

IDES 364
Publication Survey

Rachel Sanvido & Taeyeon Kim
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Magazine

- Wired

Audience

- Ages 20-50
- Primarily men
- Affluent
- Employed in or interested in tech industry
- Looking for new, different, exciting

General Observations

- Articles about technology, science, and entertainment
- Visually dynamic, high energy, style echoes content
- Consistent structure from issue to issue

NAVIGATION



contents page for feature articles



page for re-occurring content

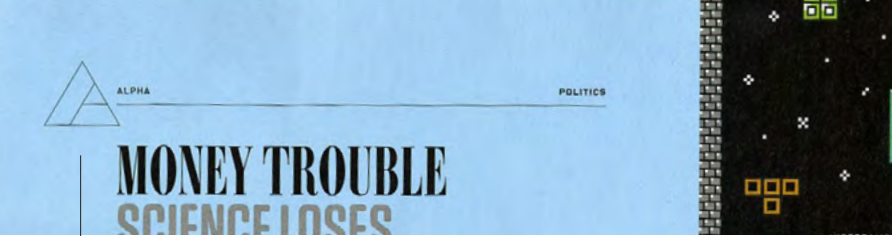
NAVIGATION



Features department head page



gadget lab department head



department head within section

FEATURES

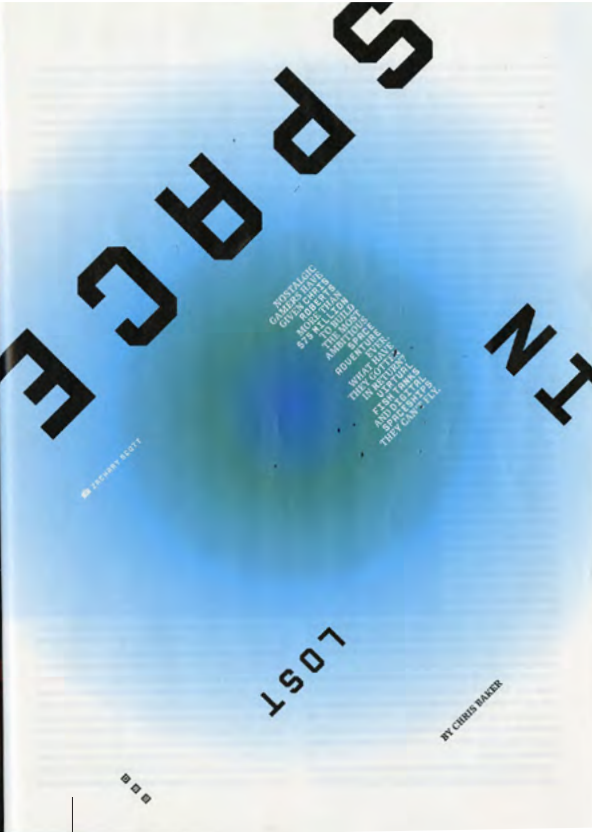


each article given different treatment



playful typography

GRIDS



diagonal grid and typography echoes content



articles can use anywhere from two to four column grids



**M—A—K—E
YOUR
L—I—F—E
EASY**

WARNING!
MAY BE MORE FUN
FOR GROWN-UPS
THAN FOR KIDS

I HAVE SO MANY CHILDREN, I DON'T HAVE TIME TO WRITE THIS ESSAY

by Jim Gaffigan

ATTACK YOUR KIDS

WITH THESE 73 TRICKS BASED ON SCIENCE, GAME THEORY, BEHAVIORAL ECONOMICS, AND COMEDY.

**T—H—E
PARENTS'
G—U—I—D—E**

The best part of having five kids is that you get to abdicate a lot of responsibility. There are just too many kids to manage everything. I figure all I have to do is go two for five—just get two of them to turn out not horribly messed up. This takes the pressure off. You might not be so lucky. But no matter how many children you have, remember to pace yourself. Don't make it too hard. Find ways to get what you need while also keeping them alive.

Take science. Science is really important. So combine it with one of your own interests for a real-world learning opportunity! I like to take my kids to Katz's Deli for pastrami and go, "Daddy loves this restaurant, but the next time maybe we should try pastrami at the Second Avenue Deli, because they shave it a little thinner." See? I taught them about science by telling them a little bit about myself and comparing the different types of pastrami.

OK, so it's not exactly being a tiger mom. I'm not a helicopter parent. I'm more of a drone parent. But look, we can't shelter our kids against everything. What's that thing where they don't expose kids to screens at all? Waldorf? A lot of parents fear that kids get too much exposure to iPads and iPhones and such. You're going to lose that battle. Even homework is on screens now. So, I'm doing this elaborate experiment where I'm exploring something I'm calling a Waldorf salad. We expose the kids to a big jumble of screens, all at once. Who knows! Maybe it will overwhelm them and they'll lose interest. Or maybe it won't and these kids will have their own shows on Adult Swim one day—they need to be familiar with age-inappropriate animation.

Sure, you're gonna have some guilt. Just ignore it. Don't get worked up about how screens are neglectful, how not playing flash-card games with them is neglectful, or how neglect is neglectful. And definitely don't feel guilty about that time you missed the father-daughter square dance because you were working on your TV show about how crazy it is having five kids and being a stand-up comedian. Definitely don't feel guilty about that. I mean, any kid could go all mini-lawyer and get their parent found guilty of neglect, right? Any kid could present a strong case if they wanted to. So just take your kids to a baseball game. Whether or not any of you want to go, take them. It will look good in court later. Sports are important like that. One time, my son and I bought a handball at a bodega and I was like, yeah, we're going to do handball. We're like Larry King as a child in the 1940s. So we got the ball, he threw it against the wall, it immediately went into the street, and I said to him, "That's it, that's how you play handball." We had the \$2 ball for maybe 25 seconds. I was like, we could find it or we could move on to the jungle gym. No activity actually goes how you planned it, and that's the good part.

There are bad parts. Say you go to bed late, but you have to get up early. That's when a kid will appear in your bedroom covered in throw-up. That's when I act like I'm asleep. I'm the sleeping-tiger dad.

MICROWAVE YOUR OWN HOME-BREWED FRISBEE

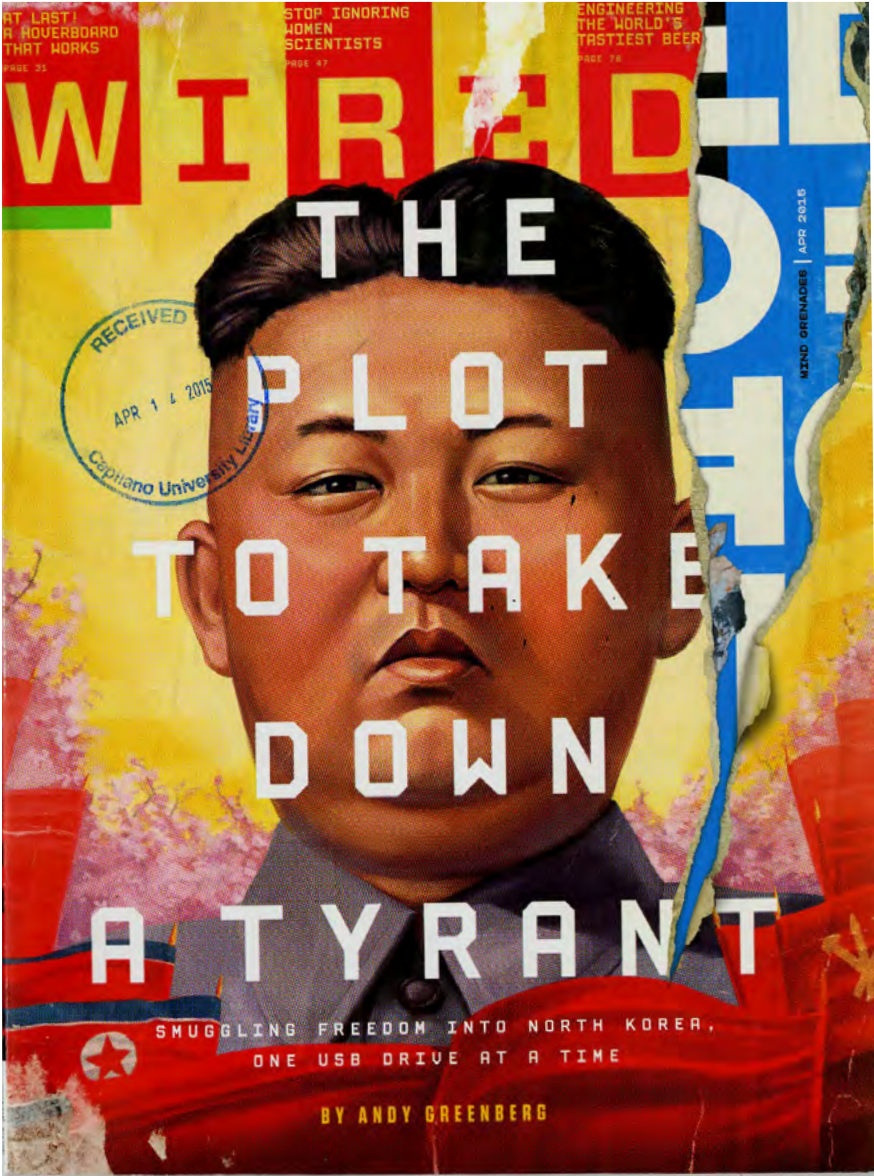
One good flick of the wrist and a Frisbee is marooned on the neighbor's roof—or, worse, has traveled a great, exhausting distance. Save your precious energy with these slightly crappy homemade throwing discs. Bonus: You can modify endlessly to demonstrate various aerodynamic principles. The tinkering is half the fun.

—KEITH VERONESE

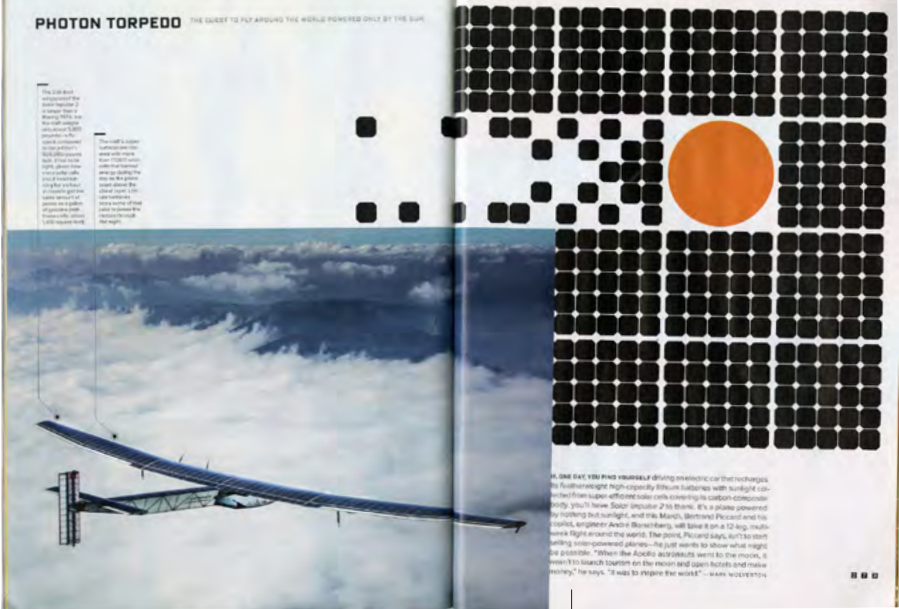
- Combine 5 drops of oil (any kind will do, including bacon grease) with 2 tablespoons of cornstarch in a ziplock. Mix.
- Add 2 tablespoons of water, then reseal the bag and knead. Food dye is optional.
- Empty the liquid into a microwave-safe bowl and heat for 20 to 25 seconds. (Shorter heating time = a flexible, floppy disc; increased nuking = a brittle, more breakable disc that flies farther.)
- Smooth over imperfections and score portions of the disc you plan to remove while it is still in the bowl. (Try making a hole in the center or cutting the disc into an X shape to see what happens.)
- Let it cool for one hour, pop it out, and fling!

Jim Gaffigan is the star of *The Jim Gaffigan Show*—now in its second season on TV Land—which he writes and executive-produces with his wife. His neglected kids range in age from 3 to 12.

TYPOGRAPHY



techy sans serif used throughout publication



awkward spacing



drop cap too far away from body text

SIDEBARS

pull quote treatment varies according to article

in Shanghai during World War II and marooned, for years, in a Japanese internment camp. It is, effectively, one long, cinematic disillusioning. To describe it as a movie about the loss of innocence is an understatement; it's a slow, brutalizing crucifixion of the very idea of childhood as a special, protected state. While promoting the film, Spielberg frequently discussed its themes in disarmingly personal terms. He called it "an exorcism"—on himself. Having recently turned 40, he told *The New York Times*, "I really had to come to terms with what I've been tenaciously clinging to, which was a celebration of a kind of naiveté." He added, "I want to stop having kids on the screen and start having them in real life." And he referred to films he'd recently been producing (this was the era of *The Money Pit* and *An American Tail*) as "sugar substitutes." "I've gagged on it myself," Spielberg said. Already, he was talking up the Holocaust movie he wanted to make and that, six years later, would prove he'd matured, shattering the narrow perception of him as a director: *Schindler's List*.

But when I met Spielberg in Manhattan this spring, in his 70th year, it was clear that he's made peace with all his artistic impulses. So many of his films have continued to be threaded with threatened innocence, from family films like *Hook*—his retelling of *Peter Pan*—to science fiction. (In *Minority Report*, Tom Cruise looks for any trace of his abducted son. In *A.I.*, there's the gut-wrenching wanderings of the abandoned android child, Haley Joel Osment.) Even straightforward action blockbusters like *War of the Worlds* and *Jurassic Park* have revolved around parents (or surrogate parents) struggling to protect their kids. And yet Spielberg talks about *The BFG* as finally being an opportunity to lose that edge and freely revel again in the innocence his films often undermine.

