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Newsweek

08.12.2016

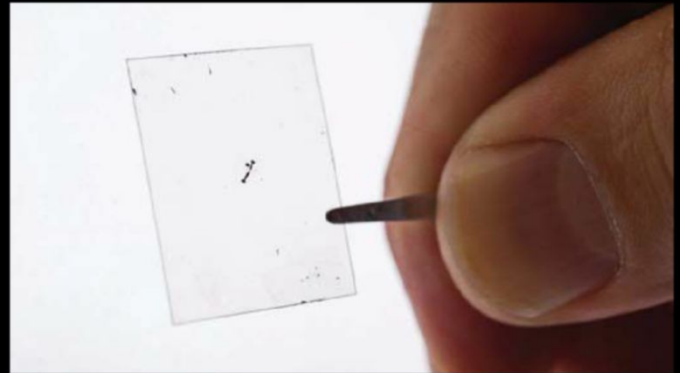
THE ART OF THE BAD DEAL

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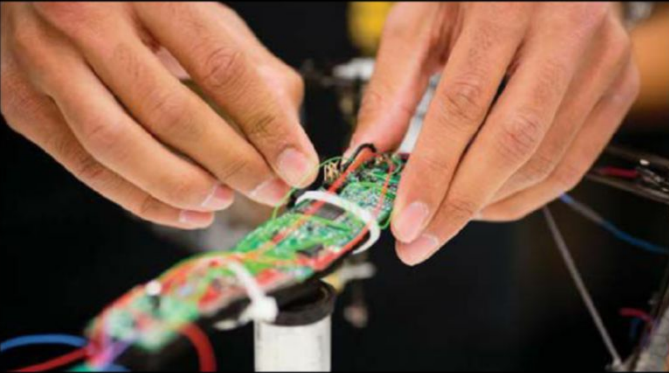




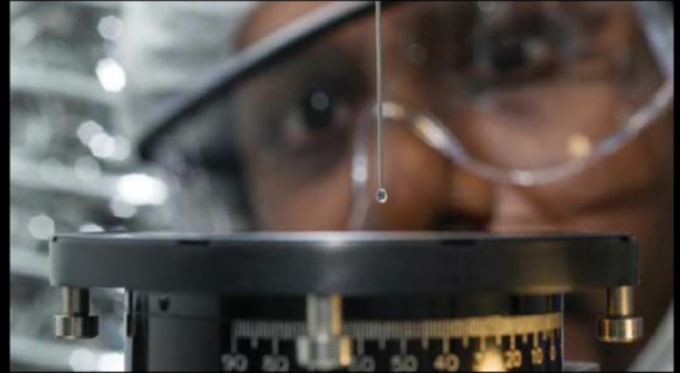
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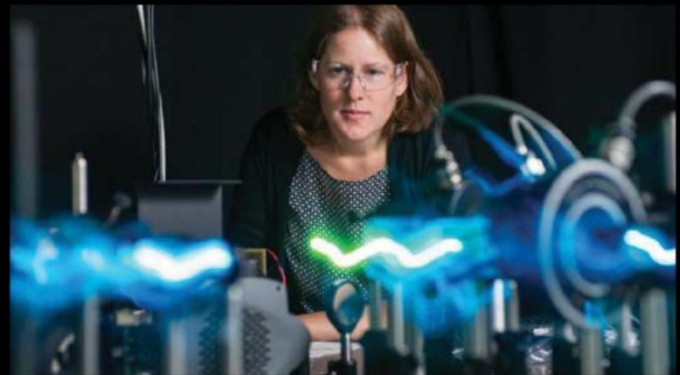
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We **SPEAK** Business



Newsweek

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FULL SPEED AHEAD: After chasing rival Usain Bolt for years, sprinter Yohan Blake believes he's now ready to beat his Jamaican teammate in the Rio Olympics.

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Donald Trump says his astonishing success in business proves he'll be a great, great president, but a close look at his career shows a long string of disasters and a lot of bailing out by a rich father. *by Kurt Eichenwald*

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Jamaican sprinter Yohan Blake believes he was cursed, but he has made peace with his God. Now all he has to do is beat the world's fastest man, Usain Bolt. *by Mirren Gidda*

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Newsweek (ISSN0028-9604) is published weekly except one week in January, July, August and October. Newsweek is published by Newsweek LLC, 7 Hanover Square, 5th Floor, New York, NY 10004. Periodical postage is paid at New York, NY and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send change of address to Newsweek, 7 Hanover Square, 5th Floor, New York, NY 10004.

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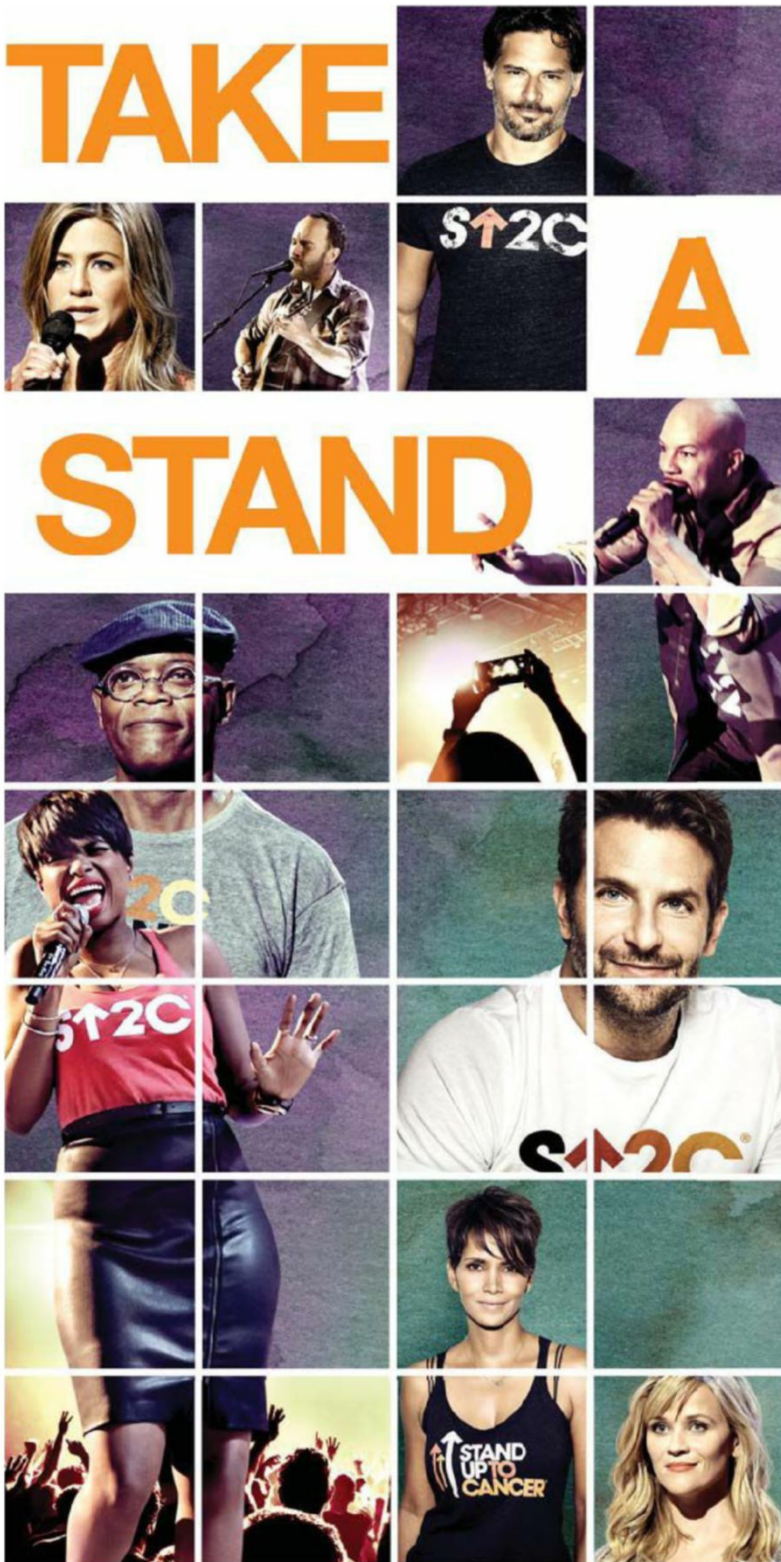
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BIG SHOTS

USA

Pumped Up

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



MARK J. TERRILL



BRAZIL

Ready or Not

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



ERALDO PERES





POLAND

Never Forget

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



FILIPPO MONTEFORTE





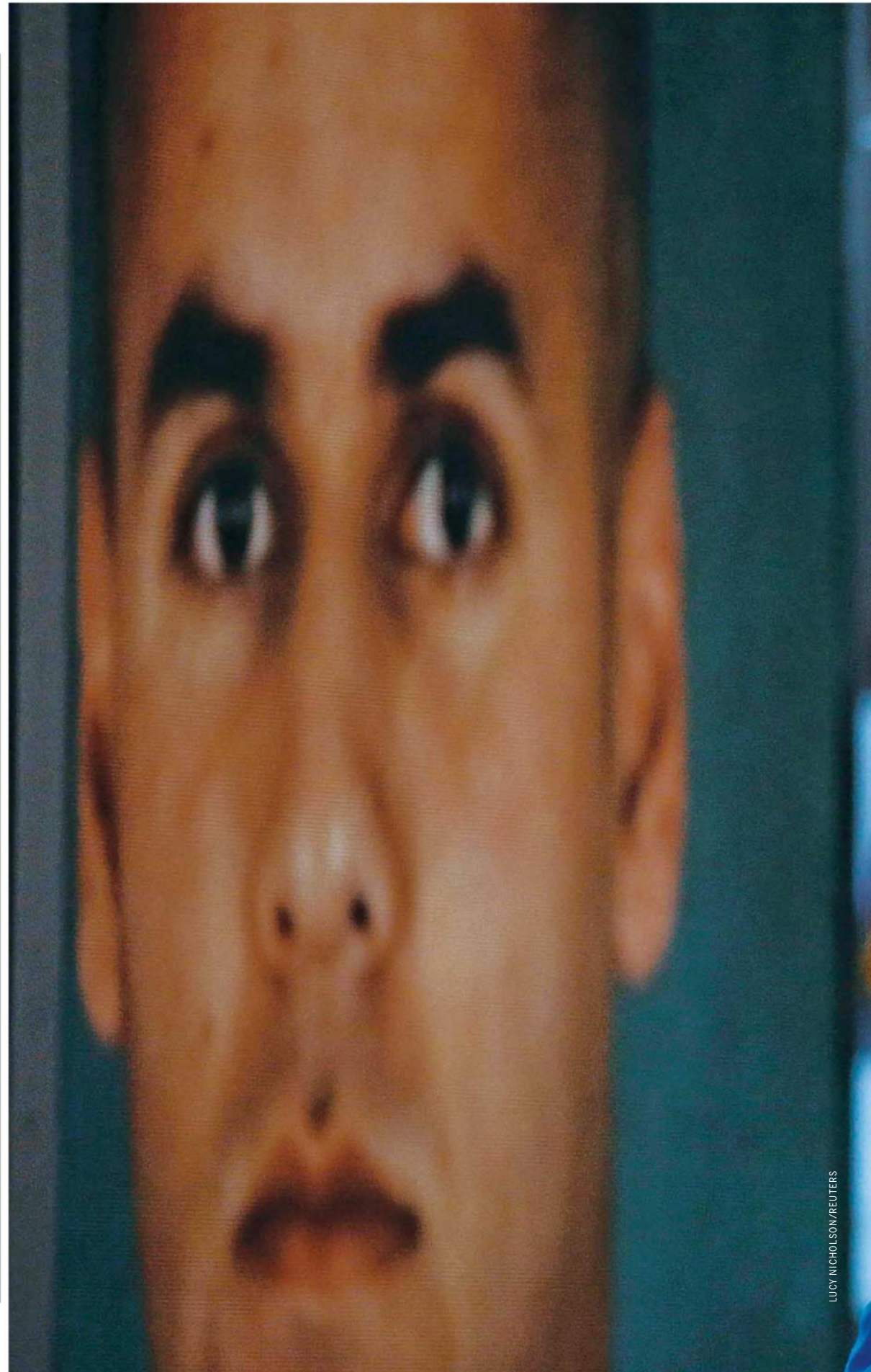
USA

American Hero

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



LUCY NICHOLSON



LUCY NICHOLSON/REUTERS





P A G E O N E

REFUGEE

INTELLIGENCE

POLITICS

CRIME

COMMUNISM

DEALS

STRONGMEN IN LOVE

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

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

That tracks at least in part with a recent briefing by a senior Turkish security official who said the country's National Intelligence Organization, also known as MIT, received reports of "unusual activity" at the Air-Land School Command in

Guvercinlik near Ankara at around 3 p.m. on July 15. The origin of these reports isn't clear. But they were serious enough to prompt MIT head Hakan Fidan to warn Chief of the General Staff Hulusi Akar—panicking the coup plotters into moving their plans forward 12 hours. Erdogan, by his own account, left Marmaris just 15 minutes ahead of a team of commandos sent to capture him.

