits Challenge, the International Wine and Spirits Competition and the International Review of Spirits, as part of more than 250 top medals in the most competitive global contests.\**



TELEVISION

# There's Always a Hook

Comedy outlier Amy Sedaris applies her demented charms to a cooking and crafts show

➔ AS A CHILD GROWING UP IN NORTH CAROLINA, Amy Sedaris was a fan of the '70s show *Hodgepodge Lodge*, in which a female host explained nature to kids. "It was so boring, yet riveting," she says. "I'd watch what she was doing with a cocoon or something, and I'd start to wonder, Who are these children? Why are they in this woman's house?"

Locating the bizarre subtext within a normal scenario is a sweet spot for Sedaris. Consider that she co-created and starred in Comedy Central's fascinatingly grotesque *Strangers With Candy*, a spoof of 1980s after-school specials, and you'll get a hint at what the writer and actress has planned for her TruTV variety show, *At Home With Amy Sedaris*. In one *Hodgepodge*-ian segment, she forces kids to watch a frightening video about scissor safety, in preparation for making toys out of bags of human hair.

*At Home* is co-created by Paul Dinello, who, along with Stephen Colbert, worked with Sedaris on 1990's *Strangers*, as well as the late-'90s sketch comedy series *Exit 57*. The show is a crazy quilt of character sketches, cooking tutorials, musical numbers and journaling. "At first," she says, "I wanted it to be a dry, PBS-style educational show, but Paul and



I realized we needed the laughs. I can watch someone like Bob Ross painting for hours or someone stapling curtains, but most people can't."

Though exaggerated for comedic effect—guest stars (including Colbert, Nick Kroll and Paul Giamatti) often end up in Sedaris's bed—the show centers on genuine passions: cooking (Sedaris once had a cupcake and cheeseball business) and crafts (she is the author of the 2010 book *Simple Times: Crafts for Poor People*). Viewers might learn how to gut a fish one week and make a necklace out of raisins the next. "When I'm cooking or crafting, it feels like I'm me, Amy, doing the best I can," says Sedaris, who, in addition to a recurring role on *Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt*, voices *BoJack Horseman*'s Princess Carolyn. "If I mess something up, that's real. I don't try to do anything badly on purpose, and what you see is exactly my skill level."

Sedaris is one of six siblings, all—according to the best-selling books of her humorist brother David—eccentric and seemingly immune to embarrassment. Theatricality runs in the family, in other words, and that extends to Sedaris's funhouse approach to entertaining. "You either love to have people over or you don't," she says. "I remember when my brother David lived in the city, I adored having him and his friends over: I obsessed over what I'd serve hot and what I'd serve cold. I'm surprised if I go to someone's house and they haven't done anything with it. I think, Why wouldn't you want to make it a place you want to come back to? It's yours!"

For all the demented antics, *At Home* is grounded in sincerity; the hospitality feels real. "We're never mean," says Sedaris, who made a point of scrapping stereotypes and disingenuous emotions. She has two hopes: that viewers have "so much fun they leave this world while watching it." And that they are "moved to make something on their own." Perhaps a Christmas tree decorated with fresh shrimp. ▣

**THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO BOB DYLAN**  
Redemption in a new boxed set. » P.46




**FISH OUT OF WATER**  
At Home With Amy Sedaris debuts October 24 at 10:30 p.m. on TruTV.

INTERACTIVE

# See Me, Feel Me, Touch Screen

Can technology produce empathy? A powerful new installation says yes

 **THE LIFE-SIZE IMAGE OF PINCHAS Gutter** on a video screen, fidgeting, blinking and tapping his foot, seemed present and alive in the way portraits do in the magical world of Harry Potter. The Holocaust survivor, who lives in Toronto, was nowhere near the Museum of Jewish Heritage on the day I visited, but by stepping up to a podium, clicking on a mouse and speaking into a microphone, I was able to ask Gutter questions. His image responded with answers—speech quirks, pauses and gestures included. He spoke to me about religion and sports; he shared his favorite Yiddish joke; I hear he sometimes sings. Gutter also told me that he was a happy child until September 1, 1939, when Hitler's armies invaded Poland and World War II began. Soon after, his father was taken away and beaten nearly to death. After that, he said, "I knew that life wouldn't be the same."