"To me, it was just a wonderland," he says. "It was an opportunity to enter Giant Country and to enter Dream Country." The new film may parallel, or even bookend, *E.T.* in obvious ways. Both are stories about a symbiotic friendship, created by a similar symbiosis of director and screenwriter. "I see both *E.T.* and *BFG* as being about the nurturing of childhood," Spielberg explains. "It's a celebration of the privileges of childhood and all the things you can get away with when you're a kid."

QUICK ASIDE about Roald Dahl, author of *The BFG*, who seems to have lived a life of spirit-obliterating misfortune: Dahl was a weird, accident-prone child who, according to his biographer, Donald Sturrock, seemed more attached to his collection of bird eggs than to other people. When he was 3 years old, his older sister died. His father, bereft, went shortly after that. As a kid, his nose was torn off in a car accident. The nose was reattached, but, as the critic Sam Anderson puts it, Dahl simply couldn't fight back the "toxic tsunami of bad luck" cresting over him. As a young pilot in the Royal Air Force, he crashed during his very first combat flight. Then, splayed half-conscious on the sweltering floor of the Libyan desert with a cracked skull, he discovered that the malfunctioning machine guns on his plane had started firing at him.

Both Spielberg and Dahl buttressed themselves against their childhood traumas with their imaginations. But Dahl's barrier, understandably, couldn't completely hold. There were just too many calamities, and they seem to have shaped him in ugly ways. By adulthood he was prone to misogyny, racism, and anti-Semitism and was often unpleasant at parties. Spielberg would always be drawn toward redemption—that moment you wake up from the bad dream. Dahl went the other way. His dying words were literally "Ow, fuck!" because, even at the end, some nurse was stabbing him with a needle.

And yet Dahl was able to channel that darkness to write stories that children loved. His work was morbid, vicious, and full of cruel and dreary adults. James—the boy with the Giant Peach—is beaten by his aunts after a rhinoceros eats his parents. In *The Twits*, a hideous married couple engage in a sick arms race of hateful tricks against each other. Then there's Willy Wonka, that creepily infantilized sadist who, like the foreman in some Upton Sinclair industrial dystopia, hardly pauses to watch as a child is mutated into a massive berry on his factory floor and then wheeled off by his enslaved minions to be juiced. (The girl was a whiny brat, but still: A time-out would have done.) *The BFG*, in which giants abduct orphans and digest them, is probably one of Dahl's least dark books.

The tale spilled out of him quickly in 1981, during a rare period of wonderful feelings about the world. He was coming out of a long despair triggered by the death of his 7-year-old daughter, Olivia,

from measles encephalitis. He was writing energetically again and trying to give his four surviving children the idyllic childhood that had escaped him. "There was a tragic era," his youngest daughter remembered, "and there was my era, which was calm and lovely."

But the character of the Big Friendly Giant originated in stories that Dahl told his children years earlier, still in the throes of that painful time. This was after Olivia had died, and also after Dahl's first wife, the actress Patricia Neal, had suffered a stroke. The Dahls' marriage was now slowly breaking apart, and Dahl "sought solace in the company of his two younger children," a way to escape "from his own anxieties into a world of youthful innocence and fantasy." The BFG lived in the family's orchard, supposedly, and used a long wooden pipe to blow pleasant dreams through the window. One night Dahl went so far as to stand on a ladder, slip a bamboo cane through his children's curtains while they were falling asleep, and make a loud, breathy whooshing sound. The girls knew it was him, but didn't have the heart to tell him. One daughter remembers, "He seemed to me, even then, to have a vulnerable core. So I said nothing."

Dahl was 6'5"—a giant. And, standing on that ladder, he was trying, tenderly, to infect those little girls' lives with magic. But secretly, they were actually taking care of him.

He was living the same story he was writing.

HAT'S THE ever-shifting relationship at the core of *The BFG* too—precisely what, in Mathison's script, gave Spielberg his old familiar feeling. The bond between Sophie and the Giant is nuanced and richly scrambled: Each nurtures, protects, and learns from the other. It's a complicated dynamic that's difficult to capture on film, and Spielberg was faced with the additional, technical challenge of having one of those characters be 20 feet taller than the other.

Ultimately he enlisted Weta Digital to solve the problem of scale. A team led by four-time Oscar-winning visual effects artist Joe Letteri devised a way to film Mark Rylance as a motion-captured giant that wouldn't limit Spielberg during shooting and, even more important, wouldn't overburden or alienate his actors from each other. It was an amalgam of high-tech tricks and equally ingenious low-tech ones. Many scenes were shot on three parallel, identical sets, built at different scales, on a soundstage in Vancouver. There was, for example, a set of the BFG's cottage as Sophie would experience it, where actress Ruby Barnhill was placed on a tremendous table, dwarfed by humongous beakers and snozzycumbers, and Rylance would stand on a 20-foot gantry beside her to preserve the proper eye-line between them. And then there was a smaller version of the same cottage, where Rylance, standing on his own two feet, would tower over miniature beakers and snozzycumbers, and Barnhill would be tucked into some low nook on her knees.

"Everything was designed—the entire production was designed—for two actors to be constantly in eye contact with each other,"

"A
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IN—A
MOVIE!"

Spielberg says. "That was essential." Barnhill was 10 when shooting started, and this was her first film. "I knew immediately," Spielberg explains, "that Ruby was going to need as much authenticity as we could create for her." No normal child can be expected to carry on poignant conversations with a clay maquette or a tennis ball hanging in front of green screen to approximate the location of a digital giant's face. "I knew that if Mark could always see Ruby's eyes when he was acting, and Ruby could always see Mark's eyes, that they would find companionship and authenticity."

Directing children is its own art form and one Spielberg seems to have thought about deeply. Producer Frank Marshall says, "He's able to make them trust him and relax, and deliver these incredible performances—often with barely any training, like Ruby." Or like Drew Barrymore in *E.T.* or Christian Bale in *Empire of the Sun*. "He becomes a kid himself."

Barnhill told me that when they began shooting *The BFG*, "I literally felt lost. I was shaking with nerves." She was 4,500 miles away from her home in England. There were 300 people on set. She had her own makeup artist and a driver named Cindy. It was freaky. But Spielberg freed her to improvise dialog and doted on her, constantly checking if she needed a break. It related her, made her feel less powerless in that otherwise disorienting, regimented environment. ("You can't release a kid to be themselves if you

have strict rules," Spielberg says.) And gradually, Barnhill opened up. She began chatting up Spielberg and all his department heads, fascinated by every aspect of their process. Soon she was showing them films she'd started shooting on her phone and editing on a laptop in her trailer. ("She made three movies in the span of time it took me to make one," Spielberg says.) Barnhill told me, "I don't want to be an actress anymore. I'd like to be a director. I don't think I'll ever be as brilliant as Steven is, though." She calls him "a second father."

Spielberg seems to feel an almost chastening responsibility to keep his young stars feeling this free and safe. He understands that they're still guileless, with a thinner buffer between themselves and their characters than veteran, grown-up actors, and that he, as their director, is forced to manipulate volatile emotions that these children are only beginning to understand and control. He explains, "I've worked with kids my entire career and parented seven children. I know that kids can't fake the truth." Good performances are often only extensions of a child's genuine feeling in the moment.

On *E.T.* for example, Spielberg made a point of shooting the movie chronologically, so the kids were living the story day by day. "By the end of the film," he explains, when each character stepped forward to say goodbye to *E.T.* on the ramp of his craft, "those tears were real. Because they were all going home." It was like the last day of camp; their time together was done. Drew Barrymore cried hardest. She was only 6 and had taken to sitting beside the animatronic *E.T.* prop during breaks, telling it her secrets. When the shoot was over, Spielberg bought her a kitten. | CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

ALL THE FEELS

One of Spielberg's great gifts is the ability to immerse an audience in childhood emotions through his young actors. Here's a look at some of his most powerful kid scenes and why they get us every time. —LEXI PANDELL



Jaws

Dinner table copycat.

Consumed by the attack, Dad is snapping back to his family by his son's misery. It's innocence by the face of horror, and Dad means the comic relief as much as he do.



E.T.

Rise in the sky.

Elliott's eyes go wide, then squeeze shut as he realizes he and his bike basket cargo are toast—just before they lift off. The emotion plays out on his face, making us wavy and then glib.



Hook

Grown-up Peter Pan.

The Lost Boys don't recognize a now aged Peter, so they pull back his wrinkles to analyze his face. It's a kid's version of determining identity—and it reminds Peter who he is.



Jurassic Park

Velociraptors in the kitchen.

The power of this scene comes from an older sister's bravery, attracting the raptor's attention away from her brother with the bang of a knife, when she is just as terrified as he is.



Schindler's List

Girl in the red coat.

The girl hiding under a bed, covering her ears, cuts right to the unshakable safety of the Holocaust. You can't help but imagine your kid still hiding, desperately afraid.

SYNERGY & CONTRAST

For as cavalier as Ahmad sounds, he's not actually a cad. His social media liaisons rarely result in actual hookups. In fact, he often doesn't meet the girls in real life. It's like how 19-year-old Sidney Royel Selby III from Brooklyn, better known by his stage name "Designer," boasts in his platinum-selling track "Panda" that he's "got broods in Atlanta." Later, in an interview with *Billboard*, he clarified that he'd talked to the girl in question on Facebook. "I've never been to Atlanta," he said. "She just said she was from ATL, so I was like, 'All right—I got broods in Atlanta.' It's real life, you feel me?"

For teens, texts and snaps and video calls are real life, the equivalent of walking around in the mall for hours in the olden times, trying to catch the eye of a hottie in the food court. As much as technology has changed the way we talk, think, and do things, some key teen problems are as they've always been. "I would trade my phone right now for a car," Ahmad says. "In a heartbeat."

For now Ahmad will have to keep most of his flirtations digital. And one method of conversation that ensures no one loses juice is to flirt by way of a Snapchat streak.

Snapchat, the social media platform that launched in 2011 and is valued at \$20 billion, has become a line in the sand for many adults, the wildly popular app they

refuse to adopt. For the uninitiated, in very broad strokes, this is how Snapchat works: You snap pictures or videos of yourself and your friends and update them to your "story." Or you can send private texts, pictures, and videos to your list of friends individually.

On Snapchat there are "lenses," which are a little like Instagram filters but way more elaborate. There's a bug-eyed one where you barf rainbows. One makes you look like a golden cheetah; another surgically augments you to be just slightly prettier. If you harbor the suspicion that you'd look better with rhinoplasty or a chin implant, this filter will confirm it. But the feature that sets Snapchat apart is that 24 hours after you post it to your story, it disap-

AHMAD IS NOT ACTUALLY A CAD. HIS SOCIAL MEDIA LIAISONS RARELY RESULT IN ACTUAL HOOKUPS.



pears. This significantly lessens the pressure for everyone. For kids who are taught about digital footprints from grade school on and are regaled with cautionary tales of exemplary students who lost scholarships or college entrance because of party pictures posted to Facebook, Snapchat is easy fun. Silly, even. A quality that all other social media apps apparently lack. There's no editing, and the backdrops for the most part are pedestrian. "I'll just send a picture of a shoe," says one teen I talked with. "They'll send their ceiling back, just to keep the streak going." The point is that everyone's Snapchats all kind of suck.

For a streak, you send a friend a direct snap. It's got to be a picture or a video; texts don't count. They have to respond within 24 hours with their own picture or video. After two consecutive days you get a flame emoji by your friend's username. Continue the volley of private messaging and the flame emoji shows a number denoting the length of the streak. If you're about to lose the streak from inactivity, a sand timer appears to add pressure. Ahmad currently has three streaks going.

"Streaks are a big deal," says Sofia, though the twins don't use them for romantic pursuits. "For someone you're really close with, you can have a 50-day streak," she says. "But someone you're friends with but don't hang out with every weekend—maybe you know each other from past schools—it's a 10-day streak."

All the teens agree that people rarely bother with each other's "stories." It all goes down in the DMs, because that's where streaks happen. The teens I talk to have anywhere from two to 12 streaks going at the same time. They all say it feels a bit like a chore but that it's the perfect level of communication with someone you might not feel close enough to for texting. Most of the dispatches are unflattering images of close-up faces that require about as much effort as an emoji but feel infinitely less generic. If texts are for pressing logistics, snaps are to let someone know you're thinking of them but perhaps not that hard. It's OK to send the same snap to a few friends, but it's considered rude to send someone a snap privately that you've put on your story. "That's the worst," they all agree.

Snaps are made for light flirtations. "It's normal for a guy to Snapchat a girl first," Sofia says. "You wait for the guy," confirms Lara. Neither girl is looking to date right now, but a senior in their magazine class, Brooke, jumps in.

"After 10 minutes, if he's not replying, I think he's busy," says Brooke. "It depends if he opens it or not. If he doesn't open it, I don't care." This, however, is the point at which you check to see if he's updated his public-facing story. If he's ignoring your snap but otherwise active, it's a huge blow to future prospects.



Social Media Don'ts

You're only as relevant as you are clued in. Don't be a social pariah—avoid the hellscape of awkward behavior and secondhand embarrassment by never, ever breaking these ironclad rules. —M.H.K.C.



Never unlike an accidental deep like on Instagram, no matter how old the post. If your stalker has push notifications set up, it only makes it worse.



Never send nudes, even to your bae, because they're the ones who leak them.



Never post anything personal to your Facebook wall. Or anyone else's for that matter. Only snitches and teachers look at Facebook.



Never post something on your Snapchat story and also use it in a private message to someone you care about—it's insulting.



Never post food on your Instagram. Nobody cares, and only old people do it. Food on Snapchat is OK though.



Never screengrab a Snapchat, especially not a private snap, because the app will tell the sender and it's awkward, or worse, shady.



Never post boring back-to-back selfies. Selfies to prove Miles Teller was eating at your restaurant are admissible, as are vacation selfies if you're traveling somewhere beautiful.



Never hold up your entire group of friends in real life trying to capture a perfect Instagram pose. Nobody cares.



Never ODR (open don't reply) on Snapchat. Unless someone ODRs you first. If they ODR you first, wait double the length of time they ODR'd you before snapping them back.



Never double-snap anyone you're interested in. It lacks chill.