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

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

BY
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ALEXANDRA HOWLAND FOR NEWSWEEK

+
**FLAGGING
DEMOCRACY:**
Thousands of
Turks responded
to Erdogan's
call to take to
the streets to
reject the at-
tempted coup.



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

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

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

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

One major consequence of the failed coup is likely to be that Erdogan will turn to his erstwhile ally Putin for strategic support. Two weeks before the coup, Erdogan offered a major reset

in Russian-Turkish relations, apologizing for the downing of the bomber and calling it "a mistake." Russia, in return, lifted a ban on charter flights to Turkey. Talks have resumed too on the South Stream gas pipeline project that would bring Russian gas to southern Europe via Turkey, bypassing Ukraine. In the aftermath of the coup, the two strongmen of Europe's fringe agreed to a summit meeting in Moscow on August 6.

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

That fits a narrative Putin's media trots out often: that the United States preaches partnership with nations while looking for the first available opportunity to overturn any government that dares to defy Washington's

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

hegemony. In 2011, when mass demonstrations against Putin's return to the presidency seriously challenged his authority, Putin accused then-Secretary of State Hillary Clinton of giving a "signal" to opponents to rise against him.

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

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



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

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

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

Closer ties between the two would certainly please many in both Russia and Turkey. Veteran nationalist Alexander Dugin was in Turkey on the day of the putsch and met with Ankara's mayor,

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

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



BURYING THE 'UNDESIRABLES'

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

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

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

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

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

the physically and mentally disabled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Outside central Moscow's liberal strongholds,

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

It would be disingenuous, however, to say that modern Russia has made no progress on

rights for the disabled. The existence of multiple disability-pressure groups, unthinkable under Soviet rule, is a testament to this. Recent legislation, including prohibitions on disability-based discrimination, has sought to improve the lives of Russia’s disabled, while massive government investment has made Moscow’s transport system far more accessible for wheelchair users. The past 15 years have also seen a steady increase in the number of children with developmental disabilities, including Down syndrome, who attend kindergarten and high school, something that was unimaginable in Russia in the 1990s.

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

Celebrities have begun to lead by example. When Evelina Bledans, a popular actress and TV presenter, gave birth to a son, Semyon Syomin,

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

with Down syndrome in 2012, she ignored medical advice to give up her child to the state. She now posts regular updates about his progress on a dedicated Instagram account. “Some people considered us almost saints, while others said we are idiots and asked why we were ‘showing these freaks to the whole country,’” Bledans told Russian media this year.

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



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

Early Withdrawal Discouraged

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

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

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

On July 26, authorities announced the arrest of three men for robbing that bank and one in Brooklyn, charging that they stole \$5 million in cash, jewelry and diamonds. "These heists reminded me of one of my favorite movies, *Heat*," New York Police Commissioner William Bratton said at the press conference. "This crew

was nearly perfect, but they left behind small pieces of evidence: plywood purchased at a nearby Home Depot and torches from a Brooklyn welder used to muscle into the vault." Police tracked the crew for almost two years.

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

drawings her son made as a child in her safety deposit box.

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

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

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

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

AOL'S LOL MOMENT

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

“A major coup,” *Forbes* gushed.

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

Yahoo, like AOL, was a Silicon Valley pioneer. As the dot-com boom was ravaging the tech industry, AOL merged with Time Warner, a \$165 billion deal that is routinely taught in business schools as an unqualified disaster.

In the ensuing years, as a new generation of tech companies arose, AOL became the butt of jokes—its ubiquitous promotional CDs the relics of an earlier era, its email addresses used only by the old and the ironic. Yahoo, meanwhile, soldiered on, its online advertising strong enough for Microsoft to offer \$44.6 billion in 2008. Yahoo rejected that deal. Today, Verizon is acquiring the company for roughly a 10th of that price.

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

When Armstrong took over AOL, there was no adulatory coverage of the kind that heralded

Mayer’s arrival at Yahoo. Armstrong, to most, was an unknown, and AOL was a has-been. When he did make news, it was for errors that seemed to reinforce Mayer’s reportedly low opinion of him. In 2013, during a call with employees at Patch, an AOL microblogging subsidiary Armstrong founded, he fired its creative director, Abel Lenz, for photographing him as he spoke, an outburst of fury that, captured on audio, quickly went viral. The following year, he justified cuts in benefits by telling his employees, “We had two AOLers that had distressed babies that were born that we paid a million dollars each to make sure those babies were OK in general. And those are the things that add up into our benefits cost.” This seemed to many preposterous, offensive illogic, and Armstrong was flayed in the media for days.

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

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

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

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

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

BRENDAN MODERMI/REUTERS



IN AND OUT OF AFRICA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

Dheya is grateful for Djibouti's generosity but says living conditions in Obock are too harsh. The

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

Djibouti has long been a haven for those fleeing conflict; Somali refugees have been in the country

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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TRU

THE ART OF THE BAD DEAL

**DONALD TRUMP SAYS HIS ASTONISHING
SUCCESS IN BUSINESS PROVES HE'LL BE A GREAT,
GREAT PRESIDENT, BUT A CLOSE LOOK AT HIS
CAREER SHOWS A LONG STRING OF DISASTERS AND
A LOT OF BAILING OUT BY A RICH FATHER**

BY KURT EICHENWALD





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DONALD TRUMP WAS THUNDERING ABOUT A MINORITY GROUP, LINKING ITS MEMBERS TO MURDERERS AND WHAT HE PREDICTED WOULD BE AN EPIC CRIME WAVE IN AMERICA.

His opponents raged in response—some slamming him as a racist—but Trump dismissed them as blind, ignorant of the real world.

No, this is not a scene from a recent rally in which the Republican nominee for president stoked fears of violence from immigrants or Muslims. The year was 1993, and his target was Native Americans, particularly those running casinos who, Trump was telling a congressional hearing, were sucking up to criminals.

Trump, who at the time was a major casino operator, appeared before a panel on Indian gaming with a prepared statement that raised regulatory concerns in a mature way. But, in his opening words, Trump announced that his written speech was boring, so he went off-script, even questioning the heritage of some Native American casino operators, saying they “don’t look like Indians” and launching into a tirade about “rampant” criminal activities on reservations.

“If [Indian gaming] continues as a threat, it is my opinion that it will blow. It will blow sky high. It will be

the biggest scandal ever or one of the biggest scandals since Al Capone,” Trump said. “That an Indian chief is going to tell [mobster] Joey Killer to please get off his reservation is almost unbelievable to me.”

His words were, as is so often the case, incendiary. Lawmakers, latching onto his claim to know more than law enforcement about criminal activity at Indian casinos, challenged Trump to bring his information to the FBI. One attacked his argument as the most “irresponsible testimony” he had ever heard. Connecticut Governor Lowell Weicker Jr., whom Trump had praised in his testimony, responded by calling him a “dirtbag” and a bigot; Trump immediately changed his mind about the governor, proclaiming Weicker to be a “fat slob who couldn’t get elected dog catcher in Connecticut.”

For opponents of Trump’s presidential run, this contretemps about American Indians might seem like a distant but familiar echo of the racism charges that have dogged his campaign, including his repeated taunting of Senator Elizabeth Warren as “Pocahontas” because she



BANKRUPT VALUES: Trump claims that his business acumen and personal wealth are ample evidence that he'll be a great president.

claims native ancestry. But, in this case, there was more to it than that: Trump, with his tantrum, was throwing away financial opportunities, yet another reminder that, for all his boasting of his acumen, the self-proclaimed billionaire has often been a lousy businessman.

As Trump was denigrating Native Americans before Congress, other casino magnates were striking management agreements with them. Trump knew the business was there even when he was testifying; despite denying under oath that he had ever tried to arrange deals with Indian casinos, he had done just that a few months earlier, according to an affidavit from Richard Milanovich, the official from the Agua Caliente Band of Cahuilla Indians who met with Trump, letters from the Trump Organization and phone records. And in his false and inflammatory statements before Congress, Trump alienated politicians from around the country, including some who had the power to influence construction contracts—problems that could have been avoided if he had simply read his prepared speech rather than ad-libbing.

Lost contracts, bankruptcies, defaults, deceptions and indifference to investors—Trump's career is a long, long list of such troubles, according to regulatory, corporate and court records, as well as sworn testimony and government investigative reports. Call it the art of the bad deal, one created by the arrogance and recklessness of a man whose main talent is self-promotion.

He is also pretty good at self-deception, and plain old deception. Trump is willing to claim success even when

“IT WILL BE THE BIGGEST SCANDAL EVER OR ONE OF THE BIGGEST SCANDALS SINCE AL CAPONE,” TRUMP SAID.

+ DADDY MORE BUCKS: Throughout his career, Donald Trump has benefited greatly from the powerful connections and vast wealth of his father, Fred Trump, below right, who has also had to bail his son out a few times.

it is not there, according to his own statements. “I’m just telling you, you wouldn’t say that you’re failing,” he said in a 2007 deposition when asked to explain why he would give an upbeat assessment of his business even if it was in trouble. “If somebody said, ‘How you doing?’ you’re going to say you’re doing good.” Perhaps such dissembling is fine in polite cocktail party conversation, but in the business world it’s called lying.

And while Trump boasts that his purported billions prove his business acumen, his net worth is almost unknowable given the loose standards and numerous misrepresentations he has made over the years. In that 2007 deposition, Trump said he based estimates of his net worth at times on “psychology” and “my own feelings.” But those feelings are often wrong—in 2004, he presented unaudited financials to Deutsche Bank while seeking a loan, claiming he was worth \$3.5 billion. The bank concluded Trump was puffing; it put his net worth at \$788 million, records show. Trump’s many misrepresentations of his successes and his failures matter—a lot. As a man who has never held so much as a city council seat, there is little voters can examine to determine if he is competent to hold office. He has no voting record and presents few details about specific policies. Instead, he sells himself as qualified to run the country because he is a businessman who knows how to get things done, and his financial dealings are the only part of his background available to assess his competence to lead the country. And while Trump has had a few successes in business, most of his ventures have been disasters.

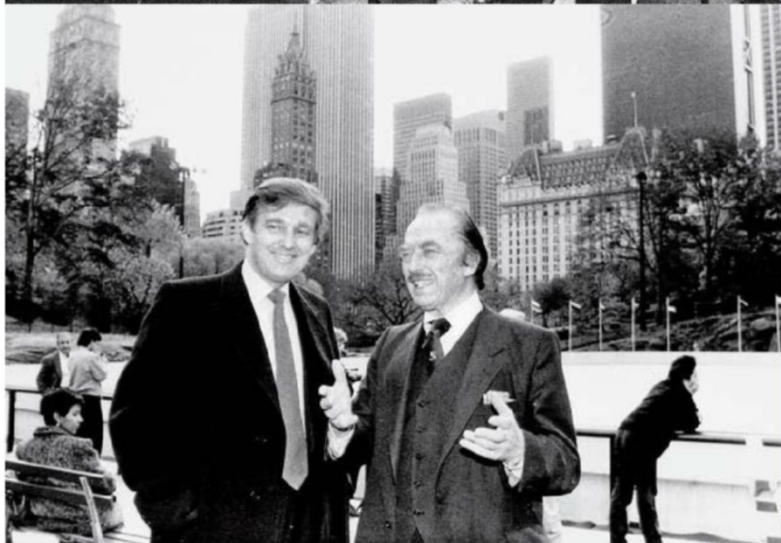
Dependent on Daddy

WHEN HE WAS ready for college, Trump wanted to be a movie producer, perhaps a sign he was far more inter-

ested in the glitz of business than the nuts and bolts. He applied to the University of Southern California to pursue a film career, but when that didn’t work out, he attended Fordham University; two years later, he transferred to the Wharton School of Business at the University of Pennsylvania and got a degree in economics.

Trump boasted when he announced his candidacy last year that he had made his money “the old-fashioned way,” but he is no Bill Gates or Michael Bloomberg, self-made billionaires who were innovators. Instead, the Republican nominee’s wealth is Daddy-made. Almost all of his best-known successes are attributable to family ties or money given to him by his father.

The son of wealthy developer Fred Trump, Donald went to work for his father’s real estate business immediately after graduating from Wharton and found some success by taking advantage of his father’s riches and



FROM TOP LEFT: AP; DENNIS CARUSO/AMY DAILY NEWS ARCHIVE/GETTY; MARK PETERSON/REXUS

close ties to power brokers in New York. Even with those advantages, a few of Trump's initial deals for his father were busts, based on the profits. His first project was revitalizing the Swifton Village apartment complex in Cleveland, which his father had purchased for \$5.7 million in 1962. After Trump finished his work, they sold the complex for \$6.75 million, which, while appearing to be a small return, was a loss; in constant dollars, the apartment buildings would have had to sell for \$7.9 million to have earned an actual profit. Still, Trump happily boasted about his supposed success with Swifton Village and about his surging personal wealth.