Eva Schloss, an Auschwitz survivor and the posthumous stepsister of Anne Frank, was a few feet from Gutter, on another screen. She had her own stories to tell. The effect of talking to these virtual people was startling and eerie. I didn't for a minute forget that they were images, but I found myself deeply moved by both.

Gutter and Schloss are part of a project called New Dimensions in Testimony (NDT), a collaboration of the USC Shoah Foundation, the Institute for Creative Technologies (ICT, also at

the University of Southern California) and Conscience Display. The two are providing "testimony" of their experience as survivors. When I asked Gutter's image why he shares his story, he said "Number one, I would like people to know what can happen. And number two, I try to teach them tolerance."

How did the images "know" what I was asking? A Google speech recognition algorithm identifies words that are then deciphered by a natural language processing editor,

developed by ICT. A clip, or appropriate response, is then loaded. It's like Siri if Siri were an actual human with a life story to tell. When the soft-

ware doesn't understand the question, the image might respond with "Can you ask me again?" Or, if there's no relevant clip, "That's a really good question. Unfortunately, I don't have an answer for you."

To accomplish this, survivors participating in NDT are filmed in high definition from 360 degrees with more than 100 cameras (the setup is so advanced that some of the data is captured in anticipation of future

technological advancements). Simulating eye contact by staring directly into the camera, Gutter, the first survivor to participate, recorded about 1,900 answers to diverse questions, like "What was the scariest thing that ever happened to you?" and "What was your favorite movie?" In addition, he was filmed actively listening, to appear engaged between questions.

With NDT, the Shoah Foundation is looking to replicate what has been happening in classrooms for the past 40 years. "Teachers continually ask survivors to come and talk to students. They wouldn't do that if it wasn't affecting them," says Heather Maio, the NDT concept creator who brought the idea to the foundation in 2010. In addition to museum installations, Maio says NDT could one day be available online, easy to use on laptops or Smart Boards in classrooms.

The intention is to create compassion via technology, an idea that continues to be furiously debated. The overwhelming response to the rise of technology has been to blame it for rises in narcissism and declines in empathy. Sara Konrath, an assistant professor of philanthropic studies at Indiana University and director of the Interdisciplinary Program for Empathy and Altruism Research, has been studying this connection for a decade, particularly younger generations. The thinking was that the internet, social media and countless other distractions were dehumanizing young people. Konrath wasn't so certain. "They're tools. We can hate or

BY

STAV ZIV

 @stavziv

**It's like Siri if Siri were an actual human with a life story to tell.**



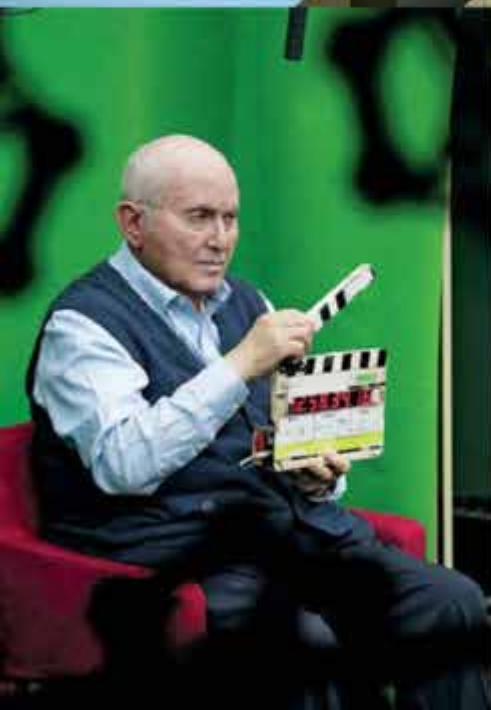
**PATTER FAMILIAS** Clockwise from top: Images of Schloss and Gutter at the New Dimensions in Testimony project; Schloss being filmed in 360 degrees; Gutter recording his interview.

love them,” she says, or “we can figure out how to use them.”

