

TIME



THE PRESIDENT
JANUARY 20, 2017

Gut Check

For Donald Trump, intuition beats experience. What that would mean for the U.S. presidency

By **Jon Meacham**

The New Prime Minister:
Britain's Theresa May and
the challenge of Brexit

By **Dan Stewart**



The coverage-courting candidate poses with some of his trophies

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Neil Young



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I didn't talk for a very long time

Jacob Sanchez
Diagnosed with autism



Lack of speech is a sign of autism. Learn the others at autismspeaks.org/signs.



AUTISM SPEAKS®

ORLANDO MASSACRE

RE “WHY DID THEY DIE?” [June 27]: Here we go again. As usual, the outrage, the tears, the candles and the eulogies mark another round of killings, and the stark fact remains: the U.S. government cannot ensure the safety of its citizens in the land of the free. If Senators and Congressmen are hamstrung by the Constitution and intimidated by the powerful National Rifle Association, it is time to take the bold step and regulate the manufacture and sale of ammunition very strictly. This measure has no existing constitutional impediment and will reduce, if not eliminate, rampant and senseless killings.

George Rupesinghe,
BELMORE,
AUSTRALIA

DONALD TRUMP HAS FINALLY said something truly profound: “The current politically correct response cripples our ability to talk and to think and act clearly.” The official response to the terrorist acts in the U.S. and Europe are far too bland and controlled considering their impact on the quality of life there. Similarly bland and downplayed is your graph depicting mass-shooting trends in the U.S. over the past 40 years, which seems to indicate that not all that much out of the ordinary

is really happening today. Hitherto-taboo subjects like race, religion and homophobia need to be ventilated more freely in these times so that the reasons behind what is happening can be comprehended and sensible solutions worked out.

Sanjeev Takru,
GURGAON,
INDIA

EVERYBODY IN THE WORLD should condemn this wanton act by an American national obviously suffering from poor mental health. To correlate it with religion is unjustified. Enough of Muslim blood has already been shed in Afghanistan, Iraq and Libya. Blaming Muslims for an insane act of a particular person is unfair and unjustified. It only shows prejudice and inadequate knowledge of Islam.

Khalid Hassan Mahmood,
KARACHI

THE ORLANDO KILLING IS an animal expression of the human instinct of violence inherited from prehistoric times. The reasons for a killing can be personal, fanatically religious, racist or even simply mad. But any perpetrator of an act of extreme violence is suffering from mental failing and hopelessness. Society can do very little to prevent these kinds of cruel actions, but the media



should still regularly mention that these killers have mental disorders.

André Brossé,
VOSSELAAR,
BELGIUM

WHY DID THEY DIE? THEY died because of pettifogging, persistent interpretations of the Second Amendment used to justify almost anyone being able to obtain and use the weapons of mass slaughter responsible for repeated tragedies. The civilized world looks upon all this aghast. We in Australia will always be grateful to former Prime Minister John Howard for the courageous stand he took after the Port Arthur massacre to ensure we resisted this most odious aspect of a creeping Americanization of our values and culture.

Ron Sinclair,
BATHURST,
AUSTRALIA

STRICTLY BUSINESS

RE “THERE’S A DIFFERENCE Between a Boss and a Friend, and That’s as It Should Be”

[June 27]: Your article on friendships and bosses in the workplace gave me an unexpected lift and a sense of inner peace. As a person of a naturally gregarious and communicative Irish personality, prone to the vernacular, I have struggled to make meaningful contact with colleagues since my move to what could be described as a relentlessly austere British institution. Perhaps in my naivety, I understood that my new workplace would lead to lasting relationships; how wrong I was. Despite several attempts, I have become peacefully withdrawn with enhanced resilience and resigned to the fact that I am simply there to get on with the job. Very liberating, indeed!

J.G. Murphy,
EDINBURGH

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HELP SAVE THE 'WOW'

These giants of the animal kingdom need help. Despite their strength and cunning they're no match for a poacher's rifle. For 50 years WWF has been securing protected areas worldwide, but these aren't enough to stop the killing. To disrupt the sophisticated criminal gangs supplying animal parts to lucrative illegal markets, we are working with governments to toughen law enforcement. We're also working with consumers to reduce the demand for unlawful wildlife products. Help us look after the world where you live at panda.org



Silverback Western lowland gorilla.

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'Brexit means Brexit, and we're going to make a success of it.'

Theresa May, leader of Britain's Conservative Party, who replaced David Cameron as Prime Minister on July 13; she is the second woman to hold the position, after Margaret Thatcher



7,500,000

Number of downloads of *Pokémon Go* in under a week, one of the biggest mobile-game launches ever



T. Swift

The singer was named by *Forbes* "the world's top-earning celebrity"



GOOD WEEK
BAD WEEK



T.I.

The rapper was named by his restaurant's workers in a suit over unpaid wages



'I THINK HE WAS JUST BLACK IN THE WRONG PLACE.'

Valerie Castile, whose son Philando was shot and killed by a police officer during a traffic stop in Falcon Heights, Minn., sparking national outrage; the incident occurred a day after police shot and killed another black man, Alton Sterling, in Baton Rouge, La.

MAY: SWIFT, SANDERS: AP; T.I., CASTILE: WILLIAMS; GETTY IMAGES; ILLUSTRATIONS BY BROWN BIRD DESIGN FOR TIME

\$20,000

How much more **male doctors make**, on average, than equally experienced female ones, according to a new study



\$10,900

Price paid for **30 rare Ruby Roman grapes** at an auction in Japan; the ping-pong-ball-size fruits were from the first yield of the season, which is said to offer good fortune

'Hillary Clinton will make an outstanding President.'

Senator Bernie Sanders, ending his campaign by endorsing Hillary Clinton after months of speculation



'I prefer the word one of the greatest "athletes" of all time.'

Serena Williams, who won a record-equaling 22nd Grand Slam title at Wimbledon on July 9, replying to a journalist who asked about her being "one of the greatest female athletes of all time"



'I am not pregnant. What I am is fed up.'

Jennifer Aniston, actor, criticizing how tabloids objectify women in an editorial for the Huffington Post

The Brief

“I’M HERE TO INSIST THAT WE ARE NOT AS DIVIDED AS WE SEEM.” —NEXT PAGE

SPECIAL REPORT

Seven lives lost and a new reckoning on race

By Karl Vick



Cameron Sterling and his mother Quinyetta, in Baton Rouge, La., on July 12. Cameron, 15, holds a composite image he made of himself and his father Alton, who was fatally shot by police on July 5. “The police took his phone, so all the pictures he took are gone,” Cameron says. “Today has been a peaceful day so far. There was less drama today.”

IT LOOKED, AT FIRST, LIKE A PLACE WE HAD BEEN BEFORE. On the pavement outside a convenience store in Baton Rouge, La., two white police officers wrestle a large black man to the ground. Shots ring out, the cell-phone video jumps, another fraught summer begins. It was just after midnight on Tuesday, July 5. The footage went up that afternoon; protests began the same day. What followed, however, was the furthest thing from familiar. The events of the next 48 hours took the country to a place so new and uncertain that, after more than a week of talking about almost nothing else, it's still not clear where we are.

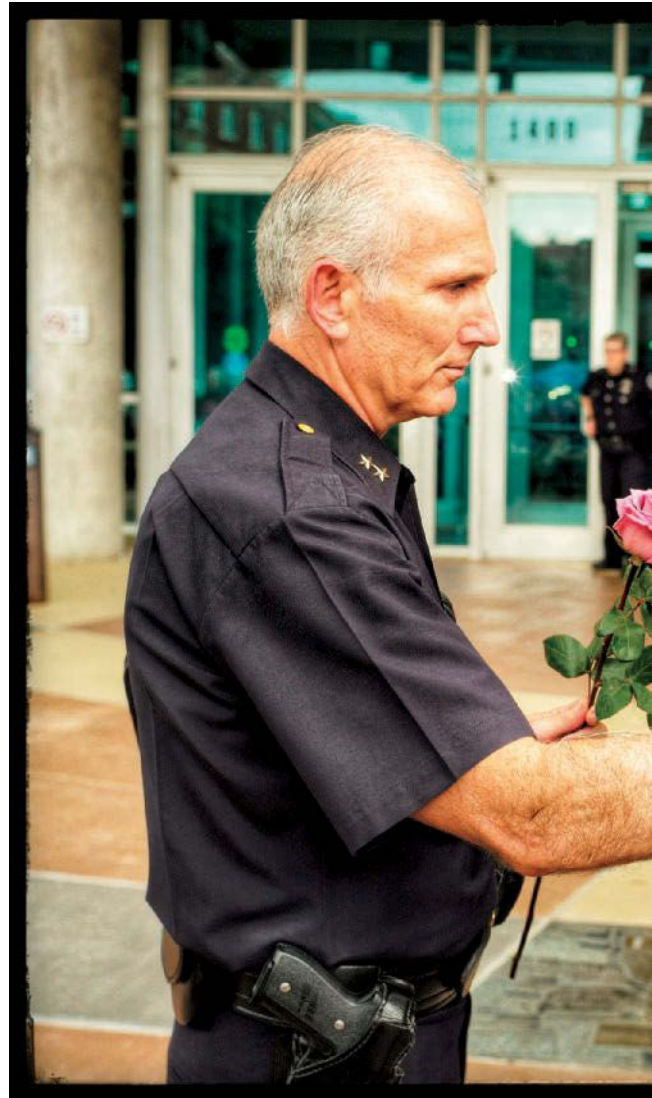
But we do know the precise point of departure. The day after the shooting of Alton Sterling in Baton Rouge, at about 9 p.m. at the curb of the eastbound lane of Larpenteur Avenue in Falcon Heights, Minn., a woman pressed an icon on her phone and began broadcasting live from the passenger seat of a white Oldsmobile. She panned to the driver's seat, where Philando Castile was slumped and bleeding, and spoke with a controlled urgency and a careful courtesy that communicates, for one thing, a great deal about being African American at a traffic stop.

But that's not all that's being communicated. During the 10 minutes that Diamond Reynolds' phone streamed to Facebook Live, the matter of police shootings lurched out of the realm of the abstract issue and into the realm of shared experience. It was a jarring shift, and an epochal one. In the 24 months since cell-phone footage of Eric Garner's death on a Staten Island sidewalk was uploaded and then amplified by events in Ferguson, Mo., something profound occurred: Americans who might never themselves have had a problem with police came to appreciate the complaints of those who too often do. That lesson was discerned from shaky phone cameras, or through low-res cameras mounted atop storefronts or police dashboards—sometimes clear, usually fuzzy, but always from the same vantage: outside, peering in.

No more. As Reynolds narrates the death of her boyfriend—blood spreading across his T-shirt, the light in his eyes fading, the officer making his case through the open window, “I told him not to reach for it. I told him to get his hand open”—the experience is, for the first time, a shared one. And when her guard finally comes down and Reynolds begins to wail and pray, the consolation offered by her 4-year-old daughter—“It's O.K., Mommy. It's O.K., I'm right here with you”—vaults any remaining barrier not only to empathy but identification.

By the next afternoon, the video had been watched 4 million times. Viewers were only beginning to register the implications when the bulletins began arriving from Dallas: five police officers guarding a demonstration against police shootings were assassinated by a black Army veteran apparently bent on the notion of racial vengeance.

“I'm here to insist that we are not as divided as we seem,” President Obama informed the country at the July 12 memorial for the slain officers. It seemed a necessary assurance, at an occasion billed as an opportunity for reconciliation, or at least sensemaking. The stunned silence that first greeted the Dallas killings had been filled soon enough by accusations. Black Lives Matter, which emerged as a national force in



Dallas assistant chief of police Gary Tittle comforts a man in front of a memorial to the five slain officers

Ferguson, was answered by hashtags like #BlueLivesMatter and #racewar. On a Sunday talk show, Rudy Giuliani called the slogan “racist” because, he said, its name implies that other lives do not. Antennae went up for copycat attacks, and a new wave of polarization surged into a campaign season already driven by it. “It's as if the deepest fault lines of our democracy have suddenly been exposed,” President Obama said, “perhaps even widened.”

AMID THE TURMOIL, no one was more compelling than David Brown. The implacable, bespectacled African-American police chief became the new face of the city. In 1963, the “city of



hate” (so named for the rawness of its racism) was where the assassination of a President was followed, thanks to the incompetence of its police, by the televised assassination of his captured killer. Now that force not only protected the demonstrators marching against it but also, amid the ensuing calamity, displayed a calm that helped the country order its emotions.

It wasn't the only department performing under pressure. Police officers in St. Paul, Minn., showed notable restraint, taking injuries at protests without inflicting any. In Baton Rouge, on the other hand, officers deployed armored vehicles and chased demonstrators as if Ferguson had never happened.

Policing is largely a local matter, and the country remains a checkerboard. A year after Obama's task force on policing recommended steps to improve relations with minority communities, only 15 of the country's 18,000 departments have moved to adopt them.

Brown embodies the tensions coiled at the heart of things. Like many black cops, he is both wholly of his city's African-American community and of the police force that many black residents say treats them unfairly—and yet they want to see more police because their neighborhoods can be so dangerous. Brown has suffered losses from both sides. A former partner was killed in the line of duty. A brother was murdered by drug dealers. Shortly after becoming chief, his own son, high on PCP, fatally shot two people, one of them a cop, before being killed by cops.

Asked how he bridged the two communities, Brown explained, “I've been black a long time, so it's not much of a bridge for me.” It fell to another of the city's African-American professionals, Dr. Brian Williams, to parse the contradictions of serving an establishment not yet rinsed of racism. A trauma surgeon at Parkland Memorial, Williams was haunted by his inability to save every officer that night. “I support you,” he said, of the police. “I will defend you, and I will care for you. That doesn't mean that I do not fear you.”

IF SOME OF THIS came as a point of awakening to white Americans, the reality for black citizens was worn to the point of fraying. The Dallas shooter, Micah Johnson, was an outlier, tormented by failure in the military, but some say they knew where he was coming from. Schoolchildren are not usually taught this on Martin Luther King Jr. Day, but much of the urgency behind the civil rights movement was provided by militants who argued that the only effective reply to state violence was what many blacks say they saw in Dallas: retaliation.

“I have two words for you: black rage,” said Oyinka Green, 47, an activist with the Dallas Action Coalition, which helped organize the July 7 march. “Look up the term. It's from the 1970s. Anger, frustration—we're all feeling it.

VOICES

Fatal shootings in Baton Rouge, Minneapolis and Dallas prompted a range of reactions

‘The scars and stains of racism are still deeply embedded in American society. We have to deal with it.’

JOHN LEWIS, Democratic Congressman from Georgia and civil rights leader

‘WOULD THIS HAVE HAPPENED IF THE DRIVER WERE WHITE, IF THE PASSENGERS WERE WHITE? I DON'T THINK IT WOULD HAVE.’

MARK DAYTON, governor of Minnesota

‘When you say Black Lives Matter, that's inherently racist.’

RUDY GIULIANI, former New York City mayor

‘If you are a normal white American, the truth is you don't understand being black in America and you instinctively underestimate the level of discrimination.’

NEWT GINGRICH, former House Speaker

The Brief

Pilar Agpawa and Jacques Johnson
in front of a tribute mural for Alton
Sterling in Baton Rouge



A man prays before a
makeshift memorial to the
slain Dallas police officers



Helplessness.”

Much has changed since the days when black militancy rose to challenge a rigid, racist power structure. Today the list of African-American leaders runs from U.S. President to Attorney General to editor of the *New York Times*. But that’s another way of saying that the next step, a “national conversation” about race, is not really about who’s in charge. It has to be about institutions, procedures and habits put in place before any of us were born. It will be about squaring accounts with people brought to the continent in chains, nominally emancipated 153 years ago and long hobbled by official decrees, including federal lending laws in the boom years after World War II that confined African Americans to urban centers, where the most visible representatives of the state are uniformed officers enforcing laws

**‘We’re asking
cops to do too
much in this
country. We are.
Every societal
failure, we put it
off on the cops to
solve ... Policing
was never meant
to solve all those
problems.’**

DAVID BROWN, chief of the Dallas
police department

against drugs, and the violence that goes with them.

“We have to talk about it all at the same time, because the same neighborhoods with the highest rates of violence have the highest rates of poverty, unemployment, substandard housing and lack of education,” says Edward Flynn, Milwaukee’s chief of police. “We have been delegating America’s social problems to the police.” Obama concurred, echoing Brown: “We ask the police to do too much, and we ask too little of ourselves.”

THANKFULLY, ONE THING they are no longer asked to do is control information. A few years ago, if a reporter got a call from a citizen saying the cops had killed her son, it was going to come down to her word against the police. Smartphone cameras and the Internet have plucked both the reporter

Cooking for pilgrims outside the Triple S Food Mart, which has become a memorial to Sterling



and the cops from the equation and placed it directly before the public. Polls still show that African Americans see race relations as more dire than white people do. “It’s because they don’t live in same world with us,” says Damon Carter, 40, a welder in Cleveland, days before the Republicans will convene in his city. “Until they get a brother-in-law or something, then they say, ‘Now I get it! I get it!’”

But more may be getting it. This year 61% of Americans said more needed to be done to assure racial equality, a figure that has been growing steadily since the consciousness-raising summer of 2014. Among whites, in another sign of hope, it’s young people who express the greatest concern. Whites routinely march with Black Lives Matter; in Minnesota, they accounted for most of the protesters.

