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+ POOL PLAYERS:
Ben Carson, center left, speaks with President Donald Trump at Mar-a-Lago in Palm Beach, Florida, a resort Trump has called his “Winter White House.”

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BIG SHOTS

JAPAN

Squat Team

Oga, Japan—Elementary school students crouch during an emergency drill in northern Japan on March 17. It was the first time the Japanese government has held such exercises, which are designed to simulate the reaction to a North Korean ballistic missile attack. The drills coincided with a visit to the region by U.S. Secretary of State Rex Tillerson, who said America's policy of "strategic patience" with North Korea had ended and that all options are on the table to halt Pyongyang's nuclear weapons program.



JUN HIRATA

IRAQ

A Twist of Caliphate

Mosul, Iraq—
Iraqi federal police officers assess the damage after a suicide bomber from the Islamic State militant group attacked them with a bulldozer in the city on March 15, killing four people and injuring 12. Already in control of the eastern half of the city, Iraqi forces are making their way west through the Old City, home of Mosul's al-Nuri mosque, where three years ago ISIS announced its caliphate. A black ISIS flag still hangs from one of the mosque's minarets, but it may not be there for long.



LAURENT VAN DER STOCKT







ISRAEL

Spray for Peace

Jerusalem—Police fire a water cannon at an ultra-Orthodox Jewish protester on March 15. Most Israelis are required to serve in the military, but many ultra-Orthodox Jews are granted exemptions if they can prove they're studying at a seminary. A small faction of Haredim, as they're known, refuse to offer that proof. Among them is Yisrael Meir Tole-dano, whom police arrested in March for not showing up at a military recruitment office, and his arrest sparked protests among the ultra-Orthodox. Secular Jews, however, have little sympathy for the cause, and the exemptions remain one of the country's most polarizing issues.



ODED BALILTY

USA

Gather Ye Rosebuds

Lake Elsinore, California—Julia Lu, 5, left, and Amy Liu, 5, walk through a massive spring wildflower bloom on March 14.

Such spectacular wildflower displays in California's deserts were caused by the wet winter, and the heavy rains raised hopes for an end to the state's historic drought.



LUCY NICHOLSON







P A G E O N E

EGYPT

HEALTH CARE

IRAQ

SOUTH SUDAN

SYRIA

ISRAEL

DON'T CROSS THE NERDS

Why the White House is waging war against an obscure group of numbers crunchers

THE THREE most boring words in the English language might be *congressional*, *budget* and *office*, although some have argued for the phrase “worthwhile Canadian initiative.” Despite its somnolent name, the Congressional Budget Office is in the middle of a rancorous debate over President Donald Trump’s attempt to repeal and replace Obamacare. The CBO, an independent, bipartisan arm of Congress filled with economists and other wonks, analyzes legislation, estimating how much a law might cost the federal government and the people affected by it.

In the case of the American Health Care Act, or “Trumpcare,” as some are now calling it, the CBO came to some stunning conclusions. Far from fulfilling Trump’s promise to cover everyone—and at less of a cost—it found that 24 million more Americans would be uninsured by 2026 than if the country had stuck with Obamacare. Prices would soar for older Americans, who would lose subsidies provided under the current system, along with protections limit-

ing what insurers could charge them before they become eligible for Medicare at age 65.

The CBO does dole out some praise for the plan. Premiums for some Americans, especially people in their 20s, would decline. Another upside: The federal government would end up saving \$337 billion over the next nine years.

The Trump administration didn’t wait for the report to start attacking the CBO. Mick Mulvaney, for example, was a U.S. representative from South Carolina until earlier this month, when he was confirmed by the Senate as Trump’s director of the Office of Management and Budget. In Congress, Mulvaney was a leading conservative backbencher, a member of the Tea Party and the Freedom Caucus who often criticized Speaker of the House Paul Ryan for being insufficiently hard-line. But as OMB director, Mulvaney heaped praise on the Trumpcare bill, which Ryan’s championing. He has also pushed back against some of his conservative allies who oppose the plan, but he saved his disdain for the

BY
MATTHEW COOPER
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CHIP SOMODEVILLA/GETTY

PULPIT BULLY:
Mulvaney, the
director of the
Office of Manage-
ment and Budget,
has questioned
whether the Con-
gressional Budget
Office is capable of
properly assessing
Trumpcare.



CBO, saying, “Sometimes, we ask them to do stuff they’re not capable of doing.”

It was a sly Trumpian slight but also absurd, since assessing bills is precisely what the CBO was designed to do. If Mulvaney’s dis wasn’t clear enough, he appeared on a few morning TV shows, with a frigid and snow-covered Washington behind him, and mockingly proclaimed, “Welcome to Washington, where the CBO says it’s 75 degrees and sunny.”

This kind of back-and-forth might be dismissed as Washington gamesmanship, but it’s important for two reasons. First, the fight over these numbers will determine what happens to many Americans and their health care. A debate that began over highly technical projections of insurance rates will reverberate in doctor’s offices and emergency rooms. Another reason it matters: The CBO is one of many nonpartisan groups Trump has denounced as “dishonest,” “unfair” or, in the case of the press, the “enemy of the American people.”

All presidents criticize the media and clash with their intelligence agencies. Thomas Jefferson chirped that “nothing” could be believed in a newspaper, and John F. Kennedy was apoplectic about the CIA after the Bay of Pigs fiasco. But those were exceptional outbursts. The man from Monticello also praised the press, and

Kennedy grew close to the Langley spies.

Trump’s rhetoric is beyond anything we’ve seen in this country; it’s a scorched-earth tactic that damages both his targets and his credibility. When a federal judge struck down his travel ban on people from several Muslim-majority countries, he decried the 9th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals as “the most dishonest group of people ever.” Later, he offered the now-disproven claim that President Barack Obama ordered a wiretap on Trump Tower, impugning both the former president and the FBI. What’s going to happen if he has to convince the world Iran is cheating on the nuclear deal?

In 1974, Congress created the CBO to avoid such a credibility gap, just a month before President Richard Nixon resigned over the Watergate scandal. In an entirely unrelated battle, Nixon had squared off against Congress over the Clean Water Act of 1972, which lawmakers passed by overriding his veto. Nixon refused to spend the funds—impounding them, as it’s called—which led to a fight that went all the way to the Supreme Court. To prevent future similar crises, Congress passed the Budget Act of 1974, which gave it much greater control over federal spending. It created the CBO so lawmakers could have an economic team to compete with the White

+ SCREWED: Older Americans and the lower middle class will be the biggest losers under the Republican health care plan.

House's much larger OMB. No longer would the legislative branch have to rely on the executive branch's economic assessment of the effects that legislation might have.

In the 43 years since, the CBO has become a widely respected institution. Its director is appointed by congressional leaders, sometimes Democrats, sometimes Republicans. A few of the most distinguished economists in Washington have run it, including Alice Rivlin, a Democrat, its first director and later an acclaimed head of the OMB, as well as Douglas Holtz-Eakin, arguably the top Republican economist today.

To be fair, presidents and even members of Congress have ripped into the CBO before. June O'Neill, who ran the office in the 1990s under House Speaker Newt Gingrich, used to get chewed out regularly by Gingrich, whose wrath was made worse by the giant model *T. rex* head in his office. "I have a folder of all the times he threatened to fire me, but he never did and was usually very gracious," says O'Neill, whom I worked for in the 1980s. Obama and Bill Clinton both took issue with the way the CBO scored their respective health care plans. But no one in the White House ever questioned whether the CBO was "capable" of scoring bills, as Mulvaney did.

What the CBO surmised about the Trump health care plan will set the parameters for the debate over the coming months. That's true even if the bill undergoes a rewrite, which seems likely, since the measure is being attacked by all Democrats and big chunks of the GOP. (Conservative Republicans feel it too closely resembles Obamacare, while Democrats and moderate Republicans worry about poorer Americans losing their coverage under the plan.)

The CBO's trenchant analysis gets at the basic problem of health care under America's uniquely crazy quilt of public money and private insurance. The Republican plan set out to do a few things: lower insurance premiums, provide more choice to consumers and keep, if not expand, insurance coverage with much less regulation and federal spending. But the CBO report essentially says the GOP has failed. By dramatically scaling back the expansion of Medicaid—an integral part of Obamacare—it left millions of people unable to afford health care, the report shows. The Republican plan offers tax credits based on age to help people buy insurance, but that's not nearly enough to compensate for the Medicaid cuts and the easing of regulations that limited what insurers could charge older Americans. The result: A typical 64-year-old would pay an astounding \$13,000 more each year on health insurance in 2026 under the GOP plan than he would under Obamacare.



Younger Americans do better. Under the Republican plan, they'd no longer be required to buy insurance, and if they buy it, they can get the kind of catastrophe-only, high-deductible plans Obamacare prohibited. By 2026, a typical 21-year-old would be paying much less for insurance, on average. When you throw in other elements of the Republican plan—eliminating the mandate for larger employers to provide health insurance, scrapping the surtaxes on the rich that helped pay for Obamacare and so on, you get this: The wealthy get a huge tax break, younger people make out better, older Americans pay more, and the lower middle class gets screwed.

Estimating health care costs isn't an exact science, and there are unanswered questions about the ramifications of the GOP's plan. Do insurers leave certain markets? Do young people flee the system after Congress repeals the

WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN IF TRUMP TRIES TO CONVINCE THE WORLD IRAN IS CHEATING ON THE NUCLEAR DEAL?

individual mandate? The CBO doesn't know for sure. But its record on the Affordable Care Act was strong, according to a report from the Commonwealth Fund, a nonpartisan think tank. And it's still the best oddsmaker in Washington for this kind of game.

All health care plans create winners and losers, and if the CBO is right, Trumpcare's losers will include many of the president's voters. Rather than trying to significantly change its plan, the White House seems content to bully the math nerds on D Street. But when Grandma goes nuts because her premiums explode, the nerds may have their revenge. ■

NILE-HIGH CLUB

Egypt's biggest security threat isn't ISIS or Al-Qaeda. It's people having more and more babies

MOHSEN SAMIR MOHAMMED never wanted more than four kids, but as his cousins and brothers living down the block in Ezbet Khairallah, one of Cairo's poorest and most densely populated districts, welcomed son after son—and even insulted his manhood—the amiable 35-year-old started to wonder: Did he have enough children? Annoyed by their taunts, he persuaded his wife to go off birth control. Over the next four years, they added a fifth, sixth and seventh new member of the family.

Sitting in the unlit stairwell of his building, Mohammed now has regrets. His meager salary from a factory that makes steel shutters is barely enough to feed his family, which subsists on stewed fava beans and bread. With no means of affording even the 15-cent bus rides to school, his children don't attend. But in a country where large households have long been the norm, Mohammed says he felt powerless to buck the trend. "My father had many, many children, my grandfather had many, many children, and everyone here has many children," he says. "It's not easy to do something different."

Not easy at all. Egypt's population is multiplying fast. From a little over 66 million at the turn of the century, it hit almost 93 million earlier this year. If current birth rates hold, demographers project that the country's total will be 150 million by 2050.

That kind of growth would be a challenge for almost any state, but for Egypt, politically fragile

after three regime changes in six years and in the throes of food and water shortages, this population boom threatens to undermine the country's already fragile stability. "It even constitutes a threat to national security," says Amal Fouad, director of social research studies at CAPMAS, the state statistics-gathering body.

Nowhere is Egypt's struggle with food more evident than in the country's trade and supply ministries. Egypt is already the world's largest wheat importer, and as the country's population grows, it's going to have to import more and more food, which it often subsidizes. That's expensive, and it comes as the populous Nile-side cities, like Assiut and Sohag, are eating up more and more precious farmland. So both the authorities and the country's beleaguered farmers feel they've been saddled with an impossible task. "More food for more people on less land," says Bashir Abdullah, a farmer and labor organizer in Giza, who's been fighting developers' encroachment on local fields for a decade. "It's like they think we're miracle workers."

The surge in demand is affecting Egypt's great river too. With each person using about 160,000 gallons of water per year—98 percent of which is drawn from the Nile—Egypt has been short on water for a decade. But by 2030, when the population is forecast to be near 120 million, that figure will have dropped below 130,000 gallons. At a time when dam construction in Ethiopia

BY
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BABIES “R” US:
Egypt’s population
is multiplying fast.
If current birth
rates hold, demog-
raphers project its
total will hit 150
million by 2050.

threatens to cut the river's flow—at least temporarily—the lifeblood of the pharaohs might soon be reduced to a pitiful dribble.

Severe food and water shortages could lead to bread riots or other kinds of civil unrest, which worries the country's security services. The revolution of 2011 was sparked, in part, by the economy's inability to cope with the hundreds of thousands of young men entering the workforce

each year. Now, with economic growth rates even weaker, and the education system still among the worst in the region, it's no wonder some officials fear Egypt's population growth. It's "worse than terrorism," Abu Bakr al-Gendy, the general in charge of CAPMAS, told a Cairo newspaper in December. Analysts suggest President Abdel-Fattah el-Sissi has almost come to fear millennials.

What's doubly frustrating for family-planning



+ SOUR DOUGH:
Customers buy
subsidized bread
in Cairo. Rising
food prices have
angered many
across the country.

CHRIS MCGRATH/GETTY



advocates: The boom was preventable. Until recently, Egyptian authorities appeared to have a strong population control strategy. From a high of over 3.5 percent in the 1970s, growth rates fell to 1.7 percent in the early 2000s. Through a wall-to-wall awareness campaign over several decades, which included billboards in poor rural areas and an expansion in access to contraception, analysts say Egypt appeared close to resolving its growth problem.

But starting in 2008 and 2009, three years before the uprising that unseated Hosni Mubarak, Egypt's longtime president, the government tried something different. Perhaps complacent after earlier success, Cairo officials eased their support for various family-planning initiatives. At the same time, international nongovernmental organizations reeled in their spending, believing they could better deploy those resources elsewhere. Shortly before the 2011 revolution, the growth rate ticked up to 2.23 percent. After the overthrow of the regime, that figure leapt to 2.48 percent in 2011 and 2012. And there was a notable spike in November 2011, exactly nine months after Mubarak's toppling.

Some say Egypt's post-Arab Spring baby boom wasn't coincidental: The country's most dramatic year-on-year population surge came during the Muslim Brotherhood's period in power. Right after President Mohammed Morsi's time in office, the annual growth rate peaked at 2.55 percent, with births in the Brotherhood's southern strongholds returning to heights unseen since the 1980s. Islamist lawmakers tabled legislation that would have lowered the legal age of marriage from 18 to 13, increasing the likelihood that women—or, in some cases, girls—would have babies sooner and thereby undermining a key plank of global population control. Given the Brotherhood's history of refusing to stock contraceptives in the vast network of clinics it once operated, it's not unsurprising the group's cadres displayed little interest in resurrecting the birth control media campaigns that had lapsed around the revolution.

Family-planning advocates are also frustrated by how Sissi, Morsi's successor, has handled the country's population growth. Fixated on security threats real and perceived, the ex-general's government has pushed a raft of anti-NGO laws, which have driven away many foreign organizations, including family-planning providers. In 1995, NGOs supplied 10 percent of all

contraceptives in Egypt, but by last year that fell to 0.6 percent.

A half-decade of chaos and disjointed policies are not easily undone. Between 2009 and 2014, the number of children young Egyptians deem desirable for a family increased from an average of 2.5 to 3, according to Population Council studies. Contraceptive availability dropped—to 58 percent of the population, several percentage points below the pre-revolutionary average.

Despite officials' warnings, Egypt's large population doesn't need to be a burden, demographers maintain. If the young were properly educated, they say, this enormous cohort of 20-something men and women could easily become a nation-building boon, boosting the economy, much like China's youth bulge. Sissi and his senior generals have an impressive array of resources at

“MY FATHER HAD MANY, MANY CHILDREN. MY GRAND-FATHER HAD MANY, MANY CHILDREN. IT'S NOT EASY TO DO SOMETHING DIFFERENT.”

their disposal, like gold, gas and fertile riverside land. But critics say they've mismanaged them, which has compounded the shortages stemming from the country's growing population.