He already ached to be in Manhattan's elite rather than just be known as the son of a Brooklyn developer. So, in 1970, he took another shot at joining the entertainment business by investing \$70,000 to snag a co-producer's credit for a Broadway comedy called *Paris Is Out!* The play bombed, closing after just 96 performances.

The next year, he moved to Manhattan from the

TRUMP'S "SUCCESS" WITH THE HYATT WAS SIMPLY THE RESULT OF MONEY FROM HIS DAD.

outer boroughs, still largely dependent on Daddy. In 1972, Trump's father brought him into a limited partnership that developed and owned a senior citizen apartment complex in East Orange, New Jersey. Fred Trump owned 75 percent, but two years later shrunk his ownership to 27 percent by turning over the rest of his stake to two entities controlled by his son. Two years later, Fred named Donald the beneficiary of a \$1 million trust that provided him with \$1.3 million



+ HIGH STEAKS: About 10 years ago, Trump moved away from building things to just selling his name, which was slapped on everything from condos to meats sold through the Sharper Image catalog.

in income (2015 dollars) over the next five years. In 1978, he boosted his son's fortunes again, hiring him as a consultant to help sell his ownership interest in a real estate partnership to the Grandcor Company and Port Electric Supply Corporation. The deal was enormously lucrative for Donald, particularly since it just fell into his lap. Under the deal, Grandcor agreed to pay him an additional \$190,000, while Port Electric kicked in \$228,500. (The payments were made over several years, but the value in present-day dollars on the final sum he received is \$10.4 million.)

Despite having no real success of his own, by the late 1970s, Trump was swaggering through Manhattan, gaining a reputation as a crass self-promoter. He became chums with prominent New Yorkers like Roy Cohn, the one-time aide to Senator Joe McCarthy who was one of the city's most feared and politically connected attorneys. Cohn became one of the developer's lifelong mentors, encouraging the pugilistic personality that showed itself all the way back in second grade, when Trump punched his music teacher.

Soon Trump gained the public recognition he craved. Through a wholly owned corporation called Wembly Realty, Trump struck a partnership with a subsidiary of Hyatt Hotels. That partnership, Regency Lexington, purchased the struggling Commodore Hotel for redevelopment into the Grand Hyatt New York, a deal Trump crowed about when he announced he was running for president.

He failed to mention that this deal was largely attributable to Daddy, who co-guaranteed with Hyatt a construction loan for \$70 million and arranged a credit line for his boy with Chase Manhattan Bank. The credit line was a favor to the Trump family, which had brought huge profits to the bank; according to regulatory records, the revolving loan was set up without even requiring a written agreement. Topping off the freebies and special deals that flowed Trump's way, the city tossed in a 40-year tax abatement. Trump's "success" with the Hyatt was simply the result of money from his dad, his dad's bank, Hyatt and the taxpayers of New York City.

Despite the outward signs of success, Trump's personal finances were a disaster. In 1978, the year his father set up that sweet credit line at Chase, Donald's tax returns showed personal losses of \$406,386—\$1.5 million in present-day dollars. Things grew worse in 1979, when he reported an income of negative \$3.4 million, \$11.2 million in constant dollars. All of this traced back to big losses in three real estate partnerships and interest he owed Chase. With Trump sucking wind and rapidly drawing down his line of credit, he turned again to Daddy, who in 1980 agreed to lend him \$7.5 million.

All of these names and numbers can grow confusing for voters with little exposure to business. So to sum it all up, Trump is rich because he was born rich—and without his father repeatedly bailing him out, he would have likely filed for personal bankruptcy before he was 35.

Rolling Snake Eyes

AS HIS personal finances were falling apart, Donald Trump got a big idea for how to make money: casinos.

In early 1980, he received a phone call from an architect who was a friend of Fred Trump. He gave Donald a hot tip—there was a parcel of land available in Atlantic City zoned for use by a casino hotel. There had been legal gaming in New Jersey since 1978, and casinos in Atlantic City were already reporting big business. At the time, Trump was deep into plans to turn Bonwit Teller's flagship department store into Trump Tower—a transformation achieved with the help of Roy Cohn, who fought in the courts to win Trump a huge tax abatement. Still, Trump jumped on the casino idea and had a lawyer reach out to the owners to negotiate a lease deal.

In August 1980, the Trump Plaza Corporation was incorporated in New Jersey, and nine months later it applied for a casino license. Trump wanted to build a 39-story hotel and casino, but the banks balked, so he struck a partnership with Harrah's Entertainment in which the global gaming company and subsidiary of Holiday Inn Inc. put up the money in exchange for Trump developing the property. In 1984, Harrah's at Trump Plaza opened, and Trump seethed. He had wanted his name to be the marquee brand, even though Harrah's had an international reputation in casinos and he had none. He even delayed building a garage because his name was not prominent enough in the marketing.

According to court papers, Harrah's spent \$9.3 million promoting the Trump name, giving the New York developer a reputation in the casino business he'd never had before. And Harrah's quickly learned the price—now, with Trump able to argue he knew casinos, financing opportunities opened up. He took advantage of his new credibility with financial backers interested in the gaming business to purchase the nearly completed Hilton Atlantic City Hotel for just \$320 million; he renamed it Trump Castle. The business plan was ludicrous: Trump had not only doubled down his bet on Atlantic City casinos but was now operating two businesses in direct competition with each other. When Trump Castle opened in 1985, Harrah's decided to ditch Trump and sold its interest in their joint venture to him for \$220 million.

Still, he wanted more in Atlantic City—specifically, the Taj Mahal, the largest casino complex ever, which Resorts International was building. This made the

**DEUTSCHE BANK SAID,
"TRUMP IS NO STRANGER
TO OVERDUE DEBT."**



the Trump Shuttle began flying.

Trump introduced the airline with his usual style—by insulting the competition: He suggested that the other airline with a northeastern shuttle, Pan Am, flew unsafe planes. Pan Am didn't have enough cash, he said, to spend as much as the Trump Shuttle on maintenance. "I'm not criticizing Pan Am," he said. "I'm just speaking facts." But Trump offered no proof. He promised to transform his shuttle into a luxury service—bathroom fixtures were colored gold, and plane interiors were decked out with mahogany veneer. He was spending \$1 million to update each of the planes, which were individually worth only \$4 million. With those changes, he boasted, he would increase the shuttle's market share from 55 to 75 percent.

But just like with casinos, Trump was in a business he knew nothing about. Customers on a one-hour flight from Washington to New York didn't want luxury; they wanted reliability and competitive prices. Trump Shuttle never turned a profit. But it didn't have much of a chance;

even as he was preening about his successes, Trump's businesses were falling apart and would soon bring the shuttle crashing down with them.

Bragging About How Much He Owes

ON OCTOBER 10, 1989, the four-blade rotor and tail rotor broke off of a helicopter flying above the pine woodlands near Forked River, New Jersey. The craft plunged to the ground, killing all five passengers. Among them were three of Trump's top casino executives.

With his best managers dead, Trump took responsibility for running the day-to-day operations in Atlantic City. His mercurial and belligerent style made a quick impact—some top executives walked, while Trump booted others. The casinos were struggling so badly that Trump was sweating whether a few big winners might pull him under. He once hovered over a baccarat table at the Plaza, anxiously watching a Tokyo real estate tycoon who had won big at the casino in the past; executives at the casino were humiliated, since Trump was signaling that he was frightened customers might win. (The Japanese tycoon lost that night.) By early 1990, as financial prospects at the casinos worsened, Trump began bad-mouthing the executives who had died, laying blame on them, although the cause of his problems was the precarious, debt-laden business structure he had built.

By June 1990, Trump was on the verge of missing a \$43 million interest payment to the investors in the Taj's junk bonds. Facing ruin, he met with his bankers,

+ **DOUBLING ALL THE WAY DOWN:** By opening the Taj Mahal, Trump was cannibalizing his other two Atlantic City casinos; their profits plummeted that first year.

Casino Control Commission nervous because it could have meant that the financial security of Atlantic City would be riding on one man. But Trump brushed those concerns aside at a February 1988 licensing hearing—after all, his argument went, he was *Donald Trump*. He would contain costs because banks would be practically throwing money at him, and at prime rates. He would be on a solid financial foundation because the banks loved him so much, unlike lots of other companies that used below-investment-grade, high-interest junk bonds for their financing. "I'm talking about banking institutions, not these junk bonds, which are ridiculous," he testified.

But Trump's braggadocio proved empty. No financial institution gave him anything. Instead, he financed the deal with \$675 million in junk bonds, agreeing to pay an 14 percent interest, about 50 percent more than he had projected. That pushed Trump's total debt for his three casinos to \$1.2 billion. For the renamed Trump Taj Mahal to break even, it would have to pull in as much as \$1.3 million a day in revenue, more than any casino ever.

Disaster hit fast. As had been predicted by some Wall Street analysts, Trump's voracious appetite cannibalized his other casinos—it was as if Trump had tipped the Atlantic City boardwalk and slid all his customers at the Trump Castle and Trump Plaza down to the Taj. Revenues for the two smaller casinos plummeted a combined \$58 million that first year.

Meanwhile, another Trump disaster was brewing. Eastern Air Lines put its northeastern air shuttle up for sale. Trump persuaded the banks to lend him \$380 million to purchase the route, and in June 1989

who had almost no recourse—after lending him billions, they could fail if Trump went down. So the banks agreed to lend him tens of millions more in exchange for Trump temporarily ceding control over his empire and accepting a budget of \$450,000 a month for personal expenditures. In August, New Jersey regulators prepared a report totaling Trump's debt at \$3.4 billion, writing that "a complete financial collapse of the Trump Organization was not out of the question."

In September, Trump said he would not be paying the \$1.1 million in interest due and asked that they defer \$245 million of future loan payments. Once again, the banks could do little but agree. The shuttle business was put up for sale, as was his \$29 million yacht, the *Trump Princess*. (In 1992, Trump defaulted on his debt for the shuttle and turned it over to his creditor banks.)

By December, Trump was on the verge of missing an interest payment on the debt of Trump Castle, and there was no room left to maneuver with the banks. Once again, Trump turned to Dad for help, according to New Jersey state regulatory records. On December 17, 1990, Fred Trump handed a certified check for \$3.35 million payable to the Trump Castle to his attorney, Howard Snyder. Snyder went to the Castle and opened an account in the name of Fred Trump. The check was deposited into that account and a blackjack dealer paid out \$3.35 million in gray \$5,000 chips. Snyder put the chips in a small case and left; no gambling took place. The next day, a similar "loan" was made—by wire transfer rather than by check—for \$150,000. This surreptitious, and unreported, loan allowed Donald Trump to make that interest payment. (The Castle later settled charges by the Casino Control Commission of violations from this escapade and paid a \$65,000 fine.)

It didn't matter—Trump's casino empire was doomed. A little more than a year after the opening of the Taj, it was in bankruptcy court, and was soon followed there by the Plaza and the Castle. Under the reorganization, Trump turned over half his interest in the businesses in exchange for lower rates of interest, as well as a deferral of payments and an agreement to wait at least five years before pursuing him for the personal guarantees he had made on some of the debt. The huge debt weighed down the reorganized company for years. In 2004, Trump Hotels & Casino Resorts—the new name for Trump's casino holdings—filed for bankruptcy, and Trump was forced to relinquish his post as chief executive. The name of the company was then changed to Trump Entertainment Resorts; it filed for bankruptcy in 2009, four days after Trump resigned from the board.

In his books and public statements, Trump holds up this bankruptcy as yet more proof of his business genius; after all, his logic goes, he climbed out of a hole so deep few others could have done it. He even brags now about how deep that hole was. Trump falsely claimed in two of his books that he owed \$9.2 billion, rather than the actual number, \$3.4 billion, making his recovery seem

TRUMP BASED ESTIMATES OF HIS NET WORTH ON "PSYCHOLOGY" AND "MY OWN FEELINGS."

far more impressive. (When challenged on the misrepresentation during a 2007 deposition, Trump blamed Meredith McIver, a longtime employee who helped write that book. Trump testified that he recognized the mistake shortly after the first book was published; he never explained why he allowed it to appear again in the paperback edition and even in his next book. McIver went on to garner some national recognition as a Trump scapegoat: Nine years later, when Trump's wife, Melania, delivered a speech at the Republican National Convention that was partially plagiarized from Michelle Obama, the campaign blamed McIver. But despite all this supposed sloppiness, Trump has never directed his trademark phrase "You're fired!" at this loyal employee.)