“The best thing we can do is to love

and support each other. We should all give cops a hug and stand with them,” says Clarissa Pyles, 23, who marched for the first time in Dallas. “It can’t be ‘blue lives matter’ or ‘black lives matter.’ You can support both at the same time. And the more we support each other, the more we understand each other.”

It can come in a sudden surge. A few hours before Diamond Reynolds reached for her phone, the mother of Alton Sterling’s son stepped before microphones in Baton Rouge. It was still a place we’d been before, a news conference for the outraged and bereft, survivors bravely struggling for composure. But then the camera pulls back to bring into the frame the dead man’s 15-year-old son, Cameron. He had thrown an arm around his mother’s shoulder in a manly show of support but was now trying to hide his own tears by tugging up the collar of his shirt. Shuddering with sobs, the son

turns and falls into the arms of the men standing behind him, wailing for his daddy. It is almost unbearable.

“At our best, we practice empathy, imagining ourselves in the lives and circumstances of others,” George W. Bush, the former President and a Dallas resident, said at the memorial service, with uncommon eloquence. Obama made the same essential point, with his own eloquence. And then there was Brown, explaining that Stevie Wonder would do his talking for him, before reciting 27 lines of lyrics from the powerful 1976 song “As.” In a room of mostly cops and African Americans, he paused just once to invite applause, slowing to emphasize the line “Until the day that you are me and I am you.” The applause came. — *With reporting by* JAY NEWTON-SMALL/DALLAS; MAYA RHODAN/WASHINGTON; *and* JOSH SANBURN/FALCON HEIGHTS, MINN. □



TRENDING



SPORTS

Newly unsealed court documents revealed a claim that Penn State football coach Joe Paterno was told in 1976 that his assistant Jerry Sandusky had molested a boy but ignored it. Paterno, who died in 2012, had said he learned about the abuse in 2001.



HEALTH

For the first time, scientists have helped mice with destroyed optic nerves **regain their vision**, by coaxing connections between the eye and the brain. Stanford University researchers say the findings could help develop new tools for humans suffering from glaucoma.



WAR

U.S. Secretary of Defense Ash Carter said on July 11 that **560 more American troops would be sent to Iraq** to aid an expected assault on Mosul, the last urban stronghold of ISIS in the country. They will be stationed at Qayyarah air base, 40 miles south of the city.

THE RISK REPORT

Anxiety on China

By Ian Bremmer

FIRST, THE (VERY) GOOD NEWS FOR CHINA. Though economic growth has slowed sharply, fears of a “hard landing” have not been realized. The official forecast of 6.7% growth is surely inflated for political reasons, but reliable ground-level data gives the leadership confidence that the economy is strong enough to withstand needed reforms that will hurt growth in the short term. Nor has President Xi Jinping’s anticorruption drive yet provoked an open revolt among the country’s elite. Though tens of thousands of officials have been expelled from the party or jailed and some of China’s most powerful have been caught in the net, Xi remains firmly in charge.

But longer-term anxieties about China persist. Some of Xi’s reform plans aren’t being carried out, and he has warned party officials that they aren’t taking the country’s economic challenges seriously enough. They continue to direct resources toward ineffi-

cient sectors and companies in an effort to artificially boost growth. The anticorruption drive and the planned leadership shift at 2017’s Party Congress encourage officials to avoid taking risks—including those needed for reform. And too often the leadership is shifting blame to the country’s expanded middle class—the very citizens who must power China’s economy forward.

There is also Beijing’s obsession with threats from technology. The head of China’s Internet and surveillance division was suddenly replaced, and there’s a new cybersecurity law that bans online anonymity. There is also a broad redefinition of the country’s “critical information infrastructure” that makes it easier for the state to restrict online access and compromise privacy.

But what China’s leaders don’t see is that the greatest threat posed by technology comes from the power of automation to decimate manufacturing jobs and the state’s inability to control the flow of information in a world of leaks, cyberespionage and other forms of “forced transparency.” Those are the kinds of forces even Xi can’t control. □

LAW

The meaning of China’s defeat in the South China Sea

A RULING BY AN OBSCURE TRIBUNAL in the Hague on July 12 has become a test of the ability of international law to check a rising power’s ambitions:

WHAT DID THE COURT DECIDE? In a case lodged by the Philippines in 2013, the Permanent Court of Arbitration ruled that China’s historic claims to the South China Sea, a vital waterway also contested by Vietnam, Taiwan, Malaysia and Brunei, had “no legal basis.” Chinese-controlled reefs and rocks, which Beijing has turned into militarized artificial islands, cannot be used to claim rights over the surrounding sea.

HOW DID CHINA REACT? Beijing, which boycotted the proceedings, called the tribunal a “political farce.” The U.S., long a keeper of peace in the Pacific, urged China to heed the ruling. But the panel’s decision is not enforceable.



China has built military installations on artificial islands in the contested waters

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? Tensions look set to build. A wounded China may build a military outpost off the Philippine coast, while Japanese Prime Minister Shinzo Abe aims to use a new electoral mandate to push for a constitutional change that would allow for a stronger military presence nearby. Regional waters may remain troubled.

—HANNAH BEECH

Milestones

ANNOUNCED

By **Tim Duncan**, that he would retire after 19 seasons and five championships with the San Antonio Spurs. The 40-year-old two-time MVP helped lead his team to the playoffs every year of his career in the NBA.

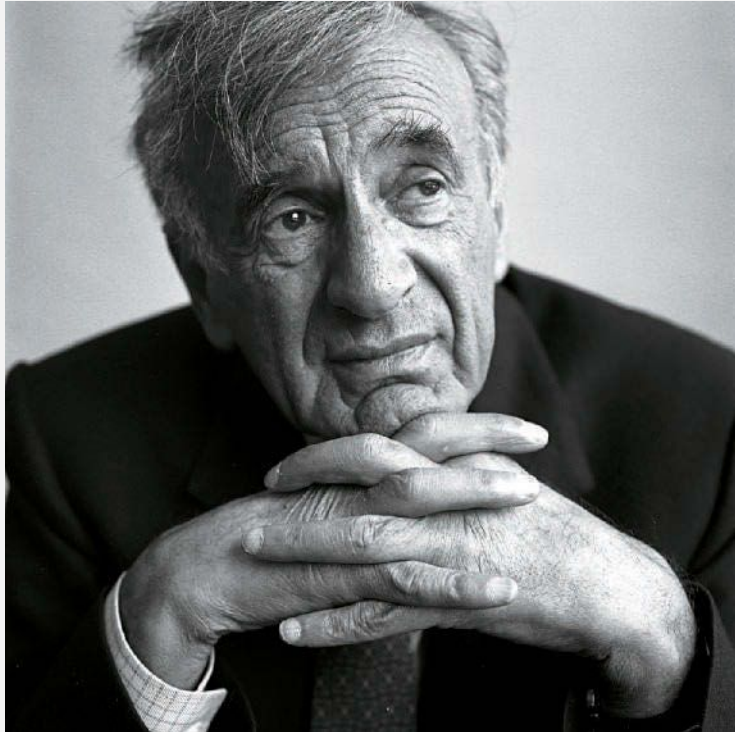
DIED

Sydney Schanberg, 82, Pulitzer Prize-winning New York Times correspondent whose reporting on Cambodia and the Khmer Rouge inspired the film *The Killing Fields*.

> **Aaron J. Klein**, 55, longtime Jerusalem correspondent for TIME and author of *Striking Back*, about the 1972 Munich Olympics massacre.

SUED

Fox News Channel CEO **Roger Ailes**, by former anchor **Gretchen Carlson**, in a suit alleging sexual harassment and retaliation. Carlson says Ailes made sexual comments to her and fired her for speaking up about harassment. Representatives for Ailes deny the claims and say the network declined to renew Carlson's contract because of poor ratings.



*Wiesel, a Nobel laureate and the author of *Night*, died on July 2 at 87*

DIED

Elie Wiesel Holocaust survivor

By **Rabbi David Wolpe**

ELIE WIESEL WAS A MAN OF MANY GIFTS. AMONG THEM WAS A gift for friendship. All over the world, people tell me how close they were to this extraordinary man. Hearing Wiesel speak was like listening to the whisper of eternity. His voice had a haunting magic, speaking words that were wrung from the suffering of his own soul and his indelible witness to the sufferings of others. Even when he discussed something lighthearted, it had gravity. As the scholar for the 100th year of the Sinai Temple, he created many unforgettable moments. Perhaps the most powerful was the last, when a teenager asked if Wiesel could summarize his advice to live a good life. Wiesel offered four words: "Think higher. Live deeper."

We have lost one of the most eloquent voices in the history of witness. Wiesel spoke for the millions slaughtered by the Nazis, and continued to speak for the bereft all over the world—from Cambodia to the inner cities of our nation. His voice was as large as history, and as gentle as reaching out to a child and never forgetting him. Never forget—that was his creed. Elie Wiesel will never be forgotten. His memory will endure as a spur to our conscience and a blessing to this often benighted world.

Wolpe is the Max Webb senior rabbi of Sinai Temple in Los Angeles

WON

Serena Williams 7th Wimbledon title

SERENA WILLIAMS collapsed onto the grass at Wimbledon as if exhausted after winning her seventh title there and her 22nd Grand Slam singles crown on July 9; she's now tied with Steffi Graf for the most major victories in the Open era. But don't be fooled: Serena's not tiring out. Turns out that a decade ago, when critics chirped that Williams acted indifferent toward tennis, she was just resting up for a remarkable run in her 30s, when many players take up golf. Heck, she returned to the court a few hours after the final to win the Wimbledon doubles with sister Venus. Next up: September's U.S. Open, with the chance to pass Graf's mark.

—SEAN GREGORY

Williams has won nine Grand Slam singles titles since turning 30



SPOTLIGHT

Britain's Theresa May takes power with Brexit in her sights

By Dan Stewart/London

IT TOOK A FEW OF THE MOST TURBULENT weeks in the history of British politics, but Westminster's own game of thrones finally has a winner. Theresa May, the former Home Secretary, succeeded David Cameron as Prime Minister on July 13, little more than two weeks after he announced he would quit following the country's Brexit vote to leave the European Union. Now it's up to the new occupant of 10 Downing Street to figure out exactly how that will happen.

The ascent of a second woman to the office of Prime Minister invites inevitable comparisons to Margaret Thatcher, who remade Britain during her 11-year rule, but May would seem to have more in common with another powerful female leader: Angela Merkel. Like the German Chancellor, May is a clergyman's daughter who is guarded about her private life, driven by duty rather than fierce ideology or an overt desire

for the limelight.

But unlike Merkel she is a hard-liner on immigration who has long been skeptical of the E.U.

The 59-year-old first became a Member of Parliament in 1997, just as her

'Politics could do with some bloody difficult women, actually.'

center-right Conservative Party entered a 13-year period in opposition after running the country since 1979. She became the party's first female chairperson in 2002 and made a name for herself in a major speech that year urging the Conservatives to pursue a more compassionate approach. "Our base is too narrow and so, occasionally, are our sympathies," she said. "You know what some people call us: the nasty party."

It would take eight more years for the Conservatives to win back power, and when Cameron formed a coalition government in 2010 he appointed May

to lead the Home Office, the large British ministry that oversees immigration, policing and domestic security. She would remain in that position—one of the most difficult in the British government—for six years, becoming the longest-serving Home Secretary in six decades and one of the most powerful people in Cameron's Cabinet.

May's tenure at the Home Office was not without controversy; she was heavily criticized for her immigration policies—including so-called Go Home vans, which toured the country offering to help illegal immigrants self-deport—and minimum salary requirements for

Britons wishing to bring foreign families to the U.K. But she also introduced a wave of police reforms and saw crime in England and Wales fall during her time in office to its lowest point in three decades. People who worked with her at the department describe her as a tough, sometimes ruthless boss who takes a keen interest in the minutiae of policy.

During the E.U. referendum campaign, May backed remaining within the bloc but deliberately kept a low profile, split between her personal distrust of the European project and her loyalty to Cameron, who was campaigning furiously to keep Britain in. When the



MAY: HANNAH MCKAY—AP; CAMERON: MAX MURPHY—GETTY IMAGES

MAY DATA: THREE THINGS TO KNOW

The biography of Britain's new Prime Minister has a few unexpected details:

Diabetic at Downing

May has Type 1 diabetes and maintains her blood-sugar levels with regular insulin injections. One diabetes charity says she is the first world leader known to have the condition.

Meeting her match

She was introduced to her husband Philip at Oxford University in 1976 by another future Prime Minister, Pakistan's Benazir Bhutto.

Big shoes to fill

May is resolutely unflashy in all but one department: her footwear. Her high-heeled and brightly patterned shoes have become a trademark.

◀ *May, speaking after her appointment on July 13, promised to make Britain a country that works "for every one of us"*

country went the other way and Cameron announced his resignation, other candidates quickly self-immolated. May emerged as the unity candidate—she even appointed Boris Johnson, a major figure in the Brexit campaign and a leadership rival, as Foreign Secretary. She is an ally of Cameron's who has the trust of the modernizing wing of the party, and an instinctive Euroskeptic who could be counted upon to bring the U.K. out of the E.U.

May's premiership will be defined by how she manages that departure from the European Union, which Foreign Secretary Philip Hammond has warned

could take up to six years to complete. It will certainly not be hasty; May has said repeatedly she will not trigger Article 50 of the E.U. Treaty, which starts a formal two-year process of withdrawal, until 2017.

Preparation will still begin right away, however. May quickly appointed David Davis, an acknowledged Brexiteer, to lead negotiations with bureaucrats in the E.U.'s Brussels headquarters. The goal will be to maintain the U.K.'s access to the single European market but gain the ability to set limits on E.U. migration—the so-called "Norway plus" option modeled on that country's relationship with the E.U. That won't be an easy sell—Europe will certainly insist on free movement as a condition of access to the market, and hard feelings remain after Brexit. But European Council President Donald Tusk sounded a positive note as May took office, saying July 13 that "after this so-called divorce procedure, the U.K. will remain our closest partner."

Whether a compromise can be forged will rest on May, especially since any deal with Brussels will have to be approved by her 27 counterparts still in the union. She has pledged to be a firm negotiator but also to maintain stability as the discussions begin. "We cannot let [Brexit] consume us," she said. "There are a lot of other things the government has to do as well."

Chief among those is repairing the rift in British society exposed by the referendum. The decision to leave was influenced as much by lack of opportunity and distrust of government as by animus toward the E.U. She has signaled a shift toward economic populism with plans to overhaul corporate governance and narrow the gap between the rich and the poor. Speaking moments after her appointment, May said Britain was at a "time of great national change" but pledged to "forge a bold new positive role for ourselves in the world."

May may not be another Iron Lady, but she is content to be considered a "bloody difficult woman"—a term used by a senior Tory to describe her that she has reclaimed as a badge of honor. "Politics could do with some bloody difficult women, actually," May said. The E.U. had better get ready. □

CAMERON'S LEGACY

His July 13 resignation as Prime Minister is clouded by Brexit. For better or worse, here's what he'll be remembered for

1

Rescuing the economy

Cameron, who took office in 2010, is credited by some for rescuing the British economy from the depths of the 2008 global financial crisis. But critics say many of the jobs created were insecure and low paid, while government spending cuts hurt the most vulnerable.

2

Same-sex marriage

Cameron has called his gay-marriage bill, which came into effect in 2014, one of his greatest achievements. The act faced strong opposition from religious groups and party members before it was passed by Parliament in 2013.

3

Libya intervention

Britain joined the NATO-led coalition against then Libyan leader Muammar Gaddafi in 2011. But Cameron and his allies did little to fill the vacuum created by Gaddafi's removal. Libya has essentially been in a state of civil war ever since.

4

2014 Scotland referendum

Cameron led a cross-party coalition and a star-studded cast, which included J.K. Rowling and President Obama, to persuade Scotland to stay in the U.K. It worked: the Scotland referendum in 2014 was a win for the status quo when 55% voted to remain with the U.K.

5

E.U. referendum

His biggest failure was of his own making. In an attempt to heal internal party division over the E.U., Cameron pledged in 2013 to renegotiate Britain's relationship with the bloc through a referendum. He gambled that U.K. voters would opt to stay. He was wrong.

—Tara John







SOUTH SUDAN

Suffering and squandered hope in a war-weary country

JULY 9 WAS THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY of the world's youngest country, but the citizens of South Sudan had no cause for celebration. Heavy fighting between the government forces of President Salva Kiir and troops loyal to his rival, Vice President Riek Machar, broke what had been an uneasy peace. Hundreds of people in the capital of Juba were killed, and tens of thousands were forced to flee their homes.

Though a tentative cease-fire was put into place on July 11, it is at best a temporary reprieve for what has been a two-year civil war. That conflict has divided the country along ethnic lines—Kiir is Dinka, while Machar is from the minority Nuer—and has resulted in the deaths of tens of thousands of people. Over 2 million South Sudanese have been displaced, while rape and other atrocities have become far too common. South Sudan has silently become a human-rights nightmare, one of the worst in the world.

It didn't have to be this way. South Sudan's independence in 2011—achieved with the help of the U.S.—was considered a diplomatic landmark. The country is blessed with plentiful oil reserves. But its leaders have repeatedly let South Sudan down. As U.N. Secretary-General Ban Ki-moon said after the latest round of violence, "Rarely has a country squandered so much promise so quickly."