Never like and comment on a bunch of old posts to show interest. It means you're a total stalker and will have to be ignored. Only like or comment on their most recent post. Obviously.



Bonus rule for parents of teens: Never comment on your teen's page without asking permission or else it will be deleted. Your kid will feel bad, but you will have had it coming.

IMAGERY TREATMENT

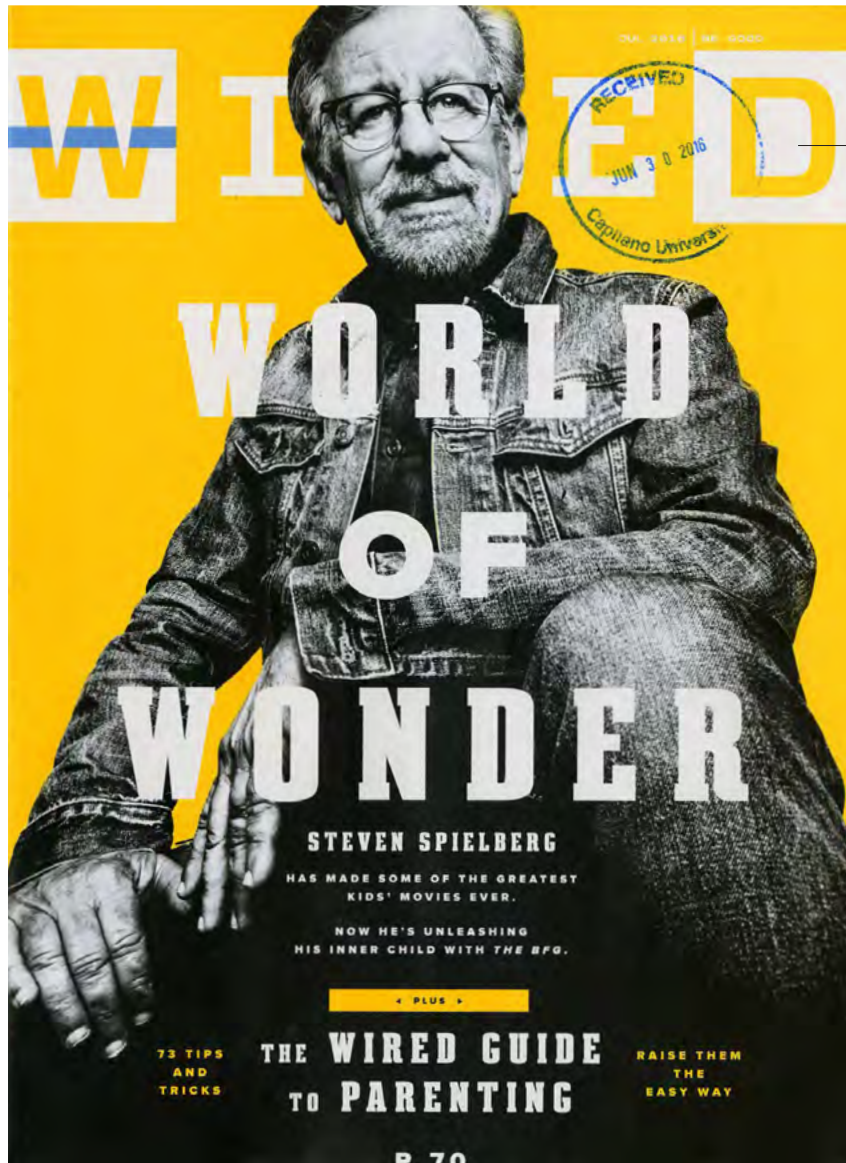


image interacts with mast head



Magazine

- Esquire

Audience

- Men
- Ages 25 - 50+
- Affluent, educated, successful

General Observations

- Wide range of topics about style, culture, entertainment, money
- Content heavy
- Limited use of negative space
- Despite covering a variety of topics, the magazine is well-organized

NAVIGATION - FOB

CULTURE



CONTINUED rom-com for sloppy drunk women and high-fiving dudes alike—with Judd Apatow, no less—and persuade LeBron James, master of unapologetic world domination, to appear in it? Who else could go from starring on an obscure sketch-comedy show—recently picked up for a fifth season, no less—to winning an Emmy, hosting *Saturday Night Live*, and posing made for Annie Leibovitz, all in a single year?

But the mayavens see only the trappings and entitlements. Who gets a shout-out from Jennifer Lawrence, immediately becomes her BFF, then cowrites a buddy comedy with her—but not before Instagramming their bikini-clad Hampton vacation with old high school pals? Answer: the comic who joked that women—or at least Kate Upton—can't be beautiful and funny. Who gets a Clintonian advance for an essay collection? Answer: the woman whose life we used to think was just like ours.

That's the thing: She was one of us. Then she became famous and rich (because of how much she was one of us). Meanwhile, we—well...

We called her fat when she posed in even more bathing-suit photos; joked about spending the night with her as she accepted awards (as a blogger did via Twitter at the

Critics' Choice Awards), and self-molested her on the street as she jugged, then reportedly got angry when she asked us to stop (as a fan in South Carolina did a couple months back). Of course, Schumer's rise is the sort of cultural absurdity that she eviscerates on *Inside Amy Schumer*. Earlier this year, she shocked headline writers by tipping the bartenders at *Hamilton* \$1,000—then quickly topped that “news” with a skit in which she corners Lin-Manuel Miranda to listen to her own “historical wig-and-kneesock-people” hip-hop about Betty Ross. She's better at calling bullshit on herself than we are.

That skit, at its core, addressed a recurring theme in Schumer's work: the constant quest for male approval. Indeed, for all her femininity—the skit celebrating Julia Louis-Dreyfus's “Last Fuckable Day” in Hollywood household—named Schumer—her comedy has often been about a woman who wants and needs men. That's partly why men love her so much: They're into the idea of a pushy, outspoken, balls-out woman who still craves men—badly.

But Schumer still likes to use her brain, even when she thinks with her audience's dicks. Last season's “12 Angry Men” inside Amy Schumer's



AMY SCHUMER
Clockwise from top left: Schumer as a home-shopping host selling a gun to a suspended terrorist in an episode of *Inside Amy Schumer*; as the titular character of “The World's Most Interesting Woman in the World”; on the cover of her forthcoming book, *Out of Costume*.

sketch, in which Paul Giamatti and others debated whether she was “hot enough to be on TV,” was the apex of this dude-cursed world. And in her 2015 HBO special, directed by Chris Rock, she joked, “I’m labeled a sex comic. Like, in interviews, people are always like, ‘So, you keep talking about sex. And I’m like, ‘I think it’s just because I’m a girl.’ I feel like a guy could get up here and literally pull his dick out and everybody would be like, ‘He’s a thinker!’”

That's a joke with a valid point about gender stuck in its chewy center, and also may be a sign of things to come. Lately, Schumer has seemed determined to take the issues on which she's built her brand more seriously than ever.

Sure, that seriousness sometimes means fewer laughs. But Schumer still likes to use her brain, even when she thinks with her audience's dicks. Last season's “12 Angry Men” inside Amy Schumer's

problems that face a superstar a little too earnestly. (Over so, her parody of TMZ as the domain of villains and blood-thirsty ghouls was spot-on.)

But she now has the power to do whatever the hell she wants, and she's going to use it. She will no longer be America's booty call. She can ignore fans on the street, voice her strong opinions about gun control, and take on “serious” acting if she feels like it.

In other words, Amy Schumer is no longer “relatable.” She will not make herself apologetic and daffy and mediocre just to suit America's comfort level. She's happy. Amy Schumer doesn't want to be an It Girl. She just wants to be herself. ■

Heather Havrilesky is the author of “How to Be a Person in the World: Ask Polly’s Guide Through the Paradoxes of Modern Life” (out July 12, Doubleday).



Introducing our sleek new size. Our 700mL bottle fits everywhere—cup holders, treadmills, your lifestyle.

NAVIGATION - FOB

M CULTURE A H B

DRINKING

By DAVID WONDRICH

A Buzz with a Bang

TWO OF CIVILIZATION'S FAVORITE DRUGS OF CHOICE—CAFFEINE AND ALCOHOL—WILL TAKE YOU ON A SUMMER VACATION

IN AMERICA, we drink our coffee in coffee shops and our alcohol in bars, most of which serve coffee only as an antidote, unless it's Saint Paddy's Day. The stimulant and the depressant rarely meet—even more rarely with ice. Other parts of the world, though, don't draw this distinction. We've been missing out—there are fine summer-time drinks worth knowing.

If you've ever spent time in the coffee-drinking regions of Europe, where cafés double as bars and bars double as cafés, you've beheld them: coffee drinks in tumblers and even cocktail glasses, each chilled and then perching, glistening in the late-morning or mid-afternoon sun on a white-cloth table in a piazza frozen in history, the edge of its bearer's energy just slightly rounded off. Mind sharpened; body and time at ease.

The greatest of these coffee-cocktail unions is Italy's icy, creamy, foam-topped caffè shakerato. It is perfectly simple espresso and rich simple syrup (made with demerara sugar or Sugar in the Raw) shaken with ice and strained into a martini glass. It often comes without the spirit—and in such a form

which features ten-odd drinks with coffee as a full-on cocktail ingredient. The drinks are, for the most part, delicious (particularly the Tappi smash).

But you don't have to go that far. Do as the Italian baristas do and slip a shot of rum or brandy into your espresso on a hot summer day. Sweeten and chill it if you choose. Either way, suddenly you'll be living in the best of both worlds: tipsy but awake enough to enjoy it.

WHERE IN THE WORLD TO ORDER A SHAKERATO

Rome
Sapore
Lustacchio II
Caffè
02 Piazza Saveri
Esterhazy, 077-39-08-6480-2043
New York City
Dante
70-81 MacDougal
Street
212-982-9275

Milan
Pasticceria
Mancini
11a Via Santa Maria
alla Porta
077-39-02-862770

THE CAFFÈ SHAKERATO

Combine in a cocktail shaker:

- 2 shots (2 to 3 oz) espresso, hot or cold (this is why you need a Nespresso machine)
- 1 tsp rich simple syrup, or more to taste
- 1 oz strong, funky rum, like Smith & Cross (optional)

Fill the shaker with ice, shake vigorously, and strain into a large, chilled 1930s-style martini glass. Garnish, if you're the garnishing type, with a little strip of lemon peel. Consider adding ½ oz cream, which will, paradoxically, reduce the foam. Sit outside. Sip. Imagine you're in a piazza. Or beyond.

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RED MENTHOL

CIGARETTES

CIGARETTES

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Newport

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38 ESQUIRE

30 ESQUIRE / AUGUST 2016

NAVIGATION - FOB

CULTURE

DRINKING

By DAVID

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36 ESQUIRE

30 ESQUIRE / AUG

FOOD

Friendly Fire

TIME TO FAN THE EMBERS OF A NEWLY PERFECTED APPROACH TO EATING YOUR VEGETABLES. GRILL THEM.

WE THINK OF VEGETABLES as delicate, often mushy things. Flame your grandmother. "The way she cooked them," says chef John Fraser (right), "it didn't create texture, just a lot of steam. What vegetables really need is a char—that's why we all love Brussels sprouts now, when they're burned." At Nic, his vegetable-focused New York restaurant, Fraser and his staff use a wok and a tandoor to heat things at a high level. But at home, especially during the summer, your grill is ideal for "unlocking vegetable" flavors. Here, Fraser devised three grill-ready preparations exclusively for Esquire, so you can eat vegetables not because they're good for you but because they taste good. —JASON ADAMS

died down a bit on your grill, bury the pouch in the coals. Leave the beets in the coals for approximately 3 hours or until tender when tested with a small knife. Cut the beets into quarters. Remove the skins from the onions and garlic. Combine 1 bunch of watercress (remove the woody bottom stems) with the onions, garlic, and beets in a bowl. Slowly drizzle with balsamic vinegar and olive oil, then season with salt and top with crumbled goat cheese.

JOHN FRASER
 Chef at
 Dovetail,
 Napa Valley (at the
 Standard hotel),
 and now Nic.
 All located in
 New York City
 Specialty:
 Vegetable
 alchemy.
 Nic's restaurant:
 Nic x Hudson,
 the 1993 U.S.
 Supreme Court
 case that formally
 declared that the
 tomato is a vegetable, not a fruit.

GRILLED AVOCADO TOAST, CHERRY TOMATOES, SOFT-HERB VINAIGRETTE

Peel and core 2 avocados, then slice. With a pastry brush, spread olive oil on the avocado and 4 slices of sourdough bread. Grill the avocado on all sides to an even char. Place in a bowl. Mash with the back of a fork. In a separate bowl, combine 16 cherry tomatoes and ¼ cup each capers, parsley, dill, and chives. Lightly toast the bread on the grill. Top each slice with the avocado mash and tomato-and-herb mix. Drizzle with sherry vinegar and extra-virgin olive oil. Sprinkle with Aleppo pepper and coarse sea salt.

BURIED-BEET SALAD

Wash a dozen baby red beets. Place the beets, 12 cipollini onions, garlic, thyme, a drizzle of olive oil, and a sprinkle of salt onto aluminum foil. Fold into a pouch by sealing the sides. When the fire has

34 ESQUIRE / AUGUST 2016

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NAVIGATION - FOB

M CULTURE A H B


M DRINKING A H B


M FOOD A H B


M SPORTS A H B


M BINGE-READING IT'S ABOUT TO BE A THING.


36 ESQUIRE
30 ESQUIRE / AUG
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36 ESQUIRE / AUGUST 2016

CULTURE



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By DAVID



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FOOD

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GRILLED AVOCAD HERB VINAIGRETT Peel and core 2 avoc brook, spread olive o of sourdough bread, an even char. Place i a fork. In a separate f- toos and 1/2 cup each. Lightly toast the bee with the avocado n Drizzle with sherry v Sprinkle with Aleppo

BURIED-BEET SAL Wash a dozen baby cipollini onions, gar oil, and a sprinkle of into a pouch by sealin

SPORTS



Going for the G-g-g-g-ohhhhhh-ld

THE MOTTO for the Games of the XXXI Olympiad, which kick off August 5 in Rio de Janeiro, is *Viva san patxelo*, or "Live your passion." The International Olympic Committee has apparently taken that directive to heart and procured 450,000 condoms for the 10,500 athletes staying in the Olympic Village. That works out to 2.68 condoms per athlete per day, available for free in the dorms.