Rich in Name Only

HUGE CORPORATE failures make headlines, but Trump's business flops have included plenty of small deals as well. In 2008, he defaulted on a \$640 million construction loan for Trump International Hotel & Tower in Chicago. The primary lender, Deutsche Bank, sued him. Trump countersued. In a snarky court reply, Deutsche Bank said, "Trump is no stranger to overdue debt." (The suit was ultimately resolved, with Deutsche Bank extending the terms; another lender, had to suck up losses from its foray into Trump's project.)

Trump has also based huge projects on temporary business trends. For example, for a few years wealthy expatriates from the Middle East flocked to Dubai. In 2005, Trump launched work on a 62-story luxury hotel and apartment complex on an artificial island shaped like a palm tree. But, as was predictable from the start, there were only so many rich people willing to travel to the United Arab Emirates, so the flood of wealthy foreigners slowed. The Trump Organization had to walk away from the project, flushing its investments in it.

Beginning in 2006, Trump decided to cut back on building in favor of selling his name. This led to what might be called his nonsense deals, with Trump slapping his name on everything but the sidewalk, hoping people would buy products just because of his brand.

Trump hosted a glitzy event in 2006 touting Trump Mortgage, then proclaimed he had nothing to do with managing the firm when it collapsed 18 months later. That same year, he opened GoTrump.com, an online



VERNON OGDONEK/THE PRESS OF ATLANTIC CITY/AP

travel service that never amounted to more than a vanity site. Also in 2006, Trump unveiled Trump Vodka, predicting that the T&T (Trump and Tonic) would become the most requested drink in America (he also marketed it to his friends in Russia, land of some of the world's greatest vodkas); within a few years, the company closed because of poor sales. In 2007, Trump Steaks arrived. After two months of being available for sale primarily at Sharper Image, that endeavor ended; the head of Sharper Image said barely any of the steaks sold.

Amusing as those fiascos are for those of us who didn't lose money on them, the most painful debacles



+ **THE BIGGEST LOSER:** The bankruptcy of Trump's Atlantic City casinos left him with a \$3.4 billion debt, but he repeatedly boasted that it was \$9.2 billion.

to witness involved licensing agreements Trump sold to people in fields related to real estate. There is the now-infamous Trump University, where students who paid hefty fees to learn how to make fortunes by being trained by experts handpicked by Trump; many students have sued, saying the enterprise was a scam in which Trump allowed his name to be used but had nothing else to do with it, despite his claims in the marketing for the "school." The litigation has already revealed plenty of evidence that the endeavor was a scam. Particularly damning was the testimony of former employee Ronald Schnackenberg, who recalled being chastised

by Trump University officials for failing to push a near-destitute couple into paying \$35,000 for classes by using their disability income and a home equity loan.

Around the country, buyers were led to believe they were purchasing apartments in buildings overseen by Trump, although his only involvement in many cases was getting paid for the use of his brand. For example, in 2009, Trump and a developer named Jorge Pérez unveiled plans for Trump Hollywood, a 40-story ocean-front condominium that they boasted would sell at premium prices and feature such luxuries as Italian cabinetry. But with the entire real estate market imploding, condo buyers were looking for bargains, and sales were minuscule. In 2010, lenders foreclosed on the \$355 million project. Even though Trump's name was listed on the condominium's website as the developer, he immediately distanced himself from the project, saying he had only licensed his name.

A similarly tale unfolded for Trump Ocean Resort Baja Mexico, a luxury vacation home complex Trump proclaimed was going to be "very, very special." His name and image were all over the property, and he even appeared in the marketing video discussing how investors would be "following" him if they bought into the building. Scores of buyers ponied up deposits in 2006, but by 2009 the project was still just a hole in the ground. That year, the developers notified condo buyers their \$32 million in deposits had been spent, no bank financing could be obtained, and they were walking away from the project. Scores of lawsuits claimed the buyers were deceived into believing Trump was the developer. Trump walked away from the deal, saying that if the condo buyers had any questions, they needed to contact the developer—and that wasn't him, contrary to what the marketing material implied.

The same story has played out again and again. In Fort Lauderdale, Florida, people who thought they were buying into a Trump property lost their deposits of at least \$100,000, with Trump saying it was not his responsibility because he had only licensed his name.

Investors in another failed property, Trump Tower Tampa, put up millions in 2005, believing he was the builder. Instead, they discovered it was a sham in 2007, inadvertently from Trump, when he sued the builder for failing to pay his license fees. The investors lost their money, and got to hear Trump respond to allegations he had defrauded them when they sued him. In a deposition, their lawyers asked Trump if he would be responsible for shoddy construction; he responded that he had "no liability" because it was only a name-licensing deal. As for the investors, some of whom lost their life savings, Trump said they at least dodged the collapse of the real estate market by not buying the apartments earlier. "They were better off losing their deposit," he said.

So said the man who now proclaims that Americans can trust him, that he cares only about their needs and their country, that he is on the side of the little guy. ■



THE BEAST MUST DIE

JAMAICAN SPRINTER **YOHAN BLAKE** BELIEVES HE WAS CURSED,
BUT HE HAS MADE PEACE WITH HIS GOD. NOW ALL HE HAS TO
DO IS BEAT THE WORLD'S FASTEST MAN, USAIN BOLT

BY MIRREN GIDDA
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALINA EMRICH





YOHAN BLAKE, WHO SHARES THE TITLE OF THE WORLD'S SECOND-FATEST MAN WITH AMERICAN SPRINTER TYSON GAY, HAS HAD TO SPEND ALL OF HIS CAREER WATCHING THE

world's fastest man, often in the next lane. He watches Usain Bolt as they train together; he watches Usain Bolt as crowds mob him at every opportunity; he watches as Usain Bolt regularly lopes past him toward the finish line.

He watches Bolt because, like most of us, he finds it hard to look away. Bolt is confident, charming and preternaturally fast. Somehow, he makes running at superhuman speeds seem easy, something that he fits in around his playboy lifestyle. (After his 100-meter victory at the London Olympics in 2012, he tweeted a photo of himself with three members of the Swedish women's handball team. In his bedroom. At 3 a.m.)

Blake offers no such illusions. Sprinting was his way out of poverty, and he does not pretend to take it lightly. He trains relentlessly, convinced that time away from the gym or the track is time wasted. "I believe if I'm sleeping, there is this next guy working harder than me," he says. "I can't have him doing that."

Blake and Bolt are friendly, and they support each other—three years older than Blake, Bolt is the cool older brother; Blake, shorter and stockier, is his awkward kid brother, forever trying to catch up. But the older brother is nearly 30 and has said the games in Rio de Janeiro will be his last Olympics. Blake isn't waiting patiently for Bolt to step aside. On August 14, if all goes as expected, he will face off against Bolt in the men's 100-meter final. It'll be his last chance to best the world's greatest sprinter on the Olympic stage. And he believes he has finally caught up.

THE SIGN OF THE BEAST

BLAKE WAS born the day after Christmas 1989, the sixth of Shirley and Veda Blake's seven children, in the city of Montego Bay, on the northwest coast of Jamaica. His early years were spent crammed into a two-bedroom house, sharing an outside bathroom with neighbors, with electricity from an illegal con-



nection Blake describes as "hustled."

"It was rough because there were only two beds in the house and windows were smashed, the floor was [rotten]," he says. "All of us bundled up in one bed, rain is falling [through the roof]. It was crazy."

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

In elementary school, he was bullied because he was so poor. His classmates laughed at him, but Blake had something none of them had—a freakish ability to run fast. When Blake was in middle school, his principal, O'Neil Ankle, stepped outside one day to watch some of the boys play cricket. As he watched Blake run full-speed, Ankle realized the 13-year-old was wasted on the game, and he told Blake to enroll at St. Jago's, a high school with an excellent track program, 99 miles away on the other side of the island.

Blake went to live with a coach at the school and quickly

showed he was, indeed, exceptional. In 2007, aged 17, he posted the fastest 100-meter time for a Jamaican junior, 10.11 seconds. (The world record at the time, set the year before by Blake's fellow Jamaican Asafa Powell, was 9.762 seconds.) The next year, he competed at the country's biggest athletics tournament. Champs, as it is known, is treated with almost the same reverence as the Olympics in Jamaica. It makes the front pages of the newspapers, and the 35,000-seat stadium is regularly filled to capacity. The crowds are mostly there for the sprinters. It is a sport at which Jamaica, despite having a population of less than 3 million, excels. At the 2008 and 2012 Olympics, Jamaican athletes took gold in all 100-meter and 200-meter races—with the exception of the women's 200 meters in 2012.

Blake won the Champs 16-to-19s 100-meter race. In the crowd that day was Bolt, a former Champs champion who was then the country's most famous athlete and the world's second-fastest man. After Blake's race, Bolt offered him some friendly advice. Blake could not believe Bolt knew who he was. "I was just so appreciative," he says. "That's just the kind of guy that he is."

Bolt's coach offered Blake the chance to train alongside Bolt and many of Jamaica's other top sprinters. He was now running with the best, but he was still a shy, insecure teenager, and his first year on the international circuit was a disaster. He was too nervous to run well. "I froze in the blocks. I couldn't move," he recalls. "When the starter say go, I was still on my set."

The following year, Blake's coach entered him in races against weaker competitors, hoping he would regain his confidence. It worked. On July 10, 2009, Blake ran 9.96 seconds in Rome, becoming the youngest person up to that time to run the 100 meters in under 10 seconds. A week later, he shaved that to 9.93 seconds.

That gave him confidence, and it led to a fresh image, one inspired by Bolt, who had once said during an interview: "Watch out for Yohan Blake. He works like a beast." For the shy 19-year-old, that line was a gift, offering him a tough mask to hide behind. He took to calling himself the Beast, and at races unleashed a now-familiar silent roar.

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

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

HAMSTRUNG

ON A GRAY Monday in May, Blake and his physiotherapist and friend Shaun Kettle are in a minivan heading toward Munich. We are halfway through a six-day trip through the country; two days earlier, Blake ran a 100-meter race in the town of Herzogenaurach. Blake is in a good mood. Though that race was small and his competitors weak, he ran well, given the cold temperature, coming in at 10.03 seconds. As Kettle tries to study a book on the body's muscles, Blake keeps up a stream of teasing questions. "What kind of muscle is in the penis?" he asks, collapsing into laughter as Kettle rolls his eyes.

Resigned to not getting any work done, Kettle begins teaching Blake about the *quadriceps femoris*, the four thick muscles that cover the front and sides of the thigh bone. Elite sprinters like Blake have very powerful quads. They're the most important muscles in the drive phase—the first part of a sprint that looks



**"I FROZE
IN THE
BLOCKS. I
COULDN'T
MOVE."**

+ PLAGUE YEARS: Blake overcame his shyness by adopting the persona of the Beast, shredding his running shorts and once even donning fangs before a race, but he now fears that angered God.

like an airplane takeoff as a runner springs out of the starting blocks. Those muscles help throw the leg forward and absorb the shock as the foot slams into the ground. They also put considerable strain on the hamstrings, the muscles that run down the back of the thigh, abruptly contracting them as the quadriceps bend the leg. "There are two main injuries [for sprinters]," Kettle says. "Hamstring and back." For the first



+ TEAM TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS: After chasing Bolt for years, Blake believes he's finally ready to catch him; he beat his teammate twice in the Jamaican team trials leading up to the Rio Olympics.

time since leaving Herzogenaurach, Blake is quiet; he seems to be thinking about his past hamstring tears.

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

His team now says the extra work might have put too much strain on that leg. On July 11, 2014, Blake ran in the Glasgow Grand Prix, a relatively minor tournament. He was slow off the blocks and quickly fell behind. At 60 meters, he began to lean back, his legs still pumping furiously as he fought to slow his body's propulsion. His right leg kicked out and planted itself, and his body pitched over it, his arms flailing as he landed facedown in his lane. "I felt the muscle coming off the bone, and I had to drop myself because I was going so fast," Blake says softly. "That pain was devastating."

An MRI scan revealed that his hamstring had ripped off his sitz bone (at the base of the pelvis). He would need surgery to reattach it.

A few days later, in Luxembourg, doctors

performed the operation. They warned him his rehabilitation would take many weeks, and months later he was still struggling. "The guy I was running with in training was tearing me apart," he says. "Some days I would feel good, but some days I would run and feel myself hopping. I wasn't strong enough."

Blake is not just talking about his leg. "When your mind is shattered by what has happened to you, it leaves this dent

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

that [you] just have to try and straighten," he says. When he tried to run, he held back—terrified that his hamstring might snap again.

While Blake battled to regain faith in his body, Bolt was adding to his collection of gold medals. In August 2014, Bolt, along with the rest of the Jamaican men's 100-meter relay team—which, with Blake running the third leg, had won gold at the London Olympics—set a tournament record at the Commonwealth

Games with a time of 37.58 seconds. In Poland later that month, Bolt set an unofficial world record for the indoor 100-meter sprint: 9.98 seconds. A year later, he took gold in both the 100-meter and 200-meter races at the world championships in Beijing.