—BRYAN WALSH

In this photo released by the U.N. Mission in South Sudan, women rest as they take cover from the fighting on the perimeter of a U.N. compound in Juba on July 8

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC KANALSTEIN—UNMISS/AP

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Why is the United Kingdom in decline? Blame Sir Winston Churchill

By Geoffrey Wheatcroft

WHEN *TIME* MADE WINSTON CHURCHILL ITS MAN OF THE Year in 1940, it was maybe the magazine's least surprising choice ever. That summer he saved his country from invasion by Germany and may be said without exaggeration to have saved freedom and civilization. By the end of the war he was hailed as "the leader of humanity," and at least one biographer has since named him "Man of the Century."

Today, the United Kingdom—let's use the name now, since it may not be united for much longer—is entangled in a web of crises. After a Prime Minister's involuntary resignation and a story of intrigue and betrayal inside the Conservative Party worthy of the worst Roman emperors, the Tories have given the country a new leader out of the blue. Meantime the Labour Party is paralyzed, with a leader almost all his MPs want to get rid of but who refuses to go.

A nation still trying to come to terms with what the Brexit vote of June 23 means now finds that Scotland could use it as an opportunity to claim independence. Another grave constitutional crisis impends, since no one seems to know whether triggering the mysterious Article 50 to begin formal departure from the European Union can be done by executive act or requires a parliamentary vote. If it's the latter, then what are MPs to do, since around 3 in 4 of them are opposed to Brexit? If that weren't enough to deal with, Britain was presented on July 6 with the Chilcot report, which damns with understated ferocity the way in which then Prime Minister Tony Blair took the country to war with Iraq.

OVER ALL OF THIS looms Churchill's vast, dark shadow. We seem unable to escape from him even now, more than 50 years after his death. He hangs over both Iraq and Brexit and, since those are such important factors in the battles inside the Conservative and Labour parties, over those feuds as well.

During the debate on whether or not to leave the E.U., Churchill's more Delphic utterances were regularly tossed about. He was regularly cited as a great oracle by both the Leave side and its opponents. A pro-Remain letter in the London *Times* began memorably, "As descendants of Marlborough, Wellington and Churchill, we feel strongly that the country cannot escape the lessons of history, that Europe succumbs to division when Britain turns its back on our continent," and was signed by the present Duke of Wellington and Sir Nicholas Soames, an MP and Churchill's grandson.

Even that couldn't match the endless trumpeting of Churchill's name heard on both sides of the Atlantic as we approached the doomed and disastrous adventure in Iraq (a country which, as it happens, Churchill played a central role in creating in 1921). As Jean Edward Smith says in his harshly critical new biography *Bush*, Churchill was "a secular deity" in the White House of President George W. Bush, who



Churchill's legacy still hangs over British foreign policy

liked to say he "loved Churchill's stand on principle" and claimed the wartime leader acted "in a way that seemed liked a Texan to me." The late Sir Martin Gilbert, Churchill's official biographer, rashly predicted in 2004 that Bush and Blair would, "with the passage of time and the opening of the archives, join the ranks of Roosevelt and Churchill."

WELL, THE ARCHIVES have been opened by Sir John Chilcot and his inquiry, and what we see is an excruciating parody, not to say a travesty. Two decidedly lesser men thought they could ape greater men, but they got it all wrong. Again and again, a sub-Churchillian Blair desperately voiced his loyalty to Bush—"I will be with you, whatever"—in a way that Churchill would never have addressed Franklin Roosevelt. Indeed, by the last year of their war, Churchill bitterly resented finding himself a supplicant for American favor and largesse, or being made to "sit up and beg like Fala," FDR's pet dog. Bush also had a Scottish terrier, and Blair felt no such qualms at begging like Barney.

In order to disguise this humiliation, Churchill resorted to a pretense. As the military historian and journalist Max Hastings recently said, "the notion of a 'special relationship' was invented for reasons of political expediency by Winston Churchill, who then became the first of many Prime Ministers to discover it to be a myth." But not the last. That "special relationship" found a kind of apotheosis under Blair and Bush and met its grim nemesis in the sands of Iraq.

Although Churchill may have saved his country at a critical juncture in history, his recent influence has been dubious and often calamitous. It's high time we thanked Churchill one last time, and moved on. □

Wheatcroft is a journalist and author of Yo, Blair!

The View



'HOW DO YOU COEXIST IN A WORLD WHERE PEOPLE LITERALLY SEE THINGS YOU CANNOT?' —NEXT PAGE



A crowd of Pokémon Go players gathers to catch and collect digital creatures in New York City's Union Square



TECHNOLOGY

The Pokémon fad shows the unnerving future of augmenting reality

By Matt Vella

ON A RECENT SUMMER EVENING, something strange happened in Prospect Park, in Brooklyn. As usual, joggers zipped along the edge of Long Meadow and dog owners did their postprandial duty. But this time they were joined by a dozen people shuffling about haphazardly, their zombie eyes fixed on glowing phone screens. This ad hoc crowd was busy catching Pokémon, the virtual creatures at the heart of the latest out-of-nowhere smartphone craze.

Pokémon Go, released on July 6 for Apple iOS and Google Android devices, is the first game in the 20-year-old franchise specifically designed for mobile gadgets. *Go*, developed by San Francisco-based Niantic, employs a phone's GPS to make Pokémon appear near players' physical locations.

Using the built-in camera, creatures pop up onscreen, integrated within the real world around them. Different types of Pokémon, which range from two-headed ostriches to plushy dragons, manifest at different times of day in public places—parks, museums, monuments—encouraging outdoor exploration. The game is free to download but charges for optional digital items that can speed up players' progress.

Even in an era of viral fads and Internet-breaking stunts, *Pokémon Go* became a thing at record pace. It shot to the top of the app charts, the fastest mobile game ever to reach No. 1 in terms of revenue, according to tracking firm App Annie. Investors cheered by the game's sudden popularity added \$7.5 billion to Nintendo's market value in two days. (The Japanese firm partly



PHOTOGRAPH BY JUSTIN LANE



owns the series' creator.) And according to Google Trends, "Pokémon" searches even surpassed those for porn, if only temporarily.

Pokémon Go represents something well beyond previous hits like *Candy Crush Saga* or *FarmVille*. It is a milestone for so-called augmented reality (AR), the practice of overlaying digital images on the real world via smartphone screen or head-mounted display. Companies from Ikea to Lockheed Martin have been experimenting with the concept for years. In March, Microsoft released a developer version of HoloLens, a prototype AR headset that can provide instructions for fixing a busted bathroom sink as well as play *Minecraft* in 3-D on your coffee table. Florida-based startup Magic Leap, one of the most hyped ventures in tech these days, has raised over \$1 billion in funding, based largely on demos of its own AR technology that look like *Pokémon Go* on methamphetamine.

But *Go* successfully uses AR as a sweetener to a mix of nostalgia for *Pokémon*, which peaked in popularity during the late '90s, when many millennials were preteens, as well as elements of long-gone Internet-age fads from geocaching to flash mobs. While technologists have been trying to perfect how AR works, *Pokémon* has provided one early answer for why you'd want it to.

The basic goodness or badness of AR—like any technology that proposes tinkering with the material of our reality—will be long debated. In science fiction, at least, the results are decidedly mixed. *Star Trek's* holodeck is a (mostly) beneficent tool for shared understanding; in Pat Cadigan's 1991 classic *Synners*, the augmentation of reality takes on a macabre, nightmarish quality as it enables corporate interests and human sensualism to run amok. Advanced AR could allow you to experience the world from another person's perspective—or lock you permanently into your own.

For now, it's mostly weird. *Go* has generated dystopian headlines, like the one about the teen girl in Wyoming who ran across a dead body while hunting Pokémon, or the man in Holyoke, Mass., who found himself besieged by players when the game randomly designated his home a prime gathering spot. There were just as many reports of gamers rejoicing at having a reason to exercise, strangers bonding over a shared interest and parents finding new ways to play with their kids.

These early anecdotes suggest how AR could reshape notions of public space, for example, or make it more difficult to opt out of new technology. The fundamental question AR asks of us will likely be: How do you coexist in a world where people literally see things you cannot? Whether it is ironic or merely to be expected that this future dilemma has crept into our present by way of cloying collectible pets is another matter. □

VERBATIM
'I can't imagine what this place would be—I can't imagine what the country would be—with Donald Trump as our President.'

RUTH BADER GINSBURG, Supreme Court Justice, to the *New York Times*; Trump replied that it was "highly inappropriate" for a Supreme Court Justice to get involved in a presidential campaign

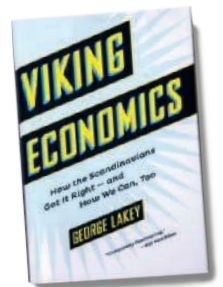


BOOK IN BRIEF

America: more socialist than it seems?

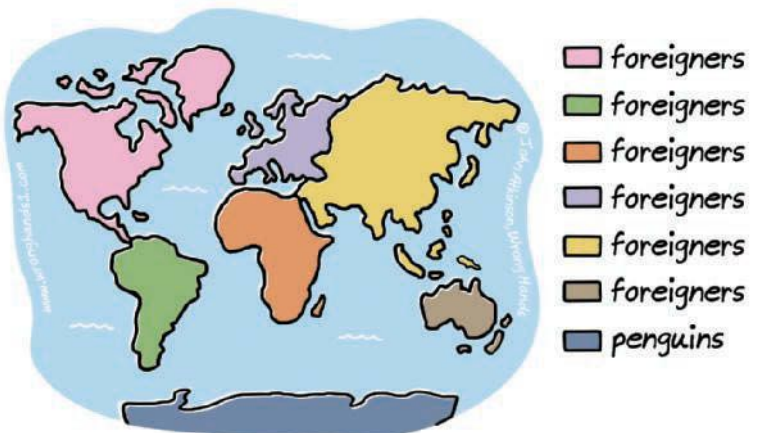
FOR DECADES, U.S. LAWMAKERS HAVE dismissed the possibility of bringing Nordic-style social democracy, with its robust and diverse welfare programs, to America. Conservatives say it goes against our bootstrapping ideals, while liberals lament that it's too progressive to catch on. But in his new book *Viking Economics*, George

Lahey argues that both objections are flimsy. While it's true that many Americans balk at the idea of socialism, polling reveals strong bipartisan support for socialist-style programs like Medicare, and more than two-thirds of Americans believe the government should help the needy get food and shelter. (Among the under-30 set, support for socialism and capitalism is roughly equal.) Of course, fully embracing Nordic-style policies—and in turn upping access to health care, education and more—would require something Americans are categorically allergic to: tax hikes. Then again, Lahey concludes, you get what you pay for. —SARAH BEGLEY



CHARTOON

Xenophobic world map



JOHN ATKINSON, WRONG HANDS

GINSBURG: MICHAEL DWYER—AP; BIG IDEA: MAS SUBRAMANIAN—OREGON STATE UNIVERSITY

QUICK TAKE

How to save the world's forests—with tires

By Carter Roberts

MOST TALK ABOUT CONSERVATION AND travel tends to revolve around reducing emissions: fewer pollutants means fewer harmful climate changes.

But protecting the environment isn't just about tailpipes; it's about tires and the rubber that's used to make them. Right now, most of it comes from exotic tree plantations in Southeast Asia. Since the 1980s, its production has led to the loss of hundreds of millions of acres of natural forest, threatening the species that call those places home.

It doesn't have to be that way. Last month, Michelin, the world's largest buyer of natural rubber, announced a new zero-deforestation policy, setting the bar for the rest of the industry. Its goal is to produce rubber responsibly, working in places like Indonesia's Thirty Hills

region to design wildlife-friendly plantations that offer sustainable income for local communities. The move comes on the heels of the U.N.'s 2014 Climate Summit in New York City, where 53 of the world's largest companies—sans the rubber industry—pledged to eliminate deforestation from their supply chains.

To be sure, plenty of work lies ahead, especially in the Tanintharyi landscape (along the border of Burma and Thailand), where rising rubber production could wipe out some of the richest mammal populations in Asia. But that work must be done. Our tires should support the wheels of progress—not leave behind a path of destruction.

Roberts is the president and CEO of World Wildlife Fund

BIG IDEA

A new blue

If this color seems familiar, look again. It's a never-before-seen shade of blue, accidentally discovered by researchers at Oregon State University who were testing compounds for uses in electronics. In the heat of their furnace, one mixture turned from dark brown to a vivid hue of blue—which, it turns out, was an entirely new pigment. "I thought, Wow," recalls Mas Subramaniam, the professor who led the OSU research team. The researchers named the pigment YInMn Blue after its three elements: Yttrium (Y), Indium (In) and Manganese (Mn). But there's more to it than good looks: the mixture absorbs UV light and resists high temperatures, making it a promising color option for cooling roofs. YInMn is expected to be commercially available before 2017 (for now, printed photos can't fully reproduce the hue). Subramaniam says he hopes it will eventually be used to make "a painting in a museum." —*Julia Zorthian*



Paint, by numbers

The pigment will be sold exclusively by the Shepherd Color Co., likely for a pricey \$1,000/kg (thanks to its rare elements). It can be mixed into paint, plastic and more.



DATA LOVE AND TELEVISION

As part of a promotion for its first original streaming series, *Glued*, Xfinity teamed up with research firm Propeller Insights to survey almost 2,000 adults ages 25 to 49 about their relationships. Perhaps not surprisingly, the cable company concluded that TV plays an outside role:



66%

of couples said watching TV together made their relationship stronger; that number grew to almost 75% for millennial couples



55%

of parents said they had sent their kids to bed earlier or later so they could watch a favorite show



50%

of couples said they had "TV cheated," or watched a show without their partner



28%

of single millennials said they had nixed a potential relationship over TV preferences



The truth about police violence—and who the heroes and villains are among all of us

By Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

I EXPLAIN MY PASSION FOR HISTORY TO MY FRIENDS BY quoting American philosopher George Santayana: “Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.” That simple concept of not drinking from the same carton of sour milk twice is the foundation of civilization as well as of personal spiritual growth.

Yet here we are again. More dead bodies. More outrage. More finger-pointing. Like a grotesque Quentin Tarantino version of *Groundhog Day* in which we experience the same horrific day over and over. Our only hope for release from this loop of lunacy is to learn how to display our humanity.

Except that yearned-for release never comes.

We never seem able to honestly examine the obvious pattern of causes without defensive posturing. Without looking for scapegoats to assuage our fear and anger. Without denying our own complicit and complacent guilt.

I TAKE GREAT PRIDE in the fact that my grandfather and father were both dedicated law-enforcement officers. They spent their lives putting the needs of the community over their own, sometimes at their peril. So I am especially reluctant to hurl accusations. And as an African American, I am reluctant to hurl accusations. I don’t endorse vigilante violence.

While it’s important for authorities, human-rights organizations and people on the street to condemn such acts of violence, it’s also important that we move past our rage to examine these acts in context so that we might prevent them in the future. Part of that context is the fact that the recent police killings of Philando Castile and Alton Sterling, the 135th and 136th African Americans to be killed by police in the U.S. in 2016, have revived the fears of all people of color. The hope for change that followed the protests after the deaths of Michael Brown, Freddie Gray and Eric Garner has been dashed. In fact, things seem to have gotten more dangerous. More people have been killed by police this year than in the same period in 2015. Police rightfully point out that in half those deaths, the perpetrators fired their guns first, and officer deaths are also up: 20 killed in the first six months of 2016 vs. 16 in the same period of 2015.

When it comes to racial conflict, there are those who want to exploit the issue for political gain. They try to degrade the complexity of the problem to the most simplistic B-movie status: heroes vs. villains. This is accomplished by constantly rousing our emotions to misdirect us from working together to find solutions. So, if we want to find heroes, look for those using this tragedy as inspiration for peaceful resolutions.

BIAS BY THE NUMBERS

1,502

people have been killed by on-duty officers since Jan. 1, 2015, according to the Washington Post—732 white, 381 black and 382 of unknown race. Sounds like more whites? No.

40%

of deaths of unarmed people at the hands of police were of black men, though they make up only 6% of the U.S. population, as the Post points out.

THE FIRST GROUP of heroes are those conscientious police who are doing everything they can to institute serious changes as quickly as possible. Given the resistance they face from some politicians and members of their own departments, it’s like trying to reverse the rotation of the earth. Yet they push on. Part of the problem is inbred racism within departments. Another part is funding. Los Angeles spent an estimated \$300 million on reforming the department after an antigang squad was accused of beating and framing people.

Police reform needs to happen much more quickly than it has been, before we see another breaking-news bulletin with a black body slumped in death and a white uniformed police officer standing over him. And that requires the rest of us—private citizens and politicians alike—to put pressure on those hiding behind bureaucracies and buck-passing.

The other heroes to emerge are the relentlessly committed members and supporters of Black Lives Matter. They show up day after day, in city after city, getting their message across peacefully, articulately and with grace. Black Lives Matter organizer DeRay McKesson was arrested, along with approximately 120 others, while leading a peaceful protest down a road in Baton Rouge after the killing of Alton Sterling. They were charged with obstructing a highway, though many of the detained claimed they were on the side of the road. Even if they weren’t, the bullying lack of sensitivity of the local sheriff’s office shows how stuck in that *Groundhog Day*-jà vu of doom we are.

In the end, both the police and the protesters who are championing reform will have a greater impact on ending racism than a dozen mass shootings. These men and women embody the displays of virtuous humanity that just might set us free.

Abdul-Jabbar is an NBA champion and the author of the forthcoming book Writings on the Wall

Letters: A black father and his son

After police officers in Louisiana and Minnesota shot and killed two black men, Eddie Glaude, chair of the Department of African American Studies at Princeton University, wrote to his son Langston. Langston, a rising junior at Brown University, replied. This is their correspondence.