It's as if the IOC has created a shadow Olympics that will take place in a parallel nocturnal cosmos. Spikes and troughs in demand will correlate with the competition schedule. The men and women who will have the toughest time meeting their daily quota will be the pentathletes. Their multiple events drag them all over the place, from the swimming pool to the equestrian field to the shooting range. The upside is that if there's a day when a competitor doesn't use a condom, then he or she has four or five in reserve for the next day. That should be a suitable ration for even the most robust sexual athlete.

A quick note to the coaches of the U.S. swim team: Mandatory bed checks might be in order. The happy return of American superstar Michael Phelps would have—in an ordinary Olympic year—depleted the entire team's supply without affecting the gold count. But Phelps has acquired



By GUY MARTIN

The five colors of the Olympic rings were designed by Pierre de Coubertin to be easily reproducible in condom form.

THANKS TO THE INTERNATIONAL OLYMPIC COMMITTEE, OUR ATHLETES IN RIO WILL BE WELL SUITED FOR THE BOINKFEST THAT IS THE OLYMPIC VILLAGE

Four hundred and fifty thousand condoms is far and away the most ever ordered for an Olympic Games. The IOC gave out just 150,000 condoms for the tweedy, pukka London Games. It has tripled down for Rio, and admirably so, especially in light of the new mosquito-borne Zika scourge, which we now know can be sexually transmitted. But it seems unlikely that it's just Zika that has given us 40 condoms per jock in Rio. In London, about 14 condoms per athlete for two weeks, or one a day, was sufficient. No word yet on the calculations for 2020 in Tokyo, but with nothing like Copacabana Beach anywhere near town, I'd wager that the IOC will toe a more modest procurement line.

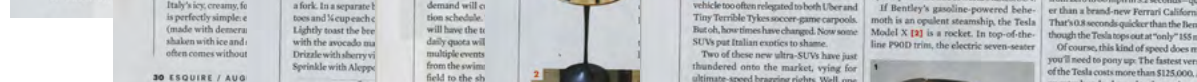
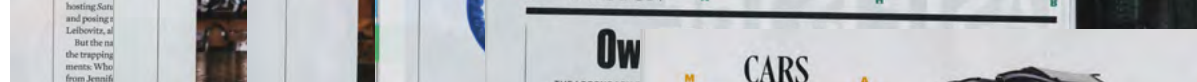
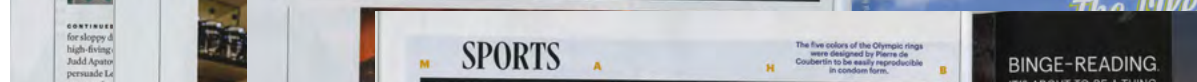
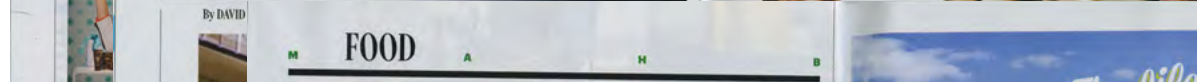
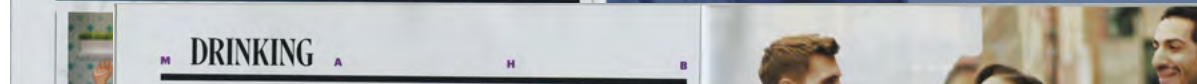
The Brazilians, however, are taking no chances when the mountain of rubbers meets the Olympic road: They are experts in what we might call tourism of the boffing kind, knowing from long experience what happens when unsuspecting foreigners encounter the country's proclivities for bits of string as beachwear. The Games this summer will be the biggest test of the country's lifestyle-lumping infrastructure yet—and it's all in the name of global cooperation. After all, the permanent motto of the Olympic Movement is pretty passionate, too: *citas, albis, fortius*. That's Latin for "faster, higher, stronger." ■

M BINGE-READING IT'S ABOUT TO BE A THING.


36 ESQUIRE
30 ESQUIRE / AUG
34 ESQUIRE / AUG
36 ESQUIRE / AUGUST 2016

36 ESQUIRE
30 ESQUIRE / AUG
34 ESQUIRE / AUG
36 ESQUIRE / AUGUST 2016

NAVIGATION - FOB



CULTURE

DRINKING

By DAVID

CONTINUED from p. 100

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36 ESQUIRE

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30 ESQUIRE / AUG

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BURIED-BEET SAL

Wash a dozen baby cipollini onions, gar oil, and a sprinkle of into a pouch by seali

34 ESQUIRE / AUG

CARS

Your Sport-Utility Sports Car Has Arrived

BENTLEY AND TESLA SHIFT GEARS

do 182 besting the Porsche Cayenne Turbo S by 11 mph for the title of world's fastest SUV. If Bentley's gasoline-powered Selermonth is an equidistant steamship, the Tesla Model X (E) is a rocket. In top-of-the-line P90D trim, the electric seven-seater

THERE'S SOMETHING deliciously improbable about a fast SUV. It's a vehicle too often relegated to both Uber and Tiny Terrible Tykes soccer-game carpools. But oh, how times have changed. Now some SUVs put Italian exotics to shame.

Two of these new ultra-SUVs have just thundered onto the market, vying for ultimate-speed bragging rights. Well, one of them thunders; the other is electric and hardly makes any noise at all.

Let's start with the Bentley Bentayga (E). The first SUV from the storied British luxury brand, it's got a 600-horsepower twin-turbo W-12 engine under the hood. When it's opened up all the way, Bentley says it'll

32 ESQUIRE / AUGUST 2016

SEINFELD SELLS OUT. (SORT OF.)

This season on Car Matchmaker, host Susie Ferrister (Jeri) heads to Florida for the Amelia Island Concours d'Elegance, where her friend and ex-boy Jerry Seinfeld sells 17 cars from his collection. Ferrister bids on one for a friend—a 1974 Porsche Carrera 3.0 RSR, one of 15 built for the SCCA racing series. We talked to him about the comic's history together as car aficionados. —TYLER CONROY

ESQUIRE: Tell us about the early days of your friendship

and mutual car obsession. SPIKE FERRESTER: There've always been drives. When I wrote for Seinfeld, we would take breaks and Jerry would take me for a ride in something that he just bought. We'd be in an ultrarare Porsche 911, just blasting behind apartment buildings because there's nowhere to drive in Studio City. ESQ: Who's a better driver? SF: Jerry is a safer driver on the road. I could beat his ass on the track any day of the week—blow the doors off him.

38 ESQUIRE / AUGUST 2016

BINGE-READING

IT'S ABOUT TO BE A THING.

The five colors of the Olympic rings were designed by Pierre de Coubertin to be easily reproducible in conitant form.



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NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF THE FORGOTTEN SOLDIER

GHOSTS OF WAR

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NAVIGATION - WELL

He took someone else's idea and America ate it up.

Michael Keaton
is
The Founder



Written by Robert Siegel
Directed by John Lee Hancock

In Theaters August

Esquire | August 2016

STYLE

THE RIGHT WAY TO ROCK Shorts

Smart men know that come summer, it's possible to stay cool—and look sharp. The trick? Embracing tailored shorts.

BY NICK SULLIVAN



AT MY CATHOLIC PRIMARY SCHOOL IN Dorset, England, the odd-sounding blair Walburza's, shorts were the order of the day. Every day. From age five on, rain or shine, wind or snow, the uniform consisted of a white shirt, striped tie, wool blazer, and wool cap. So far, so good. The bottom half, however, comprised scratchy flannel shorts and kneeocks. Only boys with a doctor's note could wear trousers.

Ten years before me, AC/DC's Angus Young was probably shivering in his native Glasgow. Who knows what convinced rock's supernannated schoolboy to climb back into his uniform after enduring such hardship. I admired him but refused to revert—until a recent realization on this side of the Atlantic.

Here, shorts emerged in the '50s as a

Angus Young, seen here, has entered a parallel of dress shorts.

97

NAVIGATION - WELL

He took someone else's idea and America ate it up.



Michael Keaton
is
The Founder

Written by Robert Siegel
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Esquire | August 2016

STYLE

THE

STYLE

1. Shorts (\$82) and two-button jacket (\$225) by Vince Camuto; shirt (\$105) by Alex Mills; shoes (\$599) by Tods; sunglasses (\$250) by Dom Vietro.

2. Shorts (\$145), two-button jacket (\$465), and shirt (\$75) by Reiss; tie (\$345) by Dora; shoes (\$420) by Grenson; briefcase (\$3,200) by Valextra.

BELOW: The author, in his preferred Bermuda attire. **BELOW:** Editor's friend (60). Same, please.

HOW TO ENSURE YOUR SHORTS ARE REALLY DRESS SHORTS →

1. The Cut: Look for a properly constructed waistband and waist pockets. These look like a very smart pair of pants with the lower-leg tapers off.

2. The Patterns: It's summer. They're shorts. Be adventurous. You can get away with bolder patterns. (It has to do with the smaller surface area.)

Shorts, from left: By Banana Republic (\$70) by Hoppel (\$75); by Hugi (\$145); by Bonobos (\$88); by Theory (\$145); by Club Monaco (\$99); by Bonobos (\$88).

form of relief from years of, yes, uniforms. One no longer needed to be "forward" in public. But today, in the city, in the office, in airports, really, beyond a man's home, shorts are not commonplace—unless you're a tourist.

Or so I thought. But then Pharell Williams wore a tux with, yes, shorts to one of them another awards ceremony and, looking damn good, he started to change my mind.

My true epiphany, though, came last year, in Bermuda. I found myself coerced into wearing the local ensemble—long-sleeved dress shirt, tie, single-breasted blazer, bright-colored shorts, knee-length oxford socks. And despite my years of conditioning, I felt... freed. On the street it was not unlike (I imagine) going about without any clothes on at all. Yet there was dignity to it.

After all this time, I discovered there is a way. But there are still rules. The shorts should have a tailored appearance—a cut that neither looks too baggy, as with cargo or chino shorts—and end about three inches above the knee. Cuffing should be governed by the thickness of the cloth and thigh. If either is thin, cuff. Wear knee-socks if you are extremely brave (or in Bermuda), no socks if you're not. Never short socks. Dress shorts should be pressed to a crease down the front and back, especially when matched with a jacket. And avoid overstuffing your pockets. If you do all that, I've found there's no better way to show your confidence—and cool off your knees in the process.

"MY WISH IS TO BE A HOLLYWOOD STUNT DRIVER."



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TOYOTA Let's Go Places

NAVIGATION - WELL

He took someone else's idea and America ate it up.

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BELOW: The author, in his trademark Bermuda attire. BELOW: Robert's friend W. Barris, pioneer

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80 ESQUIRE / AUGUST 2016

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STYLE

Back in the Hunt

Abercrombie & Fitch ditches its waxed-chest bro days and embraces its rich and rugged roots. Perfect timing for this fall.

usually want to wear. Before coming to Abercrombie & Fitch, the Virginia-born 29-year-old former Club Monaco into a mecca for ascendant and decidedly unsexy professionals. Now he's ranked with reasserting one of the world's most recognizable—and presciently historic (since 1892)—brands for a very similar set.

"Nothing is safe," Levine said one Friday morning this past spring. "We're moving the whole needle. We're questioning everything. Like four-year-olds, we're just being curious and kind of like picking away at it, you know?"

To start, Levine and his team roamed through the Ohio headquarters' office cabinets for back catalogs and scoured eBay for vintage pieces. They studied the consideration given to details throughout the 124-year-old company's history—the pocket shapes, the horn buttons, the beautiful stay stitches bolstering the underlines of collars—a devotion Levine says he himself witnessed as an Abercrombie & Fitch assistant manager in 1999, during its second golden era. Steeped in the tradition, Levine decided, "we can best serve that history by evolving to the next level."

He clarifies: This shouldn't be construed as an attempt to make Abercrombie & Fitch's clothes modern. Levine and his company prefer words like *heritage* and *craft*. By mixing the new and the old, they seek to create uncommon experiences—overlaid, "What new fabric can we put into a silhouette to make it just feel like 'Oh, wow, that's refreshing, you know?'" he says, adding, "It's a very tactile industry. It's a very emotional industry."

Levine's other guiding descriptor: *usable*. But although a man's needs may have stayed somewhat constant through time—clothing that accommodates seasons and weather and is appropriate for work and play—that doesn't mean, Levine says, the clothes shouldn't advance. "Things need to be purpose-driven for our customer. But we also want to have things that are going to challenge him a little bit."

The result is a portfolio that is at once rugged and stylish, traditional and new—and developing. "We're working super hard," Levine says, chuckling. The landscape is still shifting, still growing up. But the rewards are already worth reaping.

—NATE HOPPER

RIGHT: Aaron Levine, vice president of retail design at Abercrombie & Fitch. BELOW: Levine's work, summer parka, summer jacket (\$200).

YOU MIGHT NOT KNOW: Before Abercrombie & Fitch became the clubhouse of hyperextended coed undergrads on Vegas, it was the original heritage sporting goods emporium. It was also the place that sold unimproved sleeping bags to Teddy Roosevelt expedition gear to Admiral Richard Byrd, for his trip into the depths of Antarctica, hunting coasts to Hemingway; and fly rods, Magnums (as in guns), moccasin whisks, and even 10-foot fiberglass pole-propelled submarines to whatever else. It offered the equipment required by explorers—even those trapped in concrete jungles. In 1931, E. B. White wrote of Abercrombie that it "carries the clothes men want to wear all the time and don't, they carry the residual evidences of what men used to be before they became what they are."

The same could be said of the clothes that now inhabit Abercrombie & Fitch. They are the best of what's in the vaults, brought into the 21st century for perusing recipients.

This is the handwork of Abercrombie & Fitch's new head of men's wear, Aaron Levine, a man practiced in fashioning clothes younger working men

80 ESQUIRE / AUGUST 2016

"MY WISH IS TO BE A HOLLYWOOD STUNT DRIVER."