After decades of dictators governing in a shortsighted fashion, much of the damage has already been done. From the enormous desert cement factories, built to cater to the building boom, to the ballooning outer districts of the capital that now almost surround the pyramid complex of Giza, soaring population numbers continue to reshape the country.

To Mohsen Samir Mohammed, it seems inconceivable that his corner of Cairo might accommodate even one more person. “Everywhere there are people, people, people,” he says. “Where are we going to put them?” □





SONS OF GUNS

As civil war ravages South Sudan, tens of thousands of children are being forced to join the fight. Will Washington help?

IT WAS JUST before dark, and Charles was pulling weeds with his father in South Sudan's Western Equatoria state when roughly a dozen armed rebels appeared, demanding he join their ranks. Charles was terrified. His father tried to intervene, but he was outnumbered. That night, Charles, whose name has been changed to protect his identity, was separated from his father and forced to become a soldier. He was just 13 years old.

It's been three years since the beginning of South Sudan's civil war, and the consequences have been devastating. Rebels and government forces have conscripted more than 17,000 children to fight, according to UNICEF, in a conflict between supporters of President Salva Kiir and those of former Vice President Riek Machar. The war has already killed tens of thousands of civilians and displaced more than 3 million people. Both sides have been accused of killings and mass rapes, but a recent U.N. report placed most of the blame on the government's side. The conflict has also been economically disastrous, creating inflation and now famine. In February, the U.N. said some 100,000 people are on the brink of starvation, while another million could be affected. Months earlier, Yasmin Sooka, the U.N.'s chair of the Commission on Human Rights in the country warned that South Sudan was showing "all of the warning signals" of a Rwanda-like genocide.

As the situation worsens, Kiir has resisted help from foreign countries by blocking humanitarian assistance and raising the cost of permits for international aid workers. This comes at a time when the United States appears to be turning inward. In mid-March, the White House directed the State Department and the U.S. Mission to the United Nations to cut U.N. program budgets by almost half—cuts, according to *Foreign Policy*, that would disproportionately affect State Department funding to UNICEF and peacekeeping. Since 2014, the United States has given \$2.1 billion in humanitarian aid to South Sudan. But as the Trump administration hashes out Washington's new foreign policy, some fear that boys like Charles are running out of time.

SILENCE AND SLAUGHTER

Six years ago, South Sudan won its independence after more than two decades of civil war between the largely Muslim north and Christian south. But in late 2013, fighting between supporters of Kiir, a Dinka, and Machar, a Nuer, spiraled into a civil war that's now being fought largely along ethnic lines.

After a 2015 peace agreement, Kiir restored Machar as vice president in a short-lived unity government; peace evaporated in July 2016 when clashes between Kiir's and Machar's

BY
CASSANDRA
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**LOST
GENERATION:**
As the Trump
administration
hashes out its
policy on South
Sudan, some fear
the country's
child soldiers are
running out
of time.

supporters broke out in the capital. Then, late last year, a U.S.-led effort to impose an arms embargo failed. At his last press conference before leaving office, President Barack Obama, whose administration played a key role in championing South Sudan's independence, told journalists he felt "responsible for murder and slaughter that's taken place" in the country.

Obama's predecessors, Presidents Bill Clinton and George W. Bush, also made the country—then still part of its northern neighbor—a priority, thanks to both Republicans and Democrats in Congress and the influence of Christian evangelical groups.

Since taking office in January, the new administration has yet to outline its Africa policy, let alone its thoughts on South Sudan. But the Trump team has hinted in a direction that

SINCE 2014, THE UNITED STATES HAS GIVEN \$2.1 BILLION IN HUMANITARIAN AID TO SOUTH SUDAN

doesn't bode well for Juba. A four-page list of questions the president's transition team submitted to the State Department suggests the White House is skeptical of international aid. Later, during her confirmation hearing in January, Nikki Haley, the U.S. ambassador to the U.N., suggested that the new administration



would review funding for peacekeeping missions, calling the one in South Sudan “terrible.” In March, the budget the White House sent to Congress proposed cutting State Department funding by 28 percent.

“If [the president] is talking about cutting money from humanitarian accounts, then obviously they don’t know what’s taking place, or they don’t care,” Democratic Representative Barbara Lee of California said before the budget was released. “I’m not sure what it is.”

There did appear to be a flicker of interest in South Sudan when a State Department spokesman in February said the U.S. was “gravely concerned” by the recent famine, calling it “man-made, the direct consequence of a conflict prolonged by South Sudanese leaders who are unwilling to put aside political ambitions for the good of their people.” Which is in part why some observers still hope the Trump administration will make South Sudan a priority.

Another reason: religion. Part of what drove American lawmakers, like President George W. Bush, to support South Sudanese independence is that it’s a predominantly Christian country, and several top officials in the Trump administration are Christians, including Vice President Mike Pence. “The vice president has connections to the church in the U.S., and they would be unified, I think, in pushing the United States to do something,” says Andrew Natsios, a professor at the Bush School of Government at Texas A&M University and former special envoy to Sudan under Bush. “Pence could take this on as an issue.”

A handful of Democrats in Congress are cautiously optimistic too. Among them: Mike Capuano, a representative from Massachusetts and co-chair of the bipartisan Congressional Caucus on South Sudan. “Do we stand for democracy? Do we allow people to slaughter each other in a genocide? Do we allow people to starve to death? I haven’t heard anything from this administration that would indicate the answer to any of those questions is no,” Capuano says. “America should have an interest in trying to stabilize the newest democracy in the world. Last I knew,

‘America first’ requires democratic friends.”

GREEN UNIFORMS AND AK-47S

As the war continues, however, human rights advocates worry more children like Charles will be forced to fight—and die. “If it goes on like this, we’re going to see more and more children being recruited to fight,” says Joseph Akech, a policy and advocacy director at Save the Children in South Sudan. “It is in everybody’s interest to save these children. Otherwise, we will likely experience a lost generation.”

In 2014, after the rebels forced Charles to join them, they gave him a gun and a green uniform (though never any pay). He slept on the ground, surrounded by other children, thinking of his mother and the sorghum porridge she used to make him. During the day, he learned how to march, how to patrol and how to shoot. “It was very hard to shoot the AK-47—it pulls me back and forward,” Charles says. “They used to tell us to go and fight Dinka. I didn’t want that because I thought that I could be killed too.”

“IT IS IN EVERYBODY’S
INTEREST TO SAVE THESE
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WILL LIKELY EXPERIENCE
A LOST GENERATION.”

Charles often thought often about running away, but he felt a sense of loyalty to his commander, and his fellow soldiers. But after a year with the rebels, Charles learned his commander had switched sides and joined the government. Feeling betrayed, he decided to escape, sneaking off with a friend and traveling to a U.N. protection camp in July.

Today, Charles misses his family. His father is living in a separate U.N. protection site in South Sudan, and his mother is in Kenya, where she fled after the war broke out. He would like to reunite with her and return to school. In the meantime, he is afraid, both of government spies who could find out he was with the rebels—and of the rebels themselves.

As he puts it: “I fear they can come and take me back.”

Reporting for this story was supported by the Pulitzer Center on Crisis Reporting.



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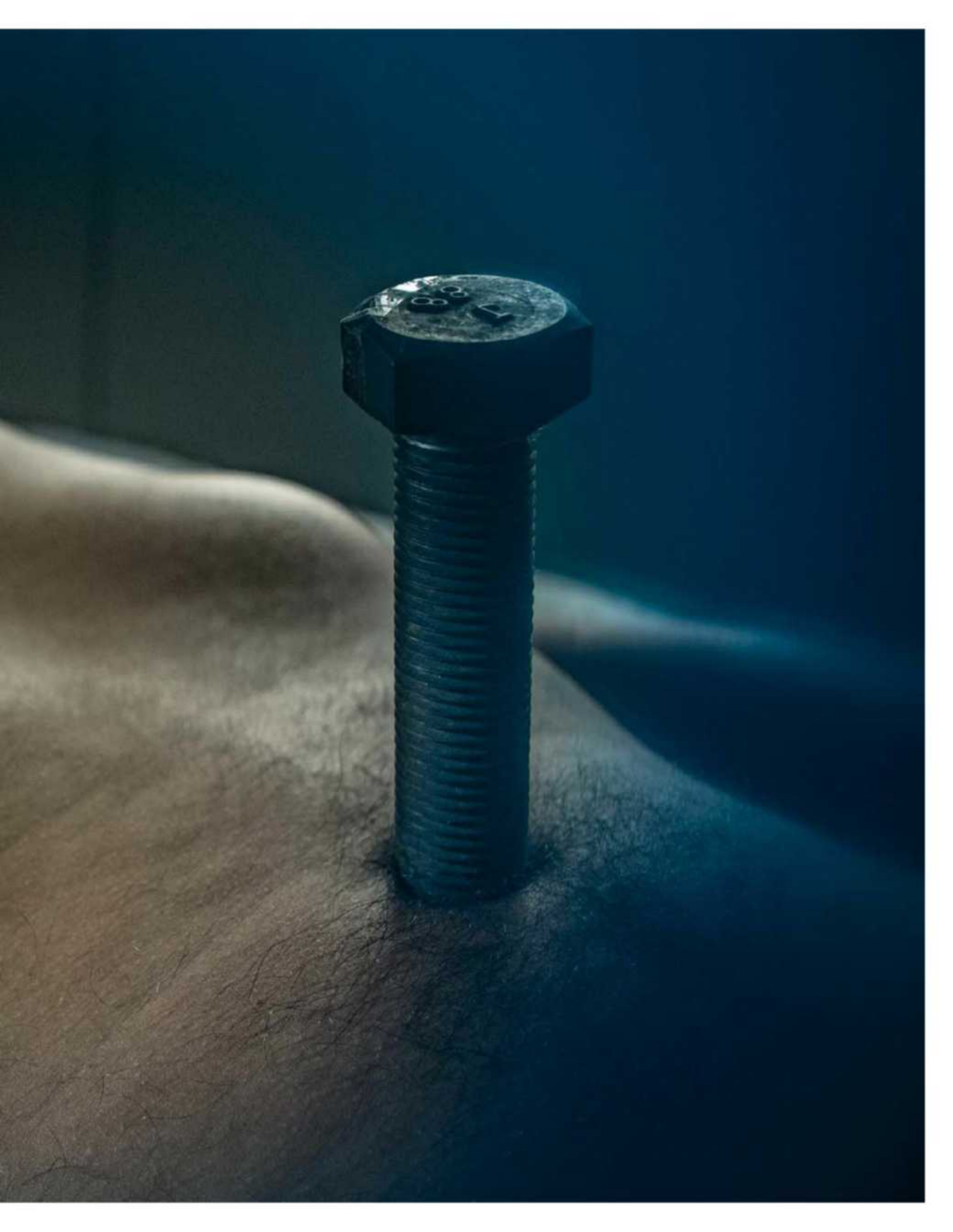
A radical therapy may
heal the deepest layers of
the brain—and transform
the way we treat the often
untreatable victims of PTSD

BY **MATTHEW GREEN**

THE BRIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
CRISTINA DE MIDDEL
FOR NEWSWEEK

THE



A

AT THE TURN of the millennium, a young woman moved to a cabin on the Mull of Kintyre, a headland in southwest Scotland renowned for the bleak beauty of its cliffs and the treacherous swirl of the currents below. There she took in two horses, and for a time the silent companionship of those geldings offered more in the way of healing than the countless prescriptions she'd been given by psychiatrists, or the well-meaning attempts by therapists to excavate the most painful parts of her past. Then, in early 2013, she did something she had promised herself she would never do again: She bought a bottle of vodka.

The woman, who asked to be identified only as Karen, cannot recall the precise trigger that made her reach for a drink after 12 years of sobriety. But she does remember stumbling into the hospital in Lochgilphead, the nearest town. Intoxicated and near-delirious, she feared the suicidal impulses that had racked her since she was a teenager might prove too strong to resist.

Dr. Gordon Barclay was making his rounds that day. A consultant in general adult psychiatry with a passion for Goethe, he was a more attentive listener than the street drinkers who had served as Karen's confidantes during past relapses. From her hospital bed, she told him about the sexual abuse in her early years, and how she'd learned to dull its searing legacy with alcohol. But the terror she felt while lying awake in bed as a young child, afraid to close her eyes, still lived inside her. It was a story she had told too many psychiatrists and psychologists, but the endless retelling had never changed the way she felt. It was as if she was always waiting for the abuse to begin again. In that way, she was still 5 years old. "Everything was tinged with fear," says Karen, now in her mid-40s. "I was always driven by the past."

Barclay soon realized Karen had post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD), a condition caused by exposure to a horrific or life-threatening event that can lead to a wide spectrum of devastating symptoms, from bouts of overpowering anxiety to mind-saturating despair, emotional numbness, night terrors and uncontrollable rage. Sufferers can experience flashbacks to a time when they thought they were about to die: high-definition replays in their minds, complete with smell, texture and sound. Symptoms like these can persist for years, even decades, and leave people feeling so damaged that they can't help but push away even those they love the most.

As Karen had discovered, PTSD can be maddeningly difficult to treat. She still remembers the panic in the eyes of one social worker when his attempts to get her to open up brought on the full force of her terror. "It didn't matter where I went—nowhere seemed to be able to offer any help," she says. "The only way I knew how to deal with it was alcohol and also prescription drugs."

Though Karen drew on her experiences to forge a career in addiction support, she lived her life on a precipice. The abuse she had suffered did not just live on in her mind: It seemed to inhabit the very muscles, fibers and tissue of her body. This visceral volcano was beyond her conscious control: It manifested in panic attacks that felt like a giant screw turning in her gut, bouts of nausea or the times when a lover's touch would cause her to freeze like a startled deer. No matter how hard she tried to convince herself she was better, her body refused to believe she was safe. "I felt cowardly. I felt shut down," she says. "The fear in the body attached itself to everything in life."

Contrary to all she'd been told, the answer wasn't more talk. It was less. Karen was trapped in her head, and with Barclay's help, she saw that the way to fix her mind was to listen to her body. "I would hate to knock talking therapy, but it can encase you more in the trauma—you almost become stuck in it," she says. "They're really well-meaning people, but they screwed me up even worse."

Karen reached this conclusion—one at stark odds with much of the therapy conventionally used for trauma—after Barclay introduced her to a new and relatively obscure method for treating PTSD. The Comprehensive Resource Model (CRM) was developed over the past decade by Lisa Schwarz, a licensed psychologist in Pennsylvania who has practiced for 30 years. Fusing elements of psychology, spirituality, neurobiology and shamanic "power animals," Schwarz has taught the technique to more than 1,500 therapists around the world, including more than 350 people in








Scotland, where CRM is used at rape crisis centers and a private in-patient trauma clinic. The therapy has also been embraced by several psychiatrists with Britain's state-run National Health Service, including Dr. Alastair Hull, one of the nation's top PTSD specialists, who leads NHS psychotherapy services for almost 400,000 people and runs a clinic devoted to treating traumatic stress.

Ever since Sigmund Freud pioneered the "talking cure" in the late 19th century, psychologists have been trumpeting new ways to make people feel happier—or at least less miserable—and usually delivered more hype than hope. Indeed, a widely cited 2001 study found that it is the warmth and empathy of the therapists—and not the type of therapy they use—that may be the most important factor in treatment. And there's another reason to be cautious about CRM: It has not yet passed any formal clinical trials. Nevertheless, CRM's proponents make bold claims. The model can not only completely

remove symptoms of PTSD, they say, but also help patients live their lives with greater serenity than they would have imagined possible before they were poleaxed by their trauma.