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

HE CALLED EVIL ONTO HIMSELF

BLAKE WAS convinced a body as strong as his doesn't break down on its own, and he says the answer came in what he considers a divine revelation. He says God told him he was being punished because he had stopped praising the Lord. Preoccupied with his career, Blake had stopped going to church. "God say: 'Yohan, I can make you, and I can break you,' and that's what happened."

Blake now believes his tribulations were all part of God's plan, a plan that wasn't clear until he met Jamaican preacher Andrew Scott in April of this year. Scott claims he can predict the future, heal the sick and deliver people from evil spirits. Scott encouraged Blake to read the Bible, attend church regularly and praise God. If he did all that, Blake was sure victory in Rio would be his reward.

The pastor had one final commandment: Blake had to kill the Beast. The apocalyptic Book of Revelation in the New Testament tells of two beasts that come to ruin humankind. One of them, according to the Bible, forces people to carry a mark on their right hand or forehead: "The name of the beast or the number of its name." Blake, the pastor said, had willingly taken the name of the beast and in doing so had called evil onto himself.

That terrified Blake, who dropped the nickname, cut his nails and stopped showboating. He knows that many of his fans in Rio will be disappointed, but he is adamant that it was the right thing to do. "[Pastor Scott] break the spell off," he says. "If you don't believe, it don't make sense. But when he break the spell, I could feel a burden lifting off of me. I feel light."

Blake vows that on August 14, he will finally be fast enough to beat Bolt. "I've waited four years for this," he says. "I've waited all my life for this. This is my time." ■

Very Superstitious

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



SWIMMING

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



TABLE TENNIS

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

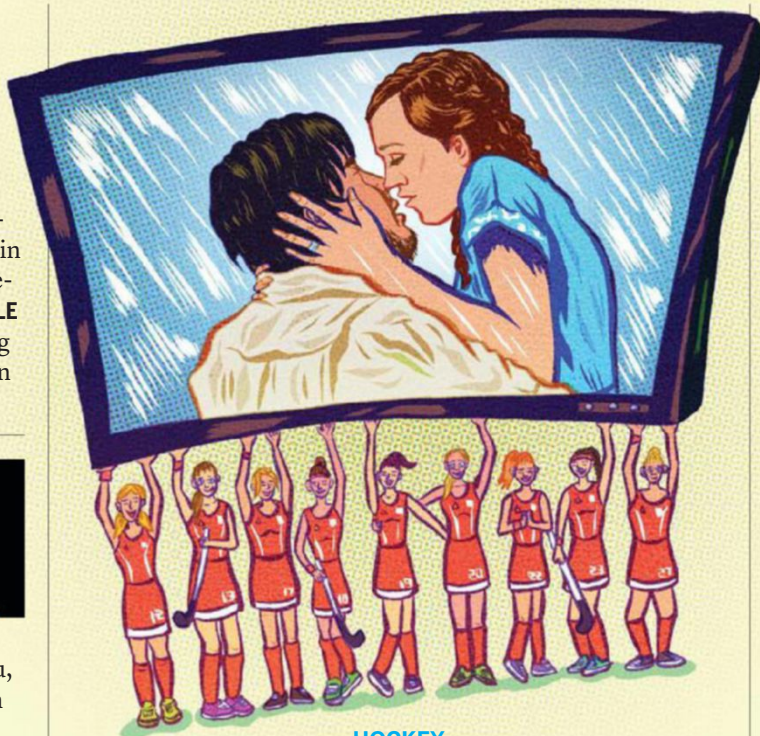


WEIGHTLIFTING

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

SAILING

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



HOCKEY

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

CYCLING

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

EQUESTRIAN

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

MARATHON

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

TENNIS

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



GYMNASTICS

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



JUDO

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



RUNNING

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

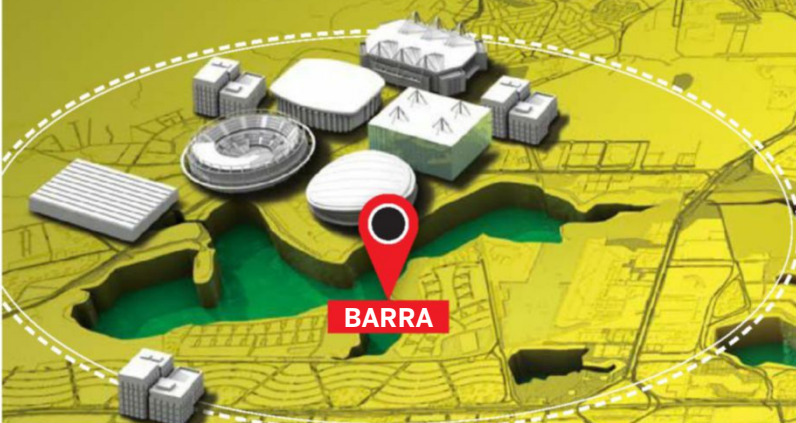
CITY OF GOLD

THE **OLYMPICS** BY THE NUMBERS—FROM MEDALS TO MATTRESSES



DEODORO

4
.....
AREAS WHERE
THE EVENTS
WILL TAKE
PLACE



BARRA

60,000

MEALS SERVED
EVERY DAY IN
THE ATHLETES'
VILLAGE

50

PERCENTAGE
OF BRAZILIANS
WHO OPPOSE
HOSTING THE
GAMES

124

MILES OF
SECURITY
FENCING TO
KEEP THE
GAMES
SECURE

0

TIMES THE
BRAZILIAN
SOCCER TEAM
HAS WON
GOLD IN THE
OLYMPICS

95

DAYS THE
TORCH SPENT
TRAVELING
THROUGH
BRAZIL TO
RIO

306

MEDAL
EVENTS
TAKING
PLACE

32

VENUES WILL
HOST THE
GAMES

812

GOLD MEDALS
PRODUCED BY
THE BRAZILIAN
MINT

180,000

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

230

HOLES AT THE
TOP OF THE
OLYMPIC
TORCH

315

HORSES
PARTICIPATING
IN THE
GAMES



40 billion
reais

TOTAL COST
(\$12.3 BILLION)
OF THE RIO
OLYMPICS

17

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

42

DIFFERENT
SPORTS
FEATURED

250

GOLF CARTS
TO TRANSPORT
GOLFERS

8,400

SHUTTLECOCKS
WILL BE USED
FOR BADMINTON
MATCHES

450,000

CONDOMS
DISTRIBUTED TO
ATHLETES

10

MILES ADDED
TO RIO'S
METRO
SYSTEM

25,000

NUMBER OF
JOURNALISTS THE
PRESS CENTER
CAN HOLD

31st

SUMMER
OLYMPICS SINCE
THE FIRST
MODERN
GAMES OF
1896



MARACANĂ



COPACABANA

50,000

VOLUNTEERS
TO HELP RUN
THE GAMES

7.5 million

APPROXIMATE
NUMBER OF
TICKETS ON
SALE

206

COUNTRIES
REPRESENTED
AT THE
OLYMPICS

85,000

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

50

TONS OF
DEAD FISH
REMOVED FROM
THE ROWING
AND CANOEING
LAGOON

10,500

ATHLETES
PARTICIPATING
IN THE
TOURNAMENT

1st

SOUTH
AMERICAN
COUNTRY TO
HOST THE
GAMES

173,850

NUMBER OF FANS
THAT CRAMMED INTO
THE MARACANĂ
FOR THE 1950
WORLD CUP
FINAL

29,000

MATTRESSES
NEEDED TO KEEP
THE ATHLETES'
VILLAGE WELL
RESTED

78,000

CAPACITY OF
RIO'S FAMOUS
MARACANĂ
STADIUM

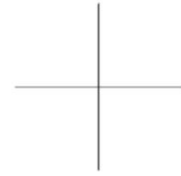
3.6 billion

ESTIMATED
GLOBAL
VIEWERS





NEW WORLD



VR

DISEASE

OLYMPICS

CANCER

SCIENCE

POLLUTION

GOOD SCIENCE

LIGAMENT, HEAL THYSELF

Athletes eye a new technique for repairing torn ACLs

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

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

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

Murray has spent years studying the ACL, trying to understand why it doesn't heal on its own and working on a new way to treat tears. Currently, the standard is reconstruction: Surgeons remove a patient's torn ACL and use a tissue graft from the patellar or hamstring tendons or from a

cadaver to replace the ligament. But Murray wondered if there was a way to help the ACL heal itself. Years of studies in pigs have led to the first human trials of what she calls the Bridge-Enhanced ACL Repair technique. Surgeons use a suture to connect the thigh and shin bones and move them into the proper position. Next, they stitch in a special sponge made of collagen and other proteins found in ligaments. Another stitch is used to pull up the bottom stump of the ACL into the sponge, which is injected with a small amount of the patient's own blood. With BEAR, only one spot in the body needs to heal, which could allow for a quicker return of strength around the knee.

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

BY
STAV ZIV
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AARON ONTIVEROZ/THE DENVER POST/GETTY

DISRUPTIVE

THE CROWD, UNCOWED

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

other chairs pretending to pay attention while texting under the table, just like in real life.

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

Would a virtual crowd have the same level of emotional and political impact? Some experts think so, because the key to such an event is not occupying a space but rallying passions and getting attention. All that's required, wrote Robert Kaplan in *Global Affairs*, is "the knowledge that you are not alone against a hated regime." That brings "a lift in morale that, in turn, brings along with it courage and a sense of empowerment. Inside a crowd you are protected, for your passions are those of the person next to you, and the next, all flowing together." The person next to you

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

has to be able to connect with you just as he or she might in a real setting, but if the technology makes that work, then there might not be any reason the protesters have to physically be in the same place.

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

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

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

RUBEN SPRIGH/REUTERS





THE ITCH IN TIME

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

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

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

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

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

wounds as the sufferers obsessively search for an affliction choking their body.

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

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

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

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



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

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

Meanwhile, though Leitao’s organization is gone, other outspoken advocates are working to legitimize the condition. Perhaps the most prominent is the Charles E. Holman Morgellons Disease Foundation, which recently held its ninth annual Morgellons conference in Austin, Texas, in April. Its director, Cindy Casey-Holman, developed symptoms in the mid-2000s, and she and her husband, Charles, joined Leitao’s crusade after seeing a news report on the condition. Eventually, the pair launched their own nonprofit in 2006.

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

Holman and others reject the CDC’s conclusions, believing the government agency is biased. “The CDC was against the whole idea from the start, without examining all the evidence,” she says.

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

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



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

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

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

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

convinced you that this is Morgellons, and it can’t be anything else, and all your doctors are stupid, then it’s much more difficult to reach you.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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THE SEX DEFECT

Cancer can affect men and women differently, but research is not taking that into account

IDENTIFYING effective cancer treatments is never easy, and few drugs that make it to the market are effective for every patient. As cancer treatment becomes more personalized, clinicians have come to realize how biological factors beyond a patient's control—especially gender—can determine the outcome. Oncologists often know a treatment for a patient may fail, not based on mountains of studies but through their own bitter experiences.

This is, in part, because studies on cancer drugs rarely reflect the population of patients with the disease they seek to cure. Experts agree that studies should mirror a cancer's prevalence in the general population, including the male-female split. Even that is rarely the case, and female patients suffer disproportionately from this inequality in studies and clinical trials.

An analysis of hundreds of studies in the journal *Cancer* suggests women are underrepresented in three out of four studies. For example, 45 percent of lung cancer patients are women, but about 31 percent of lung cancer study participants are female. "Except for the cancers for male patients and female patients—prostate cancer is obviously all male, and breast cancer is predominantly female—we don't pay that much attention to the gender of our models or how that would affect treatment outcomes," says Dr. Faye Johnson of the University of Texas MD Anderson Cancer Center.

This inequality comes into play early—well

before an experimental therapy is tested on patients. Gender discrimination isn't only a problem in clinics; it's also an issue in petri dishes. Before researchers test a drug on humans, it is first assessed in a lab. Typically, the cancer cell lines used in this early stage of research are classified in terms of their specific type of cancer. Factors such as sex, age and the ethnicity of the person who provided the specimen are rarely considered.

Through huge advances in molecular biology and genetics, scientists know that all cells in the human body have different characteristics based on gender. The human genome is composed of 20,000 genes, and the pair of sex chromosomes accounts for about 5 percent of them. This means all cells do have a sex, including cancer cells.

These cellular-level distinctions affect physiological function and play a role in the pathology of cancer and other diseases. This, in turn, influences outcomes. "Women's response to an injury, to something foreign, to even any kind of inflammatory response that occurs, involves a completely different chemical pathway than what occurs in men," says Doris Taylor, director of regenerative medicine research at the Texas Heart Institute. "And yet, we don't even think about any of that when we start trying to put together outcomes and clinical and preclinical studies."