66

We can best serve Abercrombie & Fitch's history by evolving it to the next level.

—AARON LEVINE

99

Duffel coat (\$260), denim jacket (\$105), sweater (\$85), shirt (\$85), and trousers (\$85) by Abercrombie & Fitch; leather bag (\$350) by Fossil; gloves (\$70) by Hava; the sneakers (\$1,000) by Marni; Chelsea boots (\$250) by Shrimdi.

Seeing A&F exploring its roots, we dug into our archives and discovered this ad from the March 1962 Esquire. The coat looks quite familiar.

81

NAVIGATION - BOB

FOR ALL OF MUHAMMAD ALI'S TIME IN THE PUBLIC EYE, THERE WERE PARTS OF HIM THAT WERE RARELY GLIMPSED. UNTIL NOW.

UNSEEN

ALL

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL FISCHER

BY JESSICA KAPLAN

FROM THE BEST OF THE "MIDWINTER" SERIES

"We're just like two slaves in that time. The masters... but they light it out while they bet. No slave can whip your slave. That's what I see when I see two black people fighting."

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL FISCHER

10,000 MILES FROM HOME

PROTEST SONGS, BASEBALL SCORES, WEED, AND WE CHASE THE BURN OF A BURNING REDNECK.

BY N. B. BROWN

It's not just the music that's changed... it's the way we listen to it. The album is a collection of songs that are as much about the past as they are about the present. It's a collection of songs that are as much about the past as they are about the present. It's a collection of songs that are as much about the past as they are about the present.

THE HUMBLE EGOMANIAC

A NEAR-KNOCKOUT AT CHABRE

BY N. B. BROWN

It's not just the music that's changed... it's the way we listen to it. The album is a collection of songs that are as much about the past as they are about the present. It's a collection of songs that are as much about the past as they are about the present. It's a collection of songs that are as much about the past as they are about the present.

BOXING GOD

HOW A MAN OF WAR BECAME A MAN OF PEACE

BY N. B. BROWN

It's a funny feeling to look down at the world and know that every person knows about his thinking around the world, with no names, and just knowing in a different way every time. I could do it. I could do it.

THIS SUMMER, THE HUSTLER STALLS IN HOLLYWOOD AS A FILM ABOUT A FATHER OF SIX WHO REJECTS THE WORLD TO RAISE HIS KIDS COMPLETELY OFF THE GRID. NOW WE'VE MOVED TO HIS CHARACTERS, RESUMING THE ACTOR HONERS. LET'S START WITH HIS SLIP PHONE.

BY LINDA HANDEL

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BOB

UNCOMPROMISING

BY LINDA HANDEL

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BOB

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Viggo

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PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BOB

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ALTERNATIVE

BY LINDA HANDEL

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BOB

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BY LINDA HANDEL

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BOB

CONTENTS PAGE

Esquire, AUGUST 2016 / VOLUME 166 / NO. 1

THE TABLE OF CONTENTS

UNSEEN ALI
 One part fighter, one part provocateur, one part statesman. Yet for all of Muhammad Ali's time in the public eye, there were parts of him that were rarely seen. Until now.
 pg. 72

114

Liev Schreiber: Uneasy Rider
 He anchored *Spotlight*, this year's Best Picture; plays one of TV's most complex characters; and has a family with Naomi Watts. So why is he so tortured?
 BY ARIEL LEVE
 pg. 82

98

Lust for Life
 No coins, stamps, or Beanie Babies here—these are the new collectibles.
 pg. 90

82

Blow: An '80s Love Story
 Corinne's boyfriend is at Oxford. A visit to see his best friend, Jeff, in downtown Manhattan couldn't hurt, could it?
 FICTION BY JAY MCINERNEY
 pg. 98

72

What to Expect When You're Expecting
 Is dipping experiencing a renaissance? Watch where you step.
 BY A. J. JACOBS
 pg. 104

When Hell Becomes Home Sweet Home
 After two tours, Ryan Skuta returned to a home front that held nothing for him. The only thing he could do to make himself feel alive again was to go back and take on ISIS.
 BY MATT STROUD
 pg. 108

Esquire Fashion: Bring the Heat
 Edgar Ramirez shows us that even when you're boxing a move, you can still look put together.
 PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOUG ENGLISH
 pg. 114

ON THE COVER: LIEV SCHREIBER PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR ESQUIRE BY CEDRIC BUCHET. PRODUCED BY TOMMY ROMERSA FOR JOY ASBURY PRODUCTIONS. GROOMING BY NATALIA BRUSCHI. PROP STYLING BY PORTER FOR OWL AND THE ELEPHANT. SWEATER BY PRADA. MUHAMMAD ALI: PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL FISCHER. MOTORCYCLE: PHOTOGRAPH BY RYAN HANOT.

Features and longer articles are listed first.

Esquire, AUGUST 2016 / VOLUME 166 / NO. 1

THE TABLE OF CONTENTS

DRINK IT IN
 A rich, powerful Amy Schumer is good for us all. So quit complaining.
 BY HEATHER HAVRILESKY
 pg. 26

50

The ESQ&A: Baz Luhrmann
 The auteur on his new Netflix series, historicizing hip-hop, and how he's kinda like Picasso.
 INTERVIEW BY DAVID WALTERS
 pg. 38

57

The Cold Open
 It's summer. All you want to do is forget about the world. But lying there on the beach, staring at the water, don't you find yourself wondering just how the hell we got here?
 BY SAM TANENHAUS
 pg. 9

30

Drinking
 The shakerato is itself a summer vacation.
 BY DAVID WONDRIK
 pg. 30

30
Food
 Time to eat your vegetables—grilled.
 BY JASON ADAMS
 pg. 34

36
Sports
 The Olympics will be well suited for the coming boinkfest in the athletes' Village.
 BY GUY MARTIN
 pg. 36

20
Editor's Letter
 pg. 20

22
Contributors
 pg. 22

46
TV
 Mr. Robot's Carly Chaitin is worth knowing.
 BY JULIA BLACK
 pg. 46

48
Cars
 SUV sports cars and Seinfeld trade secrets.
 pg. 48

50
Tech
 Quantification might make us healthier—if it doesn't drive us crazy.
 BY WALTER KIRN
 pg. 50

54
What I've Learned: Jorge Ramos
 The voice of Latinos.
 INTERVIEW BY CAL FUSSMAN
 pg. 54

57
Style
 Shorts; Abercrombie & Fitch; worker's jackets; carry-ons; watch straps; and, yes, sunscreen.
 pg. 57

120
This Way Out
 Obama's exit interviews.
 BY A. J. JACOBS
 pg. 120

Shorter articles in FOB and WELL are listed in the second part of the contents pages.

MOVIES



Rising Action

PHILIP ROTH'S WITTY, SEX-SOAKED NOVELS HAVE A BAD HABIT OF GOING A BIT LIMP ONSCREEN. BUT TWO NEW ADAPTATIONS LOOK TO MAKE BETTER USE OF THE MASTER'S VIGOROUS MATERIAL.

By DWIGHT GARNER

FOR A FEW MONTHS IN 1957 and 1958, Philip Roth was a film critic for *The New Republic*. He was young—just 24—and essentially unknown. The release of his first book, *Goodbye, Columbus*, was a year away. It would be 11 more years before *Portnoy's Complaint* made him infamous. "I am the Raskolnikov of jerking off," Alexander Portnoy declared. "The sticky evidence is everywhere!" On *The Tonight Show*, Jacqueline Susann told Johnny Car-

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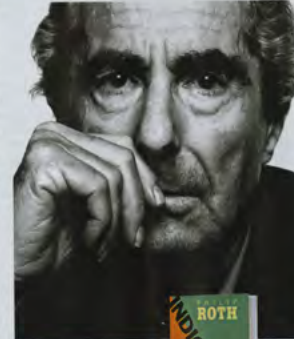
Roth's novels, too, and with cause. Five of his thirty-one books have been made into movies. Two of them—*Portnoy's Complaint* (1972), with Richard Benjamin and Karen Black, and *The Humbling* (2014), with Greta Gerwig and a grizzled Al Pacino—are unwatchable. Sitting before each, you feel IQ points leaking away, as if someone had made a slit above your ear. Another, *Elegy* (2008), adapted from Roth's novel *The Dying Animal*, stars Ben Kingsley and Penélope Cruz and is almost bearable if you consume a jeroboam of shiraz beforehand.

The final two are not woeful at all: *Goodbye, Columbus* (1969), with Richard Benjamin (again) and a heartbreaking Ali McGraw in her first big role, and *The Human Stain* (2003), with Anthony Hopkins and Nicole Kidman. *Goodbye, Columbus* might have been something close to a classic if it had had better fortune with its soundtrack. Mike Nichols's *The Graduate* (1967) was borne aloft by some of Simon and Garfunkel's best material, but *Goodbye, Columbus* dies each time its songs, by the Association, wash over a scene like pop-folk flatulence. Yet even the film versions of *Goodbye, Columbus* and *The Human Stain* don't capture what's primal about Roth: the yak ("I'm an écouteur," Roth's protagonist says in his novel *Deception*, "a talk fetishist"), the psychological richness, the cruelty born of honest observation, the ruthless bearing down on reality.

Still, there's reason for cautious optimism about two adaptations that will be released this fall: *Indignation*, with Logan Lerman, the star of the Percy Jackson franchise and *The Perks of Being a Wallflower*, and *American Pastoral*, which is Ewan McGregor's directorial debut. I haven't yet seen *American Pastoral*, which features McGregor alongside Jennifer Connelly and Dakota Fanning. But *Indignation* strikes me as the real thing. It's a small and sober movie, close to a chamber piece, but it's got soul: Its pilot light is lit. It's also got a subtly vicious performance from the playwright Tracy Letts as a supercilious small-college dean, one that echoes in your mind for weeks after

you've left the theater. He's every dubiously empowered dickhead who's ever placed his thumb on the scale of your life.

Roth wrote *Indignation* in the late 2000s, during some of the darkest days of the Iraq War. Both the novel and the film are set in 1951, during another misguided imperial adventure: the Korean War. Marcus Messner (Lerman, in a lovely performance) works at his father's kosher butcher shop in Newark before heading off to Winesburg College in Ohio. He's an ambitious and sexually inexperienced



Philip Roth, above, wrote *Indignation* during the darkest days of the Iraq War.



A student who falls for a high-strung shiksa coed (Sarah Gadon), a survivor of a suicide attempt, who bewilders him by giving him head on their first date. (Roth attended Bucknell during this same era and has said of a miracle blowjob he received there: "This wasn't even on my list of fantasies.")

Marcus is terrified by the audacity of that act of fellatio. He's terrified, too, by the college's dean of men, who hauls him into his office ostensibly to discuss Marcus's roommate problems but really to interrogate him about his outsider (read: Jewish) status. Marcus doesn't back down during this interrogation—it occupies 15 minutes

in the movie and 30 pages in Roth's novel—and their give-and-take, especially about Marcus's atheism, is mesmerizing. This isn't idle talk; Marcus's young life hangs in the balance. The dean threatens to expel him and thus make him eligible for the draft. For those who prize smart, talky filmmaking, this is probably the scene of the year. It ends with Marcus puking in the dean's office, a retch that's been building over the course of his 19 years on the planet. It's a purge for the ages.

Indignation is the first movie from director James Schamus, and it's an auspicious debut—a shyly philosophical film that clicks along on several registers at once. It's good enough to jump-start your daydreams about the other Roth movies you'd like to see made. That prospect takes on extra weight now for a plaintive reason: There will be no more Philip Roth novels. America's greatest living writer—its should-be Nobel laureate—retired in 2010. Roth was 77 and had the sense to walk away at somewhere near the top of his game—before, at any rate, what Christopher Hitchens liked to call CRAFT Syndrome (Can't Remember a Fucking Thing) set in.

Way up on my list of possible remakes would be a new version of *Portnoy's Complaint*, with Oscar Isaac at its neurotic center. In the novel, Portnoy declares to his psychoanalyst, in a bedrock Rothian thesis statement, "What

I'm saying, Doctor, is that I don't seem to stick my dick up these girls, as much as I stick it up their backgrounds—as though through fucking I will discover America." Isaac would hammer these lines like a blacksmith. In a couple decades, Christian Bale will be ravaged enough to play Mickey Sabbath, the protagonist of Roth's most unmerciful and most incandescently libidinous novel, *Sabbath's Theater*. The book's interiority will no doubt present problems—for one, how to get across sentiments like Sabbath's paean to the clitoris: "The mother of the microchip, the triumph of evolution, right up with the retina and the tympanic membrane. I wouldn't mind growing one myself, in the middle of my forehead like Cyclops's eye." As Roth might put it, if he were once again a film critic: Finally a decent use for CGI. ■

folio information on even pages

CONTENT PACING – FOB

M DRINKING A

By DAVID WONDRICH




A Buzz with a Bang

TWO OF CIVILIZATION'S FAVORITE DRUGS OF CHOICE—CAFFEINE AND ALCOHOL—WILL TAKE YOU ON A SUMMER VACATION

IN AMERICA, we drink our coffee in coffee shops and our alcohol in bars, most of which serve coffee only as an antidote, unless it's Saint Paddy's Day. The stimulant and the depressant rarely meet—even more rarely with ice. Other parts of the world, though, don't draw this distinction. We've been missing out—there are fine summer-time drinks worth knowing.

If you've ever spent time in the coffee-drinking regions of Europe, where cafés double as bars and bars cafés, you've beheld them: coffee drinks in tumblers and even cocktail glasses, each chilled and then perspiring, glinting in the late-morning or midafternoon sun on a white-cloth table in a piazza frozen in history, the edge of its bearer's energy just slightly rounded off. Mind sharpened; body and time at ease.

The greatest of these coffee-cocktail unions is Italy's icy, creamy, foam-topped caffè shakerato. It is perfectly simple: espresso and rich simple syrup (made with demerara sugar or Sugar in the Raw) shaken with ice and strained into a martini glass. It often comes without the spirit—and in such a form

which features ten-odd drinks with coffee as a full-on cocktail ingredient. The drinks are, for the most part, delicious (particularly the Tupi nambá).