In standard therapy, practitioners will encourage survivors to come to terms with an awful event by talking about it in great detail, and perhaps even record their account so they can later listen to it over and over to extinguish their fear. Schwarz's work could not be more different. In a CRM session, there's no need to talk about what happened. Rather than delving into the stories her clients tell about the past, Schwarz encourages them to focus on the physical sensations arising in their bodies as they silently recall their worst memories: chest-crushing sadness, a hot flash of anger, stomach cramps, palpitations or feeling like one's heart is frozen in ice. Only by facing such feelings fully—if only for a moment—can the survivors finally let go of their buried anger, terror or shame.



The problem, as Karen discovered, is that even with the support of the most sympathetic therapist, such feelings are often too much to bear. That's why Schwarz equips her clients with tools to give them the strength to confront the raw emotions they've kept locked deep inside for so long. Inspired by Native American healing arts, mystical traditions and the practices of tribal shamans, some of these "resources" require something of a metaphysical leap. These include various breathing and visualization exercises, and also work with eye positions—based on the theory that different emotions correlate to minute variations in the direction of gaze. At key points in the process, Schwarz aims to help clients tap into their intuition by posing what she calls her "magical question" to find out what aspect of their trauma history needs to be tackled next: "Don't think. Ask your body, not your brain, and take the first answer that comes."

The unusual aspects of CRM do not stop there. Patients can learn to safely dissolve long-buried distress by making a sound—usually a prolonged, high-pitched note—in a process known as "toning." Participants can also call on imaginary beings in the form of "power animals"—therapy-speak calls them "internal attachment figures"—to accompany them through the darkest tunnels of their past. These often take the form of big cats, wolves, bears or birds. None of these entities are, of course, real in any ordinary sense, but CRM practitioners believe these and other resources can help patients connect with what they call the "core self"—an inner essence immune to life's cuts and bruises.

While Schwarz is fired by the conviction that she can help countless people for whom existing methods have failed, there is a risk that some specialists may assume talk of "power animals" or "toning" sounds is fantasy-prone pseudoscientific nonsense. Professor Neil Greenberg, an

academic psychiatrist at King's College London and an authority on psychological injury in the U.K. armed forces, backs innovation but warns that clinicians should not place undue faith in a new PTSD treatment before it is validated by rigorous research. "I'm not saying we don't need to treat [PTSD], but the impetus is to do it right, because doing it wrong can harm people and also dissuades people from going to get other treatments."

The battle here is about more than the future of PTSD therapy. Throughout history, some of the biggest breakthroughs in science have been made by individuals whose hunches prompted them to embrace convention-shattering ideas—often before the data backed them up. Perhaps the biggest hurdle for mavericks in any discipline is that intellectual orthodoxies tend to perpetuate themselves. It's usually much easier to obtain funding to tinker at the edges of what is already known, rather than demolish cherished assumptions. Few funding bodies make grants based on Albert Einstein's maxim: "If at first the idea is not absurd, then there is no hope for it."

The dominant school in psychology today is cognitive therapy, a form of talk therapy aimed at helping patients feel better by encouraging them to think differently and change their behavior. Often used in tandem with medication to suppress symptoms of depression or anxiety, cognitive therapies are backed by a wealth of scientific research. Although nobody claims they work for everyone, they have become so deeply embedded in a global, multibillion-dollar complex of pharmaceutical companies, insurance firms and health departments that critics are only half-joking when they describe them as a quasi-religion. With such entrenched interests at stake, dissidents armed with an alternative paradigm are sure to face resistance,

"They're really well-meaning people, but they screwed me up even worse."

perhaps even mockery—especially from empirically minded psychiatrists allergic to anything that sounds remotely like woo-woo.

Nevertheless, there are plenty of therapists ready to argue that you don't have to be a crank to question the limits of talk. The CRM school is one tributary in a much wider movement of PTSD specialists who believe body-oriented



approaches can help people who might never otherwise get to the root of their problems. If they are right, the implications go far beyond treating the psychological scars of rape, accidents or warfare. There is mounting evidence that childhood trauma caused by abuse, neglect or abandonment is behind much of the depression, anxiety and addiction suffered by adults. Western industrial civilization is founded on faith in the problem-solving power of the intellect. But if modern societies want to heal from an epidemic of mental illness, Schwarz and her allies believe that yet more thinking will not suffice: The true answers will be found beyond the veil of the everyday, rational mind.

HER FIRE-BREATHING DRAGON

AT 55, with shoulder-length curls and a ready laugh, Lisa Schwarz radiates a certitude that can't be learned from textbooks. If she hadn't ended up as a psychologist, it would be easy to envisage her interrogating suspects at a downtown police station in the small hours, using a blend of humor and streetwise charm to extract confessions. Her forthright manner—by turns blunt and effusive—can provoke consternation among some colleagues. Fans, however, suspect that her confidence stems from the fact that she has “done her work”—therapy parlance for the exacting process of working through your own traumatic experiences before you can help others.

As a teenager, Schwarz had hoped to spend her career curing animals, but when she failed to qualify to study as a veterinarian, she opted for psychology and later began practicing in her hometown of Pittsburgh. Though she was able to help trauma survivors learn to cope better with their symptoms, she observed that some never fully recovered. Schwarz's doubts about talking therapy crystallized when she suffered a protracted breakdown that forced her to question everything she had been taught. “To be able to do this work,” she says, “it helps to have gone through something yourself that tore you down to skeletal proportions, and come back out of that, like a phoenix that rises out of the ashes.”

As Schwarz began to recover, a scene returned to her from childhood: her mother telling her and her brother to clear the dandelions that sprouted on their lawn each spring. As they plucked the golden-yellow heads, the siblings soon discovered that the flower is a cunning adversary that can be defeated only by painstakingly digging up its taproot. Schwarz saw the plant's tenacity as a metaphor for the

self-destructive patterns that trauma seeds in the deepest crevices of the psyche.

To dig up this “dandelion root,” Schwarz began to work with therapists at the intersection of medicine and mysticism—from “urban shamans” practicing in American suburbs to a spiritual healer from Afghanistan. Gradually, she acquired what she considered to be the vital missing piece in talk therapy: tools powerful enough to enable a survivor to safely confront feelings they had been running from their whole lives. It was these tools Barclay would later use to treat Karen.

At first, his methods struck Karen as a little odd. He started by using conventional talk therapy to win her trust. As they progressed, he began to draw on Schwarz's methods for the riskiest but most important part of any trauma work—confronting the ugliest pain from the past, feeling it fully and then letting it go.

His first step was to help Karen feel safe. Trauma survivors often suffer from something called “dissociation”—meaning they become numbed to their emotions. Psychologists believe this is a form of self-defense gone awry. According to one theory, when the brain senses it is about to be killed, it “unplugs” from the rest of the body to avoid the pain of a horrible death. (Such people might describe a brief out-of-body experience—as if they were looking down on themselves from above.) The problem here is that the brain's defenses are much easier to switch on than they are to switch off. Long after the threat has passed, trauma survivors may still feel profoundly cut off

**“To be able to do this work,
it helps to have gone through
something yourself that tore you
down to skeletal proportions.”**

from their feelings, and that can ruin relationships and fuel risk-taking behavior or addictions.

In PTSD treatment, this self-defense mechanism can make treatment difficult and even dangerous: The only way to overcome a trauma is to confront unresolved emotions, but clumsy attempts to do so can trigger further dissociation. Like a bomb disposal technician trying to disarm a booby-trapped device, the therapist must find a way to defuse the patient's natural defenses without them blowing up. And one wrong move can cause lasting harm.

Barclay began by asking Karen to mentally

scan her body for even the smallest points where she could still feel a sense of being centered and present. He then asked her to imagine joining these dots with bars of energy to create a “grid of light” crisscrossing her body—a CRM technique to stop her dissociating. Patients say that this imaginary structure—the grid—serves as a kind of “emotional scaffolding” that keeps them stable as painful memories surface.

In later sessions, Barclay invited Karen to choose a “power animal” to help her confront more of the abuse she’d suffered in childhood. Rather than conjure an imaginary animal, as clients often do, Karen drafted in her adopted horses, imagining that they were close to her the whole time, watching with loving, protective eyes.

Barclay went on to teach her another grounding exercise, known as “CRM Earth breathing,” in which Karen imagined she was filtering energy up from the Earth’s core, drawing it to the base of her spine through the sole of one foot then expelling it out the other. In another breathing exercise, she released anger by seeing herself “fire breathing” smoke and flames like a dragon. And she learned to bathe herself in kindness by visualizing the act of inhaling and exhaling through her heart.

Some psychiatrists will lump such techniques into the same waste bin as tarot cards and crystal healing, and advise patients to instead try one of the standard therapies widely endorsed by government health regulators. Many practitioners use trauma-focused cognitive behavioral therapy, a form of talk therapy adapted to treat PTSD. Though CBT therapists may also use breathing and relaxation tools, the core of the process rests

“I’m worried that I’m going to hurt someone and this is not going to end well.”

on leading trauma survivors through an “exposure” exercise to revisit their most distressing memories so they gradually become easier to bear. At the same time, the therapists will talk through what happened with the clients to help them arrive at a less threatening interpretation so the past loses its grip over the present. Studies show the approach can help people who have suffered a one-off event such as a car crash or violent assault. However, there is far less evidence to suggest it helps people with the most complex pre-

sentations: those who, like Karen, have suffered multiple traumas over many years.

Here is the problem with cognitive therapies, according to the CRM innovators: Talking engages primarily with the prefrontal cortex—the walnut-contoured upper layer of the brain that processes language and abstract thought. This “top-down” approach might help somebody to cope better with their symptoms, but to truly resolve decades-old fear, anger or shame, the therapist needs to find a way to influence the primitive, instinct-driven parts of the brain near the top of the spine. Words alone are unlikely to have much impact on these deeper, preverbal regions. The best way to rewire this “emotional brain” is to help clients work from the “bottom up” by putting their physical sensations at the center of the process. For clients like Karen, whose lives are organized around escaping these feelings, the first task is to regain a sense of self-mastery over their own body. “In order to confront the deepest layers of anxiety, fear and survival terror, you have to go beyond just telling stories about the past,” says Domna Ventouratou, a Greek psychotherapist and founder of the Institute for Trauma Treatment in Athens, who trained under Schwarz. “You have to find ways to safely unearth old emotions stored deep in the body.”

In CRM, the emphasis is on making sure these emotions can be dissolved safely. Practitioners claim the breathing exercises, visualizations and other tools can help cleanse toxic emotions from the “emotional brain” while activating neural pathways associated with being cared for and nurtured. Girded with their “power animals,” “grids” and other resources, survivors can finally release feelings that would have otherwise been too overwhelming to face.

“To resolve trauma you have to go back and re-experience it, rather than just understand it,” says Barclay. “CRM provides the tools to do that in a way that conventional talking therapies, and indeed many trauma-focused therapies, often don’t. That’s why it leads to breakthroughs.”

For all the enthusiasm, however, the obstacles to CRM and other body-focused therapies becoming more widely available are formidable. Government regulators tend to approve only treatments that have been subjected to large and expensive clinical trials—whether they be new therapies or drugs. Although several insurers will cover CRM sessions in the U.K., this is not yet the case in the much larger U.S. health market. Schwarz and her collaborators in Scotland plan to launch a joint U.S.-U.K. treatment outcome study in the fall, but accumulating persuasive data can take years and



requires much hard-to-obtain funding.

Undaunted, Schwarz is determined to build her movement from the grassroots and spends much of the year on the road conducting workshops globally, from Ireland and Greece to the U.S. and Australia. She and her comrades are also pursuing another avenue to convince the medical establishment they're not just New Age kooks: They're banking that neuroscience will show there's more to CRM than magic.

THE DEEPEST WOUND

ON A BITTERLY cold day in February of 2016, Schwarz landed at the airport in London, Ontario, a city of 366,000 people nestled in the agricultural plains of southern Canada. As her taxi sped through slushy streets, Schwarz felt the anticipation that only comes when years of work suddenly seem a step closer to fruition. Professor Ruth Lanius, one of the world's leading neuroscientists investigating PTSD, had invited Schwarz and a close collaborator,

Scottish consultant psychiatrist Dr. Frank Corrigan, to the Lawson Health Research Institute, located in a hospital on the edge of the city center. Lanius, intrigued by Schwarz's work, had offered a dream opportunity for anyone pioneering a new form of therapy: a day's run with a powerful functional MRI machine. These types of scanners measure fluctuations in blood flow and oxygenation to show what happens inside the skull when people perform certain tasks or revisit memories—making them ideal for investigating a new therapy.

Lanius has used such images to show that traumatic experiences can cause lasting physical changes in the brain. In particular, she has shown how trauma appears to disrupt the neural pathways that underpin our ability to relate to others, which may help explain why so many survivors report feeling cut off from their loved ones. One former soldier told *Newsweek* that when he had returned from Northern Ireland in the early 1970s, his wife and children seemed to him to be as lifeless as mannequins in a shop

window, vividly articulating the feeling of being trapped behind a metaphorical glass wall experienced by so many people with PTSD.

Nobody can say for sure precisely how psychological trauma might damage structures in the brain. One hypothesis is that the brain releases such a deluge of stress chemicals when it perceives it is facing imminent death that certain brain cells die, causing a “blown-fuse” effect that leads to chronic malfunction. Alternatively, researchers in the U.S. are increasingly concerned about the apparent link between PTSD-like symptoms among veterans and hard-to-detect brain damage caused by blasts in Afghanistan and Iraq. “One of the major things that the neuroscience of trauma has done is make an invisible injury visible,” Lanius says. “So often, traumatized clients come to see us, and they have literally been told time after time, ‘There’s nothing wrong with you. It’s all in your head. Get over it.’ Getting validation that, Yes—there’s something different in my brain, has been

a huge advance.” Whatever the precise cause, Lanius says her patients are often relieved to discover that they may be suffering from a very real—albeit microscopic—physical injury buried somewhere in the brain’s 86 billion neurons.

So if the brain has been damaged, how best to repair it? In Canada, Schwarz, Corrigan and Elisa Elkin Cleary, an American psychotherapist, planned to put CRM to a scientific test. They would each undergo a brain scan before and after being led through an hourlong session to work on an upsetting episode from their lives. The resulting images would show whether the therapy had influenced the deeper areas of the brain governing strong emotions.

Cleary donned a surgical gown and shoe-coverings, entered the scanner chamber, climbed onto a slab extended from the round mouth of the massive machine, then put on a headset containing 32 magnetic coils held in place with a box-shaped mask. When the slab retracted, she was lying face-up in the cylinder, illuminated by a faint



white glow. Schwarz watched through a window from an adjacent control room and spoke through an intercom linked to Cleary's headset.

"Hi Elisa, just inviting you to activate the deepest wound, the deepest dandelion root that is still feeding on 'not enough,'" Schwarz said, in the commanding tone she adopts with clients. "Invite your body to remember it fully—a hidden remnant or a buried piece. Just think about all the times you tried really hard and it just wasn't enough—whether it was your mom, at school, with other girls, at college. Just inviting your body, not your brain, to remember. Just inviting the deepest wounds to fully be revealed."

Cleary remained as still as possible as her old sadness welled up and the machine—emitting a high-pitched thrumming sound—took 160 images during the eight-minute scan. These snapshots would later be processed into a three-dimensional map of activity in her brain. Then the pair retreated to an office for a CRM session where Schwarz worked on Cleary's sense of "never being enough" before they conducted another scan.

The next day, Lanius invited Schwarz and Corrigan into a basement classroom with peppermint-green walls to address about a dozen of her psychiatry students. For the two friends, taking this modest public platform alongside such an esteemed authority on PTSD seemed like a milestone. The students listened carefully as Schwarz and Corrigan used a whiteboard to illustrate their theories of how "power animal," energy "grid" and "core self" exercises might stimulate brain areas linked to feelings of security and trust.

Though they have worked together for four years, the two friends are an incongruous duo. A soft-spoken academic fluent in the jargon of brain anatomy, Corrigan is a fellow of the International Society for the Study of Trauma and Dissociation, writes peer-reviewed papers and is co-author of a textbook on the neurobiology of trauma. Having made it his mission to explain CRM in neuroscientific terms, Corrigan frequently dives into such detail that Schwarz, a relative newcomer to the topic, has to marshal all her focus to keep up.