Dear Langston,

I thought of you when I saw the son of Alton Sterling weeping at a press conference. It was the latest in a string of haunting public rituals of grief. The police had killed another black person. His cries made me think of you. It seems, ever since the murder of Trayvon Martin, and you were only 15 then, that you have had to come to terms with this fact: that police can wantonly kill us. That even I can't protect you.

I remembered that day when the grand jury in Cleveland declined to indict the officers who had killed Tamir Rice. We were in an airport, traveling home. You cursed out loud and paced like a trapped animal. I didn't know how to speak to your rage. How could I keep it from coloring your soul a deep shade of blue? When I read your Facebook posts on Sterling's and Philando Castile's deaths, I felt the sting. You are your grandfather's and father's child.

James Baldwin wrote in 1964—and you know how much I love Baldwin—in “The Uses of the Blues,” that “in every generation, ever since Negroes have been here, every Negro mother and father has had to face that child and try to create in that child some way of surviving this particular world, some way to make the child who will be despised not despise himself.” Here we are in 2016 and I am worried about the state of your spirit—worried that the ugliness of this world and the nastiness of some of the white people who inhabit it might dirty you on the inside.

I find myself more often than not, and upon reflection this is an astonishing thing to say, no less think, wishing you were 7 years old again. You were adorable at 7. The vexations of the teenage years were far off, and you still liked me. I say this not because I find having an empty nest unbearable, or that I long to raise a teenager again—I say it because I feel that you would be safer at home, with us.

Those tears, son, shook me. Diamond Reynolds' 4-year-old baby consoling her mother made me tremble. I love you, and I don't know what I would do if anything ever happened to you. But I am proud to see your radical rage. Keep fighting. And remember, as your grandmother reminds me with all of the wisdom that Mississippi living can muster, that I won't stop worrying about you until I die.

*Love,
Dad*

Dear Dad,

When I saw those videos of Alton Sterling and Philando Castile, I thought of you and mom. I thought of Michael Brown's mother and wondered about the pain and anguish you both would feel if that were me in those videos. Then I saw the video of Alton Sterling's son, and I thought about if it had been one of you in those videos, stolen from me by a policeman. That thought alone triggered emotions inside me that I didn't know existed.

I remember when I first got into activism. You were always checking up on me, making sure that I was being careful about what I said and who I said it to. I thought you were being your typical dad self, overprotective of your little boy. I also remember when I started getting death threats on Facebook and Twitter. A neo-Nazi group had put my picture up on its Twitter feed. I was terrified. I ran to you.

You may not have known it then, but your presence at the time was one of the most important things that could have happened to me. On the outside I appeared to be able to keep my composure, but on the inside I was scared. With a single tweet, my confidence and feeling of safety was shattered. The world seemed like it was doing everything in its power

to destroy me. And despite your parental instincts, which I know were screaming to pull me off social media, you pushed me to reach higher, to stand by right and to rise above the ugliness.

In these times of injustice, great anger and grief, I find myself consistently asking, What would my father do? Crazy, right? I'm actually listening to your advice for once. But it's knowing that you love and support me that gives me some sense of safety in this cruel world. And that is everything I need.

Funny, I, too, find myself wishing that I were a kid again. The world seemed so much simpler. But then I remember Tamir Rice. I remember Trayvon Martin, Michael Brown and Aiyana Jones. I look at the faces of countless black bodies piling up in our streets. And I remember my own experiences with police officers as a kid. The struggle must continue, for our future's sake.

*I love you, Dad.
Langston*



Langston protests on his college campus



After Baton Rouge, Minneapolis and Dallas, signs of passionate sanity

By Joe Klein

IN THE DAYS AFTER THE DALLAS POLICE massacre, American civility took a few small steps forward. A good part of this was attributable to the relative silence of the usual suspects, the partisans, the politicians, the professional protesters, the talk-radio blowhards. Donald Trump canceled his rallies and tweeted an unobjectionable call for national unity. Hillary Clinton, who cannot be compared to Trump as an incendiary force in American life, canceled her rallies too, but showed her limitations by making an entirely banal statement on the need for a “national conversation” about race.

At that very moment, a sophisticated and sensitive conversation about race—to my mind, the most thoughtful one we’ve had in years—was already breaking out. It was visible on cable television, where a succession of journalists interviewed a succession of Dallas citizens and civic leaders who expressed neither hate nor anger nor intemperance, but sadness and empathy. Even the local extremists seemed moderate: an African-American protester named Mark Hughes quietly explained to a boggled Craig Melvin of MSNBC that he had brought his AR-15 to the protest march to exercise his Second Amendment rights, but when the shooting started he surrendered the rifle to a police officer so that he wouldn’t be confused with the shooter. (His face was tweeted out as a possible suspect anyway.)

THE COMPLEXITY OF IT ALL was typically American, confounding the notion of a binary black-white race war. The police officers involved in the incidents were a *mélange* of races; the freaked-out cop who shot Philando Castile in Minnesota was Latino. There were police officers being photographed, smiling with the protesters

in Dallas; there were police officers of various races arresting Black Lives Matter leader DeRay Mckesson in Baton Rouge. “War in Dallas,” screamed the Drudge Report, but the reality seemed quite the opposite. Indeed, it could be argued that Dallas was a metaphor for the true state of race relations in the country—improving slowly, painfully but surely, after the explosions of police violence these past few years. The shooter, Micah Johnson, was a metaphor too—a radical, mentally disturbed outlier grabbing the headlines, distorting the actual state of the nation. In that way, he was reminiscent of Omar Mateen, the sexually confused and enraged loner who perpetrated the Orlando gay-bar massacre in June. Both were disturbed men who wrapped themselves in the cloak of larger

movements—and the media, especially in the Orlando case, chose to portray the events as acts of terrorism rather than of individual derangement, abetted by the easy access of deranged individuals to powerful firearms.

All of which raises the question: What if we are not “falling apart” as a nation? What if we are, in fact, doing what democracies are supposed to do—gradually learning, through experience, how to solve our most vexing

problems? The very presence of the cameras that recorded the apparently flagrant police shootings of Philando Castile and Alton Sterling is a sign of progress: in the future, given the use of police cameras and concerned citizens with phones, virtually every interaction between the police and the public will be filmed. (Given the presence of cameras in both those shootings, it is remarkable that the police reacted as outrageously as they did.) There were also some helpful voices in the crowd. There was Newt Gingrich, in a Facebook conversation with Van Jones, saying that “if you are a normal white American, the truth is you don’t understand being black in America, and you instinctively underestimate the level of discrimination and the level of additional risk.” And there was Dr. Brian Williams, part of the surgical team that treated the wounded Dallas officers, who admitted that as a black man, he was



At a service for the five Dallas police officers killed on July 7, President Obama, with Michelle Obama and Dallas Mayor Mike Rawlings, said he had “spoken at too many memorials”

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afraid of the police, and then recounted a time when he and his daughter had bought ice cream for an officer—just to show the police that they were appreciated by the community.

THOSE PANIC MONGERS who would compare the current moment to 1968 should note that there were few, if any, integrated surgical teams back then, and few black police chiefs or mayors in major American cities. There was no African-American Attorney General or Homeland Security director, like Loretta Lynch and Jeh Johnson, who set the civil, mournful tone in the hours after the massacre. And there was certainly no black President. There were few black journalists—like Craig Melvin—to report the situation with empathy, and there was a much smaller black middle class, people with homes and jobs and property to defend, to serve as a voice of stability. Those who argue that the fundamental hydraulics of race relations haven't changed in the past 40 years, like the intellectual Ta-Nehisi Coates, are deluding themselves and misleading their followers.

The problem of racial extremism remains—as does the tendency of the media to give the loudest, angriest voices the most attention. There are white racists aplenty. There is the tangled question of Black Lives Matter, which Rudy Giuliani inaccurately called “racist.” It is, as the videos of the protests make clear, an integrated ad hoc group. Its protests have been largely peaceful—and effective to a degree that its leadership refuses to admit because of its ideological need to be pessimistic. The presence of the cameras, the efforts of many police departments to reduce community tension, is partly attributable to the protests led by Black Lives Matter.

At the same time, it is a movement that has been flawed from the start by its myopic focus on police violence—which, as Giuliani accurately asserts, is minuscule compared with the level of black-on-black violence in poor communities. It is stating the obvious—though few liberals ever state it—that police of all colors are going to react more warily and be more panicky in areas that are violent. The cops who overreacted disastrously in Baton Rouge were responding to a report of a crazy man brandishing a gun in front of a convenience store. The police officer who inexcusably shot Castile as he reached for his driver's license was reacting to Castile's statement that he had a gun. The gun craziness of this society is a conversation that hasn't progressed nearly as far as our racial discussion.

THE SILENCE OF THE POLITICIANS was a blessing in the days after Dallas. In the past, both parties—and this is not a false equivalence—have exploited

the racial divide. On the Monday after Dallas, Donald Trump re-emerged and gave what was, for him, a pretty reasonable speech, acknowledging the need for “fairness” in the application of justice, but reviving code words like “law and order” from the museum of Republican race-baiting; and ultra-conservative media sources like Drudge and Rush Limbaugh did their usual dirty work.

The Democrats—and their media surrogates like Al Sharpton—also indulged in their usual undifferentiated acceptance of any and all micro-grievances. If nothing else, the progress in Dallas implies that the Democrats' divisive identity politics—the sorting of constituencies according to ethnicity, gender and sexual orientation—is beginning to seem dated too. Racialism—that is, the attempt to make benign distinctions according to race—isn't as obnoxious as racism, but it inhibits the movement toward an egalitarian society.

IN THE END, there was President Barack Obama. His Dallas speech wasn't the most memorable of his staggering 11 public eulogies after mass shootings. That honor goes to his talk in Charleston last year, when he sang “Amazing Grace.” But it was brilliant all the same, an appeal to reason on all sides that begged the left- and right-wing sniping of recent days, and the past seven years, about Obama's being somehow deficient in these instances, a vehement partisan taking the side of the protesters, a leader who had somehow made race relations worse.

Far from being partisan, Obama has been accurate and proportionate in his statements about race—just as he has been accurate and proportionate in his candid statements about American mistakes overseas, which have been derided by the hateful as an “apology tour.”

This President once again proved himself a moderate in Dallas, a balanced teller of plain truths. He acknowledged that he had seen “how inadequate my own words have been” when it comes to lowering the temperature, but also that, paraphrasing Scripture, suffering “produces perseverance, perseverance to character, and character to hope.” There can be no gainsaying his message; it was impeccable. And there can be no denying that neither of the choices we face in this election, Donald Trump or Hillary Clinton, has the rhetorical wherewithal or emotional intelligence to lead, as Obama has, on this most painful of issues—or that either political party has found the right balance of candor and empathy. The country is, slowly, becoming a better place because of Obama's leadership, and because of the willingness of local officials, like those in Dallas, to work at reconciliation. His passionate sanity will be sorely missed. □

27%
Percentage of ethnic or racial minorities in U.S. police departments in 2013, up from 15% in 1987. Still, for blacks, whose ranks rose from 9% to 12%, participation growth has been slower to materialize.

50%
Percentage increase in mean income among African Americans in the top income quintile from 1979 to 2014. Still, the top quintile for whites reached that mean in 1979.



© Bryce Groark for Mission Blue



“Fifty years ago, we could not see limits to what we could put into the ocean, or what we could take out. Fifty years into the future, it will be too late to do what is possible right now. We are in a “sweet spot” in time when the decisions we make in the next ten years will determine the direction of the next 10,000.”

Oceanographer Dr. Sylvia Earle, TIME Magazine Hero for the Planet

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CAMPAIGN

WHAT A PRESIDENT NEEDS TO KNOW

Amid the clamor of advisers and
the fog of hard calls, some basic
requirements remain

BY JON MEACHAM

*"I'm an intuitive
person," says
the candidate,
photographed at
Trump Tower
on July 11*



The suite is quiet—oddly so, given its occupant’s seismic effect on the life of the nation beyond Fifth Avenue.

And yet there is a pervasive hush here on the 26th floor of Trump Tower in midtown Manhattan, even in the corner office, where the tycoon turned Republican nominee sits at a cluttered desk. Vintage magazine covers featuring his image decorate the walls—Trump on *Fortune*, Trump on *BusinessWeek*, Trump on *GQ*, Trump on *Playboy*—while sports trophies (he’s about a 4 handicap on the golf course) are casually arranged on the windowsills. The only outward sign of what he has wrought: a modest stack of bumper stickers and a single red MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN cap on the desk.

This late-spring morning, in a wide-ranging conversation with *TIME*, the subject is presidential literacy: What does a President need to know in order to, well, Make America Great Again? How does a candidate prepare to take up the virtually unimaginable burdens of the office? What kind of temperament is required to lead the nation in the first decades of the 21st century? Hearing the questions, Trump is polite but prefers to talk tactics. “I have a number of advantages over somebody else, even a traditional candidate,” he says. “Number one, I seem to get an inordinate amount of coverage. For whatever reason, I can’t even really define why. You turn on CNN, it’s all Trump all the time. It’s crazy. You watch all the networks, that’s the way it is.”

Coverage, however, does not necessarily translate into clarity. A startlingly successful vote getter who just engineered a takeover of the party of Lincoln, Eisenhower and Reagan, Trump nevertheless lacks traditional presidential credentials. How then to gauge what Trump knows and might do? “I’ve always rated experience far less than capability,” he says, arguing that from Benghazi to her emails, Hillary Clinton’s years in the arena demonstrate a pattern of bad judgment. “When people ask me would you rather have experience or talent, I’ll take talent every time. That’s not to knock experience, and I think I have both.” And he rejects the idea that he’s a political novice. “It’s not like I’ve not been in politics, but just not on this side of the ledger.”

How does he respond to the argument that he’s a salesman above all—someone who will say anything in a given situation, which makes it hard to judge how he would perform in the White House? “First of all, the country needs a salesman,” Trump replies. But, he adds, there is more to him than that: “I think my ideas are really good.”

One example that pops to mind: “The NATO

‘You want Presidents to have sound judgment, modesty, personal self-assurance... as well as the ability to decide who can give them the expertise and advice they need.’

MICHAEL BESCHLOSS, historian

thing,” Trump says. Musing about his unique ability to lead, he thinks back to the day in March when Wolf Blitzer tried to corner him about NATO during a CNN interview. As Trump sees it, his answer was a telling instance of what he believes is his “special” capacity to arrive at conclusions with little forethought. “When Wolf Blitzer asked me about NATO, I’m not a student of NATO, but I gave him two answers: It’s obsolete, and we’re spending too much money because these countries aren’t paying their fair share.”

So Trump was reacting intuitively? “Off the cuff,” Trump replied. “I’m an intuitive person. I didn’t read books on NATO—you do—and yet I was asked the question.”

There it all was: Trump winging it on an issue of global significance (the shape of the Western alliance, a cornerstone of security since former President Harry Truman)—and then congratulating himself for it. By the time of the CNN interview, he had told the *Washington Post* editorial board that NATO cost the U.S. “hundreds of billions,” only to change it to “billions” when challenged by a *Post* editor. (Direct U.S. contributions to NATO run less than \$1 billion a year.) Trump had this much right: there is a legitimate debate to be had about the future of NATO. The problem was that his harsh language and his hyperbolic assertions about costs raised questions about both his grasp of foreign policy and his commitment to long-standing security arrangements.

But that’s sort of the point. To Trump, precise policy details tend to be irrelevant to his larger campaign argument: that the rest of the world—in the form of immigrants, China, Mexico or even our European allies—is taking unfair advantage of us. He likes the shock and awe of his approach, with no apparent concern for the reactions of Hillary Clinton (and many U.S. allies), for whom talk of an “obsolete” NATO and of building walls, both literal (along

the southern border) and figurative (by threatening punitive tariffs against major trading partners), is irresponsible and wrongheaded. Trump, for his part, has little time for such critiques of his campaign declarations. As he likes to point out, if the elites are so smart, then why is the world in the shape it's in—and why, exactly, is he now the Republican nominee?

Still, politics, like diplomacy and financial markets, values predictability, and on the campaign trail, Trump has proved to be the most unpredictable of men. He disposed of 16 challengers and is now within striking distance of the presidency in part by saying Mexico is sending “rapists” across the border illegally; by initially declining to denounce David Duke and the Ku Klux Klan; by proposing a ban on Muslims entering the U.S. (which he diluted subsequently); and by expressing pleasure at warm words from Vladimir Putin, among numerous examples. Even among Trump’s allies, the fear is that his instinct for the bold statement, combined with his glancing knowledge of policy nuances, has created a campaign—and could create an Administration—that is both undeniably compelling and inherently unstable.

Trump waves away such concerns. “I’m a very stable person,” he says. “I’m so stable you wouldn’t believe it.” He repeatedly implies that his campaign bombast is just that—bombast. “I’m not a fast trigger,” Trump says. “I’m the exact opposite of a fast trigger, but nobody’s going to push us around.”

Viewed in historical terms, a Trump presidency would pose an unusual risk to the country. American Presidents can be agents of change, yes, but they are also custodians of a social and political order that requires sophistication, balance and a fluency in the basic vocabulary of government and of statecraft. Trump, however, is a creature of the moment, of improvisation, of polarity. Strikingly, he’s learning public policy less from experts and briefing books—the traditional means of presidential preparation—and more from newspapers and what he once called “the shows.” His tendency to wing it—to act on his gut—effectively means that he’s working off what might be called “political hearsay.” No President can know everything, but all Presidents have to know enough to assess the validity of the inevitable advice that swirls through the Oval Office. While a President Trump can hire experts, experts won’t be making the final calls. Only he can—and will.