But you don't have to go that far. Do as the Italian baristas do and slip a shot of rum or brandy into your espresso on a hot summer day. Sweeten and chill it if you choose. Either way, suddenly you'll be living in the best of both worlds: tipsy but awake enough to enjoy it. ■

WHERE IN THE WORLD TO ORDER A SHAKERATO

Rome:
 Sant'Eustachio Il Caffè
 82 Piazza Sant'Eustachio 011-39-06-6880-2048
 New York City:
 Dante
 79-81 Macdougal Street,
 212-982-5275
 Milan:
 Pasticceria Marchesi
 Via Santa Maria alla Porta,
 011-39-02-862770

THE CAFFÈ SHAKERATO
 Combine in a cocktail shaker:
 • 2 shots (2 to 3 oz) espresso, hot or cold (this is why you need a Nespresso machine)
 • 1 tsp rich simple syrup, or more to taste
 • 1 oz strong, funky rum, like Smith & Cross (optional)
 Fill the shaker with ice, shake vigorously, and strain into a large, chilled 1950s-style martini glass. Garnish, if you're the garnishing type, with a little strip of lemon peel. Consider adding ½ oz cream, which will, paradoxically, reduce the foam. Sit outside. Sip. Imagine you're in a piazza. Or beyond.

H B



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Mostly 1 page articles, separated by 1 - 3 full page ads

CONTENT PACING - WELL

STYLE

Back in the Hunt

Abercrombie & Fitch ditches its waxed-chest bro days and embraces its rich and rugged roots. Perfect timing for this fall.



RIGHT: Aaron Levine, vice-president of men's design at Abercrombie & Fitch.
BELOW: Levine's work: Sweater (\$78); puffer jacket (\$220).





YOU MIGHT NOT KNOW: Before Abercrombie & Fitch became the clubhouse of hypersexed coed undergrads on Vespas, it was the original heritage sporting-goods emporium. It was also the place that sold snakeproof sleeping bags to Teddy Roosevelt; expedition gear to Admiral Richard Byrd, for his trip into the depths of Antarctica, hunting coats to Hemingway; and fly rods, Magnums (as in guns), roulette wheels, and even 13-foot fiberglass pedal-propelled submarines to whomever else. It offered the equipment required by explorers—even those trapped in concrete jungles. In 1931, E. B. White wrote of Abercrombie that it “carries the clothes men want to wear all the time and don’t; they carry the residual evidences of what men used to be before they became what they are.”

The same could be said of the clothes that now inhabit Abercrombie & Fitch. They are the best of what’s in the vaults, brought into the 21st century for persisting escapists.

This is the handiwork of Abercrombie & Fitch’s new head of men’s wear, Aaron Levine, a man practiced in fashioning clothes younger working men ac-

tually want to wear. Before coming to Abercrombie & Fitch, the Virginia-born 39-year-old turned Club Monaco into a mecca for ascendant and decidedly unstuffy professionals. Now he’s tasked with reasserting one of the world’s most recognizable—and proudly historic (since 1892)—brands for a very similar set.

“Nothing is safe,” Levine said one Friday morning this past spring. “We’re moving the whole needle. We’re questioning everything. Like four-year-olds, we’re just being curious and kind of, like, picking away at it, you know?”

To start, Levine and his team rooted through the Ohio headquarters’ office cabinets for back catalogs and scoured eBay for vintage pieces. They studied the consideration given to details throughout the 124-year-old company’s history—the pocket shapes, the horn buttons, the beautiful stay stitches bolstering the undersides of collars—a devotion Levine says he himself witnessed as an Abercrombie & Fitch assistant manager in 1999, during its second golden era. Steeped in the tradition, Levine decided, “we can best serve that history by evolving it to the next level.”

He clarifies: This shouldn’t be construed as an attempt to make Abercrombie & Fitch’s clothes modern. Levine and his company prefer words like *honest* and *fresh*. By uniting the new and the old, they seek to create uncommon experiences—to explore. “What new fabric can we put into a silhouette to make it just feel like ‘Oh, wow, that’s refreshing,’ you know?” he says, adding, “It’s a very tactile industry. It’s a very emotional industry.”

Levine’s other guiding descriptor: *usable*. But although a man’s needs may have stayed somewhat consistent through time—clothing that accommodates seasons and weather and is appropriate for work and play—that doesn’t mean, Levine says, the clothes shouldn’t advance. “Things need to be purpose-driven for our customer. But we also want to have things that are going to challenge him a little bit.”

The result is a portfolio that is at once rugged and stylish, traditional and new—and developing. “We’re working our hardest,” Levine says, chuckling. The landscape is still shifting, still growing up. But the rewards are already worth reaping.

—NATE HOPPER

60 ESQUIRE / AUGUST 2016



66

We can best serve Abercrombie & Fitch’s history by evolving it to the next level.

—AARON LEVINE

99

Duffle coat (\$260), denim jacket (\$110), sweater (\$55), shirt (\$58), and trousers (\$88) by Abercrombie & Fitch; boots (\$160) by Timberland; bag (\$350) by Filson; gloves (\$115) by Hestra; binoculars (\$1,000) by Maven Optics; football (\$150) by Shinola.



Seeing A&F exploring its roots, we dug into our archives and discovered this ad from the March 1962 Esquire. The coat looks quite familiar.

61

1 - 2 page articles, less ads, full page images

RUNNING HEAD

Running head for "MAHB" section

M MOVIES A H B



Rising Action

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44 ESQUIRE / AUGUST 2016

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60 ESQUIRE / AUGUST 2016

Running head for "STYLE" section

GRIDS

2 columns
9/12 pt
~63 characters per line

3 columns
9/12 pt
~43 characters per line

ESQUIRE | CARS

A COUPLE DAYS AT STANFORD

AT THE REVS LAB, WHERE RESEARCHERS STUDY THE CAR'S PAST AS MUCH AS ITS FUTURE
BY SAM SMITH



The DeLorean is named **MARTY**, as in McFly. They came up with the name first and worked backward to the acronym's meaning. Multiple Actuator Research Testbed for Yaw control. The car is a self-driving electrically powered 1981 DMC-12, and it has a roll cage and a battery pack. It will also do doughnuts. On its own.

"It's such an insane project," says Jonathan Goh, chucking. "We basically go through a set of tires every day of testing."

The twenty-seven-year-old Goh, a fourth-year Stanford Ph.D. student from Vancouver, helped assemble the DeLorean and program it. He's attached to Stanford's Revs Program, one of the few places where an institute for higher learning is attempting to parse what the car means to us and how, over more than a century of existence, it's shaped who we are.

Revs is partnered with Florida's Revs Institute, a museum and library that includes the Collier Collection—a running, driving group of the most significant vintage race cars ever built, millions of dollars' worth. The Stanford arm has done service like housing the research archive of *Road & Track*, the country's oldest car magazine, and dissecting how human physiology affects the stress of racing a vintage car. But mostly, Revs looks forward. There's a white Volkswagen Golf electric, a Ford Fusion for studying sensor occlusion, an Audi TTs that drives itself on racetracks. The small fabrication shop in the back houses a CNC mill and rolls of unlaminated carbon fiber. On a whiteboard in a meeting area the day I visit, someone has lettered the words **ETHICAL PROGRAMMING OF AUTOMOBILES: CONSEQUENTIALISM VS. DEONTOLOGY**. On the other side of the building, just past a full-sized driving simulator built into a debadged Toyota, a shelf holds a stack of Ford Pinto transmissions. They're close enough to the DeLorean that it's hard to walk by without pondering the contrast. Pinto: Car known for catching fire. DeLorean: The car's most flammable cargo is now a driver.

Revs students bought the DeLorean in April 2013 from a guy in San Rafael, just across the Golden Gate Bridge. The dude had been daily-driving it, because that's what you do in the Bay Area when you have a DeLorean and live in San Rafael. The kids took the car apart the first year; a year later, it was piecing tires around a paved pad, no driver. After we poked around under the hood, Goh grins, grabs a laptop, and brings up a YouTube video of the car

working. The footage goes on a little long, like a home movie, but it's also joyous like one, with these long, lingering shots of smoky doughnuts at a racetrack north of San Francisco. I've met guys from Google and a host of the people engineering automated cars at major manufacturers. None were as thrilled with their work as Goh is.

Part of that is undoubtedly corporate life, as opposed to working within the bounds of a university. Reilly Brennan, a former journalist, is Revs' executive director. "We like sponsoring oddball projects," he says. Revs, which dates to 2011, shares its resources with a Stanford affiliates program that began in 2008. About thirty-three corporations, from carmakers to suppliers and insurance companies, are connected, which is partly why they chose a DeLorean: The car's parent brand is long dead. "If we had picked a Miata or a 911," Brennan says, "something more common, other companies might not have been so willing to get involved. With carmakers, DeLorean is like Switzerland. Everyone thinks it's cool."

Universities, Brennan says, are uniquely placed to screw with the kinds of questions that would send any profit-driven organization screaming for the exits. Stuff like student-built simulators for examining driver attention, or automated drifting, because what if self-driving cars have to exit the realm of stable handling to avoid an accident?

"In the last few years, everyone has agreed that electronic stability control has saved all these lives," Brennan says. "But what if there were another 20 percent? If you could decouple stability from that question... it's like a lot of things in technology that people initially believe to be foolish aren't necessarily foolish."

The complications of an automated car losing control on purpose—teaching it to slide or fishtail safely, on a public road, in re-

The Amazon Echo has three responses to the command "Alexa, tell me a joke." This is one of them: "Do you know where I had my first dance?" At the Amazon dot Prom.

"Echoes cannot guarantee that this joke will be funny to everyone."

The DIGITAL MAN

BY BARRY SONNENFELD

Funny? Joke from a Beautiful Woman

reality to answer all my questions (and Sweetie's, but I could tell she was more fascinated by my inquiries about the time and temperature than Sweetie's identical questions).

But she cannot travel. Cortana can, be it on your iPhone, Android, or Microsoft Surface Pro 4—which is an incredibly great device, by the way. And like Alexa, Cortana needs only for you to say her name to get started. But Cortana and I have never really connected. I don't think she's ready for prime time yet. Her most exciting feature is her ability to scan my Outlook e-mails and calendar to find out the flight I'm on and then, through flight-status technology and location-trip reminders, help me request an Uber as I arrive. Eventually, she will be able to request one for me. But at best that seems intrusive and at worst a signal of the end of humanity, at which point I'll just hang out in my living room with Alexa, who has a much more soothing voice (second to yours, Sweetie).

Siri, meanwhile, rarely understands my Washington Heights accent—though that might just be me. And like Cortana and Google Now, she often responds by opening a Web page that may or may not be related to what I asked.

Alexa can bring you and your loved ones closer together, even without a screen. At one point, Sweetie and I, sitting on the couch 20 feet away, found ourselves asking Alexa to look for airlines for fantasy trips to places we have no intention of ever going to. At another, Sweetie and I both started to hate ourselves for loving her. (And unlike me, Sweetie is no self-loather.)

Alexa knows so much about me that I'm a tad frightened. At some point, I'm going to say to Sweetie, "Jeez, I wish that someone would just make Donald Trump go away forever!" (can't help worrying what Amazon, the government, or even Alexa herself thinks about my politics, let alone my penchant for playing different versions of Barry Sonnenfeld's "Eve of Destruction.")

Barry Sonnenfeld is an Emmy Award-winning television director and the director of *Get Shorty* and *The Men in Black* films.

My Alexa Affair

WHAT THE NEW FLOCK OF DIGITAL PERSONAL ASSISTANTS CAN DO FOR YOU AND YOUR COMFORT

AS MUCH AS I might describe my healthy attitude toward life as a finely balanced recipe of self-loathing and egotism, what keeps that balance stable is an overwhelming paranoia, as well as my assistant, Mary, who's worked with me for the past 20 years.

This puts me in an awkward position for testing out the new generation of electronic talking assistants—from Amazon (call her Alexa), Microsoft (she's Cortana), Google (not sure what it is; it's called Google Now but responds to "Okay Google"), and Apple (you've met Siri, of course)—to determine if their services are useful.

(Unfortunately, while I was trying them out, I was also reading Glenn Greenwald's frightening, brilliant book about Ed Snowden and NSA spying, *No Place to Hide*—which includes the chilling information that the U.S. government can activate your phone and turn it into a listening device.)

But within 24 hours of owning an Amazon Echo, the wireless speaker that can answer your queries, Sweetie (the wife) and I were shushing each other so that we could chat with Alexa instead.

Alexa is quick. Although she needs to be plugged in and sits in one place (on our kitchen counter), I have never had a device understand me so well and chat me up so convincingly. Her voice and fidelity are like Scarlett Johansson's in *Her*. She tells me the weather and traffic reports, my flight information, and the date my kid was born (weird). She plays my music. (I live for the day when there will be an app to connect her to my beloved Sonos music-distribution system.) She starts shopping lists for me, and when I use one of my smartphones, her touch is there: When I open Amazon, it asks me if I want to purchase ten pounds of sugar via Amazon Prime. She tells me bad jokes.

She is fetching. Her fluid band of blue arcs around her like an electronic necklace, letting me know she's listening and

TREATMENT OF ARTICLES

typefaces | hierarchy | drop caps | sidebars & callouts

TREATMENT OF ARTICLES – FOB

typefaces | hierarchy | drop caps | sidebars & callouts

Byline

A serif typeface

Headline & Deck

Graphik, a sans serif typeface

Body Text

Mercury Text, a serif typeface

M DRINKING A H B

By DAVID WONDRICH



is as close to flawless as a nonalcoholic cocktail can get. With the addition of a strong, funky rum, such as Smith & Cross, it's an elixir: refreshing but with a bitter backbone. And still quick. As the writer David Leavitt put it in *Italian Pleasures*, "It takes only twenty seconds or so to drink down a *caffè shakerato*—but what cold ecstasy?" And his didn't have booze in it!