While the less-orthodox aspects of Schwarz's model might have prompted some neuroscientists to ban her from their office, Lanius was uniquely placed to objectively consider her approach. Unlike many of her colleagues who are focused solely on research, Lanius treats PTSD patients—including Canadian veterans of Afghanistan. Outside the rarefied world of neuroimaging studies, in the grittier confines of a trauma clinic, she knew that taciturn former combatants often began to open up when she

ventured outside the strictly scientific realm by saying: "Tell me about your soul."

"Really, the [CRM] model is a combination of neuroscience and spirituality," Schwarz told the class. "We're trying to really clarify the neurobiology so people can see the model for what

"A 'power animal' gives you options."

it really is, and not what people presume it to be because of some of the aspects that seem to be a little... What's the word, Frank?"

"Strange?" ventured Corrigan, wearing a characteristic deadpan expression.

"Strange," said Schwarz, with a nod and a wry smile.

A SLEEK, VELVET-COATED JAGUAR

NOVEL—AND very strange—forms of body-oriented psychotherapy have been around for at least a century, drawing inspiration from Friedrich Nietzsche's dictum that "there is more wisdom in your body than in your deepest philosophy." Though once confined to the fringes, they began to gain greater traction in the mid-1990s, when Dr. Bessel van der Kolk, a combative professor of psychiatry at the Boston University School of Medicine, wrote an influential paper on trauma called "The Body Keeps the Score." In September 2014, Van der Kolk galvanized the movement by publishing a best-seller of the same title that built on his clinical experience and two decades of advances in neuroscience.

Van der Kolk is a notable advocate of Eye Movement Desensitization and Reprocessing (EMDR), a PTSD treatment in which therapists stimulate bilateral movement of clients' eyes by wagging a finger in front of their face or shining flashing lights. Despite initially being dismissed in some quarters as quackery, EMDR is now backed by enough clinical evidence to have been adopted as a standard treatment in Britain, even though nobody knows quite how it works. Other body-based schools supported by fewer studies include "sensorimotor psychotherapy" and "equine therapy," in which participants confront their patterns in human relationships while learning to bond with a horse. With so much guilt and shame often attached to trauma—Karen described feeling like a "piece

of dirt”—practitioners report that the absence of judgment from the animal can help people learn to forgive others and themselves.

For all this innovation, however, history suggests there has been no smooth arc from ignorance to enlightenment in our understanding of the interplay of mind and body at work in trauma. In the American Civil War, medics diagnosed spent men with an ailment they termed “soldier’s heart,” blaming their psychological collapse on cardiac problems. Victorian doctors diagnosed survivors of train crashes with “railway spine,” assuming their malaise was caused by damage to their spinal columns. While the creation of the PTSD diagnosis by the American Psychiatric Association in 1980 spurred a proliferation of research, treatment outcomes are still often poor. Given that history, professor Sir Simon Wessely, president of the Royal College of Psychiatrists, wonders whether the buzz around the neuroscience of trauma may be premature. “We believe we have more of a neuroscientific understanding of PTSD, but I’m slightly dubious about that, and I think an awful lot of it is pretty crude,” Wessely tells *Newsweek*. “I just wonder if that’s our modern way of storytelling.”

Despite such reservations, it is hard to dismiss the testimony of patients who say they owe their sanity to CRM. Among them is Steve (not his real name), a former special forces soldier whose PTSD symptoms had grown so severe that he had come close to taking his own life. Steve, who lives in Scotland, sought help from Hull, the NHS trauma specialist, who has since co-authored an academic textbook on CRM with Corrigan and Schwarz.

Hull has practiced psychiatry for 26 years and earned his medical doctorate studying survivors of Piper Alpha, a North Sea oil platform that exploded in 1988, killing 167 people in the world’s deadliest offshore oil disaster. Having taught evidence-based therapies, including EMDR and trauma-focused CBT, two of the most widely used trauma treatments in Britain, Hull adopted Schwarz’s approach when he found it worked for patients who did not respond to other methods. He later began using CRM at a mental health

clinic for military veterans he runs in Dundee, Scotland.

As Steve’s sessions with Hull progressed, the former soldier discovered his “power animal”—a sleek, velvet-coated jaguar. Hull asked him to close his eyes and then led him back to one of his most disturbing early memories: being beaten by his alcoholic father. Hull told Steve the jaguar could help the little boy in him feel that he would not have to face his ordeal alone.

Recalling that moment, Steve tells *Newsweek*, “I’m standing there as a small child, standing underneath this cat, with huge paws on either side of me, almost with my head against its chest. I’m feeling the vibration of this thing breathing. It was incredibly powerful.”

Hull worked with another former soldier who learned to summon an eagle, which circles overhead, scouting for danger, and a grizzly bear, who taught him he can be tender as well as tough, but there was something extra special about Steve’s bond with his big cat. One evening, when Steve encountered a group of aggressive young men at a service station, he says the jaguar steered him out of trouble. Steve recalls the jaguar’s advice: “Listen, it will all be fine, walk away. Even if someone does provoke you, what’s the worst thing that can happen? You’re a couple of minutes late for your coffee.”

Steve adds: “A ‘power animal’ gives you options. With my history, I’m worried that I’m going to hurt someone and this is not going to end well. I don’t care—if I’m provoked in that way, I’m going to react, and I’m not going to stop until they stay down.”

Like Steve, Karen needs no convincing. Armed with the sense of security provided by the Earth breathing, grid and her two power horses, she found the courage to confront her past without feeling like she was about to die. Under Barclay’s patient guidance, she was finally able to say goodbye to four decades of wordless pain.

“For me, something shifted,” Karen says. “There was a degree of re-experiencing which I’d never done before. He created a safe space to allow me to feel.”

While a menagerie of animal totems is now poised to pounce, swim or wing their way to

Patients are relieved to discover they may be suffering from a very real physical injury buried somewhere in the brain’s 86 billion neurons.



the aid of her growing network of CRM practitioners, Schwarz's most powerful ally may be her patience. Several months after she traveled to Canada to conduct the neuroimaging session with Lanius, the results came back. The scans suggested CRM had led to what Lanius described as "significant changes" in the brain areas that help us govern overwhelming emotions and are especially relevant to trauma.

Schwarz received another boost in September, when Lisa Merrifield, a clinical psychologist in Omaha, Nebraska, captured additional physiological evidence of CRM's effects. Merrifield used an electroencephalogram to assess eight participants before and 24 hours after intensive CRM sessions. The EEG, which measures electrical activity in the brain, quantified conspicuous changes to the brainwave patterns of all eight participants. Merrifield said the results of her small pilot study, conducted at Schwarz's

retreat near Beulah, Colorado, merited further investigation. In January, Schwarz and Corrigan returned to London, Ontario, to run a four-day seminar to teach Lanius and her staff the basics of CRM.

In science, such glimmers could be seen—at best—as intriguing clues, and certainly not conclusive evidence. For Schwarz, though, they seemed like starbursts. It no longer seemed inconceivable that a day would come when the data would confirm what her heart and gut have been telling her for years: Each of us has a trove of hidden resources that can help us transcend even the cruelest of abuse, horror and betrayal, if only we dare look within. ■

Matthew Green's book *Aftershock: Fighting War, Surviving Trauma and Finding Peace*, documents the stories of British soldiers finding new ways to treat PTSD. MatthewGreenJournalism.com @Matthew__Green





WALL STREET'S

ONCE KNOWN AS A MAJOR STOP
ON AMERICA'S 'COCAINE HIGHWAY,'
WEST PALM BEACH IS QUICKLY
TURNING INTO A NEW CENTER OF
MONEY AND POWER. THE REASON:
PRESIDENT DONALD TRUMP

PINK
FLAMINGOS

BY LEAH MCGRATH GOODMAN



THE NIGHT I FLEW INTO WEST PALM BEACH, A STRING OF DEADLY TORNADOES RIPPED ACROSS FLORIDA. HIGH WINDS POUNDED SURF AGAINST JAGGED COASTLINE AND WHIPSAWED THE 100-FOOT-TALL TREES ALONG ROYAL PALM WAY—WHAT LOCALS CALL BANKERS' ROW.

It was just a few days after Donald Trump's inauguration. A couple of miles down the road, seemingly oblivious to the approaching storm, hundreds of revelers packed Mar-a-Lago, the *Great Gatsby*-esque private resort Trump has dubbed his "Winter White House," to fete their new king. The private event, attended by Palm Beach's billionaires, entrepreneurs and socialites, featured dinner and dancing, a replay of Trump's swearing-in ceremony and a mammoth ice sculpture of the American flag with "President Trump" emblazoned on the base in red.

In such rarefied circles, it's not unusual to bump into people who spent their childhoods riding around in limos with their nannies, and, in their retirement years, put off a spouse's funeral so they could enjoy the last days of what Palm Beachers call "the Season"—roughly four months of epic winter bashes and galas that run from late November to early April every year. When the parties end, Palm Beach island's population promptly shrinks from 30,000 to 10,000.

Trump's party occurred at the height of this season, but one of the president's neighbors, real estate magnate and billionaire Jeff Greene, did not attend. "He's a very good host. I have to give him credit," says Greene, who knows Trump casually and is a member of Mar-a-Lago. "But I don't agree with his politics. I think some of the things he did to get himself elected paved the way for much more dangerous rhetoric in our country."



"This is kind of the center of the universe now. It's like the whole world has their eyes on us."

Greene did not vote for Trump. Nor did the majority of Palm Beach County, but many of its residents are benefiting from his presence. Trump's ascension has created one of the world's greatest concentrations of global wealth and power right in their backyard. And that shift could mean a massive change in fortunes, not just for the superrich families who have made their homes in Palm Beach over the past century—the Fords, DuPonts, Rothschilds, Pulitzers and Lauders—but also for the area's long-overlooked middle class.

Even before Trump became president, what was once a sleepy patch of Florida regional banks at the foot of Mar-a-Lago was coalescing into a financial center. Over the past few years, the area has attracted more than 60 hedge funds (some say well over a 100), dozens of private equity companies and hundreds of family offices—not to mention a rising number of larger banks like Credit Suisse, Morgan Stanley, JPMorgan Chase and Goldman Sachs. These are not just pica-yune satellite offices. Banks and billion-dollar hedge funds are swallowing up entire building complexes and blocks of commercial real estate, prompting residents to christen the area "the new Wall Street."

Meanwhile, some of Trump's trusted advisers and supporters have also flocked to the area. Anthony Scaramucci, founder of the \$12 billion fund SkyBridge Capital, opened offices in Palm Beach Gardens two years ago. (This year, he agreed to sell the company after being named to the executive committee of Trump's transition team in November.) Billionaire hedge fund manager Paul Tudor Jones, who says he's counting on Trump's support to save the Florida Everglades, bought the former estate of Ron Perelman in Palm Beach for \$71 million in 2015. Carl Icahn, another hedge fund billionaire, whom Trump appointed to his transition team, is a part-time resident of Palm Beach who has an estate near Mar-a-Lago. And senior members

of Team Trump have homes nearby as well, including Cabinet members Wilbur Ross, the secretary of commerce; Ben Carson, secretary of housing and urban development; Betsy DeVos, education secretary; and Gary Cohn, who left Goldman Sachs to head Trump's National Economic Council.

Palm Beach County has long been a magnet for old-guard wealth—most of it is confined to the "island," a slim, 30-mile spit that, since Victorian times, has attracted dozens of billionaires, who have built their mansions along its

northern tip. Part of the attraction: Florida has not had a state income tax since 1855. But the hype surrounding Trump's victory is prompting a new influx of financial companies. "A lot of people who previously thought, I think I'll move to Florida, let's go to Miami, are now taking a look at Palm Beach," says Greene. "Because you turn on the TV and you don't see Trump in the White House. You see him here."

More to the point, you see him kibitzing with the world's foreign leaders, dignitaries and billionaires. In fact, before Trump took office and before he began meeting with presidents and

WINTER WHITE HOUSE: Revelers at Mar-a-Lago, the private resort owned by Trump. His ascension has been a tremendous boon to Palm Beach County.

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prime ministers at his Palm Beach resort—even before Americans started seeing members of Mar-a-Lago on Facebook posing casually with the nuclear football—Trump's transition team was already calling the White House in Washington, D.C., "White House North."

PLANES, CRANES AND RED CARPET TOURS

TRUMP'S PALM BEACH island has long been the aristocratic oasis to West Palm Beach's grittier skyscraper-and-cement landscape—the two narrowly separated by only a drawbridge spanning





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IF YOU BUILD IT, THEY WILL COME: Development is booming in the area, and according to a one recent study, an average of 2,000 new residents are relocating to Palm Beach County every month.

the Atlantic's Intracoastal Waterway. A 1936 issue of *Fortune* still hanging in one West Palm Beach restaurant describes the city's inhabitants as existing "chiefly to serve Palm Beach [and] carry the bags and service the cars and wash the linen of the rich who live across the water." But it is West Palm Beach, the county seat, that stands to benefit most from Trump's draw.

Once a major stop on America's "cocaine highway," West Palm Beach has better growth prospects and just as frothy a jobs market as New York City. As a result, the region has seen a flood of people in recent months coming to look for jobs, housing and office space. According to a recent study commissioned by the city of West Palm Beach from business consultancy Alpern Rosenthal, an average of 2,000 new residents are relocating to Palm Beach County every month. As of March, the city had more than \$2 billion of real estate construction in the pipeline, says Chris Roog, the city's director of economic development.

The city's skyline is filled with cranes. Offices, apartments and public transit hubs are sprouting up. West Palm Beach's planners are overrun with blueprints for new developments, including several from Greene, who is investing hundreds of millions of dollars to build office and residential towers throughout the city, as well as micro-units downtown for millennials. (He's hoping to charge around \$1,000 a month for a 400-square-foot unit—less than what many pay now.) Greene has also opened a private school in West Palm Beach for the city's gifted children, featuring robotics, "mindfulness rooms" and computer coding classes for kids 3 years and up.

Since Trump's victory, the boom has only accelerated. Just as Trump was preparing to head to Mar-a-Lago to celebrate Christmas with his family, West Palm Beach unveiled its Flagler Financial District—a narrow slice of upscale office properties overlooking the Intracoastal Waterway and its flotillas of mega-yachts. Covering half a square mile at the base of the

drawbridge leading to Bankers' Row, the center is named for Henry Flagler, a founder of Standard Oil and the architect of the island's gilded age.

"We are now very short on class-A office space," says West Palm Beach Mayor Jeri Muoio, sporting red nails, glittering diamond rings and a leopard-print top. She tells *Newsweek* that, since December, the city has been actively courting Wall Street executives with an ad campaign in New York's tri-state area, urging them to move south. West Palm Beach also just finalized a package of generous incentives that, over 10 years, will offer property tax breaks for companies bringing in new jobs—especially high-paying ones.

While many of the financial companies coming to Palm Beach County—often to discreetly cater to the needs of its ultra-wealthy families—aren't very keen to talk about it, real estate outfit Cushman & Wakefield is tracking the trend. In January, it released data showing that "aggressive hikes" in rents across the region haven't discouraged the phalanx of financial companies moving in. These businesses scarfed up hundreds of thousands of square feet of commercial space last year, it said, even as rents leapt by more than 21 percent. "It's no longer God's waiting room in southern Florida anymore," says Mark Pateman, managing principal at C&W. "People are coming down here with their families and settling here permanently. Maybe they bring their own company, or maybe they've had a capital event and trade their own money."