In recent years, her research has involved how Facebook, Twitter, texting and other technologies influence behavior intended to help others. Konrath cites one study that found people who experienced the wreckage of Aleppo in virtual reality were more likely to donate to an organization helping refugees than those who simply saw photos. With NDT, she saw the next logical step. It felt “personal,” she says of seeing an early demo of Gutter’s testimony. “I liked him, and I wanted to get to know him.” It’s a short leap from there to understanding and, perhaps, empathy.

A FEW MONTHS AGO, MY SPRY 89-YEAR-old grandfather (who still goes to the gym three times a week) visited the U.S. from Israel. My younger brother and I taped his responses to questions about his childhood in Lithuania, about his middle-class Jewish family, banished by the Soviets to Siberia. As a teenager, he did hard labor in a frozen gulag as the Nazis killed 90 percent of the Jews in Lithuania. He spoke of near starvation and an arduous escape. We wanted to preserve his stories in his own voice. But what if we could record his answers as Gutter’s were, so that our grandchildren could ask him questions too?

NDT makes that seem possible. In addition to archiving the testimonies of 13 Holocaust survivors so far, the accounts of a survivor of the Nanjing massacre have been recorded in Mandarin, to launch in China at the Nanjing Massacre Memorial Hall. Stephen



D. Smith, executive director of the USC Shoah Foundation, sees the technology expanding to people who have survived cancer or catastrophic hurricanes. The possibilities are nearly endless—from the experiences of soldiers with post-traumatic stress disorder or survivors of sexual abuse, to those of presidents or great teachers. Imagine if a slave could have told her story to her grandchildren? “It’s not about the Holocaust,” says Smith. “It’s about how we communicate as human beings.”

Less than a week after I visited the Jewish Heritage installation, Gutter came to speak at the museum. He was introduced as the project’s rock star. For many years, he told the crowd, he never spoke about his experiences; even his children didn’t know the details. He gave his first testimony to a professor in Toronto in 1993, and a few years later sat to be interviewed for the Shoah Foundation’s more traditional archive of video testimony. Eventually, he was speaking to students of all ages and traveling to Germany and Poland to accompany educational tours. “There was no end to it. Once I started, they never let you go,” Gutter said with a laugh. His most recent VR experiment premiered at the Tribeca Film Festival in April: In the film *The Last Goodbye*, he takes viewers to Majdanek, one of six Nazi concentrations camps that he survived, and where his parents and twin sister were killed.

“I’m old and tired,” said Gutter, but he keeps telling his story. He described standing off to the side at England’s Sheffield Doc/Fest, watching people reacting emotionally to his screen self, what he calls his “alter ego,” then turning to discover the real him and continuing the questions. It comforts him to know that once he’s gone, children will be able to walk up to virtual Gutter and ask, “What was it like for you to go through that?”



MUSIC

# Oh, Ye of Little Faith

Disgruntled fans rejected born-again Dylan in 1979, but a new boxed set of his gospel songs might finally convert them

**H**ELL HATH NO FURY LIKE A fan scorned. In 1979, when Bob Dylan issued *Slow Train Coming*, an album that made plain his born-again conversion as an evangelical Christian, devotees felt disillusioned, if not duped. How could such a committed skeptic, a man possessed of endless probing and independent thought, buy into this or any orthodoxy? What place did the nuanced observation of Dylan have in the rigid script of the believer? *Slow Train* found him paraphrasing Scripture in ways that struck the agnostic as condescend-

ing, condemning and small.

Of course, Dylan had pulled stark switcheroos before. In 1965, he stunned many by going electric, but the boos soon disappeared. Five years later, this avatar of originality frustrated fans again with the release of an album of tepid covers, *Self-Portrait*, inspiring one of the most stinging first lines of a *Rolling Stone* review: “What is this shit?” Six months later, Dylan

redeemed himself with the beautifully ruminative *New Morning*.

But Dylan’s three born-again albums, released between 1979 and ’81

BY

JIM FARBER

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## Radio advertisements featured fans bitching about how deeply they hated Dylan's new guise.

(including *Saved* and *Shot of Love*), soured many for years. I was a teen then, and my Dylan freeze lasted until 1989's *Oh Mercy*. In the wake of what followed—years of superb music and performances—there seemed little reason to revisit what many would call Dylan's lost period.