There are other delectable variations, too, like the shakerato's French forebear, the mazagran, ironically named after an 1840 battle in Algeria in which the French were surrounded and had to cut their coffee with water instead of brandy or milk. But tinker with the stiffer peacetime tradition a bit and you have another lovely summer cooler: a shot of cold espresso, a shot of VSOP-grade cognac, and a half-ounce of rich simple syrup stirred with cracked ice and topped with a shot of chilled seltzer and a twist of lemon peel.

You can also consult Elvezio Grassi's *1000 Mixture*, the worthy 1936 compendium of old-school Italian bartending, which features ten-odd drinks with coffee as a full-on cocktail ingredient. The drinks are, for the most part, delicious (particularly the *Tupí nambá*).

But you don't have to go that far. Do as the Italian baristas do and slip a shot of rum or brandy into your espresso on a hot summer day. Sweeten and chill it if you choose. Either way, suddenly you'll be living in the best of both worlds: tipsy but awake enough to enjoy it. ■

A Buzz with a Bang

TWO OF CIVILIZATION'S FAVORITE DRUGS OF CHOICE—CAFFEINE AND ALCOHOL—WILL TAKE YOU ON A SUMMER VACATION

IN AMERICA, we drink our coffee in coffee shops and our alcohol in bars, most of which serve coffee only as an antidote, unless it's Saint Paddy's Day. The stimulant and the depressant rarely meet—even more rarely with ice. Other parts of the world, though, don't draw this distinction. We've been missing out—there are fine summer-time drinks worth knowing.

If you've ever spent time in the coffee-drinking regions of Europe, where cafés double as bars and bars cafés, you've beheld them: coffee drinks in tumblers and even cocktail glasses, each chilled and then perspiring, glinting in the late-morning or midafternoon sun on a white-cloth table in a piazza frozen in history, the edge of its bearer's energy just slightly rounded off. Mind sharpened; body and time at ease.

The greatest of these coffee-cocktail unions is Italy's icy, creamy, foam-topped *caffè shakerato*. It is perfectly simple: espresso and rich simple syrup (made with demerara sugar or Sugar in the Raw) shaken with ice and strained into a martini glass. It often comes without the spirit—and in such a form

WHERE IN THE WORLD TO ORDER A SHAKERATO

Rome:
Sant'Eustachio II
Caffè
62 Piazza Sant'
Eustachio; 011-39-
06-6860-2048

New York City:
Dante
79-81 MacDougal
Street
212-942-5275

Milan:
Pasticceria
Marchesi
31a Via Santa Maria
alla Porta;
011-39-02-862770

THE CAFFÈ SHAKERATO

Combine in a cocktail shaker:

- 2 shots (2 to 3 oz) espresso, hot or cold (this is why you need a Nespresso machine)
- 1 tsp rich simple syrup, or more to taste
- 1 oz strong, funky rum, like Smith & Cross (optional)

Fill the shaker with ice, shake vigorously, and strain into a large, chilled 1950s-style martini glass. Garnish, if you're the garnishing type, with a little strip of lemon peel. Consider adding $\frac{1}{2}$ oz cream, which will, paradoxically, reduce the foam. Sit outside. Sip. Imagine you're in a piazza. Or beyond.

30 ESQUIRE / AUGUST 2016

TREATMENT OF ARTICLES - FOB

typefaces | **hierarchy** | drop caps | sidebars & callouts

Capitalization

Capitalizing the first few words in the first paragraph

Subheads

Graphik, a sans serif typeface

Captions and Sidebars Text

Graphik, a sans serif typeface

M **FOOD** A H B



Friendly Fire

TIME TO FAN THE EMBERS OF A NEWLY PERFECTED APPROACH TO EATING YOUR VEGETABLES. GRILL THEM.

WE THINK OF VEGETABLES as delicate, often mushy things. Blame your grandmother. "The way she cooked them," says chef John Fraser (right), "it didn't create texture, just a lot of steam. What vegetables really need is a char—that's why we all love brussels sprouts now, when they're burned." At Nix, his vegetable-focused New York restaurant, Fraser and his staff use a wok and a tandoor to heat things at a high level. But at home, especially during the summer, your grill is ideal for unlocking vegetables' flavors. Here, Fraser devised three grill-ready preparations exclusively for Esquire, so you can eat vegetables not because they're good for you but because they taste good. —JASON ADAMS



GRILLED AVOCADO TOAST, CHERRY TOMATOES, SOFT-HERB VINAIGRETTE

Peel and core 2 avocados, then slice. With a pastry brush, spread olive oil on the avocado and 4 slices of sourdough bread. Grill the avocado on all sides to an even char. Place in a bowl. Mash with the back of a fork. In a separate bowl, combine 16 cherry tomatoes and ¼ cup each capers, parsley, dill, and chives. Lightly toast the bread on the grill. Top each slice with the avocado mash and tomato-and-herb mix. Drizzle with sherry vinegar and extra-virgin olive oil. Sprinkle with Aleppo pepper and coarse sea salt.

BURIED-BEET SALAD

Wash a dozen baby red beets. Place the beets, 12 cipollini onions, garlic, thyme, a drizzle of olive oil, and a sprinkle of salt onto aluminum foil. Fold into a pouch by sealing the sides. When the fire has

died down a bit on your grill, bury the pouch in the coals. Leave the beets in the coals for approximately 3 hours or until tender when tested with a small knife. Cut the beets into quarters. Remove the skins from the onions and garlic. Combine 1 bunch of watercress (remove the woody bottom stems) with the onions, garlic, and beets in a bowl. Slowly drizzle with balsamic vinegar and olive oil, then season with salt and top with crumbled goat cheese.

GRILLED CELERY HEARTS, APRICOTS, PEANUTS, MALT-HONEY VINAIGRETTE

Wash a head of celery. Halve it; remove the top inch or so and the outer stalks. Quarter 4 apricots. With a pastry brush, spread olive oil on the celery and apricots. Place on a hot grill to get nice hatch marks. Remove the apricots and close the lid to allow celery to almost cook through. For the dressing, combine 1 jalapeño (seeded and minced), 2 tablespoons honey, ¼ cup malt vinegar, ½ cup olive oil, and ½ cup minced cilantro. Whisk all the ingredients together. To serve, pour a generous amount of vinaigrette over the cooked celery and apricots, then top with peanuts. ■

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34 ESQUIRE / AUGUST 2016

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typefaces | hierarchy | **drop caps** | sidebars & callouts

No drop caps
in shorter articles

M **FOOD** A H B



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34 ESQUIRE / AUGUST 2016

TREATMENT OF ARTICLES - FOB

typefaces | hierarchy | drop caps | **sidebars & callouts**

No callouts

Sidebars in between columns of text

M **FOOD** A H B



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34 ESQUIRE / AUGUST 2016

TREATMENT OF ARTICLES - BOB

typefaces | hierarchy | drop caps | sidebars & callouts



Headline in serif typeface

TREATMENT OF ARTICLES - BOB

typefaces | hierarchy | drop caps | sidebars & callouts



But not always

TREATMENT OF ARTICLES - BOB

typefaces | [hierarchy](#) | drop caps | sidebars & callouts



Hierarchy established through alternating between serif and sans serif typefaces

TREATMENT OF ARTICLES - BOB

typefaces | **hierarchy** | drop caps | sidebars & callouts



Lack of subheads in feature articles

TREATMENT OF ARTICLES - BOB

typefaces | hierarchy | **drop caps** | sidebars & callouts



Drops caps are in different colours than the body text and have wide spacing around them

TREATMENT OF ARTICLES - BOB

typefaces | hierarchy | drop caps | **sidebars & callouts**

Sidebars do not interfere with the reading experience

AN ALTERNATIVE FILMOGRAPHY

Four parts that Mortensen wanted—and that didn't work out

► **Auditioned for:** The beain-clothed title character in *Greyhound*, *The Legend of Tarzan*, *Lord of the Apes*.

► **Who got it:** Christopher Lambert

► **Auditioned for:** The doomed Sergeant Elias in *Oliver Stone's Platoon*.

► **Who got it:** William Dafoe

► **Auditioned for:** The bloodied title character in *Francis Ford Coppola's Dracula*.

► **Who got it:** Gary Oldman

► **Auditioned for:** A minor character in *Woody Allen's The Purple Rose of Cairo*.

► **Who got it:** Viggo Mortensen—only the performance ended up on the cutting-room floor.

Shift, with Goldie Hawn. Finally, he was cast as a young Amish man in *Witness* with Harrison Ford, and the public got to lay its eyes on him for the first time. But that was 1985. It would be another sixteen years and at least as many (mostly obscure) roles before he would acquire true fame. He was offered the *Lord of the Rings* role only when another actor, Stuart Townsend, was dropped at the last minute, and he took it only because his then eleven-year-old son, Henry, had read (and loved) the Tolkien trilogy and convinced him to do it. Box-office smashes, all three of them, and they made him hugely famous (for a time) and rich.

Then he did something truly bizarre by Hollywood standards. He had the world by the balls, with his pick of roles—big studio stuff, Clooney kind of stuff, paycheck stuff. He turned all of it down, choosing instead to do what he wanted to do, little of which was lucrative. “I mean, how much fucking money do you need?” he asks. He used some of his *Lord of the Rings* loot to start a publishing company—yes, a publishing company. It’s called Perceval Press, after one of King Arthur’s Knights of the Round Table—that would publish poets and other writers who might not otherwise get a book deal, and do so without having them “compromise.” He could also afford to spend time on his other interests—writing poetry, taking photographs, painting.

Still, it’s not like he ever stopped acting. It’s just that the roles he *did* take were mostly in indie films or David Cronenberg movies—dark, complicated, intellectual affairs that aren’t on heavy rotation at the local multiplex. This led to spectacular performances in classics like *A History of Violence*, in which he plays a diner owner in the middle of nowhere who has (surprise!) a mysterious dark past, and *Eastern Promises*, a nasty piece of business about the Russian mob that got him his first and only Best Actor Oscar nomination and features a knife fight in the mude that few men can recall without wincing. (He lost to Daniel Day-Lewis, for *There Will Be Blood*.) And now there’s *Captain Fantastic*, directed not by Cronenberg

but by an actor-writer-director named Matt Ross, with Mortensen playing an endearing, passionate, complicated—okay, weird—father who tries to protect his kids from the pressures of a conformist, commodified society. There’s lots of hunting and gore and kumbaya, and there’s even a long, lingering scene of Mortensen once again in the altogether. He has never had a problem with letting it all hang out; like his ability to speak eight languages, he doesn’t really get why people make such a big deal out of it. As his character says in the movie: “It’s just a penis. Every man has one.”

FOUR HOURS into our journey, we stop at a waterfall, and the sun is breaking through an overcast sky.

“It’s just beautiful, isn’t it?” he says. His hip phone rings. It’s his dad’s nurse. Today is only the second time since he flew back to the States from Europe several weeks ago—“when it seemed like only a matter of days” that his father had left a live—that he has left the house for more than a few hours. (“He’s a tough son of a bitch,” he says of his old man. “He rallied.”) It took a while to find nurses he could trust, but he has hired one for today. She tells him there’s a medical supply they’ve run out of that he needs to pick up. We leave the peaceful waterfall and drive into the strip-mall part of town, pulling into a dreary parking lot in Watertown.

“Is it okay if I go in by myself?” he asks. He doesn’t need to say that it’s a matter of dignity. His father is bedridden. Mortensen sleeps in the next room with a baby monitor on. He really doesn’t need to say more. He comes out of the store and discreetly loads his purchase into the trunk. And we head toward his dad’s farm. It was his mother, he tells me, who was from Watertown. She met his father on a trip to Norway. “Little Viggo,” as he was called—Europeans don’t use Junior—was born in New York City, the first of three sons. But when

he was still a baby, his father—who was a farmer in Denmark—got a job with a company that sent him to Argentina to manage poultry farms. When Mortensen was eleven, his parents divorced and things got ugly. Grace took her three sons back to the U.S., to Watertown. Viggo the father went on to a string of wives and other women. Then he decided he would also move...right by Watertown. He said it reminded him of Denmark; Mortensen knows it had more to do with torturing his mother.

Now his father has dementia. His mother had dementia, too. Viggo is terrified that he will also get dementia one day. He’s thinking of being tested for the gene. But then what? We are driving down a gorgeous country road with farms on both sides. Some of this land until recently belonged to his dad. But some months ago, “he decided he was broke. He’s not, I said, ‘You have all this land, sell it if you think you’re broke.’ And he did.” Lots of farmland. “Then he calls me up one night and says, ‘Someone’s on my property, I’m gonna shoot them,’ I said, ‘You can’t fucking shoot them, you don’t own it anymore!’”

On the road, his phone rings again, this time with a call from his girlfriend in Spain. Mortensen was married once, to the punk-rock singer Exene Cervenka, the mother of his twenty-eight-year-old son, Henry Blake Mortensen, an actor and musician. Since 2009, he’s been living in Madrid with the actress Ariadna Gil. Why Madrid? “Because I fell in love and she lived there.” (After graduating from St. Lawrence University in 1980, not far from Watertown, he moved to Denmark and stayed there for a woman. He seems to do a lot for women, and his poetry, raw and intense, is filled with heartache. Has he had his heart broken? “Many, many times,” he says, taking a long drag of his cigarette.)

We head down a gravel driveway to his dad’s farmhouse. “Oh good,” he says. He is happy that the daffodils he planted are already blooming. There is an old bathtub in the yard. [continued on page 142]

TREATMENT OF ARTICLES - BOB

typefaces | hierarchy | drop caps | **sidebars & callouts**

Pull quotes and callouts also do not interfere with the reading experience



OPENING SPREADS FOR FEATURES



Large images & headlines

OPENING SPREADS FOR FEATURES



Large images & headlines

SPREADS FOR FEATURES



Viggo

MORTENSEN HAS COME bearing pancake mix. We are curbside at the tiny airport in Syracuse, New York, on a truly dreary day (even by Syracuse standards), and within seconds of hopping into his rented Ford Fusion, I learn two things about him: He's the kind of guy who picks you up at the airport, and he's the kind of guy who brings presents. Pancake mix is a delicacy in upstate New York. "Do you like maple syrup?" Because he brought me some of that, too. He's prepared a gift bag.