Just weeks after Trump clinched the presidency, the Milken Institute's Center for Jobs and Human Capital released its best-performing cities survey, which ranked the overall financial growth of West Palm Beach's metro area above those of New York City and Boston, as well as the nation's dominant hedge fund district, Greenwich, Connecticut. (Over the next decade, the number of jobs in the city is expected to skyrocket as much as 40 percent, led by finance and high tech.) The think tank also noted that wage growth in Palm Beach County since the Great Recession has topped that of New York's metropolitan area, still the finance capital of the world—at least for now. "You can get everything here, except for snow skiing," says Greene.

Joseph Jacobs, president of Wexford Capital, a \$3 billion private equity company, is one of Palm Beach's recent Wall Street transplants. He says relocating to the Flagler District was "frictionless," and Wexford enjoyed one of its

"It's no longer **God's waiting room.** People are coming down here with their families."



best-performing years since the move. What he doesn't miss about New York or Greenwich, he says, are the crowds, the lengthy commutes and the freezing weather. "When you're here, there's a lot less noise," he notes. "And there's less stress. You get more done. Why on earth would you live in New York or Connecticut when you could wake up here every day?"

Jacobs still has a 12-acre spread in Greenwich but says the property values there are plummeting. "The trends are increasingly favorable here," he says. "The trends are just not that favorable anymore in the Northeast."

Travel is also staggeringly easy in West Palm Beach. Its international airport is only 10 to 15 minutes from downtown. Emily Clifford, executive director at J.P. Morgan Private Bank, situated along Bankers' Row, says it's one of Palm Beach's biggest perks. "I can be on a 6 a.m. flight out in the morning, in New York by 10:30 a.m. for meetings, spend the day there and be back in my bed that night." And this summer, West Palm Beach will offer a high-speed express train connecting the city's downtown to Fort Lauderdale and Miami. In 2018, the line will also reach Orlando. The trip from West Palm to Miami—Florida's other major financial center—will take just an hour.

For many of Palm Beach's transplants, nothing beats the zero state income tax. If you're lucky enough to make a \$1 million a year, that's an automatic income bump of \$100,000 if you just left New York—or like getting a decent-sized raise no matter how much you make. Capital gains, estate and corporate taxes are also far lower in Florida than in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Connecticut, according to



SUPER POWER LUNCH: Trump is quick to mingle and preen with his guests, whether at Mar-a-Lago or his swanky golf club in West Palm Beach.



MONEY BALL:
At right, billionaire Jeff Greene with his wife, Mei Sze Chan. Even before Trump's team was flying down to the "Winter White House," Palm Beach County was becoming a hot spot.



"Hedge funds follow the money, and **the money** is moving here."

the recent study by Alpern Rosenthal. The state is basically a giant tax shelter: The higher your earnings, the more you stand to keep when you move south. Which is why so many 1 percenters are heading to Florida, says Kelly Smallridge, president and chief executive of Palm Beach County's business development board in West Palm Beach.

At any given time, Smallridge says, she's advising around a dozen or more ultra-wealthy families looking to move south, while fielding hundreds of phone calls a month from people interested in doing the same. Wexford Capital's Jacobs was among those Smallridge helped settle into the area full time—although he says he's spent time in Palm Beach since the 1980s. Jacobs says while some of his Wexford's portfolio managers are still working from Greenwich, many of his senior staffers have moved to Palm Beach, and he expects more will follow. "This is no longer just a seasonal community," he says. "There's a larger subset of people moving down here from up north than ever before. And it's not just the hype over Trump. A lot of it is being driven by technology. People are so much more mobile today. You don't have to live in New York to be competitive in finance anymore. So why live there if you don't want to?"

POWER BROKERS IN SANDALS

ON A Tuesday in late January, at the new Hilton hotel in West Palm Beach, I met with Andrew Schneider, 43, the founder and chief executive

of Family Office Networks, a financial company that pairs wealthy families with hedge funds, bankers and startups looking to raise cash. In the darkened lobby bar, I watched him hold a series of *Shark Tank*-style pitch sessions with young entrepreneurs touting new applications for blockchain technology and, later, a physician looking for investments in breakthrough cancer research. "I think of myself as a matchmaker, introducing family offices to people who bring us investment opportunities," says the native New Yorker, who now lives in Palm Beach year-round. When not arranging deals for what he says is his network of around 10,000 high-net-worth families who run private investment offices, he likes to scuba dive and spend time on his boat. "The quality of life is so much better," he says.

Palm Beach's power brokers ink deals in bars, restaurants and coffee shops. They hash out financial terms and sometimes even sign contracts in the cocktail lounge over highballs and martinis. In my 20 years covering Wall Street, I have never seen so many deals get done in front of me—and with such insouciance—as I did during my week in Palm Beach.

One of the main reasons a younger, more entrepreneurial crowd is coming to the area is because the scene is so ideal for fundraising, says David Goodboy, founder of the Palm Beach Hedge Fund Association (and another Wall Street escapee). "Hedge funds follow the money, and the money is moving here," he tells *Newsweek*. "Because the community is so small, there's really very little anonymity. You have unprecedented access to investors and opportunities to meet new clients."

When SkyBridge Capital moved to Palm Beach, its chief investment officer, Ray Nolte, said one of the biggest motivating factors was the fact that South Florida "is one of the top regions from which we are raising assets." Smallridge credits the increase in fundraising opportunities to the

fact that the CEOs, presidents and chairmen coming to West Palm Beach are not just using it as a vacation spot anymore but bringing their companies with them, creating "a very high concentration of top brass in one place."

That's been true for Michael Falk, the chairman and managing partner of \$2.5 billion private equity company Comvest, also based in West Palm Beach. Falk says that when he first moved to the area from New York 15 years ago, only five members of Comvest relocated with him. "Now 90 percent of our staff, about 70 people, are



based here,” he says. “It’s a tight-knit community, good for philanthropy and good for socializing.”

Palm Beach’s social scene similarly makes it much easier to raise funds there than up north, notes Kevin Bush, a hedge fund manager who voted for Trump and opened an office in Delray Beach in November. Not just because there’s a higher concentration of wealthy people but because they are much more relaxed. “It’s a rare place, because everyone is so rich,” he says. “I travel back and forth to New York every single month raising money, and my experience is, the environment here affects how people act. People go to meetings in Palm Beach sometimes wearing sandals. They’re approachable. When you’re walking through midtown Manhattan in a suit, your guard is up. It’s less formal here, and that’s usually better.”

What’s not better is the traffic. “When I drive from my house to my office on South Ocean Boulevard,” Greene says, “I get stuck behind cars going very slowly by Mar-a-Lago with the video cameras.” Roog, the economic development director—a former Trump valet who once drove the mogul’s purple Lamborghini—says it’s the same for the city. When the president touches down at West Palm Beach International Airport, it’s mayhem.

“[Trump’s] motivated by winning. He wants to be the best president America has ever had.”



THIS SIDE OF PARADISE:
The area’s social scene makes it easier to raise money than up north, not just because people are so rich, but because they are more relaxed.

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“Here’s how it goes,” Roog says. “Trump lands. He gets out of the plane. He gets into a private car. And then it’s full-on speeding as fast as possible to Mar-a-Lago. They change the traffic lights so they stay on green all the way. But it wreaks havoc on the traffic. And there are reporters, protesters, cops. People taking pictures on the tarmac with Air Force One.”

THE BIG MAN IN THE BRIONI SUIT

NOT LONG after I arrived in Florida, I attended a private party for the launch of a rare book shop on Palm Beach’s glamorous Worth Avenue—the Rodeo Drive of the south. Artists, entrepreneurs and hedge funders sipped champagne while listening to opera singers harmonize against violins. High-end collectors leafed through first-edition books from the shop’s wide selection of Wall Street classics, such as *The Road to Serfdom* and *Reminiscences of a Stock Operator*. The crowd had every bit of the financial firepower of an exclusive Wall Street event. And not surprisingly, many of them knew Trump or had frequented Mar-a-Lago.

Ron Burkhardt, an artist who recently moved to Palm Beach from the Hamptons (and has slept in Mar-a-Lago’s Lincoln Bedroom—yes, the Winter White House also has one), says Trump’s victory put Palm Beach “back on the map” for the first time since the Kennedys sold their home here in the mid-’90s. “This is kind of the center of the universe now,” he says. “It’s like the whole world has their eyes on us.”

That’s certainly been true over the past few months, as the world watched Trump scramble to respond in February to North Korea’s launch of a ballistic missile into the Sea of Japan as he dined with Japanese Prime Minister Shinzo Abe at Mar-a-Lago. Or in early March, when the president repaired for the weekend to his Palm Beach resort, only to begin accusing his predecessor, Barack Obama, of wiretapping his phone at Manhattan’s Trump Tower during his presidential campaign.

Despite some embarrassing moments, few can deny that the buzz surrounding Trump has raised Palm Beach’s profile. “The Trump presidency has opened a lot of doors for us,” says Family Office Networks’s Schneider, also a Trump voter. “It’s no longer just a place of generational wealth. He’s turned it into a political scene.” In March, Trump announced plans to host China’s president at Mar-a-Lago—an event that will be easy enough for the club’s visitors to witness, take pictures of or even participate

FROM LEFT: DAVID OFF STUDIOS/GETTY; JONATHAN ERNST/REUTERS



THE WOLF OF PALM BEACH: Despite some embarrassing moments, few can deny that the buzz surrounding Trump has raised Palm Beach's profile.

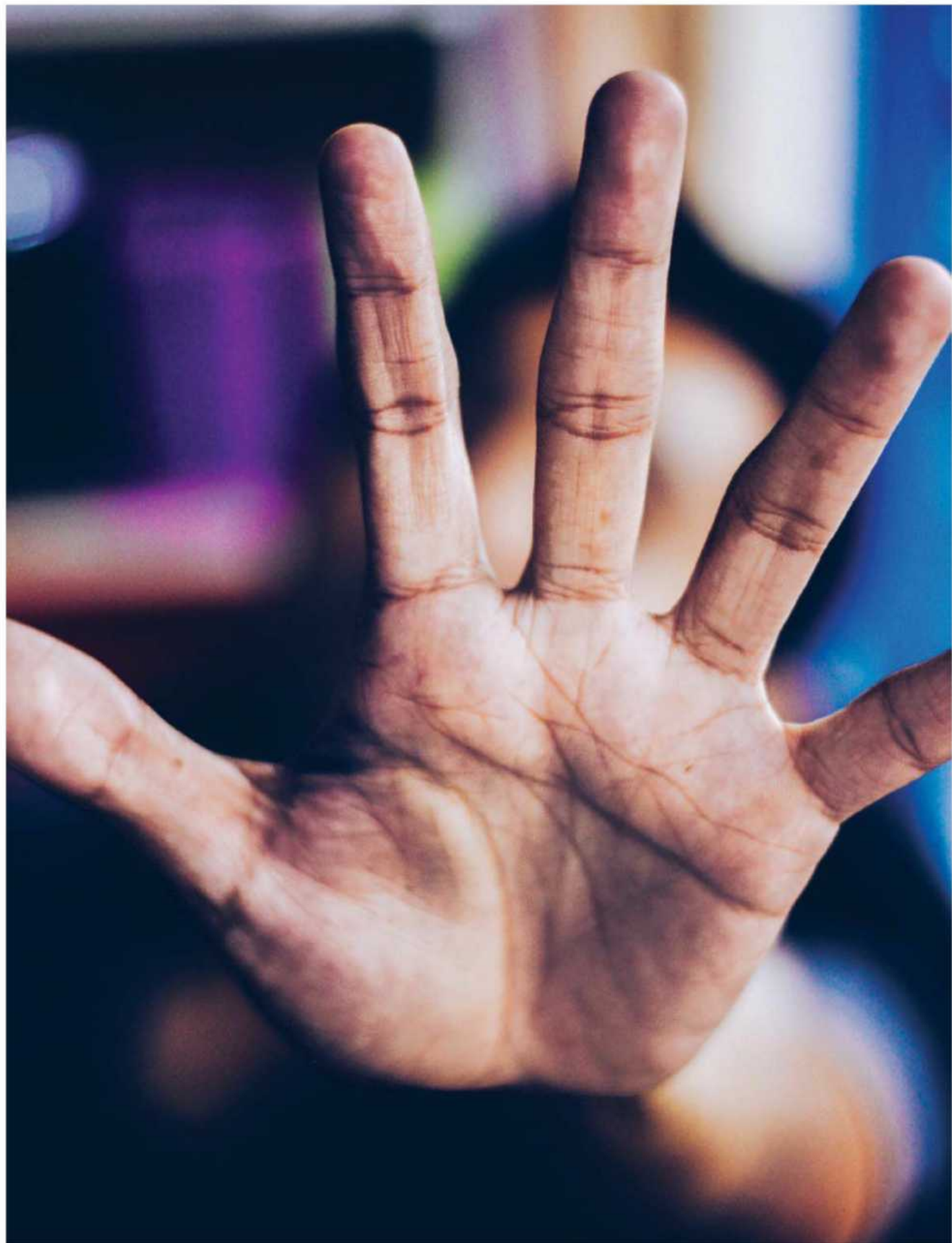
in, if Trump dines on the open-air terrace. And although he's commander in chief, Trump's club members say he's still quick to mingle and preen with his guests, whether at Mar-a-Lago or his swanky golf club in West Palm Beach.

Greene, who recently took his mother to dinner for her 90th birthday weekend at Trump's golf club, says they ran into him. And he was still obsessing about the election. "During the cake, he was clapping in the back," Greene says. "And then walking out, he said to my mother, 'You're not 90! You're 70. Come on!' He was trying to be friendly in a cute and nice way. And then he said, 'Hope you're upset with your son for not supporting me!'"

Ashley Cooper, a former Wall Street banker who once worked for the Trump Organization as executive vice president and managed its golf properties before Trump became president (he's also a Trump voter), says he believes

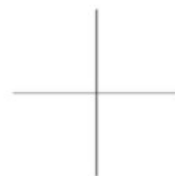
his ex-boss is well intentioned. "I think what drives him is...he's not doing it for the money anymore. He's motivated by winning. He wants to be the best president America has ever had. He wants to lead a nationwide economic revitalization. He truly believes there was a massive part of America that was lost due to politics. And he's the guy in the Brioni suit who's reaching out to them."

While Trump's presence is certainly benefiting West Palm Beach, unlike Greene, he hasn't personally invested in the city for decades. Still, there are relics of his halcyon days. One evening, while on my way to an interview, I passed a set of older residential towers along West Palm Beach's Flagler Drive: Trump Plaza, the high-rise condos the president was forced to liquidate in the 1990s to pay off his debts. They're a stark reminder of just how far Trump—and the city—have come. ■





NEW WORLD



TATTOOS

CYBERCRIME

INNOVATION

BIRDS

TECHNOLOGY

ENVIRONMENT

GOOD SCIENCE

A FINGER TIP TO THE WISE

Cyberthieves may be able to steal your prints from photos

SHOW OF HANDS: The biometrics industry uses technology such as scanners that can detect if a finger is real and attached to a living person (as opposed to being a silicone replica or a hacked-off finger).

THE PEACE SIGN: It seems like an innocuous, two-finger gesture, but flashing it in a photo could get you hacked.

In January, a team from Japan's National Institute of Informatics demonstrated how fingerprint data could be obtained from photographs taken with a high-resolution digital camera. The copied prints were a near 100 percent match to the original fingerprints—even when the subject was standing up to 10 feet away.

But there's no need to panic just yet, says Anil Jain, who holds six patents for fingerprint recognition technology. "The chance of that happening is very, very small," he notes. "Everything has to be right—the illumination, the distance between the camera and the person, the orientation of the finger and so on."

The lesson, he says: Every security system has pitfalls, including biometrics. We use fingerprint data to unlock our smartphones and even to rent lockers in a theme park. Our irises are scanned and photographs taken when we travel across borders or enter highly secure buildings. "It's a

trade-off between convenience and security," says Thomas Patrick Keenan, author of *Techno-creep: The Surrender of Privacy and the Capitalization of Intimacy*. "What I worry about is the fact that you can never change your biometrics. It's not like your credit card number."