The boxed set *Trouble No More* aims to change that, with eight CDs and one DVD of material his label, Columbia, is calling Dylan's "gospel years." (Sounds a lot less loaded than "born-again years," right?) When I listen to the music now, remorse has replaced my scorn. Oh me of little faith! The performances are a revelation.

One caveat: The tracks included aren't the original studio recordings, which, to this ear, still sound constricted, self-conscious and didactic. Instead, the set focuses on the wildly dynamic live performances from concerts between 1979 and '81. The stark contrast between studio and live performance makes sense. Dylan was taking his message directly to the people in real time back then, and you can hear how jazzed he was by the experience. Seldom has his singing sounded more engaged; rarely has his band mirrored him with such urgency and edge.

The shows, featuring shifting musicians, often included Spooner Oldham on churchy Hammond organ, Tim Drummond manning a funky bass, Jim Keltner pounding resounding drums and frequent Little Feat collaborator Frank Tackett on guitar. The backup singers, numbering up

to five, played the convincing role of the choir, an ideal part for stars in their own right, like Clydie King, who brought her profound growl to "Shot of Love" and "Rise Again." It's a wholly new take on gospel music, fired by a rocking fervor.

Even so, some fans stormed out of those shows, mostly because Dylan wouldn't play older material and certainly not hits. He had relented some by late 1980, sifting some classics back in: "Girl From the North Country," for example, which has a gorgeous new gait in this reading, and "Forever Young," kissed here by R&B. Dylan made sure every song at these concerts was "busy being born" by adding different lyrics and new arrangements or shifting through fresh rhythms. Six distinct, increasingly inventive versions of "Slow Train" appear: One

### BORN-AGAIN IS BORN-AGAIN

Dylan performing in 1980 with his band in Toronto, left, and San Francisco, below.



has a deep blues groove, kicked by Tackett's hard guitar leads; another features two axmen, with Tackett's stinging chords playing off Steven Ripley's wily wah-wahs. Surprising guest stars show up, like Carlos Santana whipping around "The Groom's Still Waiting at the Altar" or Al Kooper surging through "In the Summertime."

The mission behind this music inspired one of Dylan's most dense creative spurts. Fourteen of the songs included have never appeared in any form before. It's hard to believe he let a piece like "Ain't No Man Righteous, No Not One" slip away, but the take from '79, featuring singer Regina McCrary, has a depth of soul that might have been hard to re-create in the studio. It's even harder to fathom how the lightning-paced stunner "Ain't Going to Hell for Anybody" was never recorded.

For fun, the boxed set includes a radio advertisement for the tour featuring fans bitching about how deeply they hate Dylan's new guise. Perhaps we should have accepted that he has always moved in mysterious ways. It's not as if religious images hadn't figured in his music before, from the vengeful God of "Highway 61 Revisited" to the divine release of "Knockin' on Heaven's Door." When artists write songs of love, we never question the object of their affection, nor do we expect to share it. Why, then, did fans (myself included) challenge Dylan's passion during these years?

The faith Dylan expressed in his gospel songs came from what he claimed was an encounter with holiness in late '78. Several years later, that spell broke, just as enigmatically. In 1997, he told *Newsweek*, "I find the religiosity in the music. I don't find it anywhere else. I believe in the songs." With *Trouble No More*, Dylan gives us songs we can believe in too. ■

## PARTING SHOT

# Ai Weiwei

**➤** “GOOD ART ALWAYS HAS A SENSE OF ACTIVISM,” SAYS CHINESE DISSIDENT Ai Weiwei. After being confined for 81 days in 2011 for protesting his country’s human rights abuses, his passport was seized for four years. When he got it back, he left China. Ai may be the world’s best-known contemporary artist, but he has been “homeless” since then, and that helped spark his latest activist works: the documentary *Human Flow*, on the global refugee crisis, and a group of monumental public structures called *Good Fences Make Good Neighbors*, in New York City. *Fences* addresses the rise of nationalism and the closing of borders—and hearts—to refugees and immigrants; *Human Flow* illustrates Ai’s fundamental belief that humans need to protect one another: “Anyone who is being hurt anywhere in this world, we are all being hurt. We’re all vulnerable.” In early October, the artist visited New York to promote *Human Flow*. It was just after outraged animal rights activists pressured the Guggenheim Museum to pull three pieces (including an installation with live lizards and insects) from its “Art and China After 1989: Theater of the World” show. Ai talked to *Newsweek* about that, and how history might treat a wall on the U.S.-Mexico border.