You don’t need a Ph.D. to lead the nation, but you do need to know—as Trump did not appear to grasp in one of the debates—what the nuclear triad is. Or that the Quds and the Kurds, not to mention Hamas and Hizballah, are different things. Or that you can’t order military officers to engage in illegal torture. Or that Ted Cruz’s father was not linked to the Kennedy assassination. Or that Barack Obama was born in Hawaii, not Kenya. At his first joint appearance with Clinton on the campaign trail,

PRESIDENTIAL PRECEDENTS

The ideal Oval Office résumé? It doesn’t exist. The nation’s 43 Presidents have all lacked for something. The trick is how they have compensated for it:



Franklin Roosevelt
While he was a shrewd and charming politician, Roosevelt was criticized for his lack of commitment to consistent ideological principles. Some thought he was too quick to change aspects of his New Deal policies to compromise and please others.



Harry Truman
Dismissed as a Midwestern political hack chosen to cement a weak Democratic ticket, Truman emerged as a steely Commander in Chief who, opponents learned, was dangerous to underestimate.

President Obama put the matter clearly: “You’ve actually got to know what you’re talking about.”

With Trump’s nomination in Cleveland, Americans are about to face the starkest of political choices: a contest between Clinton, one of the most experienced and policy-fluent candidates in history, and Trump, the least conventional major-party nominee in modern times. Fundamentally, the Clinton-Trump race will be a campaign of the Conventional vs. the Confident, of the Prepared vs. the Provocateur, of the Realist vs. the Ringmaster.

And it may yet turn out that Trump is better suited to the politics of the moment, not just at the convention but through the autumn to the general election. At home and abroad, from the collapse of the traditional GOP presidential field to the Brexit vote in the U.K., elites of all kinds—governing, corporate, intellectual—are facing a withering populist backlash. Trump has positioned himself against the history of leaders of traditional experience and expertise. (“I love the poorly educated,” he proudly declared in Nevada after sweeping the demographic.) His success in the GOP primary was nothing if not a rejection of the party’s most qualified field since George H.W. Bush triumphed a quarter of a century ago. As a result, the Trump candidacy has become a referendum on whether the credentials of the qualified elite are a liability next to machismo, single-minded nationalism and information-age street smarts.

II.

IN HIS LONG RETIREMENT in Independence, Mo., Truman often found himself musing about the things he knew best:

American history and the American presidency. “You never can tell what’s going to happen to a man until he gets to a place of responsibility,” Truman observed after he left the White House in 1953. “You just can’t tell in advance, whether you’re talking about a general in the field in a military situation or the manager of a large farm or a bank officer or a President ... You’ve just got to pick the man you think is best on the basis of his past history and the views he expresses on present events and situations, and then you sit around and do a lot of hoping and if you’re inclined that way, a certain amount of praying.” Using the Truman test of “the basis of his past history and the views he expresses on present events and situations,” Trump has created plenty of anxiety.

And so, following Truman’s counsel, we hope and we pray. Historically, there is no textbook definition of how to prepare to be President. We have had generals and governors; Secretaries of State and Senators. Trump would be the first American President without significant experience in government or in the military. A problematic feature of his candidacy, however, is not about his political résumé but rather his conscious decision—and it can only be called that—

not to educate himself on the norms of national and international affairs. The result is a seemingly endless cycle that, in our public life, leads to confusion rather than illumination. Here is how it tends to go: Trump will say something provocative and factually dubious; the world will react, even recoil; Trump will not apologize—not exactly—but will slowly and sporadically amend his remarks, thus leaving everything in a kind of haze. In a campaign, this addiction to chaos is one thing; in the White House, it would be something else entirely.

“You want Presidents to have sound judgment, modesty, personal self-assurance, an understanding of the constitutional and historical constraints and the potential of the presidency, as well as the ability to decide who can give them the expertise and advice they need,” said the historian Michael Beschloss. “You don’t need Presidents to know every figure in the Coast Guard budget, but you do need to have the confidence that when they are making a decision that you may never hear about, they will be doing so with intelligence, skill and a temperament and set of basic values you feel comfortable with.”

Predictably, the past offers a range of models rather than a single standard. Experienced Presidents make mistakes; inexperienced ones have constructive moments, and vice versa. John F. Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon were deeply immersed in governance, but each had moments of colossal misjudgment. On the positive side, Truman



Dwight Eisenhower Eisenhower didn’t even confirm he was a Republican until the 1952 New Hampshire primary, and later threatened to bolt the party if its right wing didn’t fall in line. But his exalted military record helped him reach past politics and speak directly to the country.

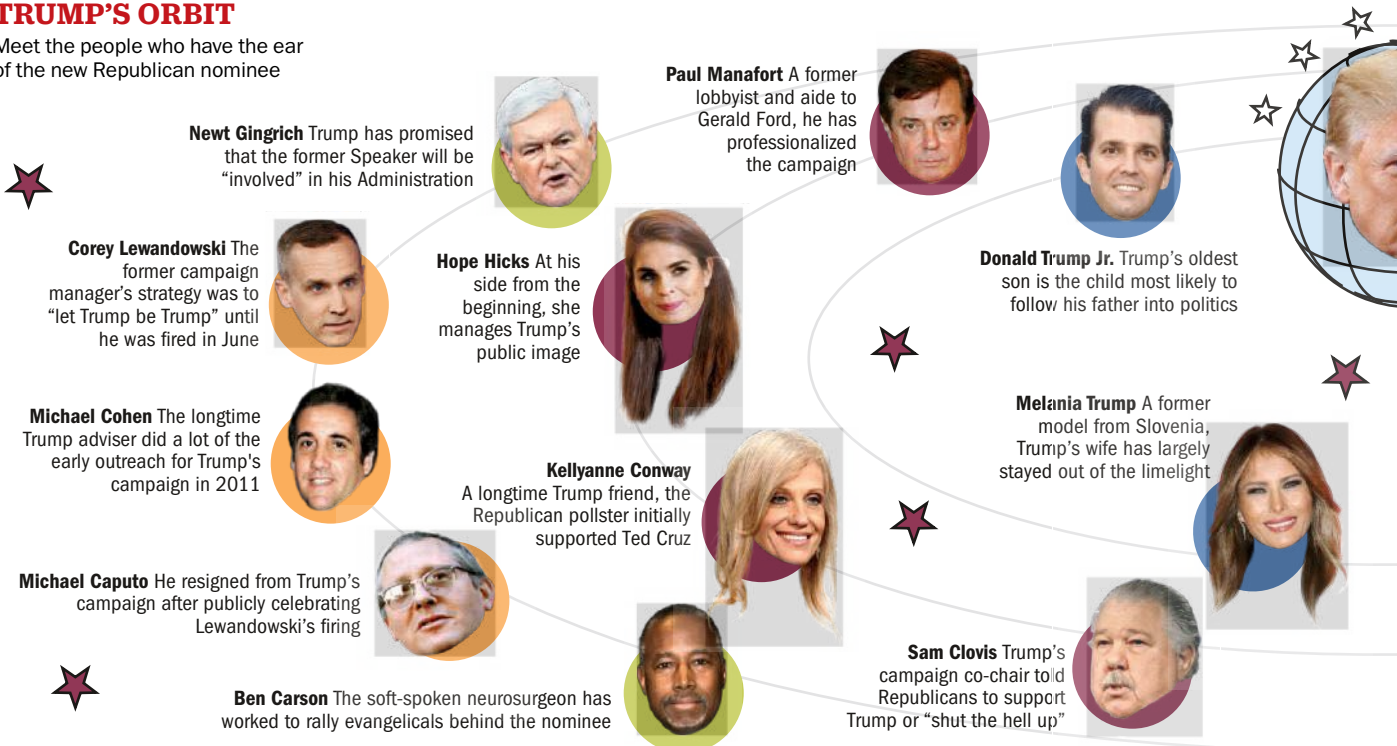
came to the office amid low public expectations yet created the foundations for the Cold War Western alliance. A student of large organizations, Dwight Eisenhower could seem remote but proved to be a sound manager of the federal government and of the nuclear standoff with the Soviets.

Given Trump’s affinity for Ronald Reagan—or at least affinity for Reagan’s winning image within the GOP—the analogy to the 40th President repays consideration. Trump admirers think of their man as a 21st century version of the Gipper—a charismatic leader who had an occasionally ambiguous relationship with facts and details. In this scenario, Hillary Clinton is Jimmy Carter, the naval officer who loved detail but largely failed to master the events of his time. The problem is that Trump is no Reagan. They do share some surface similarities—neither was a career politician, and both dominated the media of their times. Like Trump, Reagan tended to eschew policy specifics, preferring to conserve his energy to focus on a few big things. The distinction lies in their level of experience in government on coming to the presidency (Reagan had served eight years as governor of a dynamic, fast-growing state and sought the presidential nomination three times) and in their philosophical commitments (Reagan spent decades honing a vision of free markets and anticommunism; Trump appears to have few philosophical commitments beyond one to his own success as a “brand”).

This much is clear: history shows us that the

TRUMP’S ORBIT

Meet the people who have the ear of the new Republican nominee



success or failure of a presidency (and of the country) hinges on the President himself—on what he (or she) knows, believes and even feels. Skeptics might think this an overly simple view of the intrinsically complicated nature of reality. Yet to say that the President is the central, decisive figure in our national politics is neither melodramatic nor hyperbolic. It was, in fact, an insight shared by two men who otherwise had little in common: Ike and JFK.

On the eve of the 1960 election, in a speech supporting his Vice President, Richard Nixon, in the campaign against JFK, Eisenhower compared the presidency to the field of battle. “The nakedness of the battlefield when the soldier is all alone in the smoke and the clamor and the terror of war is comparable to the loneliness—at times—of the presidency,” Eisenhower said. “These are the times when one man must conscientiously, deliberately, prayerfully scrutinize every argument, every proposal, every prediction, every alternative, every probable outcome of his action and then—all alone—make his decision.”

Three years later, after a tumultuous time in office that had included showdowns with the Soviet Union over the Berlin Wall and Russian missiles in Cuba, Kennedy published a short piece on decisionmaking in the White House. “It is only part of the story,” Kennedy wrote of the loneliness of the office, “for, during the rest of the time, no one in the country is more assailed by divergent advice and clamorous counsel. This advice and counsel, indeed, are essential to

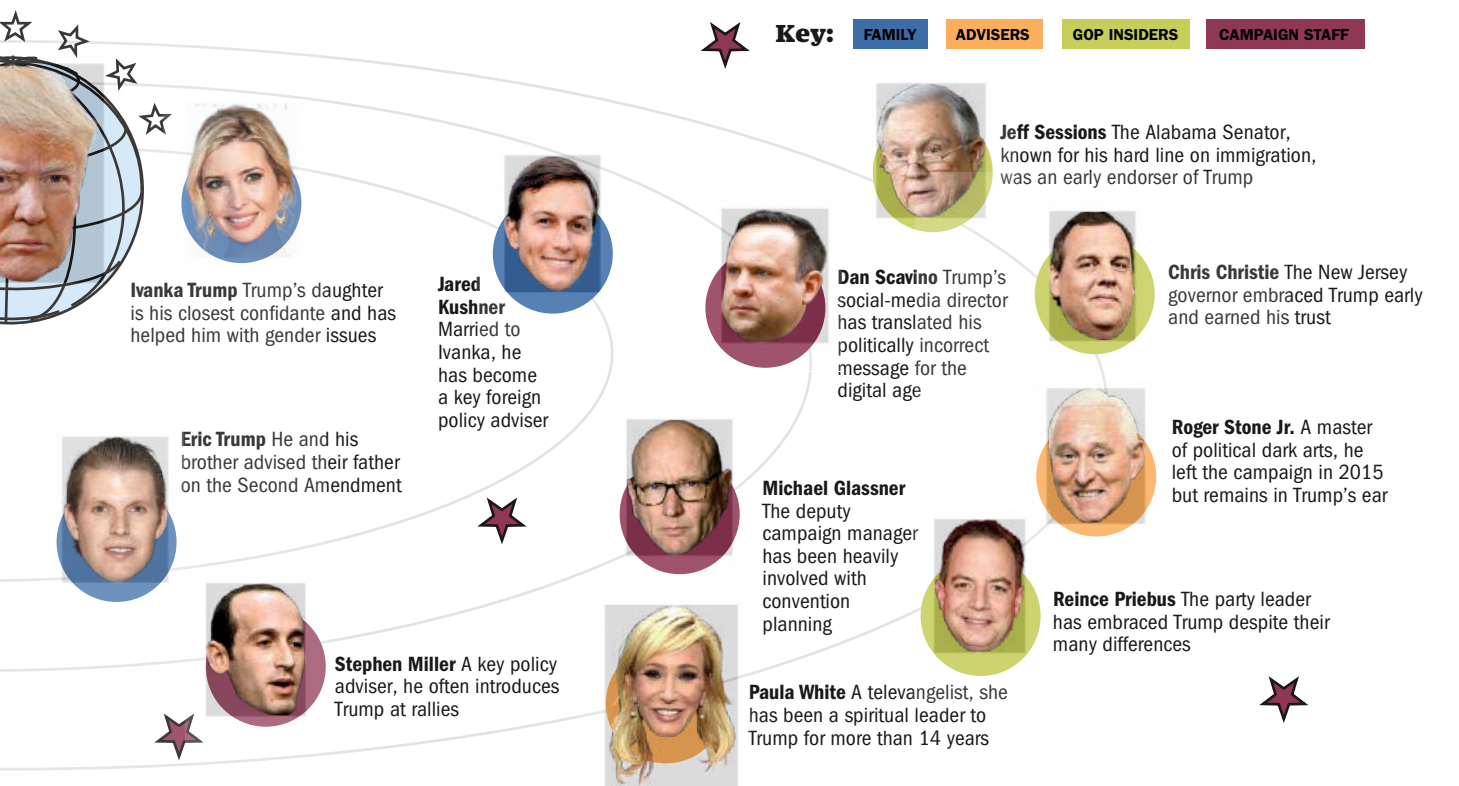


Ronald Reagan
Reagan had little training in foreign policy before he became President, and he was known for being less interested in learning the details of his own policy than he was in communicating a broad vision for the country, which left him to rely heavily on advisers.

the process of decision for they give the President not only needed information and ideas but a sense of the possibilities and the limitations of action. A wise President therefore gathers strength and insight from the Nation. Still, in the end, he is alone. There stands the decision—and there stands the President.”

If Eisenhower and Kennedy had it right—and they knew the job better than most of us—then the essential issue for voters is discerning the nature of the man or woman who will be standing alone at what Kennedy elsewhere described as the “vital center of action.” Which is precisely where Trump likes to stand, preferably with all eyes on him.

The question American voters have to decide in the coming months is whether Trump is fluent enough about the world to be entrusted with ultimate responsibility. It is telling that he refracts history through the prism of negotiating and dealmaking. Asked about political role models, he mentions Reagan but no one else; asked to name works of history that have left an impression, he says only, “I’ll tell you what does stick with me: the Civil War. Lee and Lincoln and Davis. These are unbelievable historical figures. I think that anything having to do with the Civil War has always been very interesting to me, much more so than even the founding of the country.” (He says he once canceled a golf match to binge-watch a marathon PBS showing of Ken Burns’ documentary *The Civil War*.) “It always seemed like something that could have been settled without the bloodshed,”



Trump adds. The deal is all. “I think they could have settled without going to war,” he said. “I always felt that the South overplayed their hand.” His grasp of history isn’t deficient, exactly, but it is superficial. He lives so much in the world as it is that he invests little capital in asking how that world came to be.

He loves the newspapers and magazines; he inhales cable news; he absorbs passing conversations. When he reads books, he says, he reads quickly. He likes biographies of Lincoln, Nixon and Reagan and recently read Edward Klein’s hostile books on the Clintons and *Defeating ISIS* by Malcolm Nance. For a man so often depicted as the embodiment of narcissism, he does have a surprising capacity to listen to others and to retain what he hears, frequently asking pithy questions in search of clarity. “I’m picking it up from everything,” he says. “I’m an intuitive person.”

Unabashedly improvisational, Trump revels in his lack of conventional political or policy experience. He told *TIME* that he has begun spending some time with experts, but there is, to say the least, little sign that he is about to wunk out. Asked on a trip to Scotland if he had consulted with foreign policy advisers on the Brexit vote, he replied, “There’s nothing to talk about.” When he met with James A. Baker III in Washington, Trump asked the statesman not about nuclear proliferation or Syria but about the relationship between Nancy and Ronald Reagan. “Everything is about people,” Trump says. He is too much of the present, too much of this exact moment, to spend much time musing about policy precedents.

And his faith in himself is limitless. “We can’t be defending the world and paying for it,” Trump says. “We can’t be taken for suckers with Germany, Japan, South Korea. They should pay us, pay us substantially, and they will if I ask them. If somebody else asks them they won’t.”

Why is that exactly? Why does he think he is uniquely able to do what others could not? “Why is it? Because—I don’t know. It’s just different. It’s like, why is it that Jack Nicklaus won so many golf tournaments? Right? Why is it that Babe Ruth could hit more home runs than all the teams in the American League? Right? They said to him, ‘Babe, how do you hit the long ball?’ And he said, ‘I don’t know, man, I just swing at it.’ Which is sort of cool.” Warming to the topic of himself as a natural political athlete, he mentions Lydia Ko, the brilliant young golfer. “On the Golf Channel, they said to her, ‘When you bring the club up, how do you bring it down? What’s your thought?’ She said, ‘I don’t know. I don’t really have a thought.’ It’s just something special.”