In recent years, the biometrics industry has shifted, using technology such as scanners that can detect if a finger is real and attached to a living person (as opposed to being a silicone replica or a hacked-off finger).

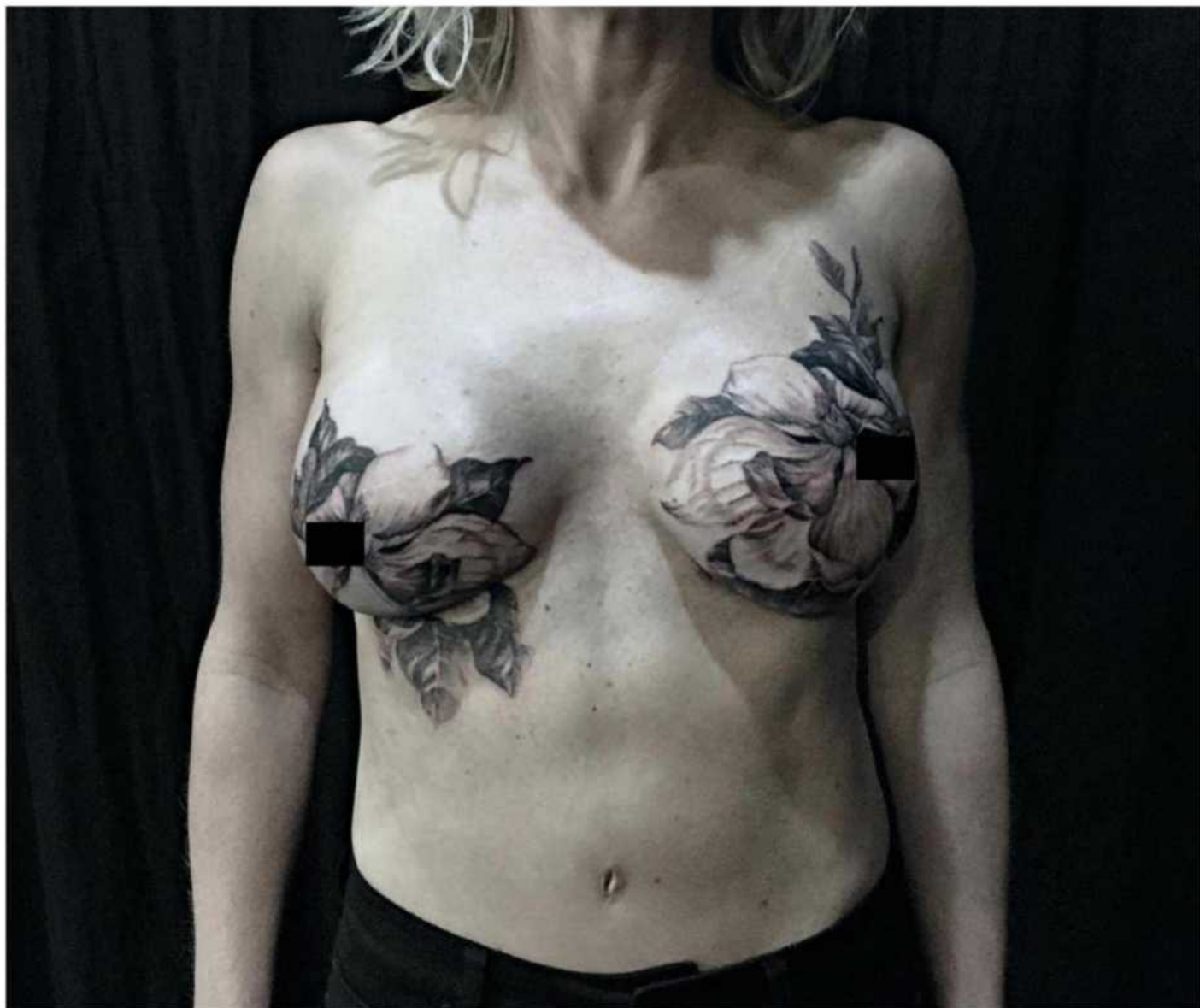
The Canadian startup Nymi has gone a step further: a wristband that measures your unique heartbeat pattern, allowing you to unlock doors, computer terminals and other authentication tools with just a tap of the wrist. Still other companies are working on systems that make use of more unusual biometric identifiers, such as how people walk, how they use a keyboard and even the way they smell.

If this new era of biometrics can deliver the heightened security it promises, that might be something worth flashing the V-sign for. ■

BY

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INK WELLNESS

Sometimes, the best way to recover from a mastectomy is to get a tattoo

FOR MOST of her life, Heather Lee didn't dwell on the appearance of her breasts. They were simply an occasionally functional part of her anatomy; they fed her four children as newborns and required occasional shopping for sartorial support. But after being diagnosed with breast cancer in March 2015 and undergoing a double

mastectomy, the 40-year-old recently divorced mother feared she'd be left with breasts that resembled "overripe avocados."

"The way I explained it to my friends is when I looked in the mirror I didn't want to think, OK, those look almost like boobs," says Lee, a lawyer in Birmingham, Alabama. "I wanted to look

BY
JESSICA FIRGER
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in the mirror and think, I'm a badass."

Lee elected to have both breasts surgically removed—one prophylactically—in order to lower her risk for cancer recurrence, as well as to avoid taking Tamoxifen for 10 years, a drug infamous for menopausal-like side effects that can greatly diminish a woman's quality of life after cancer. The surgeon also told her a double mastectomy would mean "better symmetry," she says. But nipple-sparing surgery wasn't an option for Lee. The margins of her breast biopsy showed malignant cells were near the edge, so preserving some of the tissue might make it more likely that the cancer could return. That meant saving the nipples and areolas for reconstruction—a now relatively common practice—would be too risky.

Lee says she opted for breast implants that would "look normal in clothes and a swimsuit." But she didn't return for the follow-up procedure, when a cosmetic surgeon manipulates the skin on the breast mounds to create the appearance of nipples. She also skipped the medical tattoos, the final touch in breast reconstruction to give pigment to the nipple area and create the appearance of areolas. Fake nipples didn't appeal to Lee, and a little Googling prompted her to decide she wanted real ink.

Most breast cancer patients who undergo a mastectomy are told by their doctors that they have just two options once treatment and surgery are completed: reconstruction or no reconstruction. But when Lee happened upon David Allen, a Chicago-based tattoo artist, she found a third: mastectomy tattoos. Allen, who has developed an almost cult-like following among breast cancer survivors, had an entire page on his website filled with photos of women's breasts covered with scar-concealing tattoos. He's one of just a handful of tattoo artists in the U.S. helping women reclaim their bodies and their lives after breast cancer in a less conventional and less medicalized way.

Many people get tattoos to mark a milestone: the birth of a child, the death of a loved one, an anniversary and, of course, the end of a serious and life-threatening illness. But for breast cancer survivors, mastectomy tattoos can be far more powerful. They not only symbolize an escape from death, but also conceal scars and minimize the appearance of disfigurement. If done well, they can make looking in the mirror a positive experience once again, or at least more bearable.

Lee loved Allen's illustrations. They were of flowers but not the cloying, trashy variety. His were monotone slate-gray, pointillist in detail, almost ethereal. The tattoos swooped around the fold of the breasts and lay on the area where nipples would be. In many of the photos, it was



nearly impossible to make out any trace of the incision scars. Lee reached out right away and began exchanging emails with Allen's assistant.

"Nothing I saw ever seemed right until I saw some pictures of real tattoos," says Lee, who traveled to Chicago with a friend in October for her tattoos. The Southerner settled on magnolias for a flower design like the ones her grandparents used to have in their front yard. "I think they're beautiful instead of seeing scars and thinking about what I've been through and the pain."

Allen recently published an essay in *JAMA* detailing his tattoo process for mastectomy clients. He chose to tell his story in a medical

"I WANTED TO LOOK IN THE MIRROR AND THINK, I'M A BADASS."

journal rather than a mainstream publication because he hopes oncologists and surgeons will come to see mastectomy tattoos as a viable option for their patients. But Allen, 37 years old, says the tattoo industry needs to be educated as well by doctors; breast cancer survivors have unique physical and psychological needs that require an artist have a good bedside manner and some medical knowledge.

Allen, who has a background in graphic art, stumbled into this work in 2011, when a teacher in New York City who had undergone a double mastectomy approached him. In addition to the weighty nature of the assignment, he was worried about the health and safety risks that could arise for the client. Scar tissue and skin exposed to radiation is far more delicate and reacts differently to tattoo ink. "I wasn't quite sure the best technique, and there's not a lot of information out there. I just tried to avoid it, but she was persistent," he says. "This is a rough area to tattoo."

Six years have passed, and Allen has left his mark on some 70 breast cancer survivors, with many women traveling from overseas to see

WHAT SCARS?:
Allen's ink work
has created a
cult-like following
among breast
cancer survivors.

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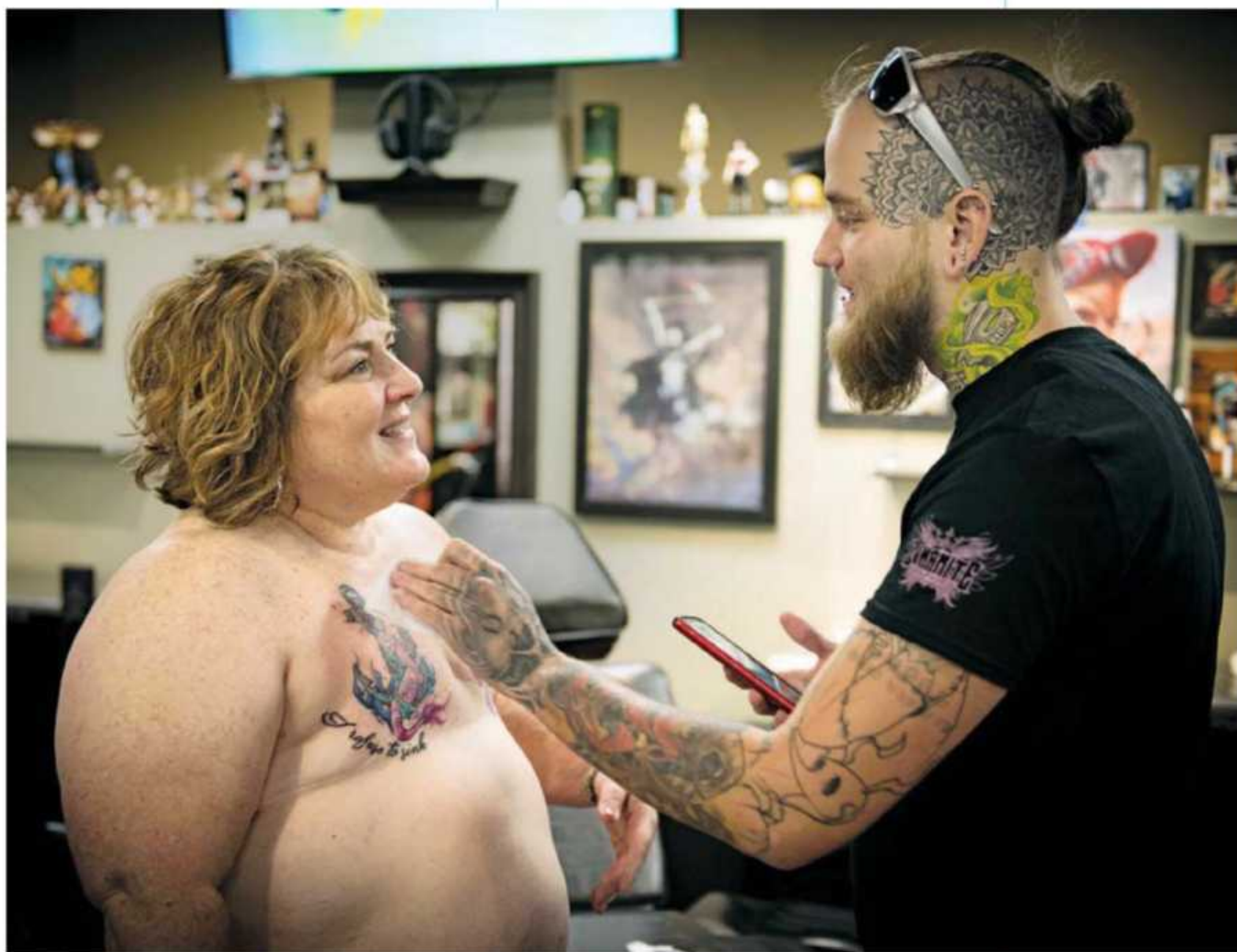
him, including women from the U.K., Argentina and India. Most of the women he works on have had a single or double mastectomy with implants. But there are some women who stopped at mastectomy and simply want to conceal the surgical scars on their chest walls. Most of the women who seek out Allen are over 50 and don't have any other body art. That may seem old for procuring a first tattoo until one remembers the median age for a breast cancer diagnosis is around 62, according to data from the U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention.

It helps Allen's cause that rates of breast cancer reconstructive surgery continue to rise. A report released in 2016 by the American Society of Plastic Surgeons found the number of patients who

opt for reconstructive surgery after breast cancer treatment has increased 35 percent between 2000 and 2012. Doctors today are also much more likely to recommend mastectomy over breast-conserving surgery (lumpectomy) both for medical and cosmetic reasons. (In many instances, a surgeon can improve a patient's silhouette to her liking, whether that means reconstructing breasts that are larger than the originals or reversing the droopiness that comes with childbearing and age.)

Additionally, undergoing reconstructive surgery with implants is no longer considered merely vain or a luxury. Health policy legislation passed nearly 20 years ago requires health insurance companies pay for reconstructive surgery as part of routine treatment for the disease. Genetic

COSMETIC POST-SURGERY: P.Ink (Personal Ink) is a nonprofit collective that matches breast cancer survivors with tattoo artists who have experience with mastectomy tattoos.





testing, such as the one that can detect mutations to the BRCA1 and BRCA2 genes that indicate higher risk for certain types of breast cancer, mean more young women are going under the knife for prevention. Some say rates of prophylactic double mastectomy increased thanks to what many call the “Angelina Jolie effect.” In 2013, the actress and director went public with her decision to undergo a preventive mastectomy after learning she carried BRCA mutations, and she inspired many other young women with higher genetic risk for cancer to do the same. Younger women can be especially concerned about scar visibility and often worry the reconstructed breasts will never look normal. The solution, perhaps, is to make them something entirely different. It also helps that body art has gone mainstream. Tattoos, like breast cancer, are no longer a taboo topic.

Women find Allen on the internet but also through P.ink (Personal Ink), a nonprofit founded in 2013 that matches breast cancer survivors with tattoo artists who have experience with mastectomy tattoos. The organization, founded by Noel Franus, started off as a Pinterest page. Franus has never had tattoos, cancer or breasts, but he was inspired after his sister-in-law underwent breast cancer surgery and began soliciting her family members for ideas of what she could have tattooed on her new breasts other than trompe l’oeil nipples. “No one was talking about it online unless you were a huge tattoo enthusiast,” says Franus. “You might find one or two artists inside the forum, but what about the mother in Topeka or the grandmother who lives in rural Texas?”

The tattoo artists that are part of his network do work in-kind on P.ink Days, held once a year in October since 2014. So far, tattoo shops in 25 cities have participated, and collectively they’ve inked some 175 breast cancer survivors. The organization also covers the cost of mastectomy tattoos on a case-by-case basis and pays the full cost. (Depending on the complexity and scale of the art, a mastectomy tattoo can cost anywhere from \$200 to more than \$2,000.) There are currently 1,500 breast cancer survivors on P.ink’s waitlist.

The solution to meet this growing demand, Franus says, is to find more tattoo artists interested in the work, especially in other countries, since many survivors who contact the organization don’t live in the U.S. But getting tattooists ready for the task is challenging. “We still need more trained artists,” says Franus. “It involves sitting down and working side-by-side with an

artist who knows how to do this work.”