Oncologists have known for some time that a patient's gender can influence outcomes but don't know why. In 2006, the National Can-

BY
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cer Institute and the National Human Genome Research Institute began a project known as The Cancer Genome Atlas (TCGA). Its mission was to sequence the DNA of 33 types of common and rare cancers from more than 10,000 tissue samples. The goal is to identify common genetic factors that characterize certain types of cancer and find treatments based on these specific genetic profiles. The problem is that genetic profiles of the disease don't differ only from cancer to cancer but also between men and women (as well as with race or ethnicity and age). While the total number of tissue samples used in the project is nearly evenly split between the sexes, the same is not true for certain cancer types. For example, tissue samples from men sequenced for non-small cell lung cancer far outnumber the ones taken from women—373 versus 131.

Jean Zenklusen, director of TCGA, says researchers collected a huge number of tissue samples—often between 500 and 1,000 specimens from patients for each cancer. They were forced to rely on “samples of convenience,” meaning tissue was collected from a homogenous group of patients, often at the excluding women and racial minorities, because they were the only ones available.

A closer look at TCGA data supports the claim that the sex differences found in cancer cells are important. With the right follow-up research,

targeting these specific genetic signatures could lead to a whole new area of oncology medicine: sex-specific cancer treatment. Han Liang, associate professor in bioinformatics and computational biology at MD Anderson, recently conducted a large-scale analysis of TCGA data on 13 types of cancer to compare the different genetic attributes of male and female tissue samples. Specifically, he and his team looked at certain genes known to be significant in cancer treatment. They found that

GENDER DISCRIMINATION ISN'T ONLY A PROBLEM IN CLINICS; IT'S ALSO AN ISSUE IN PETRI DISHES.

more than half of those genes (53 percent) have sex-biased signatures. Cancers of the thyroid, head and neck, lungs, liver, kidneys and bladder had the highest number of markers already known to be associated with sex. These findings appeared to back up anecdotal evidence from doctors. For example, one drug given to patients with a type of non-small cell lung cancer targets the gene EGFR. Many oncologists have observed that female patients who take the drug typically have better outcomes than males.

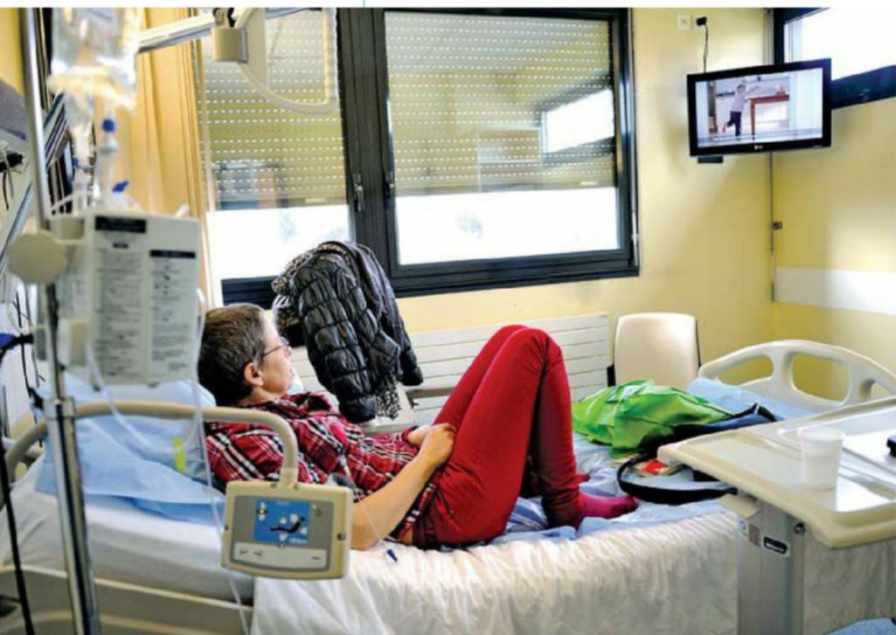
Zenklusen says when the findings were published in the journal *Cancer Cell*, the oncology community reacted with a collective “Duh!”

In 1993, Congress passed the National Institutes of Health Revitalization Act, which draws up guidelines meant to encourage researchers to form diverse study cohorts. Scientists applying for federally funded grants are required to articulate the demographics of their study pools. In cases where there likely won't be women, minorities and children involved, the researchers need to provide a reason why enrolling a diverse pool of patients would be problematic. A paper published in *Cancer* said trials that relied on government funding tended to have a higher representation of women than those funded by the private sector—41.3 percent versus 36.9 percent.

Zenklusen says the National Cancer Institute has also started to recruit female patients and those in racial or ethnic minorities to provide more tissue samples for TCGA, visiting gathering places like churches because “we're trying to find individuals from different minorities to make TCGA look more like the U.S. population.” ■

A COLLECTIVE 'DUH': Doctors have noticed that certain cancer drugs, including one treatment for a type of non-small cell lung cancer, have better outcomes depending on the patient's gender.

PHILIPPE HUGUEN/AFP/GETTY IMAGES



WHAT BROWN CAN DO TO YOU

We need to talk about all that poop in the water at the Rio Olympics

ON JULY 11, 25 days before the opening ceremonies of the 2016 Olympics, the International Olympic Committee issued a statement in all caps that “RIO 2016 IS READY TO WELCOME THE WORLD.” Several paragraphs below, it addressed the many rumors that Guanabara Bay and Lagoa, the water-sport venues where Olympic sailors, rowers and canoers will be competing (and inevitably ingesting water), are teeming with human excrement. “Organizers restated their confidence that both areas of water would provide top-level conditions for the athletes,” the IOC wrote.

The same day, Reuters reported scientists had found “super-bacteria” in Lagoa, as well as off Copacabana beach, where marathon and triathlons will compete, that can cause “urinary, gastrointestinal, pulmonary and bloodstream infections, along with meningitis,” Reuters wrote, adding that this super-bacteria contributes to the death of up to half of all patients infected.

More than half of everything flushed by Rio’s 6.3 million residents flows directly into its waterways. This isn’t a problem unique to Brazil; raw sewage is a challenge for almost every coastal city in the world, and 90 percent of all wastewater in the developing world flows directly into rivers, lakes and the sea. Even in New York City, sewage bypasses the treatment plants and flows directly out of overflow pipes along the city’s waterfront when it rains more than just .05 of an inch.

Roughly the same is true of 771 cities in the United States, but in Brazil the situation is notoriously grim. Around 169 million gallons of human

waste flow into Guanabara Bay every day. And that’s just a slice of the problem in Brazil, where, *The New York Times* says, about two-thirds of hospitalizations are blamed on waterborne disease, and diarrhea diseases are the second-leading cause of death among children under 5.

This was supposed to change before the Olympics. In its bid to host the games, Rio included a plan to cut sewage flow into the water by 80 percent. But by last year, it had dropped that claim. Officials now say that job will take 20 years. This failure has sparked an investigation into corruption and misuse of federal funds.

So why is the IOC so confident about Rio’s water? It could be because—aside from the discovery of that super-bacteria—bacterial tests came back within the acceptable range. “Independent testing in the competition area of the Guanabara Bay venue has consistently proven the water quality to meet relevant international standards,” the organization told *The New Yorker*. Yet those tests looked only at bacterial levels because the World Health Organization does not recommend viral testing, and the IOC has no plans to do it.

But when the Associated Press took samples of the water last year, levels of viruses from human waste in the Olympic waters were “roughly equivalent to that seen in raw sewage.” “Not one water venue” was safe for swimming or boating, the AP wrote. The water was rife with adenoviruses, which cause “respiratory and digestive illnesses, including explosive diarrhea and vomiting, and can lead to more serious heart, brain and other

BY
ZOË SCHLANGER
 @zoeschlanger



IT'S HIT THE FAN: Rio's waterways are virtual cess-pools because of human feces and could pose a major health risk for Olympic athletes.

diseases." Virus levels were 1.7 million times what would be considered unsafe at California beaches. Consuming just three teaspoons of the water carries a 99 percent risk of viral infection, Kristina Mena, an expert in waterborne viruses and an associate professor of public health at Houston's University of Texas Health Science Center, told the news organization.

Whether Olympic athletes fall ill will depend on a variety of factors, like how robust each person's immune system is. Australia's Olympic sailors have been taking vitamins since at least a 2015 test event in Rio. "We are taking appropriate supplements, etc., to keep immune systems up, and I am sure most of the other [teams] are doing the same," Peter Conde, the Australian team's high performance director, told Reuters.

A high viral count in the water might explain why 13 U.S. rowers and four team staff members fell ill with gastrointestinal problems at a test event for the Olympics in Rio last August, and why British sailor Alain Sign became ill after his boat capsized there when he was training for the 2014 Brazil Sailing Cup. It's impossible to know if individual illnesses are due to waterborne viruses or something else—like food poisoning—but Bob Bowman, coach of Olympic superstar Michael Phelps, says he knows the risk firsthand.

"I happened to coach a young lady at the 2007 Pan Am Games there, and she came back and has been sick the rest of her life with a life-altering illness," he told the Agence France-Presse of swimmer Kalya Keller, who finished fourth in the women's Pan Am 10-kilometer open-water race that year and was diagnosed with Crohn's, an inflammatory bowel disease, shortly afterward. The illness led to her early retirement in 2008.

Despite all this ugly news, World Sailing, the global governing body for the sport, is remarkably chipper. Alastair Fox, World Sailing's technical delegate to the 2016 Olympics, has been to Rio several times. At a test event for the Olympics in 2014, Rio's Marina da Glória, which flows into the nearby Guanabara, was a disaster. "The boats were launching into a marina where there was still sewage entering. It didn't smell or look good. We've had large bits of timber, a lot of plastic bags," he says. "I think once we saw a sofa."

Since then, he's seen conditions steadily improve. "This May, I was really impressed by the quality of water inside the marina," Fox says. "There was no smell, the water was clear." The organization looked at the bacterial tests from Brazilian authorities and the IOC and was reassured. (World Sailing does not conduct testing and therefore does not consider viral content.) Fox chalks up the change to a new belt of sewage pipes recently installed by Brazilian authorities to

"THE BOATS WERE LAUNCHING INTO A MARINA WHERE THERE WAS STILL SEWAGE ENTERING. I THINK ONCE WE SAW A SOFA."

divert the raw sewage farther from the event area.

The possibility that a plastic bag could wrap around a rudder or a floating sofa could immobilize a boat is still a concern, however. "We are still receiving reports from athletes that they are seeing rubbish in the water," Fox says. So the organization will be deploying a helicopter to fly over the racecourse at 6 a.m. each morning of the Olympics to look for errant objects that can be gathered by Brazil's "eco-boats." "We're confident now, but we're also not going to relax," Fox says.

Meanwhile, it's the stuff that can't be seen by the human eye, let alone a helicopter flyby, that could cripple athletes during these Olympic Games. ■



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forcing them to
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Reality is in dire need of some not-serious augmenting

THE SUMMER of 2016 has been hot and evil. Each week there comes a new hashtag, bringing doom like a blast of stale air from an oncoming subway train: #Brussels, #Istanbul, #AltonSterling, #PhilandoCastile, #BatonRouge, #Nice. #BlueLivesMatter, #BlackLivesMatter, #BrownLivesMatter, #AllLivesMatter. The acts of killing are not connected, except that they suggest a collective unmooring. It has become an act of courage to turn on the evening news. The sane are tuning out. The rich are fleeing to the countryside, as they always do during a pestilence.

In early July, though, relief arrived like a temperate spell after a heat wave. It came from San Francisco, the site from which the most grandiloquent crazes tend to emanate: the Gold Rush, the semiconductor revolution, hoodies as professional attire. This one came from a developer of smartphone games. The game Niantic released, in this summer of madness, is Pokémon Go.

You have probably heard of Pokémon Go. It is more likely that you are, in fact, one of its estimated 9.55 million daily players in these barely-

holding-our-shit-together United States of ours.

I am not going to dwell very long on the particulars of the game. Basically, your Pokémon character captures other Pokémon creatures, primarily by tossing balls at them. You can battle with other players, and you can buy various accoutrements within the game, which is how its developers make money. The game itself is free. All you need to play is a smartphone.

I am being purposefully reductive, because we both know that if Pokémon Go were just another phone game whose primary audience was either tech-savvy Japanese tweens or bored American middle managers, it might get an amused front-of-the-book write-up in *Wired* but not much more than that. There would not be roadside signs advising people not to play while driving on freeways. There would not be a soldier posting an image of himself capturing a Squirtle in Iraq, where the fight against ISIS had momentarily been displaced by a more pleasant chase. There would not be hordes in Times Square and Golden Gate Park, gathering like the diasporic members

BY
**ALEXANDER
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of the Pokémon tribe reconstituted at last.