III. **OF COURSE**, Trump believes he too has that special something. Clinton will beg to differ. One of her chief arguments will be that Trump lacks the temperament to be President—a

point that evokes an ancient anecdote familiar in the literature of the presidency. On Wednesday, March 8, 1933, the newly inaugurated 32nd President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, called on retired Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. The two men chatted a bit—Roosevelt asked about Plato, whom Holmes was reading—and he sought counsel on the crisis of the Depression. “Form your ranks—and fight!” Holmes advised. After the President left, Holmes was in a nostalgic mood. “You know, his Uncle Ted appointed me to the Supreme Court,” Holmes remarked to a former clerk. The Justice then added, “A second-class intellect, but a first-class temperament!”

Historians still debate whether Holmes was referring to T.R. or FDR, but the story is often cited to underscore the significance of a President’s disposition. *Temperament* is one of those terms that brings Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart’s definition of pornography to mind: We know it when we see it. Or in this case, feel it. The word derives from the Latin meaning “due mixture,” and one *Oxford English Dictionary* definition calls it “a moderate and proportionable mixture of elements in a compound.” Discerning temperament is more a question of intuition than of clinical perception. It is, to be sure, a fraught enterprise. And at this moment in history, there is no common agreement on just what qualities are best. Still, Trump’s temperamental failings include his oft-indulged instinct to bully and turn petulant when someone—reporters, opponents, whole regions of the world—gets under his skin.

In the coming months, Clinton will repeatedly argue that Trump offers America neither the intellect nor the temperament required to lead the nation. The Trump campaign will make a different case. “Government is built with many layers to avoid making mistakes,” wrote Jared Kushner, Trump’s son-in-law and one of the nominee’s most important advisers. “The problem with this is that it costs a lot and little gets done. In business, we empower smart people to get jobs done and give them latitude on how to get there. I prefer to move forward and endure some small mistakes to preserving a stale status quo whose sole virtue is that it offends no one.” In this construction, lack of knowledge and a get-stuff-done attitude would be assets—even if they sometimes get stuff wrong and break some geopolitical crockery along the way.

We shall see—and Lord knows we’ll be watching, a fact Trump savors. At his desk in Trump Tower during his interview, juggling calls from Ben Carson, the GOP nominee seemed to have all the confidence in the world—and then some. “I think temperament is my strength, my greatest strength,” Trump says. “We need a strong tone and a compassionate tone, and I can do both, plus what’s up here”—pointing to his temple. Now it’s up to the country to decide whether we agree. —*With reporting by* TESSA BERENSON/WASHINGTON **□**

History shows us that the success or failure of a presidency (and of the country) hinges on the President himself—on what he (or she) knows, believes and even feels

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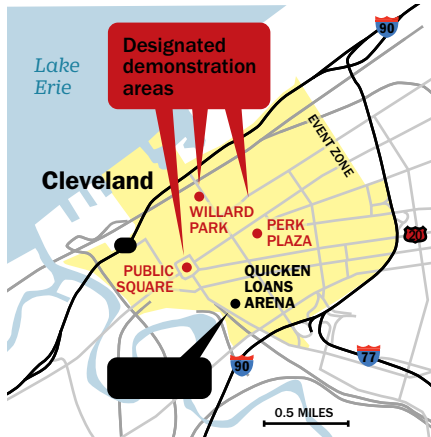
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Wait, Cleveland?

Yes, Cleveland is a Democratic city in a key swing state. But it is also home to Ohio's largest concentration of Republicans. Which is why the GOP decided to gather there July 18.



Security plans

Party conventions have long held the potential for protest; this is politics, after all. But Trump events have at times had a more violent valence. Now, add high temperatures, protesters of every stripe and hundreds of television crews from all over the world. And then comes the fact that under Ohio's open-carry law, protesters will be able to carry firearms to the protest zones near the convention hall. Even Dean Rieck, executive director of the Buckeye Firearms Association, said that "may not be wise."

For now, law-enforcement officials in northern Ohio say they are prepared. "Our expectation is that people are going to come and behave," said Dan Williams, media-relations director for Cleveland. Dozens of groups, from Food Not Bombs to Bikers for Trump, have applied for public-demonstration permits; the city has set up an emergency-operations center to orchestrate its response. The local police force of about 500 will be backed up by about 2,500 state and federal law-enforcement officers from outside the city. Extra beds in county jails have been secured in case of mass arrests.



Quicken Loans Arena sports decorations for the convention

A convention unlike any other: Can the GOP hold it together?

By Zeke J. Miller

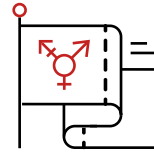
KENDAL UNRUH MAKES FOR AN unlikely coup plotter. A Colorado schoolteacher and longtime Republican activist, she has been a delegate to the past seven GOP conventions, never once making any trouble from the floor.

But now she is the face of Free the Delegates, the most visible in an alliance of groups mounting a long-shot bid to dump Donald Trump. "I don't ask for perfection in a candidate, but I certainly want them to be a Republican," she said of the likely nominee.

Her group, which hoped to force a floor vote to unbind delegates, is just one of several challenges Trump will face when the party meets in Cleveland. Hundreds of delegates remain committed Trump opponents, many of them pledging never to vote for Trump under any circumstances. United in their opposition to Trump but divided over how to replace him, the movement drew few backers among the party insiders who favor stability above all else. Which means no one can safely predict what will unfold along Lake Erie.

Walkouts are planned, and attempts to heckle Trump as he gives his acceptance speech on Thursday night may develop if the anti-Trump forces feel they are being treated unfairly on rules and platform fights. The bargaining will go on after opening gavel. "If they don't want the embarrassment of a walkout, that's in the RNC's hands," Unruh said. At minimum, she joked, "the Colorado delegation will be reading *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*."

Behind the platform, deep divisions



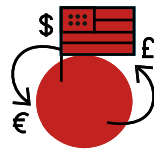
TRANSGENDER BATHROOMS

The GOP platform committee rejected a plan to call on states to pass laws similar to North Carolina's controversial HB 2, which bans transgender bathroom choice. After outreach from top party officials, the proposal was scaled back to a protest of efforts to force schools to allow students to use restrooms in accordance with how they identify.



SAME-SEX MARRIAGE

For the first time, an openly gay delegate served on the platform committee, but her effort to replace language about traditional marriage with "respect for all families" failed. Instead, the committee added a call for reconsideration of the Supreme Court decision legalizing same-sex marriage, or a constitutional amendment to ban those unions.



TRADE

The 2012 platform called for a global free-trade zone and swift passage of a new Pacific trade deal. In 2016, Trump's influence was felt the most in this section. "We need better-negotiated trade agreements that put America first," the document states. But Trump did not get everything he wanted. Delegates removed critical references to NAFTA and the Trans-Pacific Partnership.



IMMIGRATION

Delegates upgraded a proposal to erect a "barrier" on the border with a Trumpian demand to build a "wall." But there was no description of which border or any demand that Mexico pay for it. Trump's call to temporarily ban Muslims from entering the country also went missing, though the document echoes his more recent calls to limit refugees from countries with active Islamic extremist movements.

BY THE NUMBERS

50,000

Number of people expected in Cleveland for the convention, making it Trump's biggest production yet

125,000

Number of balloons that will drop when Trump accepts the nomination

1,711

Size, in square feet, of the video screen behind the main stage where Trump will give his speech

15,000

Expected number of credentialed members of the media

\$130 million

Rough estimate of the total cost of the convention, including \$50 million in federal security funds

Delegates focus past Trump on 2020

CLEVELAND WILL PRODUCE more than just a nominee. It is also host to a hard-to-miss fight over the future of the party: its rules, its values and its next leaders. For many, Trump is just an interlude in the ongoing battle between conservative purists and Establishment moderates. "The Trump era feels to me like punting on third down," says David Kochel, an Iowa operative and former top aide to Jeb Bush. "We'll have to wait another election cycle to figure out who's right."

Already under way are fights about geography and diversity: Which states and which voters control the primary derby every four years? Delegates brought amendments to the rules committee to tip the balance in 2020, including a proposal to strip



^
RNC chair Reince Priebus has opposed efforts to unseat Trump

Nevada's fourth-in-the-nation primary slot and to require closed primaries and caucuses after Trump ran the table of contests open to independent voters. And there will be all sorts of meet and greets by likely 2020 candidates like Paul Ryan and Scott Walker.

Such jockeying is the

norm for a convention with an incumbent President, but Trump is no incumbent. "It's unusual to see it start so early," said former RNC chairman Mike Duncan.

Even the current party boss, Reince Priebus, told TIME he expects the focus to be on 2020. "I'm sure those discussions will keep going," he said, cautioning that those plotting their future four years out may find it counterproductive.

The other voices by the lake

PAUL RYAN

The House Speaker, who has been cool in his support of Trump, will use his remarks to highlight his "opportunity agenda" for the GOP.

JEFF SESSIONS

An early Trump supporter who helped the candidate draft his immigration plan, the Alabama Senator likes to say Trump is more than just a campaign: "A movement is afoot that must not fade away."

SCOTT WALKER

A star of the 2012 Republican Convention, the Wisconsin governor is hoping for another hero's welcome after a disappointing presidential campaign.

JONI ERNST

The Iowa freshman Senator took her name out of contention to be Trump's running mate, but the party rising star is looking to boost her clout.

BEN CARSON

The brain surgeon turned candidate found common cause with Trump after they both misheard their cues to take the debate stage in New Hampshire.

TED CRUZ

The delegate-count runner-up left the race calling Trump a "serial philanderer" and "pathological liar" who was "utterly amoral." Will he take the high road now?





The Inside Outsider

FRANCE'S EMMANUEL MACRON COULD POWER HIS WAY TO THE PRESIDENCY

BY VIVIENNE WALT/PARIS

ONE RAINY MORNING IN JUNE, FRANCE'S Economy Minister Emmanuel Macron stepped out of his chauffeur-driven sedan in a modest suburb of Paris, for the most humdrum of official duties: inaugurating a new postage stamp. Within seconds, loud boos and shouts of "*Casse-toi!*"—"Go away!"—erupted from the crowd jamming the street. As police edged the slender young minister away from the bedlam, eggs flew over their heads, one hitting Macron squarely on his forehead and seeping into his hair.

It was hardly a dignified greeting for the man who could be the next President of France. But it was standard in a country that for months has teetered on the edge of disarray. France is on high alert for terrorist attacks after the ISIS rampage in Paris last November, as well as the killings of two police officers in June at their home outside the city. The FIFA European Football Championships that France hosted through June and July were rocked by fan violence and heavy-handed responses by police and security forces. And if that wasn't enough, the home side was upset in the final by Portugal.

The anger coursing through France isn't related only to terrorism, however. The country has for months been gripped by sometimes violent protests and strikes

over planned government reforms of entrenched labor laws. Those include overhauling dated rules that have metastasized through the decades: watertight job security; a 35-hour workweek enshrined in law; mammoth payouts for laid-off staff; and laws that order stores to be shut on Sundays.

The proposed reforms are an attempt to breathe life into the tepid economy, which hovers at near-zero growth and suffers unemployment rates above 10% (and closer to 25% for youth). Change is sorely needed in France. But through this summer of discontent each side has dug itself deeper in—so that now, the battle has overwhelmed the issues at hand. And much like the groundswell among Britons that led to their vote to leave the E.U. in June, many French blame a diffuse set of elites—politicians in Paris, bureaucrats in Brussels—for seemingly leaving them behind, with even the Socialist government of President François Hollande seeking to undercut labor protections.

IN THE EYE of this storm is the unlikely figure of Macron. Just 38, the well-coiffed and well-mannered former investment banker at Rothschild is decades younger than his colleagues, including Hollande, 61, who handpicked him as his economic

adviser and then his Minister of the Economy. Macron has become the most vocal proponent of an economic overhaul of the country, and the most visible target for the anger it is generating. “The functioning of our society is in a certain way sclerotic,” Macron told TIME on June 13, sipping on a Diet Coke in his spacious office overlooking the Seine. “This model is no longer sustainable.”

The French initially speculated that Macron was there to do Hollande’s dirty work; the hit satirical-news puppet show *Les Guignols* depicted Hollande pinching the cheeks of his infant protégé, and cooing, “He’s so cute.” But that joke has worn thin. Hollande’s poll ratings have steadily sunk to 12%, the lowest of any French leader in generations. Macron’s popularity, meanwhile, is about double that figure, near the top of many polls of leading politicians. Though he has never faced an election, having gone directly from his job as a banker to a position on Hollande’s staff, his face has been plastered across every magazine and newspaper as the potential next occupant of the Élysée Palace. “This may be the best piece of news France has had in years,” one journalist gushed in the *Times* of London.

Macron’s youth and clean-cut looks set him in contrast to France’s political grandees. So too does his fluent English and sharp intellect. His speech is suffused with references to philosophers; one magazine interview included footnotes. The French have relished his unusual personal story too: Macron is married to his former high school teacher, 20 years his senior, whom he began dating as a teenager, and has seven step-grandchildren.

Although Macron says he remains loyal to Hollande, he has done nothing to tamp down the buzz over his chances to replace him in the 2017 presidential elections—nor to cool his withering critique of the French system. In April he launched his own political party—a stunning move for a Cabinet minister—called *En Marche!* (roughly, *On the Move!*) and quickly signed up 55,000 members, in a direct challenge to Hollande.

That challenge intensified on July 12, when Macron addressed an audience of thousands in the first *En Marche!* public meeting, in Paris—an act that to many was tantamount to abandoning the government he still serves. Macron stopped

short of announcing a presidential run, saying that Hollande “trusted me, and I can never thank him enough for that.” Yet all signs pointed to Macron eyeing Hollande’s job, as he told the audience that “our country is tired of broken promises.” The meeting’s timing raised eyebrows—the rally came just two days before Bastille Day, when Hollande was set to deliver the annual presidential address. His Economy Minister beat him to the punch.

Macron is pushing to loosen employment laws, allowing people to work longer hours and even strive to get wealthy, an idea long viewed as positively unpatriotic in France. His new party aims to solve one of the fundamental problems of French politics: the gradual expansion of costly benefits. “We need to produce more,” Macron says. He believes Paris should try to lure British financial institutions after Brexit. In 2012, when Hollande suggested taxing incomes above \$1.2 million at 75%, Macron told him bluntly that such an increase would turn France into “Cuba without the sun.” Hollande quietly ditched the idea.

But as persuasive as Macron can be, he has faced resistance among those who fear losing more ground. Most French regard state benefits and protections as sacrosanct, despite public debt of around 97% of GDP. (Germany’s figure is 71%.) Macron argues that the schism in France is not between rich and poor, but between “insiders” with secure jobs and “outsiders” who cannot get hired, because companies find it too difficult to lay off anyone. “There is this deep conviction in this country that rules are good for poor people,” he says. “But it is not automatically the case.”

To many “outsiders,” like the young, immigrants and minorities, Macron has become an unlikely champion by pushing digital companies with low barriers to entry. One of these firms is Uber, the U.S.-owned transportation company, which has recruited hundreds of drivers from poor, immigrant-heavy neighborhoods—the so-called *banlieues* or *quartiers*. Uber has faced taxi drivers smashing its drivers’ cars—angry over the lower-priced competition—and countless legal challenges in court. “In the *quartiers* Macron is associated with Uber. And Uber gives work,” Socialist Party official Ali Soumaré told the weekly newspaper *Le Point*. Ma-

cron has also worked to open up regulated occupations like hairdressers and even driving schools.

Many of these modest changes to France’s rigid employment laws have been lost amid televised protests that have shown a country seemingly in upheaval. Macron blames the violence on “anarchists and ultra-leftists,” who he says have turned orderly union grievances into toxic battles. “Their overreaction for me is just a symptom of the fact that they are at the end of the model,” he says.

THAT RAGE SHOWS no sign of ending, however. Strikes in June brought trains in Paris to a standstill and left mounds of garbage uncollected. Protesters marching through the city’s Left Bank ripped up the sidewalk and hurled chunks of concrete at riot police, while a protester spray-painted on a hospital wall, “*Ne travaillez jamais*”—“Never work.” There was similar fury against Macron during his June visit to Montreuil, where the CGT union that has led the nationwide protests is headquartered. Demonstrators there unfurled a banner reading, “Rather on strike than in a suit,” a reference to an earlier encounter with Macron, when a protester mocked his expensive suits. Macron had snapped back, “The best way to afford a suit is to work.” The video of his remark went viral, casting Macron as a rich elitist, disconnected from financial pain. “It had an impact,” says Esteban Pratiel, chief of strategy for the polling firm IFOP, which saw Macron’s high ratings slip slightly.

Yet Macron already has begun building the groundwork for a movement to connect with the people. Thousands of *En Marche!* members have fanned out across France since early June, knocking on people’s doors to ask what they want from their politicians. The “Great March,” as it is known, was modeled on Barack Obama’s presidential campaign in 2008. Spearheaded by political consultant Guillaume Liegey, the grassroots effort has brought a trove of information that could be invaluable to Macron should he choose to run. “What is crazy is the high percentage of voters who have stopped voting,” Liegey says. “They are disengaged.”

The same cannot be said for the *En Marche!* enthusiasts devoting weekends and evenings to Macron’s movement. TIME joined members on a door-knock-



▲
*Macron's popularity has risen
 as President Hollande's has
 sunk to new lows*

ing session in the Paris neighborhood of Montmartre. In one building down a narrow street, Maelle Charreau, 22, an intern with the French company Danone, sought the opinions of Marie-Christina, a 56-year-old actress. “I really like Macron,” the actress said. “But the left, I cannot bear anymore. They are infected with radicals.” Charreau says knocking on doors has inspired her. “Emmanuel Macron arrived and proposed this dynamic new project,” she says. “I did not find any other offer that interested me in France.”