It also means encouraging doctors and surgeons to be actively involved and make mastectomy tattoos an option in the recovery process. Allen has made inroads to the medical community. He says he now regularly talks to plastic surgeons by phone, sometimes even before a patient goes under the knife. The variety of surgical techniques can influence the quality of tattoo art, so planning ahead allows the client to receive his best work. “I need to know as much as possible,” he says. “I need to know if they had flap surgery or if the surgeon pulled from the latissimus dorsi.”

Allen is also highly selective about which clients to take on and when. For example, he won’t work

YOUNGER WOMEN WORRY THAT RECONSTRUCTED BREASTS WILL NEVER LOOK NORMAL. THE SOLUTION: MAKE THEM SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT.

with a woman unless it’s been a year since her surgery. That’s not only for medical reasons but also because he has found that survivors are often not emotionally ready for the process any earlier.

A few years ago, a woman came to see Allen. It had been several years since she’d had surgery, and she was ready. Allen was preparing to apply the stencil on her breasts to create the outline for her tattoo, but when he began to touch the woman, she started to weep. She told him her husband had left her because of her illness, and she hadn’t been close to a man in years. Allen stopped his work. Instead, they sat at his shop and talked for two hours. “I wanted to hear her story,” he says. “I wanted her to know that the emotion she was feeling was more important than getting a tattoo.” The client returned three months later for her tatt. ■



+
**RUNNING FROM
LIFE:** A Nebraska
teammate says
Phillips was, "one
of the most beau-
tiful runners I've
ever seen."

JED JACOBSON/GETTY



DOWNTIME

JAZZ

SPORTS

WORLD WAR I

ART

THEATER

FBI

MAN AS BLUNT INSTRUMENT

Football made Lawrence Phillips who he was. That's not a compliment

LONG BEFORE he was a sad example of promise gone awry, before he was an inmate in a maximum-security prison in California, Lawrence Phillips was the kid from Los Angeles with the big smile and bigger muscles stepping for the first time on the University of Nebraska campus in Lincoln to do the thing he was seemingly meant to do: take the handoff from his quarterback and run. Two years later, he left Lincoln as the best player on the best team in the nation; some said he was the best runner to ever play the game, a freakish combination of power and grace who could plow through a defensive tackle, then dance away from a cornerback, on his way to the end zone once again.

"One of the most beautiful runners I've ever seen," a teammate says in *Running for His Life*, a Showtime documentary about Phillips. Even more striking are the frequent references to Phillips's intellectual powers—striking because he became a brutish symbol of the inordinate privilege athletes enjoy on college campuses, the organized violence for which they are celebrated and

another, darker violence, often toward women, for which they are rarely condemned.

That's why, when the 1996 NFL draft came, many teams treated Phillips like a second-string punter. The year before, he'd dragged a girlfriend down three flights of stairs, resulting in a high-profile arrest and temporary suspension from the team. It would be well over a decade before the video of Ray Rice punching his girlfriend made domestic violence a prevailing issue in the NFL. Yet even back then, teams sensed that the yards Phillips gained wouldn't be worth the trouble he caused.

The St. Louis Rams were coming off a losing season, thus rendering the moral calculus of taking Phillips inconsequential. The team's owner, Georgia Frontiere, told her coach to draft him, dismissing concerns about his temper. She later explained her reasoning: "It helps our team. That's the only thing I care about."

INTENTIONALLY or not, *Running for His Life* is a title that echoes *The Run of His Life*, Jeffrey

BY
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Toobin's book about the O.J. Simpson trial. Despite obvious superficial differences, the fates of Phillips and Simpson were strikingly similar: two men who, in contravention of the old saw, couldn't quite leave it all on the field. Even after they retired from football, some demon linebacker kept on his pursuit.

"He was made to play football," a teary-eyed former Nebraska trainer says of Phillips, and that may have been the problem. Yet it may not be true, *Running for His Life* suggests. Compassionate toward its subject, the documentary includes testimony from those who knew Phillips, and who claim that he was much smarter, more thoughtful, than the various tropes he embodied. There are few concrete data points to this effect. An eighth-grade test, really, is the strongest evidence, which says less about Phillips than the circumstances of his youth.

Until the age of 10, he was raised in the Inglewood section of Los Angeles by a single mother whose romantic partners were often cruel to her son. One apparently urinated on Phillips. Says family friend Calvin Jones in *Running for His Life*: "You could see the anger" building inside the young man.

At 11, Phillips ran away from home, spending an entire school year living in the homes of friends or sleeping in cars. He was subsequently made a ward of the state and placed at the MacLaren Children's Center, where children were routinely abused. Another young man who spent time at MacLaren describes, on camera, how he was made to watch other children have sex.

Phillips was eventually rescued from MacLaren and put into a group home on the eastern edge of Los Angeles County. The place was an improvement, but not a significant one. What saved him was football, though it would doom him in time. He played at West Covina High and then Baldwin Park High; grainy camcorder video shows him running through defenses as if his opponents wore lead weights around their ankles. Former coaches and family friends testify to his intelligence, leaving one to wonder why he wasn't encouraged to take his education as seriously as football. They gave him the ball and told him to run, which he did so

well that all his shortcomings could be ignored.

Attracted by the battering-ram approach of coach Tom Osborne, Phillips decided to accept a scholarship to the University of Nebraska, 1,500 miles from Inglewood. *Running for His Life* has testimony from several of his teammates there that is consistent in its contradictions: a charming smile, but also a quickness to anger; a drive to win at all costs, but also an aloofness that may have been his best—his only—means of keeping at bay whatever torments festered within.

Phillips had a good freshman year, emerging in the season-ending Orange Bowl to rush for 183 yards. He was astonishing as a sophomore, a dynamo in ballet slippers, rushing for 1,722 yards and propelling the Cornhuskers to a national championship. That season also brought Phillips's first serious outburst of violence: He assaulted a Doane University student "by grabbing him around the neck" during a traffic-related altercation. There were no serious consequences for him from that attack, nor from a disturbing the peace incident several

THERE ARE NO DEMONS, JUST NEURONS.

months later. He continued to have the confidence of Osborne, who was then and is today an unflagging supporter of Phillips.

It is a cliché to talk of demons that drive us into moral error; there are no demons, just neurons. Phillips could channel some of his aggression into football—but not all of it. In the second game of the 1995 season, he mauled Michigan State, rushing for 206 yards and scoring four touchdowns. If he kept up that kind of onslaught, the Heisman would surely be his, as well as the top slot in the ensuing NFL draft.

But like those tragic heroes of ancient Greece, Phillips bore the seed of his own demise. Back in Lincoln after the Michigan State game, he discovered that his girlfriend, Kate McEwen, was spending the night at the apartment of Scott Frost, a backup quarterback who'd recently transferred from Stanford. Phillips broke into Frost's apartment and dragged McEwen out, then pulled her down three flights of stairs. *Running for his Life* includes sickening news footage that shows McEwen's blood on the lobby floor, as well as a mailbox that Phillips dented with McEwen's head.

Phillips was arrested for the assault but not



DAZE OF RAGE: Thinking some teens had stolen his wallet, Phillips plowed into them with his car. He got 10 years in prison.

kicked off the team, a decision that caused considerable controversy. Today, Osborne is 80 years old, yet the blowback from that decision clearly still troubles him. He was branded a callous coach who'd do anything to win; he argued that letting Phillips go would have been the truly callous move. A better case for keeping Phillips is made by Aaron Davis, a team-

mate who points out that reserve running back Ahman Green was having a breakout season. "Did we need Lawrence to win the national championship? No. Coach Osborne did that to save Lawrence's life, not to save wins," Davis says.

The Cornhuskers stuck with Phillips, who finished with 547 yards to which a Nebraska-sized asterisk was attached. Though hopes of a Heisman were gone, he declared for the NFL that year.

THE JOY of watching football is partly derived from the punishment it inflicts on those who play it: Nothing delights a stadium full of fans like a quarterback getting his "bell rung." The average career of a professional football player is only 3.3 years, compared with 5.6 years in Major League Baseball. For a running back, pummeled endlessly by defensive linemen, it is 2.57 years.

And then there are the concussions, a cost impossible to quantify. Last summer, researchers from the University of Michigan outfitted football players with devices that measured the intensity and frequency of hits. It turned out that running backs are more subject than any other football players to the kinds of hits that may lead to chronic traumatic encephalopathy, the brain disorder that has caused several dozen football players to kill themselves.

A few days before the Phillips documentary premiered, former Chicago Bears star running back Rashaan Salaam took his own life with a firearm. It is not known whether Salaam suffered from CTE, but his family is sure he did. Salaam won a Heisman in 1994, as Phillips was making his own bid for the same trophy at Nebraska.

St. Louis turned out, for Phillips, to be a repeat of Lincoln: early promise, eventually squandered. His 632 yards gained during his rookie season were auspicious, but midway through the following season, he was cut by head coach Dick Vermeil, who says in *Running for His Life* that Phillips had developed a drinking problem.

There followed years of wandering: a short



stint with the Miami Dolphins, a good year with the Barcelona Dragons of NFL Europe and then a return to the NFL, where he played briefly for the San Francisco 49ers. After that, it was smaller, sadder stuff: the Florida Bobcats, the Montreal Alouettes, the Calgary Stampeders. By 2003, Phillips's professional career was done.

UNLESS THEY are truly great, athletes are usually forgotten when their playing days are through. That was the certainly the case with Phillips, who by the mid-aughts was the answer to a pub trivia question. *Running for His Life* chronicles his post-NFL years, which saw him retreating into anonymity before tumbling into ignominy.

Central to this final chapter is Amaliya Weisler, an exotic dancer with whom Phillips began a relationship after moving to San Diego. Weisler describes a man at odds with the crude stereotype he lugged with him like a sack of lusterless high school trophies. At the same time, she saw him fleeing post-football reality, which is to say, the reality the rest of us must inhabit. Refusing to look for work, he spent days in her apartment, drinking. After one argument, he assaulted her, nearly choking her to death. She called the cops; he fled to Los Angeles.

A few days later, Phillips was driving by Exposition Park, on the south side of the city, when he saw some teenage boys playing pickup football. He decided to join them. When the game was done, he discovered that his wallet was missing. Phillips figured that the boys had stolen it. He got into his car and plowed into the teens. None were killed, somehow, but Phillips was arrested.

The incident was terrifying and bizarre, yet instead of sustained psychiatric help, Phillips was given punishment. For the assault in Expo Park, he received 10 years in prison. The attack on Weisler compounded his time. The onetime national champion would now be serving 31 years at the Kern Valley State Prison in central California.

IT WAS IN prison that Phillips started to show the intellectual promise of which his friends and family had so long spoken. He did this by becoming a reader—and a writer. Several scenes in *Running for His Life* have his old coaches reading his

dispatches from behind bars, frail men trying to grasp how the most gifted athlete any of them had ever seen could trade an NFL uniform for a prison jumpsuit.

California's prisons are overcrowded, full of gang members who hold inordinate sway (the state has recently taken measures to alleviate these conditions). Phillips wanted no part in these squabbles. "All they want to do is the drugs, make knives and make alcohol," he says of his fellow inmates in one letter. "Then they say when they get out they will not come back. I tell them of course you will. You are doing the same thing that got you locked up. Of course they do not want to hear that. It is like speaking to a brick wall."

At one point, Phillips wrote to a high school coach that he'd been placed in solitary confinement for refusing to share a cell with a gang member.

In early March 2015, Phillips wrote to his mother, "I feel myself very close to snapping. My anger grows daily as I have become fed up with prison. I feel my anger is near bursting and that will result in my death or the death of someone else."

About a month later, in April, Phillips was made to share a cell with Damion Soward, a known member of the Crips. Less than two days

**"I FEEL MY ANGER IS NEAR
BURSTING AND THAT WILL
RESULT IN MY DEATH OR THE
DEATH OF SOMEONE ELSE."**

later, there was a fight in the cell, and Soward was found strangled to death. The Kern County district attorney indicated that she would seek the death penalty against Phillips.

It didn't come to that. On January 13, 2016, after a preliminary hearing for the Soward murder, Phillips returned to his cell and hung himself. His lawyers believe a vengeful Kern guard may have murdered him, a hypothesis that is intriguing but not convincing.

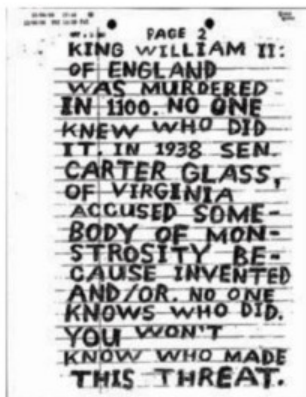
Phillips's brain is being tested for CTE, which afflicted many of the former football players who committed suicide. But reducing his fate to that ailment alone would be a disservice to his complex legacy. Before it ruined him, football elevated him. And when it was done with him, Lawrence Phillips had nowhere left to run. ■

CBS B.S.: FBI director J. Edgar Hoover ordered a file started on Safer because he was irritated about the T.V. reporter's coverage from Vietnam.



Wanted: Dead or Deader

This program files FOIA requests every time someone dies



An excerpt from a threat letter that made it to a U.S. senator's FBI file.

AN UNDERAPPRECIATED genre of writing is the Great American Celebrity FBI File. Think of government agents as taxpayer-funded paparazzi, invading the lives of private citizens for the supposed good of the country. The FBI has files on many popular figures, including John Lennon, Lucille Ball and Biggie Smalls. Many of these files are open to the public, or at least open-ish. One just has to ask for them via a Freedom of Information Act request. Not all information is free, of course. There are nine exemptions. Exemption 1, for example, locks down any files that might compromise the “interest of national security.” Exemption 6 “protects information that would constitute a clearly unwarranted invasion of personal privacy of the individuals involved.” The latter exemption becomes void when the individual in question dies.

Artist and activist Parker Higgins figured out a way to automate the process of releasing these records. No, not by murdering people; that would be terrible and time-consuming. He created a program that monitors the *New York Times* obituary section. Anytime a new article

appears, it automatically files an FOIA request. He calls it FOIA the Dead.


So far, he's released 2,136 pages of FBI records, including the files of 28 public figures, such as Morley Safer and King Bhumibol Adulyadej. Each person gets a page on the site with a brief description and scans of his or her documents. The inspiration for the project grew out of a routine. “For a long time, I had sort of internalized the act of sending a FOIA request as a marker of an admired celebrity's death,” says Higgins. “I think it was after Lou Reed died that I thought: I should really be doing this in a more standardized way, because the really surprising FBI file is naturally going to be the one that nobody expects exists.” So: automation. “A lot of the people who are showing up in the obituaries pages were active during eras of what we now consider real FBI overreach: the Red Scare, to civil rights crackdowns, to COINTELPRO and similar. In many cases, all of the above,” says Higgins. “So it's actually pretty plausible that anybody who appears in a *New York Times*

obituary in 2017 could have a file for no good reason.”

(If there's an ideal type of record to uncover, it would be something like what William T. Vollman unearthed. The author discovered, after filing an FOIA request for himself, that for a brief period, unbeknownst to him, he was suspected to be the Unabomber.)

The documents have an interesting aesthetic appeal, but more than that, there's also a meta-voyeuristic element to the project. This is about not only the subjects but also their pursuers. The files allow us, in some sense, to watch the FBI watch.

When asked about FOIA the Dead, the FBI press office told *Newsweek* it had no comment, but Higgins is fairly certain it isn't a fan. “It's pretty clear to me that they don't like the project, and some of their acknowledgment letters have started to sound a little exasperated. They have—as of [March 1]—stopped accepting emailed FOIA requests, and it's easy to speculate that has something to do with me.”

It just might be enough to spur someone in the FBI to start a file on him. 