Pokémon Go's advantage over most other games is that it uses augmented reality, so that the landscape you see on your screen is informed by the real world, as understood by your phone's GPS and camera. To play Pokémon Go is to enter a world that is kind of like ours, except with brighter colors and clear objectives, and not a superdelegate in sight. You are tethered to your screen, but the screen is drawing you into the physical world, which has suddenly been populated by strange but not especially frightening creatures. Playing while walking through Brooklyn's Prospect Park, I felt I was traipsing through an enchanted forest, waiting for a creature to pop out from behind bushes where, on a usual morning, you might only see a squirrel sifting through the weekend's trash.

To augment is to add, to improve. Unlike similar games, Pokémon Go does not ask us to retreat fully from the real world and enter, for hours at a time, the kingdom of *Zelda* or some other make-believe world. *Second Life* may have hundreds of thousands of players, but there is something ineffably sad about sequestering yourself in order to live a life on screen not all that different than the one you'd be living if you dared unplug.

The genius of Pokémon Go is that you go into the real world to accomplish fake-world goals. At one point, my gameplay consisted of simply walking down Vanderbilt Avenue. It is a stretch of brownstone Brooklyn I'd like to think I know well, yet I was surprised to see what had been highlighted as PokéStops, like the mural for a probably long-gone establishment called *Rose of Sharon*.

Searching for PokéStops and Pokémon "gyms" has brought people outdoors, giving them a reason to explore the places they live. People have made friends and, as far as I can tell from Twitter, fallen in love. There have been meetups of thousands in San Francisco and Chicago. One user on Reddit suggested that every player should pick up trash as a means of clearing the entire Earth of litter. Read enough about the aspirations invested in this seemingly simple game and such starry-eyed talk no longer sounds insane.

The suggestion that the Pokémon Go craze is powered by nostalgia is credible, if not entirely convincing. The franchise was introduced in the

United States in 1998, when we were grappling with many of the same issues we're grappling with today: intolerance (the murder of Matthew Shepard), terror (Al-Qaeda bombings at American embassies in East Africa) and political scandal (Bill and Monica and her blue dress). If mid-1990s nostalgia were so strong, we'd all be listening to *Third Eye Blind* and watching *Full House* reboots.

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

Inevitably, Pokémon Go will be played on the site of a shooting or bombing. Some will call that desecration, and they will have a point. But there will be another point, about the human imagination, its Houdini-like resilience, its desire to take a sad song and make it better. It is unlikely Pokémon Go will save the world, if only because the truly wicked still use BlackBerrys and are thus unable to play. It could tweak reality—it already

POLITICIANS AND REVOLUTIONARIES AND MESSIAHS HAVE HAD THEIR CHANCE; LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN LITTLE CREATURES FROM JAPAN RULE THE WORLD.

has, in fact, which is why millions have flocked to the game, why serious publications like *The New York Times* have written scores of articles about it, why nearly everything I have read about the game is touched not by outrage but by wonder, by a desire for more augmentation, not less.

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

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FROM RUSSIA WITH TAINTED SAMPLES

A concise timeline of Russia's riveting and elaborate Olympic doping scandal

IF YOU HAVE read the headline “Russian Doping Scandal” with the same wary eyes that gaze upon that unopened copy of *The Brothers Karamazov* on your nightstand, you’re not alone. Like a Russian novel, the characters, machinations and subplots in the International Olympic Committee (IOC) investigation of the Russian Olympic federation leading up to the 2016 Summer Olympic Games in Rio de Janeiro appear daunting, with star-crossed lovers, mysterious deaths and the most nefarious chemist this side of Walter White. In other words, it’s a bodice-ripper...with urine samples. With the opening ceremony of the Rio Olympics upon us, here’s a concise synopsis of the scandal.

CAST

YULIYA STEPANOVA: Russian 800-meter runner
VITALY STEPANOV: Employee at Russian anti-doping agency, Stepanova’s husband
GRIGORY RODCHENKOV: Director of anti-doping lab
VLADIMIR PUTIN: President of Russia
EVGENY BLOVKIN: Intelligence service agent

TIME LINE

SUMMER 2009: Vitaly Stepanov, an information officer with RUSADA, the Russian anti-doping agency, meets Yuliya Rusanova, a top-ranked runner, at Russia’s national championships. Rusanova had been doping for three years. Stepanov is shocked to hear her tales of doping and cover-ups and asks his boss at RUSADA if her stories are true. Stepanov’s boss remains silent for half a minute or so before replying, “Take my advice and don’t get involved with this girl.”

OCTOBER 2009: Stepanov and Rusanova wed.

WINTER 2011: RUSADA fires Stepanov, now an outspoken opponent of doping and cover-ups who had been clandestinely corresponding with World Anti-Doping Agency (WADA) officials.

FEBRUARY 2013: The International Association of Athletics Federations (IAAF) gives Stepanova a two-year ban; blood tests show prohibited substance.

2013–2014: Rodchenkov creates a concoction known as “the Duchess.” It contains three anabolic steroids and either Chivas whiskey for men or a vermouth in a martini for women. Russian officials then pass this cocktail to athletes.

AUTUMN 2013: An official from the Federal Security Service, the Russian intelligence service, begins visiting the anti-doping lab in Moscow and questions Rodchenkov and staff about bottles used to store urine samples. He collects hundreds of the bottles, which are thought to be tamper-proof.

CIRCA NEW YEAR’S 2014: The agent presents Rodchenkov with an opened sample bottle, its cap intact. The most difficult obstacle to beating drug-testing at the upcoming Winter Olympics, hosted by Russia in Sochi, has now been overcome.

FEBRUARY 2014: Russia tops all countries at the 2014 Olympics with 33 medals. Vladimir Putin awards Rodchenkov the Order of Friendship medal.

LATER IN 2014: German documentary filmmaker Hugo Seppelt releases *The Doping Secret: How Russia Creates Champions*. The film’s allegations are bolstered by interviews with the Stepanovs and conversations between Stepanova

BY
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FIVE ZEROS: Despite claiming it would show zero tolerance for doping, the IOC blinked when it came to banning Russia from the Rio Olympics.

and Russian sports officials she secretly taped. A spokesman for Putin calls Stepanova “a Judas.” The Stepanovs have fled to Germany and then to an undisclosed location in the United States.

NOVEMBER 2015: WADA releases a report putting Rodchenkov “at the heart of” doping in Russia that says he manipulated or destroyed up to 1,400 blood and urine samples. The report alleges that blood doping, switching of samples, bribes and cover-ups were systemic in Russia.

JANUARY 2016: Rodchenkov flees for United States.

FEBRUARY 3, 2016: Vyacheslav Sinev, RUSADA’s founding chair, dies unexpectedly; no details provided. He’d resigned in December 2015 after the WADA report.

FEBRUARY 14, 2016: Nikita Kamayev, the former director of RUSADA, dies of a heart attack. He had also resigned in late 2015.

MAY 12, 2016: Rodchenkov tells *The New York Times* how urine samples were switched at Sochi. It involved a pair of adjoining rooms at an anti-doping laboratory at the Olympics. A small hole was drilled in a wall adjoining rooms 124 and 125. The former was an unsecured area, a storage room Rodchenkov and associates converted into a lab. After midnight, someone would pass tainted samples through the hole to Rodchenkov, who would then hand them to Evgeny Blovkin, a Russian intelligence official who had obtained clearance as a sewer engineer. A few hours later, Blovkin would return with bottles empty and caps intact. Rodchenkov and team would fill the bottles with clean samples taken months earlier and add either salt or water to adjust for variances, then pass the samples back through the hole.

One-third of Russia’s 33 medals were awarded to athletes named on a spreadsheet Rodchenkov provided outlining the doping plan.

JUNE 2016: The IAAF bans the Russian track and field team from the Rio Olympics and recommends that the IOC permit Stepanova to compete in Rio as an independent athlete.

JULY 18, 2016: Canadian law professor Richard McLaren issues a report of an investigation commissioned by WADA, detailing what he calls Russia’s “disappearing positive methodology” program. He says Russian anti-doping officials held back 312 positive results out of 577 sample screenings between 2011 and 2015.

Hours after the report is released, WADA calls for a full ban of Russian athletes from Rio. Putin promises to suspend officials named in the report (if they are alive) but requests more “objective” information, citing its reliance on Rodchenkov as a source.

JULY 19, 2016: The IOC discusses a ban on all Russian athletes but decides to delay its decision while it “explores the legal options.” Meanwhile, in a high-altitude mountain town somewhere in the American West, Stepanov and Stepanova wait to hear whether she will be given an independent athlete exemption to run the 800 meters in Rio.

JULY 24, 2016: The IOC announces it “will not accept any entry of any Russian athlete in the Olympic Games Rio 2016 unless such athlete can meet the conditions set out below.” It then outlines measures that dump the decision to ban Russian athletes on the 28 international sports federations.

“STAY CORRUPT. KEEP LYING. EVEN IF THEY CATCH YOU ONCE, CONTINUE LYING.”

The IOC, whose president, Thomas Bach, had pledged “zero tolerance...for doping and any kind of manipulation and corruption,” punts.

JULY 24, 2016: The IOC rejects Stepanova’s request to compete in Rio, despite support from the IAAF and WADA. “What [the IOC is] saying is if you are corrupt, if you want to change, don’t change,” her husband told *USA Today*. “Stay corrupt. Keep lying. Even if they catch you once, continue lying. Don’t change.... I don’t think that’s the message that ethical organizations want to send.”

JULY 27, 2016: At press time, seven federations, including judo, tennis and triathlon, had cleared Russian athletes to participate in Rio. ■



'FIREMEN WERE BLOWN OUT OF THEIR BOOTS'

A century ago, foreign terrorists pushed the U.S. to the brink of war. Sound familiar?

JUST EIGHT weeks after Pearl Harbor, Assistant Secretary of War John McCloy was summoned to the Oval Office. There were rumors of Japanese submarines lurking off American coasts, and President Franklin D. Roosevelt told McCloy he had decided to intern Japanese-Americans and wanted McCloy to oversee the project. It was good for the country, FDR argued; America couldn't risk another attack. "We don't want another Black Tom Island."

McCloy knew exactly what FDR meant. Prior to the U.S. entering World War I, Black Tom Island, in New York Harbor, had been the largest munitions depot in the country, and thousands of tons of American-made shells, detonators and bombs were shipped to the British and the French. One hundred years ago this past July, German saboteurs blew it up. The explosion, which blew firemen out of their boots, devastated much of downtown Manhattan and sent tremors as far south as Maryland.

FDR's fears reflected what many Americans were feeling in that winter of 1942, which is what many Americans were feeling in the summer of 1916 and what many are feeling today. Suspicions and anger about first- and second-generation immigrants were rampant. Today, the perceived threat is Muslims. In 1942, it was Japanese-Americans. In 1916, it was German-Americans.

Newspapers back then reported that a militia of them was ready to attack metropolitan areas as soon as the U.S. entered World War I. Fears were so pronounced that New York's Metropolitan Opera stopped performing German-language operas, sauerkraut was renamed "liberty cabbage," and Teddy Roosevelt barnstormed the country, railing against "hyphenated Americans."

BABIES HANGING FROM BAYONETS

The letters from home told of bread lines in Berlin, of protests at the Reichstag, of mothers begging for soup to feed their children. They heard that German soldiers had rations placed on bullets, and ammunition could not be spared even for target practice. As immigrants an ocean away, they could do nothing.

In areas all around Manhattan, these were topics of conversations for first- and second-generation German-Americans in 1916. President Woodrow Wilson had declared that the United States would stay neutral in the war engulfing Europe, but most Americans had already decided whose side they were on: A popular cartoon depicted German soldiers marching through Europe with skewered babies hanging from their bayonets. German-Americans were no longer allowed to serve in the Red Cross, for fear they'd grind glass into bandages.

BY
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SHELL GAME: Black Tom Island, between New Jersey and Manhattan was the nation's largest munitions depot...until it suddenly wasn't.

Michael Kristoff, a 23-year-old Austrian immigrant, often found himself unemployed and being forced to live in an aunt's home near Jersey City, New Jersey. He spent much of his time hanging around the crowded markets near Penn Station, which had become pockets of protests for those who supported the German war effort. Kristoff, slow-witted and gullible, habitually repeated the fiery rhetoric of others as his own.

One afternoon in January 1916, Kristoff noticed a man moving briskly toward him. Until the moment the man stopped, Kristoff thought he would walk right through him. He had never seen Frederick Hinsch before, but Hinsch, a rotund German, had been watching Kristoff, listening to him rail against America for weeks, and knew he had found his mark.

Hinsch asked Kristoff, "Do you know what time it is?"