Macron is trying to appeal directly to ordinary French citizens who have grown suspicious of the inbred political elite. Far-right National Front leader Marine Le Pen has surged in regional elections since 2014 by arguing that she can far better represent struggling, common people than the clubby power players in Paris.

BUT IT WILL require deft acrobatics for Macron to cast himself as an outsider. He hails from the type of cloistered schools that has churned out decades of French leaders, including Hollande, and many

Cabinet members and CEOs. The trick will be powering through his reforms within Hollande’s government, while keeping his distance. “I am a newcomer. I want to remain a newcomer,” he tells TIME. “That is my DNA.”

Increasingly, Macron looks like a contender in next year’s elections, scheduled in April and May. But there is no shortage of candidates vying to replace the unpopular President, including some fellow Socialists, who will challenge him in a party primary next January. And although about 30 Socialist parliamentarians were at his July 12 rally, Macron has irked many Cabinet ministers for hogging media attention. “It’s high time all this stopped,” Prime Minister Manuel Valls said in an aside to TV cameras on July 12. There are strong conservative competitors too, including former President Nicolas Sarkozy and Le Pen. Since French elections are fought in two rounds, if Le Pen gets

through to the decisive runoff, as polls suggest she will, millions could abandon the Socialists and support a center-right candidate to block her from winning.

But Macron has something none of his rivals do: time, and plenty of it. If it takes him five or even 10 years to build his movement and rise to the top, he would still be a strikingly young French leader. “He not only has the ambition but also the talent,” says Marc Ferracci, a longtime friend of Macron’s whose wife now works in his Economics Ministry. “Now it is a question of timing.”

When Macron visited the driving school in Montreuil that June morning, the owner handed him a boxed gift. Inside lay a sculpture of the literary character Don Quixote, the self-styled knight who fights for impossibly noble ideals. Macron laughed as he picked it up. “We need people who dream impossible things,” he said, “who maybe fail, sometimes succeed, but in any case who have that ambition.” Macron’s dream—being President—no longer seems so impossible. □



*From left: Day,
Nicklaus and Spieth
banter during practice
rounds at the Memorial
Tournament in Ohio*

PHOTOGRAPH BY DYLAN COULTER FOR TIME

Sports

JASON DAY AND JORDAN SPIETH ARE TWO OF THE BIGGEST NAMES IN GOLF.

How They Find Their A-Game

JACK NICKLAUS IS SYNONYMOUS WITH THE SPORT. THEY DISCUSS:

BY DAVID VON DREHLE

MAGIC COMES IN MANY VIALS. GOLFER JORDAN SPIETH opened a highly potent bottle last year. At a mere 21, he won the Masters and the U.S. Open championships back-to-back, then added top-four finishes in the remaining major tournaments. An epic season at any age, but glittering with the thrill of something new. Prize money in the millions, and endorsement money in the tens of millions, rained down on the slim and winsome Texan as golf fans fell under his spell.

Another elixir from the wizard's cabinet has been un-stoppered by Jason Day, the No. 1-ranked golfer in the world. The strapping Australian wasn't a phenom; he trudged, rather than vaulted, to the top. But now his life and career are magically synchronized; in his late 20s, he has grown into himself, with a wife and two young children to balance out his stunning PGA Championship last August, when he became the first player in major-tournament history to beat par by 20 strokes.

And then there is a magic known only to Jack Nicklaus.

You can see it on the faces of Spieth and Day as they sit down to join Nicklaus for a conversation with TIME on a patio overlooking Muirfield Village Golf Club, a Nicklaus-built preserve in Dublin, Ohio. Down below, the journeymen of the PGA Tour are practicing for the annual

JASON DAY, 28

1

CURRENT WORLD
GOLF RANKING

10 PGA Tour wins
to date

27 PGA Tour wins
Nicklaus had
at Day's age



Day at the
Bridgestone
Invitational in
Akron, Ohio,
on July 3



Memorial Tournament, but up here two of the best in the world are hanging on the old man's every word. They call him "Mr. Nicklaus."

He was the prodigy once, like Spieth: a laser-eyed 22-year-old capable of grinding down the great Arnold Palmer to win the 1962 U.S. Open in his first year as a pro. And like Day, he was a man in full flood, winner of seven major titles from ages 30 to 35, while Barbara mothered their five stair-step children and he laid the foundations of a business empire.

But the magic they have captured at this moment Nicklaus somehow harnessed for a lifetime. Now 76—with even the stunning career of Tiger Woods not quite measuring up to his own—Nicklaus not only reached the top: he magically stopped time, or at least slowed it down to a crawl. When even the best golfers typically number their time as major champions in years, his reign spanned decades. Nearly a quarter-century, actually, from the '62 Open to the 1986 Masters. Through slumps and injuries, competing against such giants as Palmer, Player, Watson, Trevino and Ballesteros, he holds the records for the most major victories (18), the most second-place finishes (19) and the most top 10s (73).

No one else comes close.

Where did he find that particular potion?

"I DON'T THINK you have competition with anybody else," says the man long ago branded the Golden Bear. More silver now than gold, but still with a champion's formidable forearms and fingers curling unconsciously into a grip. No matter who else was on the course, the Bear hunted alone. "My philosophy was always basically you are playing one shot at a time, and you play one day at a time, and you play one year at a time, and you are always trying to climb a mountain."

Nicklaus continues: "I don't think Jason has a competition with Jordan or vice versa. There is only one person you can control out there, and that is yourself. And whether he makes a 30-footer," Nicklaus gestures toward Spieth, "he certainly doesn't have any control over it," gesturing now at Day. And back at Spieth: "He makes a lot of them, you know."

Says Day: "A little too many."

"I don't know about too many. I hope you guys keep making a whole bunch of them," the Bear resumes. "I think that's great for golf. But you know, you control yourself. You control your own physical well-being. You control your own golf game. You control your own competitive instincts. Everybody asks, 'Who was your toughest competitor?' And I said, 'Me.'"

And what a fierce one he was. There are a million examples—this is one:

Leading the 1972 U.S. Open by a comfortable three shots with two holes to play, Nicklaus stood on the 17th tee at Pebble Beach with a gale blowing from the Pacific into his face. A long par-3 surrounded by cliffs and sand, the hole cried out for a safe shot. But Nicklaus pulled the most notoriously difficult club from his bag and dared himself to hit the shot of a lifetime.

"Even God can't hit a 1-iron," golf legend Lee Trevino famously quipped of the tiny blade with the pea-size sweet spot. That's the difference between God and Jack Nicklaus.

The ball split the wind like a bullet, landed lightly as a ballerina, and hit the reed-thin flagstick. His birdie putt was a tap-in.

But to prove his point about things in and things beyond one's own control, that very same hole, 10 years later, was the site of another miracle birdie: Tom Watson's chip-in from off the green to beat Nicklaus for the 1982 U.S. Open title.

"I always felt like I was trying to keep getting better," the Bear resumes. "I had goals in front of me, even when I was in my 40s—I won the Masters at 46—just kept trying to work myself to get better. And all of a sudden 25 years or so have passed."



JORDAN SPIETH, 22

3

CURRENT WORLD GOLF RANKING

8 PGA Tour wins to date

3 PGA Tour wins Nicklaus had at Spieth's age



Defending champion Spieth eyes the ball at the U.S. Open in Oakmont, Pa., on June 16

ON THIS WARM SPRING MORNING in central Ohio, Spieth was looking ahead to his 23rd birthday, which falls on July 27. No one so young could possibly understand how 25 years can pass “all of a sudden.” It is a thing that older people say, first with astonishment, later with resignation. One of the distinctions the three men have in common is their status as “ambassadors” for Rolex, and when they compare the watches on their wrists, they discover that Nicklaus wears a timepiece that is twice as old as Spieth. Life begins so slowly, like a thrill ride climbing to the release point, then passes in a whoosh.

So Spieth has a touch of awe in his voice when he tackles the idea of competing so brilliantly for so long. The concept is both abstract and compelling, like a mountaintop viewed from afar. After three years as a professional, Spieth says tentatively, “It is still very early on, hopefully, in a career that is as long and—hopefully—somewhere near half as successful as Mr. Nicklaus.” Even so, he admits, “it can be a grind.”

How so? “As much as we love what we do because of the adrenaline rush of being in contention,” Spieth continues, “having important putts or shots, or trying to control the most minor club-face rotations to get the ball to go where you are looking—that can be a mental grind week after week.”

Add to that the physical toll of coiling and uncoiling in a violent swing thousands of times per week. Spieth might not know that part yet, Day offers, but at 28, “I have battled injuries in my career, so I finally said, ‘O.K., I need to take control of what I am doing.’” He has disciplined his diet and prioritized fitness “to extend the longevity of my career. And hopefully one day, stay at the top as long as Jack did.”

As they talk, a certain note rings again and again. Call it stoic, call it self-reliant, it has to do with control, mastery of one’s own fate, captaincy of one’s own ship. Built tall and solid as a tight end, Nicklaus was a forerunner of today’s muscular, health-conscious tour pros in an era of chain-smoking, hard-drinking golf hustlers. Like Day and Spieth, he excelled at a number of sports in his youth, and chose golf for reasons of temperament.

“Baseball was probably my best sport when I was growing up,” Nicklaus says, but he hated to have his playing schedule in the hands of other kids. In those days of pickup ball, before adults organized the fun out of childhood, a game on the playground called for 9 in the morning might fizzle out for lack of players after 90 minutes spent standing around. “But I could go to the golf course at any hour I wanted to go,” he continues, “and I didn’t come home until my mom grabbed my ear and yanked me home.” Nicklaus “loved

basketball,” and also “played quarterback until I figured out my hands weren’t big enough.” Golf won out because it “was the only sport that I could go do by myself, do what I wanted to do, do what I needed to do and get my own reward out of my own effort.” Spieth has a version of the same story: “I think back to what Mr. Nicklaus was saying about how your toughest competitor is yourself. I loved team sports, but I love being able to control my own destiny. The work that I put in ahead of time was either going to come out and I was going to be successful—or I was going to try and fail and learn how to succeed the next time.”

The Day version: “I definitely like the solitude of golf. Being able to be out here on the golf course and you are just you and yourself and your thoughts. That’s when you know, ‘Hey, I can push myself a little bit harder.’”

PUT GOLFERS FROM YESTERDAY and today around a table and, inevitably, you will hear a lot about engineering. Unlike the hardwood driver he carried for most of his career, a modern golf club sends a ball flying as if struck with a “trampoline,” Nicklaus says. And the golf balls themselves are miraculous compared with the ones he once played with. As Day and Spieth listen dumbfounded, the legend recounts his methods for sorting a

shipment of balls into keepers and duds. Even in a single box, the balls could come slightly different in size—and dramatically different in flight path.

Imperfect technology influenced styles of play, from Palmer's swashbuckling to Watson's wedge magic to the slash-and-rescue of Seve Ballesteros. Nicklaus was known for the mistakes he didn't make and for the miracle shots that he made look easy. He could hit the ball high and hit it low, bend it right or left, and he always seemed to know which shot to hit at which moment. He made an art of what's known as "course management"—conforming his play to the conditions at hand.

"I have a question," Day ventures. "For different golf courses, did you have different sets" of clubs?

"Different what?" Nicklaus parries.

"Did you have different sets made for different golf courses?" Day repeats, for the idea of tailoring clubs to the demands of specific courses is common among today's top pros. Nicklaus explains that he played different clubs in different countries, because his sponsorship deals changed from England to Australia to the U.S. He adjusted to the manufacturer, not the other way around.

If that astonishes the current champions, Nicklaus simply recalls golf as played in even earlier generations. The legendary Bobby Jones, founder of the Masters, discovered after his playing career was over that his 4-iron was weighted differently from his other clubs, Nicklaus recounts—which finally explained why Jones always had such trouble with that club.

And the players themselves are highly engineered today. The ever quotable Trevino divides the golf world between the "round bellies" of the past and the "flat bellies" of the contemporary game. Time in the gym is as much a part of a modern pro's schedule as time on the practice green. Nicklaus appreciates the athleticism of the new era but worries that professional golf might lose its connection with the game as played by mere mortals. "The average golfer has a harder time relating to today's game," he says. In the old days, the pros might play a practice round with the club champion at the country club hosting a tour event. "I would hit the ball 10 or 15 yards past [the amateur], but we could make



▲
Nicklaus makes his final appearance at the British Open, in St. Andrews, Scotland, in July 2005

a game. Today, I can't imagine seeing any club champion making a game with these guys." The other great change in golf: the money. When Nicklaus won the first of his record six Masters championships in 1963, his purse was \$20,000. For his 1986 title, he pocketed \$144,000. Spieth took home \$1.8 million for winning in 2015. With endorsement deals worth many times the prize money, top golfers are highly successful small businesses unto themselves. As a result, even young players spend a lot of time thinking about philanthropy.

Day and his wife Ellie are patrons of the Brighter Days Foundation, which supports charities around their Ohio home and promotes golf among young

Australians. Spieth's family foundation emphasizes children with special needs—like his beloved younger sister, who makes frequent appearances in her brother's social media—military families and junior golf. Both men salute the example of Nicklaus, who, along with Palmer, pioneered the rise of golfers as business moguls and athletes as philanthropists.

And Nicklaus repays the compliment. The ultimate key to sustained excellence, he says, is balance, and "I think both of these guys right here have figured it out already. You know, golf is a game, and it is only a game. It's a great game, and it will dominate a great part of their lives." But not all of it.

"My family was a great diversion for me. My business interests were a great diversion." Promoting his sport and his charities have been great diversions.

The conversation was drawing to an end. If, God forbid, the magic finally ran out for them tomorrow, where would they want to play their final round of golf? For Day and Spieth, the answer was easy: Augusta National, the home of the Masters Tournament.

For Nicklaus, something different: "Pebble Beach," he says.

"He wins the Masters six times, so [Augusta National] is old news now," Spieth says with a laugh.

"It's a pretty hard choice," Nicklaus allows. "I hope I don't have to make it soon." □

✕
'Everybody asks, "Who was your toughest competitor?" And I said, "Me."

—JACK NICKLAUS

Time Off

“I CAN’T REALLY ENVISION MYSELF IN A CAPE GETTING CHUCKED OUT OF A WINDOW.” —NEXT PAGE

TELEVISION

Winona Ryder, woman interrupted

By Eliana Dockterman

WHEN YOU MEET WINONA Ryder, it’s hard to shake the feeling that she belongs to another era. It’s not just that she doesn’t appear to have aged a day since films like *Edward Scissorhands* and *Girl, Interrupted* made her a ’90s icon. It’s that she still keeps old cassette tapes of important voicemails and bootleg VHS tapes of concerts. On the topic of the Internet, she muses, “Part of me didn’t want to have kids, because it’s such a crazy world. You really can’t control what they see.”

Luckily for her, this era—that is, the present—also belongs to another era. Nostalgia is the strongest tide in Hollywood, with sequels and reboots like *Star Wars* and *Ghostbusters* putting a fresh spin on recent history—and nobody evokes the not-so-distant past quite like Ryder. That makes this a fine moment for her to return to the spotlight. Her new project is *Stranger Things* (July 15), a Netflix thriller series set in the 1980s; Ryder plays a mother living in a small Indiana town whose son goes missing, just as an alien escapes from a secret government facility. If this sounds Spielbergian, that’s deliberate—the series’ creators, brothers Ross and Matt Duffer, have said they wanted to pay homage to beloved films from their childhood, like *E.T.* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. The show is a love letter to that era’s spooky charms.



Top: Ryder in 2016. Bottom, from left: Her rapid rise, in *Beetlejuice* (1988), *Heathers* (1988) and *The Age of Innocence* (1993)

RYDER: TRUNK ARCHIVE; BEETLEJUICE: HEATHERS: THE AGE OF INNOCENCE: EVERETT



Ryder goes for broke with a wonderfully unhinged performance in *Stranger Things*

That's why Ryder is a smart casting choice. She had such a long run playing unconventional women in the late '80s and '90s—think *Beetlejuice*, *Heathers* and *Dracula*—that her doe-eyed gaze conjures a mood as much as a memory. But characters like the ones that made her famous are scarce now. “These days, it's either a small movie made with no money over six years or the superhero movies,” Ryder, 44, says. “I can't really envision myself in a cape getting chucked out of a window.”

Ryder's rise to celebrity status in her teens and 20s, and her tabloid-fueled fall shortly thereafter, made her a national

obsession. The nearly decade-long hiatus that followed kept her tethered to the moment she exited the public eye. America watched her male co-stars—like Ethan Hawke, Christian Slater and Johnny Depp—grow up and become A-listers. But for those who haven't seen the small roles she's taken over the past few years, Ryder is frozen in time.

RYDER WAS MORE THAN a '90s *It* girl; she was one of the decade's defining per-

formers. Her look defied stereotypes—a producer notoriously told her when she was a teen that she wasn't pretty enough for Hollywood—and she starred in, well, stranger things. Even when she donned a blond wig to play the high school cheerleader, it was for Tim Burton's surreal *Edward Scissorhands*. She made dark swagger cool.

But Ryder was also one of the early casualties of the tabloid era. She got engaged to Depp when she was still a teen, and the couple became paparazzi magnets. He tattooed WINONA FOREVER on his arm. (After they split, he altered it to WINO FOREVER.) Depp is back in the headlines now

as he separates from his current wife Amber Heard, who has alleged that he physically abused her. For her part, Ryder says Depp was “never abusive at all towards me.”