BY
JOE VEIX
 @joeveix



A SEPULCHRE OF CRIME

Flanders Fields offers a timely place for reflection on the 100th anniversary of America's entry into World War I

WHEN I FIRST visited Flanders Fields several years ago, it was springtime. A gentle sun and puffs of soft breezes ruffled the famous red poppies among the gravestones, giving the well-kept cemeteries the aura of a peaceful resting place. When I returned last November, it was dark and rainy, far more appropriate weather, it seemed, for a place where over 850,000 soldiers were killed or wounded between 1914 and 1918, many of them gassed while they huddled in the cold mud of their trenches. As I walked along a crushed stone path circling the U.S. cemetery at Waregem, pulling close my collar in the pelting rain, I thought how lucky America had been to escape the bulk of carnage that engulfed not just Flanders but much of the civilized world in the “war to end all wars,” as President Woodrow Wilson called it.

April marks the 100th anniversary of America's relatively limited and belated involvement in a war whose causes and effects are still debated and seldom commemorated by its citizens today. Rightly so, one might say: “Only” 53,000 U.S. troops died during their 17-month deployment (another 204,000 were wounded) in a four-year-long conflict that produced nearly 38 million casualties across Europe, Russia and the Ottoman Empire.

U.S. troops didn't arrive in Belgium until June 1917, after hundreds of thousands of French, German, Belgian and British Commonwealth soldiers and civilians had already died on the West-

ern Front. Forty thousand American doughboys arrived in West Flanders, where their yuck-it-up hayseed humor and earthy braggadocio (employing alien epithets like *motherfuckers* to describe the Germans) alternately mystified and repelled their British allies. The rolling farmland around “Lepers” (or Ypres, its more commonly used French name) had already been ground up by three years of close combat. Elaborate trenches and concrete-reinforced underground battlements, the remnants of which are still visible or maintained for visitors today, rutted the fighting grounds.

Flanders had become a laboratory for new weapons—bigger, body-vaporizing artillery, clouds of murderous chlorine and mustard gas, and tunnels packed with so much TNT that some explosions could be heard across the English Channel. By war's end, every square meter of Flanders Fields had been punished with a ton of shells, according to a BBC calculation, a third of them duds. An unsettling number of bombs are still being found in the soil. In 2013, 160 tons of munitions, from bullets to 15-inch naval gun shells, were unearthed, according to a reporting team from the U.K.'s *Daily Mail* that spent time with a bomb-disposal crew. Occasionally, some still explode.

Bones, too, are still being discovered just below the surface of the meadows. Last year, work on a gas line being laid through Flanders Fields had to be stopped so archaeologists could catalog human

BY
JEFF STEIN
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+
ONE LONG GRAVE:
 The Flanders
 battlefield was
 honeycombed with
 elaborate trenches
 and underground
 battlements
 reinforced with
 concrete.





remains, utensils, pieces of uniforms, boots and weapons—"silent witnesses," local officials call them, to the brutal conflict. Their shovels also clanked against remnants of a buried German rail line and spiked leather helmets, reminders that not just Allied forces fell here. Adolph Hitler made a point of visiting the German cemetery in Langemark when the Nazis rolled through in 1940. Few Germans visit it today, my guide told me.

"The whole message we want to impart here is, no more war again," Stephen Lodewyck, coordinator of the province's World War I tourist department, told me over lunch in Ypres last November. Just down the road is the Menin Gate, an imposing, barrel-vaulted memorial to the dead and missing built by the British Commonwealth War Graves Commission in 1927. Every night at 8 o'clock, in the hard rain of winter or in the lingering sunset of a northern European summer, hundreds of solemn visitors and townsfolk gather under the thick arch for a bugler's haunting rendition of the "Last Post."

In 2015, some 365,000 Americans made the trek to Flanders, with the number expected to increase this year, despite fears over militant attacks. At least for some, no doubt, it is a triumphalist tour, celebrating another instance where U.S. troops came to Europe's rescue and tipped the bloody stalemate to victory—with virtually no cost to the home front. Siegfried Sassoon, the decorated British soldier and poet whose public revulsion for the war landed him in a psychiatric hospital, had a different view. He called the Menin Gate a "sepulchre of crime." Now, with the forces of nationalism again sweeping across not just Europe, but nuclear-armed America, Russia and China, the fields of Flanders offer an appropriate destination for reflection on what can go wrong when emotion gets the better of reason. 

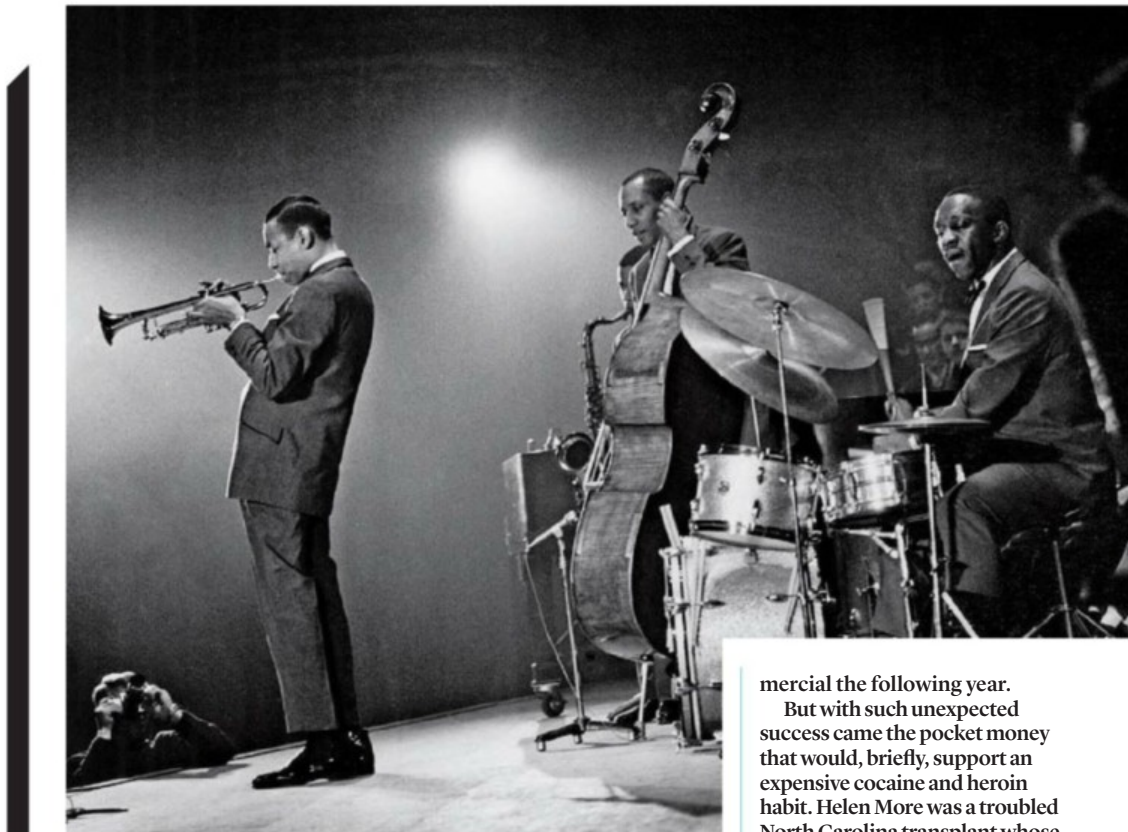
WORK ON A GAS LINE HAD TO BE STOPPED SO ARCHAEOLOGISTS COULD CATALOG HUMAN REMAINS, UTENSILS, PIECES OF UNIFORMS, BOOTS AND WEAPONS.



+ WHERE THE WORLD WENT TO DIE: Flanders was a laboratory for new weapons: body-vaporizing artillery, clouds of murderous gasses and tunnels packed with so much TNT that explosions could be heard across the Channel.

VIRGINIA MAYO/AP

GUTEN MORGAN: Morgan was just 33, and in the midst of a comeback when he was killed.



Horn of Plenty

Lee Morgan had everything you'd want in a jazz genius, and the one thing you don't want

LEAVE IT TO a Swedish documentarian to unearth a nearly forgotten chapter in the history of American jazz: the brilliant life and ugly death of trumpeter Lee Morgan—shot by his common-law wife, Helen, between sets at Slug's Saloon on Manhattan's Lower East Side in 1972. (Apparently, she was enraged by his attentions to another woman.) Morgan was only 33 when shots rang out on that snowy February night (inclement weather was blamed for the ambulance's hourlong delay—he might have otherwise survived).

Kasper Collin, whose darkly evocative *I Called Him Morgan* opens in limited release in New York City and Los Angeles on March 24, also helmed the acclaimed documentary *My Name Is Albert Ayler* (2006), about the avant-garde saxophonist whose leap into New York City's East River in 1970 put an end to another promising career.

Morgan was one of the most prodigious talents in the midcentury jazz movement known as hard bop, a funkier,

less frenetic style than the heady bebop of Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie and Thelonious Monk. He got his first trumpet on his 13th birthday and was invited to join Gillespie's cutting-edge big band when he was 18.

Recording stints with John Coltrane and Hank Mobley came soon thereafter, followed by a coveted berth in drummer Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. But like many jazzmen, Morgan succumbed to a drug habit, beginning a downward spiral that would lead him to the woman who would act as both his savior and executioner. Her recollections form the backbone of *I Called Him Morgan*, recorded on a squeaky cassette tape a month before her death in 1996. Testimony from fellow musicians fill out the story, as well as archival footage and photographs of Morgan's recording sessions for Blue Note Records. One of those albums, *The Sidewinder* (1963), was a crossover success on the R&B charts, and the title track was even used by Chrysler for a World Series com-

mercial the following year.

But with such unexpected success came the pocket money that would, briefly, support an expensive cocaine and heroin habit. Helen More was a troubled North Carolina transplant whose midtown apartment was a food-filled and booze-soaked salon for jazz musicians. That's where the trumpeter found a mother-figure after pawning his overcoat and instrument to pay for drugs. More helped him clean up, got his horn out of hock and was his mate and manager for the next decade.

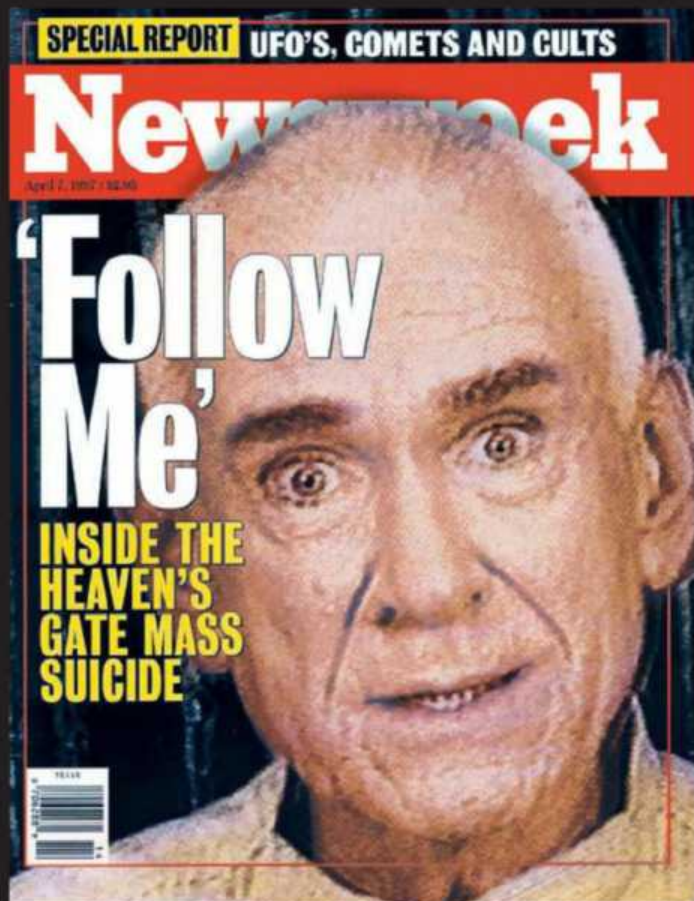
Interviews with Morgan's fellow musicians help elucidate his musical gifts, as do selections from his recordings. A personal footnote: As a teenager growing up in Detroit, I discovered Morgan's music via a great local jazz station. His lyrical bent as both composer and soloist was like cane sugar compared with Miles Davis's darker and more intimate musings, and I cherished them both as the twin towers of the jazz trumpet.

And although half of my heart belonged to the Beatles and Bob Dylan—as was required of all '60s-vintage youth—I reserved my deeper sympathy and esteem for the hard-living survivalists of the jazz community. Musicians like Lee Morgan battled personal demons, racism and crooked record companies on a daily basis and still created a sound so full of light and life it remains as fresh today as it sounded some 50-plus years ago. Stream his Blue Note album, *Cornbread*, if you need proof. Funk and grace, forever fused. **D**

BY
DAVID WEISS
@Twitter

REWIND

20
YEARS



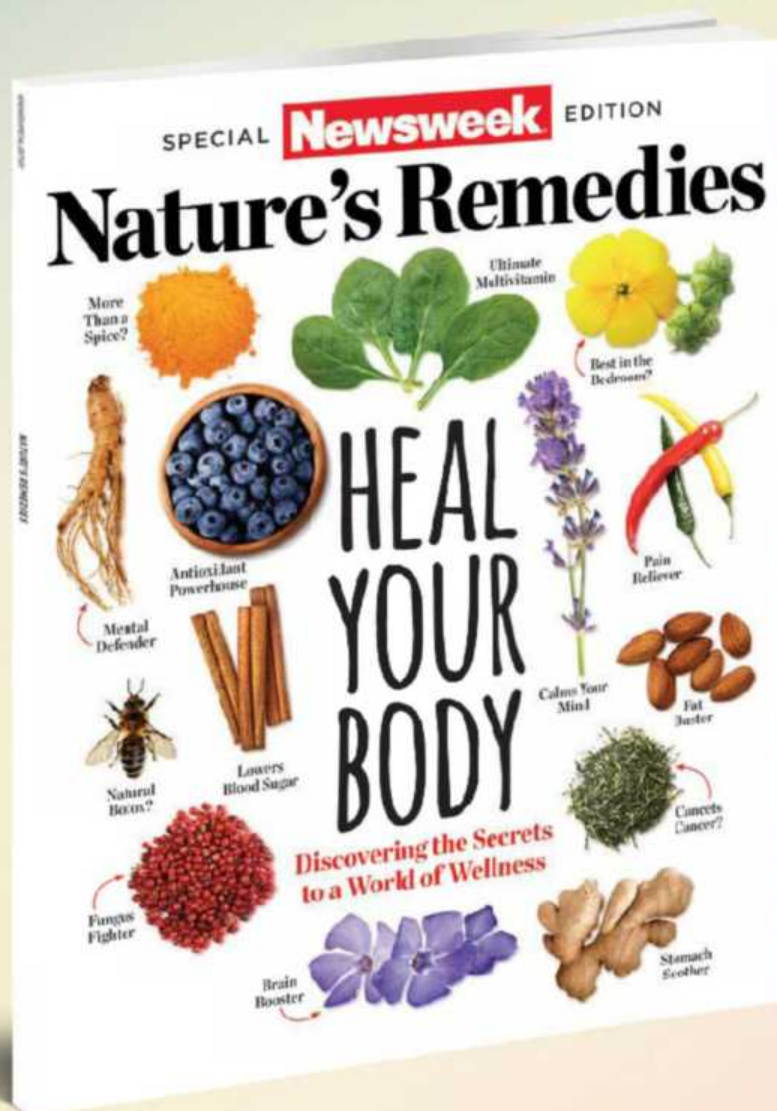
APRIL 7, 1997

FROM NEWSWEEK'S COVER
STORY ON THE MASS SUICIDE
OF THE HEAVEN'S GATE CULT

“Each of them left the earth with a \$5 bill in their pockets, plus quarters—for what? Celestial pinball? Each wore a new pair of Nike running shoes—a play

on the Nike slogan, 'Just do it'? Casual friends, who had found the cultists to be not grim but rather chipper and self-deprecating, wondered if the dead were slyly ridiculing the media storm that was sure to follow. But only the demented mock their own demise.”

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