Disarmed by Hinsch's German accent, Kristoff asked Hinsch where he was from, and then

A FORMER PRESIDENT BARNSTORMED THE COUNTRY, RAILING AGAINST "HYPHENATED AMERICANS."

the two began discussing the war, how frustrated they were to be stuck in America and how they wished there was something they could do to contribute to Germany's effort. Hinsch listened as Kristoff explained how he was broke, he had no job, and his aunt was kicking him out.

That's when Hinsch offered Kristoff a way out.

A BOMB NO BIGGER THAN A CIGAR

On May 3, 1915, there was an explosion at the Anderson Chemical plant in Wallington, New Jersey, not far from Hoboken. Three people were killed. On May 10, another explosion, this one at the DuPont munitions plant in Carneys Point,

New Jersey, near Wilmington, Delaware. On May 13, the *S.S. Samland* caught fire at sea. And on it went. From early 1915 until the U.S. joined the war in April 1917, there were nearly 100 unsolved fires or explosions on merchant ships leaving New York Harbor, as well as at chemical and munitions factories throughout New York and New Jersey.

The captain of the New York Police Department bomb squad, Thomas Tunney, was confident he knew the bomb-making strategies of every threat in the city, from Irish anarchists to the Italian Mafia, but one evening early in 1916 he and his men were called to the docks of New York Harbor on Manhattan's West Side. In the cargo of a steamship headed for France was a small, un-detonated bomb Tunney had never encountered before: a 4-inch piece of lead pipe, no bigger than a cigar. A slim copper disc in the middle divided the pipe into two chambers. One contained sulfuric acid; the other held chlorate of potash. Both ends were sealed with wax. When the chemicals ate through the copper, which acted as a timing device, the contents would burst into flames. The thicker the copper, the longer the delay, which sometimes meant unexplained fires in the middle of the ocean.

For weeks, Tunney's crew spread out along the docks in search of more cigar bombs. One evening, his men saw cargo loaders throwing small metal objects overboard. When questioned, the workers casually said they were tossing away little bombs, which they found so often they usually dumped them without telling a soul.

Frustrated after weeks of fruitless searches, Tunney gathered his men. "On the waterfront, for every thoroughfare which can pass as a street, there are a dozen or two alleys, footpaths, shadowy recesses and blind holes," he told them. "And, as Shakespeare said, there are land rats and there are water rats."

The message: keep looking.

'I'VE FOUND YOU A JOB'

They started in Philadelphia in February. Hinsch left their hotel room early with one of the briefcases that Kristoff, his new bagman, had carried. Inside were blueprints of munitions factories and wads of cash.

The following morning, the Bethlehem projectile plant, around 70 miles from Philadelphia, was destroyed. Next, they traveled to Bridgeport, Connecticut, where there was an explosion at the Union Metallic Cartridge Co. For the next two months, they traveled by train through the Midwest. They went to St. Louis and then Detroit. A few days later, a large chemical plant in Cadillac, Michigan, was destroyed.

When they returned to Penn Station, Hinsch told Kristoff, "I've found you a job. It's in a factory, Eagle Iron Works, in Jersey City." Kristoff's new job was close to his aunt's house in Bayonne and across the street from the largest munitions depot in the country, Black Tom Island.

"What will I do?"

"You'll work. You'll watch," said Hinsch. "And when I call, you will answer."

EVERY SHOP WINDOW WAS GONE

Shortly after 11 p.m. on July 29, 1916, Kristoff snuck out of his aunt's house and headed for Black Tom Island, carrying a satchel full of cigar bombs. By midnight, he was strolling around the poorly secured yard packed with trains and barges loaded with explosives.

By 12:30 a.m., he had planted all his cigar bombs and was walking home.

Fifteen minutes later, a captain of a barge docked in the harbor slowly strolled along the

BOOM WITH A VIEW: The shock from the blast was felt in Philadelphia; people there thought they were in an earthquake.





seawall when he saw something. “There’s a fire!” he screamed as he ran to sound the alarm. That’s when he first heard the popping sounds. The shells were exploding.

At 2:08 a.m., a barge holding 100,000 pounds of TNT and 25,000 detonators exploded. “It was like the discharge of a great cannon,” wrote *The New York Times*. Firemen standing on the edge of the yard were blown out of their boots. Bullets and shells screamed through the air. The thunder and shock of this first explosion almost leveled all of Jersey City, where a 6-week-old baby was killed when it was thrown from its crib. For five blocks along Ocean Avenue, one of the town’s main arteries, every shop window was gone.

At 2:40 a.m., another massive explosion sent a pillar of flame skyward, and the entire munitions yard was engulfed in fire. The New York City Fire Department hurried a fireboat to the scene, but exploding bullets flew so fast and thick the firemen had to lie on their stomachs, protected by the boat’s steel railing.

Twenty minutes later, nearly 500 immigrants waiting at Ellis Island were evacuated onto a ferry bound for Manhattan. The main immigration building had been nearly destroyed—its windows shattered, frame ripped from the ground and iron door entrance blown off. Same with the hospital next door, whose terra-cotta roof had caved in. Broken glass, charred wood and cinders covered the graveled walkways and lawns.

In Brooklyn, the explosions shook Tunney awake. As he ran to his window, the floorboards beneath his feet trembled.

Across the harbor in downtown Manhattan, windows in the new skyscrapers were shattered. Further uptown, the library on 42nd Street was damaged, as were the stores lining Fifth Avenue. A water main beneath 42nd Street and Sixth Avenue burst, flooding Times Square as guests at the Knickerbocker and other upscale hotels gathered in the street, some of them running barefoot over broken glass.

The Brooklyn Bridge shook from the shockwaves, and shrapnel tore into the chest of the Statue of Liberty. People as far south as Philadelphia thought they were in the middle of an earthquake. In Maryland, phone lines to police were jammed with people concerned about weird vibrations. The harbor burned brightly, and the rat-a-tat-tat of exploding casings made people feel as if the Great War had come home.

It would be three months before the body of the captain whose boat was the first to explode washed up along the shores of the harbor. Police



surmised that hundreds more who had been living in the barges moored just northwest of Black Tom—nameless immigrants, vagrants and the poor—had simply been turned to ash.

Before dawn in nearby Bayonne, Kristoff’s aunt was already wide awake when she heard a pounding on her front door and a familiar voice screaming to be let in. When she opened the door, her nephew pushed her aside and sprinted up to his room, yelling, “What did I do? Oh God, what did I do?”

As morning broke, ash from the Black Tom fires mixed with finely pulverized glass to create a black and white dust that covered Manhattan and left it glistening in the sun. The destruction stretched more than 13 miles, from Jersey City,

“YOU’LL WORK. YOU’LL WATCH. AND WHEN I CALL, YOU WILL ANSWER.”

across New York Harbor, to midtown Manhattan. In the middle of this battleground stood the Statue of Liberty, peppered with bullet holes. The next day, her torch was closed to the public. It’s stayed that way for 100 years now.

‘HOW ABOUT THAT BONFIRE?’

Four days after the attack, Hinsch arrived alone at the roof garden atop the Hotel Astor in Times Square. It was dusk, and as he leaned over the balcony a distinguished-looking man approached.

“How about that bonfire?” Hinsch asked, without turning to face the man.

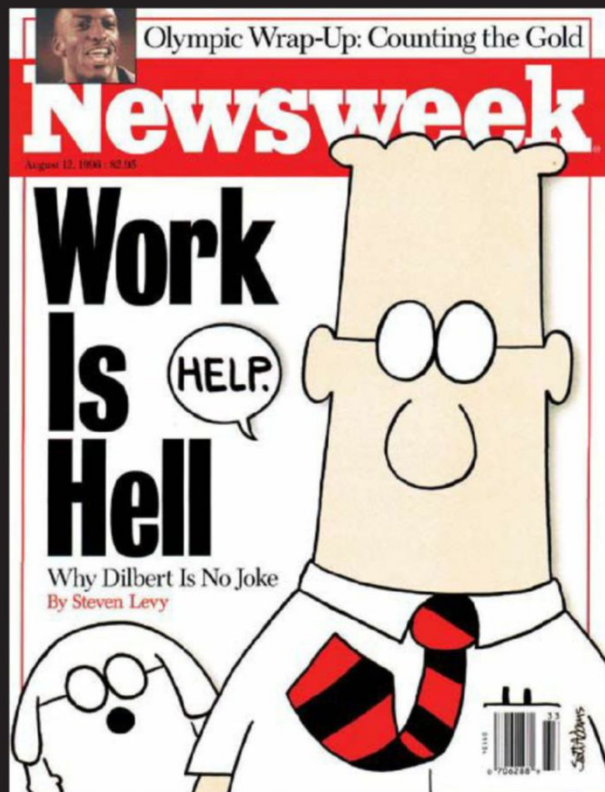
“That was a lovely scene,” the man said, handing Hinsch \$2,000. “Perhaps one day you can tell me how you did it.”

Hinsch waved him off. “It’s better you don’t know too much.” ■

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REWIND

20
YEARS



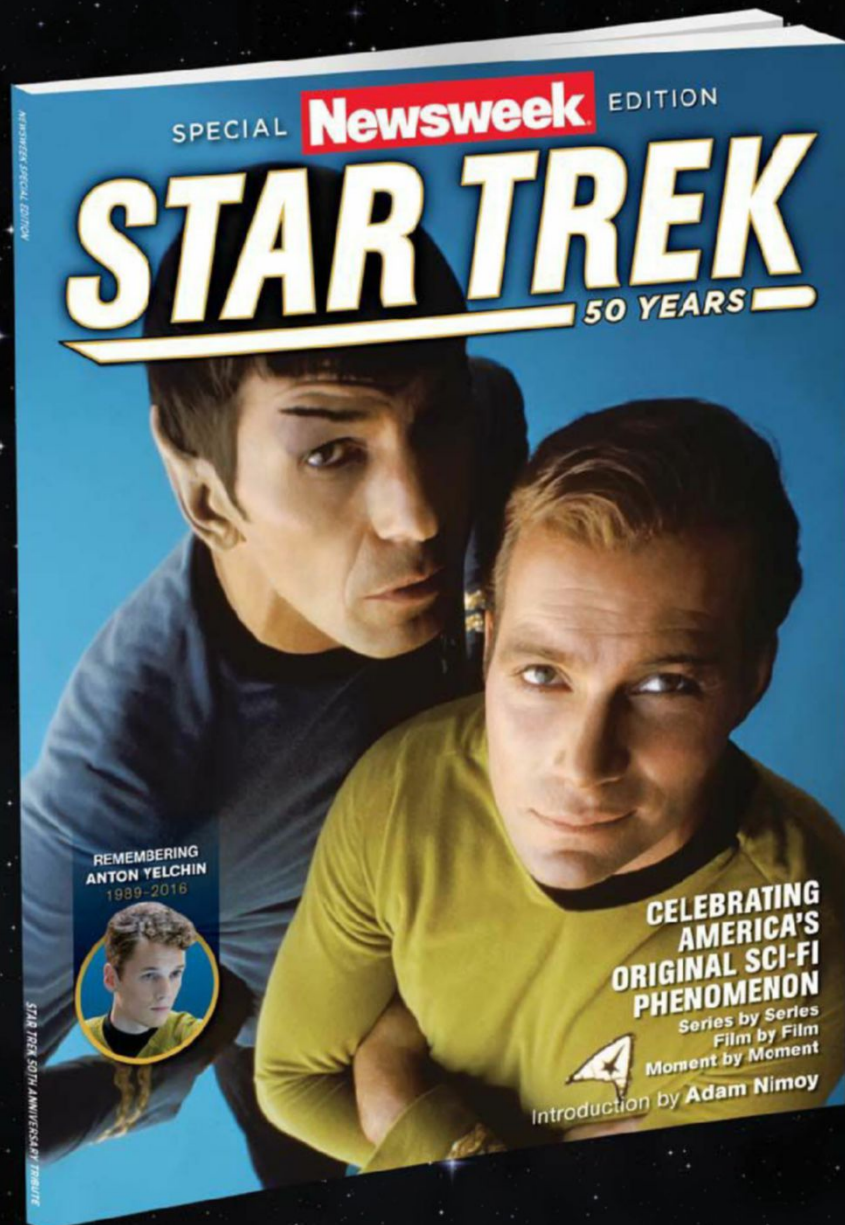
AUGUST 12, 1996

QUOTING MICHAEL LAFAVORE, THEN THE EXECUTIVE EDITOR OF *MEN'S HEALTH* MAGAZINE, IN "GOING FOR SOME BEEFCAKE GOLD" BY RICK MARIN

“Men are sex objects, as Calvin Klein’s underwear ads regularly remind us. The shameless ogling of the male form at the Centennial

Studmuffin Olympiad is the final proof that women have permission to talk dirty about men in a way that men are no longer allowed to reciprocate. And there’s no better—or more legit—public forum for ogling than the Olympics. As Lafavore says, ‘It’s like *Baywatch* for women.’”

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