## What did we lose when the Guggenheim pulled those pieces?

We all know different cultures and different locations have very different kinds of moral judgment. China is not the United States, China is not India, and we have to understand that. The cultural exchange is about looking at those differences. Of course, we’re not saying it’s right or wrong, because moral judgment makes art very narrow. The Nazis had very strong moral judgment in art. They would say many kinds of art were degenerate—abstract and surrealist art—and the healthy art was about the workers, socialist images. But as a result, German society became extreme. Any society trying to find the pure condition becomes extreme. Art says things that mirror our society, that make us think and argue. We cannot just break the mirror, because then we will not see ourselves or others.

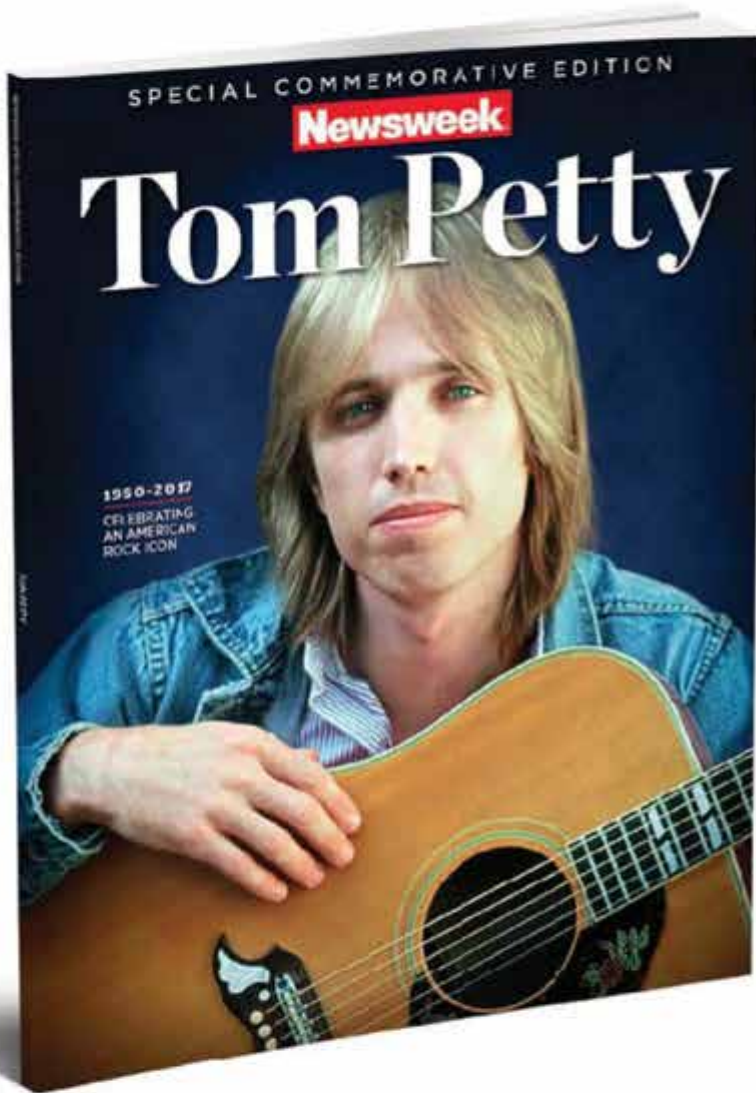
“The emperor of China built the biggest, longest Great Wall. It’s now tourist ruins.”

***Human Flow* and *Good Fences Make Good Neighbors* address barriers that prevent tolerance. President Trump is intent on building a wall to keep out Mexican immigrants. If you could speak to him, what would you say?** Building these walls is a ridiculous act. The emperor of China built the biggest, longest Great Wall. Now people only laugh about it, because it’s tourist ruins. It doesn’t defend anything, and it’s a permanent [reminder] of the insulting of human dignity. —Stav Ziv





# Explore the Remarkable Life of a Rock Legend



*“You belong among the wildflowers... You belong somewhere you feel free” —Tom Petty*

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