"You can smoke in the car," Mortensen says, gesturing with his own smoldering American Spirit. "There's an ashtray." It's a cardboard cup from the airport Best Western, where he got his coffee this morning, that he has filled with an inch of water. For us, is he always this chivalrous?

He smiles. "I try."
Clooney, I tell him, probably never picks anyone up at airports.

He laughs. "He's probably a lot busier than I am."

We're here to talk about Mortensen's new movie, a subversive and surprising family drama called *Captain Fantastic*, and we're here here, in upstate New York, because Mortensen has taken some time off from his life in Madrid to care for his dying father. To see him to the end, same as he did for his mother, Grace, who passed away a year ago. Grace was a saint. His father, also named Viggo Peter Mortensen, not so much. But you do what you have to do. The old man is in Watertown, an hour and a half from the Syracuse airport, where Mortensen went to high school and where we are headed now.

And so we drive. Or, rather, he drives. For the next eight hours, for about 250 miles, up to and around Watertown, through the Adirondacks and not quite to Canada—

though he does ask if I brought my passport—with periodic stops at diners and waterfalls, lakes and trout ponds, his mother's grave and finally his father's farmhouse. Viggo loves to drive. Sometimes he drives cross-country, just for the hell of it. And yet he has rented a Ford Fusion. "They always do this thing where they try to upgrade me to some fancy fucking car." But he doesn't want a fancy fucking car. At times, he spontaneously pulls over to the side of the road for a good five or ten minutes to finish a train of thought—about life or death or demons or fears or his favorite soccer team in Argentina, San Lorenzo. About the time in the wilds of New Zealand when he skinned, cooked, and ate his own roadkill. ("It was there.") About how much he

loves the militant Chomsky; it he plays in *Captain Fantastic*, a father of six who decides to raise his kids in the isolated wilderness of the Pacific Northwest. We could've gone straight to Watertown and stayed there, and we could've gotten there a hell of a lot faster, but Mortensen, his two hands resting gently on the bottom of the steering wheel, doesn't like to drive too fast. He doesn't want to miss a thing.

T **HERE ARE** precisely two famous people ever to come out of Watertown. One of them is dead (the writer Frederick Exley), and the other one starred in the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy. Two and a half hours into our journey, Mortensen and I stop for coffee at a joint he likes because his mother used to go there as a teenager. The place is packed with a lunchtime crowd. We sit at the bar, and no one seems

to recognize him, not even the pretty bartender who chats up about Syracuse basketball. This is a remarkable feat for someone who looks like he does. But he just doesn't scream "I'm famous." Plus, he's dressed like everyone around him, in a plaid flannel shirt, generic jeans (they're not even Levi's), and old black sneakers he got in Denmark a couple decades ago. (Mortensen doesn't go in much for trappings. He has a *fly phone*!) Finally, as we're walking out the door, we hear: "Hey! Ya comin' to the reunion?"

Mortensen turns around. "Hey, Robin," he says to the waitress. They went to high school together. "How's your family?" She tells him where the class reunion is. It's in July, their fortieth. He just might do that.

I ask Robin what Mortensen was like in high school. "He was very quiet," she tells me. "He was a blond, beautiful, that's what he was."

Mortensen has never been like the other boys and girls. He is not in *Us* Woolly leaving Starbucks with his hand over his face. Not at Lake Como with George and Amal. When he must go on the red carpet, you will not find him in a Dior tuxedo. (He mostly wears vintage. Once, when asked whom he was wearing, Mortensen provided a name—Bambino Veira—and watched in bemusement as members of the Hollywood press dutifully wrote it down. Veira was a soccer player in Argentina.) He lives in Madrid, and he works when he wants to work, doing whatever he feels like doing. Once, it was erroneously reported (and repeated and repeated, which pissed him off, and he is not a guy who gets pissed off, except about the war in Iraq) that he was giving up acting because he said he wanted to take a break. *He just wanted to take a break. Give him a fucking break.*

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Use of large type sizes

SPREADS FOR FEATURES



Viggo

In 2003, Liev Schreiber was at the Met Gala in New York, a glamorous event where he felt, characteristically, out of place. He was there with the actor Elijah Wood, who was starring in *Everything Is Illuminated*, a movie Schreiber had just written and directed. Years earlier, in a hotel lobby in Toronto, Schreiber had met the actress Naomi Watts. It was a cursory meeting; mutual friends had since been trying to set them up. When he saw her again that night in Manhattan, in the midst of his social rumormongering, he says she was "a ray of light."

"She said, 'What are you doing later on— you want to go dancing?' And I was like, yeah. So I went down to this club that she told me to meet her at, and of course she was there with Sean Penn and Benicio del Toro, and I'm kind of standing around like a bump on a log, waiting for my turn. I think I was nervous, and I felt very embarrassed being there, and self-conscious, because all these movie stars were hovering, and I felt... awkward and out of my element. And I wasn't going to make a good impression. So I said, 'I'm sorry, but I gotta go home.'"

What happened next Schreiber calls very halcyon: "She chased me outside and said, 'Don't you want my digits?'"

"It was the first thing that came to me," Watts recalls. "I've never said those words before in my life and never since."

The following day, they went out for cupcakes. "It was very silly—very romantic. And we had a kiss—not a big kiss, but it was a kiss that was like, *oof*. Then she went back to L.A. and I wrote her all the time. Lots of emails. I think that was it—seduced by email."

The meeting was a time he can point to when his life changed. "I decided I was going to make a family with this person. For better or for worse, I stepped into a partnership with somebody. We were gonna bring kids into this world and try to love and respect each other."

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Today Schreiber's life is at a crossroads. As necessary as family and love are for a feeling of belonging, he is thwarted by residue from his childhood. He is the son of a single and eccentric mother who chose to leave her husband for the life of a struggling artist on New York's Lower East Side. While his mother drove taxis and mixed vats of broccoli and tahini at the local yoga studio, Schreiber learned to adapt to adversity and isolation. It is a script he did not write but that has stayed with him and left its mark on his psyche. He has hung on to it because it defines him, explains his solitude, drives his behavior, and now informs his character on his television show, *Ray Donovan*.

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SYNERGY & CONTRAST



Viggo

MORTENSEN HAS COME bearing pancake mix. We are curbside at the tiny airport in Syracuse, New York, on a truly dreary day (even by Syracuse standards), and within seconds of hopping into his rented Ford Fusion, I learn two things about him: He's the kind of guy who picks you up at the airport, and he's the kind of guy who brings presents. Pancake mix is a delicacy in upstate New York. "Do you like maple syrup?" Because he brought me some of that, too. He's prepared a gift bag.

"You can smoke in the car," Mortensen says, gesturing with his own smoldering American Spirit. "There's an ashtray." It's a cardboard cup from the airport Best Western, where he got his coffee this morning, that he has filled with an inch of water. For us, is he always this chivalrous?

He smiles. "I try."
Clooney, I tell him, probably never picks anyone up at airports.

He laughs. "He's probably a lot busier than I am."

We're here to talk about Mortensen's new movie, a subversive and surprising family drama called *Captain Fantastic*, and we're here here, in upstate New York, because Mortensen has taken some time off from his life in Madrid to care for his dying father. To see him to the end, same as he did for his mother, Grace, who passed away a year ago. Grace was a saint. His father, also named Viggo Peter Mortensen, not so much. But you do what you have to do. The old man is in Watertown, an hour and a half from the Syracuse airport, where Mortensen went to high school and where we are headed now.

And so we drive. Or, rather, he drives. For the next eight hours, for about 250 miles, up to and around Watertown, through the Adirondacks and not quite to Canada—

though he does ask if I brought my passport—with periodic stops at diners and waterfalls, lakes and trout ponds, his mother's grave and finally his father's farmhouse. Viggo loves to drive. Sometimes he drives cross-country, just for the hell of it. And yet he has rented a Ford Fusion. "They always do this thing where they try to upgrade me to some fancy fucking car." But he doesn't want a fancy fucking car. At times, he spontaneously pulls over to the side of the road for a good five or ten minutes to finish a train of thought—about life or death or demons or fears or his favorite soccer team in Argentina, San Lorenzo. About the time in the wilds of New Zealand when he skinned, cooked, and ate his own roadkill. ("It was there.") About how much he

loves the militant Chomsky; it he plays in *Captain Fantastic*, a father of six who decides to raise his kids in the isolated wilderness of the Pacific Northwest. We could've gone straight to Watertown and stayed there, and we could've gotten there a hell of a lot faster, but Mortensen, his two hands resting gently on the bottom of the steering wheel, doesn't like to drive too fast. He doesn't want to miss a thing.

THERE ARE precisely two famous people ever to come out of Watertown. One of them is dead (the writer Frederick Exley), and the other one starred in the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy. Two and a half hours into our journey, Mortensen and I stop for coffee at a joint he likes because his mother used to go there as a teenager. The place is packed with a lunchtime crowd. We sit at the bar, and no one seems

to recognize him, not even the pretty bartender who chats up about Syracuse basketball. This is a remarkable feat for someone who looks like he does. But he just doesn't scream "I'm famous." Plus, he's dressed like everyone around him, in a plaid flannel shirt, generic jeans (they're not even Levi's), and old black sneakers he got in Denmark a couple decades ago. (Mortensen doesn't go in much for trappings. He has a *fly phone*!) Finally, as we're walking out the door, we hear: "Hey! Ya comin' to the reunion?"

Mortensen turns around. "Hey, Robin," he says to the waitress. They went to high school together. "How's your family?" She tells him where the class reunion is. It's in July, their fortieth. He just might do that.

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84 ESQUIRE / AUGUST 2016



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THE BENEFITS OF BEING HIM: *To Pimp a Butterfly* sold 324,000 copies in its first week and received eight Grammy nominations. One of the album's singles, "Alright," has become the unofficial anthem of #BlackLivesMatter.

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REBELS & RENEGADES



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RULE-BREAKING 101: The most intimidating if not the first "activist investor" (read: "corporate raider")—and perhaps every CEO's greatest fear—makes his way to his office in the afternoon. He leaves around 8:00. After dinner, he makes calls—to his lawyers, to his aides, to anyone who might know something worthwhile about something worth his while, something he can use to oust someone or bend them to his will. These calls last until midnight or later. Once, when asked by an associate why he made calls so deep into the night, Icahn paused. Then he said, "Why do you play golf?"

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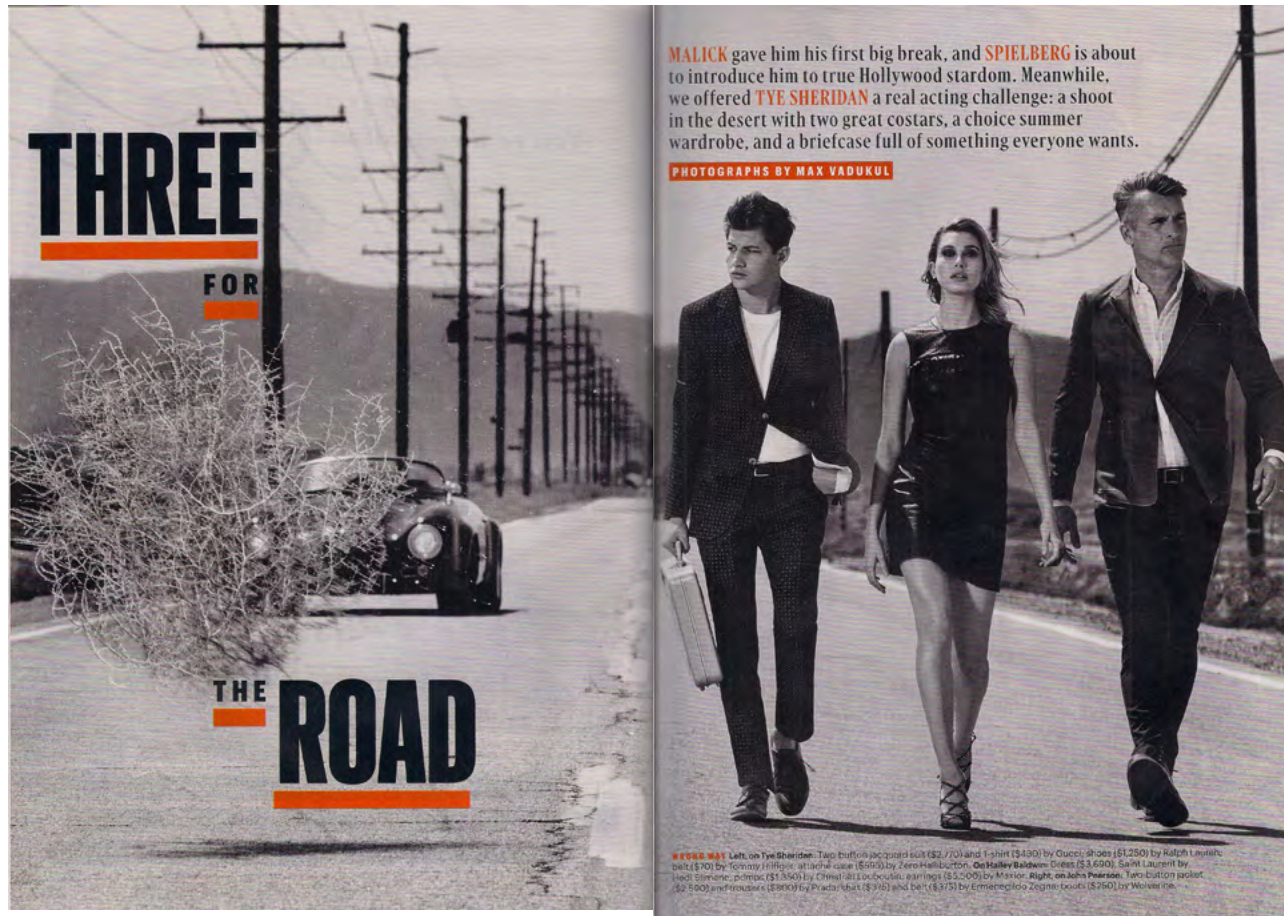
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Rules for organizing content

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