“I'm not calling anyone a liar,” she says on the subject. “I'm just saying it's difficult and upsetting for me to wrap my head around it. Look, it was a long time ago, but we were together for four years, and it was a big relationship for me.” She continues, “I have never seen him

‘When I was ready to come back, I was like, “Oh, where did everyone go?”’

WINONA RYDER

be violent toward a person before.”

Ryder is willing to discuss the accusations because they are so serious, but for the most part she has gone to great lengths to stay out of the public eye since her 2001 shoplifting arrest, during which police found a syringe and painkillers in her possession. She says she struggled psychologically during that time. She produced and starred in her passion project, *Girl, Interrupted*, because she identified with its depressed heroines. “You can't look to the industry to validate you as a person. That can just lead to incredible disappointment,” Ryder says. “I was guilty of that when I was younger. You get caught up in it, surrounded by people that are telling you it's the most important thing.”

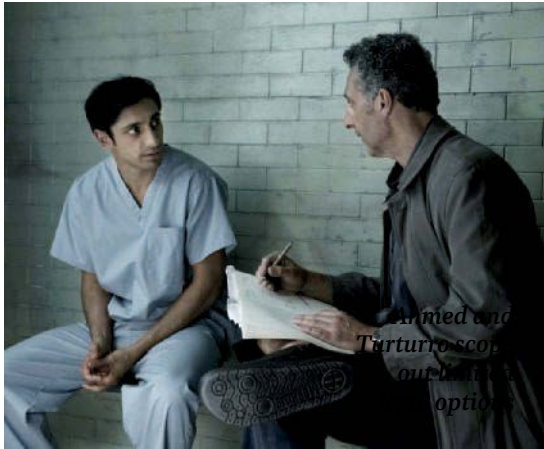
For almost a decade, Ryder was largely absent from the screen. “I took some years off, and I didn't realize that was very dangerous in terms of my career,” she says. “When I was ready to come back, I was like, ‘Oh, where did everyone go?’” Studios didn't know what to do with the teen-rebel icon who was no longer a teen.

That began to change in 2010 with a well-received performance in Darren Aronofsky's *Black Swan* as an aging ballerina fighting to stay relevant as a younger, newer dancer (Natalie Portman) ascends within the company. In the years since, Ryder has found a new niche, specializing in stories set in the recent past. She starred in the film *Experimenter*, about the Stanley Milgram experiments in the '60s, and in HBO's '80s-set political drama *Show Me a Hero*. Now, there's *Stranger Things*.

As an anguished mom who believes that her missing son is communicating with her in supernatural ways, Ryder delivers what may be her best performance in decades. Once again, she employs that wild look viewers will remember from her early work.

But tackling this new project, she says, has also allowed her to step into a different kind of role. Ryder has become the grownup woman she always wanted to be. “I started acting so young—I secretly wanted to be older,” she says. “I'm finally getting to play my own age, and it's liberating. I would not want to go back to playing the ingénue.”





REVIEW

A new *Night Of* crime and injustice on HBO

A COLLEGE KID BORROWS THE FAMILY CAR TO GO out partying—but that car is a New York City cab, and its off-duty light is broken. Soon, the kid’s got a passenger, a beautiful young woman who gets him high, plays knife games with him and takes him to bed. When he wakes up, she’s been stabbed to death; in a panic, he grabs what appears to be the murder weapon and drives off.

That’s the night that begins HBO’s new miniseries *The Night Of*, one that comes to include a long, tense sequence ending in Naz’s arrest. The son of Pakistani immigrants, Naz (Riz Ahmed) is watchful and guarded. Though he’s clearly sensitive, his time in jail at Rikers Island, under the guidance of Michael K. Williams’ kingpin, forces him to forget his humanity. Williams hands him a copy of *The Call of the Wild*, a book to fit the circumstance.

The Night Of draws upon all of New York City, its strivers and its oppressed, to tell a story of how the justice system swallows up lives. John Turturro, as a defense attorney seeking his one big case, blends opportunism and mercy beautifully. There’s so much detail on display here that it’s frustrating to find the case built around a woman painted as complicit in her own death, with a fondness for hard drugs and daggers.

But this is a minor flaw, not least because, like too many crime victims, she eventually falls out of the story. What makes *The Night Of* work is its depiction of how incarceration alters a person, leaving an impact that will remain even if Naz is freed into a world of few prospects. It’s not actually about one night—it’s about endless unlit, violent days.

—DANIEL D’ADDARIO

THE NIGHT OF airs Sundays at 9 p.m. E.T. on HBO

QUICK TALK

Susan Faludi

Pulitzer Prize–winning journalist Susan Faludi has made a career writing insightful books about gender like *Stiffed: The Betrayal of the American Man*. But she was floored when her own father came out as transgender. She recounts his story and grapples with their relationship in her new memoir, *In the Darkroom* (June 14).

What made you want to write about your dad? My father asked me to write her story. Beyond that, I’m a writer—that’s how I figure things out. And it was a way to make sense of my relationship with my father and how it was changing since the news of my father’s gender change. I felt like I couldn’t continue to write honestly about gender or feminism, or any of the attendant issues, without admitting to my own personal experience.

You say it came out of the blue. Did you go back and look for signs?

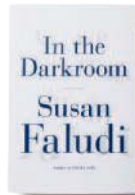
I always knew that something about my father was not quite right. My father always seemed to be trying on different roles, different identities, whether it was the alpine mountain climber or suburban dad writ large with the fedora and the constant building. Mostly what I was focused on when I was a child was that my father was very aggressive and domineering and symbolized to me all the unattractive aspects of being a controlling patriarch.

He stabbed one of your mother’s male friends in the stomach.

It was not a good moment. It never occurred to me until later that perhaps that itself was a mask to hide from the world my father’s true desires. Hypermasculinity was an attempt to cancel out the feminine yearnings he felt inside.

You’ve written about gender all your career. Did your dad’s experience change the way you see anything?

I think it reinforced and made personal a lot of the observations, a lot of the conclusions I came to in *Stiffed*. How stifling, stultifying, our idea of a man can be to the human being inside that mold. That masculinity itself is a great burden. —BELINDA LUSCOMBE





Ghostbusting today: Jones, McCarthy, Wiig and McKinnon

MOVIES

The zany spirit of '84 haunts a reimaged *Ghostbusters*

By Stephanie Zacharek

NO ONE HAS TO LOVE PAUL FEIG'S NEW *GHOSTBUSTERS*, or even like it. But anyone who continues to stand against it on principle—"My childhood has been defiled! I don't like its stars! The trailer was bad!"—is an unimaginative schmuck. Because Feig's *Ghostbusters* is its own definitive creature, an affable, inventive riff on Ivan Reitman's proton-packing caper that exists not to score points but to make us laugh. For a summer comedy, there's no nobler purpose.

Like their 1984 counterparts, the new Ghostbusters—Kristen Wiig's no-nonsense yet vaguely daffy physics whiz Erin, Melissa McCarthy's screwball scientist Abby, Kate McKinnon's deadpan gearhead Jillian and Leslie Jones' fervent Manhattan-history nut Patty—are all classic New York City eccentrics, out of place in world of nonbelievers. (Their dim-witted but hunky receptionist, Chris Hemsworth's Kevin, helps out too, but mostly he's just ridiculously enjoyable eye candy, a form of gentle revenge for years of stereotypically sexy female secretaries.) When Erin, Abby and Jillian spot their first real ghost—a nutso turn-of-the-century murderess, now a listless, translucent jellyfish of doom—they jump and squeal with delight, a spontaneously girly reaction for which they make no apologies. But when the busting gets tough as a squadron of nasty ghouls descends upon an unsuspecting Manhattan, they wield their ectoplasm-blammers with Rambo-like authority.

It's all presented with a wink; there's nothing heavy-spirited or assaultive about this *Ghostbusters*. Feig, who co-wrote the script with *The Heat* screenwriter Katie Dippold, has clearly taken care with the movie's tone—it's as delicately balanced as

the wings of a spectral butterfly. He honors the spirit of the original: Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Ernie Hudson and Annie Potts all have cameos, and homage is paid to the late Harold Ramis with a gleaming bronze Columbia University bust. Yet there's nothing nostalgic, in the musty sense, about this *Ghostbusters*: it glows with vitality, thanks largely to the performers. They revel in one another's company, and not in a self-congratulatory, *Ocean's Twelve*-style, "We're awesome movie stars, together" way. Some of their dialogue has a loopy, unscripted vibe, à la Murray's poker-faced asides in the original. When the heroines take time out from their heavy-duty citizen saving for an impromptu Patrick Swayze reverie, they're inviting us into the crystalline goofiness of the moment.

There's visual glory here too: the finale takes place in a dazzling Times Square mashup of past and present, a place where contemporary digital news tickers share space with ghost establishments like Regal Shoes, Nathan's and an RKO National theater showing Bruce Lee's 1972 *Fists of Fury*. In one of the most stunning moments, the women face down a phalanx of sinister vintage Macy's parade balloons—floating along, they're a kiddie nightmare come to life, glowing and gorgeous even as they advance with menacing intent. Their macabre beauty stops the movie for a moment. They've come from the past to shake their fists at the present—maybe they don't like remakes either, but that's their problem. Happy or not, they're part of the here and now. This is the kind of movie you make when you ain't afraid of no ghosts.

There's nothing nostalgic, in the musty sense, about it. It glows with vitality, thanks largely to the performers

MOVIES

The prolific filmmaker Alex Gibney's latest project, **Zero Days** (July 8), is as much a thriller as it is a documentary, delving into the Stuxnet computer virus, believed to be a jointly created Israeli-American weapon.



TELEVISION

On HBO's new comedy series **Vice Principals** (July 17), Danny McBride (pictured) and Walton Goggins play two second-in-commands employing childish tactics in their battle for the role of high school principal.

BOOKS

In **The Singles Game**, author Lauren Weisberger (*The Devil Wears Prada*) pivots from fashion to tennis in the story of a prodigy whose new coach has her swap her sweetheart image for complicated celebrity.

PODCASTS

On their new podcast, **Politically Re-Active**, comics W. Kamau Bell and Hari Kondabolu bring humor to questions about the political process while interviewing guests like Kathleen Hanna.



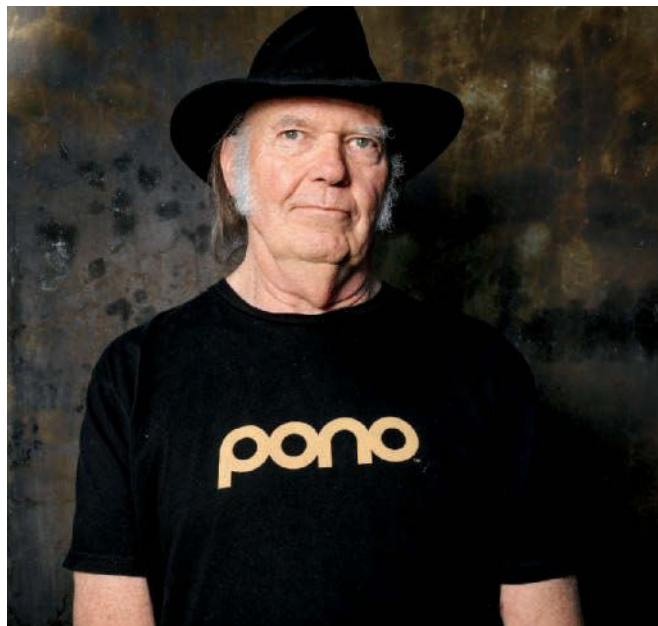
MUSIC

A bear stalks Neil Young's new *Earth*

THE ROAR OF THE CROWD. So all-enveloping and tympanum-shredding that it seems to have a life of its own. For 50 years, Neil Young has been regularly drenched by the sound, come to perceive its bestial essence. Which is perhaps why the 70-year-old rock icon detects unexpected overtones in the din. "I hear seagulls, I hear ocean waves—I hear all kinds of things in the sound of applause," he tells TIME. "It sounds like a natural thing, like a flock of geese flying by. It's the same thing: a bunch of us making noise because we like something, like feeding time at the barnyard."

Now Young offers the chance to hear what he hears on the semi-live album *Earth*, featuring 13 songs—from 1970's "After the Gold Rush" to last year's "Seed Justice"—that reflect his increasingly anxious view of our impact on the planet. It's one of the most unusual recordings of his long career, eliciting comparisons to the '80s releases in which he flirted with electronic music, rockabilly and R&B.

Earth's basic tracks were drawn from a typically muscular series of concerts, in which a still vital and full-voiced Young was backed by a band including Willie Nelson's sons Lukas and Micah. But once the recordings arrived at a studio near Young's beloved Zuma Beach in Malibu, Calif., he told longtime producer John Hanlon that they were "going to throw out every rule" about live albums. So the animals that Young



At 70, Young remains committed to taking risks

discovers in the sound of applause? They have been made concrete, as strains of wolves, coyotes, bees, whales, birds and elk (and also cars and machines) weave in and out of both the crowd and the music. At first their chatter provokes a smirk, but just a few songs in, they begin to resonate sympathetically.

If you have doubts, you're not alone. "John Hanlon—he's used to me. But even he had to adjust," Young says. "I remember getting a call in the middle of the night. He's

saying, 'The bear's too loud. It's louder than the band! It's making the band sound small.' So I'm like, 'Well, what if the band is far away and the bear is close?' It's not like a normal record."

Nor is this a normal conversation, because Young is typically loath to do interviews. He jokes that he's a "drone" who's been "coerced by management," but he also feels compelled to talk because he's incensed by environmental damage caused by what he sees as a combination of corporate greed and political inaction. Yet the equally important bulletin is that he continues to risk ridicule on behalf of his vision. Nearly 34 years after the electronically filtered *Trans* was widely mocked, that album now sounds like Daft Punk, if Daft Punk acquired the ability to write gorgeous (and not just catchy) melodies. Borrowing Austin's hometown slogan, I suggest we Keep Neil Young Weird. —ISAAC GUZMÁN



LISTENING TO EARTH

The album will be issued on vinyl and CD. The only downloadable version is for Young's high-def Pono music player, his rebuke to compressed-digital-music services.

Michael K. Williams You might recognize him as Omar from *The Wire*—a fact that led to an identity crisis, says the host of *Black Market* and star of HBO's *The Night Of*

What interested you about *The Night Of*? I'm just a loyal f-cker for good writing. Everything that I've been on on HBO I've had to audition for: *Bessie*, *The Night Of*, *Boardwalk Empire*, *The Wire*. The caliber of writers I got to work with early on in my career—David Simon—that kind of just sets the tone for your appetite.

The show deals with bias against black Americans and Muslim Americans.

What effect do you think the show will have on the conversation about race?

In my perspective, the show has very little to do with race, and everything to do with class. I've come to realize that the race thing is a smoke screen. The real war is a war on class. It's about how much green you have in your pocket. In this country, you can unfortunately literally get away with murder if you have enough political background behind you. You are innocent until proven poor.

You've also addressed the failures of the system on your Vice show *Black Market*. How did that show come to be?

I got a phone call from Spike Jonze. When I get there, he and his team were talking to me like I was this über-smart person, and I was just smiling and nodding my head and freaking out on the inside. But once someone in the room said, "*Black Market* to us means when the system fails you, you create your own system," a lightbulb went off in my head. I was just like, Oh, I get it now. I thought about my mom. I'm first-generation Bahamian, and at my dinner table it was a big deal when you got your green card. And we did whatever we had to do to get our green card.

What have been the most personally affecting stories? One young man was wearing a mask during the interview. After we shut the cameras down, he takes his mask off, and this 23-year-old boy looks at me and says, "Yo, Omar, take me with you, man. I'm tired of this. I don't want to die out here in these streets." Six months later, sure enough, he died on those streets. One afternoon, him and his grandmother got shot up.

On the first episode of *Black Market*, you mention that when you were on *The Wire*, the lines blurred between your life and Omar's. Could you explain? *The Wire* was my breakout. And I'm beginning now to finally deal with what is a self-esteem issue. Growing up, I got picked on a lot. I was the corny one. I was not popular with the ladies. In a very alpha-male community, being sensitive is not considered a quality. Omar became an alter ego. A gay man who doesn't like fancy clothes or fancy cars, doesn't do drugs, doesn't even curse and robs the most gangster drug dealers in the community. He's an outcast, and I identified with that immensely. Instead of using it as a tool to maybe heal myself, I hid behind that. Nobody was calling Michael in the streets. Everything was Omar, Omar, Omar. I mistook that admiration. It felt good. But it wasn't for me. It was for a fictional character. When that show ended, along with that character, I was clueless about how to deal with that. I crumbled.

You've said that the identity crisis led you to experiment with cocaine. The darkness that was on him, I wore. I dressed like him, walked like him, blew all this money. I was back in the projects by Season 2.

What pulled you out of that? A lot of prayer. The reckless behavior had to stop—for my kids, for my family.

Projects obviously change you personally. Do you hope your work on *Black Market* imparts any political message? It would be my desire to help heal my community to stop all the bloodshed. When I say bloodshed, I don't just mean, "Oh, the white cop killed the black kid." I also mean for the 10 black lives that are taken by 10 black hands. How can my country better equip me and my brothers and sisters to stop our kids from hurting and bleeding and dying on the streets? If *Black Market* can do that, that would be the best thing I could ask for.

—ELIANA DOCKTERMAN

I've come to realize that the race thing is a smoke screen. The real war is a war on class.'



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